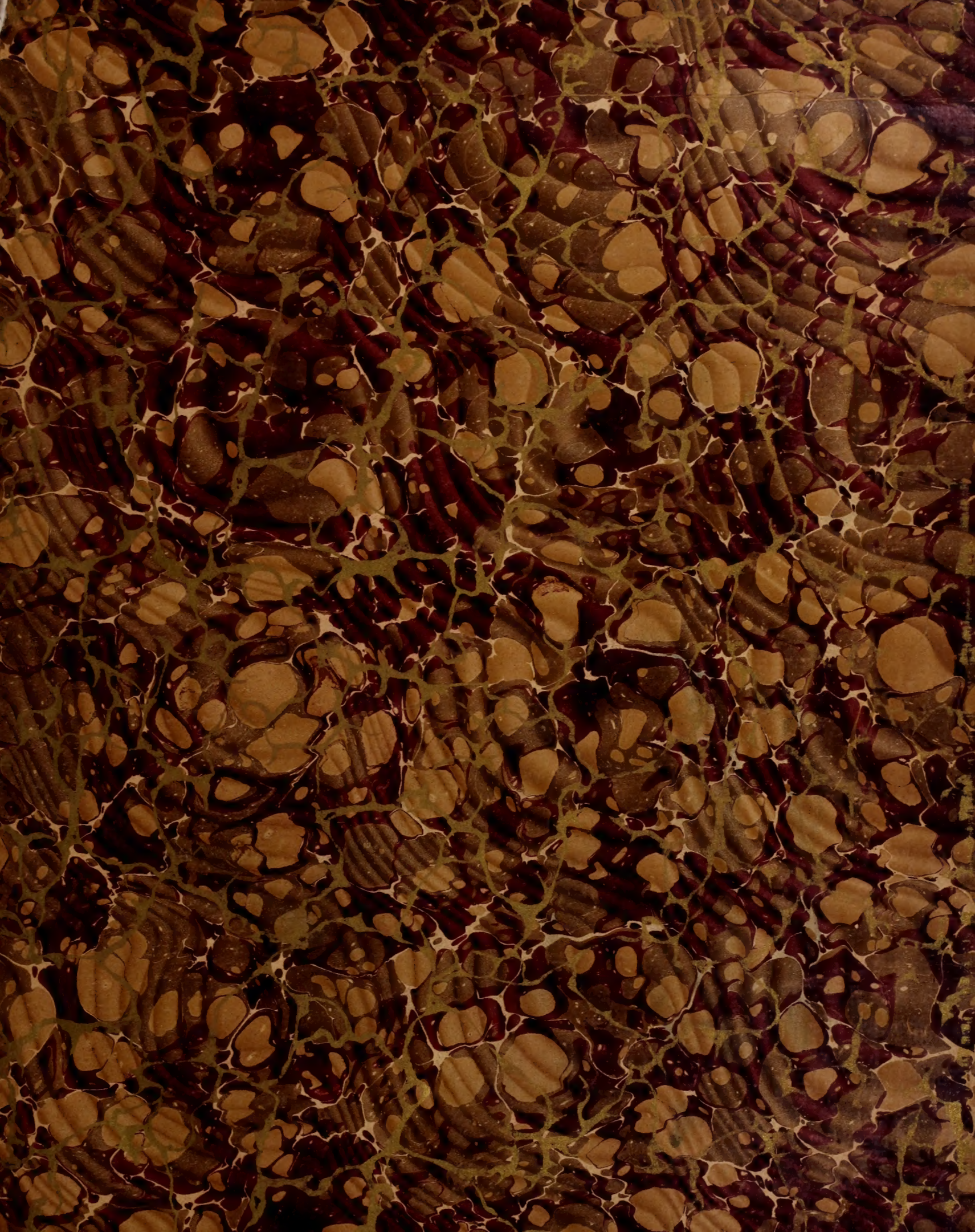








THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 1.

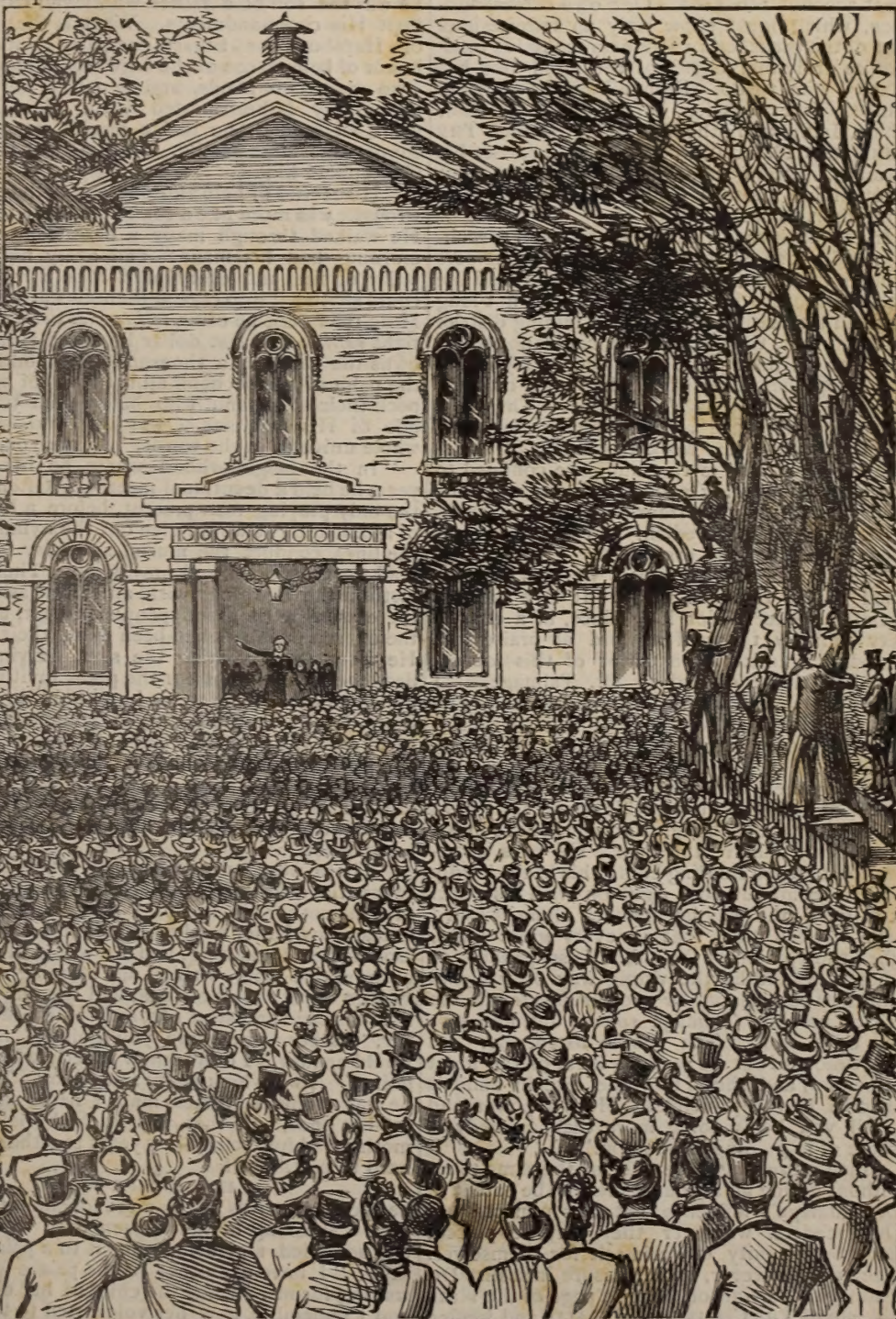
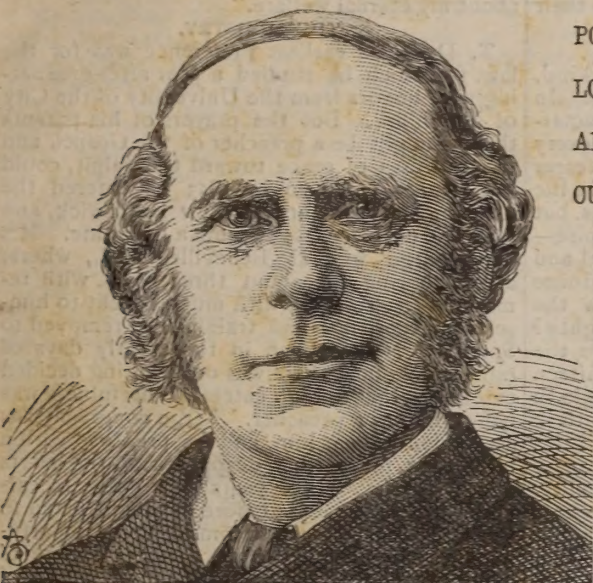
THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF DR. TALMAGE AND SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.—Gospel Work on the Congo.
LONG LIFE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.—A Convict's Experience.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
CURRENT EVENTS: The Year's Business Record—The Presidential Succession Question—Proposal to Compromise a Financial Suit, etc.

DRINK FOR THIRSTY PEOPLE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
PICTURE OF KING THEEBAW'S SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.
THE OLD SHOEMAKER'S TIDINGS. (Illust'd.)
PICTURE OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.
A FATAL FRAUD. A New Serial Story.
The Faithful Rechabites. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.—The Monster Open-Air Service at John Wesley's Church.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

His Fifty-fourth Birthday—Wide Influence of his Work—A Secular Opinion of it—Birth and Early Life—His Godly Father—His Devoted Mother—A Lawyer Spoiled—First Church in Belleville, N. J.—Removal to Syracuse, N. Y.—Work in Philadelphia—Growing Popularity—Call to Brooklyn—The Tabernacle Built—An Apparent Disaster—A Tabernacle Service—The Out-door Service in London—An Historic Locality

THE day on which this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published is to thousands of Christian people on both sides of the Atlantic a red-letter day in the calendar. Though they may not observe "Saints' Days," and date the letters which they may write on that day January 7th, and not Saint Somebody's day, they do not forget that it was on that day, now fifty-four years ago, that the most popular American preacher of this generation first saw the light. How many in this and other lands have cause to thank God for sending Dr. Talmage into the world will never be known until the day when the records of this world are closed and the great account rendered. Our own correspondence, which must show only an infinitesimal part of the preacher's usefulness, contains testimonies truly marvellous of the good God who has enabled him to do. From all our States, from Canada, from Sweden, Africa, New Zealand, China, India, and other countries to which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, week by week, carries his sermons, letters come bearing witness that through his message God has been pleased to bring light to dark souls.

In the backwoods, where there is no preaching, godly men gather their families and helpers around them on the Lord's day, and read the latest sermon by Dr. Talmage, and it is not long since an interesting letter from a mining district reported that, though the men could not be induced to attend a place of worship, they would come together and listen while one of their number read Talmage's sermon. Thus the preacher's audience is multiplied indefinitely, and he speaks every week to millions of attentive hearers. Nor is this audience confined to the English-speaking peoples. Every week the sermon published is translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish, and Russian, and sent on its beneficent errand.

The value of Dr. Talmage's work is not confined to the religious world. It is a salutary social influence. Not long since, in a quarter very unlikely to yield a word of praise to a Christian minister, the editor of this journal heard a tribute offered to Dr. Talmage. "I tell you," said a worldly, irreligious man, who was remarking on certain captious criticisms at the time being industriously circulated by an envious foe of Dr. Talmage—"I tell you, that whatever they may say of Talmage, he is a power of the best kind in this country. I have watched him, and though I do not believe in his doctrines, I admire the man. He pays no attention to these snarling curs at his heels, hardly notices them, but goes right on with his work. It is grand, the way he marches along. And I have noticed this, that in every great crisis, when the opinion of the public is suspended, or when it is tending the wrong way on national affairs or commercial or social subjects—at the critical moment Talmage speaks out, and says the right word. The people listen, too. He don't dictate, but he reminds them of the great principles, and shows how the case in hand is affected by the principles. He is a power, and I tell you he is doing more than anybody is aware of in guiding this nation."

Much more might be said of the same tenor without giving an adequate idea of the extent of Dr. Talmage's influence, but it is unnecessary. Our readers, wherever they may be placed, have opportunity of seeing it for themselves. They will, however, take pleasure in seeing Dr. Talmage's portrait on the first page of the ninth volume of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and joining with us in tendering to the great preacher the

congratulations and good wishes appropriate to the day.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Bound Brook, N. J., has the honor of being the birthplace of the eminent divine. In a Christian home in that town he was born, January 7th, 1832, and he is therefore now fifty-four years old. He was the youngest of twelve children, and it is easy to see, from many incidental references in his sermons, that the duty of providing for, training, and educating so large a family taxed the energies of the godly father and mother to the utmost. Their distinguished son, in the course of his sermons, often refers in words of heartfelt love and veneration to their self-sacrificing piety. Of

HIS FATHER,

whose influence over him was of the best kind, he often speaks in terms of filial reverence. In one of his sermons he said, with that characteristic frankness which leads him to take every one into his confidence and regard every hearer as a personal friend: "My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor that no one could despise—he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. What is the House of Hapsburg or Stuart compared with the honor of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him."

"His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had his manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to *his last dollar*; but right behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of His disciples a warrant deed for the whole universe in the words, 'All are yours.'"

"In the neighborhood where he lived for years he held a devotional meeting. Oftentimes the only praying man present, before a handful of attendants, he would give out the hymn, read the lines, conduct the music, and pray. Then read the Scriptures, and pray again. Then lead forth in the Doxology with an enthusiasm as if there were a thousand people present, and all the church members had been doing their duty. He went forth visiting the sick, burying the dead, collecting alms for the poor, inviting the ministers of religion to his household, in which there was, as in the house of Shunem, a little room over the wall, with bed and candlestick for any passing Elisha. He never shuddered at the sight of a subscription paper, and not a single great cause of benevolence has risen within the last half century which he did not bless with his beneficence."

"There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother," he says in another discourse. "After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something, and he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go on to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say, 'Father, where are you going?' and he would answer, 'I don't know exactly where I'm going.' Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After being sixty years together it was hard to part." Of

HIS MOTHER

he speaks in terms of the most touching tenderness. Speaking of the heaven unto which she had ascended, and comparing it to a palace, he says: "I have a mother in the palace window waiting for me. I was the child of her old age, and I remember how her voice used to tremble in evening prayer, with what kindness she start-

ed me out in life, and how she watched me and cared for me all the way through; and then, giving each of us a blessing, she went away to the palace window, where she is waiting for good news from us. I suppose it would be no harm for me to say in public what is my secret ambition, and that is, when my work on earth is done, to go up and meet her, saying, 'Here I am, mother, and all the spoils of my earthly pastorate. I have come to spend eternity with you. Here are the spoils of the Saviour's conquest.' Ah! methinks that would pay her for the pangs of the birth-hour, and for the watchings when I was sick, and for her anxieties about my eternal welfare."

THE MINISTRY.

T. DeWitt's earliest preference was for the law, for which he studied a year after graduating with honors from the University of the City of New York. But the prayers of his parents that he might be a preacher of the Gospel, and the drawings of grace toward the pulpit, could not be overcome, so in 1853 he entered the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, and after the usual course became a licentiate. His first charge was at Belleville, N. J., where, after laboring for about three years, with remarkable success and with much benefit to himself in experience and training, he removed to Syracuse, N. Y. Even in these early days of ministerial effort there was not wanting decided evidences that a high career of usefulness was before him as a preacher. Large congregations assembled to hear him, and he preached with a fervor and power that deeply stirred the hearts of the people. Three years were spent in earnest work at Syracuse before he would listen to the calls, every month becoming more importunate, that he would go to a larger sphere of labor. At length he accepted the invitation of the Second Reformed Church of

PHILADELPHIA,

and removed there in 1862. During the seven years that followed his popularity grew with astonishing rapidity, and the young Philadelphia preacher became known throughout the country.

While here he was well known as an eloquent lecturer upon a variety of subjects, being always ready to give sound practical counsel on secular topics, especially to young men, in whom he has always taken a deep interest, and who have accepted him as a wise mentor. These lectures, however, were always secondary to his labors as a pastor. His vivid style, his affluence of illustration and of anecdote, his outspoken honesty in applying the truth to the consciences of rich and poor, gave him a position in Philadelphia, where he continued for seven years, second to none. His church was always crowded to the very doors, and the divine blessing largely rested upon his faithful proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

CALL TO BROOKLYN.

In 1869 Dr. Talmage unexpectedly received calls from three churches, each anxious to secure him as their minister—one from Chicago, a second from San Francisco, and a third from Brooklyn, N. Y. To be invited to leave his enviable position in Philadelphia by a mere handful of people at the Tabernacle at Brooklyn, to leave a certainty for an uncertainty, would have been a question which some would in an hour have answered in the negative. Not so, however, in the case before us. The Philadelphia pastor had to answer the old query, "Can these dry bones live?" Can a church and congregation so lamentably reduced be revived? There was a large, empty building, and around it there was a large population; so, after consideration and prayer, he decided to go to Brooklyn. As events have proved, the decision was a wise one. He went to Brooklyn in March, 1869, and began his work in a building which, although large, soon became too small for the crowd of people flocking from all parts to hear him. He was in the prime of life, of splendid elocutionary powers, and deeply, it sometimes seemed even terribly, in earnest.

In a short time he became so popular that every Sunday the church would be crowded in every part where even standing-room could be found half an hour before service, and numbers would be seen around the doors and in the street in the hope of gaining admission. His success was undoubted, and it was not long before his friends had resolved to erect a large tabernacle capable of seating at least three thousand persons.

This building was begun in 1870, and while it was in course of erection Dr. Talmage visited Europe.

THE NEW TABERNACLE FINISHED.

He preached the opening sermon himself, from the text, "*Compel them to come in.*" There seemed, however, afterward an inaptitude in the text, so far as the Tabernacle was concerned, for the people came in such numbers that they were *compelled to stay out*, and in 1872 additional accommodation had to be provided for about five hundred persons. A disaster was in store for the thriving church, however, of which no one ever dreamed.

THE TABERNACLE BURNED.

On the morning of December 22d, 1872, the Tabernacle was discovered to be in flames. On Dr. Talmage arriving as usual for the service, he found his people outside, watching the burning of their noble place of worship. Regrets, however natural, were useless, and as the pastor and his friends stood looking at the conflagration, he is said to have comforted them with these words: "Well, the building never was large enough! Now the people throughout the country will help us to build a more roomy structure." Prompt local sympathy was immediately extended, and several places of worship were offered to the pastor and his flock.

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

Plans were at once made for erecting the largest Protestant Church in America, Gothic in style, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below—a massive structure of brick and stone, capable of seating five thousand persons, and with standing-room for one thousand more. This edifice was dedicated January 22d, 1874. His audiences in this immense building correspond every Sabbath with its capacity, while hundreds are sometimes outside for whom there is not even standing-room within. Dr. Talmage himself often gains admission only by aid of the police. Before this vast throng he stands upon a platform without a desk, and without notes. Both his matter and manner are evidently his own, and both are made to produce wonderful effects upon his hearers. Sometimes the hush of death seems to pervade the house, while tears are visible upon every cheek, and anon the brightness of hope and the sparkle of joy light up every eye. As none know better than our readers, the great themes of the Gospel applied to the phases of every-day life form the staple of his preaching. These themes are always treated with freshness, beauty, and power, with wondrous versatility of talent, and with illustrative resources none but a defamer would caricature. He never ceases to cultivate the awakening and revival spirit, and hence the additions to the membership of his church are large and frequent. The original "nineteen" who signed his call have become three thousand two hundred and seventy-one—an increase which certainly proves how God is using him for His glory and the good of the world; but even that large number, as we have before said, does not more than represent the throng who owe to the blessing of God on Dr. Talmage's labors their deliverance from the power of Satan. The services throughout are impressive, solemn, and enlivening to a degree rarely witnessed elsewhere, and no unbiassed hearer, we think, can depart from the Tabernacle without feeling that Dr. Talmage has an evangelistic mission of his own, and that he is thoroughly alive to his responsibility.

THE TABERNACLE SERVICE.

Our readers who know Dr. Talmage, only through these pages will be interested in a peep

into the Tabernacle itself. They shall do so through the vivid picture of an able writer for the press, whose report was printed last month in the New York *Metropolitan*. That writer, after describing the crowded house and the hearty singing, said of his sermon: "Dr. Talmage starts out with a narration of incidents told in Scripture in connection with the text. His voice is conversational in tone—he talks just as he would if at a fireside, describing scenery visited in foreign travel. With his hands folded behind his back, he leisurely promenades his long platform, about which there is neither railing nor the usual pulpit frontage to intercept a full view from the audience. He has neither manuscript nor note of any kind. Walking up and down, facing now one, now another section of the house, his unaffected narrative proceeds. He passes from pleasing narrative into entertaining history. He throws upon an imaginary wall before us a map of ancient Jerusalem and the country surrounding, and, while pointing to the entertaining features of it, also discloses with marvellous clearness the characters of the personages involved in his theme. So exhaustive in research, so vivid in delineation are his views of the storied country and people, that Professor Analyzer concludes it is as a recounter of history that Dr. Talmage commands and delights his great audiences. . . . But before his analysis has been recorded, a curtain falls over dazzling hall, resplendent decorations, and art treasures, and in their stead is opened up a view of a mountain and a cross upon it, with the Son of God being offered a sacrifice for the sins of the world. The charming converser, historian, and artist has magically lured his audience on, enchained its fancy, spell-bound its attention, only to fit it for the transcendent glories of the divine scene he here presents. Now his thoughts glow, his words burn, and his gestures emphasize the ardor of his soul in the cause of salvation. On and on, from height to height of divine eulogy he leads his listeners, while they tearfully follow. Once more Professor Analyzer changes conclusions, and his final one is that it is as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ that the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has attained the greatest renown of any Christian minister of the world of to-day."

THE PICTURE

on the first page represents a scene that will always be a memorable one with Dr. Talmage and all who witnessed it. It occurred on Sunday, August 16th, 1885, in the heart of the city of London, England. Dr. Talmage, during his trip to Europe, had promised to preach in the City Road Chapel, the venerable building known as the Cathedral of Methodism, for it was in that building that John Wesley proclaimed the Gospel in tones that thrilled the whole country, and aroused a force that has been ever since growing and deepening. The chapel holds, at the utmost, sixteen hundred people; but on that Sunday three times that number tried to get into it. When it was packed to the utmost, the open windows were besieged by hearers anxious, at least, to listen, and the great courtyard in front was occupied to its last available inch. At the conclusion of the service Dr. Talmage and his congregation were prisoners. There was no getting through such a crowd as the one that confronted them. With a good-humored recognition of the desire of the people, Dr. Talmage accepted the situation, and from the steps of the historic edifice he preached a second sermon to the waiting assemblage.

Dr. Talmage has always had a regard for that church in London. He has spoken repeatedly of the quickening stimulus he receives from its surroundings. To be in the very pulpit in which John Wesley stood is much, but that is not all. In the burial-ground in the rear of the building the ashes of the great preacher lie awaiting the resurrection, and withing sight is the house in which he lived, and the monument of his sainted mother (see page 12), and associations of him and his work cluster around. To

all these a man so sensitive as Dr. Talmage is very susceptible.

We have already fully described in our issue of September 24th, 1885, the ovation Dr. Talmage received on his return from his European trip. The vast assembly, the intense enthusiasm, and the ardent affection manifested by his church and congregation made an ineffaceable impression on every one present. As we think of it on this day, we cannot but realize how large a number of people in Brooklyn, where the Doctor is best known, and how much larger a number in other lands, who know him only through his work, will cordially and heartily join with us in wishing him "*many happy returns of the day.*"

GOSPEL WORK ON THE CONGO.

THE interest the public of America takes in the vast work being accomplished in the great Congo Free State by our distinguished countryman, Mr. H. M. Stanley, is fully shared by the Christian; but he is also concerned for the spiritual welfare of the land now coming under civilization. Mr. Stanley has given a warm welcome to the missionaries, and places a high estimate on their labors as a means of civilization. One of them, Rev. H. E. Crudgington, who has left his field of labor for a brief period to arouse Christian interest in the mission, gives a cheering report of its progress. He said in a recent address that the Baptist Missionary Society began the work in 1879, and he had the honor to be one of the first to go out. San Salvador was at one time a fine flourishing city, but nothing remained of Christian truth when they went there. The people had a few crucifixes, but no intelligent idea of God or of Christ as a Saviour. They went to the other side of the river, to Stanley Pool. The river Congo was navigable for small steamers for one hundred and fifteen miles from the sea; then there were cataracts and rapids for two hundred and fifty miles; above which there was a clear navigable course of more than one thousand miles. After a short obstruction there was another thousand of navigable water, with large rivers branching off in all directions, giving more than five thousand miles of navigable streams, with forty millions of people, none of whom had any idea of God.

They tried to put a steamer on the upper portions of the river, to carry the Gospel into the interior. There were many difficulties. Though slaves were not now captured wholesale, he could tell of things which might well make them cry to God for vengeance upon the slave-traders. At first he constantly heard the screams of the poor women slaves who were thrashed for trifling offences. He had known slaves to be chained in gangs, or floated down the river in barrels as targets to be shot at. A man crucified a slave for a trivial offence. On expostulating with the man, he said, "Why did you missionaries come? We did not send for you; we did not want you."

That was the dark side of the picture. He was happy to say that as the result of their labors he had seen the horrible traffic in human life stopped to a large extent. Their work on the Congo was among the boys. They believed in removing the boys from vice and superstition, and so mould their characters that they might grow up to be useful men, serving God, and ready to tell their people what God had done for them. He had arranged for some noble women to go out and devote themselves to this work. Though his life had been in danger, God had preserved him, and now the people welcomed them, saying, "Get out of the road! The white man is coming! Bring him a mat and some water." The people had an idea of God, but it conveyed no conception of a loving Father. Their notion of heaven was having plenty to eat, and of a day of rest as a time for dancing. They thought that death was the end of them. It was a great thing to have gained their confidence in so short a time. They only went six years ago, and the people were then dreadfully afraid of the white man.

LONG LIFE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 3, 1886.

"That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"—Ex. 20 : 12.

Religion an Aid to Vitality—A Chariot not a Hearse—Good for the Human Organism—Promotes Longevity—I. By Making the Care of Health a Duty—Why the Body should be Respected—God's Calligraphy—II. By Prohibiting Dissipation—Religion Abandoned before Morality—III. By Eliminating Worry—About Business—A Fast Friend—About Reputation—IV. By Removing Dread of Death—Three Experiments—The Certain Cure—A Rainbow—Eternal Longevity.

[BEFORE commencing his sermon, Dr. Talmage gave notice that he would shortly begin a series of Sabbath morning discourses on the Marriage Ring, treating from a religious standpoint the following topics: The Choice of Husband and Wife; Clandestine Marriages and Escapades; Duties of Husbands to Wives; Duties of Wives to Husbands; The Wrong Ways of Women; Costume and Morals; Competent Housewifery; Sensible Young Womanhood; Women Who Will Pass Life Single; Influence of Sisters over Brothers; The Modern Novel and Woman; Boarding-Houses and Hotel Life, and the Treatment of Man-Servant and Maid-Servant.]

January 3d, 1886! The old almanacs and the old memorandums flung aside. Everything to remind us of the fact that another volume in the history of time has begun, and every thoughtful man and woman at such time discusses the length or the shortness of human life.

Faithful discharge of duty is in my text set forth as having much to do with the length of our earthly stay. Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick-beds and graveyards. This whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word "religion" without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph. Religion so far from subtracting from one's vitality is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David in the Psalms prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God pronounces long life to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy thee."

LIFE ABBREVIATED.

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methusaleh lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of human life will be greatly improved. It is said in Isa. 65 : 20: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if, according to the Scriptures, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred, and four hundred, and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come.

Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Frederick Douglass, or a Toussaint l'Ouverture. And if the white race

shall be brought out from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man, and the beauty of woman, and the long life of all?

RESPECT THE BODY.

I. My design is to show you that practical religion is the friend of long life, and I prove it first from the fact that it makes the care of our physical health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and He has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars, or mar its walls, or crumble its pillars, is a God-defying sacrifice."

He sees God's calligraphy in every page, anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with thirty-two curious bones, wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain telegraphy; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour; the heart in twenty-four hours beating one hundred thousand times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistance amounting to two hundred and twenty-four million pounds' weight; during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air; and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate, and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect or diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition; and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating, ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the Church, as with respiration easy and foot free.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray, and ask God's protection, while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off, and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you defer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the pastry-cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. The care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined; walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate; pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything; groaning about sick headache and palpitations of the heart which you think come from God, when they come from your own folly! What right has any man or any woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost?

THE WONDERFUL BODY.

What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl

of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will \$40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names His own attributes after the different parts. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—the government shall be upon His shoulder. A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward long life? If I toss my watch about recklessly, and drop it on the pavement, and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch, and never abuse it, and wind it up at just the same hour every night, and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

AN ENEMY OF LIFE'S FOES.

II. Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of long life in the fact that it is a protest against all the dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know a half dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi, at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore, at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber-door was delirium tremens:

"Only this and nothing more."

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond mid-life, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the centre of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen; professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star Line steamer bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic, jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star Line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case, if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case, if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved. There are aged people in this house to-day who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defences and

THE EQUIPOISE OF RELIGION.

You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the

sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of long life!

ELIMINATES WORRY.

III. Again, religion is a friend of long life in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when, in answer to his prayers, God tells him when to buy and when to sell, and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend; I could fall back on twenty million dollars; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money, and you can have my influence; there is my hand in pledge for it." How much would you

WORRY ABOUT BUSINESS?

Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend upon my friend's generosity for the rest." Now, more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg, and Pekin and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a million years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will hear, and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? If you could take a thermometer and thrust it into Shadrach's furnace, it would never go up over seventy-five degrees. Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing upon a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally, and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "Oh, manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down-stairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment, and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result; and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric, an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried

ABOUT HIS REPUTATION?

One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side; He will take care of your reputation. If God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation?

Not much. If that broker who a few years ago in Wall Street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well-read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. Oh, nervous and feverish people of the world, try this Almighty sedative; you will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or more time that you want; it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

REMOVES CORRODING DREAD.

IV. Again, practical religion is a friend of long life in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail-train, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor it is going to run; and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would, in as polite a way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence, the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject, if put together, would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying. I want this morning to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or

THREE EXPERIMENTS.

Experiment the first: When you go out of the world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common-sense, as well as my religion, teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment."

Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state, where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state."

Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says, 'Forever'; my affections say, 'Forever'; my capacity to enjoy or suffer says, 'Forever.'"

THE CERTAIN CURE.

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A Mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned His pale and agonized face toward the heavens, and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the Expiation. Witness Earth and Heaven and Hell. I am the Expiation." And the hammer struck Him, and the spears punctured Him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death;" "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" "I will by no means clear the guilty."

Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into

A RAINBOW

woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the blood-shedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day dawn; and along the line of the blue

I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities" and along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations;" and along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us." And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, and behold! there was a rainbow round about the throne. Accept that sacrifice and

QUIT WORRYING.

Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is healthy. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water? Scenery? There is the River of Life from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the Oratorio of the Creation, led on by Adam; and the Oratorio of the Red Sea, led on by Moses; and the Oratorio of the Messiah, led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra. Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulchre; this morning I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave; I show you the under side of the grave. The bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pall-bearers let down your dead let them clear through into heaven. Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal longevity.

THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR.

In a letter from Philippopolis, Bulgaria, dated November 27th, Pastor J. A. Tonjoroff writes to a Christian friend:

"This war with our brethren, the Servians, has put us under greatest distress. It was not expected; it was begun without any cause whatever, and it is with our own brethren. To be conquered would be woeful; to be the conquerors we cannot rejoice.

"All our Protestant communities have been praying and fasting, that the Lord may be gracious to us and to our country, and spare us the abominations of this terrible war. But after it began the Lord has strengthened our soldiers, and they have succeeded in expelling the enemy from our country. Several hundred Servian soldiers have been captured, and some of them brought here. Hundreds are killed and thousands wounded. As the Servian army in every battle is compelled to retreat, most of the wounded fall into our hands, to care and to provide for them. I am happy to say that the Bulgarians, so far, have behaved with the wounded and captured very humanely and kindly.

"Our Women's Benevolent Society have done, and are doing, all they can to buy materials, and to work and prepare some clothing for the wounded. Some have gone to the seat of war to help the wounded. Some are going by and by with more supplies. My wife intends going, but the children have not been very strong. If they are better she will soon start. Let all our friends pray for us in this our great affliction."

THE OLD SHOEMAKER'S TIDINGS.

(See Illustration on page 13.)

It was a cold raw morning, and Charles Martyn shivered as he stepped into his father's carriage, in which he was to make his two-mile journey to the village station to catch the nine o'clock train, by which every morning he travelled to the city. The smart groom accompanied him, and would drive the carriage back when it had deposited "young Mr. Charles" at the station.

On the way they had to pass a cottage, in which lived an old shoemaker, an experienced Christian man of sincere piety, though of little education. As the carriage approached the cottage the old man could be seen sitting at the door, evidently on the look-out.

"Pull up, Tom," said Mr. Martyn, "old Harry Blackwell wants to speak to me, I think."

Tom pulled up, and the old shoemaker hobbled as fast as his rheumatism would let him to the side of the vehicle.

"How are you, Harry?" said Mr. Martyn, holding out a hand cordially to the old man, who had known him from his infancy, and thought him the best and smartest young man in the world.

"All right, thank you, Mr. Charles. I made bold to stop you because of something my daughter Mary told me last night. I thought mayhap you, being a lawyer, and knowing city ways, might do something for the poor creature."

"Poor creature! Harry, what do you mean? You don't call a fine handsome girl like Mary a poor creature, I hope."

"Oh, no, Mr. Charles, it is not Mary I mean. It's Miss Paulet, the lady's-maid at the Hall. Mary works there, you know. Last night she came to see her old father—she never neglects me—and she said that Miss Paulet was in great trouble, crying and sighing, as women do, you know, sir, and she's been like that a week or more; but no one seemed to take much notice of it, for she's a kind of nervous, excitable person. But yesterday afternoon she never said anything to anybody but Mary, but she just went right away, not even taking her boxes with her. And before she went she called Mary into her room and kissed her, and told her to be a good girl. And then she wished her good-by, for she said she should never see her again. And soon after she walked out, dressed in her regular clothes, and she did not come back. I'm afraid, sir, and so is Mary, that some harm will come to the poor creature. She's no doubt gone to the city, and perhaps you could hear of her, and advise her to go back."

"I'm glad you told me, Harry. I will see what can be done. Drive on, Tom, or we shall miss the train."

Mr. Martyn's start when Miss Paulet's name was mentioned did not escape the old shoemaker's observation, nor did he fail to notice the concern plainly written on his face as he learned the facts. "I hope Mr. Charles has had nothing to do with it," he muttered, as he limped back to his cottage. "I hope not, for both their sakes. But I'm afraid. I'll tell the Lord about it."

The old man was right. Mr. Charles had a great deal to do with it. During the long summer evenings, when he wandered by the river banks, fishing, he had made Miss Paulet's acquaintance. At first it was but slight, comprised in a nod and a friendly remark about the weather. But it grew, and before the winter set in it was quite an intimate friendship. That is, as Mr. Martyn regarded it; but he became convinced that Miss Paulet thought it much more than that, and one evening, some ten days before, he had thought it his duty to tell her clearly that they could never be more than friends, owing to the difference in their social position. He saw then that the mischief was done. Though she said little her lip quivered and tears rose to her eyes. He had not seen her since, and the old shoemaker's news alarmed him. He made it his first business that day to

try to gain tidings of her, but failed. His mental distress was acute, for he could not acquit himself of the base sin of trifling with a woman's affections, and winning a love he never intended to gratify.

What he could not do, however, was done through the old shoemaker's prayers. Many a time that day he prayed for the poor wanderer, and committed her to the Lord. His prayers were heard. A few days later, in a little mission chapel, a pale, sad face was seen by the small company of Christians gathered together, and a low, trembling voice was heard giving thanks to God that when, heart-broken and rebellious, she had stood on the river's bank, intending suicide, He had mercifully interposed and sent one of His servants to point her to One who loved her with more than human love. To Him she was plighting her troth and consecrating all her future life.

THE JUDGMENTS OF THE SEVENTIETH WEEK.

By T. B. Baines.

Daniel's Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks—Unequally Divided—The Last Week Cut off—A Week of Judgments—I. On the Whole Hebrew Nation—Through Trouble to Nationalization—II. On Babylon—The Beast the Agent—III. On the Beast—The Associated Gentile Dominion—IV. On the Armies Besieging Jerusalem—The Millennial Judgments—The Last Outbreak of Wickedness.

THE prophecy of the seventy weeks communicated to Daniel by the Angel Gabriel (Dan. 9: 24-27) is divided into *three parts*, of seven weeks, of sixty-two weeks, and of one week. During the first part, of seven weeks, the city was rebuilt. The second part, of sixty-two weeks, comprehends the time from the completion of the city to the cutting off of the Messiah. The third part, of one week, which yet awaits its accomplishment, carries "the times of the Gentiles" to a close, "finishes the transgression" of the Jews, and brings in "everlasting righteousness," the desolator being destroyed, and the Messiah's kingdom established.

During the coming in of the Gentiles, the stream of prophetic time ceases to run. It stagnates, so to speak, after the sixty-ninth week, when Messiah was cut off, and will not again begin to flow till after the fulness of the Gentiles has come in, and God once more takes up the thread of His purposes concerning the earth.

During this last week of Daniel's seventy weeks still unfulfilled, there will commence the judgments which precede the "day of the Lord," or the establishment of Messiah's kingdom. These judgments may be broadly divided into four different classes.

ON THE HEBREW RACE.

I. *The Jews and the rest of the Israelites will be restored*, but only after fearful troubles, from which but a portion will escape. The Jews, who rejected the Christ, will receive the Antichrist, will enter into covenant with "the prince that shall come," the last phase of Gentile power, and will worship his image, "the abomination of desolation," set up in the holy place. The remnant of faithful ones who refuse to have part in these last scenes of wickedness and lawlessness will be persecuted with fearful persistency and malignity, many of them killed, the rest driven into exile. The time will be one of untold tribulation, so that, but for its shortness, no flesh could be saved.

Then the Lord Himself will appear in power and great glory, destroying with the sword out of His mouth the followers of Antichrist, easing Him of His adversaries and avenging Him of His enemies. The effect on the nation will be "like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." Those who "abide the day of His coming," the purged remnant who "come out of the great tribulation," having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be a holy people, their dross purged away, their judges restored as at the first, and their counsellors as at the beginning, and Jerusalem

shall be "called the city of righteousness, the faithful city."

Thus shall Zion "be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness," while "the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake Jehovah shall be consumed." The elect remnant of Israel also will be brought back, and made to inhabit the land.

II. But besides the purging judgments referred to, there will be other acts of righteous government, and retribution reserved for that dreadful period. Babylon, especially,

THE CORRUPT CARCASS OF CHRISTENDOM, will come into remembrance. The blood shed and the crimes committed in the name of Christ will then be righteously avenged. The beast and his confederates, themselves following a still more fearful delusion, will hate the scarlet woman and make her desolate; the very power which has supported her will turn against her; and the cup which she hath filled shall be filled to her double.

ON THE BEAST.

III. The fall of Babylon shows the doom of that soulless profession of Christ and that lifeless ecclesiastical organization which will survive when all true believers have been removed to the Father's house. But by whom is this apostate, corrupt system destroyed? By the beast and his coadjutors, that is, by that wicked head of the Gentile powers whose pride and blasphemy will at length draw down the lightnings of God's avenging wrath—the impious chief of those kings of the earth who shall "take counsel together against Jehovah, and against His Anointed."

This associated Gentile dominion is the third class dealt with in the judgments of the last week. The confederacy, headed by the prince and energized by Satan, will form a league with the mass of the Jews and their false Christ, and will gather together their forces to battle; when Christ will appear in His glory, followed by the armies of heaven, take the beast and the false prophet and cast them alive into the lake of fire, and afterward destroy their followers with the sword that proceedeth out of His mouth. So end "the times of the Gentiles."

ON THE THREATENING POWER.

IV. But there is another class of judgments. The Gentiles who successively held the reins of government as a trust from God do not include the whole body of the peoples of the earth. This sceptre passed from the Babylonian to the Persian, from the Persian to the Greek, from the Greek to the Roman, and at length to the wicked king whose doom we have just seen. But the confederacy between the Jews and the Roman dominion will be directed against a power which at that time threatens Jerusalem with destruction.

This power, which God uses, like the Assyrian of old, as a scourge to the unfaithful Jews, will, when the hour for judgment comes, itself also be visited. When half the city has been carried off, Christ will appear for its deliverance, the besieging host will be cut off, and the remnant of the people saved.

MILLENNIAL JUDGMENTS.

This will close the preliminary judgments. The nation having been purged, Babylon consumed, the last Satanic form of Gentile dominion overthrown, and the enemies who sought to destroy Jerusalem scattered, Christ's kingdom will be established on earth. The saints, who have come purged out of the great tribulation, will receive dominion under Him.

The rest of the Gentiles will be *divided into classes*, and rewarded or punished according to their treatment of "these My brethren," the feeble remnant of saints harassed and wasted by the persecution of the beast and false prophet. But the great feature will be the fulfilment of all God's earthly counsels in the person of the Second Man, the Lord from heaven, who alone is worthy to receive the dominion, and who alone can exercise it for God's glory or for man's blessing. Satan will be cast into the bottomless pit,

while the Bride, the Lamb's wife, seen in figure as the New Jerusalem, will reign with Christ a thousand years.

THE LAST OUTBREAK.

It is a solemn thing to trace the incurable hatred of the human heart to God. A thousand years' experience of Christ's righteous and blessed rule will not suffice to change the nature of man. No sooner is Satan loosed from his imprisonment than the nations rebel, but only to be at once destroyed with devouring fire from heaven. *This last outbreak* of human wickedness brings the world's history to a close. The earth is burned up, the elements melt with fervent heat, and no place is found for them.

Then the dead, who had no part in the first resurrection, are raised, are judged according to their works, and are cast into the lake of fire. Satan, death, and hades are all similarly destroyed. And now, the last enemy having been vanquished, the work of reconciliation, founded on the blood of the Cross, is completed; a new heaven and a new earth are created, in which righteousness not only reigns, as during the thousand years, but permanently dwells; Christ, having ruled "till He hath put all enemies under His feet," delivers up the kingdom to God, even the Father; and God, being now all in all, and no longer estranged by human guilt, makes His tabernacle with man.

Such, as traced out in the Word of the living God, is the prospect before the world. Are these the things which Christians are looking for?

A CONVICT'S EXPERIENCE.

THE work accomplished through Mr. Dunn, the late Jerry McAuley, and others in America in the reformation of the outcasts of society is continually coming to the surface in unexpected quarters, where men living decent, honest lives suddenly surprise their friends by admitting that once they were thieves and law-breakers generally. God brought them under the influence of some earnest Gospel worker, and saved them to the Church and to society. One such case has come to light recently in England, in connection with Mr. George Hatton's work at the St. Giles's Mission Hall, London. The rescued man thus vividly described his deliverance:

"My father was a thief, sir; I know'd nothing else but thieving. I began when I was about ten years old, picking little things earlier than that. I'd never seen a Bible, never in all my life; churches I knew only from the outside, though I was but a lad when I heard as some on 'em had something inside—plate of some kind—worth nabbing. I was in prison when I were just turned fourteen; and no sooner out than in again. I believe in the next twenty years I spent well-nigh eighteen in quod—doing two long terms. At Dartmoor I heard tell of the mission, and how there was some chance for a fellow like me. The fact is, I'd got tired of it, and lots of 'em are, but I'd been trained to it, and didn't think there was anything else for me. However, I thought I'd give them a try, and sent in my name to the governor as wanting to be discharged to the mission. Very well; when I comes to the Home, Mr. Wheatley, he makes me stare. Why? 'cause he spoke about pardon. Now, I'd never dreamed of such a thing. I thought I might do better, and live honestly, but I'd never thought about sins being pardoned. He took me into the Home till I could pick up a trade and get a job somewhere. All the time I was working I kept turning over in my mind what he could mean about a Saviour for me. One of the fellows there—as I know'd had turned religious—came, and he says to me, 'Look here, turning over a new leaf won't do; you've got to cry to God for pardon, to take Christ for your Saviour.' Says I, 'Take Him; why, how can I take Christ?' So he spoke plain to me, and showed how Christ saved the thief on the cross, and how He died for me. I'd never heard the like before; for, more shame to me, I'd paid little attention to what the chaplain said. Well, from that day I began to see

things different, and 'twern't long after till He saved my soul. He did, and now I don't want to steal, I don't really, sir. I believe He's made a new man of me."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Dying Man's Idea of the Gospel.—At a recent meeting an evangelist said: "At one time I called to see a man who was dying, and he said to me, 'When you preach the Gospel be sure you preach the whole Gospel; there are so many who do not preach the whole Gospel.' 'What is the whole Gospel?' I asked. 'A dying Christ for dying men, and a living Christ to live in men,' was the dying man's reply, and since that time I have endeavored by God's help to preach the whole Gospel."

The World Preferred to Christ.—Mrs. Osburn related the following incident: "I was speaking to a young woman the other night about the danger of putting off salvation to a more convenient season, as so many do, and I said to her, 'When is the time to accept Christ and the truth of His glorious Gospel?' 'I do not know,' she replied. 'When is God's time?' I then asked. 'Now,' was the short reply. 'Well, then,' I said, 'will you accept of it now and be saved?' But she would not, and she is still unsaved, not because she does not know the way of salvation, but because she prefers the world to her Saviour. Oh, pray that her eyes might be opened to see her awful state!"

A Mother's Last Text.—An Evangelist observed: "I took up a young man's Bible the other day, a friend of my own, and opening it I saw written inside the following: 'Mother's last text, This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Those were his mother's last words, and the text she rested her soul upon as she went home to be with her Redeemer. And now her boy treasures it above all things, and claims it as his, because he says it reminds him of his mother. Friends, might I ask, when you leave this world, what will you be remembered by? If you have not yet thought of it, ask yourself the solemn question."

Why the Boy Whistled.—Mr. Sanford Related: "There was a little boy in the State where I lived whose mother was very nervous, and could not bear to have the slightest noise made in her presence. One day the little boy was whistling, and she said, 'Really, you must stop whistling.' The boy at once obeyed, but it was not long before he began to whistle again. Again he was checked, and again he heroically stopped. A third time he began, and the mother said, 'Now, there you are at it again.' 'Why, mother,' said the little fellow, 'I cannot help it; it whistled itself.' That I say to you. Be filled with the Holy Spirit to overflowing, and you will speak for Jesus, not because you think it is a duty, but because you cannot possibly help it; the Spirit will speak of itself."

Spinal Injury Healed by Faith.—Mrs. M. Baxter said: "A touching incident of a child's simple faith came under my notice lately. A little boy was playing with some companions, when he accidentally received a kick from one of them, and the result was that the poor child's spine was very much injured. Now, the little lad had read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD instances of sick folks being healed by faith in the Lord Jesus. So, full of faith, the little fellow asked his mother to write to Bethshan, and desire us to pray for him. To please her boy the mother wrote, beginning the letter with, 'I write with a very sad heart.' So I thought if she had believed she would have written, 'I write with a very joyful heart.' But if she had not faith, her little boy had. At the foot of her letter was written, in trembling and scrawling handwriting by the boy himself, 'Dear, kind lady, I want you to pray for me, for I believe Jesus will heal me.' So some of us agreed to meet on the following Friday and lay the case before the Lord, and the boy was to unite with

us in prayer at the same time. A lady called to see the little lad, and both put an earnest prayer to God. A few days afterward we received a letter, written in beautiful round letters by the boy himself—all trembling had gone from his hand. He was telling us that the Lord had healed his back, and that he was completely cured. He much wished to come and give his testimony, but it was too far for him to come alone, and his mother was not willing to undertake the long journey."

Throwing Away a Good Chance.—Mr. Lapsley said: "I was speaking to a man some time ago who was standing at an open-air meeting, and I learned that he had a good education, and that he was very well connected, all his relations holding good positions, and there he was a perfect wreck, and all through sin. 'If you decide for the Lord,' I said, 'I will be surety that you too will hold a good position in society in a few years, for the Lord is good to them that love Him.' He was highly talented, and I knew if he gave up drink he would get on in the world. 'I believe you,' he said, 'but I cannot break away from the power of sin.' 'But,' I said, 'the Lord will give you power to withstand the temptation, for He has promised to undertake for us.' 'I believe all you say, but I cannot give it up,' he replied, and, sad to relate, he turned away, still clinging to his sin and his poverty. Dear friends, Jesus wants to lavish His matchless love upon you; will you come to Him?"

A Man Honest with Himself.—Mr. Ferrie said: "I took a friend of some years' standing to an evangelistic meeting, thinking he had not peace of mind. I asked one of the workers to speak to him, and I heard some of the conversation afterward. He had been well brought up; his father was one of the leading men in the temperance movement in Edinburgh. From his childhood he had been taught to pray and honor God, and he had been a Sabbath-school teacher, and was really earnest in good work. Still, when the worker put to him the question, 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' the reply was, 'No; I do not believe that I do.' He was honest with himself and with others, and therefore found peace that night. How many lack that honesty and will not even admit that they are lost, and thereby perish! But all who come to Jesus in honest sincerity may accept Christ's word, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' There are many people who have their faith misdirected. Napoleon said, 'God is always on the side of the big battalions. Have faith in God, for He is our refuge and strength, and a very present help in time of trouble.'"

There is Sorrow on the Sea.—"I Remember the minister of Newhaven telling me of the saddest day he ever experienced. He told me many sad incidents which happened on that sorrowful day that the fishing fleet went down. He got telegrams the whole day telling him to go to this house and that and break the sad news that a father, a husband, a brother, or a son had been taken from them. He said, 'There was one house which I went to in the morning and told the mother that her second son had been taken away, and in the afternoon I had to go back to the same house and tell her that her eldest son had also been drowned. When I broke the news she looked at me, but said not a word. Falling into a chair, she put her apron over her face and sat as one stunned. She did not cry; we wished she would. We feared her reason was going when her sister-in-law came in, and, putting her hand on her shoulder, kindly said, 'Annie, do you remember what you said to me when I lost my fine boys two years ago? You told me not to mourn for my sons, that I would meet them in heaven.' Those few words of comfort brought consolation to the poor woman. Like Paul, I think to those who are in Christ tribulation ought to be a cause of thanksgiving. Friends, I say, have faith in God, for 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Cordial New Year's Greeting to all the readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD is tendered on this the first visit it makes them in the year 1886. As a large number of them are old friends, between whom and ourselves there is mutual esteem, they will be glad to learn that, in spite of the general depression in business, the paper is prospering. Every year since its commencement has witnessed an increase in its circulation. Last year the number of its subscribers was larger than it has ever had before, and this year the proportion of renewals already received, and the numerous new names we have had the pleasure of adding to the list, warrant the expectation that even the large figures of last year will be exceeded. For this prosperity we are chiefly indebted to our readers, who have thought so well of the journal as to introduce it to their friends. We thank them sincerely for their past kindness, and for their promises to continue their exertions. They will also be pleased to learn that during the past year the usefulness of the paper kept pace with its increased circulation. We have been deeply thankful to learn during the past two weeks from letters received from all the States and Territories of the Union, from Canada, and from foreign lands, that God has used the paper everywhere for the conversion of souls, and for the comfort, and encouragement of His people. This, after all, is the object of its publication. Will our readers who are taking so warm an interest in the welfare of the CHRISTIAN HERALD pray that a still more abundant blessing may rest upon it this year? This is now the eighth time that it has been the editor's privilege to tender a New Year's salutation to its readers, and to make this request. He is cheered by the warm words of appreciation which come from all quarters, but with increased opportunities, and the increased responsibility they bring, there is a more urgent need than ever before for the prayers of God's people that the paper may continue to be an instrument that God can use for His purposes and the public good.

The Business Record of the Past Year, as summarized by the New York Times, from the exhaustive report of a mercantile agency, encourages the hope that we have passed through the worst of the business depression. It appears that though the number of failures during the

year was nearly as great as in 1884, the aggregate of liabilities was little more than half as large. The ratio of failures to the whole number of traders was largest on the Pacific Coast, but there the average of liabilities was lowest. In the Western States the ratio of failures was smallest, and the average of liabilities was also low. In the Middle States the liabilities average highest, but the ratio of failures was little greater than in the West. While the Clearing House and the Mercantile Exchanges show an aggregate of transactions smaller for 1885 than for 1884, the figures for the last month of the year show a considerable increase, which is a hopeful sign for the future. The statistics of production of the leading staples furnished by the exchanges show an increase for the last over the preceding year in corn iron and coal, and a falling off in wheat and petroleum.

The Presidential Succession Bill which passed the Senate last year, but failed in the House, has again been passed by the Senate. There seems to be an almost unanimous feeling in the country that it ought to become a law. It is strange that some provision has not been made before this for the contingency it is intended to meet. If President Cleveland had died at any time between November 26th and the meeting of Congress there would have been no person properly qualified to succeed him in the administration of national affairs. Even now that a President *pro tempore* of the Senate has been elected, the succession, in the event of Mr. Cleveland's death, would be one certain to excite ill-feeling, and would involve a serious disturbance in public affairs. The bill which has now passed the Senate places the members of the Cabinet in their order of precedence next in the line of succession after the Vice-President. There are many sound reasons for this arrangement, of which the chief is that the Secretary of State and his colleagues, being selected by the President, may naturally be supposed to be adherents of the President's policy, which the people at the Presidential election made the policy of the nation. It is not a perfect arrangement, but it is in harmony with the spirit of the Constitution.

A Number of Amendments to the Civil Service rules were promulgated last week. Before the old Commission went out of office it embodied the results of its experience in ten propositions for changes in the rules. They were submitted to the President, and by him laid aside for the consideration of the new Commission, which has now indorsed them. The President also approved them, and they have gone into operation. All the amendments are in matters of detail, but they are clearly designed to carry out the spirit of the law and simplify the duties of the Commission. It is worthy of note that this much-abused law appears to be studied and amended as though it was being observed. Judging from remarks made in certain popular journals it might be supposed that it was a dead letter.

The Example of Georgia is Exerting an Influence in New Jersey. We learn that a temperance committee has been formed to promote the passage of a local option law, a bill for which it has prepared for introduction in the Legislature at the coming Session. The bill provides for a special election in any county upon application by a petition signed by one tenth of the legal voters, at which election the question of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be voted upon.

A Significant Proposal Has Been Made to the Attorney-General by William S. Warner and J. Henry Work, who are under indictment by the Grand Jury, and are also defendants in a civil suit. The latter is brought by the trustees of the Marine National Bank for the recovery of \$152,800, which they drew out of that bank on the day before it failed, by a cheque of Ferdinand Ward acting for Grant & Ward. It is charged that Warner and Work received from Grant & Ward \$1,300,000 as "profits" on their investments, but in a published statement the

accused men claimed that their investments had exceeded their profits. The offer made last week was to pay voluntarily the sum called for by the civil suit, on condition that the criminal indictment is withdrawn. The proposal was rejected, the defendants were informed that the law must take its course. It may be hoped that the attempt to ascertain what became of Grant & Ward's money may not languish. It is an interesting question the answer to which may lead to some financiers being put where they cannot prey on the community.

The Newark Children who were Sent to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur for the bites of a mad dog, sailed for America on January 2d. The French scientist is confident that they are now safe from hydrophobia. On the day before they sailed he injected under the abdominal skin of the eldest three the most poisonous virus in his laboratory, which, used on a well man, would make him raving mad in seven days, and kill him in ten at the furthest. The youngest was inoculated the last time on Friday. When the three others were inoculated on Saturday they showed no signs that they had ever been treated. Not even the marks of the point of the syringe were visible. Dr. Billings, the New York physician who accompanied the children, is returning with them. He carries home several boxes of scientific instruments, numerous vials of virus of several kinds, but he could not take rabies virus because it will only keep four or five days, but he knows how to prepare it. He is fully satisfied that the discovery is a perfect one.

Mr. Gladstone's Seventy-Sixth Birthday was celebrated on December 29th. The first mail brought him over four hundred letters of congratulation. He left Hawarden Castle, where he resides, at daybreak, and walked to the village church, where special services were held. Notwithstanding that sleet and snow were falling, the walk did not seem to fatigue him, as he appeared quite hearty when he had returned home after the services. Mr. Gladstone requested the press to convey to his friends his thanks for the congratulatory letters and telegrams received by him, and to express his "appreciation of the beautiful gifts which have been showered upon him from every class and quarter, and which in many instances were accompanied by the most touching expressions of regard and affection." Mr. Gladstone says it would be absolutely impossible for him to acknowledge them personally. Among the congratulatory telegrams received by Mr. Gladstone, was one from the Prince of Wales. Mr. Herbert Gladstone presented his father with a bust of the Earl of Beaconsfield. Among the other presents were an American axe.

The Congo Region Has Been Explored by Lieutenant E. H. Taunt, of the United States Navy, who was commissioned to examine it by the Navy Department. He visited the whole of the Congo from the mouth to the falls, between Bangala Station, on the Upper Congo, and Stanley Falls. His journey was made partly on the Baptist missionary steamer and partly on a steamer belonging to the Free State, which had a white commander and a crew of Zanzibar natives. Having landed from the latter and encamped between Upoto and Haguwini River, the captain and crew were attacked by the natives, who killed seven of the crew, wounded six, and severely wounded the commander. Lieutenant Taunt had not landed, and, although attacked, he escaped unhurt. He believes the attack was made because the natives mistook the Zanzibar men for slave-drivers. During the whole of the journey up the Congo, Lieutenant Taunt had not the slightest attack of fever, and his health only suffered when on the return journey. He agrees with other explorers as to the dreariness and worthlessness of the Lower Congo up to Stanley Pool, but finds the climate, scenery, and fertility of the upper region quite marvellous and capable of yielding immense wealth to European and American commerce.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$7.50. They were: From Hamorton, Pa., \$1; Akron, O., \$1; Westfield, Ind., \$1; Pleasant Plains, Ill., \$1; Minneapolis, Kan., 50 c.; Niagara, Ont., \$1; Wilson, N. Y., \$1; Antrim, Ont., \$1.

The Annexation of Burmah, by England, was formally proclaimed at Rangoon, on Friday. The proclamation simply announced that the Territories formerly governed by King Theebaw will no longer be under his rule, but will become a part of the dominions of the Queen of Great Britain, and Ireland, and Empress of India, and that the government of the country will be administered during Her Majesty's pleasure by officers appointed by the Viceroy of India. There was a grand parade in honor of the event, and a large concourse of natives gathered to hear the reading of the proclamation. England cedes to China part of Upper Burmah in order to make the Chinese and Indian frontiers continuous. Also, it may be presumed, to disarm Chinese jealousy, and to avoid the experience of France in Tonquin.

M. Grévy was Re-Elected President of the French Republic on December 28th for a second term of seven years. The election was by joint ballot of the two Chambers of the Legislature. The scene during the balloting was one of the wildest excitement. The Monarchists, though impotent to affect the result, seemed mad with passion. One observer says that the space around the President's chair at times resembled a prize ring. Insults and oaths flew about freely. Two young deputies, who had begun a regular hand-to-hand engagement, had to be forcibly separated. Much of this excitement was caused by the somewhat doubtful action of the Government in calling the Legislature together without waiting for the re-election of several invalidated Monarchists. M. Grévy's majority was 135. He is seventy-eight years old.

An Interesting Building has been Opened in Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Thomas Martin, a well-known Christian citizen of that place, was some time ago bereaved of his eldest son, Horace. The young man was a follower of Jesus, and the parents, while grieving over his departure, were thankful to God for the consolation derived from his conversion. It was in a little mission chapel that he was led to decide for Christ. Opposite to that chapel the sorrowing father has erected as a memorial to his son a noble hall which he has consecrated to Christian and philanthropic work. Mission work, Bible-classes, and temperance meetings are to be conducted there. At the opening service Mr. Martin feelingly expressed his conviction that in no better way could he honor his son's memory than by providing for an extension of the work through which that son was brought to Christ.

The Need of a Sabbath is Being Realized by people who are not concerned about the religious aspect of the day. At a recent crowded meeting in the Opera House of Denver, Col., which was called as a secular movement, it was resolved, as "every man needs for his highest physical, intellectual, and moral development" a day of rest, to request the merchants of Denver to close their places of business one day in seven.

Special Evangelistic Services in the Re-formed (Dutch) churches of New York have been arranged. The Classis has divided the churches into four groups for the special work. The services will continue for two weeks for each group. The first one commences on the 10th of January, and the last one ends on the 7th of March. The special meetings are to be held on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings; but we understand that in the Collegiate Church on Twenty-ninth Street, which is in the first group, it is contemplated to hold service every evening in the week for the entire fortnight, with the aid of some well-known and efficient evangelist. This is another remarkable sign of the movement which is spreading through the Christian churches of all denominations in the city. Like the Episcopal Church, the Reformed Church

has heretofore been remarkable for its quiet, decorous work rather than for special revival services.

Evangelistic Services of a very Successful character have been held during the past two months in New York by the Rev. George C. Needham, the Evangelist. Last month the services were in connection with the Reformed-Catholic congregation worshipping in Masonic Temple, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, of which Rev. James A. O'Connor is pastor, where he again preached on Sunday, December 27th. Mr. Needham also preached every evening from December 21st to 24th in Union Tabernacle, Thirty-fifth Street, west of Broadway, Mr. George J. Mingins, pastor, and in Berean Baptist Church, corner Bedford and Downing streets, Dr. Judson, pastor, December 28th to 31st. The meetings have been well attended throughout, and much good has been done.

A Dishonest Drover's Amusing Punishment is reported by the Cleveland *Leader*. It states that a farmer recently sold a flock of sheep to a man on Snake River, and lent him his dog to drive the sheep home—a distance of thirty miles. The drover promised to send the dog back, but finding him very useful, resolved to keep him. He kept him shut up on his place for some time to accustom the dog to the idea of making it his home. The dog, however, had apparently no intention of assisting the drover in his dishonest design, for he succeeded in getting loose one night and started for home. He seemed to think that there was something wrong also in the sheep bargain, for he collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master and drove them home again. The dishonest drover was thus involved in a second journey, in which he did not have the dog's assistance. He is not the first man by very many who has found that crime is folly (Jer. 17:11).

A Man Who Had Never Seen His Wife and children was introduced to them recently in Cincinnati. Several years ago a man residing in the suburbs of that city lost his sight through a cataract forming on each of his eyes; soon afterward his wife fell ill, and after a long illness she died. During her illness she was waited upon by a young nurse, a stranger to the family, and after her death the nurse remained in attendance. The blind man's heart was won by her uniform kindness and affectionate disposition, and he persuaded her to become his wife. In spite of the husband's affliction the couple were happy, and the union was blessed with two children. Early last month the blind man consulted an oculist, and an operation was performed upon him. It was successful, and for the first time in years the man saw. Shortly afterward the surgeon brought a lady into his room, and asked the man if he knew her. He did not, and was overjoyed to learn that she was his wife. When his two children whom also he had never seen were brought to him his gladness was pathetic to witness. What the Christian's joy will be when his eyes open in heaven, and he sees for the first time the Saviour whom he has loved by faith on earth the human mind cannot conceive (1 Peter 1:8).

Why a Senator Changed his Mind was Ex-plained by himself in a Washington hotel last week. He said that he was determined to bring the President to an account for the dismissal of a certain official, who was in no sense "an offensive partisan." He was resolved, too, on working to prevent the confirmation of the President's nomination of the official's successor. In order to make his effort successful he went to a member of the House who was personally acquainted with the decapitated official, and told him of his resolve to be "the injured man's" champion. "That's right, Senator," said the member. "I hope you will succeed for my own sake." "Why for your sake?" asked the astonished senator. "Well, he owes me a considerable sum of money. See here," and he produced a promissory note dated three months back for over two thousand dollars. "How did you get that?" asked the senator. The reply

was: "One thousand of it was for two loans of \$500 each, made at various times within a year, to keep him out of the sheriff's hands; the rest was for losses at poker, all played away in one evening." So the senator changed his mind, and decided not to champion the cause of a man who lost more than a thousand dollars in gambling in one evening. The senator was right; but while we approve his decision, we remember thankfully that past misconduct, if sincerely repented of and forsaken, does not deter the sinners' Advocate from undertaking for them (1 John 2:1).

A Home on the Top of a Reed is Constructed by ants on the banks of the Amazon. A traveler in that region states that while journeying by the river he noticed large balls of earth on the tops of the reeds which grow near the river—immense growths, some of which attain the height of twenty feet. He was curious about these earth balls which seemed to be artificial, and at length succeeded in inspecting one of them. He found that it was the home of a swarm of ants, who were thus safe from inundations while possessing through the hollow reed a safe highway of ingress and egress for themselves and their food. It is a singular way of securing safety, but it would seem that the ants have displayed considerable ingenuity in the selection and construction of their home. The peace and security they enjoy renders their condition a type of the blessedness which will be witnessed on the earth during the Millennium (Isa. 35:7-10).

A New Test for Leather Belting is Described in the current number of a scientific magazine. The editor says that such a test has long been needed. Many accidents have been caused by belts for machines being made of leather that is not strong enough to bear the strain to which it is subjected. Before it is fit for belts it must be thoroughly well impregnated with tannin. In order to ascertain whether it is in that condition a piece of it should be immersed in vinegar. If it is imperfectly tanned the fibres of the leather will swell and become a gelatinous mass. Perfectly tanned leather does not change, though it may remain in the vinegar for months. Young Christians who will have to bear the strain of temptation in prominent positions in the world, often have to pass through such a testing process in college or at home. It is those who are thoroughly impregnated with the Holy Spirit and given up wholly to God who are fit for service (James 1:12).

Every Dog is Entitled to One Bite before Its owner can be held for damages. This was the ruling of Chief Justice McAdam in deciding an appeal case in New York on December 24th. The case was an application for a new trial of a suit in which a woman claimed damages for the bite of dog belonging to the defendant. The Court below had awarded her damages, but the owner of the dog appealed, on the ground that it had not been shown at the trial that he knew of the dog's vicious propensities. The Judge held that such evidence was unnecessary, but Judge McAdam reversed the decision, and ordered a new trial. He contended that the owner of a dog was not bound to ascertain its character, and before he could be held responsible it must be proved that he knew the animal was inclined to do the particular mischief that had been done. One previous case was sufficient. He quoted a former ruling in reference to a dog worrying sheep in which it had been decided that every dog is entitled to one worry, and said that the same rule would apply to bites of mankind. Every dog was entitled to one bite before the owner became liable. Nevertheless, in spite of Judge McAdam, a right-minded man would be at some pains to ascertain the character of his dog, lest he unwittingly expose others to peril. The same principle should guide us in other matters. A Christian man should not be satisfied with proving that a course of conduct is lawful for him; he ought to ask himself whether it is liable to injure others (1 Cor. 10:23, 24).

DRINK FOR THIRSTY PEOPLE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."—JOHN 7: 37.

A Preacher's Answer to a Soldier—Christ's Patient Pleading—His Last Opportunity—Used it for Special Teaching—I. The Inquiry for the Thirsty—Thirsty Souls Rare—The Invitation to Them Only—Is being Repeated—What the Thirst is—II. Direction for Relief—In Jesus Personally—The Supply Unlimited—Varied—III. Full Permission Given—Not Forfeited by Wrong-doing—Or by Deficiency—IV. The Entreaty.

The officers were after our Lord, and He knew it. He could spy them out in the crowd, but He was not therefore in the least afraid, or disconcerted. He reminds me of that minister who, when he was about to preach, was stopped by a soldier, who held a pistol at his head, and threatened that if he spoke he would kill him. "Soldier," said he, "do your duty; I shall do mine;" and he went on with his preaching. The Saviour, without saying as much in words, said so by His actions. If they were sent to take Him, let them take Him; as for Himself, the time was come to speak boldly, and therefore He stood and cried, saying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

You see, it was the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles. From the middle of that festival the Lord had been present, and had openly taught the people, and they had seen Him in the midst of the throng, lifting up His hands, and proclaiming holy doctrine. But the feast was over; the boughs were cleared away, and the tents, in which they had dwelt for a time, were taken down. It was the eighth day, which was spent as a Sabbath; but the Saviour did not cease to preach because the festival was almost over. Till the last day He continued to instruct, invite, and entreat. How this reminds us of His constant patience! It is but one instance, out of very many, of

THE SAVIOUR'S PERTINACITY

of loving-kindness. Though the Jews had often refused Him, He is still pleading with them. There are times when it would not be becoming to the honor of a king to press his favors upon those who have distinctly despised and refused them; but it is ever the singular glory of our Lord Jesus Christ that He continues to entreat, even when we continue to resist. Even to our own last hour does the Lord of mercy sweetly cry, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

It is the last time that He will look into some of their faces. They are going back from Jerusalem, where they have kept the feast; they will get back to their farms and to their merchandise, and if He does not strike the iron while He has it on the anvil, He may never have another stroke at it. If at this time an invitation be not pressed upon them, they will forget the teaching they have heard, they will probably never hear any more, and they will die in their sins. I think I see the Master's face beaming with holy affection, and His eyes streaming with tears, as He pleads as for His life with the throng which is so soon to melt away. It is now or never with Him, and with them. He must once more free Himself of the blood of them all, and therefore on that "last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

I think it is noteworthy that, when the Master had gathered up all the forces of His soul, and His whole spirit was moved with intense anxiety for the good of men, then He especially preached the Gospel of salvation. I do not know that He had before so publicly declared Himself as the great fountain and source of salvation. He had taught this truth to the woman at the well of Samaria with special plainness, and He had spoken of it to different little companies with great distinctness; but now almost for the first time on this last day He brings it

all out before the multitude, and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Now is the invitation given most freely; now is the cry sounded forth most loudly. O ye that are perishing, O ye that are lost, O ye that want salvation, here is the place where you can find it—"Come unto Me, and drink!"

THE VITAL OBJECT.

It seems to me that the Lord Jesus was driving only at this one thing—the getting of men to come to Himself. At another time He would teach them deeper doctrine, or truth of a wider range; for His ministry dealt with many things for edification and holiness; but now, on this last day, He seems to put other matters on one side, and His one object is to win thirsty souls to come to Him and drink. I have deep fellowship in that spirit this morning. I remember that I shall not have another morning's discourse with you for some time; and perhaps I may never have another. I go from you for a season, and my voice will be silent among you. Therefore I said within my heart that I would preach this morning upon the one subject of coming to Christ, and upon nothing else.

If you make mistakes about a thousand things, it will be very sad that you should do so; but not so sad as if you fell into an error upon this matter. If, peradventure, you should not know this or that, it may be greatly to your detriment, but nothing compared with not knowing the Lord Jesus. My brethren, my sisters, if you really come to Jesus, and assuage the thirst of your souls by drinking of that living water, which He so freely giveth, the main thing will be right, the chief thing will be secured. We will hope that all the rest will come right by and by, but just now we will look alone to that vital point. O you that thirst, come unto Christ, and drink; and if you do so, our morning's work will be fraught with untold blessedness to you! In my absence this shall be my solace, that my last word won your souls for Jesus.

I. Notice, in the text,

THE INQUIRY FOR THE THIRSTY.

Jesus stands amid that mass of people from every land, the mingled tribes, scattered far and wide, who came up to Jerusalem to keep the feast, and He cries among them, "If any man thirst." Evidently, He is seeking out needy, restless, longing hearts. Observe that He starts with a very wide inquiry; He seeks for any man, and consequently for every man, that thirsts. So does the Gospel at this hour come with a generous and wide appeal. Hast thou any desire after God? Hast thou any will to be rid of thy sin? Hast thou any anxiety to escape from the wrath to come? Hast thou any weariness after Jesus, and the rest which He alone can give? Dost thou desire to be made pure? Is there a heart in thee which sighs after better things? Dost thou long after a higher, and holier, and more heavenly life? Well, whoever thou mayest be, Jesus saith, "Come unto Me, and drink."

Yet there wails through our text an undertone of grief by which it is anxiously narrowed down. "If any man thirst"—as if He had said, "The mass of you do not thirst; do any of you thirst? The multitudes do not thirst; only one here and there is doing so." Our Lord's glance sweeps over the throng; He reads their indifference, and spiritual death, and in plaintive accents He expresses His fear that none, or at least very few, are thirsting. Alas! a spiritually thirsty soul is a choice rarity. Where shall I find him? With what joy will I salute him! He is the man who will gladly receive the tidings of Jesus and His love.

SADLY FOCUSED.

The invitation is in itself wide, and is only focused by the deep sorrow of the Preacher. If any man thirst, he is bidden to come to Jesus. If thou, O man, hast stolen in here this morning, discontented with the pleasures of the world, thou art bidden to come to Jesus for rest and satisfaction. If thou art rich and increased in goods, and yet art quite unable to enjoy thy

riches, because thine heart cannot be satisfied with the world, thou art he to whom this invitation comes. If thou art heavy with the burden of sin; if thou wouldst give thine eyes to be rid of it; if thou art despairing, and ready to die, because thy struggles after better things have all been failures, thou art he whom the Lord Jesus invites.

Do you ask me again, "What is this thirst?" Thirst is nothing actual, or substantive; it is a lack, a want, a crying out of its emptiness. It is the absence of a necessary. Sinner, thou needest not look for any good thing in thyself; the thirst which is sought for is the absence of a good thing. Now, soul, if thou art suffering from fear or despondency; if thou endurest heaviness of heart and disquietude of spirit; if thou hast a longing, a sighing, a pining after something better and holier, then thou art thirsty. If thou hast this thirst in any measure or degree, thou art bidden to come to Christ and drink. If thou hast not as yet a burning thirst, nor a fever, but if thou hast any sort of thirst, thou mayest come and drink. If thou dost in any measure long for mercy and renewal, thou art included in this invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Do not look within thyself to find any good thing. Is thirst a good thing? Nay, thirst is an evil thing, to be removed; and if thou seest in thyself only evil things to be removed, thou hast all that Jesus sets forth in this text as the description of those whom He permits to come to Himself. He saith so much, and no more—"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

II. Here is, secondly,

THE ONE DIRECTION

for the relief of all such thirsty ones: "Let him come unto Me, and drink." There is one direction, and that one direction points solely to one source. All who would have their thirst assuaged must come to one fountain, to one Jesus. Observe, that Christ, who gives the water which quenches spiritual thirst, directs us to come to Himself personally. Do notice this. "Let him come unto Me, and drink." Oh, my hearer, whatever thy spiritual desire is, Jesus will grant it; whatever, in fact, thy soul requires between this place and glory, He will give it thee; but thou must come to Him for it, and to Him alone. Thou must come distinctly to Him, and not to ceremonies, or sacraments, or priests, or churches, or assemblies, or creeds, or services, or doings, or feelings. There lies thy hope, and there alone. In that Person, I say, and in that Person only there is salvation.

All that a sinner wants is to be found in abundance in Jesus. The Lord Jesus invites all who feel their thirst to come to Him and partake; feeling no diffidence as to His ability to meet all their cases. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Though thy thirst be like that of a panting ox upon a sultry summer's day, who putteth down his mouth to the brook, and drinks as though he would leave it dry—thou mayest come, and feel no trembling as to the sufficiency of the living waters. He said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," without stint or measure; there is nothing to limit the draught or question the supply. In Jesus there is such a fulness that it never will be exhausted. Sin may be exhausted, the race may be numbered, time may be finished, and need may be ended, but mercy endureth forever.

There is in Christ Jesus

A VARIED SUPPLY.

The thirst of the soul is not like the thirst of the body, which is readily quenched by any one liquid, for the thirst of the soul is for many things. Whatsoever many things the soul thirsts for, Jesus will supply them all; our wonderful variety of wants is met by His wonderful variety of excellences. Here is a soul that wants peace: "this Man shall be the peace." "I am unhinged, I am almost driven to distraction, I am sore troubled, so that I cannot sleep." Thou shalt have rest by coming to

Jesus: "He giveth His beloved sleep." "But I am so guilty, I have sinned past all pardon; I blush to think how grievously I have trespassed." Thou canst have pardon for all thy sins, though they be as glaring as scarlet, and though for number they be as many as the sands of the sea. In Jesus the penitent finds perfect pardon for all his offences. Believest thou this? It is certainly so. God will cast all thy transgressions into the depths of the sea, if thou believest in the Lord Jesus. How happy is the man who, by faith in Jesus, knows that the Lord has fully and freely forgiven him!

PURITY.

"But I want *purity*," cries a third. "I am troubled with horrible thoughts. I have a strong passionate nature, which draws me into wrong desires. I have been a drunkard, I have been unchaste, I have been given to the use of foul language; and these things are a source of continued defilement." Oh, my friend, thou canst get rid of all this, if thou desirest to do so, by coming to Jesus! He will give thee a new heart, and a right spirit; He will change thy nature totally, so that this evil shall never more have dominion over thee; but where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound. Dost thou hear this? All purity is in Christ for thee.

"But I," says one, "desire to make

PROGRESS.

I hope I am right, and I want to be more right. I want to make advances in the divine life, so as to honor God, and bless my fellow-men." Come, then, to the Lord Jesus, and drink, for He giveth life, and giveth it more abundantly. "But I want," says a Christian, "power in prayer, and power to convince and convert my fellow-men." Come, then, to Jesus for it; concerning this also He saith, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." He will make thee strong upon thy knees, and mighty in holy service, if thou wilt but surrender thy will to Him. If any man thirst for anything that is really desirable, let him come to Jesus, in whom all right desires are provided for. Do but trust Him, and thou hast come to Him. This coming is not so much an exercise of power, as the resignation of power. Submit thyself to Jesus, yield to Him, be willing that He should be everything to thee; and thou hast truly come to Him.

Then thou art told to drink. That is not a difficult action. Any fool can drink; in fact, many are great fools because they drink too much of poisonous liquors. Drinking is peculiarly the common-place act of sinners. "Drink!" Surely thou canst do that! It is all He bids thee do; it is, in fact, to do nothing but to receive thy God. If any man thirst, let him receive Christ. This, then, is the one direction for the assuagement of the burning thirst of all sin-sick souls.

FULL PERMISSION.

III. Consider, in the third place, the permission here given for their participation. I have told you where the water is, but the question comes, "May I drink of it?" If thou thirstest, drink. No limit is placed in our text. "Who-soever will, let him take the water of life freely." There is no limit as to what thou hast formerly done. "Oh, but I have been so guilty, so hardened; I have uttered bitter words; I have even spoken against God and His Christ; I have denied the deity of our Lord; I have gone aside into all manner of crooked ways!" Whatever thou hast done, if thou hast now any longing after God and thy Saviour, come thou freely, just as thou art, for He bids thee come and drink. "But I dare not say what I have done, sir." Thou needest not say it to me; it were better thou shouldst not. Confess it unto God alone; and though thou be black as seven midnights, and foul as seven hells, thou mayest come to Jesus just as thou art, and receive from Him complete absolution. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

There is no limit because of any kind of lack. "Oh," says one, "I am deficient in tenderness;

I am deficient in penitence!" Whatsoever you are deficient in, so much the greater is your thirst; but the Lord meeteth that thirst in all respects. If any man lack anything, the Lord will supply that lack; if any man be conscious that he has a great and grievous lack of that which is most essential, as when one has need of water which is essential to life, let him come to Christ, and drink.

AN EASY CONDITION.

"Surely," says one, "I cannot be intended, for I am in peculiar circumstances; I am very old." Come and drink, if thou hast any thirst, though thou be as old as Methuselah. "But I am so poor." The poorer thou art, the more welcome thou art. Come thou, in thy smock-frock, and drink. "But I cannot read." Never mind; the text does not say, "Read," but "Drink." *At the polling-booths many are met with who cannot read, but none who cannot drink.* I have known some that could not read a letter who could drink a churnful; drinking is an ability which is very widely distributed. The power to receive is scarcely a power, and yet it is the only power needed for salvation. Come along, and take what Christ doth freely give you.

Sorrowfully I notice that some are ingeniously trying to lock the door against themselves with the very key that was meant to open it. "Alas," one cries, "I am afraid I do not thirst!" Tell me, then, what is the matter with you. "Sir, I have not such a sense of need as I ought to have;" that is to say, you are sensible that you are more needy than you think you are. If you are conscious that you are not fully aware of all your need, then I urge you to come to Jesus, just as you are, for if ever there was a thirsty soul, you are one. You even need a sense of need, and this proves that you are horribly in need. You are neediest among the needy, and should be among the first to come. The more unfit you feel yourself to be, the more are you invited to come; your very unfitness is your fitness for coming to Jesus. It is not what you have that God asks for; but He invites you to bring before Him what you have not, that He may meet your pressing need, and give you all things to enjoy.

THE PLEADING SAVIOUR.

IV. We close with the entreaty for their coming. Jesus pleads with them to come. "Jesus stood and cried." I cannot picture the enthusiasm of His soul, the passion of His heart, as He spoke that morning. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." The tones of that pleading voice were both striking and wooing, forcible and tender. When on that last occasion He addressed the people He poured out His whole soul pleading with them that they would come to Him then and there. Dear hearts, when I think of Christ entreating us to come, I am astonished that we should need such pleading, and that He should give it. Surely the boot should be on the other foot. Ought we not to entreat Him to let us come? Should we not fall on our knees, and plead for permission to receive the Saviour? Instead of that we are cold and callous; and it is He that is eager for us to come. He loves us better than we love ourselves!

When a man has charity to give away, does he entreat people to come and accept it? No; but they come, and knock at his door, and beg him to give it to them. How strange is this, that you should be unwilling, and Christ anxious; that you should be backward, and Christ forward; that Jesus should cry "Come," and you should sit still and decline His calls! Should you not come when Jesus Himself invites, and even entreats? Is it not baseness, is it not gross hardness of heart if we do not receive Him who speaks from heaven, and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink"? You have not come before—that was wrong; but the times of your ignorance God winketh at, and bids you come *now*. Oh, that His sweet Spirit would accompany my words, so that you might feel your hearts melting toward the Saviour, and might say, "Yes, we

will come, we will trust Jesus, we will receive His grace!" O my brother, if this be thy hearty consent to infinite love, then thy sorrow is ended, thy danger is over, and thy joy is begun. The Lord grant it, for His dear Son's sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

KING THEEBAW'S "SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT."

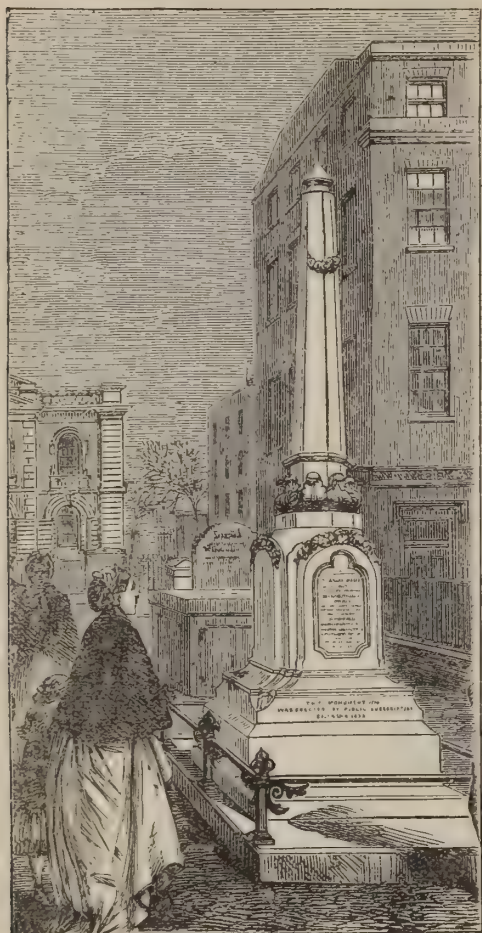
(See Picture on page 12.)

THE enormous beast whose picture appears on page 12 belonged to Theebaw, King of Burmah, who surrendered to the British on November 28th, and was sent as a prisoner of war to Madras. It is a remarkable fact that the sacred elephant died soon after the king left his capital to give himself up to his enemies. His subjects naturally see in the event something more than a coincidence. To the eye of a Western traveller there was nothing about the sacred elephant more than about ordinary or secular elephants to inspire the veneration of the Burmese.

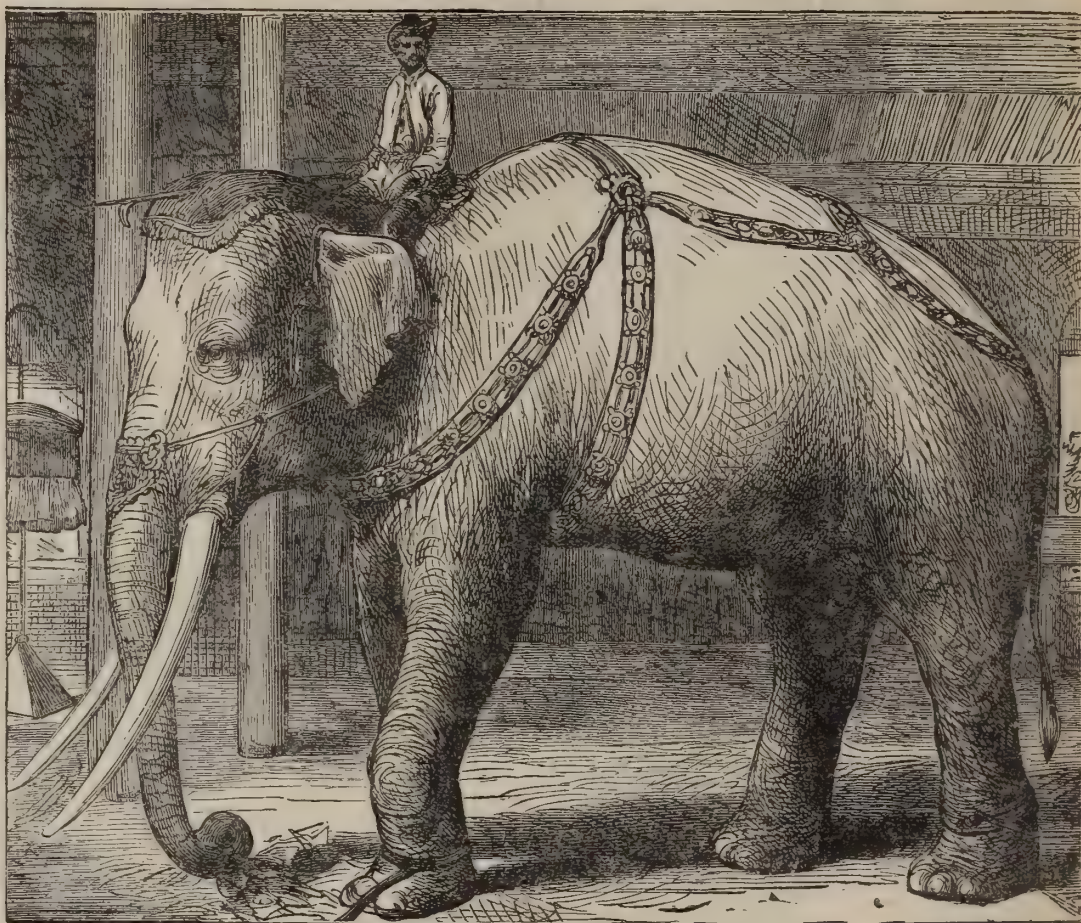
A magnificent pair of tusks constituted its chief distinction. In fact, it was not even "white," having only a few white spots upon its otherwise ordinarily dusky and half impervious hide. But such as it was, with its excellences and deficiencies, it is dead, its decease having taken place on December 6th. As an evidence and illustration of the superstitious reverence with which the huge quadruped was regarded, we may observe that one of Theebaw's great men at Mandalay, Kip Woon Mengyee, requested that the animal's remains might be allowed to lie in State for three days, according to custom; but General White replied that this could not be permitted for sanitary reasons, although he was willing that any other mark of respect should be paid. The burial took place in the cemetery on the following day in presence of a large concourse of natives. Many Burmese dignitaries attended the ceremony in State.

Many interesting descriptions of scenes in Mandalay are being sent to England by the British officers on duty in the Burman capital. "On a recent trip," says one, "I went with some of our officers to see the sights. Perhaps the most wonderful is the Great Bell. Its size is immense; two of us crept underneath, and when we stood up it seemed as if we were under a chancel roof. Our engineer took the dimensions. They gave the weight as eighty-nine tons, which would make it next to the great bell at Moscow, the largest in the world. It is said, probably with truth, that this monstrous bell was cast where it now stands. I could not get any data about its age, which must be very great; but it must always have been well cared for, as there are large lumps of gold and silver let into it.

"We sometimes see horrible sights on the Irrawaddy when we have passed the British frontier. The mode of execution is crucifixion. It is very common here, but it may possibly be of service as giving a truer picture of the actual scenes at a crucifixion than we have been accustomed to. Italian and Flemish art have thrown a halo over this horrible mode of execution. But here is a crucified malefactor. He would seem to have been condemned for robbery, and this, I think, is always punished with crucifixion and with breaking of legs. On such crosses as those of the thieves on Calvary that we see portrayed in pictures, the latter operation would amount to no more than breaking the bone with a mallet or axe; but when the whole frame is so violently rent asunder, death must at once ensue. The conventional figures of the crosses are at variance with the actual facts, as the dislocation would require some such structure as



Tomb of the Mother of the Wesleys. (See page 3.)



King Theebaw's White Elephant. (See page 11.)

the one I saw. This is only one figure out of a ghastly row of twelve on the banks of the river. The victim was a handsome man, with fine features; he just raised his head as the steamer paddled past—the last he would ever see. If we had attempted to rescue him, though he was almost in the last throes, our fate might have been as bad. There were vultures waiting sullenly by the cross, and they would hardly have to wait long.

"The culprit, according to his offence, is crucified in different ways. Murder, theft, or killing a bullock are equally capital crimes. In some cases the legs are broken, and the man is left to die. In others, the victims are smeared with honey, and ants eat them alive. Those who are best off are those who are used as targets for the king's soldiers. There is sometimes a row of men who are crucified side by side; some with their legs broken and others not. Such cruel sights sadden a voyage of exceeding beauty, and it seems impossible to become callous to them. I shall hardly ever forget the dying look, almost of appeal, from the handsome old man, as we paddled past his cross."

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

An Implacable Father.

ARLINGTON, the home of brave old Ethan Allen, nestling as it does at the foot of the Green Mountains, is one of the loveliest villages in Vermont—if not in the world.

If you mention Venice, Pisa, or Florence to an Italian it brings a glow into his face; if you speak of Arlington to a Vermonter, you see as warm a glow of proud delight rise to his eyes. To him, the pretty village, with its wide-spreading shade-trees and its beautiful, well-kept gardens, appears the perfection of natural loveliness, defying competition even by the paradises of Italy. He will tell you of its sweet peacefulness, too, and speak of the goodness of its people. Probably, too, if he be a young man and

impressible, he will whisper to you that the daughters of Arlington are fair beyond those of any other place, and that its matrons, living a life of calm, unruffled serenity, keep their beauty far on past middle life. Nor is this admiration all due to local partiality. The village is really beautiful. Every traveller who gazes upon it, must admit that God, who has "made everything beautiful in its time," has especially favored this nest in the Green Mountain State. It is one glorious garden, so quiet and beautiful and peaceful that the weary wanderer through the world might be glad to halt and rest there, and the busy toiler in crowded cities carry its picture in his memory as a place to which he might retire, after his struggle for wealth or fame is over, to spend his latter days in meditation and preparation for the life beyond.

The stranger as he looks over a gathering of Arlington folks sees, too, that the Vermont boast of the feminine loveliness at Arlington is justified. Probably a New York belle would pronounce the Arlington ladies plain, and ridiculously dressed, but even she would allow that their features are regular and their complexions good. To those points a critical male observer would add that they show intelligence, good humor, and are never disfigured by a smirk. Even the elder ones do not get the pinched, hungry expression that comes from a life of anxiety and care, nor the bloated, puffy look that tells of a life of self-indulgent ease. Life at Arlington is quiet, but it is pure, and the graces of character are more esteemed than the graces of person, and whatever young ladies may think, there is no surer way of becoming beautiful of face than to be beautiful of life. A gentle, kindly, loving disposition, a heart in which anger, jealousy, and hatred find no place, have an influence on the features that art can never give, and render even an ugly face attractive.

Thirty-five years ago the belle of Arlington was Alice Grey, a farmer's daughter. She was slight and girlish in appearance, but her form was lithe and perfect in its symmetry, her move-

ments were graceful, and her features were the ideal of purity and gentleness. Her oval face, with its soft, clear complexion, her large blue eyes and abundant golden hair, was the face that the old masters loved to put on their canvas when they drew the Virgin Mary. It is no wonder that the farmer almost idolized his only daughter; for, besides being beautiful, she was dutiful and affectionate.

There were many admiring eyes turned on Alice Grey by the time she reached her twentieth year, but no word of love had ever been addressed to her. Farmer Grey's manner, his jealous watchfulness, and well-known sternness rendered any approach to Alice a difficult and almost a dangerous undertaking. There was no young man in Arlington fit, in the farmer's opinion, to become the husband of his daughter.

"She is the most precious thing in life to me," he said, "and she shall marry no swineherd or plough-boy." Not that the farmer was avaricious on his daughter's account. He had plenty of money, and she was his only child. But he wanted her to marry some one who was distinguished, even if he were poor. He was ambitious for her, and had set his heart on her occupying a great place in the world. So the young men around, whom he had known from their infancy, were warned off by the paternal austerity, and Alice was kept as carefully secluded as the usages of Arlington society permitted.

There was something almost fierce in this love that Farmer Grey bore to his daughter. It foreboded ill for both of them. It was evident that the old man, pious as he was, had not brought his temper wholly under control. There were times when, like the Prophet Jonah, he thought he did well to be angry. He was conscientious in the performance of his own duty, and he expected a like conscientiousness on the part of all who had dealings with him. It was of no use asking mercy from Mr. Grey for any boy who robbed his orchard or any of his men who had done him wrong. Strict justice might always be had from him; no one ever

had to complain that the farmer had deceived him or wronged him in any way; he was always generous in his gifts to the church and to the poor, but for wrong-doers he had no pity. More than one of his friends predicted that some day his stern, unbending spirit would lay a burden on him that would break his heart, and it was not unlikely that it would come through his daughter. That fierce love was capable of turning to hate if it should ever be thwarted. If Alice should act unworthily, should insist on following her own wishes, and they were opposed to those of her father, there would be trouble.

Alice was just twenty years old when there came to Arlington a young artist from Virginia. He was making studies of the mountains, and, being the son of an old friend and former class-mate of Farmer Grey, he was made welcome at the farm. Whether Mr. Grey was prepared for the natural result of making Stephen Vane an inmate of his house no one knew, but certain it was that his friends foresaw what was likely to take place.

It was only during the first week or two of his visit that young Vane was attentive to his art studies. It was impossible to be in association so close with Alice without learning to love her. The young artist was irresistibly drawn to her, and before he had been a month in Arlington he had won her promise to be his wife. It was more difficult to gain her father's consent, for Stephen Vane was not the man who filled his ideal of a husband for Alice. The young man's tact and eloquence, however, overcame the old man's prejudice, and at last he yielded a reluctant consent to their union, and Stephen Vane left Arlington delighted with his achievement.

In the following spring they were married, and went at once to Italy to enable the young husband to continue his art studies there.

Farmer Grey was very angry at young Vane for taking Alice abroad, and declared that he never would have permitted the marriage to take place had he known his son-in-law's plans.

The irate old man could not be pacified, and when the day of the departure came he told Alice that there was but one of two things for her to do: she could stay with her parents and let her husband go alone to Italy, or she could go with him and be disowned forever by her parents.

Her answer came instantly:
"I shall go with my husband."

Vane was surprised as well as delighted at this mark of confidence in him, and realized that his wife's gentleness was matched with equal firmness. Once in Italy they were very happy, and Alice ceased speaking of her father, though she often spoke longingly of her mother.

James Grey became more stern than ever after the departure of Alice, and never spoke of her except to denounce her undutiful conduct. His wife, however, mourned the absence of her beloved daughter, and her health gradually gave way. A year afterward she died.

James Grey promptly informed Alice of her mother's death. The answer proved to the



The Old Shoemaker's Momentous News. (See page 6.)

stubborn father that Alice was not as weak as he had supposed. Her letter ran like this:

"FATHER: Your letter has almost broken my heart. Though you have disowned me and cast me off, I cannot forget that I am still your child. It does not, therefore, become me to upbraid you. If your hardness and pride have hastened my mother's death, a fearful responsibility rests upon you, and I pray that if it be so you will repent, and ask God for pardon before you die. You are now alone in the world. Of the two, who loved you, one is dead, and the other you have cast off for doing her duty in cleaving to her husband. Your imperious will has isolated you. I pity you, and would fain write words of comfort if I could. Your hard, cold heart would not receive them if I did. You have shut me out from your sympathies, and it is hopeless for me to attempt to offer consolation. We ought to have mourned our common bereavement together, but now your haughty spirit has made a wider gulf of separation between us than the sea that rolls between us. I have done no wrong. It is for you to decide when I may once more address you with filial affection.

"ALICE VANE."

"It is a hard letter," said the old man, "as he laid it down. She is my own daughter in spirit as she is in the flesh. It is quite true what she says, that my own will has separated us; but I was right. Why should she leave her father, who has lavished his love upon her since she was born, to go thousands of miles away with a man whom she has not known a year. She will be sorry for that some day. She might have left off that fellow's name. Alice Vane, indeed! Why didn't she just sign it Alice, instead of taunting me with her independence of me. Well, she has made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. She shall not have a cent of my money."

The old man sold his farm, and quitted Arling-

ton for a little town in Massachusetts. He could not bear the old place where every object reminded him of Alice and his dead wife. His heart told him that Alice was not altogether wrong in her surmise about his wife. He had never been unkind to her, but he was conscious that often she had looked to him for sympathy which she did not receive. It was his nature, he said, and he could not change it. Not yet had he received into it the full measure of the spirit of Christ which is the spirit of love and self-effacement. His own will was the guide of his life, and he had not yet learned that it must be laid upon the altar and wholly surrendered before he could become a true disciple of Him who pleased not Himself. But though he had not learned this, his isolation chilled him, and he suffered deeply. The old Vermont home seemed haunted with memories that scourged him as he went through its silent rooms, and he could no longer endure it.

The years rolled on, and no word came from Alice or her husband. It seemed to the old man that they must have forgotten him.

"She used to be so gentle and loving," he said. "How can she now be so firm and unyielding? Ah! it's the old father's blood—she is holding up the mirror to me."

One day the desire to see her, and to see her children, if she had any, became uncontrollable. Even of Stephen he was getting to think more kindly. He recalled his pleasant, cheerful ways, and thought it would be good to see him around, for the old man was oppressed by his utter loneliness. But it was for his daughter that he pined. She was not a Christian, but she had always been loving and dutiful until she married, and he longed for her with a heart-breaking longing.

"I will write to Stephen Vane's New York friends," he exclaimed, "and the moment I get their address I will go over to Italy and find them."

The hard old heart was softened at last, and the iron will was bended. He was thoroughly humbled. Time had done what death had failed to do.

Presently an answer came to his letter. Stephen Vane, it said, had given up art long ago, because he had partially lost his mind. He was now living in Virginia with his family, and it was generally believed that they were in straitened circumstances.

James Grey was jubilant. Alice and her family in Virginia! He would go to them at once. If they were needy, it made a welcome to him all the more certain. He could help them.

Three days later he rapped at Alice's door. He could scarcely breathe for excitement. It was nineteen years that very day since he sent her away with hard and bitter words, almost equivalent to his curse ringing in her ears.

She opened the door herself.

"Alice, it's your wicked, but humble old father. Will—you will you kiss me and forgive me?"

A moment later they were weeping in each other's arms.

(To be continued.)

THE FAITHFUL RECHABITES.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 17, Jer. 35: 12-19. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Drunkenness an Ancient Vice—Probably Antediluvian—Common in the Prophetic Era—Early Abstainers—How Strong Drink is Regarded in the Bible—Its Antagonism to the Spirit—The Trial of the Rechabites—A Higher Motive—Abstinence for the Sake of Others.

THE history of the Rechabites, no less than that of Daniel and his fellow-students in Babylon, has been of almost world-wide use as an example of abstinence for conscience' sake. Drunkenness has existed in almost all ages of the world; certainly since the time of Noah (Gen. 10: 20, 21). It is hardly likely that Noah was the first man who ever came under the power of alcohol, although it would be a real comfort to think that his intoxication was in ignorance of the effect of wine. If in the early ages before the flood every imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man was only evil continually (Gen. 6: 5), it is more than likely that intoxication was among these early developments of sin. In the later history of Israel drunkenness is frequently mentioned: "Woe to the crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim . . . shall be trodden under foot. . . . They also have erred through wine, and THROUGH STRONG DRINK ARE OUT OF THE WAY; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment" (Isa. 28: 1, 3, 7). "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink" (Isa. 5: 11, 22). Habakkuk speaks of the man who "transgresseth by wine, . . . neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied;" and he it is who says in the word of the Lord, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink" (Hab. 2: 5-15). If these were all the passages which could be found in Scripture to prove that drunkenness was recognized as a shameful sin between two and three thousand years ago, surely they bear testimony enough.

But God has had His witnesses in all ages, not only against drunkenness, but also against the simple use of intoxicating liquors. First His own priests, to whom this command was given, "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be

A STATUTE FOREVER

throughout your generations: and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses" (Lev. 10: 9-11). God counted such as were in the habit of using intoxicating drinks unfit to be teachers of His people. He would have them free from all other influence to be subject to His influence alone, sensitive to the Spirit only. In the vision of Ezekiel this is repeated, "Neither shall any priest drink wine when they enter into the inner court, . . . and they shall teach My people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean" (Ezek. 44: 21, 23).

All through the Word of God we see that strong drink is regarded as being opposed to the Spirit of God. Before the birth of Samson, Israel's deliverer, the angel who foretold his birth to Manoah's wife said to her, "Behold, thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; and now drink no wine nor strong drink, neither eat any unclean thing: for the child shall be a Nazarite to God from the womb to the day of his death" (Judges 13: 7). Whenever God made use of the fallible Samson, the Spirit of God came upon him, who could not have used him had he been

in any degree under another influence. His supernatural strength was no stimulus to already strong natural muscles; it was the might of God coming by His Spirit into the weakness of man. Again, in the case of John the Baptist, who was not only to be used by the Spirit, but filled with the Spirit, this was God's direction: "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink: and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." In these cases no asceticism is enjoined, nothing wholesome or natural in the way of food is forbidden, but only this unnatural thing which men have made, and which brings into bondage those who use it. In Eph. 5: 18 Paul says: "And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." As much as to say, "Let no foreign power take possession of you in any degree, for ye are not your own, but let the Spirit of God possess you as wine does the drunkard. He yields to a usurper; yield ye to your rightful Owner, and let Him lift you out of and above yourselves into Christ; from the earthly to the heavenly, from things seen and temporal to things unseen and eternal."

Again, at the time of the kingdom and of the captivity, God had His witnesses. Just when His people were under judgment which had been again and again foretold, which God had delayed in mercy again and again, until "there was no remedy" (II Chron. 36: 16). He lovingly raised up witnesses to His truth. Of these, and foremost among them, were Daniel and his three companions, who would not defile themselves with the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank (Dan. 1: 8). From the account given us in the Book of Esther, of Ahasuerus's feast, and again in the Book of Daniel, of Belshazzar's feast, we can see how drunkenness had become a usual accompaniment to such festivities. And thus the testimony of these young people in Babylon was the more needful and precious, while they perhaps had little idea of how much God might use it, at that time or afterward. Then in the time of the later kings of Judah, when God had been sending prophets who had spoken the Word of the Lord faithfully, it was especially precious that the family of the Rechabites should stand out as witnesses against the use of strong drink, and be, as such, held up as an example by God Himself to His people.

God, by a simple stratagem, brought prominently into view before all Judah the faithful boldness of these descendants of Moses' father-in-law, Hobab or Rechab. He directed Jeremiah to bring their leaders into the house of the Lord, and to give them wine to drink. There might have seemed to these men, had they reasoned the matter over, something quite exceptional in this invitation of Jeremiah. He was a man of such known piety, and he seemed to do it as a kind of religious ceremony, "in the house of the Lord, in one of the chambers." Yet these old sons of temperance were not to be moved.

"WE WILL DRINK NO WINE,"

was their answer, and this was in obedience to Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who lived in the time of Jehu, king of Israel (II Kings 10: 15), two centuries and a half previously. Oh, how many have failed to come to the help of the Lord in this matter, because they thought it would be expected of them to drink wine! Some good person whom they respect has offered it; it would seem like such a reflection on him if they refused! But such considerations did not hinder the Rechabites; their principle of obedience to their father was far stronger than any thought of what Jeremiah or any other man might expect from them. The faithfulness of the family of Rechab gave joy to the heart of God, and He said, "Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever."

A HIGHER MOTIVE.

But we in the present day have a far stronger claim upon us for total abstinence from intoxicants than anything which these men of old could have had. Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost; can we put them consciously

under any power which shall in the least degree master them, other than the power of the living God? Shall we let anything take the place of the Holy Ghost, any stimulant, any narcotic? Again, in Christ we are bound to all humanity; He has died for all, and we cannot ignore the tie which binds us to our fellow-creatures redeemed equally with us. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14: 7). All we do tells more or less on all with whom we come in contact. You may not be consciously affected personally by a little stimulant which you take, but some one, strengthened by your example, may fall a fearful victim to the power of drink, and through your thoughtless example be lost, soul and body; are you guiltless? Paul gives us a good rule on this head: "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;" (Rom. 14: 21). If Jesus loved us so that He was made sin for us (II Cor. 5: 21), so that God "made Him to be sick" for us (Isa. 53: 10, Rev. Ver.), we ought also to love one another (I John 4: 11) enough to be made, by His love to us, and His love to others, abstainers for their sakes and for His.

But, setting aside all idea of duty, is it not our precious privilege to be of one mind with God in this matter? Practically, we cannot go out to seek and save that which was lost, in the name of our beloved Master, if we do not abstain from that which so largely conduces to their ruin. We are (His Word being witness) unfit to be teachers if we drink wine. We are letting something else take the place which He has designed for His Spirit, and are leaning, physically, on a seeming power which is not of Him. Let us not be ashamed to take our place with the faithful Rechabites, and say, under all circumstances and in spite of all temptations, "We will drink no wine." *

Volume VII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1884, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1882 and 1883 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1882.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BINDER.



NUMEROUS applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case, in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding, at the end of the year. To meet this demand a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States on the receipt of one dollar. Applications should be made to THE MANAGER, 63 Bible House, New York.

* We except, of course, the use of wine at the Lord's table, where no unfermented wine is provided.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1886.

JANUARY.

1 F Abide in me, and I in you. John, 15: 4.
2 S His children shall have a place of refuge.
3 S Doubtless Thou art our Father. Isa. 63: 16.
4 M Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God.
5 W Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily. Col. 3: 23.
6 T In the world ye shall have tribulation.
7 T When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep.
8 F I will put a new spirit within you.
9 S Beloved, now are we the sons of God.
10 S Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. 37: 5.
11 M Arise, shine; for thy light is come.
12 T I will deliver thee; thou shalt glorify Me.
13 W He hath done all things well. Mark 7: 37.
14 T Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. 7: 7.
15 F Let your speech be always with grace.
16 S As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
17 S Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.
18 M Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.
19 T Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5: 17.
20 W It is high time to awake out of sleep.
21 T The time is short. 1 Cor. 7: 29.
22 F How long will it be ere they believe Me?
23 S At the time appointed the end shall be.
24 S Be ye holy; for I am holy. 1 Peter 1: 16.
25 M Do not afraid, only believe. Mark 5: 36.
26 T Who shall stand when He appeareth?
27 W I know whom I have believed. 2 Tim. 1: 12.
28 T Blessed are the pure in heart. Matt. 5: 8.
29 F I had fainted, unless I had believed.
30 S Casting all your care upon Him.
31 S Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion.

MAY.

1 S Be ye kind one to another. Eph. 4: 32.
2 S Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.
3 M Thou hast left Thy first love. Rev. 2: 4.
4 T Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
5 W Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.
6 T Have I been a wilderness unto Israel?
7 F Consider the lilies, how they grow.
8 S Faith cometh by hearing. Rom. 10: 17.
9 M My soul followeth hard after Thee.
10 S Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.
11 T Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.
12 W Thy right hand upholdeth me. Ps. 63: 8.
13 T Sorrow is better than laughter. Eccles. 7: 1.
14 F Christ in you, the hope of glory. Col. 1: 27.
15 S See then that ye walk circumspectly.
16 S I will turn their mourning into joy.
17 M The Lord shall guide thee continually.
18 T Incline not my heart to any evil thing.
19 W If by grace, then is it no more of works.
20 T My meditation of Him shall be sweet.
21 F Let us join ourselves to the Lord. Jer. 50: 5.
22 S Lord, be Thou my helper. Ps. 30: 10.
23 S Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
24 M Rejoice with them that do rejoice.
25 T I will joy in the God of my salvation.
26 W And the Lord shall be seen over them.
27 T Behold, He cometh in clouds. Rev. 1: 7.
28 F Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily. Col. 3: 23.
29 S O Lord . . . keep the door of my lips.
30 S Decoration Day.
31 M Brethren, pray for us. 1 Thess. 5: 25.

SEPTEMBER.

1 W I am a stranger in the earth. Ps. 119: 19.
2 T Rejoice evermore. 1 Thess. 5: 16.
3 F Thou hast known my soul in adversities.
4 S I will rejoice in thy salvation. Ps. 9: 14.
5 S Redeeming the time. Eph. 5: 16.
6 M I will refine them as silver is refined.
7 T We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. 5: 7.
8 W Of His fulness have all we received.
9 T The end of the commandment is charity.
10 F Freely ye have received, freely give.
11 S Our conversation is in heaven. Phil. 3: 20.
12 S I will raise up for them a plant of renown.
13 M Quicken Thou me in Thy way. Ps. 119: 37.
14 T Continue in Prayer. Col. 4: 2.
15 W Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.
16 T Be not weary in well doing. 2 Thess. 3: 13.
17 F Christ in you, the hope of glory. Col. 1: 27.
18 S Know ye not that we shall judge angels?
19 S I will remember my covenant with thee.
20 M He knoweth the secrets of the heart.
21 T Remember not the sins of my youth.
22 W Shall not God search this out? Ps. 44: 21.
23 T He will rest in His love. Zeph. 3: 17.
24 F So shall we ever be with the Lord.
25 S Tribulation worketh patience. Rom. 5: 3.
26 S His secret is with the righteous.
27 M Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us.
28 T In all their affliction He was afflicted.
29 W Be thou faithful unto death. Rev. 2: 10.
30 T He will be our guide even unto death.

FEBRUARY.

1 M Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous.
2 T He healed them that had need of healing.
3 W His compassions fail not. Lam. 3: 22.
4 T I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.
5 F I the Lord search the heart. Jer. 17: 10.
6 S Thy will be done. Matt. 6: 10.
7 S In blessing I will bless thee. Gen. 22: 17.
8 M Search me, O God. Ps. 139: 23.
9 T Godliness with contentment is great gain.
10 W I will bless the Lord at all times. Ps. 34: 1.
11 T Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant.
12 F My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12: 9.
13 S before they call, I will answer. Isa. 65: 24.
14 S They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
15 M A bruised reed shall He not break.
16 T He is not ashamed to call them brethren.
17 W Lead me in the way everlasting.
18 T I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.
19 F Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty.
20 S Many be called, but few chosen.
21 S He shall choose our inheritance for us.
22 M George Washington's Birthday.
23 T Cleave to that which is good. Rom. 12: 9.
24 W Behold, I come quickly. Rev. 22: 12.
25 T Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. 22: 20.
26 F Comfort ye, comfort ye My people.
27 S Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
28 S Comfort the feeble-minded. Thess. 5: 14.

JUNE.

1 T In every thing give thanks. 1 Thess. 5: 18.
2 W I know that my Redeemer liveth.
3 T O love the Lord, all ye His saints.
4 F Let every man prove his own work.
5 S With supplications will I lead them.
6 M Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you.
7 T So run, that ye may obtain. 1 Cor. 9: 24.
8 W Peace I leave with you. John. 14: 27.
9 T Sanctified by God the Father. Jude. 1: 1.
10 T Lord, to whom shall we go? John 6: 68.
11 F Because I live, ye shall live also.
12 S Them that honour Me, I will honour.
13 S Go thou thy way till the end. Dan. 12: 13.
14 M Christ liveth in me. Gal. 2: 20.
15 T The memory of the just is blessed.
16 W Order my steps in Thy word.
17 T He ever liveth to make intercession.
18 F Israel shall do valiantly. Num. 24: 18.
19 S Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?
20 S Their inheritance shall be for ever.
21 M I will wait upon the Lord. Isaiah 8: 17.
22 T Behold, I come quickly. Rev. 22: 7.
23 W Looking unto Jesus. Hebrews 12: 2.
24 T Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. 22: 20.
25 F His banner over me was love.
26 T Dost thou believe on the Son of God?
27 S The upright love thee. Canticles 1: 7.
28 M Love the brotherhood. 1 Peter 2: 17.
29 T Be of good cheer. John 16: 33.
30 W Love your enemies. Matthew 5: 44.

OCTOBER.

1 F I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.
2 S Give us this day our daily bread. Ma. 6: 11.
3 M The smoking flax shall He not quench.
4 W We love Him because He first loved us.
5 T Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Ma. 6: 24.
6 S I will go in the strength of the Lord God.
7 T He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.
8 F By love serve one another. Gal. 5: 13.
9 S Praise ye the Lord. Ps. 149: 1.
10 S Thou wilt shew me the path of life. Ps. 119: 105.
11 M The love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. 5: 14.
12 T God shall send His angel before thee.
13 W Thy word is a lamp unto my feet. Ps. 119: 105.
14 T In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.
15 F Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.
16 S Trust ye in the Lord for ever. Isa. 26: 4.
17 S Ye shine as lights in the world. Phil. 2: 15.
18 M Be not wise in thine own eyes. Prov. 3: 7.
19 T Teach me to do Thy will. Ps. 143: 10.
20 W I know not the day of my death. Ge. 27: 22.
21 T Seek ye first the kingdom of God. Ma. 6: 33.
22 F He blesseth the habitation of the just.
23 S For their sakes I sanctify myself. Jn. 17: 19.
24 S O satisfy us early with Thy mercy. Ps. 90: 14.
25 M Seek peace and ensue it. 1 Pe. 3: 11.
26 T I will seek Him whom my soul loveth.
27 W Arise, shine; for thy light is come. Is. 60: 1.
28 T Tell Him that I am sick of love. Cant. 5: 8.
29 F Thou tellest my wanderings. Ps. 56: 8.
30 S His seed shall inherit the earth. Ps. 25: 13.
31 S Behold, the judge standeth before the door.

MARCH.

1 M To whom belongeth thou? 1 Sam. 30: 13.
2 T Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.
3 W O God, my heart is fixed. Ps. 108: 1.
4 T Charity suffereth long, and is kind. 1 Cor. 13: 4.
5 F Despise not the chastening of the Lord.
6 S Lord, teach us to pray. Luke 11: 1.
7 S The Lord preserveth the faithful. Ps. 31: 23.
8 M The Lord knoweth them that are His.
9 T There shall no evil happen to the just.
10 W Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Isa. 41: 10.
11 T God hath not appointed us to wrath.
12 F God will provide. Gen. 22: 8.
13 S Labour not to be rich. Prov. 23: 4.
14 S Call the Sabbath a delight. Isa. 58: 13.
15 M The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.
16 T Delight thyself also in the Lord. Ps. 37: 4.
17 W Brethren, we are debtors. Rom. 8: 12.
18 T I will delight myself in Thy statutes.
19 F Faith cometh by hearing. Rom. 10: 17.
20 S Built up in Him. Col. 2: 7.
21 S Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.
22 M I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job 19: 25.
23 T He delighteth in mercy. Micah 7: 18.
24 W God also hath highly exalted Him. Ph. 2: 9.
25 T His mercy endureth for ever. Ps. 118: 1.
26 F I will set up My standard for the people.
27 S Be ye also enlarged. 2 Cor. 6: 13.
28 T Pray, lest ye enter into temptation.
29 M We have seen the Lord. John 20: 25.
30 T Take hold of My covenant. Isa. 56: 4.
31 W His glory is great in thy salvation. Ps. 21: 5.

JULY.

1 T Sing ye praises with understanding.
2 F The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.
3 S Having nothing, yet possessing all things.
4 S Independence Day.
5 M Owe no man anything, but to love one another.
6 T He careth for you. 1 Pet. 5: 7.
7 W Even Christ pleased not Himself. Ro. 15: 3.
8 T We ought to obey God rather than man.
9 F Charity envieth not. 1 Cor. 13: 4.
10 S Even the winds and the sea obey Him.
11 M My soul followeth hard after Thee. Ps. 63: 8.
12 T Rise, He calleth thee. Mark 10: 49.
13 W Ye have need of patience. Heb. 10: 36.
14 T Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Ac. 9: 1.
15 T Make your calling and election sure.
16 F My God shall supply all your need. Ph. 4: 19.
17 S He shall spare the poor and needy. Ps. 72: 12.
18 M I am the Light of the World. Jn. 8: 12.
19 T Christ is all, and in all. Col. 3: 11.
20 T With Thee is the fountain of life. Ps. 36: 9.
21 W In Thy light we shall see light. Ps. 36: 9.
22 T The truth shall make you free. Jn. 8: 32.
23 F I will strengthen them in the Lord. Zero: 12.
24 T He hath torn, and He will heal us. Ho. 6: 1.
25 S Cast me not off in the time of old age.
26 M The Lord will bless His people with peace.
27 T I know their sorrows. Ex. 3: 7.
28 W The Lord thy God is a merciful God.
29 T He made Himself of no reputation. Ph. 2: 7.
30 F Godliness is profitable unto all things.
31 S How sweet are Thy words unto my taste!

NOVEMBER.

1 M We should walk in newness of life.
2 T And He could there do no mighty work.
3 W Let us walk in the light of the Lord.
4 T Instant in prayer. Rom. 12: 12.
5 F Let none that wait on Thee be ashamed.
6 S Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity.
7 M He hath visited and redeemed his people.
8 T Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.
9 F In Thy light shall we see light. Ps. 36: 9.
10 W Lord, that I might receive my sight.
11 T The Lord upholdeth all that fall. Ps. 145: 4.
12 S Uphold me with Thy free Spirit. Ps. 51: 10.
13 T The Lord is good to all. Ps. 145: 9.
14 S Under his wings shalt thou trust. Ps. 91: 4.
15 M That I may daily perform my vows.
16 T Cursed be the man that trusteth in man.
17 W I will dwell in them, and walk in them.
18 T Let not your heart be troubled. John 14: 27.
19 F Abide with us. Luke 24: 29.
20 S I am the way, the truth, and the life.
21 M He shall be a priest upon His throne.
22 T Walk in the Spirit. Gal. 5: 16.
23 T The Lord is at hand. Phil. 4: 5.
24 W Watch and pray. Mark 13: 33.
25 T Thanksgiving Day.
26 F Mighty to save. Isa. 63: 1.
27 S He will be our guide even unto death.
28 M Blessed are the peacemakers. Matt. 5: 9.
29 T My God shall supply all your need.
30 T Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury, until February 24, and from April 8 to June 11, and from August 16 to September 27, and from December 3 to the end of the year.
Venus, from February 18 to December 2.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury, from February 24 to April 8, and from June 11 to August 16, and from September 27 to December 3.
Venus, until February 18, and from December 2 to the end of the year.

APRIL.

1 T O Lord, be gracious unto us. Isa. 33: 2.
2 F O fear the Lord, ye His saints. Ps. 34: 9.
3 S The Lamb shall overcome them. Rev. 17: 14.
4 S He will swallow up death in victory.
5 M Feed me with food convenient for me.
6 T Yet He abideth faithful. 2 Tim. 2: 13.
7 W Great peace have they which love Thy law.
8 F Feed My lambs. John 21: 15.
9 T Glory ye in His holy name. Ps. 105: 3.
10 S I am the door. John 10: 9.
11 S Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12.
12 M Persecuted, but not forsaken. 2 Cor. 4: 9.
13 T Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Ps. 19: 13.
14 W Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!
15 T They forgot God their Saviour. Ps. 106: 21.
16 F I am Thine, save me. Ps. 119: 94.
17 S Those that seek Me early shall find Me.
18 S The man is near of kin unto us. Ruth 2: 20.
19 M At evening time it shall be light. Zec. 14: 7.
20 T Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Lu. 6: 37.
21 W God over all, blessed for ever. Amen.
22 T Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 S. 7: 12.
23 F Good Friday. Obedient unto death.
24 S Rejoice in the Lord always. Phil. 4: 4.
25 S Easter-Sunday. He rose again.
26 M He is the Lord our God. Ps. 105: 7.
27 T Give, and it shall be given unto you.
28 W Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.
29 T Every man shall give as he is able. Dt. 16: 17.
30 F God give thee of the dew of heaven. Ge. 27: 28.

AUGUST.

1 S Create in me a clean heart, O God.
2 M God is love. 1 John 4: 8.
3 T A soft answer turneth away wrath.
4 W Examine me, O Lord, and prove me.
5 F Passing over He will preserve Jerusalem.
6 T It is I: be not afraid. Matt. 14: 27.
7 S Fear not; for God is come to prove you.
8 T The will of the Lord be done. Acts 21: 14.
9 M By strength shall no man prevail. 1 Sam 2: 1.
10 T He is faithful that promised. Heb. 10: 23.
11 W Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called.
12 T Halloweth be Thy Name. Matt. 6: 9.
13 F Discretion shall preserve thee. Prov. 2: 11.
14 S Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.
15 M My kingdom is not of this world.
16 T The Lord is thy keeper. Ps. 121: 5.
17 W We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.
18 T In the Lord put I my trust. Ps. 11: 1.
19 T As I have purposed, so shall it stand.
20 F Put your trust in the Lord. Ps. 4: 5.
21 S Because I live, ye shall live also.
22 T Still will I bless thee while I live.
23 M He is despised and rejected of men.
24 T Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. 5: 19.
25 W His Name shall endure for ever. Ps. 72: 17.
26 T The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.
27 F Be clothed with humility. 1 Peter 5: 5.
28 S The joy of the Lord is your strength.
29 S He provideth for the raven his food.
30 M Many waters cannot quench love.
31 T Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

DECEMBER.

1 W Zealous of good works. Titus 2: 14.
2 T Lovest thou Me? John 21: 15.
3 F Love yourselves unto the Lord.
4 S I am the vine, ye are the branches.
5 S In their minds will I write My laws.
6 M There is no fear in love. 1 John 4: 18.
7 T Tribulation worketh patience. Rom. 5: 3.
8 W Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name.
9 T I will write upon him My new Name.
10 F Why seek ye the living among the dead?
11 S I will arise, and go to my father.
12 S Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.
13 M Honour the Lord with thy substance.
14 T Bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. 103: 1.
15 W Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord.
16 T I will hedge up thy way with thorns.
17 F Persecuted, but not forsaken. 2 Cor. 4: 9.
18 S Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. 30: 5.
19 M I am the light of the world. John 8: 12.
20 T I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.
21 T He maketh sore, and bindeth up.
22 W The fear of the Lord prolongeth days.
23 T He giveth His beloved sleep. Ps. 127: 2.
24 S Peace shall be upon Israel. Ps. 125: 5.
25 S Christmas Day.
26 S The House of the righteous shall stand.
27 M Will ye also go away? John 6: 67.
28 T Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?
29 W These were redeemed from among men.
30 T Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way.
31 F Let us search and try our ways.

CHRONOLOGICAL ERAS.

Julian Period. 6599
Jewish Era. 5646-7
Mohammedan Era. 1303-4
Byzantine Era. 7394-5
Independence of the United States. 110-111

ECLIPSES.

In the year 1886 there will be two Eclipses, both of the Sun.
I. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, on March 5, visible in the United States as a Partial Eclipse.
II. A Total Eclipse of the Sun, on the morning of August 29, visible as a Partial Eclipse in a part of the United States.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters, prepaid by stamps, 2 cts. each oz. or fraction thereof, to all parts of the United States and Canada. For registering letters 10 cts. additional. Drop or local letters, 1 ct. each oz. prepaid; 2 cts. in cities with carriers. Government Postal Cards, one cent each; if anything except address is pasted on a postal card, letter postage is charged. For 10 cents additional, immediate delivery of any letter in places designated by the Department. Second-class matter: Postage on all newspapers and periodicals sent to any part of the United States to subscribers must be prepaid at the office of mailing, 1 cent each four ounces, or part. Fourth-class matter: On all blank cards or envelopes, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, drawings, samples of merchandise, etc., the postage is 1 cent for each ounce.

"ALL, ALL FOR THEE!"

"All, all for Thee!" Dear Saviour, may this watch-word
Be Thine own keynote for my life this year;
So sweetly harmonizing thought and action,
That none who listen shall a discord hear!

"All, all for Thee!" Oh, take me now entirely!
Re-tune each note with Thine own gentle hand;
I give myself afresh into Thy keeping,
To do or suffer, as Thou shalt command.

I give my heart, I long to love Thee better
Than ever I have done in years before,
That all I do may be a "joy, not duty;"
Lord Jesus, grant it—may I love thee more!

I give my will—oh, Master, do receive it!
It must rebel in any care but Thine;
I cannot keep it, it is so self-pleasing;
What rest to think it is no longer mine!

"All, all for Thee!" myself in all my weakness,
Unfit, alone, the feeblest chord to raise;
An instrument discordant, worn, and worthless,
But ready to be used to sound Thy praise.

O Master, by Thine own most Holy Spirit,
Send heavenly music o'er the earth through me!
So true, so beautiful, so soul-refreshing,
That those who hear it may learn more of Thee.

Of Thee, their Saviour, who for them didst suffer;
Of Thee, their Friend, who lovest them so well;
Of Thee, their King, who soon will be returning;
Lord, may Thine anthems through my whole life
swell!

—Charlotte Murray.

SEND for Hand-Book about Sunday School Banners to J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., New York.

If you are out of work, read marked advertisement in last week's paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Every Reader of "The Christian Herald" should have a Photograph of

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Some few months ago this eminent Divine favored the undersigned with sittings for 5 Imperial Negatives, all of which are pronounced by him and his many friends perfect photographs.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Morning says: "The many friends and admirers of the Rev. Dr. Talmage can obtain a most correct and well-finished Imperial photograph of the distinguished divine by sending thirty cents in postage-stamps to A. R. Robert Galloway, the well-known Photographer, 739 Broadway, New York. The picture will be a desirable ornament to any album or parlor."

The Brooklyn Tribune says: "Numerous as have been the portraits of Dr. Talmage, few indeed if any, present such a striking likeness of him as that by Mr. Robert Galloway. The delicate finish and fine workmanship are particularly noticeable and attests to Mr. Galloway's skill as a clever and able artist."

Also, Imperial of Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, from negative recently received from London. Post free 30 cents each, or the two for 50 cents.

Autographs on each picture.

ROBERT GALLOWAY, Photographer,
739 Broadway, New York.

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Direct from the Manufacturer.

Specialty for this week, No. 100 at \$3.25 a pair, or 2 pairs for \$6.00; each curtain 3 1/2 yards long, and 54 inches wide. No. 101 one yard wide to send for a sample, as money will be returned on all sent back unsold, if purchaser is not fully satisfied. Nos. 75 and 81 ready for delivery on the 12th inst. Address all communications to **R. A. DITSON, Box 512, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.**

P. S. In reply to numerous inquiries we are willing to appoint agents in various districts for the sale of our goods, providing satisfactory references are furnished. Ladies having a few spare hours in which they could show our samples to their friends would do well to write for terms of commission, etc., etc. Many have already made it a pleasurable and PROFITABLE employment.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(no Agents and Dealers whose professional expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM \$100.00. We send it with Beautiful Cover and Stand—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to **Marchal & Smith, 225 East 21st St., N. Y.**

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS.

EUREKA RECITATIONS,

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL,

the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and hand-some lithograph cover. Price only 12 cents each. Address, **J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,** P. O. Box 907, 31 Rose St., New York.

104 Sermons of

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Bound in one volume, Crown 8vo, Cloth, for \$1.50.

These are among the best sermons Dr. Talmage has ever delivered. Each one has been revised by him for publication in this volume.

The Christian Age, London, says: "We believe that for originality, power, and splendor, these sermons will bear comparison with the greatest pulpit productions of any age or country. But for knowledge of human life and the adaptation of Divine truth to the whole being of man—intellectual, emotional, moral, practical—and for the power of applying that truth, we know not his equal."

Spurgeon says: "Mr. Talmage's discourses lay hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man of valor. So may he ever be till the campaign closes with victory! I am indeed glad of his voice. It cheers me intensely. He loves the Gospel, and believes in something, which some preachers hardly do. There are those about who use the old labels, but the articles are not the same. May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by this man! I am astonished when God blesses me, but somehow I should not be so much surprised if He blessed this man."

LIST OF SERMONS.		
In Ambush. Joshua viii: 7.	Garrison Duty. 1 Sam. xxx: 24.	Were the Brayers for Garfield a Failure? 2 Cor. xli: 9-94.
Angelic Incompetency. Rev. xiv: 3.	Gnats and Caneels. Matt. xlii: 24.	President Garfield Wounded. Is. xl: 1.
Ante-Mortem Religion. 1 Tim. iv: 8.	A Tight Grip. 2 Sam. xxviii: 10.	The Railway Crash. Nahum iii: 4.
Anxiety. Acts xvi: 30.	Rev. Thomas Guard. 2 Sam. i: 25.	Democracy of Religion. Acts xlvii: 26.
The Betrothal. Isa. lxix: 4.	Gulfeauism. 1 Sam. xxi: 15.	Veracity of the Scriptures. Ps. cxix: 9.
The Bible Light. Ps. xix: 8.	Harvest Home. John xv: 1.	Sensitiveness of Christ. Mark v: 31.
The Bird Anthem. Solomon's Song ii: 12.	Help for All. Hosea xli: 9.	Shall we know each other There? 2 Sam. xli: 23.
Bribery. Job xv: 34.	Helpfulness. Gal. vi: 2.	Shams in Religion. James ii: 20.
Business-Life. Rom. xii: 11.	The Hero of the Ages. Rom. viii: 34.	Blessing of Short Life. Is. lviii: 1.
Capital and Labor. 1 Cor. xii: 21.	Home. 1 Tim. v: 4.	Parentage of the Shower. Job xxxviii: 23.
The Popular Christ. Gen. xlii: 10.	The Horse and his Rider. Job xxxix: 19-25.	Silver Wings. Ps. lxxviii: 13.
Christianity as a Delusion. Ezek. xli: 21.	Ingersoll, the Champion Blasphemer, Answered. Eph. iv: 18.	The Silver Wings. Ps. vi: 2.
Church Attendance—Is it falling off? Heb. x: 25.	Second Reply to Ingersoll. Ps. lxxxix: 19-25.	Sons of a Goffila, or Sons of God? Rom. i: 22, 23.
The Circle. Isa. xl: 22.	Third Reply to Ingersoll. Ps. lxxxix: 19-25.	Spiciery in Religion. 2 Chron. ix: 9.
Sermons to Clerks. Acts xvi: 24.	Fourth Reply to Ingersoll. Jer. xxvi: 23.	The Spider in Palaces. Prov. xxx: 28.
Prov. xli: 29.	Fifth Reply to Ingersoll. Matt. vii: 16.	The Star. Matt. ii: 9.
Sermon to Commercial Travellers. Nahum ii: 4.	Sixth Reply to Ingersoll. Amos ix: 13.	The Stellar Beauty of Christ. Rom. xli: 10.
Peter Cooper the Philanthropist. 11 Sam. xix: 32.	The Inside. 2 Kings x: 15.	Alexander Stevens. Is. lx: 22.
Corn Husking Time. Job v: 26.	Assassination in Ireland. Ps. lxxvi: 10.	Mistakes about the South. Judges i: 15.
The Cross. Luke xiv: 27.	Hunger in Ireland. Matt. xxv: 35.	Successful Medicament. Matt. ix: 12.
The Three Crosses. Luke xliii: 33.	Out of Ivory Palaces. Ps. xli: 8.	Sunset. Luke xxiv: 29.
The Demand of God and Civilization. 2 Sam. xvii: 7.	The Jordanic Passage. Joshua iii: 12-13.	Sympathy. Ps. xxi: 2.
Sermon to Doctors. 2 Chron. xvi: 12-13.	The Last Judgment. 2 Cor. v: 10.	Ministry of Tears. Rev. vii: 17.
Down from the Shining Ranks. Luke xix: 10.	Lame on both Feet. 2 Sam. ix: 1, 13.	Sermon to Telegraph Operators. Job xxxviii: 35.
Dreams. Joel ii: 28.	Sermon to Lawyers. Titus iii: 13.	Sermon to Theatrical Profession. Acts xix: 31.
The Dumb Prayer Answered. Hosea ii: 21, 22.	Mending the Bible. Rev. xlii: 19.	Threshed Out. Is. xxviii: 28.
The Ear. Ps. xciv: 9.	Sermon to Merchants. Isa. xlii: 19.	The Times. Joel ii: 30.
The East Wind. Is. xxviii: 8.	Mightier Dead than Alive. Judges xvi: 30.	Twelve Gates of Gospel. Rev. xxi: 21.
Embezzlement. xx: 15.	"Money all Gone." Luke xv: 14.	Unfairness. Matt. vi: 2.
Esther. The Medatrix. Esther: 16.	Mormons. Gen. xli: 34.	Up and Down. Phil. iv: 12.
Evolution. 1 Timothy vi: 20.	Must the Chinese Go? Luke x: 20.	Was it Seaworthy. Gen. vii: 1.
The Royal Exile. Isa. liii: 4.	The Nation Kneeling. 2 Kings xx: 7.	Welcome and Dismissal. Matt. xxv: 31, 32.
The Eye. Ps. xciv: 9.	The Newspaper. Ezek. x: 12; Acts xvi: 21.	Whisperers. Rom. i: 19.
Ferry Boat of the Jordan. 2 Sam. xix: 18.	Paul in a Basket. 2 Cor. xi: 33.	
Footmen and Horses. Jer. xli: 5.	The Pouting Son. Luke xv: 23.	
Forward. Joshua i: 5.		

"With an earnestness of appeal and a power of awakening that we have never heard surpassed, Dr. Talmage preaches the old Gospel that kindled the enthusiasm of the rustic and unlettered apostles of Galilee, and at the same time elicited the zeal and influenced the heart of the cultured Pharisee of Tarsus."—*London Christian World.*

"These sermons I regard as among the best specimens of the simple, earnest, and pungent presentation of the solemn and precious truths of the Gospel that I have ever read, and having a fertility of illustration that is marvellous. I feel earnestly desirous that they should be in a form to preach to ministers of the Gospel, and so help them to preach to others."—*Rev. E. D. G. PRIME, D.D., New York Observer.*

"Mr. Talmage preaches twice every Sunday to immense audiences. Every seat up to the rafters is filled. His manner is so impassioned, his style so original, and his figures so vivid and startling, that he holds his hearers spell-bound to the end, and he moves them to tears or smiles at will."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"There is apparently no hidden spring in the human heart that Dr. Talmage does not know how to reach."—*Occident, San Francisco, Cal.*

"We have known persons to drop the novel half finished and take up Talmage's Sermons, never to exchange truth for trash again."—*Pittsburgh Methodist Recorder.*

"They are brimful of vitality, intense dramatic power of description, and an earnestness of conviction in what is said that impresses the reader deeply."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One Vol., Crown 8vo, bound in cloth, \$1.50. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

The Secret Lock Box.

Facsimile of Box.



Out about 1/2 size.

This Box, for Money or Valuables to be kept strictly private, is provided with a patent Bank Lock. It can be locked upon any one of thousands of combinations and cannot be opened without knowing the combination, which can be changed as often as you please. Made of brass, nickel plated and engraved. Sent by mail, carefully packed, upon receipt of Fifty Cents, cash or postage stamps. Address **THE DIAL LOCK CO., P. O. Box 1535, New York.** Please mention The Christian Herald.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. **Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.**

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 Cts.

In Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Yatches, Accordions, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses, Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties, books, &c. **FREE** World M'g Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK

AND

Autographic Register,

Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference!

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.

Bound in Rich English Cloth: Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

Short Talks to Young Christians on the Evidences.

By Rev. C. O. BROWN.

This is a series of very taking addresses, delivered by a Pastor, just after passing through a most successful revival, to the Young Converts of his church. The object of their delivery was to give them something besides feeling to rest in; showing them the verities of God's Word, and the sure things in which they should trust. Just the book to put in the hand of the Young Convert or the Enquirer, and will also be a great help to Christian Workers. 168 pages. Cloth, 50c.; paper, 30c.

*** * Either of the above books will be sent postpaid, to any address on receipt of price.**

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

SILKS AND VELVETS.

James M'Creery & Co.

Commence on Monday, Jan. 4, their ANNUAL SALE of SILKS and VELVETS.

HEAVY REDUCTIONS have been made in all Sections of the Vast Stocks which they exhibit.

An early inspection is invited.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Clifton Silk Mills.

NOW READY.

224 Pages of the choicest gems of Sunday-School Songs from more than 100 popular composers.

Hymns of Praise

Contains Music for Each Hymn.

\$30 per 100 Copies, in Board Covers.

The book in beautiful Cloth Covers will still be furnished at \$40 per 100 Copies.

Hymns of Praise

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

EXAMINE IT before you buy a new book.

Intelligent S. S. workers who appreciate a first-class book, are adopting HYMNS OF PRAISE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
51 Randolph Street, Chicago.

PRICE \$8, EXPRESS PAID.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION by CHEMICAL MEANS.



Madame ADELINA PATTI writes: July, 1885.

"I have used the AMMONIAPHONE and found the effects most beneficial."

"It enables me to get through my work with much less trouble and fatigue."—*Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aiken* (Preached at the Advent Mission in New York.)

"It imparts strength and endurance to the voice."—*Rev. H. E. Hawels* (Lecturing through the States.)

"A great help to me in my regular and often very hard work as a public speaker."—*Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D.* (Chicago.)

"I cordially recommend its use for bronchial irritation and catarrhal affections of the throat, larynx and lungs."—*W. F. Holcomb, M. D.* (For fifteen years Professor in the N. Y. Medical College.)

"The effects produced on the voice and on the respiratory organs in general are decidedly beneficial."—*Prof. E. Vicarino* (N. Y. Conservatory of Music.)

"The AMMONIAPHONE is the indispensable friend of all who use their voices in public."—*Modjeska.*

The AMMONIAPHONE is invaluable in all PULMONARY AFFECTIONS, and may be regarded as a specific in all cases of ASTHMA, CATARRH and BRONCHITIS. It is a tube about 25 inches in length, constructed of a specially prepared non-corrosive metal, with handles having patent spring valves. It is charged with a chemical compound, combined so as to resemble in effect that which is produced by the SOFT BALMY air of the ITALIAN PENINSULA when inhaled into the lungs.

The AMMONIAPHONE will be sent, express paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of M. O. or New York check for \$5.00, payable to **E. V. VERMONT, 226 5th Ave., N. Y.**

Write for the HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE, mailed free.

PRINTING PRESSES and TYPE.

LOOK OF TYPE, CUTS, ETC., 5 CTS.

JOSEPH WATSON,
Circular free. 19 Murray St., N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 2.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, THE CHRISTIAN POETESS.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Attack on Civil-Service Reform—The House Committees—The Anti-Polygamy Bill Passed by the Senate—A Labor Contest in New York—The New Administration in France—The Irish Problem—Trouble Threatened in Burmah—Evangelistic Notes—A Romantic Marriage at Cleveland—A Lady Earning a Christmas Present, etc.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S TEXT. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PROBLEMS OF PROPHETIC FAITH. By Rev. A. C. Tris.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

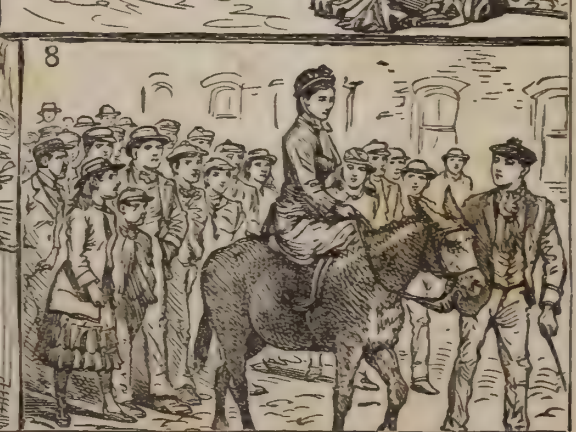
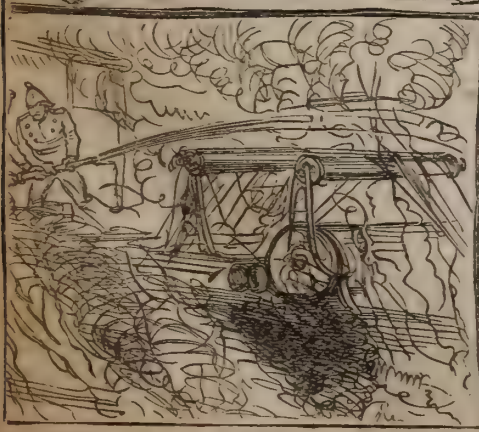
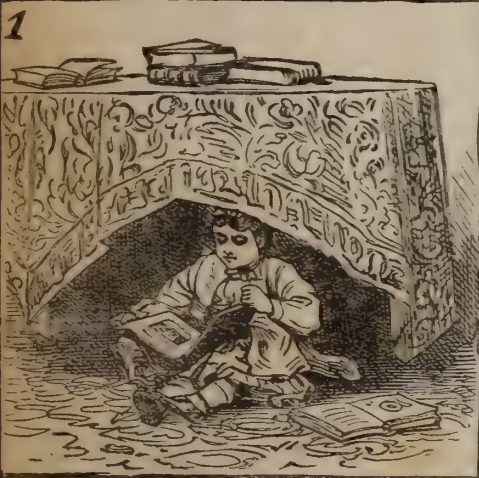
Work Among Chinese Opium-Smokers—Notices of New Books—Winning Souls—A Heathen Sacrifice—Gospel Work in Berlin.

MR. STANLEY P. SMITH IN CHINA.

PICTURE OF A JEWISH EXODUS.

A FRIEND IN NEED. (With Illustration.)

A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Captivity of Judah. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, the Christian Poetess—Scenes in Her Life.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Parentage and Early Training—Death of Her Mother—Visits to the Continent—Accomplishments and Ability—Her Active Habits and Love of Children—Remarkable Order of Her Writings—Death of Her Father—Miss Havergal Retires to the Mumbles—Mr. and Mrs. Sankey Visit Her—A Church Mission Tour in Ireland Proposed—Exchanged for a Flight to Her Heavenly Home—Last Hours—Funeral.

MISS HAVERGAL'S name has become a household word on both sides the Atlantic. While her works have endeared her chiefly to the religious world, the purity and melody of her writing have won for her also the admiration of many who are deaf to religious teaching, but quick to appreciate literary genius. Her prose writings have been, under God, vehicles for conveying sacred truth in such a manner that many heavily-tried ones have found in them the unravelling of what they deemed a hopeless tangle of trials. The seekers after God, also, have not been few who have discovered "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" through the same channel. Her life was so truly spiritual, that all her poetry is redolent of resignation and nearness to Christ.

This lady was born at Astley, Worcestershire, England, on the 14th of December, 1836, and died at Swansea, on June 3d, 1879, aged forty-three years. She was the youngest daughter of

THE LATE CANON HAVERGAL,

a man of genuine piety and great gifts. The advantages which Frances, or Fanny, as she was always called, enjoyed in her parental home bore good fruit. Poetic tastes were there cultivated, and her brilliant natural gifts were there systematized and trained so that she was able to use them with grace and power.

This was what might have been expected, for her father was acknowledged to be the first modern authority on ecclesiastical music and psalmody. His devotion to the ministry of the Gospel alone led him to refuse the Professorial Chair of Music in the University of Oxford. He was rector of Astley for thirteen years.

As a child Fanny was remarkable for her quiet, studious disposition. In toys and games she seemed to take little interest. Often she would be missed by her playfellows, who, searching for her to join with them in their amusements, would find her hidden under a table, poring over some volume from her father's library. (See illustration on first page.)

Deeply had Miss Havergal imbibed from early years the Gospel teaching of her venerated father. In days when comparatively few ministers bore a simple testimony, Canon Havergal ever fed his flock with soul-nurturing food. Little Fanny listened, and applied the teaching to herself. She was, when certainly not more than ten years old, deeply concerned about herself, and astonished her father's curate one day when he happened to be alone with her, by asking his advice. Poor man! he sadly missed his opportunity. (See illustration No. 2 on first page.)

GIRLHOOD.

Her mother died in 1848, and Fanny was sent to school, before her father's second marriage, in 1851. While there, a remarkable work of grace went through the school. Many of the older girls were converted, and one day Fanny's most intimate friend, Diana, a girl about her own age, drew her away from the other girls into a room alone, and throwing her arms about Fanny's neck told her of the joy she had found in Christ, and begged her also to give her heart to Him. (See illustration No. 3 on first page.)

Fanny accompanied her father and stepmother on a tour in Germany in 1852, spent the winter in Dusseldorf, where she attended school, and was afterward, in 1853, boarded for some time in a worthy German pastor's family at Oberwesel, on the Rhine. Seeds were sown during this sojourn which bore blessed fruit in her after life. She more than once referred to her return therefrom as a coming down from higher spiritual latitudes.

Returning home she enjoyed the elevated

teaching of her father and the wise training of her stepmother, whom she loved dearly. During 1856 she travelled in Ireland, and among her reminiscences is one of her stay at Celbridge Lodge, where at her suggestion the girls from a school in the neighborhood were invited to the house, and Fanny spent the evening in playing and singing to them and in religious conversation. (See illustration No. 4 on first page.)

She remained at home at Shreshill till 1858, when she went to reside with her eldest married sister, at Oakhampton. There she remained for eight years, superintending the education of her nieces, till the last of them left for school in October, 1866, when she returned to her father's vicarage at Shreshill.

In January, 1867, she paid a second visit to the Continent with her relatives, and she has left us a characteristic poem, entitled "Traveling Thoughts," which records her deep love for her happy home. But in seeking among her many published writings for some index of

HER AIM IN LIFE.

no better can be found than a stanza in one of her earliest effusions, "Little Fan"—

"Now in the crowded halls of life,
May it be mine to bring
Some gentle stir of the heated air,
Some coolness falling fresh and fair,
Like a passing angel's wing."

Her musical studies and occasional verse-writing were plentifully relieved by physical exercises and games. She was a good swimmer and a graceful skater. Although not professing to draw, she could sketch fairly well. She was a good linguist, and could converse for hours with Germans with fluency and purity of accent. French she spoke easily, and she could read the New Testament in Greek.

Neither her accomplishments nor her love for physical exercises in any way detracted from her home duties. When about to return home from Oakhampton, in 1866, she thus gave an insight into her active habits of life in a letter which she wrote: "I am not afraid of not finding plenty to do; there always seems more than one has physical strength for. I can't understand how any one living on this globe can talk about 'nothing to do.'"

BEREAVEMENT.

In December, 1867, her father removed to Leamington, a pretty watering-place in Warwickshire, and there more than two years of peaceful, happy usefulness were spent. The sojourn of the family there was, however, rendered sadly memorable by the death of the beloved father. Canon Havergal suddenly died of apoplexy on Easter Sunday, 1870. The shock was a very severe one, for during the previous week he had been unusually well, and only the night before his death he had spent two hours at his harmonium, playing and singing hymns of his own composition, while the family sat intently listening.

Mrs. Havergal continued to reside at Leamington, and Fanny made her home with her stepmother, between whom and herself there was a very warm attachment. Her life there was varied by visits to friends, continental tours, and sojourns at the coast or in the country. Sometimes she would take lodgings in out-of-the-way nooks in England, far removed from the haunts of the common traveller, and rejoice in staying for a time where no mail was regularly available. In 1874 she greatly enjoyed a pedestrian excursion in Switzerland with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Snapp and their daughter Emily, to Switzerland. She describes in her journal her ascent to the Grand Mulets on Mont Blanc, arriving at its desolate rocks in the midst of the ocean of snow. On their

DESCENT FROM MONT BLANC

Frances' delight in glissading led to imminent danger, from which Mr. Snapp's presence of mind saved her life, and also the life of one of the guides. She writes:

"They would not unrope me; when we got to Pierre a l'Echelle, I was so enjoying my glissades, and presently thought we were come to a

sufficiently easy part to go carelessly, whereupon I slipped, and Payot the guide, who was next to me, totally lost himself too. Below us was a dark abyss; we both started a decidedly too rapid spin down a very steep incline to sheer precipice below, when, instantaneously, Mr. S. did the only possible thing which could have saved all four of us—flung himself right on his back with his heels in the snow, the orthodox thing to do if only any one has the presence of mind to do it. Thus he was enabled to bear the immense strain on the rope, and check our impetus; thank God, we soon recovered our footing. After this I was unroped, and had some splendid glissades alone, and we returned to Chamounix in two hours less than the regulation time."

Returning from Switzerland to England, she spent some time in her old home at Oakhampton. She at once began diligent work. Her active services had no intervals of dreamy enjoyment; but cottage visitations, and four Bible classes weekly, attended with unwearied exertions, at last culminated in crowded attendances in the servants' hall.

Every visit seemed now to open doors for usefulness, and she longed for whole households to taste with her of the goodness of the Lord. One extract must serve as a glimpse of many others. She says: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of

THE CONSECRATION HYMN,

"Take my Life." I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, only, all for Thee!'

The beautiful couplet in the same hymn,

"Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King,"

was thenceforth (from December, 1873) really carried out. She writes: "Let us sing words which we feel and love, sacrificing everything to clearness of enunciation, and looking up to meet His smile all the while we are singing; our songs will reach more hearts than those of finer voices and more brilliant execution, unaccompanied by His power."

On another occasion she wrote in a letter a description of an aristocratic party in London, which shows how she carried out her own suggestions: "I was at a large regular London party lately, and I was so happy. He seemed to give me 'the secret of His presence,' and of course I sang 'for Jesus,' and did not I have dead silence? (See illustration No. 5 on first page.) Afterward I had two really important conversations with strangers; one seemed extremely surprised at finding himself quite easily drifted from the badinage with which he started into a right-down personal talk about his personal danger and his only hope for safety; he took it very well, and thanked me. Perhaps that seed may bear fruit. Somehow it is wonderful how the Master manages for me in such cases."

BURNED MANUSCRIPT.

For some time had Miss Havergal been engaged in preparing for press some sheets of manuscript music in connection with the "Appendix" to "Songs of Grace and Glory," which were previously published. "Well do I remember the day," says her sister, "when it was completed. We were at home, and she came down from her study with a large roll for post, and with holiday glee exclaimed, 'There, it is all done! and now I am free to write a book!' Only a week passed, when news arrived that the printer's premises were burned down and the whole of the stereotypes of the musical edition were destroyed." (The artist who prepared the

first page picture states that the panel No. 6 represents the fire.) Respecting this unforeseen disaster, Miss Havergal heroically said: "Of most of the new work, which has cost me the winter's labor, I have not even a memorandum left, having sent everything to the printers. However, it is so clearly 'Himself that hath done it,' that I can only say 'Thy way, not mine, O Lord.'"

CONSECRATED JEWELS.

On May 26th, 1878, Miss Havergal's life was again saddened by bereavement. Her beloved stepmother, who had for some months been a patient sufferer, peacefully breathed her last. Miss Havergal and her unmarried sister decided on breaking up the Leamington establishment and seeking a smaller home. By August the business was completed, and they were ready to leave the home endeared by many associations. Before finally quitting the place, however, Miss Havergal made another consecration. She says in a letter to a friend: "The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. 'Take my silver and my gold' now means shipping off all my ornaments (including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary House, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch or two for daily wear, which are memorials of my dear parents; also a locket with the only portrait I have of my niece in heaven, my Evelyn; and her 'two rings,' mentioned in 'Under the Surface.' But these I redeem, so that the whole value goes to the Church Missionary Society. I had no idea I had such a jeweller's shop; nearly fifty articles are being packed off. I never packed a box with such pleasure." (See panel No. 7 on first page.)

IN WALES.

By October, 1878, the two sisters were comfortably settled at the Mumbles, near Swansea. There, amid her literary work, intent to win souls, Frances began a Bible reading, organized a juvenile "Temperance Regiment," and made the acquaintance of the villagers in their cottage homes. Then the men also wanted to be spoken to by her at the corner of the village. The spirit was willing, and her enthusiasm led her to undertake more than her fragile frame was equal to. One delightful reminiscence of her residence there, which she often recurred to, was that

MR. AND MRS. SANKEY

visited her at The Mumbles, and joined in some part-singing with her and a friend, and heard her sing several of her own sweet effective songs. Her last words to Mr. Sankey, just before his leaving, were, "What a glorious day it will be when we all get home! What a time of joy we shall have, after seeing the King, to see our loved ones, and our Heavenly Father's children—so many of those whom we could never see on earth! We shall enjoy so much seeing them there."

It had been arranged that she should visit the Irish Church Mission stations, and she was to start on the journey with her nephews in June, 1879. She thus wrote to a friend on May 5th: "My Irish tour begins (D.V.) June 4th or 5th. I told Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Secretary, any sort of cottage or farm accommodation would do for me, I didn't mind roughing; but my first invitation is a most kind letter from the Bishop of Cashel. So I begin by staying in a 'palace' instead of a cottage, which wasn't at all my view. But I tell Mr. F. I must see the hedge and ditch work, for the sake of the Society."

A BETTER JOURNEY.

That tour, however, was never performed. Before setting out Miss Havergal proposed holding a farewell meeting for the sailors and village boys, who almost idolized her. The meeting was held May 21st, 1879. It took place on the village bank. Though the day was cold and damp, she went, taking her Bible and temperance pledge book with her. "While standing a long time on the cold spot, heavy clouds came up from the Channel, and she returned home

wet and chilly with the rain and mist. She took a severe cold, but the next day insisted on going out again to pay farewell visits to her poor friends. She was very tired, and took a donkey home. As she passed through the village of Newton, quite a procession gathered round her, her regiment of boys eagerly following. (See panel No. 8.) The cold she had caught kept her confined to her room for several days, and finally symptoms of pneumonia appeared.

On the 2d of June the Rev. S. C. Morgan, Vicar of Swansea, saw she was evidently dying, and said to her, "He is with you now?" Her face lighted up as she answered, "Of course He is!" To the doctor she said: "I shall go just when Jesus likes;" to one of her sisters: "Not one thing hath failed" (Joshua 23: 14). She lingered until after midnight, suffering, much but patiently. Shortly before death the pain left her, and she tried to sing. She had scarcely uttered a note when her voice ceased. Her brother and sister, who were watching her, saw her face change, and in a moment and without a struggle she was gone.

"So she took

The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.
The zenith of the earthly life was come.

What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard!
Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,
And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life!
Then shalt thou know the glory of the word,
Then as the stars forever, ever shine,
Beneath the king's own smile, perpetual zenith thine!"

The reader of her poems will find in them the best key of her life. Emphatically she was one of GOD'S OWN POETS.

And as she wrote and sang others read and heard more and more perfectly the melody of the growing life of consecrated service. Her poems clearly indicate this progressive advance.

How fitting the progression! Her first volume one of ministry—"The Ministry of Song;" her second one of consecration—"Under the Surface;" the third, in purpose at least—"Praise"—praise begun on earth and perfected in heaven.

Miss Havergal's was unconscious genius. She says, when writing to a friend, "I have not the least bit of imagination, and can only copy bits out of my own inner life pictures. I hardly ever wrote a line which I had not somehow lived. . . . You speak of 'art,' but I don't remember ever aiming at it or taking it into consideration in any piece; it is all a sort of chance how it comes out, for I write merely just as the ideas come to me, with only a sort of shake of the kaleidoscope to bring them into something approaching shape."

Her funeral took place June 9th in her native village, in the burial-ground surrounding the church where her father had preached for many years, and within sight of the rectory where she was born. There had been heavy storms all day, but as the service ended, the sunshine came, and a chorus of birds burst forth—emblematic of her bright and glorious entrance into that mansion prepared for her, where sorrow and sighing, which she labored here to mitigate, can never come.

MR. STANLEY P. SMITH IN CHINA.

THE young Cambridge graduate whose portrait appeared in this journal on April 9th, 1885, and who, as our readers will remember, abandoned a brilliant career in England to go as a missionary to China, writes home in good spirits. In a letter dated Ping-Yang-Pi, Shan-Si, North China, September 18th, 1885, he says:

"Here I am all alone (and yet not alone) for two weeks or so. Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Casels have gone to a new station opened at Sih-chau, about seventy miles north; Mr. Hoste has been at a place forty miles south, with Mr. Key, for the last six weeks or more. I have been with him three weeks on a visit, and am now back here again, surrounded by the dear Chinese. You would love this people. They have

backbone and a heart. Of course it is capital for learning the language. Mr. Studd and the two Polhill Turners are en route here. I should not wonder if we settle down in this province, as there are great openings. But some of us have eyes on Ho-nan, that poor province without a settled station (one, I believe, has just been opened) and fifteen million souls.

"I do so rejoice that God gave Mr. Radcliffe to reiterate the message that America and England and Scotland are asleep about the heathen. How dreadful if, as with the apostles in Gethsemane, who might have had the privilege of watching with Jesus one hour, the Master, who has so often asked the Church 'Why sleep ye?' should mournfully have to say, 'Sleep on now; behold, I am betrayed!' Praise God, the natives are being raised up. We have a well-to-do farmer and two scholars giving all their time and energies to the spreading of the Gospel—Messrs. Fau, Hsi, and Chü. In Shan-tung the Baptists have around one city fifty-five churches, all self-supporting, last year baptizing three hundred and sixty converts.

"I hear the Gospel is getting into the palace. Princess Kung has thrown away her idols, and, in company with fifteen others, worships God through Jesus. One outcome of the Peking meeting we held is that the missionaries there, to the number of twenty to thirty, including their wives, have signed a circular, which they are sending to all the missionaries in China, asking them to unite daily in praying for an outpouring of the Spirit on themselves and China.

"While I was at Chin-wa there was a great gathering in honor of the 'T'sai-Shen,' the 'Wealth-God.' Every shop in China pretty well has an altar to him. All the main street was done up with bunting, etc. We managed to sell six to seven hundred Gospels and books in the two days. Just before I left two men determined to come to (li-pai) worship. Mr. Hoste and Mr. Key have only been there about six weeks, so the work is beginning. 'Who shall let it?' This is a place for fierce conflicts."

GOSPEL WORK IN BERLIN.

MR. F. VON SCHLUEMBACH, the Y. M. C. A. evangelist, who is well known in New York, has taken up his work again in Berlin. A few years ago, for a short time in the Northern districts (the headquarters of the social democrats), the results were simply marvellous, and are still felt. One of the worst dancing saloons was bought and converted into a mission hall. Those who had been blessed through Mr. Von Schluembach's efforts here found a place of meeting, and it is a joy to see the work flourishing in all its different branches. There are now in attendance eight hundred Sunday-school children; two hundred mothers gather together for mutual Bible study one afternoon in the week; well-attended meetings for men, young men, and young women are also held. A Sunday morning breakfast provided for the homeless has already proved a blessing to many. The general tone of the neighborhood has greatly improved.

May we not expect the same, and even greater results, among the laboring classes in the East End, where Mr. Von Schluembach is now hard at work. The prospects are already very promising, the meetings being crowded to overflowing evening after evening. Evangelistic labor is all the more required here, there being only one church to meet the needs of over a hundred thousand souls. This is unfortunately no solitary exception in Berlin.

While Mr. Von Schluembach's evenings are thus devoted to the poor, other classes are not overlooked. In the daytime Bible-meetings are held in the homes of the wealthy, and public Bible-readings in the business part of the city. His presence at the recently established noon-day prayer-meeting adds greatly to its growth. He also lends a helping hand wherever required to the Y. M. C. A., which he was the means of organizing three years ago. Mr. Von Schluembach intends continuing his work in Berlin until the middle of April.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 10, 1886.

"Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"—JUDGES 14 : 3.

Samson's Perversity—Inexcusable in Judaea—Modern Philistines—The World Opulent in Good Women—No Need to Marry a Fool—Marriage Not for All—Pray Before Choosing—Famous Men Who Have Blundered—Avoid Artificial Women—And Coquettes—Eminent Sufferers—Noble Wives—Avoid Matchmakers—Solomon's Miseries—Avoid Scoffers—Two Essential Qualities—The Benediction of Beauty—The Good Wife in Adversity—In Death.

SAMSON, the giant, is here asking consent of his father and mother to marriage with one whom they thought unfit for him. He was wise in asking their counsel, but not wise in rejecting it. Captivated with her looks, the big son wanted to marry a daughter of one of the hostile families, a deceitful, hypocritical, whining, and saturnine creature, who afterward made for him a world of trouble till she quit him forever. In my text his parents forbade the banns, practically saying: "When there are so many honest and beautiful maidens of your own country, are you so hard put to for a lifetime partner that you propose conjugality with this foreign flirt? Is there such a dearth of lilies in our Israelitish gardens that you must wear on your heart a Philistine thistle? Do you take a crabapple because there are no pomegranates? Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

BEAUTIFUL JEWESSES.

Excuseless was he for such a choice in a land and amid a race celebrated for female loveliness and moral worth, a land and a race of which self-denying Abigail, and heroic Deborah, and dazzling Miriam, and pious Esther, and glorious Ruth, and Mary, who hugged to her heart the blessed Lord, were only magnificent specimens. The midnight folded in their hair, the lakes of liquid beauty in their eye, the gracefulness of spring morning in their posture and gait, were only typical of the greater brilliance and glory of their soul. Likewise excuseless is any man in our time who makes lifelong alliance with any one who, because of her disposition, or heredity, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or *moral twistification*, may be said to be of the Philistines.

MODERN FEMALE LOVELINESS.

The world never owned such opulence of womanly character or such splendor of womanly manners or multitudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly, sisterly devotion, as it owns to-day. I have not words to express my admiration for good womanhood. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is seventy-five per cent his superior. Yea, during the last twenty years, through the increased opportunity opened for female education, the women of the country are better educated than the majority of men; and if they continue to advance in mentality at the present ratio, before long the majority of men will have difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make appropriate consort. If I am under a delusion as to the abundance of good womanhood abroad, consequent upon my surroundings since the hour I entered this life until now, I hope the delusion will last until I embark from this planet. So you will understand, if I say in this course of sermons something that seems severe, I am neither cynical nor disgruntled.

NO NEED TO MARRY A FOOL.

There are in almost every farmhouse in the country, in almost every home of the great town, conscientious women, worshipful women, self-sacrificing women, holy women, innumerable Marys, sitting at the feet of Christ; innumerable mothers, helping to feed Christ in the

person of His suffering disciples; a thousand capped and spectacled grandmothers Lois, bending over Bibles whose precepts they have followed from early girlhood; and tens of thousands of young women that are dawning upon us from school and seminary, that are going to bless the world with good and happy homes, that shall eclipse all their predecessors, a fact that will be acknowledged by all men except those who are struck through with moral decay from toe to cranium; and more inexcusable than the Samson of the text is that man who, amid all this unparalleled munificence of womanhood, marries a fool. But some of you are abroad suffering from such disaster, and to halt others of you from going over the same precipice, I cry out in the words of my text: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

MARRIAGE NOT FOR ALL.

That marriage is the destination of the human race is a mistake that I want to correct before I go further. There are multitudes who never will marry, and still greater multitudes who are not fit to marry. In Great Britain to-day there are nine hundred and forty-eight thousand more women than men, and that, I understand, is about the ratio in America. By mathematical and inexorable law, you see, millions of women will never marry. The supply for matrimony greater than the demand, the first lesson of which is that every woman ought to prepare to take care of herself if need be. Then there are thousands of men who have no right to marry, because they have become so corrupt of character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman. Society will have to be toned up and corrected on this subject, so that it shall realize that if a woman who has sacrificed her honor is unfitted for marriage, so is any man who has ever sacrificed his purity. What right have you, *O masculine beast!* whose life has been loose, to take under your care the spotlessness of a virgin reared in the sanctity of a respectable home? Will a buzzard dare to court a dove?

THE FIRST STEP.

But the majority of you will marry, and have a right to marry, and as your religious teacher I wish to say to these men, in the choice of a wife first of all seek divine direction. About thirty-five years ago, when Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, urged men to prayer before they decided upon matrimonial association, people laughed. And some of them have lived to laugh on the other side of their mouth.

EMINENT BLUNDERERS.

The need of divine direction I argue from the fact that so many men, and some of them strong and wise, have wrecked their lives at this juncture. Witness Samson and this woman of Timnath! Witness *Socrates*, pecked of the historical Xantippe! Witness *Job*, whose wife had nothing to prescribe for his carbuncles but allopathic doses of profanity! Witness *Ananias*, a liar, who might perhaps have been cured by a truthful spouse, yet marrying as great a liar as himself—Sapphira! Witness *John Wesley*, one of the best men that ever lived, united to one of the most outrageous and scandalous of women, who sat in City Road Chapel, making mouths at him while he preached! Witness the once conubial wretchedness of *John Ruskin*, the great art essayist, and *Frederick W. Robertson*, the great preacher! Witness a thousand

HELLS ON EARTH

kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March north-easter; female spend-thrifts, that put their husbands into fraudulent schemes to get money enough to meet the lavishness of domestic expenditure; *opium-using women*—about four hundred thousand of them in the United States—who will have the drug, though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household; heartless and overbearing, and namby-pamby and unreasonable women, yet married—married perhaps to good men!

These are the women who build the low club-houses, where the husbands and sons go because they can't stand it at home. On this sea of matrimony, where so many have wrecked, am I not right in advising divine pilotage?

NUMEROUS PITFALLS.

Especially is devout supplication needed, because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweller, and the hair-adjuster, and the dancing-master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics, and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart? That is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods delivered are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and they backed out. They mistook Jezebel for Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lucretia Borgia for Martha Washington.

Aye, as the Indian chief boasts of the scapce he has taken, so there are in society to-day many coquettes who boast of the masculine hearts they have captured. And these women, though they may live amid richest upholstery, are not so honorable as the cyprians of the street, for these advertise their infamy, while the former profess heaven while they mean hell.

There is so much counterfeit womanhood abroad it is no wonder that some cannot tell the genuine coin from the base. Do you not realize you need divine guidance when I remind you that mistake is possible in this important affair, and, if made, is irrevocable?

A MISTAKE IRREPARABLE.

The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked together. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart, the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite sides of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring off of the finger, might rend the wedding-veil asunder, might tear out the marriage leaf from the family Bible record, but all that would fail to unmarry you. It is better not to make the mistake than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder? There is only one Being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, but it is fortunate, judging from some mistakes which she afterward made, that it was Eve or nothing.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and wilfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;" by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose, the poet said: "I am no judge of flowers, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily;" by the

fate of an Englishman whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew, whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.

NOBLE WIVES.

By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretence of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the bookcases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louis' time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband, while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counsellor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God, morning, noon, and night that at the right time and in the right way He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

AVOID MATCHMAKERS.

At this point let me warn you not to let a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers flourishing in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment divinely illumined. These brokers in matrimony are ever planning how they can unite impecunious innocence to an heiress, or celibate woman to millionaire or marquis, and that in many cases makes life an unhappiness. How can any human being, who knows neither of the two parties as God knows them, and who is ignorant of the future, give such direction as you require at such a crisis?

Take the advice of the earthly matchmaker instead of the divine guidance, and you may some day be led to use the words of Solomon, whose experience in home life was as melancholy as it was multitudinous. One day his palace with its great wide rooms and great wide doors and great wide hall was too small for him and the loud tongue of a woman belaboring him about some of his neglects, and he retreated to the housetop to get relief from the lingual bombardment. And while there he saw a poor man on one corner of the roof with a mattress for his only furniture, and the open sky his only covering. And Solomon envies him and cries out: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a *brawling woman* in a wide house." And one day during the rainy season the water leaked through the roof of the palace and began to drop in a pail or pan set there to catch it. And at one side of him all day long the water went drop! drop! drop! while on the other side a female companion quarrelling about this, and quarrelling about that, the acrimonious and petulant words falling on his ear in ceaseless pelting—drop! drop! drop! and he seized his pen and wrote: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a *contentious woman* are alike." If Solomon had been as prayerful at the beginning of his life as he was at the close, how much domestic infelicity he would have avoided!

But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough. Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite presence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God.

AVOID SCOFFERS.

If you have this prayerful spirit you will surely avoid all female scoffers at the Christian religion; and there are quite a number of them in all communities. It must be told that, though

the only influence that keeps woman from being estimated and treated as a slave—aye, as a brute and a beast of burden—is Christianity, since where it is not dominant she is so treated, yet there are women who will so far forget themselves and forget their God that they will go and hear lecturers malign Christianity and scoff at the most sacred things of the soul. A good woman, over-persuaded by her husband, may go once to hear such a tirade against the Christian religion, not fully knowing what she is going to hear; but she will not go twice.

A woman, not a Christian, but a respecter of religion, said to me: "I was persuaded by my husband to go and hear an infidel lecturer once, but going home, I said to him: 'My dear husband, I would not go again though my declination should result in our divorcement forever.'" And the woman was right. If after all that Christ and Christianity have done for a woman, she can go again and again to hear such assaults, she is an *awful creature*, and you had better not come near such a reeking leprosy. She needs to be washed, and for three weeks to be soaked in carbolic acid, and for a whole year fumigated, before she is fit for decent society. While it is not demanded that a woman be a Christian before marriage, she must have regard for the Christian religion or she is a bad woman and unworthy of being your companion in a life charged with such stupendous solemnity and vicissitudes.

TWO ESSENTIAL QUALITIES.

What you want, O man! in a wife, is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a giggling non-entity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gad-about, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humbug ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul, one that cannot only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steady when you come to the verge of them, I tell you! When your fortune fails you will want some one to talk of treasures in heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter, "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it, *sincerity and earnestness* are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that, and you get all. Fail to get that, and you get nothing but what you will wish you never had got.

BEAUTY A BENEDICTION.

Don't make the mistake that the man of the text made in letting his eye settle the question in which coolest judgment directed by divine wisdom are all-important. He who has no reason for his wisely choice except a pretty face is like a man who should buy a farm because of the dahlias in the front dooryard. Beauty is a talent, and when God gives it He intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. When the good *Princess of Wales* dismounted from the railtrain last summer, and I saw her radiant face, I could understand what they told me the day before, that, when at the great military hospital where are now the wounded and the sick from the Egyptian and other wars, the Princess passed through, all the sick were cheered at her coming, and those who could be roused neither by doctor nor nurse from their stupor, would get up on their elbows to look at her, and wan and wasted lips prayed an audible prayer: "God bless the Princess of Wales! Doesn't she look beautiful?"

But how uncertain is the tarrying of beauty in a human countenance! Explosion of a kerosene lamp turns it into scarification, and a scoundrel with one dash of vitriol may dispel it, or Time will drive his chariot wheels across that bright face, cutting it up in deep ruts and gullies. But there is an eternal beauty on the face of some women, whom a rough and ungallant world may criticise as homely; and though their features may contradict all the laws of Lavater on physiognomy, yet they have graces of soul that will keep them attractive for time and glorious through all eternity.

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty, to her

husband, whatever her stature or profile. By financial panic or betrayal of business partner, the man goes down, and returning to his home that evening he says: "*I am ruined*; I am in disgrace forever; I care not whether I live or die." It is an agitated story he is telling in the household that winter night. He says: "The furniture must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking, and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depend on these trappings, you do not know me, though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the National Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment, and if you don't mind, I don't care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning-needle. I declare! I have forgotten to set the rising for those cakes! And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-Morrow:"

"It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

"Though vine nor fig-tree either
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice."

The husband looks up in amazement, and says: "Well, well, you are the greatest woman, I ever saw. I thought you would faint dead away when I told you." And as he looks at her, all the glories of physiognomy in the court of Louis XV. on the modern fashion plates are tame as compared with the superhuman splendors of that woman's face. Joan of Arc, Mary Antoinette, and La Belle Hamilton, the enchantment of the court of Charles II., are nowhere.

A WIFE'S DEATH.

There is another time when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband. She has done the work of life. She has reared her children for God and heaven, and though some of them may be a little wild they will yet come back, for God has promised. She is dying, and her husband stands by. They think over all the years of their companionship, the weddings and the burials, the ups and the downs, the successes and the failures. They talk over the goodness of God and His faithfulness to children's children. She has no fear about going. The Lord has sustained her so many years she would not dare to distrust Him now. The lips of both of them tremble as they say good-by and encourage each other about an early meeting in a better world. The breath is feeble and feeble, and stops. Are you sure of it? Just hold that mirror at the mouth, and see if there is any vapor gathering on the surface. Gone! As one of the neighbors takes the old man by the arm gently and says: "Come, you had better go into the next room and rest," he says: "Wait a moment; I must take one more look at that face and at those hands!" Beautiful! Beautiful!

My friends, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumnal sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the solo of human life overpowered by hallelujah chorus. That is a queen's coronation. That is heaven. That is the way my father stood at eighty-two, seeing my mother depart at seventy-nine. Perhaps so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well?

PROBLEMS OF PROPHETIC FAITH.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard City, Kan.

Differing Reception of Prophecy—One Universally Believed—One of Equal Authority Doubtful—Predictions of the First and Second Advent—One Taken Literally and the Other Figuratively—Inconsistency in Relation to Jewish Condition—To the World's Last Days—The Great Question.

IT must be evident, even to a superficial observer, that there is a wide diversity in the reception given by men to the prophetic words of the seers of old and those uttered by Jesus Himself. They are accepted, or partly accepted, or repudiated. We may profitably consider this fact, for it suggests problems which ought to be solved.

The first promise given after the deluge was the declaration of Jehovah to His servant Noah: "That while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease" (Gen. 8 : 22). This promise has received, above all others, a universal sanction, acceptance, and belief; every one, *without the least doubt*, expects the coming of the seasons, in which the influences of Orion and Pleiades will be felt, and when at the set time the golden grains will be sown and harvested. This is the only prophecy and promise of Jehovah which is accepted cosmically and through all ages.

The same Jehovah declared even solemnly to His servant Jeremiah: "If ye can break My covenant of the day, and My covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season; then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant, that he should not have a son to reign upon his throne; and with the Levites my ministers . . . for I will cause their captivity to return, and have mercy on them" (Jer. 33 : 21-26).

AN INCONSISTENCY.

This prophetic word and promise runs parallel in every respect with the promise given to Noah, and is as an appendix to the former; and yet how different is its acceptance! it is only *partly believed*! How comparatively few people, yea, how very few Christians believe that the Jews, the whole house of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob shall be restored to their own land of Canaan, and that the Son of David, "Messiah Jesus," shall be "the ruler in Israel!" (Micah 5 : 2; Matt. 2 : 6; Ps. 105 : 8.) Can any inquiring mind solve this problem? The Jews are in existence, and as a nation are among us, and that fact is as clear as the existence and returning of day and night. Canaan is waiting for the return of her down-trodden children, and the prophecy is never yet fulfilled. What are the reasons that the same Christians, who believe *literally* the promise given to Noah, will *spiritualize* or *allegorize* the promise given to Jeremiah? Indeed, this is a paradox. Here is a problem to be solved.

THE FIRST ADVENT.

Now, nineteen centuries ago, the archangel was sent as an ambassador to earth, to a lonely home of a virgin residing at the borders of the sea of Galilee. His proclamation was: "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33).

This message, the greatest and highest ever received from the throne of God, is *only believed in part*. That Jesus is born, that His name is Jesus, and that His name is greater than any human name ever known are facts *literally* acknowledged, accepted, and believed by every true Christian *without any doubt*.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

That that same Jesus is the Son of the Highest has become, and is the very foundation-stone of, Christianity, and no one should or would admit that "those words" were spoken in a figurative or allegorical manner. All acknowledge that they are *literal* and have a *literal*

meaning: "Jesus is the Son of the living God." And if so, then, we ask, Why do the majority of the same Christians, yea, great scholars, *deny* that the following words: "That Jesus shall possess the throne of David, and shall have the kingly reign over the house of Jacob" are *literal*? Why do they substitute the throne of the Father in the heavens for the throne of David on earth, and declare that the Christian Church, "the Ecclesia," must be taken for the house of Jacob? Here is another enigma, another problem to be solved.

THE JEWS.

The greatest of all the prophets, by whom all the prophets spoke, God manifested and tabernacled in the flesh, has revealed the truth: "That the Jews should fall by the sword, and should be led away captive into all nations, and that Jerusalem should be trodden down by the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21 : 24).

This prophecy is generally believed in a historical way. It cannot be gainsaid that the Jews are in the Diaspora, and that Jerusalem is trodden down by the *worst* of the nations. Those are facts which are known and accepted. The great obstacle of the text is that we are now living in the times and the dispensation of the Gentiles. Many Christians have lost sight of that fact, "that the times of the Gentiles are not yet fulfilled," and that Jerusalem must first be made free—Israel be restored—and Jesus must first be revealed in His coming (Matt. 23 : 38, 39) before the Gentile dispensation can come to an end. If this axiom was accepted and universally acknowledged it would make a revolution in thought and action, and produce the most glorious results.

The same authority quoted before has plainly told in Luke 17 : 26-30: "And as it was in the days of Noë, so shall it be in the days of the Son of man," and "likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed," we are plainly informed that the last days of this dispensation will be days resembling the antediluvian age of domineering, lawlessness, and atheism, combined with the world-renowned licentiousness and wickedness of Sodom.

This prophecy is disregarded by many. The general tenor of the doctrine preached and believed is substantially this: That we are marching forward, with long strides, to millennial glory; that the nations will fall in line, and that the great army shall be heralded by ideas and motives which elevate and lead to human manhood and Christian brotherhood, and that it shall conquer. This doctrine is very enticing and lovely, yea, so acceptable to our preconceived ideas that it is not strange that the multitude have put their seal of approbation to it; and yet that doctrine is not in agreement with the tenor of Scripture and the mind of Jesus. We have the words of the great Master on this subject (Luke 18 : 8): "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Truly another enigma is found here!

THE GREAT QUESTION

for every true Christian is, What is the mind of Jesus? what truth is revealed to us by the Holy Spirit? and, how can we please the Father of all light and truth? And to this the answer must be, To accept and to believe His words in the manner and spirit in which He has given them to His people. Shall the covenant made with Noah have a perfect literal fulfilment, as we experience every day and every year, and shall not the same literal fulfilment be conceded to a higher, more glorious, and a more far-reaching covenant than ever the Noachian covenant can lay claim to? A covenant which "the angels desire to look into" (1 Pet. 1 : 12). We accord to both covenants the same place, and believe in their literal fulfilment.

It will be one of the great privileges of the age of the resurrection to review the chain of all the promises of God, and all the various links connected with them, and to see that every word has been fulfilled *literally*; and in holy joy to

join and to sing the heavenly anthem with the prophets of old and the apostles of the New Testaments, giving unitedly praise, honor, and glory "to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Amen. So let it be.

WORK AMONG CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS.

THE difficulty of curing the slaves of opium in America is well known. The habit of using the drug in various ways, but chiefly by the hypodermic needle, is growing with frightful rapidity, and is fast rivalling the liquor traffic as a national curse among us. The following incidents, related by Mr. T. W. Pigott, of the China Inland Mission, who has labored among the opium habitués in China, will therefore have special interest for us in this country. He says:

"I have spent the past four years at Tai-yuan Fu, the capital of the Shansi Province, and there we had many modes of work, among others an opium refuge. As we find the opium traffic, and the forcing of the drug on China by the English, one of our greatest hindrances, so we have found the curing of opium-smokers one of our most successful modes of work. Among others, there was a Mr. Fan, who lived near Ping-yang Fu, in the south of the province. He was interested and saved while being cured of opium-smoking, and the missionary, Mr. Drake, used to ride over twenty miles and back every week to teach him to read. After some time he invited Mr. Drake to his house, and brought in about fourteen of his friends. The whole party stayed with him while being cured of opium-smoking or drinking. *Mr. Drake slept on a brick stove bed with these men*, and often at night, as the craving came on, they would get up and sing or pray, seeking help from God; for while helping them with medicine we seek to lead them to look to Him for deliverance, and so hope to lead them on to a true faith in Him. The result of a month of such work was that several were saved, and Mr. Fan's faith greatly strengthened, so that he became an earnest voluntary worker, spending energy and means in the Gospel cause, and working in the neighboring villages.

"God saw fit to try his faith much shortly after this, for when on a visit to the missionary a wolf carried off one of his little boys. There are many children there who bear scars on their faces from the attacks of these ferocious beasts. His neighbors said the gods were angry because he was following 'the foreign devils,' as they call us. This was a severe test, as you may the better understand if I tell you of the great superstition of one man, who with his shop-comrades was studying Christian books, when one day as he was reading he got a toothache. As he went on he got worse; he thought that there must be something unlucky in the books, and for many years would not read them. Poor Fan had a far severer test than this, and although it was repeated a second time his faith still stood the test. A second time he went to join the Christian meeting, and the second son was taken in the same way. God allowed him to be tried, but blessed him, too, and his zeal and love quite refreshed me when I met him a year ago last May at a gathering of one hundred men and women, who met under and awning in a courtyard near Ping-yang for a day of meetings.

"This was one of the most refreshing sights that I have seen in China; they were fine, stalwart fellows, and earnest and hearty in their zeal. Perhaps thirty of them were baptized, but the others had put away their idols, and expressed a desire to be Christians. I asked one in how many villages there were such, and he counted up twenty-seven; and although we could by no means say these were all converted, yet there is great reason to hope and to praise God who has done such great things. I want you to pray for these people and for poor Mr. Fan, for I have just heard that he has been taken before the Yamen, or magistrate, on a false charge, and received two hundred blows

on one leg, for no other reason than his zeal for Christ. Pray for them, friends, and for the other native Christians, that they may stand firm and true to Christ."

WINNING SOULS.

A CAREFUL study of the lives of the most successful ministers leads us to the conclusion that much of their success was achieved in "dealing personally and individually with souls." The life of Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, by his friend Ostertag, recently published, confirms this opinion. One illustration of his methods may be useful. A company were returning to Geneva on a steamboat. It was "full of strangers of every kind." While Ostertag was enjoying conversation with friends, he perceived "that Malan had just seated himself by the side of a foreign lady, and had, in the most courteous manner, exchanged a few words with her. The conversation became increasingly animated. In her features there appeared by turns the expression of surprise or the smile of contempt. Then she set herself to listen attentively, silently, with her eyes bent down. By degrees these intervals of silence became more frequent. At length she gave up speaking entirely. Malan, on the other hand, appeared to grow increasingly serious and in earnest, and more and more confident of success. Tears were seen coursing down the lady's cheeks, while she applied her handkerchief to her eyes."

"For a long time," Ostertag continues, "I watched this scene from a distance, with the liveliest interest; for it was plain that Malan was seeking to bring that soul to Christ. Had I not already heard him spoken of as one not only filled with the most ardent zeal to gain hearts over to the kingdom of God, but as one possessing, moreover, an extraordinary aptitude for winning souls?"

Ostertag adds: "About half an hour afterward Malan passed close to me and whispered in my ear, 'Another soul gained over to the Lord.' A quarter of an hour afterward, while I was in the same place, and just as a young theologian from the north of Germany joined us, he passed again, touched me again on the shoulder, and said in a low voice, 'Preach the Gospel, sound the trumpet.' Through the whole of my journey after that—indeed, through all my after life—that sentence has resounded in my ears, and never did I repent of obeying it."

A HEATHEN SACRIFICE.

THE Calcutta *Indian Witness* of November 21st, 1885, publishes the following report of a recent heathen celebration from one of its contemporaries. It shows that even for the brute creation the propagation of Christianity is a blessing:

"The village of Callian was to-day—the Dusserah holiday—*en fête*, and in great excitement over the public sacrifice of an unfortunate buffalo, as a propitiation to the goddess of *cholera*. And this sacrifice was performed under the auspices and authority, and partly in the presence, of the highest government officer of the district—viz., the Mamlutdar and the *élite* of the native community, and of an immense crowd, composed of Brahmans, Purbhoos, Bunyahs, Wanees, Marwarees, Purdasees, Mussulmans, Parsees, and Hindus of other castes, supported by a *posse* of the town police in gala dress with arms and batons, as a guard of honor to the victim and to keep the crowd clear of the sacrifice grounds.

"You and your readers will suppose that the unfortunate animal—the victim of an ignorant superstition—was killed at a blow, as is usually done when daily slaughtered in the shambles; but no; it was tethered by the two hind feet with thick ropes about fifty feet long to enable it to run or struggle that distance and no more, and at a given signal (by a gentle wave of the hand) from the Mamlutdar the butchery commenced. Some one hundred and fifty Mahars in a high state of intoxication (inebriated, I am told, with liquor bought with the balance of the money

subscribed for the purchase of the victim) came forward armed, some with bludgeons, others with long knives, and others with hatchets, and set to clubbing, stabbing, and hacking the poor tethered beast to death. Its frightened and despairing exertions to escape the horrid blows and stabs and from the fury of its Satanic torturers were heart-rendering and sickening in the extreme, until, exhausted by numberless blows and covered with hundreds of wounds and gashes, bleeding in all pores, its eyes protruding with agony and pain, it fell several times, and in its last fall was finally despatched in pieces by hatchets. Its head *thus slowly severed* from the trunk was triumphantly removed for burial in a hole made ready for its reception in front or opposite the Mamlutdar's 'kutchery.'"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

The Devil's Medals.—At a Recent Meeting the Rev. Mr. Green observed: "Once when good Dr. Cunningham came north to preach the Gospel to us, he remarked, 'I have served the devil for a long time, and these are his medals,' pointing to his scars; 'he is a hard, hard master; but how different to be in the service of Christ, whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light.' Many more would leave the devil's service at once if they could only see what debasing, enslaving drudgery it is, and enter the service of Christ, if they comprehend that it is perfect freedom."

A Lady with Everything but Money.—Rev. Mr. Muir said: "I was reading a short time ago of a lady in America who was brought up in a comfortable home, and although everything she needed was supplied, she was by no means wealthy, and the only thing she longed for was money. A gentleman of great wealth came from another country, and asked her hand in marriage. She agreed, and they were married. Her former complaint had been that she had everything but money, and now her complaint is she has nothing but money. And now, dear friends, if you try to make money the aim and end of your life, well might we ask, 'Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?'"

Plainly Seen in the Sunshine.—Mr. Campbell Brown observed: "On one occasion, while I was staying in the Western Highlands for my summer holiday, I was invited by some of my friends to go a-fishing. We got up about four o'clock in the morning. We had to cross a hill, then a moor, to reach the glen in which we were going to fish. As you know, the hills are enveloped in a white mist. But as the sun rose I saw just before me, and quite close, a hill, the grandest object in that country. How magnificent it looked, and yet I had not seen it before, for the mist hid it from my view. Thus it is that the mist of our own sins hides from us the near presence of God until the Sun of Righteousness arises in our souls, when the mists will be dissolved, and we shall know even as we are known."

A Visit to "Sacrifice Hill."—The Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of Fuh-Chow, China, who visited Corea recently, said: "In a few minutes we were abreast of 'Sacrifice Hill,' as Pappenberg is now called, from its having been the scene, three hundred years ago, of a great holocaust of Japanese Christians, offered up to the bigotry and fanaticism of the Japanese Government. This Sacrifice Hill is a pretty spot. It is a conically shaped rock, standing in the entrance of the harbor, surrounded by the deep blue waters of the ocean, and crowned with fine old trees at its very top. The tree is still pointed out from beneath the ancient branches of which the devoted Christian confessors were hurled alive down into the deep waters, in which they found a martyr's grave, and mingled their Christian martyr-blood with the angry billows that dashed all round the shores of old Japan. As our ship passed quite close by the spot, a feeling deep and solemn came over my spirit, and I could have taken off

my hat in reverence to the memory of those spiritual heroes and heroines, who loved not their lives unto the death, but laid them down rather than deny their faith in Jesus Christ our Lord; and as I gazed upon that rock, I felt that these martyrs of Pappenberg died not in vain, nor was their blood mingled with the waters that swept round the coast of Nippon without an object, and the words of old Tertullian came into my mind, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'"

Luther's Greatest Opponent.—"I was lately reading a story as old as the Reformation. It was about a man called Duke George of Saxony, who had no belief in the life and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was the greatest opponent Luther ever had. Well, this Duke George came to die, and he was as wretched as any man could be. He was surrounded by monks, who were praying now to this saint, now to that. But as his end drew near poor Duke George was always becoming more miserable. His doctor was secretly a Protestant, but when he saw his patient in such agony of soul he could conceal his faith no longer, and leaning over the dying man he said, 'Go straight to Christ and tell Him all.' Duke George turned his face to the wall, and lay for days in silent prayer, and I believe, bad as Duke George had been, he got to Christ at the eleventh hour, for the Lord has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

How the Mist was Cleared Away.—Mr. Millar said: "A lady visited Dr. Moody in his study one day in deep distress of mind about her soul. He repeated several texts to her, but that made no impression, as she seemed to know them as well as himself. 'I don't know what more to say to you,' he remarked; 'you seem to know the Gospel as well.' He then repeated this text, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' As he repeated it, he thought he saw a change cross the lady's features, but she said nothing, and went away. Two or three days afterward she again came to him, her face perfectly radiant, and told him that she had found the Saviour, and that it was the text he had quoted last that had brought about the change. As she explained to him the cause of her delay in accepting Christ, she said: 'I thought Jesus came into the world to save saints, and I thought I had to be much better before He would save me; but now that text has cleared away the mist, and I know that Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.'"

A Consumptive French Woman has Just been led to Christ in a very touching and interesting way. It occurred in one of the poorest quarters of Paris, in connection with one of the halls of the McAll Mission. A poor woman, ignorant, but earnest in her acceptance of Christ's salvation, had for next-door neighbor a young woman who was dying of consumption. She visited her, and offered to pray with her, but the sick woman refused, with the utmost energy. "My husband will not hear a word on the subject, nor will I. I forbid you to mention it again." The Christian neighbor returned to her poor lodgings, and prayed for her friend. "You may forbid me to pray with you," she had said in parting; "but you cannot prevent my praying for you." The next time she returned, the sick woman asked for enlightenment. Prayer was offered at once, but the husband came in, and the prayer ceased. "Go on," said he; "I see it gives comfort to my poor wife. I want our three children to go to the Sunday-school of the mission, and I mean to go myself to the meetings." The dying woman is now in a state of perfect peace, and her face beams with joy and heavenly anticipation. The *garde-malade* said to her that she was not so ill as she thought. "*Taisez vous*," she replied, "I know I am going, but everything is well, and I lean in peace on the bosom of my Saviour, who is now, bless His name, most precious to me."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The New Anti-Polygamy Bill was Passed by the Senate on Friday. It was not materially changed during its progress. One single clause of importance was added to regulate the degree of consanguinity within which a marriage is illegal. Substantially the measure is therefore as described in these columns on December 31st. Only seven Senators in a total vote of forty-five cast their votes against it. Among the seven were Messrs. Blair and Hoar. The latter, it is understood, voted against the bill because it prohibits female suffrage in Utah. The clause which will most seriously cripple the Mormon Church, if the bill passes the House as it stands, is that which abolishes the immigration organization. It is from the cargoes of deluded people inveigled to Utah by "the missionaries" that Mormonism derives its vitality.

The Appointment of the House Committees, which is always a difficult and a delicate task, has been performed in this Congress in a manner which appears to satisfy neither of the political parties. The lists were announced on Thursday last, and the criticism in Democratic and Republican journals on the following day was unsparing. Speaker Carlisle has apparently attempted to make the committees representative of all sections rather than to emphasize his own views. Whether this method is as wise as it is fair may be doubted. Experience shows that it will not tend to the progress of public business, as it will be some time before the committees are through with their debates, and the measures that pass the ordeal can come before the House. Mr. Randall is again Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, but he is shorn of much of his power, as his committee now has no control over the most important appropriation bills. The following committees now have charge of the appropriations with which they are respectively concerned: Foreign Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Indian Affairs, Invalid Pensions, and Post Roads. The Chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee is again given to Mr. Morrison. Though he and a majority of the Democrats on his committee are in favor of a reduction of the tariff, it is generally expected that no bill will come from the committee as it is constituted which could pass the House. Mr. Bland is Chairman of the Committee on Coinage. The committee

itself, counting in Mr. Bland, is evenly divided on the silver question. Four Democrats and three Republicans are in favor of a suspension of the coinage of silver dollars, and four Democrats and two Republicans are opposed to the suspension. The President's advice, therefore, has been disregarded, so far as the Speaker is concerned. Present indications of useful legislation on any of the prominent questions of the day are not rendered more hopeful by the composition of the committees.

The Promised Effort to Repeal the Civil Service Reform law was commenced on January 5th, when Senator Vance, of North Carolina, introduced a bill for that purpose. The Senator has received congratulations from many quarters on his work. It is, as has been said, "a courageous thing" to do, and it might also have been said that it is a foolish thing to do. There is no probability of its succeeding, and Mr. Vance will gain nothing by putting himself on record against public opinion. The abuse was growing intolerable; it cost the life of President Garfield, and it caused widespread corruption. Now that it has been checked, it would be suicidal to set it in motion again. It may be supposed that the Senator is acting under a disinterested though mistaken desire for the public good, as he has personally no cause for complaint of a system under which, as it appears, seventeen of his relatives are in the public service. The change he proposes would not give him more offices for his family.

The City of Boston is to be Congratulated on the possession of a mayor who, like an experienced pilot, knows the rocks in the channel through which municipal government has to pass. Boston will have cause for congratulation if he avoids the rocks. The mayors of all the cities in the Union might profitably consider the words Mr. O'Brien used in succeeding to the mayoralty. He said: "Political tricksters who have merely some selfish purpose to gratify will receive no countenance from me, no matter what party they may be identified with for the time being. It is by yielding to these men on account of the few votes they control that municipal governments in all the large cities of the country have become a synonym for waste and extravagance and corruption. If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discountenanced by every good citizen." Happy is the city which has not had practical experience of the facts so forcibly expressed!

An Interesting Labor Dispute was Satisfactorily settled last week. The engineers on the elevated railroads of New York recently presented a bill of grievances to the managers, and respectfully asked for redress. Their requests were of concern to the public, because they indicated that the managers, by conceding them, would render traveling on the roads safer than it has been. One request was that the engineers might not in future be censured for failing to make time in foggy weather. Another request was that the engineers should not be required to work eleven or twelve hours a day, but that eight hours should be a day's work. The managers evidently intended to fight their employés, for they suspended operations on two of their four lines, and withdrew their trains. For this they asked the kind indulgence of the public. It is needless to say the public were not kind nor indulgent, having a well-grounded belief that the managers are greedy and selfish men who have no claims upon them. The effective check on their rapacity which the public could not administer was, however, given by Commissioner O'Donnell, who promptly informed the managers that their charter would be vitiated if they did not immediately resume traffic. The notification helped the engineers more than did the justice of their cause or the sympathy of the public. The managers started their trains, and compromised with the men. They conceded all their requests except that of the eight hours a day, and in that case an agreement was come

to that nine hours should be a day's work. Thus the strike was averted, but other cities which are afflicted with men of the Cyrus Field and Jay Gould type will do well to look to the charters of companies and to the character of their commissioners, or they may be forced to extend "kind indulgence" to people who do not deserve it.

A Meeting of Liberal Members of the British Parliament has been summoned to meet Mr. Gladstone. It is expected that he will then announce his policy on the Irish Question. Mr. Parnell's supporters are also to meet this week in Dublin to arrange their course of action for the campaign. Brilliant as Mr. Parnell's statesmanship has been, it becomes increasingly evident that it will be severely taxed during the approaching session. The loyal Irish are organizing and presenting petitions against the concession of Home Rule. The threatening attitude they have assumed is already alarming timid members of Parliament, who dread a civil war in Ireland if Home Rule is granted. One member of Lord Salisbury's Administration last week who made a public speech predicted that "the Protestants of Ulster would have to fight for their lives against their implacable foes in the southern districts, and in all probability there would soon be a state of things little short of declared war between England and Ireland before the country would be able to secure peaceable possession for those desirous of living in Ireland." The utterances of Mr. Parnell and his friends prove, however, that no concession short of legislative independence will satisfy the great majority of the Irish people.

A New Cabinet has been Formed in France. M. de Freycinet, who was the Secretary of State in the late Administration, becomes Prime Minister, retaining his old position in addition. He is fifty-seven years of age, and has been several times in office. He was a protégé of Gambetta. He has endeavored to conciliate the Radicals by giving the Ministry of Commerce to M. Lockroy, a member of that section. The majority of the new officials are new and comparatively unknown men. The composition of the Cabinet indicates the scarcity existing in France of statesmen of a high class. M. de Freycinet himself does not possess the confidence of the people. He was in power at the time of the Arabi Pasha trouble in Egypt, and the French people consider that in that matter he bungled miserably, and suffered himself to be outwitted by England.

A Grand Celebration was Held in Berlin on January 3d, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Emperor William's accession to the throne of Prussia. The venerable Emperor and Empress attended divine service in the Royal Chapel, which was crowded with princes and distinguished guests. The sermon preached on the occasion was from the text, "By the grace of God I am what I am" (1 Cor. 15: 10). On the following day the city was in holiday garb, and congratulations poured in from all parts of the Empire. The Emperor is now in his eighty-ninth year, having been born March 22d, 1797.

The British Annexation of Burmah is not to pass unchallenged. A claimant for the throne has appeared in the person of Prince Alompra, who has collected a large force, has appointed ministers, levies taxes, and issues decrees. The correspondent of the London Times at Rangoon telegraphs that ten thousand rebels are scouring the country within a radius of twenty miles of Mandalay, and that they threaten to attack the town. There are fears of a general uprising, owing to the great reduction of the British force at Mandalay. It will, however, be for the interest of the country and its neighbors if the British Government retains its hold, and establishes a just and strong administration.

Seven per cent Secure Investment: The sum of \$2000 is wanted for a term of three years or longer, on mortgage on a brick church with stone foundation (now per manently occupied), with accompanying land, which cost altogether about \$4000, in the midst of a prosperous town. Collateral security will also be given. Address: Trustee, Christian Herald Office, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with the CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$12. They were as follows: from Verona, Wis., \$3; Olean, N. Y., \$1; Norwood, Minn., \$1; Watertown, Pa., \$1; Carluke, Ont., \$1; Milwaukee, Wis., 50 cents; New York, N. Y., 50 cents; Holland, Neb., \$1; New Cumberland, W. Va., \$3.

Mrs. Baxter's Meetings at Kalamazoo, Mich., were much blessed of God. Last week she was at Newark, N. J., taking part in the Christian Convention conducted by Dr. Cullis in the Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, on Halsey Street. This week she is at Philadelphia, attending meetings at the Kemuel Home, 127 South Twelfth Street, which commenced January 12th. On January 20th she goes to Milton, Pa., for a series of meetings, under the presidency of Rev. W. L. Tollmer, commencing January 20th and continuing to January 26th.

Mr. W. Noble is Conducting Gospel Temperance meetings every night this week in the Broome Street Tabernacle, New York. They are largely attended by the class of people they are intended to reach, and it is believed that much good is being done. Reports continue to reach us from Louisville, Ky., and other places which this eminent evangelist has visited since he arrived in this country, of the value and permanence of the benefits derived from his addresses.

Mr. Moody Commences a Series of Meetings in Chicago to-day. They are being held in the Chicago Avenue Church, of which Rev. C. F. Goss is pastor. They will continue until next Thursday, two services being held each day. Admission is by ticket. Mr. Moody has issued an appeal for \$10,000, to pay for the furnishing of the new buildings recently added to the Mount Hermon School, at Gill, Mass. One hundred young men are now studying there, and the new buildings will accommodate two hundred more.

Mission Services Similar to those Conducted in the Protestant-Episcopal churches of New York with so much success last month are being held in Detroit, Mich. At the invitation of the Bishop and clergy, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, New York, has consented to take charge of the services. The daily programme of Mr. Rainsford's work is an early celebration of the holy communion, with a brief address, at St. John's Church, a service and sermon on the Christian life, at noon, at St. Paul's Church, specially intended for men, and a mission service in the evening at St. John's Church. In addition to these, services have been arranged for in all of the twenty Episcopal churches of Detroit, so that provision has been made for reaching the entire population of the city, and for carrying on the work in different parishes during this and next month.

A Temperance Mayor was Elected in Toronto on January 4th, after an exciting contest. There were two candidates. One of them was a millionaire brewer, who has already held the office, and under whose administration the liquor saloons have flourished. The other was Mr. W. H. Howland, a commission merchant, and a strong temperance man. The women of the city were allowed to vote, and in spite of the heavy rain which fell all day, they sallied forth in large numbers to vote for the temperance candidate. He also had the support of the workingmen. Mr. Howland was elected by a majority of nearly two thousand.

The Re-Opening of the Christian Church in Mandalay is a gratifying result of the British annexation of Burmah. It has been closed for six years. The Bishop of Rangoon has telegraphed to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for three clergymen. King Theebaw's predecessor on the throne undertook to build a church, a clergy house, and a large school if a missionary would work in the capital. The king kept his word, but after his death King Theebaw withdrew the royal protection, and on the

withdrawal of the English Residency, the missionary was forced to withdraw to English territory, not being allowed any choice in the matter by Theebaw. It is believed that the clergy house has been used as a Buddhist monastery and the church as a lottery office, but the Bishop of Rangoon now regards Mandalay as re-opened, and wishes the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to resume missionary work.

The Remarkable Resuscitation of an Apparent corpse is reported from Galena, Ill. On December 28th a citizen of Platteville, Wis., who has endured much pain for a long time from rheumatism of the feet, tried a new remedy for his suffering. He bathed his feet freely with tincture of aconite and then thrust them into a pail of hot water. A tingling sensation followed, the pulse weakened, the skin became moist and clammy, and violent vomiting and retching ensued. The heart seemed to have stopped beating, and the doctors who were summoned decided that the man had died from aconite poisoning, having absorbed the drug through his feet. An undertaker set about preparing the body for burial, when one of the physicians, as an experiment, injected with a hypodermic syringe a mixture of brandy and digitalis near the heart. In a few minutes the supposed dead man began to gasp, and there was a faint sound of beating over the heart. More hypodermics were given, the death pallor was succeeded by a reddish glow, the muscles relaxed, perspiration broke out, and the patient slowly returned to life. He is now entirely out of danger. There have been many people given up as spiritually dead who have been afterward quickened, and it has generally been by the heart rather than the head that the divine power has found an entrance (Eph. 2 : 1).

A Living Ladder Saved Seven Lives in Cincinnati on New Year's Day. There was a leak in a forty-inch water main, and eight men were sent to repair it. They dug a hole twenty feet square and ten feet deep in the middle of the street. Suddenly a sound like an underground explosion was heard from the east bank of the cavity. Then the earth of one side began to slip away rapidly, and was followed by an overwhelming flood of water. "Jump for your lives, boys!" the foreman shouted. "Climb out, climb out, or drown!" The men began to scramble up, but it was almost impossible to get out. The water poured in like a mill-race, and the heavy banks of earth began crumbling in. It looked as though the men would be caught and drowned. Then the foreman called to them to climb upon his shoulders, and in that manner every man was saved. When the foreman was pulled out of the ditch the water was up to his armpits. Just as he was pulled out two sides of the hole caved in, carrying several tons of earth into the place where the men had been struggling but a moment before. The heroic foreman in risking his life that his men might be saved was an example of that spirit of self-sacrifice the highest type of which was seen in Him who gave Himself to die that through Him men might ascend to union with God (Eph. 2 : 16-18).

A Lady's Christmas Present was Earned in a strange manner at St. Paul, Minn., last month. The St. Paul Globe says that on December 23d a well-dressed lady sat on an empty beer keg that had been rolled up against a small brick building on Rice Street. The people that passed along the sidewalk looked curiously at her, but she spoke no word, and they passed on. A dozen small boys gathered in a group, and made guesses on what she was doing and why she was there. She seemed somewhat embarrassed at the looks of the people, but she sat there all the same for two hours by the watch. She had asked her husband for a silk dress for Christmas. He at first refused, but on being pressed declared that she should have the dress if she would sit on the keg in that place for two hours. He had no idea that she would do it, but when it was done he kept his side of the bargain by purchasing the dress. As the re-

porter is careful to state that the lady was well dressed, it may be inferred that her need of the coveted garment was not urgent. Her desire for it, even though it was a superfluity, must have been strong or she would not have submitted to such an ordeal. We may well wish that such courage as she displayed might animate her Christian sisters in a better cause. Sometimes the cause of Christ suffers because ladies who really love Him have not the courage to face the remarks that a public witness for Him would evoke (Mark 8 : 38).

A Missing Will was Found in a Bible Recently in Baltimore, Md. The Baltimore Sun says that a long search for the will of a deceased citizen has ended in the discovery of the lost document in the family Bible. It was written upon the blank leaves intended for recording marriages and other domestic events. The executors produced a large, handsomely bound and illustrated Bible, quarto size, in court, and the will found between the Old and New Testaments was admitted to probate. The motive of the testator in choosing that place for recording his wishes concerning the distribution of his property is not known. It may be hoped, however, that the legatees will not be content with studying that part of the book only. They will find, on both sides of the will, intelligence about a far greater inheritance and much besides that concerns them (John 5 : 39).

A Cry Heard in the Storm which Raged on the Eastern coast on the night of Friday, January 8th, was very distressing to one of its hearers. The night watchman on Black Tom Island in New York Bay was going his rounds soon after midnight, when he heard a piercing shriek above the roar of the wind. He could not see two yards ahead, but he knew that the cry came from the bay. The water was boiling with the fury of the wind, and spray was being tossed ashore in blinding sheets. He went to the water's edge and listened. Then he heard in piteous tone the cry: "Help! Help! Won't some one save us?" The watchman aroused Captain Cook, who has charge of the stores on the island, and the captain went out in a steam-tug and cruised around the bay for two hours, but found no ship in distress nor any sign of trouble. He spoke to several sailors watching on the ships in the harbor, but, though they, too, had heard the cry, they could give no information. Who the poor drowning creature was that made that pitiful appeal will probably never be known. Many a tempest-tossed heart in the world's storm is raising that same cry. It is the Christian's duty to point the despairing ones to the One able and willing to save them (Isa. 63 : 5).

A Romantic Marriage was Solemnized at Cleveland, O., on January 5th. Two weeks before that date a young German citizen was passing the Union depot when he noticed a young lady in trouble. She was weeping bitterly, and though she was talking volubly, no one was able to understand her. He went to her assistance, and to his surprise found that she came from his native town in Bavaria, and was an old playmate of his own. She told him a sad story. She said that she came to America a few days before to seek her lover, who was also a Bavarian, and had promised to marry her. She had found him at Toledo, O., but he was already married to another, and she had come away heart-broken and penniless, and did not know what to do. The young German placed her in a respectable boarding-house and befriended her. Finally, after two weeks' wooing, he persuaded her to forget her unfaithful lover and become his wife. They were married accordingly on January 5th, and both seemed delighted with the arrangement. It may be hoped that the marriage will be a happy one. If the lady has ordinary gratitude she will not forget how her husband found her poor and friendless, and saved her from trouble. So the Church was found by her bridegroom when she was not seeking Him, and He gave His life for her (Eph. 5 : 25-27).

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S TEXT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—PSALM 50: 15.

Robinson Crusoe and its Author—Life's Castaways—I. Realism Preferred to Ritualism—Mummeries of Ritual—Sounds without Sense—Men Like Boys' Tops—II. Adversity Turned to Advantage—Grounds for Pleading—III. Grace under Bonds—A Promise with Power—No Pledge about Time—IV. God and Man Taking Shares.

ONE book charmed us all in the days of our youth. Is there a boy alive who has not read it? "Robinson Crusoe" was a wealth of wonders to me; I could have read it over a score times, and never have wearied. I am not ashamed to confess that I can read it even now with ever fresh delight. Robinson and his man Friday, though mere inventions of fiction, are wonderfully real to the most of us. But why am I running on in this way on a Sabbath evening? Is not this talk altogether out of order? I hope not. A passage in that book comes vividly before my recollection to-night as I read my text; and in it I find something more than an excuse. Robinson Crusoe has been wrecked. He is left in the desert island all alone. His case is a very pitiable one. He goes to his bed, and he is smitten with fever. This fever lasts upon him long, and he has no one to wait upon him—none even to bring him a drink of cold water. He is ready to perish. He had been accustomed to sin, and had all the vices of a sailor; but his hard case brought him to think. He opens a Bible which he finds in his chest, and he lights upon this passage, "*Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.*" That night

HE PRAYED

for the first time in his life, and ever after there was in him a hope in God, which marked the birth of the heavenly life.

De Foe, who composed the story, was, as you know, a Presbyterian minister; and though not overdone with spirituality, he knew enough of religion to be able to describe very vividly the experience of a man who is in despair, and who finds peace by casting himself upon his God. As a novelist, he had a keen eye for the probable, and he could think of no passage more likely to impress a poor broken spirit than this. Instinctively he perceived the mine of comfort which lies within these words.

Now I have everybody's attention, and this is one reason why I thus commenced my discourse. But I have a further purpose; for although Robinson Crusoe is not here, nor his man Friday either, yet there may be somebody here very like him, a person who has suffered shipwreck in life, and who has now become a drifting, solitary creature. He remembers better days, but by his sins he has become a castaway, whom no man seeks after. He is here to-night, washed up on shore without a friend, suffering in body, broken in estate, and crushed in spirit. In the midst of a city full of people, he has not a friend, nor one who would wish to own that he has ever known him. He has come to the bare bone of existence now. Nothing lies before him but poverty, misery, and death. Thus saith the Lord unto thee, my friend, this night, "*Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.*" Four things suggest themselves to me. May the Holy Ghost bless what I am able to say upon them!

I. The first observation is not so much in my text alone as in the text and the context.

REALISM

is preferred to ritualism. If you will carefully read the rest of the Psalm you will see that the Lord is speaking of the rites and ceremonies of Israel, and he is showing that he has little care about formalities of worship when the heart is absent from them. Praise and prayer are accepted in preference to every form of offering which it was possible for the Jew to present before the Lord. Why is this? First of all I

would answer, real prayer is far better than mere ritual, because *there is meaning in it*, and when grace is absent, there is no meaning in ritual; it is as senseless as

AN IDIOT'S GAME.

Did you ever stand in some Romish cathedral and see the daily service, especially if it happened to be upon a high day? What with the boys in white, and the men in violet, or pink, or red, or black, there were performers enough to stock a decent village. What with those who carried candlesticks, and those who carried crosses, and those who carried pots and pans, and cushions and books, and those who rang bells, and those who made a smoke, and those who sprinkled water, and those who bobbed their heads, and those who bowed their knees, the whole concern was very wonderful to look at, very amazing, very amusing, very childish. One wonders, when he sees it, whatever it is all about, and what kind of people those must be who are really made better by it. One marvels also what an idea pious Romanists must have of God if they imagine that He is pleased with such performances. Do you not wonder how the good Lord endures it? What must His glorious mind think of it all?

The glorious God cares nothing for pomp and show; but when you call upon Him in the day of trouble, and ask Him to deliver you, there is meaning in your groan of anguish. This is no empty form; there is heart in it, is there not? There is meaning in the appeal of sorrow, and therefore God prefers the prayer of a broken heart to the finest service that ever was performed by priests and choirs. In the poor man's prayer there are mind, heart, and soul; and hence it is real unto the Lord. Here is a living soul seeking contact with the living God in reality and in truth. A man standing up in yonder corner groans out, "O God, my heart will break!" There is more force in his moan than in a thousand of the biggest trumpets, drums, cymbals, tambourines, or any other instruments of music wherewith men seek to please God nowadays.

VAIN SOUND.

Why does God prefer realism to Ritualism? It is for this reason also that there is something spiritual in the cry of a troubled heart; and "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Suppose I were to repeat to-night the finest creed for accuracy that was ever composed by learned and orthodox men; yet, if I had no faith in it, and you had none, what were the use of the repetition of the words? Further, the Lord loves the cry of the broken heart because it distinctly recognizes Himself as the living God, in very deed sought after in prayer. From much of outward devotion God is absent. But how we mock God when we do not discern Him as present, and do not come nigh unto His very self! Besides, dear friends, God takes great delight in our crying to Him in the day of trouble because there is sincerity in it. I am afraid that in the hour of our mirth and the day of our prosperity many of our prayers and our thanksgivings are hypocrisy. Too many of us are like boys' tops, that cease to spin except they are whipped. Certainly we pray with a deep intensity when we get into great trouble. A man is very poor; he is out of a situation; he has worn his shoes out in trying to find work; he does not know where the next meal is coming from for his children; and if he prays now it is likely to be very sincere prayer, for he is in real earnest on account of real trouble. When we mean it; when the soul melts in prayer; when it is "I must have it, or be lost;" when it is no sham, no vain performance, but a real heart-breaking, agonizing cry, then God accepts it. Hence he says, "*Call upon me in the day of trouble.*"

Again, in the cry of the troubled one there is humility. We may go through a highly brilliant performance of religion, after the rites of some gaudy church; or we may go through our own rites, which are as simple as they can be;

and we may be all the while saying to ourselves, "This is very nicely done." The preacher may be thinking, "Am I not preaching well?" The brother at the prayer-meeting may feel within himself, "How delightfully fluent I am!" Whenever there is that spirit in us, God cannot accept our worship. Worship is not acceptable if it be devoid of humility. Now, when in the day of trouble a man goes to God, and says, "Lord, help me! I cannot help myself, but do Thou interpose for me," there is humility in that confession and cry, and hence the Lord takes delight in them.

FAITH IMPLIED.

Once more, the Lord loves such pleadings because there is a measure of faith in them. When the man in trouble cries, "Lord, deliver me!" he is looking away from himself. You see, he is driven out of himself because of the famine that is in the land. He cannot find hope or help on earth, and therefore he looks toward heaven. Perhaps he has been to friends, and they have failed him, and therefore, in sheer despair, he seeks his truest Friend. At last he comes to God; and though he cannot say that he believes in God's goodness as he ought, yet he has some dim and shadowy faith in it, or else he would not be coming to God in this his time of extremity. God loves to discover even the shadow of faith in His unbelieving creature.

See then, poor, weeping, and distracted ones, that it is not Ritualism, it is not the performance of pompous ceremonies, it is not bowing and scraping, it is not using sacred words; but it is crying to God in the hour of your trouble; which is the most acceptable sacrifice your spirit can bring before the throne of God.

THE ADVANTAGE.

II. Come we now to our second observation. May God impress it upon us all! In our text we have adversity turned to advantage. "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." We say it with all reverence, but God Himself cannot deliver a man who is not in trouble, and therefore it is some advantage to be in distress, because God can then deliver you. Even Jesus Christ, the Healer of men, cannot heal a man who is not sick; so that it turns to our advantage to be sick, in order that Christ may heal us. Thus, my hearer, your adversity may prove your advantage by offering occasion and opportunity for the display of divine grace.

Now let me suppose that there is some person here in trouble. Perhaps another deserted Robinson Crusoe is among us. I am not idly supposing that a tried individual is here; he is so. Well now, when you pray—and oh! I wish you would pray now—do you not see what a plea you have? You have first a plea from the time: "*Call upon me in the day of trouble.*" You can plead, "Lord, this is a day of trouble! I am in great affliction, and my case is urgent at this hour." Then state what your trouble is—that sick wife, that dying child, that sinking business, that failing health, that situation which you have lost—that poverty which stares you in the face. Say unto the Lord of mercy, "My Lord, if ever a man was in a day of trouble, I am that man; and therefore I take leave and license to pray to thee now, because thou hast said, '*Call upon me in the day of trouble.*'"

THE APPOINTED TIME.

Next, you cannot only make use of the time as a plea; but you may urge the trouble itself. You may argue thus, "Thou hast said, '*Call upon Me in the day of trouble.*' O Lord, thou seest how great my trouble is. It is a very heavy one. I cannot bear it, or get rid of it. It follows me to my bed; it will not let me sleep. When I rise up it is still with me, I cannot shake it off. Lord, my trouble is an unusual one: few are afflicted as I am; therefore give me extraordinary succor! Lord, my trouble is a crushing one; if thou do not help me, I shall soon be broken up by it!" That is good reasoning and prevalent pleading.

Further, turn your adversity to advantage by

pleading *the command*. You can go to the Lord now, at this precise instant, and say, "Lord, do hear me, for Thou hast commanded me to pray! I, though I am evil, would not tell a man to ask a thing of me, if I intended to deny him; I would not urge him to ask help, if I meant to refuse it." Do you not know, brethren, that we often impute to the good Lord conduct which we should be ashamed of in ourselves? This must not be. If you said to a poor man, "You are in very sad circumstances; write to me to-morrow, and I will see to your affairs for you;" and if he did write to you, you would not treat his letter with contempt. You would be bound to consider his case. When you told him to write, you meant that you would help him if you could. And when God tells you to call upon Him, He does not mock you; He means that He will deal kindly with you. Oh, you troubled ones, leap up at the sound of this word!

III. My third head is clearly in the text. Here we have free

GRACE UNDER BONDS.

Nothing in heaven or earth can be freer than grace, but here is grace putting itself under bonds of promise and covenant. Listen. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." If a person has once said to you, "I will," you hold him; he has placed himself at the command of his own declaration. If he is a true man, and has plainly said, "I will," you have him in your hand. He is not free after giving a promise as he was before it; he has set himself a certain way, and he must keep to it. Is it not so? I say so with the deepest reverence toward my Lord and Master, He has bound Himself in the text with cords that He cannot break. He must now hear and help those who call upon Him in the day of trouble. He has solemnly promised, and He will fully perform.

Notice that this text is unconditional as to the persons. It contains the gist of that other promise—"Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." He saith, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." Will you not prove Him now? Come hither, ye bonded ones, and see if He doth not free you! Come ye to Christ, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest! In temporals and in spirituals, but specially in spiritual things, call upon Him in the day of trouble, and He will deliver you. He is bound by this great unrestricted word of His, about which He has put neither ditch nor hedge; whosoever will call upon Him in the day of trouble, shall be delivered.

A PROMISE WITH POWER.

Moreover, notice that this "I will" includes all needful power which may be required for deliverance. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee." "But how can this be?" cries one. Ah! that I cannot tell you, and I do not feel bound to tell you; it rests with the Lord to find suitable ways and means. God says, "I will." Let Him do it in His own way. If He says, "I will," depend upon it He will keep His word.

TIME NOT PLEDGED.

Notice, the text does not say exactly when. "I will deliver thee" is plain enough; but whether it shall be to-morrow, or next week, or next year, is not so clear. You are in a great hurry; but the Lord is not. Your trial may not yet have wrought all the good to you that it was sent to do, and therefore it must last longer. When the gold is cast into the fining-pot, it might cry to the goldsmith, "Let me out." "No," saith he, "you have not yet lost your dross. You must tarry in the fire till I have purified you." God may therefore subject us to many trials; and yet if He says, "I will deliver thee," depend upon it He will keep His word. But promptitude is implied, for else deliverance would not be wrought. "I will deliver thee," implies that His delays will not be too protracted, lest the spirit of man should fail because of hope deferred. The Lord rideth on the wings

of the wind when He comes to the rescue of those who seek Him. Wherefore, be of good courage!

IV. Thus we have had three sweet things to remember; and we close with a fourth, which is this: here are God and the praying man

TAKING SHARES.

That is an odd word to close with, but I want you to notice it. Here are the shares. First, here is your share: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble." Secondly, here is God's share: "I will deliver thee." Again, you take a share—for you shall be delivered. And then again it is the Lord's turn—"Thou shalt glorify Me." Here is a compact, a covenant that God enters into with you who pray to Him, and whom He helps. He says, "You shall have the deliverance, but I must have the glory. You shall pray; I will bless; and then you shall honor My holy name." Here is a delightful partnership; we obtain that which we so greatly need, and all that God getteth is the glory which is due unto His name.

Poor troubled heart! I am sure you do not demur to these terms: "Sinners," saith the Lord, "I will give you pardon, but you must give Me the honor of it." Our only answer is, "Ay, Lord, that we will, forever and ever."

"Who is a pardoning God like thee?"

Or who has grace so rich and free?"

"I will take you home to heaven," says God; "I will deliver you from sin and death and hell; but I must have the glory of it." "Truly," say we, "Thou shalt be magnified."

STOP, YOU THIEF,

there! What are you at? Running away with a portion of God's glory? What a villain he must be! Here is a man that was lately a drunkard, and God has loved him and made him sober, and he is wonderfully proud because he is sober. What folly! Have done, sir! Have done! Give God the glory of your deliverance from the degrading vice, or else you are still degraded by ingratitude. Here is another man. He used to swear once; but he has been praying now; he even delivered a sermon the other night, or at least an open-air address. He has been as proud about this. Oh, reclaimed sinner, remember your former character, and be ashamed! Give God the glory if you have ceased to be profane. Give God the glory for every part of your salvation.

Go out henceforth, you saved ones, and tell out what the Lord has done for you. An aged woman once said that if the Lord Jesus Christ really did save her, He should never hear the last of it. Join with her in that resolve. Truly my soul vows that my delivering Lord shall never hear the last of my salvation.

"I'll praise Him in life, and praise Him in death,
And praise Him as long as He lendeth me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
'If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.'"

Come, poor soul, you that came in here to-night in the deepest of trouble, God means to glorify Himself by you! The day shall yet come when you shall comfort other mourners by the rehearsal of your happy experience. The day may yet come when you that were a cast-away shall preach the Gospel to castaways. The day shall yet come, poor fallen woman, when you shall lead other sinners to the Saviour's feet, where now you stand weeping! Thou abandoned of the devil, whom even Satan is tired of, whom the world rejects because thou art worn out and stale—the day shall yet come when, renewed in heart, and washed in the blood of the Lamb, thou shalt shine like a star in the firmament, to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made thee to be accepted in the Beloved! Oh desponding sinner, come to Jesus! Do call upon Him, I entreat you! Be persuaded to call upon your God and Father. If you can do no more than groan, groan unto God. Drop a tear, heave a sigh, and let your heart say to the Lord, "Oh God, deliver me, for Christ's sake! Save me from my sin and the consequences of it." As surely as you thus

pray, He will hear you, and say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Go in peace." So may it be. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

FAITH AND RATIONALISM,

with Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics, by George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D. The motto placed by the author on the title-page of his book is the key to its contents: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:17). In all the aspects in which the questions are looked at which are now agitating the thoughtful section of the community, this saying of the Master is an all-important consideration.

At first sight it seems unjustifiable to account for scepticism and infidelity on moral grounds. When a man declares his belief that the world is flat, and that the sun and planets revolve around it, we regard his declaration as an evidence of his mental incapacity, but not as an evidence of moral obliquity. Nevertheless, in spiritual matters a different course is justified. Experience teaches that something more than the intellect is necessary for the reception of spiritual truth. We are therefore right in suspecting that when spiritual truth is rejected the rejector lacks that something, whatever it may be. Various names are given to it, but its chief characteristic is docility. Science may be approached with the intellect only, but in approaching religion much will depend on the moral attitude. It is the man who desires to do God's will who will know the doctrine. The man who will become a sceptic is he who comes to the subject with the demand that there shall be no mystery, that everything shall be made plain, that no allowance shall be made for the influence of sin on his own capacity of judging, and that in all points logic shall be supreme. Dr. Fisher devotes his earlier pages to establishing this fact and to showing that the arrogance of intellect which men often bring to the study of divine things is the main cause of the prevalence of unbelief in our day. In other words, that the docile child arrives at the truth, while the cultured and self-satisfied man misses it. God does not reveal Himself to inquirers who propose to institute "prayer tests." He will answer the prayer of faith, and we do not know of any limits to His disposition to honor the confidence reposed in Him; but He is little likely to answer the prayer of a man who offers it simply to see whether He will answer it or not.

Dr. Fisher proceeds to show how this arrogance touches every question at issue between believers and rationalists, and that after all our arguments and our attempts to convince sceptics and avowed infidels, we are brought back to the fact stated by the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. 2:14), that spiritual things *cannot* be received by the unspiritual man, because "they are spiritually discerned." We believe this fact is lost sight of very much in this day. Our young men especially are apt to reject spiritual truth which the intellect cannot grasp, and are proud of their courage in doing so. They have nothing to be proud of, but are rather in the condition of a man who has lost the sense of smell, and refuses to believe in the perfume of a rose because he cannot smell it. Dr. Fisher, in stating the fact, illustrating it by familiar examples, such as the attitude of an earthly father to his children, and applying it to the controverted points which are the favorite objects of rationalistic attack, has done valuable service. If the godly friends of a young man who is dazzled by atheistic logic would place this little work in his hands, they would do him a kindness. Pp. 191; price, 75 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

TWELVE HOURS

with Young People is the title of a series of earnest, common-sense lectures, full of sound moral and religious teaching, by Rev. H. Martin Kellogg, of Greenwich, Conn. A few anecdotes culled almost at random from the pages of the



A Jewish Exodus.

book will show its character better than any description. "There was once a *young shoemaker*, who was so interested in the political issues of the day that he collected a lot of followers in his shop by day to discuss and argue on those questions, and had to work diligently by night to make up for the hours wasted by day. Late one night, when he was busy at his bench, a mischievous boy passing by shouted through the key-hole of the door, 'Shoemaker, work by night and gad about by day.' He then formed the resolution not to put off necessary work, and not to be idle when there was work to be done. He afterward became illustrious as William Drew."

Prosy preachers may learn a lesson from an interruption of a sermon by an insane hearer. The clergyman was describing the preparations for an execution, and the journey of a man who was coming over the hills with a pardon for the condemned criminal. The clergyman dwelt minutely on the incidents of that journey, and with such prolixity that one of his hearers, who was demented, called out, "Hurry up! They'll hang that man if you don't!" In warning his hearers against liquor, the author tells a story of a *drowned Irishman*. He says: "A party of Irishmen were reeling along the bank of a river at midnight. They were loud in the praise of their drinks, and one of them declared with oaths that whiskey was his meat and drink, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. 'There, Mike,' said one of the company, 'ye're provided for now. Ye've had your mate and drink, and now ye've got your washin' and lodgin'. Good-by.'"

Lincoln's blunder is the subject of an anecdote in the chapter on "honesty." "When Lincoln was clerk in a country store, he was one night closing up, when a woman came in for half a pound of tea. The next morning he noticed that there was a quarter-pound weight on the scale, and the thought flashed upon him that he had given the woman only one half the

tea she paid for. Instantly he closed the store, weighed another quarter of tea, and walked a long distance before breakfast to make it square with the woman." One other incident must close the list, though it might be largely extended. It illustrates *the evils of dancing*, on which the author gives much valuable advice. "When the Hippodrome revival was in progress in New York under Mr. Moody, in 1876, I talked with a young man in the inquiry-room who was anxious to make his peace with God. The one obstacle was a ticket to a dance which he had in his pocket and showed me. I labored long and earnestly to have him give up the dance for Christ then, and to let me tear up the ticket. He fiercely battled in mind over it, but the temptation was too strong. He solemnly promised when we separated to never attend a dance after that one, but to come to the Hippodrome the evening following and seek me out and give his heart to God. He never came back!"

Each of the twelve lectures has for its chief object the conversion of young people, and warning them against evils that tend to keep them from coming to Christ. Pp. 312; price, \$1. Published by *N. Tibbals & Sons*.

A JEWISH EXODUS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

It is remarkable that the revolutions and political changes which have during recent years emancipated large populations who were under the yoke of Turkey have brought misery to the Jews. It is not long since all Europe was aroused by the appeal for sympathy with the Bulgarian Christians. Roumania, Servia, and other provinces also claimed a share in public sympathy; yet no sooner have they secured independence and deliverance from Turkish misgovernment than they have begun to persecute.

In the provinces, as in some parts of Germany and Russia, the Jew has no protection for his person or his property. In Roumania alone there are two hundred and fifty thousand Jews

who are practically outlaws. These were not only born in the country, but their parents and ancestors for more than two centuries were born there. Yet under a law recently passed they are judged aliens, and are at any time liable to expulsion. On the complaint of any person who has a grudge against them a notice is issued requiring them to leave the country within twenty-four hours. So lately as October last a distinguished Jewish professor in the University of Bucharest, an author of European reputation, was unexpectedly served with such a notice, and was forced to leave his friends and property, and go immediately. Sometimes a number of Jewish families receive the notice at the same time, and then there is a large cart hired, and they all set out together for the frontier. Such a party is shown in the illustration. It is by no means an uncommon spectacle in South-eastern Europe.

The unpopularity of the Jews is mainly due to the ability they possess in financial affairs. They succeed in trade where others fail, they lend money on mortgage, they discount bills, and in other ways gain money by business. The men who owe them money and the men who are their unsuccessful rivals in business rejoice in their expulsion, and are only too ready to set the machinery of the law in motion against them. Their unpopularity is extending, so that it is becoming increasingly difficult for them to find a place of refuge in which they can find a sphere for their talents. Evidently the Lord is stirring them from their resting-places and driving them into the wilderness, that He may prepare them for their settlement in their own land—an event which must now be near at hand.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

(See Illustration on page 29.)

It was a dreary night in mid-winter. Rain was falling, and the wind, cold and icy, pelted the unfortunate pedestrians with it in their faces. Men were hurrying along to their homes

from their work, and looking forward to the light and warmth with unusual longing. It was a night on which to appreciate a comfortable fireside and a substantial meal—a bad night, indeed, for any one without a home.

Outside a grand hotel a man was pacing wearily, watching anxiously every one who passed through its doors. He was poorly clad, and looked worn and haggard. He seemed scarcely conscious of the rain or cold. His whole attention was given to his quest. At last a well-dressed man descended from a carriage and entered the hotel, and the watcher followed him. Inside the doors he spoke, uttering some request in a subdued tone.

"I have nothing to give you," was the reply, spoken in a harsh, petulant voice. "It is of no use following me around, and if you come here again I shall hand you over to the police."

"But my wife and children are starving," urged the man. "One of them is ill, and we have neither doctor nor medicine for her, and the agent is going to turn us out of the house to-morrow. If you'll help me now I'll work on half pay till I've paid you honestly. The works will open again soon, won't they, sir?"

"I don't know. Perhaps they won't open again at all. Anyhow, I can't support you, and I won't. Now go."

"You'll be sorry for this some day," said the man, as he slunk away with downcast face, and the other turned to speak to a portly gentleman, whose appearance indicated that he was an Englishman of the wealthy class.

The two gentlemen went up to the capitalist's room, and were soon immersed in their negotiation. It continued nearly half an hour, and then the Englishman descended, and beckoned his servant, who was waiting for him below, to call his carriage. As he sallied forth to be driven to his hotel, he saw the man whose sad lot had touched him, leaning in a disconsolate attitude against the iron fence.

"You are in trouble, my man," he said. "Out of work, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I was just thinking whether I had better jump into the river. There seems no use for me in this world."

"Tut, tut, don't think of such a thing. It's wicked. Look here, I'll give you something. Here's half a crown—half a dollar, I mean. Go and get something to eat, and then come to me at my hotel. I'll see what can be done."

"God in heaven bless you, sir! I thought there was no pity in the world."

Half an hour later he was in the Englishman's room at the hotel, looking like another man, so changed was he by the hope within him.

"You would be willing to work, I suppose," said the Englishman, when he had heard the man's story.

"I'd be glad to. I don't want charity. If any man will give me work, here I am able and willing to do it."

"Well, I can put you right then. I am interested in some works here, and if you take that note"—handing him one—"to the manager, he will put you on."

"Thank you, sir; you've made a man of me."

"Now, tell me what you meant by saying to that gentleman just now that he would be sorry for not helping you."

"Well, sir, it was a safe thing to say. He is



A Friend in Need.

a Christian man—at least, he professes to be. Don't you think the Lord would have something to say to him if my child died for want of medicine or any of us suffered for want of food, while he has more money than he knows what to do with? I guess he would be called to account for it, and be sorry enough. Then there's something besides that. A boss who acts the hog like that is as good to the socialists as a paid agent. What aggravates them is that they get only the worst of the men. They can't get the decent, law-abiding men to join. But what they can't do, men like him do. They drive the quiet men into the socialist societies. If the bosses would do as you are doing—give us a helping hand when we are in a tight place—they would make friends of us instead of enemies. A time is coming when they will need friends. That is what I meant, sir. But I am glad you've saved me, for I don't want to be one of that socialist gang."

"No, no; keep out of such company, my man."

"Thank you, sir, I will; but it was a tight pinch. We love our wives and children as much as a millionaire does his."

The Englishman understood him, and as he sat alone in his comfortable room when the man had left him, he thought seriously of what he had heard, and asked God to make his duty plain to him, for these men, as he saw now, were his brethren, whose needs he could not neglect without peril (1 John 3:17).

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 13.)

Reunion.

NINETEEN long years of separation! James Grey, holding his daughter in his arms, could scarcely realize that so long a time had elapsed

since he had clasped her to his breast. To Alice it seemed quite as long a time. The years with her had been more eventful than with her father. Her memory, glancing back over them, saw so many incidents painful and pleasant in the field of life over which she had travelled, that it seemed as if the day on which she left her Vermont home was separated from this day when she again met her father by a vast interval.

She was overjoyed to see him, and the bitter resentment which she had cherished so long melted away in tears. Nevertheless, Alice was not the Alice of old days. James Grey saw the change even in his delight at the reconciliation. There was the old affection, the old charm of manner which he knew so well, but the woman of forty was not in spirit the girl of twenty from whom he parted twenty years ago. She was harder, colder, less impulsive, and, as James Grey perceived, seemed to be under some kind of constraint.

Twenty years of conflict with the world are not endured without important results perceptible to those who meet after that long interval. The believer, seeking always to grow in grace, learning from every struggle some great lesson, drawing closer in every crisis to his Saviour, is ever rising to higher levels in the divine life. Each victory, like each defeat, teaches him the

same truth—that in himself he is utter weakness, but that in Christ he is invincible. So he becomes humble, more unselfish, more sympathetic with others—in a word, more like his Master. To the man who walks with God through a long life death seems to come unlike death. We rather think of him as the sacred record speaks of Enoch, "he was not, for God took him." But the man or woman who struggles with the world unaided, learns cunning, craft, subtlety, becomes wily and selfish, and loses the loveliness of character we so often see in youth. It was the latter road that Alice seemed to have travelled. She was not frank and open even with her father. Her story, even as she told it, was evidently not the whole truth, and much was left untold either because it was painful or shameful to speak of it. Well, he would not press her for details. Poor girl, she had clearly suffered much, and her life had not been happy. He was pleased to be reconciled, and to have her with him again that he might help her. On his side he was glad to let bygones be bygones, and that appeared to be Alice's desire.

Her story, as she chose to tell it, was brief. Little more than a year after her arrival in Italy, she became the mother of twin children—a boy and a girl. Shortly after their birth she contracted a terrible fever, which for a long time threatened her life. She was a long time delirious, and when she recovered her reason, she learned that her husband also had been prostrated by the same disease, and was not yet entirely restored. She said that he was completely changed by his illness, which had impaired his faculties, and left him mentally a wreck. His love of art was gone; his hand had lost its cunning, and his memory was a blank. Himself and their children he knew, but no one else. He had even forgotten the names of people, and places with which he was familiar in his youth. She begged her father to remember this

when they met, and to be careful not to remark any lapses he might notice, as it distressed Stephen to have people notice a fact of which he was himself painfully conscious.

Alice's present circumstances were also unhappy. They were involved in a lawsuit, and were almost penniless. Stephen's parents were dead, and he came to America to claim the property to which he was heir. But the executors refused to put him in possession of it. They even doubted his identity, and Stephen himself, with his impaired memory, was unable to prove his title. He seemed to have forgotten everything connected with his life before he was seized with the fever. His failure to remember various details in connection with his father's estate had prejudiced the courts against him, and he could not, consequently, obtain the possession of his property. This last was very embarrassing; they had some money left, of course, but it was rapidly dwindling. It was hard to have one's belongings held from them upon the merest technicalities. Her husband, however, was showing signs of improvement, and might soon be able to convince the courts after all.

James Grey sighed. He was glad that he was so rich. He could care for Alice and her family, and his money should be used freely in the courts to get justice for Stephen. Still it was hard to think that Alice's husband was in a condition to need such friendship. Was the trouble which had come upon his darling child the working out of the terrible words he had uttered, and the wicked wishes he had indulged when she left his roof before—before he had realized his wicked, stubborn injustice? He feared that it was. Alice had suffered, as in those days he wished—almost prayed that she might suffer, and he wondered if his sin against her could ever be atoned for by all the kindness he was now prepared to lavish upon her.

In person Alice did not seem to have been a severe sufferer. She was as beautiful as ever, though with a maturer loveliness. The woman of forty looked scarce thirty, and the gravity and dignity of her manner gave her new charms. The slight, supple figure of the maiden had developed without losing its grace. Under Italian skies her complexion had taken a richer tint, and she was still a woman whom a painter would delight to draw.

Stephen, on the other hand, was strangely changed. James Grey was not surprised that the executors had doubted his identity. Alice, after relating her story, went in search of him, and brought him to her father, and the latter, looking at him, confessed to himself that he would not have recognized his son-in-law had Alice not been there to introduce him. Excepting his dark hair, eyes, and complexion, there was nothing about him to remind one of the young artist who married Alice Grey nineteen years before.

Dissipation, or something worse, had made his once fine, delicate features coarse, brutal, and sensual. His appearance shocked and pained James Grey. He could scarcely believe that this vicious, scowling animal was the once bright, handsome, charming Stephen Vane to whom he had given his child.

"Poor Allie," he said, calling her by her baby name. "Poor, poor Allie!"

It seemed terrible to think that she was bound to such a creature.

Alice's two children—Merton, the son, and Myrtie, the daughter—were the bright side of the picture.

Myrtie looked as her mother did before her marriage, and Merton reminded his grandfather of Stephen Vane when the latter came to Vermont to paint the old mountains near Arlington.

How strange it seemed to the old man to have these two handsome young people introduced to him! He had pictured to himself Alice placing a baby in his arms, while, perhaps, another little toddler was holding to her skirts. But here was a young man as tall as himself, strong and manly in form, calling him grandfather. And Myrtie, slight and graceful, but womanly,

kissed him gravely, almost with a blush, as if telling him that as a stranger he ought to be grateful for an honor accorded to few. Mr. Grey's head was bewildered, but his heart was captured. These two took possession of it at once. Indeed, toward Myrtie he felt a tenderness equal to his affection for his own daughter. It seemed to him that in her, more than in Alice, his daughter was come back to him. He could not refrain from addressing her as "Alice," so much did she resemble the dear girl who left him nineteen years ago. He was never tired of talking to her and listening to her musical voice. He brought sunshine into the house with his wealth, while they brought sunshine into his heart with their affection. He was no longer the lonely old man for whom no one cared. Here were his own descendants, his own flesh and blood, for him to love and provide for.

Soon after the arrival of James Grey the courts surrendered to Stephen Vane his father's property, and the family went to live in Richmond. James Grey then willed his property to Alice and her children, and was glad to know that their future was so secure.

After prosperity came back to them Stephen Vane became less moody and disagreeable. He made an effort to be pleasant and cheerful, and James Grey began to think that there was some good in his son-in-law after all.

Mr. Grey lived with the family. The thought of separation, even so slight a separation as sleeping under another roof, was painful to him. The long-dormant yearning of his heart for the love of kindred seemed now to be insatiable. He was never happy unless Alice or Myrtie was with him, and he delighted in having Merton, too, within sight, but was nervously apprehensive of making the young man restive by too close an attendance in his home. With Stephen Vane he talked little. There was a coarseness about all his thoughts and words which wounded the old man. He was kind and friendly after a fashion, but it seemed to require an effort, and Mr. Grey, desiring above all things to remain in friendly relations with him, did not seek his society. He had an idea, which he did not like to acknowledge even to himself, that the less he saw of his son-in-law the better he would like him. He had his daughter and his two grandchildren, and with them he was happy. He often said during those days that such felicity was more than he deserved.

Everything ran along smoothly for several months, until one day when a letter bearing a curious seal came for Stephen.

He began trembling the moment he saw the seal, and when he opened the letter his face became livid, and his agitation increased. An agony of horror seemed to take possession of him.

"I must go to New York at once," he said, as soon as he could calm himself. "A very foolish friend of mine is in deep and serious trouble. I must hasten to his assistance." His hands were trembling visibly, and his whole frame shook as if in terror. He hastily collected a few things in the room and hurried out to pack a valise for his journey. In his agitation he left the letter on the table. Almost instantly he returned and seized it, but not before James Grey had read the single line it contained:

"London, May 7th. The man has escaped. J. T. B."

Stephen looked furtively at his father-in-law and his wife, both of whom were seated in the room, as if he would read in their faces whether they had caught sight of the intelligence the letter contained, but he asked no questions, and hurried away to prepare for his journey. Half an hour later, having uttered hasty farewells, he quitted the house for the depot.

His steps had scarcely passed beyond hearing when Alice was at her father's side. "Tell me, father," she said, "what was in that letter to agitate Stephen like that? I noticed that you saw it."

Mr. Grey admitted that he did, and, as there was no need of concealment between them, he

told her what he had read. Evidently the line was as much a mystery to Alice as to Mr. Grey himself.

"Who is J. T. B. of London?" he asked. "I have not the slightest idea," said Alice. "I cannot think of any one with those initials, and I do not know a soul in London. Stephen was there for some days before we returned to America, and he had business there, but I never knew anything of its character."

"I am afraid, my dear, that it was not of creditable nature. There is some dark mystery in the affair that, I fear, implies wrong-doing of some kind. Some man was being held inurance whose freedom Stephen has reason to dread. The fact is known, too, for the letter is clearly intended as a warning to him. Then, again, his perturbation was extreme, and the excuse for his journey was a falsehood on the face of it. Stephen is not the man I took him to be." In his subdued, chastened spirit Mr. Grey forbore to remind his daughter of the reluctance with which he had consented to the marriage. She, however, noticed and appreciated his delicacy, and going to his side she put an arm around his neck and kissed him.

"Dear father," she said, "I have been an ungrateful daughter to you. I have caused you sore distress. Can you forgive me?"

"I do, my darling, I do. You are all the world to me. I would willingly lay down what remains to me of life if its sacrifice could bring happiness to you. I can see that you are miserable, and I fear there is no remedy while your husband lives. He is not worthy of you."

"I dare not say that, father. He is not worthy of the girl I was when I left your roof. But I have fallen, oh, so deeply! I deserve nothing better than what I am suffering at his hands, and I am thankful that your protection saves me from what might be worse. When I was ill and weak, and scarcely in possession of my senses he tempted me, and I fell. Starvation was staring me in the face—starvation among strangers. I had not a friend in the world, and I became a partner with him—a confederate in a crime which I dare not disclose even to you. I am a guilty woman, and I deserve my punishment."

"Dear Alice, I do not wish you to confess to me. If I can help you, you will tell me how, and I will do it at any cost. But for yourself, let me urge you to go to the unfailing Source of consolation and strength. Do not let your guilt keep you away from the Saviour. He longs to receive the penitent, and you will be welcome. I have prayed for you through many years. It was your dear mother's dying wish that you might be brought to trust in Jesus. Perhaps that is why you are being so severely tried. God is drawing you to Himself. Go to Him, my love, and you will be met with infinite compassion. Tell Him everything, and ask His pardon. It will be given you freely, and you will be taught your duty. You are in the wrong path now. Concealment is never the right road. Ask God for wisdom and strength to do right."

The old man in his earnest pleading had grasped his daughter's hands in his, and he looked at her through fast gathering tears.

"Oh, father, I cannot—I cannot! You do not know how wicked I am. I dare not go to God in prayer with my sins upon my head. I must confess first, and then I would ask you to plead for me. I dare not go to Him myself. I must confess, but I cannot."

"Can I help you, my dear? This man is not Stephen Vane; he is an impostor who has persuaded you to help him obtain your husband's property? That is it, is it not? He is not Stephen Vane, is he?"

"Oh, yes, father, he is Stephen Vane. But I do not wonder that you are doubtful. He is so brutal, so deceitful that you cannot think he is the man you knew in those happy times at Arlington. I cannot tell you now. Give me till to-morrow. I am too much agitated now to say more, but I will try to tell you all. But the very thought of it is frightful to me now."

She gasped as if her breath was stopping, and her face worked painfully. He caught her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

They sat side by side for a long time and the father stroked her fair hair as he used to when she was a child.

It seemed to soothe her, for she became calmer, and presently she smiled. They had a long talk about old times that night, and he did not go to his room until it was very late.

In the morning he did not come down to breakfast. A little before noon they rapped at his door, but received no answer. In an agony of apprehension Alice had the door broken open, and there in the middle of the floor lay her father dead and cold. She flung herself down beside him in anguish, weeping as those weep whose last friend death has taken. She thought of his devotion, of his tender love; and her tears flowed freely.

But how had he died? There was a gash on his forehead, but that Alice supposed had been inflicted by his fall. The physician for whom they sent thought otherwise. The gash was not sufficient to have caused his death, and it had been caused by a blow not by a fall. Gradually it became clear to them that James Grey had been murdered.

(To be continued.)

CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 24, II Kings 25: 1-12. Golden Text, Jer. 29: 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter. The Curse of the Broken Law—Long Withheld—Must Fall upon the Nation—An All-pervading Curse—The Law of the Sabbatical Year—The Sabbath Faith Keeps—The Corrupt Nation—The City Besieged—The King Captured—Jerusalem Pillaged.

The iniquity of the children of Judah was at last full (Gen. 15: 16), and the forbearance of God could hold out no more. The curse of the broken law must come upon His people. God must keep His Word in judgment as He had always kept it in mercy. He had declared that if His people would not hearken unto Him, all the curses mentioned in Deut. 28: 15-63, Lev. 26: 14-43 must come upon them. The judgment of God was to touch them in the city, in the field, in their basket, and in their store, in the fruit of their body, their land, their kine, and their sheep. "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far. . . . And He shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout thy land, . . . which the Lord thy God hath given thee" (Deut. 28: 49-52). "And I will bring a sword upon you, that shall *avenge the quarrel of My covenant*. . . . And I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries into desolation. . . . And I will scatter you among the heathen, and will draw out a sword after you: and your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land

ENJOY HER SABBATHS,

as long as it lieth desolate, and ye shall be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her Sabbaths. As long as it lieth desolate it shall rest; because it did not rest in your Sabbaths, when ye dwelt upon it."

The law of the Sabbath (Ex. 23: 10; Lev. 25: 1-13) was one which called for real faith on the part of God's people. They had to trust Him that the produce of the land on the sixth year should suffice for that and the two following years, without any tilling of the ground (Lev. 25: 19-22). But human reasoning had prevailed among the people, God's law was set aside, neither the land nor the people enjoyed the Sabbath which God had provided, and thus He must take matters into His own hands, "To fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years" (II Chron. 36: 21). Seven seventies make four hundred and ninety. Add this to the date of the captivity, 610, and it brings us to the time of King Saul. Thus the failure to keep Sabbath

must have commenced in the time of the Judges, when "there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes" (Judges 21: 25).

Why should the law of the Sabbath assume such proportions in the eyes of our God? Surely because He is the chief Worker. If we assume such responsibility in the care of our own souls, or those of others, in the care of our Christian work, our business, our family, our physical health, or any other thing—as to take the burden upon ourselves—we are ignoring the fact that God careth for us, and we are putting Him out of His cherished place as our Father.

FAITH RESTS.

"We which have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. 4: 3). We keep Sabbath because God is at work. The children of Israel could not trust God to feed them during the sabbatical year, and so they failed to keep Sabbath. The failure to trust Him about the common things of life opened the way for trust in false gods. His people, failing to have direct dealing with Him about the common affairs of life, lost the opportunity to prove His faithfulness, and so the knowledge of God failed in the land. In many ways our loving God teaches us that He would have us dependent upon Him for everything. "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4: 6). Pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks (I Thess. 5: 17, 18). "Without Me ye can do nothing" (John 15: 5). "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you" (I Pet. 5: 7). Now, as we rest one thing after another over upon God, we learn to keep Sabbath, or enter into rest about that thing, because God has engaged Himself to carry it through just as He undertook to provide the children of Israel with food when their land kept Sabbath. "There remaineth therefore a rest [margin, "keeping of a Sabbath"] to the people of God. For he that is entered into His rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His" (Heb. 4: 9, 10). Our Sabbath-keeping is to take our hands off from that which God undertakes, and when we fail to do this, and continue to worry and fret, and make efforts, God brings us into captivity by loss of health, of property, or of friends, "until the land has enjoyed her Sabbaths." God wants the Sabbath to sink down into our souls and to become part of our very being.

THE CORRUPT NATION.

The history of Judah's captivity is a sad one, and yet our loving God dealt with His people in love. Just as in Pharaoh's case, so in Zedekiah's: God made use of their own wilful hardness of heart to accomplish His purposes. Zedekiah "rebelled against king Nebuchadnezzar, who had made him swear by God" (II Chron. 36: 13). "He despised the oath by breaking the covenant, when lo, he had given his hand" (Ezek. 17: 18). "But he stiffened his neck, and hardened his heart from turning unto the Lord God of Israel" (II Chron. 36: 13, 14). "Through the anger of the Lord it came to pass . . . that Zedekiah rebelled against the king of Babylon" (II Kings 24: 20). We see in comparing these passages God's side and man's side in the rebellion of Zedekiah. But the king was not alone in his guilt. "Moreover, all the chief of the priests, and the people transgressed very much, after all the abominations of the heathen, and polluted the house of the Lord which He had hallowed in Jerusalem; . . . they mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people until there was no remedy [margin, no healing]."

THE SIEGE.

The foolish king, whom God had lovingly warned by Jeremiah that Nebuchadnezzar would conquer him and take him captive, and his people, unless he submitted and surrendered himself (Jer. 38: 14-23), yet took his own headstrong way, and held out the siege eighteen months, until "the famine prevailed in the city, there was no bread for the people of the land." What

the sufferings of the besieged must have been during that time it would be impossible to imagine. The people were guilty as well as the king, and truly they must have suffered. We cannot disobey God without suffering. He would always lead us "beside the still waters" (Ps. 23: 2) if we would let Him; He would guide us with His eye (Ps. 32: 8, 9) if we would not be like the horse and mule, which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle. Oh, how many sicknesses might be spared if we would watch the Lord and sit at His feet to listen to what He says to us! Oh, how much thwarting of our will should we escape if we took for granted at all times that the Lord knows better than we do, and if we yielded instantaneously to Him! So long as we persist in having our own way, we act as though we knew better than God, and as though He were not doing a Father's part, and neglected the interests of His children. According to our unbelief must it be unto us.

THE KING CAPTURED.

It was a sad story, "the city was broken up," that very city which God had chosen for His habitation (Ps. 132: 13), the very "city of the great king," where God was "known in her palaces as a Refuge" (Ps. 48: 2, 3). "All the men of war fled, . . . and the king went the way toward the plain." Hopeless flight! Zedekiah was not fleeing only from Nebuchadnezzar, but from God, who had declared, "The prince that is among them [Zedekiah] shall bear upon his shoulder in the twilight, and shall go forth. . . . My net also will I spread upon him, and he shall be taken in My snare: and I will bring him to Babylon, to the land of the Chaldeans; yet shall he not see it, though he shall die there" (Ezek. 12: 12, 13). So it happened the army of the Chaldeans pursued after the king, and overtook him in the plains of Jericho: and all his army were scattered from him. So they took the king, and brought him to the king of Babylon to Riblah; and they gave judgment upon him. And then the poor rebellious king had to undergo the agony of seeing his sons put to death before his eyes, and then to have his own eyes put out, so that, although bound with fetters of brass and taken captive into the land of the Chaldeans, he did not see it.

JERUSALEM PILLAGED.

One month later Nebuchadnezzar sent his general, Nebuzar-adan, to Jerusalem, and the whole city, including the beautiful temple, was burnt with fire, and the very walls of the city were broken down. But all the vessels of the house of the Lord, and all the treasures of the palace were carried away to Babylon, the beautiful pillars of brass and the brazen sea were broken up and carried to Babylon, and thus the word of the Lord was fulfilled, and Jerusalem laid desolate. None were left in Jerusalem but "the poor of the land," who were left to be "vine-dressers and husbandmen." It is a mournful story, and one which has been repeated in many a Christian church and many a Christian heart. The Lord claims obedience, and every disobedience must receive "a just recompense of reward" (Heb. 2: 2). He calls us to keep Sabbath by living a life of constant dependence upon Him. If we fail to do this we come in some way or other into captivity, in some way or other the strength of body, or the spiritual experience, or the wisdom in which we have trusted, fails us, and we find ourselves in captivity until we have learned to keep Sabbath, and to rest truly and entirely in the Lord.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-'78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address The Manager, CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, 63 Bible House, New York.

"ABIDE IN ME."

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee,
From this good hour, oh leave me nevermore;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of
sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume, in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

Abide in me: there have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy
power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

—Harriet B. Stowe.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOW READY.

224 Pages of the choicest gems of Sunday-School
Songs from more than 100 popular composers.

Hymns of Praise

Contains Music for Each Hymn.
\$30 per 100 Copies, in Board Covers.
The book in beautiful Cloth Covers will still be fur-
nished at \$40 per 100 Copies.

Hymns of Praise
IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

EXAMINE IT before you buy a new book.
Intelligent S. S. workers who appreciate a first-class
book, are adopting HYMNS OF PRAISE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

—THE—
SECURITY
Mutual Benefit Society
OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Opp. Post Office.
Insures from \$1000 to \$5000.

ONLY TEN ASSESSMENTS
have been levied since the Society began business,
averaging a trifle over three a year, and making the
cost for assessments to a man of 35 years, but \$4.03
a year for \$1000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted.
Remunerative employment offered energetic and
reliable men.

The Secret Lock Box.



This Box for Money or Valuables to be kept strictly
private is provided with a Patent Bank Lock. It
can be locked upon any one of thousands of com-
binations and cannot be opened without knowing the
combination, which can be changed as often as you
please. Made of brass, nickel plated and engraved.
Sent by mail, carefully packed, upon receipt of Fifty
cents cash or postage stamps. Address THE DIAL
CO., P. O. Box 1535, New York.
Please mention The Christian Herald.

500 VERSES for only 10 cts.
In Postage stamps or silver. The most
complete collection ever issued. Large
Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers,
Saws, Axes, Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos,
Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph In-
struments, Printing, Presses, Photograph Outfits, rare and
curious novelties, books, &c. FREE World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.
Send for our enlarged catalogue of Gospel Tracts and
Booklets, Books for children, Bible Students, etc.,
etc., Imported from British Evangelical Publishers.
Sample Packet of Tracts will be forwarded free on ap-
plication.
Gospel Book and Tract Repository,
Orillia, Canada.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

Miss Havergal's Devotional Books, Complete in One Volume.

ROYAL GRACE AND LOYAL GIFTS.

ROYAL COMMANDMENTS. KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE. THE ROYAL INVITATION.
ROYAL BOUNTY. MY KING. LOYAL RESPONSES.
One Volume, 570 pages, in Large Type, tastefully bound in cloth, \$1.
Of all modern devotional books, Miss Havergal's have proved the most acceptable, and a repeated demand for
an edition containing the six separate volumes, has led to the present issue, at a price
which places it within the reach of all.

Separate Volumes, attractively bound in cloth, at 25c.
each, or in paper, illuminated covers, 20c. each.
KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.
LOYAL RESPONSES, and ECHOES FROM THE
WORD.
ROYAL BOUNTY.
THE ROYAL INVITATION.
ROYAL COMMANDMENTS.
MY KING.
The above six volumes in set, at \$1.50.

For Children.

MORNING BELLS; or, Waking Thoughts for the
Little Ones. Cloth, 32mo, 25c.; paper, 15c.
LITTLE PILLOWS; or, Good-night Thoughts for the
Little Ones. Cloth, 32mo, 25c.; paper, 15c.
MORNING BELLS and LITTLE PILLOWS. The two
volumes in one. Cloth, 32mo, 40c.
MORNING STARS; or, Names of Christ for His
Little Ones. Cloth, 32mo, 25 cents; paper, 15c.

Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal. Edited by her Sister, M. V. G. H.
With Steel Portrait and four Illustrations. Cloth, 12mo, 400 pages. Price reduced to \$1.25.
THE LETTERS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, hitherto unpublished. Edited by her sister, M. V. G.
Havergal. 12mo, \$1.25.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
900 Broadway, cor. 20th Street, New York.

Either or all of the above sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price. Fractional amounts can be
remitted in postage-stamps.

There are about 4,000,000 boys in the United States from 10 to 16 years of age.
Set before these young people a high aim and purpose in life and you develop a healthful ambition to
meet and overcome the obstacles with which all young men have to contend.

Among the influence to this end, none are more helpful than good books, which inculcate by force of
notable example, the worth of patient industry, strict adherence to integrity, and the adoption of Christ-
ian principle as the elements of success.

A book that fully meets these requirements is

Poor Boys Who Became Famous.

By MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

Handsome Cloth Binding. Fully Illustrated with 24 Portraits. Price, \$1.50.

Short biographical sketches of George Peabody, Michael Faraday, Samuel Johnson, Admiral Farragut,
Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison, Garibaldi, President Lincoln, and other noted persons who from
humble circumstances, have risen to fame and distinction, and left behind an imperishable record.
"It is seldom that a book passes under our notice which we feel impelled to commend so highly to young
readers and especially to boys."—N. Y. Observer.
"No book within our knowledge is better suited to be adopted in the rapidly growing reading circles of our
country."—Journal of Education, Boston.
"Of this class of books we cannot have too many, the more we have the better. This book placed in the
hands of our youth will be worth more to them than gold."—Christian Intelligencer, New York.
"Mrs. Bolton's experience as an editor and author has taught her to perceive at once the salient features
of a character or life, and to portray them with attractive skill."—Congregationalist, Boston.

* Sent by return mail, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of price.

Address, J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1886
Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a
Handsome Book of 128 Pages, with hundreds
of new illustrations, two Colored Plates, and tells
all about the Best Garden, Farm and Flower
Bulbs, Plants, Thoroughbred Stock and Fancy Poultry. It is the
only complete catalogue of the kind published, and describes RARE NOVEL-
TIES IN VEGETABLES and FLOWERS, of real value, which can not
be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal to
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SET A GLASS OF MILK BEFORE THE
CHILDREN.

Is there a Children's Meeting in your town? Your
Church?
Ought there not to be one organized? It is not dif-
ficult. Can not you do it?

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS
—AND—
HOW TO CONDUCT THEM.

LUCY J. RIDER and NELLIE M. CARMAN.

Introductory by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

will tell you how, and help you to carry it on, after it is
organized.
The National Primary Teachers' Union has
fully endorsed the book.
But you have a Children's Meeting?
In this book you will find a collection of Lessons
and Talks to Children by many of the best workers
with children in the world. Plans for Blackboard
and object lessons, songs, poems for "cut things"
and all kinds of helpful hints.
Does your Pastor need help in his work with
the children? Show him this book, or send it, or better
still buy the book and send it to him.
Make the work of the Primary class effective by
the supplement of a good "Live" Children's Meeting.
NEW AND REVISED EDITION CONTAINS:
Talks to Children. (Over sixty in number.)
Plans and Suggestions for Variety in
Methods.
Pattern Pages for "Symbol Gifts."
Blackboard Exercises.
Outline Lessons.
Choice Hymns for Little Folks. (WORDS
AND MUSIC.)
212 pages, bound in rich silk-finish Cloth, stamped
in Gold.

PRICE, ONLY \$1.00 NET.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, - - New York.

A NEW BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."

THE OPEN SECRET

OR,
The Bible Explaining Itself.

By Hannah Whitall Smith.

That the author of this work has a faculty of pre-
senting the "Secret Things" that are revealed in the
Word of God is apparent to all who have read the
exceedingly popular work, "THE CHRIS-
TIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE,"
and such will not be disappointed in expecting to find
in this new volume a fullness and sweetness in the
unfolding of God's Word, in its application to the
practical and daily duties of Christian living.
The subjects treated may be seen from the follow-
ing list of

CONTENTS:

1. Our Saviour.
2. God is Love.
3. The Law and the Gospel.
4. Assurance of Faith.
5. Keeping Power of God.
6. Rest of Soul.
7. Consecration.
8. Be Careful for Nothing.
9. God as Our Mother.
10. As a Little Child.
11. The Three P's—Fact, Faith, Feel-
ing.
12. Our Relationship to God.
13. Fruit-Bearing.
14. Five Talents or One.
15. God's Ownership.
16. Resurrection Life of the Believer.
17. God's Workmanship.
18. Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.
19. The I Religion versus the Not I
Religion.

320 pages. Rich Cloth, Stamped in Gold, \$1.00. Sent,
post-free, to any address on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Fine Silks and Velvets.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

offer their very large and valu-
able stock during this month at
a very heavy reduction in prices.
This opportunity is the most favor-
able that can be presented for
the purchase of Reliable and
Desirable Goods, and they ad-
vise their customers, both in and
out of the city, to make their
selections as soon as possible.

Broadway and 11th Street,
NEW YORK.

PRICE \$8, EXPRESS PAID.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION
by CHEMICAL MEANS.



Madame ADELINA PATTI writes:

"I have used the AMMONIAPHONE and found
the effects most beneficial."
"It enables me to get through my work with much
less trouble and fatigue."—Rev. W. H. M. H.
Aitken [Preached at the Advent Mission in New York.]
"It imparts strength and endurance to the voice."
—Rev. H. R. Haweis. [Lecturing through the
States.]
"A great help to me in my regular and often very
hard work as a public speaker."—Rev. H. W.
Thomas, D. D. (Chicago.)
"I cordially recommend its use for bronchial irri-
tation and catarrhal affections of the throat, larynx and
lungs."—W. F. Holcomb, M. D. (For fifteen years
Professor in the N. Y. Medical College.)
"The effects produced on the voice and on the res-
piratory organs in general are decidedly beneficial."—
Prof. E. Vicario (N. Y. Conservatory of Music.)
"The AMMONIAPHONE is the indispensable
friend of all who use their voices in public."
—Modjeska.

The AMMONIAPHONE is invaluable in all
PULMONARY AFFECTIONS, and may be regarded
as a specific in all cases of ASTHMA, CATARRH
and BRONCHITIS. It is a tube about 25 inches in
length, constructed of a specially prepared non-corro-
sive metal, with handles having patent spring valves.
It is charged with a chemical compound, combined so
as to resemble in effect that which is produced by the
SOFT BALMY air of the ITALIAN PENINSULA
when inhaled into the lungs.

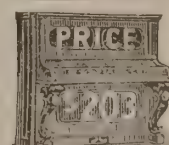
The AMMONIAPHONE will be sent, express paid,
to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt
of M. O. or New York check for \$8.00, payable to

E. V. VERMONT, 226 5th Ave., N. Y.

Write for the HISTORY OF THE
AMMONIAPHONE, mailed free.

YOU CAN DYE ANY COLOR

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never
fade, 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's,
etc. Send for colored samples and Dye book. Gold,
Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10
cents a pkge. Druggists sell or we send post-paid.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoid Agents and Dealers whose pro-
fits and expenses double the cost of
every piano they sell) and send this
First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet Grand
7 1/2 octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted
6 years, for \$243! We
send it—with Beautiful Cover and
Stool—for Trial in your own home
before you buy. Send for circulars to
Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever
printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable
for writing in Autograph Albums. 135 pages, paper
covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken.
Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.

PRINTING PRESSES and
BOOK OF TYPE, CUTS, ETC., 5 CTS.
Circular free. JOSEPH WATSON,
19 Murray St., N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WATSON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

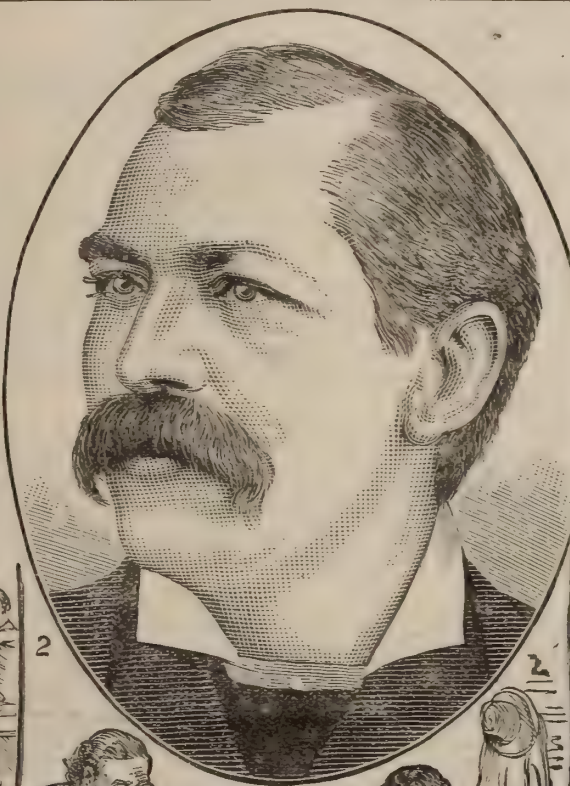
Vol. IX. No. 3.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1886.

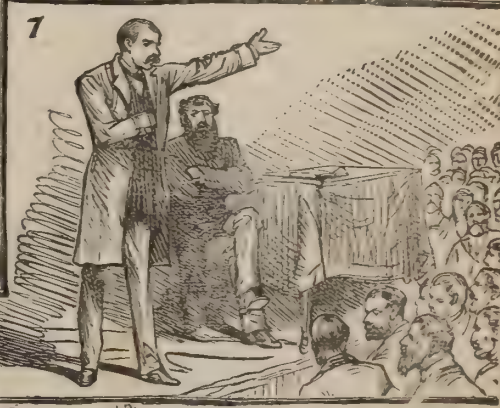
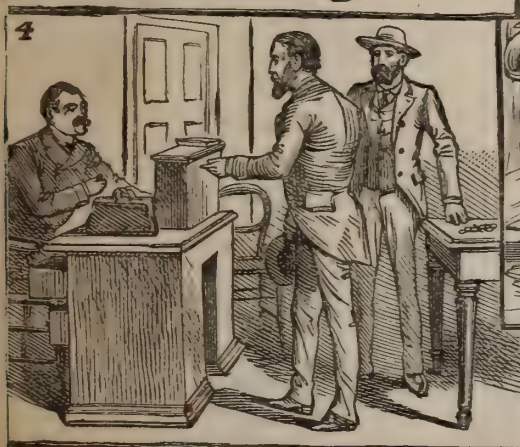
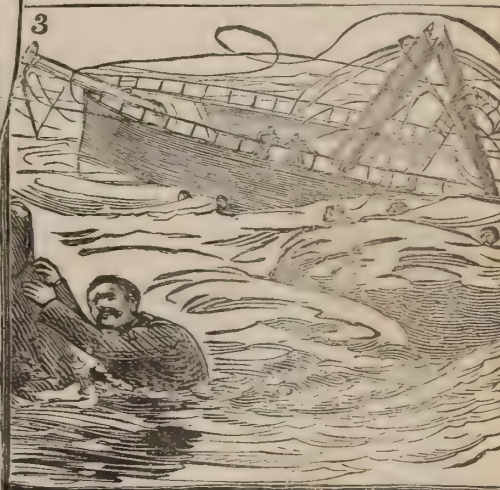
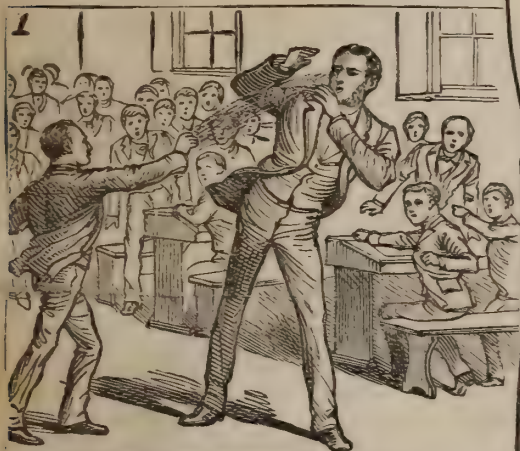
Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF BEN HOGAN, the Converted Pugilist.
THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
RESURRECTION. By Prof. G. W. Pendleton.
CURRENT EVENTS: The Succession Bill—Boycotting the Postmasters—The Socialist Plots in Chicago—Death of Miss Bayard—A Christian Millionaire's Concession—Meeting of the British Parliament—Resignation of the Viceroy of Ireland—German Aggression in the Pacific—Evangelistic Notes—A Heroic Mother—An Affecting Meeting in an Almshouse, etc.



THE PASTORAL SONG. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
BOYCOTTING IN CORK BUTTER MARKET. (With Illustration.)
NATIVE TEACHERS IN INDIA.
 A Wounded Bulgarian—The Perfect Peace.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
 Notices of New Books—Miss Whately's Work in Egypt.
GUY WARRINGTON'S RESCUE. (With Illustration.)
A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
 Daniel in Babylon. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



BEN HOGAN, the Converted Pugilist—Scenes in His Life.

BEN HOGAN, The Converted Crook.

Born in Switzerland in 1843—Removal to Germany—Immigration to New York in 1853—School Life at Syracuse—A Year's Imprisonment—At Work in His Father's Shop—A Runaway—Four Years of Sea Life—Becomes a Professional Boxer—"Bounty Jumping"—Wrecked—Sentenced to Death—Career in the Oil Regions—Arrest for Murder—Projected Trip to Paris Abandoned—Conversion at New York—Subsequent Evangelistic Work.

THE converted, consecrated man, whether he be learned or illiterate, whether he be eloquent or of halting tongue, can be used of God if he be willing to forget himself, and place himself at the Lord's disposal. Peter, an unlettered fisherman, and Paul the disciple of Gamaliel, were both called to the work of the apostleship, and both found abundant opportunities for useful labor. So in our day there are audiences which the cultured preacher can be used to move, and other audiences which would not respond to his appeals, but to which the words of an untutored speaker would come as a message of power. The silver trumpet and the ram's horn are alike efficacious in the hand of God, and both can be used in their respective spheres. Thus the late Jerry McAulay, who seemed to the educated classes but ill prepared for the work of preaching the Gospel, had the joy of seeing souls won to the Saviour by God's blessing on his plain, simple words, and of hearing many testify that through him they were brought to a knowledge of the truth. It has been so, and in the same line with the evangelist whose portrait appears this week on our first page. Ben Hogan is being used to carry the Gospel message to a class who seldom listen to university-trained preachers, and are still more seldom benefited by them. He understands by experience their ways, their dialect, their modes of thought, their temptations and their difficulties; and he, like his learned brethren, finds the Gospel to be the power of God and the wisdom of God. In his hands and in theirs the message is the same, however widely may differ the words in which it is delivered. He is emphatically the messenger to the "ignorant and those who are out of the way," and God is using him for their enlightenment.

Ben Hogan was born in the city of Berne, Switzerland, on October 12th, 1843, and is therefore in his forty-third year. His parents were of German and French extraction. Ben was the eldest of the children, and from childhood was a strong, muscular, active boy. When he was three years of age, the family removed to Wurttemberg, Germany, where they resided for seven years, when, in 1853, the family emigrated to the United States, landing at New York.

Ben's father was assisted with the money with which to go to America, and upon landing in New York he was robbed of every dollar he had left, and

THE FAMILY WERE PENNILESS, this time in a strange land. They succeeded eventually in reaching Syracuse, N. Y., and there settled, the father obtaining employment at his trade—that of a cabinet-maker. He was a steady, industrious man, and when he died, seven or eight years ago, he was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

AN EVILDOER.

At Syracuse, Ben was anxious to attend the public schools, and acquire an English education, but was compelled by his father to attend a German Catholic school, which so incensed the lad, who thought himself "Dutch enough already," that, in order to escape the school, he threw a handful of snuff in the teacher's face, on the third day of his attendance, and ended his school days forever. (See *Illustration No. 1 on first page.*)

Such an outrage could not be overlooked, and Ben was arrested and sent to the House of Refuge. It was hoped by that means to subdue his spirit, and break down his strong, determined will, but the result was his absolute ruin.

He says now that he learned more sin, more crime, more meanness and general wickedness during the one year he spent in the House of Refuge, than he ever learned in any five years of his after life. In saying this, he is not arraignment the institution as such, but is speaking particularly of the indiscriminate association of boys hardened in crime—born and educated criminals, so to speak—with boys who are merely mischievous. Upon being released at the end of the year, Ben was set to work in the shop with his father, to learn the cabinet-maker's trade. (See *Illustration No. 2 on first page.*) But his association with the boys at the Refuge had implanted other ideas of life in his mind. The restraint chafed and annoyed him, and for some slight provocation he gave the foreman a sound thrashing, and, in company with three other boys ran away from home, determined to see the world for himself.

The proposed destination was New York. At Schenectady he obtained employment in cutting broom corn, at which he earned \$15, and pushed on toward New York alone, the other boys returning home. His journey to New York occupied six weeks, and upon his arrival he shipped as a cabin-boy on a French steamer, and sailed as such for four years, during which time the captain formed a strong attachment for him, and constituted himself guardian of the boy. During these

FOUR YEARS OF SEA LIFE

Ben saved up the sum of \$300, which he sent to his father, but sent no line or word which would furnish a clue as to who the sender was. On shipboard Ben achieved distinction as a strong, active sailor, but also as an unruly, quarrelsome fellow, always fighting and always ready for a mill.

Hogan left the sea, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, and took lessons in boxing. He rapidly rose to the position of teacher, and was looked upon by professionals as a promising expert, who would gain notoriety in the "ring." He made considerable money at this time by starring tours through the States, accompanied by leading sparrers and boxers, giving exhibitions in the principal cities and towns.

During the war, Hogan and forty other reckless men organized themselves as smugglers. They also included

"BOUNTY JUMPING"

in their enterprise. The party started from New York City, and on the first trip seven of the forty were killed by the Regulars at Jersey City—and of the forty who engaged in the business, all were either killed or drowned except two—Hogan and one other. He ran the blockade of Charleston twice, with a consignment of quinine and whiskey, by which he realized large sums of money. His trips would occupy him from one to four months, and frequently he would return with from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars in Confederate money, which he exchanged in Canada. He was twice shipwrecked while thus engaged, once off Cape Hatteras and once off Cape Lookout. (See *Illustration No. 3 on first page.*) At Washington, at length, he was arrested and sentenced to be shot, but through the interposition of friends he was pardoned by President Lincoln.

After the war, Hogan went to Pit Hole, Penn. General Burnside was building a railroad there, and the oil excitement was at its height. There he opened a sporting resort, and also took charge of a variety theatre. In company with Captain J. B. Smith, Hogan started from Oil City, travelling with a company giving exhibitions in the towns of the Oil Regions, and when the company disbanded he went to Babylon and opened a place of amusement—a place which was called a "perfect terror," and which has probably never had its equal. Here he became involved in a shooting affair, in which four men were shot, one of whom died in a few days afterward, and one about two months later. Hogan

was

ARRESTED FOR MURDER,

but on the trial was acquitted on the plea of

self-defence. He was advised to leave the Oil Regions, for a time at least, and accordingly went to Saratoga Springs. His departure was hastened by learning that

FIVE INDICTMENTS

for selling liquor without a license had been issued against him. He went to Rochdale, N. Y., where he opened a sparring gallery and drinking bar. The oil excitement attracted him to Petrolia, to which place Hogan removed, and built two opera-houses. He did an enormous business, and became wealthy.

When the oil excitement in Petrolia subsided, Hogan went regularly into

THE CROOKED BUSINESS,

in its most profitable departments. He was particularly expert in "the sawdust trick," now so common. The mode of operations was to send to some unprincipled people in a distant State, information that Hogan had some forged bills of one of their own national banks for sale. One or more of the gang would come on to look at the money. Hogan would show him genuine bills, and sell him one ten-dollar bill for \$2 as a test. The man would mail it to his own State, and have it passed there. Being genuine, of course, it would be taken readily. Then the man would be ready to negotiate for the whole parcel of five thousand, usually at the rate of twenty or twenty-five cents to the dollar. Hogan would receive the man in a decent office (see *Illustration No. 4 on first page.*) and arrange the sale. Genuine bills would be sold and packed in a satchel. Then the purchaser having paid over his \$1000, had to be robbed of his purchase in some way. Sometimes the satchel would be taken away and another filled with worthless paper or sawdust, substituted in the office while the purchaser's attention was diverted; or it would be snatched from his hand as he went to the railroad station; or, in some other way it would be taken from him.

This and similar crooked work kept Hogan in funds, and he opened bar-rooms in other places. His reputation as a gambler, betting-man, pugilist, and general crook spread throughout the oil regions, and his places always attracted men of that class wherever he located himself. His name in connection with any bar-room sufficed to make it a popular resort for the worst men in any town, and insured a lucrative business.

In 1878, the French Exposition opened, and Hogan thought he would like to see it. The police here were getting unpleasantly attentive, a European trip would be pleasant, and perhaps he might see an opportunity in Paris of getting in some crooked work, perhaps of opening a regular bar for American visitors. Hogan determined to go. He left his bar-keeper to run his place in his absence, and took the train for New York to engage his passage for Europe, having \$10,000 in his pocket. In New York he met several old friends and was easily persuaded to stay a week or two and enjoy himself. The Paris trip was postponed, and Hogan began his "good time" in the metropolis. Drinking, gambling, theatre-going, and dissipation generally, made the time pass quickly, and had some effect on the wad of bills in his pocket.

IN A GOSPEL MEETING.

One night feeling tired and weary, half-sufficed with vile pleasure, he wandered out aimlessly not much caring how he spent the evening. He walked up Broadway, and as he passed a building he heard music and singing. Being fond of music, and thinking it an entertainment of some kind, he turned into the hall (see *Illustration No. 5 on first page.*) and without knowing the nature and character of the meeting, took a seat near the centre of the house. To his surprise, Charles Sawyer, the evangelist, arose, and, opening the Bible, began to read. Now Hogan had attended a great many gatherings in his life, but never within his recollection had he attended a religious meeting, and the to him ridiculous position in which he found himself at this time, touched him humorously, and he inwardly laughed at himself for the extraordinary blunder he had made. He had never

attended Sunday-school, did not know how to read, and had never heard a chapter or heard a verse of the Bible read in his life, that he could recall, so that he was as totally ignorant of the precepts and teachings of Christianity as one could well be in an enlightened land.

Charles Sawyer was relating his own experience, telling the story of his life that night, and Hogan was soon deeply interested, and when the speaker reached, in the recital, the period of his conversion to Christ, of his awakening to the terrible, awful sinfulness and wickedness of his course,

HOGAN SAT SPELL-BOUND,

his eyes riveted upon the speaker, and the perspiration standing in great drops upon his forehead. That night he saw his past life as he had never seen it before; he left the place dazed—like one in a dream, and reached his rooms, he does not know how or when. The day following is entirely forgotten, but the succeeding night he found himself in a chapel in the Bowery, and Charles Sawyer was again preaching the Gospel; and six converts gave their testimony. On this night Hogan

SIGNED THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The next night he went to the Five Points House of Industry, where Sawyer and his friends were holding a meeting. His interest had now intensified, and his past life loomed up before him like a threatening spectre; sleep was impossible, and despair was written all over his face. Passing in front of the looking-glass in his chamber the following morning, after a night of terrible struggling with himself, he caught sight of his own pale, haggard, terrible countenance; he stood gazing for a moment, and to his amazement *found himself*

ON HIS KNEES

before his God asking forgiveness for his many sins, in strong supplications and entreaties. (See Illustration No. 6 on first page.)

The struggle was long and intense, and left him completely exhausted, but when it had passed Hogan rose with new resolves. He rushed downstairs, encountering the landlord, who thought him insane, and who with great difficulty quieted him and finally induced him to take a little rest and go to sleep. He did so, and on awakening, he sent for a Bible, and got some one to read it to him. That night he went to Mr. Sawyer's meeting, and told what had occurred. The change in the man astonished every one. Every night he was at some Gospel or temperance meeting, telling the story of his change of heart and life.

COMMENCES SERVICE.

Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Baltimore, Md., and there Hogan went to hear the great evangelist, and consult with him about his future life. Moody heard his story, and invited him to speak at his meeting. Hogan did so (see Illustration No. 7 on first page), and his words were blessed to some present. By the advice of Mr. Moody and other friends, Hogan started for a Gospel tour in the West, intending to go as far as Leadville, Col., and there hold an extended series of services. His first service was at Pittsburg, Pa., thence he went to Butler, Pa., where his meeting was attended by lawyers, judges, and a large crowd of his former pals, all curious to hear the notorious "crook" preach the Gospel. He went from town to town through the oil regions, and everywhere the same interest was manifested and good was done. There was so much work ready to his hand in Pennsylvania, that he decided to postpone the Western tour.

From Pennsylvania Hogan went to Northfield, Mass., to attend Mr. Moody's Convention, and was cordially welcomed by the evangelist and his friends. He worked for some time at various towns in Connecticut with considerable success, some notorious desperadoes being won from evil courses at his meetings. He subsequently conducted a mission in one of the worst districts in Brooklyn, N. Y., after which he went to Chicago, to assist Major Whittle in his work at Farwell Hall. At its conclusion, the Evan-

gelists' Committee rented a place on Madison Street for him, and it was called *Ben Hogan's Mission*. There a motley crowd gathered nightly to whom Hogan talked in the dialect with which they were familiar. Drunkards, thieves, pugilists, and the victims of vice came in numbers to hear how one like themselves had been rescued. They were curious discourses that they heard, but good was done, and souls were saved. If scholarly sermons, with well rounded periods had been preached there, it is not likely that so much could have been said of the result.

The Western tour, however, had laid hold on Hogan's heart, and he was uneasy till he had accomplished it. Leaving Chicago he set out; but first he paid a flying visit to New York. Francis Murphy was holding a meeting at the time in Cooper Union, and Hogan spoke. "It was strange," he said to him, to find himself "on the same platform with Murphy." When he was keeping a saloon in Pittsburg, Pa., he had contracted a mortal aversion to Murphy, and he was a great deal more disposed to kill him than to help him in his work. Murphy had drawn away some of his best customers from the saloon, and spoiled them as customers. He had tried to organize an attempt to break up Murphy's meetings at Pittsburg. Now so changed was he that he was glad to help him. (See Illustration No. 8 on first page.)

IN THE WEST.

Hogan's Western tour has been a success. All through Colorado, Utah, Nebraska and California, New Mexico and Texas, he held meetings with success. At Denver and Leadville especially, he found audiences that suited him, and the people listened to him with profit and delight. At Omaha, Neb., also his work has been much blessed. The Omaha Herald of November 24th, 1885, says: "The revival under the auspices of Ben Hogan, at the First Methodist Church, is a big success. Last night the religious feeling was intense, thirty standing up for prayer, and many claiming complete conversion." The church was well filled, and Mr. Hogan discoursed with his accustomed earnestness. Sunday night's service, at the First Baptist church, was a great success in every particular. The large building was crowded to overflowing, and the results were more than ordinarily encouraging to the evangelist. Mr. Hogan is doing good work in Omaha."

Ben Hogan retains the personal vigor of his pugilistic days; he stands five feet eight inches high, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is a well-built, powerful man whom one would rather meet peaceably on a platform than as an opponent in a ring. He speaks extemporaneously, never making use of notes or memoranda, and while he is not always mindful of the rules of grammar, he is always earnest, forcible and logical. He keeps his point well in hand, draws his illustrations from every-day life and experience, emphasizes with easy, moving gestures, which at times are impressive, and, notwithstanding his quaint, odd sentences and homely phrases, the good common-sense and magnetism of the man never fail to entertain and hold his audience, or to leave behind a good impression.

A WOUNDED BULGARIAN.

In a letter from Mrs. Mumford, a devoted Christian lady, who is in Bulgaria, the following interesting incident of the recent war is narrated: "I find myself unexpectedly here (at Sophia), in cold weather, in hospital among wounded soldiers. It seems to be my lot to get into such places. And, although I would not cut off a chicken's head for a great deal, I can assist a surgeon to cut off legs or take out eyes without wincing. Indeed, I myself took out a bullet from a woman's back in the other war. She was in my hospital."

"I wish to tell you how my soldier, who telegraphed for me, was given back to life when all the doctors had given him up. A very skilful surgeon from Berlin came to see him, and passed

the usual opinion: 'Peritonitis from gunshot wound in the bowels is fatal.' I had not felt so deeply since I went to my wounded husband, and my soldier boy had all the symptoms of approaching death. That day was one of anguish for us; no medicine helped, the doctors powerless, my brave boy, strong and vigorous, desired to live. He gave up all hope from earthly sources, and begged me to pray to God to save him. He at first prayed for forgiveness for all his sins, and promised to be the Lord's, from this time on to serve Him faithfully. The disease had attacked the lungs, and the pain was so great and so constant that he could hardly keep quiet enough to listen to my prayer in his behalf, which was very brief, but to the point—that if the Lord saw that he would live for Him, and other souls, then let the disease be removed and his sufferings cease? The answer was as if the Lord had taken him by the hand, as He did Peter's mother-in-law. It was not five minutes before he became quiet and went to sleep. The swelling subsided, and, by the time the doctor made his morning round, my brave soldier boy was on the road to life and health. I give him now no medicine, and he continues to improve without any drawback."

THE PERFECT PEACE.

MRS. BRODIE, of British Honduras, whose many friends in America rejoiced in her presence here last spring, is now in England preparing to return to her own land. A few words from her pen published in *Thy Healer* of December 15th, show how the Lord's dealings with soul and body have in her case, as in others, produced a heavenly calm which none can know but those who live near to God. She says:

"When Jesus permits a trouble, when He takes our restless wills, He gives us something far better. None of us know our own mind or will from one minute to another, but Jesus knows everything about us; and He—the Unchangeable—just comes in and leads us into His own perfect will, moment by moment. Then, though that will may cross our natural will, and may in the crossing give intense pain, there is at the same moment intense sweetness in the quiet acceptance of the will of God. When I left my home in America last April, there was before me a grand and lovely picture of how this visit to England was to be spent, how much I was to do, and how much I was to take back; and it has all been entirely different! There has been far more blessing than I anticipated, but much that I expected has not come to pass, but I see now that it is all right."

"And I see also that the Lord is asking me to go back very shortly to my home in Honduras. When I left it I could not bear the thought of ever going back, but now I am just longing to go. I see too that He is calling me to leave behind me my little boy, who was the means of bringing to me the message of healing; and I am so thankful that He knows just every pang of my heart, and that in every pang He just speaks peace; and He Himself comes right in—He does not leave an empty space. Though there are tears, He just so quickly wipes them away; and I am beginning to find that He does not want us to cry; He wants to keep our 'eyes from tears.' And amid so many difficulties and trials, it is blessed to know that Jesus is preparing the way all over the world for His coming again. He may come very quickly. My little boy says: 'Jesus may come before we are long parted, and then we shall meet at His feet.'"

"I have received a precious letter from a young native girl in Honduras, who was converted at one of our meetings, and who has been healed of fits. I told her Jesus was willing to heal, not only in New York, in London, in Germany, but also in our own little country, and we took her trouble to the Lord and she has been healed; and now I hear that she and several others are meeting together and asking God to send me back to the old country with fresh tidings of His love."

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 17, 1886.

"The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."—RUTH 1:9.

Voluntary Celibacy—A Beneficent Spinster—Her Glimpse of Heaven—Illustrious Spinsters—The Choice Limited—Partners to Beware of—Scoffers—Men of Bad Habits—Men Wedded to the World—Chatterton's Cynical Delight—The Two Journeys from the Cradle—Men Who Advise—Who to Marry—Independent Men—Beware of the Perfect—Self-Denying Husbands—A Wedding Scene—Remember the Old Home.

THIS was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpah, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried womanhood. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil would take their cases in hand if God did not, so she prays: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

In this series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring" I last Sabbath gave prayerful and Christian advice to men in regard to the selection of a wife, and to-day I give the same prayerful and Christian advice to women in regard to the selection of a husband, but in all these sermons saying much that I hope will be appropriate for all ages and all classes.

VOLUNTARY CELIBACY.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for marital contract on their part, but their own culture, and refinement, and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their declination. They have seen so many women marry imbeciles, or ruffians, or incipient sots, or life-time incapables, or magnificent nothings, or men who before marriage were angelic and afterward diabolic, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the maelstrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she live a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming in each house is the morning, and her going away is the night.

A BENEFICENT SPINSTERHOOD.

In my large circle of kindred, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phœbe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phœbe, our sister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her kindness and Christian service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phœbe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console. The children rushed out at her first appearance, crying, "Here comes Aunt Phœbe," and but for parental interference they would have pulled her down with their caresses—for she was not very strong, and many severe illnesses had given her enough glimpses of the next world to make her heavenly-minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and like books, which have fitted out whole generation for the heaven upon which they have already entered.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

"De Witt," she said to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could hardly be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an

anxiety, or lift a burden, or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the Talmages. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded; but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all knew that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household, instead of being a benediction on a whole circle of households.

At about seventy years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my Philadelphia church I was more embarrassed at her presence than by all the audience, because I felt that in religion I had got no further than the A B C, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had finished the Y and Z. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the highest gallery! I saw the other day in the village cemetery of Somerville, N. J., her resting-place, the tombstone having on it the words which thirty years ago she told me she would like to have inscribed there, namely: "The Morning Cometh."

ILLUSTRIOUS SPINSTERS.

Had she a mission in the world? Certainly. As much as Caroline Herschel, first amanuensis for her illustrious brother, and then his assistant in astronomical calculations, and then discovering worlds for herself, dying at ninety-eight years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much as had Florence Nightingale, the nurse of the Crimea; or Grace Darling, the oars-woman of the Long Stone Lighthouse; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; or Hannah More, the Christian authoress of England; or Dorothea Dix, the angel of mercy for the insane; or Anna Etheridge, among the wounded of Blackburn's Fort; or Margaret Breckenridge, at Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses and grapes and cologne in western hospital; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this, my sister, and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of the single state into another, unless you are sure of betterment.

A DIFFICULT BUSINESS.

Deliberate and pray. Pray and deliberate. As I showed you in my former sermon, a man ought to supplicate Divine guidance in such a crisis; how much more important that you solicit it! It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic, as I showed in former discourse. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore He has made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in paradise it is evident that woman is an improved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco-smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them. Pray God that you be delivered from irrevocable mistake!

PARTNERS TO AVOID.

Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious

man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it. My word may come just in time to save your soul.

HUSBANDS SELDOM REFORM.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of your present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together.

The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train. What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim to wine or whiskey, but to logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years he must do without you forever.

MEN WEDDED TO THE WORLD.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a lifelong protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the Lord Mayor. Chatterton made out the following account: "Lost by the Lord Mayor's death in this essay one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays five pounds and five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the Lord Mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under it: "And glad he is dead by three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence." When a man is as hopelessly literary as that he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books are all the companionship needed.

Indeed, some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot were single. Some of these marriage would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's overtasked brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of

all "Vanessa." The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

PREDESTINATION IN MARRIAGE.

Amid so many possibilities of fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the unerring wisdom of God, and before you are infatuated? Because most marriages are fit to be made convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle, and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the North, or South, or East, or West. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them, and the changes of fortune, may for a time seem to arrest

THE TWO JOURNEYS;

but on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other. But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen, twenty, or thirty years, the two come within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step; yet something that the world calls fate, and that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after awhile to join hands in friendship, after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father. The delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God there are thousands of women every year going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of a dead husband. We have a worse spectacle than that in America—women innumerable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

THE ADVERTISING BRUTE.

Avoid all proposed alliances through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for fun, have answered such advertisements, and have been led on from step to step to catastrophe infinite. All the men who write such advertisements are villains and lepers—all, without a single exception. All! All!! Do you answer them just for fun? I will tell you a safer and healthier fun. Thrust your hand through the cage at a menagerie, and stroke the back of a cobra from the East Indies. Put your head in the mouth of a Numidian lion, to see if he will bite. Take a glassful of Paris green mixed with some delightful henbane. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisements for a wife.

MARRY INDEPENDENT MEN.

My advice is: Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands, and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry, and whole-heartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of \$50,000 a year or an income of \$1000. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities,

and not according to the mutability of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day and withdraw them to-morrow. If a man is worth nothing but money he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character he is rich. Property may come and go, he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out, nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

AVOID PERFECT MEN.

Yet do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words, there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. *We know he lies* when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us wofully. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.

PLENTY OF GOOD HUSBANDS.

But do not become cynical on this subject. Society has a great multitude of grand men who know how to make home happy. When they come to be husbands they evince a nobility of nature and a self-sacrificing spirit that surprise even the wife. These are the men who cheerfully sit in dark and dirty business offices, ten feet by twelve, in summer time hard at work while the wives and daughters are off at Saratoga, Mount Desert, or the White Sulphur. These are the men who, never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Yale, and Harvard, and Virginia University. These are the men who work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go out to Greenwood leaving large estate and generous life-insurance provision for their families.

There are husbands and fathers here by the hundreds who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities they would stand in their doorway, and with their own arm would cleave down, one by one, fifty invaders face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defence of a country fight more desperately than an army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract sentiment of a flag as it is wife, and children, and home that turns enthusiasm into a fury. The world has such men by the million, and the homunculi that infest all our communities must not hinder women from appreciating the glory of true manhood.

FIDELITY IN ADVERSITY.

I was reading of a bridal reception. The young man had brought home the choice of his heart in her elaborate and exquisite apparel. As she stood in the gay drawing-room, and amid the gay group, the young man's eyes filled with tears of joy as he thought that she was his. Years passed by, and they stood at the same parlor on another festal occasion. She wore the same dress, for business had not opened as brightly to the young husband as he expected, and he had never been able to purchase for her another dress. Her face was not as bright and smooth as it had been years before, and a careworn look had made its signature on her countenance. As the husband looked at her he saw the difference between this occasion and the former, and he went over where she sat, and said: "You remember the time when we were here before. You have the same dress on. Circumstances have somewhat changed, but you look to me far more beautiful than you did then." There is such a thing as conjugal fidelity, and many of you know it in your own homes,

But, after all the good advice we may give you, we come back to the golden pillar from which we started, the tremendous truth that no one but God can guide you in safety about this matter that may decide your happiness for two worlds, this and the next. So, my sister, I put your case where Naomi put that of Ruth and Orpah when she said: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

THE WEDDING.

I imagine the hour for which you pledged your troth has arrived. There is much merry-making among your young friends, but there is an undertone of sadness in all the house. Your choice may have been the gladdest and the best, and the joy of the whole round of relatives, but when a young eaglet is about to leave the old nest, and is preparing to put out into sunshine and storm for itself, it feels its wings tremble somewhat. So she has a good cry before leaving home, and at the marriage father and mother always cry, or feel like it. If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever-increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home—aye, all the redolence of orange-blossoms, and all the chime of marriage-bells, and all the rolling of wedding march in full diapason, and all the hilarious congratulations of your friends cannot make you forget that you are suffering a loss irreparable. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it twenty-five or thirty years ago, in which you were one of the parties; and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you say, "Good-by."

VISIT THE OLD HOME.

I hope that you, the departing daughter, will not forget to write often home; for, whatever betide you, the old folks will never lose their interest in your welfare. Make visits to them also as often, and stay as long as you can, for there will be changes at the old place after awhile. Every time you go you will find more gray hairs on father's head and more wrinkles on mother's brow; and after awhile you will notice that the elastic step has become decrepitude. And some day one of the two pillars of your early home will fall, and after awhile the other pillar of that home will fall, and it will be a comfort to yourself if, when they are gone, you can feel that while you are faithful in your new home you never forget your old home, and the first friends you ever had, and those to whom you are more indebted than you ever can be to any one else except to God—I mean your father and mother. Alexander Pope put it in effective rhythm when he said:

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

And now I commend all this precious and splendid young womanhood before me to-day to the God "who setteth the solitary in families."

The Services for Students Conducted by Mr. Studd, at Princeton, have led to permanent results. It is now arranged to hold preaching services in the town. A hall has been opened and Drs. Patton, Paxton, and others preach on Sunday evenings. The young men of the place are gathered into this hall, and there are evidences of the presence and blessing of God upon these services. As a result of the work in the University of Wooster, twenty-six students have confessed Christ and united with the college church. Meetings have been progressing for two weeks, held every evening, and are still in progress.

"RESURRECTION."

By Prof. G. W. Pendleton, A.M.

The Illustration of the Corn—Certainty of Resurrection—At Christ's Coming—The Time Appointed—The Body Given—The Day of Espousal—Light in the Darkness.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."—John 12: 24.

If the death of the corn in the earth is not a total death, but only the corruption or a mere alteration of the grain: if once the seminal life was quite extinguished, it could never put forth the blade or ear, without a miracle. But because the change that takes place in the earth is a kind of death, therefore Christ uses it, as a fit illustration of the resurrection of the dead. Surely, there is nothing in nature better fitted to illustrate this great mystery. The corn is buried in the earth, but in a short time a fragrant, green and beautiful blade is seen, springing up from a corrupted seed. How black and mouldy is that seed in the ground! How verdant and beautiful is that blade above the ground! Thus the bodies of the

SAINTS SHALL ARISE

in beauty and glory in the resurrection morning. "They are sown in dishonor, they are raised in glory." "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

The seed is laid in the earth from whence it came, and the body is buried in the ground whence it originated—"earth to earth, and dust to dust." The body dies, "for it is appointed unto men once to die." But as the seed is cast into the ground in hope of life and continuance, "for he that plougheth, ploughs in hope," so the dead are laid in the grave, in hope of the resurrection through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose coming to judge the world, the earth, and the sea, shall give up their dead. The farmer would not be willing to cast seed into the earth, if he did not expect a recompense for his sacrifice and toil. But he knows that the seed falls into the ground to die, and if it die, "*it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

Paul says: "Should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead." "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them who are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also, who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." This hope gives comfort. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

THE APPOINTED TIME.

The seed lies days and nights in the ground, "even so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep." Christ says: "I will raise them up at the *last day*." When the great trumpet shall sound, "the sea shall give up the dead, which are in it; and death and the grave shall deliver up the dead which are in them." "And I saw the dead, both small and great stand before God."

THE NEW BODY.

As the seed is clothed with beauty after it germinates, so the bodies of the saints rise, beautified, perfected, and immortalized, "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." "For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." "*Vile bodies*" are no longer vile. Now, free from all infirmities, defections, and diseases—"glorified bodies." "*From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him.*" "*Vile bodies*" no longer troubled with anxieties or corroding cares, and ever inquiring, "What shall we eat, and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed," but "clothed upon" with our house which is from heaven" (see 2 Cor. 5: 2). "God shall destroy both it and them." Once "*vile bodies*," now forever free from death. "For they who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, die no more,

for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God—being the children of the resurrection."

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible, that God should raise the dead?" That there shall be "a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust?" "Thanks be to God, who giveth *us this* victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "O death I will be thy plague; O grave I will be thy destruction."

Certainly, nothing is surer than the resurrection of these "*vile bodies*." The day of espousals will come, the marriage feast will be held, when the bridegroom returns, and the bride is made ready.

"Then shall we hear, and see, and know,
All that we desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

And now, sceptic—unbeliever in the resurrection—say, if you will, that death hath made such havoc with the dust of man; that the ruin of the human body has been so complete; that you cannot admit the possibility of its resuscitation—that these "*dry bones* can live again"—that this little heap of human dust can be transformed into a living being. You had rather believe that "death is an eternal sleep." But thanks be to God, the Bible light that has penetrated the darkness of the grave can never be extinguished.

In the inspired, infallible book of God, we read: "I am the resurrection and the life." "All in their graves shall come forth." "Death is swallowed up in victory." "He who raised up Jesus from the dead, shall also quicken your mortal or dead bodies." The grip of the grave shall be wholly relaxed. The victim of death shall be loosed. Christ is the resurrection. He is the real conqueror. "Now is *Christ risen* from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them who have slept in the grave." Thus He has purchased the redemption of the body; and all who sleep in Him shall be raised up at the last day. "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh (renewed body) shall I see God."

NATIVE TEACHERS IN INDIA.

THE district of Tinnevely, in India, lies at the southern extremity of the peninsula. Its population is 1,693,959. Its chief town has the same name, and its population is 22,000. Only a short time ago it was utterly destitute of Christianity. Now there is Christian teaching everywhere through the district, and in some places there is quite a large and active church. To a large extent this is due to God's blessing on the work of native teachers, who have been converted under the preaching of the missionaries and trained for labor. An interesting report has been published of the success which has attended an effort of one of these native teachers—a veritable Christian hero who went voluntarily into the midst of a raging pestilence to preach Christ. The missionary who forwards the report, says: "Through his labor forty families at Rajapalaiyam have been led to place themselves under instruction. Through God's mercy the catechist of Kondurettipatti was the means of leading them into the fold of Christ. He had taken leave to go to Rajapalaiyam, which is his birthplace. While there, cholera broke out, and carried away hundreds of human beings. In the midst of its violent raging, he, at the risk of his life, went from house to house and visited those who were attacked by the epidemic, making no distinction between Christian and non-Christian, and administering medicines. This was closely noticed by the non-Christians, and they wanted to detain him in their own village, without allowing him to return to his own congregation at Kondurettipatti.

"At this juncture I returned from Strivilliputtur through their town, when these heathen people met me on my way, and begged that I would allow him to remain at Rajapalaiyam. I told them I would have no objection, provided

that they would listen to his teaching and become Christians, which they at once promised to do. When I was assured that they were sincere in what they said, there was no bound to my joy, and so I gladly complied with their request, permitting the catechist to remain with them, and instruct them in the way of salvation. The town of Rajapalaiyam is a large and important one, where we had hitherto a very few Christians. Under such circumstances, you cannot think how rejoiced we are to be thus blessed with such an unexpected large accession of forty families. Moreover, this happy incident, is no doubt, under God's mercy, owing to the self-denying and untiring efforts of the catechist.

A NATIVE PRAYING-MEETING.

"In another village, in which forty years ago, there was not one Christian, I found that most of the villagers are Christians, and fully seven hundred were present at the service, the women and girls equalling in number the men and boys.

"They have a large, substantial stone church, toward which they contributed three thousand rupees (\$1500), besides giving much of the material and labor. One old man who was present also gave the land and much of the timber. In their schools, which were good and clean, there were sixty-eight boys and one hundred girls. The singing and responses during service were most hearty, and their answers to questions during the sermon were wonderfully good. After service on Sunday evening they held a prayer-meeting at the house of one of the Christians.

"The night I was there it was the turn to have it at the house of a rich man, who, when a heathen, had mainly built and supported a large devil temple adjoining his house. He became a Christian seven years ago. I counted one hundred and seventy men and boys in the courtyard which formed the centre of the house, and in which the prayer-meeting was being held. The doors of the rooms all round were half open, and many women and girls were in them listening. After a lyric had been sung, a layman engaged in prayer, and very earnest were his petitions for the missionaries, and for those who support them. He went on to pray for the native Christians and for the heathen, his petitions being just what we should expect in an ordinary prayer-meeting at home, and reminding us that the same Holy Spirit who teaches us is teaching these poor people. After a chapter from Isaiah had been read, an old man rose to give an account of his evangelistic work the previous Friday. Several men in the congregation go out to preach, two every Friday, and visit heathen villages near, and at the Sunday night prayer-meeting they report anything of interest that has occurred. I gave them a short address, and after two more prayers the meeting closed, and I left them with feelings of heartfelt joy and thankfulness.

DEVIL TEMPLES BECOME CHURCHES.

"In another part of the district I found a catechist who is a convert from heathenism, and was sent there to evangelize six years ago. At that time there were no Christians in the district assigned to him. He has been enabled to turn five of the devil temples into Christian churches, and now three catechists are employed to teach the people who are under Christian instruction! At the first of these churches which I visited, the building had been enlarged six months before, but would not contain more than half the people who came to my service, and we held it in the open air. At the close many heathen people asked to be allowed to join the Christians!

"In another district I met with two men in whom I was deeply interested. One of them, when twelve years of age, was left an orphan. He was a heathen, but his relatives gave him no help. A Christian farmer pitied him, and took him to his home, employing the lad to mind cattle. The master sought the boy's good, and was after some time rewarded by seeing him baptized. Seven years ago this youth joined a band of voluntary open-air preachers. All the others have either left the place or discontinued their

efforts. This man sought the help of another with a good voice, and Sunday after Sunday they have walked an average of ten or twelve miles, visiting by turns twenty-four heathen villages regularly. For six years they persevered without any visible result. Then they began to humble themselves before God, and with new zeal and more earnest prayer consecrated themselves afresh to the work. Soon they were cheered by fourteen people in one village giving up idolatry, and forming the nucleus of a congregation. Soon after, fifteen people in another village did the same. Then, in a third place, forty people came over, and shortly afterward, a month before my visit, fifteen in a fourth village. There was a spirit of humility and devotion in these men such as I have seldom seen in native Christians. Oh, for more true workers of this sort!"

MISS WHATELY'S WORK IN EGYPT.

REPORTS of the useful work Miss Whately is doing among the poor of Egypt, especially through her medical mission have appeared so often in these columns, that our readers will feel an interest in the progress of it. The following is an extract from a letter received from Miss E. Jane Whately, a sister of the lady who has so devotedly consecrated her time, money, and talents to the Egyptian sphere:

"My sister's medical mission work in Cairo is now in fuller activity than ever. For five days in the week, between nine and eleven A.M., the dispensary is crowded with sick poor. I should like to take some of our friends to visit it on one of these bright November mornings, which present such a contrast to the foggy, drizzling days of this month at home. The dispensary is on the mission premises, close by the school, but a separate gateway and flight of steps lead to it, and by these steps groups of poor people, of all ages, are continually ascending to the three rooms at the top, a kind of vestibule or passage room, called here a *fezzah*, with an inner apartment on each side. The largest and lightest is on the right as we enter, and is devoted to the use of the doctor, whose assistant stands at the door, ushering in one patient after another in turn.

"The *fezzah* is occupied by men seated on the divans round it; to-day (November 18th), they were listening to the evangelist, who was reading to a very attentive little knot of hearers. The inner room on the left, a rather larger one, is full of women, a few of the citizen class with the black *habacak*, or silk mantle, without which the poorest of this order must not leave her house, and the face veil carefully adjusted with the brass rings which attach it to the hair. These sat on the benches round the room, but the great majority were the very poor, wrapped in their dark blue cotton drapery, and many of them seated on the floor, generally with babies on their laps. Little children in skull-caps, and faded colored blouses, and grinning faces, meandered about the room or crawled on the floor. In the midst of this motley crowd, at one end of the long table, my sister sat with her Arabic Bible open, and was just beginning to read the story of Zaccheus when I came in. The reading must be accompanied by a good deal of illustration and explanation to make it comprehensible to hearers utterly unused to employ their mental powers, and as I entered she was trying to picture to them what a 'tax-gatherer' in Palestine under the Romans was, not very unlike what they are used to here, poor creatures.

"She holds the readings daily. Sometimes she has both men and women to read to, and sits in the doorway between the rooms, or takes one group after another. Sometimes one of the school children comes in to have a bad eye attended to, and then, if occasion calls, she tells them to repeat a text or the Lord's Prayer. And the mothers will then be ready to send their children to learn 'the good words,' so the schools and the medical mission tell on each other. The doctor's great success in curing or

relieving, and especially in restoring or preserving sight, naturally makes a great impression, and the care and thoughtful kindness shown make a contrast to the conduct of the native doctors, who will do nothing without pay. The schools number from six hundred to seven hundred in daily attendance, nearly two thirds Moslems. All who visit them are struck with the intelligent answering and knowledge of Scripture of both boys and girls, and the readiness of the latter in acquiring English and French, as also their calligraphy in both Arabic and Roman characters.

"Besides this work there are the visits to Nile villages for the distribution of the Scriptures—visits which the want of means compel the workers to make short and rare, useful as they are—nor the wide circle of Egyptian families with whom constant intercourse is held partly through Mrs. Shakoor's indefatigable labors in visiting from house to house, partly through the Bible-woman, and partly by weekly meetings for women."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Lad Ground to Powder.—At a recent Meeting Mr. Ferrie said: "Away in the north a young shepherd lad sat down under a great overhanging rock to take his dinner, when suddenly the projecting rock, hundreds of tons in weight, came crashing down upon him, and his remains are there to-day, for he was instantly ground to powder. Now, friends, that is not my illustration, but it is God's. Oh flee from the wrath to come, for 'Whosoever shall fall on this stone (Christ) shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder' (Matt. 21:44).

Two Good Meals at Once.—Mr. Riddell said: "I knew an infidel whose little girl was just converted to Christ, then his son, and lastly he himself was brought to Jesus. On one occasion when I called on him, I found him sitting at dinner, and his open Bible by the side of his plate, feeding soul and body at the same time; and I thought nothing but the grace of God could have wrought so wonderful a change on that soul, blackened by the worst of all sins, unbelief in Him who created the universe; and now what a marvellous change! he was never so happy as when reading the once much scoffed at Bible. He had truly learned the negro's Gospel, 'Me die or He die, He die, no me die.'"

Playing with Deadly Reptiles.—Mr. J. M. Scroggie related the following incident: "Some time ago in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, one of the keepers went into the cage among the reptiles, and in boasting bravery before his friends, took hold of a reptile and wound it round his hand, then placed it under a glass shade. 'Now for the second,' he said, and lifted another, and coiled it round his neck. But this one was wide awake, and put its poisonous fangs into the man's forehead right above the eye. He started, grew black in the face, staggered, and fell dead on the spot. Friends, you wonder at the man's temerity, and well you may, for where is his boasting now? But that is what many are doing with sin, a more deadly reptile. They despise all warnings, and in a spirit of bravado tamper with it for a time, and unless the grace of God restrain them they are suddenly taken, the deadly fangs of sin pierce the soul, and it is lost forever."

A Merchant Saved from Suicide.—"A London merchant had been ruined through a great commercial failure. He could not reconcile himself to the idea of leaving his mansion and all its beautiful surroundings; it was too humiliating a position; he could not do it. Thus he argued with himself until finally he came to the cowardly decision of putting an end to his life. He went out fully resolved on accomplishing his purpose, but when he arrived at the spot it was still light, and he thought if he threw himself into the water just then he might be rescued, so he resolved to wait until it was dark. To pass away the time he thought he would go and hear

his favorite minister preach, but when he got to the church it was locked. Disappointed, he walked on until he heard singing in a place of worship. He went in, and was glad to see his minister rise. But when he gave out his text it went like an arrow to his tempest-tossed soul, for the words were: 'It was now dark.' It took in his case so fully that every word the speaker uttered was like a nail driven into his heart. At the close he sought an interview with the minister, and told him how he had come out for the purpose of throwing himself over London Bridge, but that his text had darted like an arrow of conviction through his soul. 'And now,' he said, 'although my money is gone and my fortune is wrecked, I have Christ in my heart.' The minister told him that he had another sermon carefully prepared for that evening, but when it was finished something told him that it was not the one that God intended. So he opened his Bible to get another text from his divine Master, and as he looked his eyes rested on these words, 'It was now dark.'"

"This Picture and That."—"A Dear Old Christian was being gathered home who had given almost a lifetime to his God. When he was nearing the Father's house on high, his wife, who would soon follow him, bent over him, and said: 'Will you be at the gate waiting for me, John?' 'No,' said John, 'for oh, if I can get my eyes fixed on my Jesus I will not be able to take them off Him for a thousand years!' Ah, friends, that was a right heart—a heart at peace with God. How different it was with an infidel of whom I heard. On his death-bed, he cried: 'It is dark, it is dark; bring a light.' 'It is not dark, darling,' said his wife, 'the sun is shining brightly.' Ah, friends, what did his infidelity do for him then? It could go with him to the gates of death, but it could go no further, and now it cruelly mocks him. If it was dark then, it was nothing to be compared with the awful darkness that must have followed his death."

The Missionary's Interrupted Tea.—"A City missionary visited his people one day, and was struck with the idea that one of them, a poor blind woman, was in need of help. But he thought within himself that he would go home and have his tea first. So home he went, and sat down to tea; but he could not take it, so much was it pressed upon him that the poor woman was in want. He left his house, and arrived at her door. He knocked, but receiving no answer, he knocked again; still no answer. The missionary again knocked at the door, and this time the poor woman came and opened it. After he had been admitted, he asked: 'Why did you not open the door when I first knocked?' 'Because,' said the old woman, 'I was just on my knees praying to the Lord to send me help.' And her prayer was answered, for before he had left home, the missionary put into his pocket some provisions of which he thought she stood in need. The Lord has said: 'Call upon Me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

Dividing the Punishment.—"When I was a boy I read a story of a colony in Italy where the people were committing crime which the king was determined should be stamped out. Any person who was known to transgress was to have both eyes taken out; this was the command of the heathen king. The first to disobey was the king's own son. How grieved the father was! he was almost sorry he had made such a law, for now his son would never be able to lead out his people to battle, but his command must be obeyed, and he thought of a plan whereby the law might be honored, and his son saved from utter blindness. The day came on which his command was to be executed; his boy was brought forth, and after having one eye put out, his father stepped forward, and said: 'Put out one of mine.' Thus punishing the sin and sparing the sinner, from its full consequences. Is this not just what Jesus has done in giving His life a ransom for many.

"He took the dying sinners place,
And suffered in his stead."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
 The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
 An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
 A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
 A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
 Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
 An instalment of a Serial Story.
 An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
 Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Presidential Succession Bill Passed the House on Friday, precisely as it left the Senate. It was admitted there, as in the Senate, that it is an imperfect bill, but it was deemed unwise in existing circumstances to frame a more elaborate measure. After the President has signed the bill the succession to the Presidential chair in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President will fall to the members of the Cabinet, in their order of precedence, and in case the duties of the office devolve upon any member of the Cabinet, he is to "act as President until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or a President shall be elected." The existing law providing for a special election is repealed. Hence, if a Secretary should be called upon to act as President, he would continue so to act for the rest of the term for which the President was elected—unless he should sooner die, in which case the duties of the office would devolve upon the next one in the line of succession. The second section declares that the provisions of the act shall apply only to Cabinet officers who have been appointed with the consent of the Senate, who are constitutionally eligible to the office of President, so that a citizen born on foreign soil is still barred from the Presidency.

Testimony to the Value of Civil Service Reform methods came last week from Massachusetts. After a year's experience of the system there is a general consensus of opinion as to the advantages it secures. The Commissioners of Statistics and the Boston Police Board are especially emphatic in their declarations. The former say that the clerks supplied have been more regular in attendance, more intelligent and efficient than any force hitherto employed. The Police Board speak of the general superiority of the men placed on the patrol force under the new system, in capacity, intelligence and conduct. It is also a fact which falsifies the prediction of the critics, that of one thousand two hundred and ninety-two applicants, only twenty-five had enjoyed any educational advantage other than the common schools. It is remarkable, too, that the percentage of veterans who passed the examinations was larger than that of other applicants. These facts deserve the attention of other States. The surest way to purify our politics is the adoption and extension of the reform, and to prevent the bosses re-

warding their healers with the offices. Until now it was not proved, although it was expected that the character of the officers would be improved by the system.

The Sympathy Manifested Toward Mr. Bayard in his bereavement is not confined to any section or party. The blow which fell on the Secretary of State on Saturday last is one that obliterates all distinctions. The sudden loss of his eldest daughter, who died of heart disease on that day, only a short time before the fulfilment of her engagement to assist Miss Cleveland in her reception, is one that must be severely felt by a man of sensitive temperament and strong domestic affections. We pray that God may give comfort and support to the bereaved statesman and his family in their affliction.

The Socialist Dynamite Conspiracy Revealed in Chicago last Friday produced an uneasy feeling throughout the country. How much of it was sober truth, and how much the exaggeration of interested persons, can only be surmised, but there is probably sufficient basis for the report to justify precautionary measures. It is stated that the police investigation was started by the discovery of two dynamite bombs, one of which was found in the garden of a capitalist, and the other in a railroad station. The inquiry as reported resulted in the discovery that the socialists have joined hands with several trade unions for the promotion by force of an eight-hour law. It is claimed by the socialists that they have nine thousand bombs loaded and distributed among reliable persons. The bombs are of the most destructive type; they are called "the Czar," from the fact that it was with bombs of that description that Czar Alexander II. was killed. The men are said to have been drilling after working hours all the summer, and to be supplied with charts of instruction, maps of the city, and plans for street barricades. The socialists claim that one man armed with a bomb can destroy a whole company of militia or police. The rising is planned for May 1st, and, if successful in Chicago, to be extended to other cities. One reassuring fact about the revelation is the candor of the men engaged. It would seem probable that if a rising were actually contemplated the socialists would have been more reticent. They would have avoided putting the authorities on their guard.

Boycotting the Postmasters is a Practice coming into vogue, with results that may prove disastrous. About forty-eight thousand of the postmasters are paid according to the number of stamps cancelled in their offices. It is stated that in certain districts large numbers of people whose political affiliation is opposed to that of the postmaster are arranging their correspondence so that it shall not go through his office. They either have it handed to the clerk in the Postal Railroad Car, or send it to another office, thus diminishing the postmaster's remuneration. This is wrong in principle and policy. It will assuredly provoke retaliation, and it is an evasion of the principle of our institutions.

The Action of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Last week in anticipating the request of the card-drivers and conductors of the Fourth Avenue line of surface cars in New York is worthy of commendation by the public and imitation by other employers of labor. The men were preparing for presentation an application for a reduction of their hours of labor. Before they presented it a notice was issued to them by Mr. Vanderbilt voluntarily reducing the hours, and maintaining their present rate of pay. The concession was humane and reasonable, and we are glad to see that Mr. Vanderbilt, as a Christian millionaire, has taken the initiative in a line of policy heretofore by no means common.

The New British Parliament Assembled on January 12th to swear in the members and organize the House. Mr. Arthur W. Peel, the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Peel, was again elected speaker. Though he is a Liberal, and held office in Mr. Gladstone's administration, the Conservatives supported his candidacy. The only opposition was from the Parnellites,

who resented his previous conduct in the chair. The most noteworthy event of the proceedings was that Charles Bradlaugh, the atheist, who vainly sought to take the oaths and his seat in the last Parliament, succeeded in being sworn in with the other members. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the chief representative of the Government in the House of Commons, wrote to the speaker expressing the opinion that Mr. Bradlaugh ought not to be allowed to take the oath until the House had passed upon his right to sit there. Mr. Peel, however, decided that he had no power to prevent his being sworn in, but reminded the House that legal proceedings could be taken against Mr. Bradlaugh at any time. Parliament will be formally opened for the dispatch of business by the Queen in person.

The Resignation of Lord Carnarvon, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was announced last week. He returned to London, and took part in the Cabinet Councils. His place was taken by a commission composed of Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, Commander-in-Chief; Vice-Chancellor Chatterton and the Right Hon. J. T. Ball, ex-Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. Lord Carnarvon will return temporarily to Ireland, but it is expected that his office will be abolished. Some excitement was produced in connection with the resignation by a rumor, which appears to be generally believed, both in England and Ireland, that an attempt will be made by the Government to re-enact the coercion law. The rumor caused considerable alarm, as such an attempt would inevitably provoke a rising which must involve bloodshed. Much distress prevails in Ireland, and scenes similar to those of the terrible famine year of 1879 are reported. Numerous eviction processes are being issued. One judge alone issued two hundred in one day last week. That means that at least a thousand persons will be rendered homeless. The Queen's speech, which will outline the policy of the Government about Ireland, is anxiously awaited.

The Seizure of the Samoan Islands by Germany occasioned some excitement last week. Telegrams giving conflicting accounts of the affair were published. It appears, however, that differences have existed for some time between the German Consul there and the king. There have also been jealousies between the German Consul and the consuls of the United States and England, arising out of disputes between traders of the respective nationalities. A German man-of-war has been sent there to overawe the king, who immediately fled with his chiefs. A force of men was landed at Apia from the German war-ship, and the German Consul then hauled down the Samoan flag, and ran up the German colors in its stead. The American and British Consuls protested against the action of the Germans. It is stated that assurances have been given to England by Prince Bismarck that Germany does not intend to permanently hold the islands. They are important chiefly from their situation. They are convenient for coaling stations, being on the direct route to Australia, and they have good harbors.

A Proposal for Disarmament Has Been Made by the great Powers to the contestants in the Balkans. It has been promised that if Bulgaria, Greece and Serbia will disarm, Turkey also will disband her forces. Greece alone has replied by a circular note, declining disarmament unless she receives an accession of territory. Bulgaria, on her side, appears to have arranged with Turkey, and so far appears to have gained her point. The terms of peace as reported are that the union of the Bulgarians be recognized by the Porte; that the Bulgarian army be at the disposal of Turkey in the event of war with Greece or Serbia; that tribute be paid regularly to the Porte; that the customs rights of the Porte be maintained, and that Prince Alexander go to Constantinople to be invested with the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia. The chief cause for uneasiness is the attitude of Russia and Austria. Both powers are making extraordinary war preparations, as if for an immediate struggle.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with the CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$8.30. From McGirk, Mo., \$1.30; McQueen, Ill., \$1; Marion, Mich., \$2; Troy, N. Y., \$1; Denbigh, Ont., \$2; Grass Valley, Cal., \$1.

Mrs. M. Baxter Commenced Her Services at Milton, Pa., on Monday last. Thence she expects to go to Erie, Pa., commencing there on Tuesday next. She has also promised, if possible, to attend the convention to be conducted at Boston, Mass., by Dr. Cullis, on February 3d. The meetings held last week at the Kemuel Home, Philadelphia, were much blessed, and since their conclusions testimonies of blessing have been received. (See page 44.)

A Home for Divine Healing has been Established in Baltimore, Md. It is called Beulah Land Faith Home, and is situated at 9 North Stricker Street, between Baltimore and Fayette avenues. Elder W. G. Raymond, a Baptist minister, whose healing through faith and prayer has been previously described, is the leader in the movement of which this Home is the outcome. Meetings are held there every evening, and on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday afternoons. When the furnishing is completed sick persons will be received.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York, of whose new building we gave a picture recently, is making strenuous exertions to be prepared to open it free of debt. We understand that upward of \$74,000 have been already subscribed. That amount leaves \$50,000 still to be raised. Of this, one gentleman, whose name has not been disclosed, promises to give one half, providing the other half is raised within one month.

A Remarkable Revival Work is Reported from Paterson, N. J. Union evangelistic services have been held in Washington Hall, a large building capable of holding two thousand persons, and every evening the doors had to be closed to prevent crowding. So large has been the throng unable to secure admission, that overflow meetings have been held in the different churches, and these have been well attended. Almost all the Protestant churches have united in the movement. On Sunday, January 10th, there was an interchange of pulpits by the twenty ministers engaged in the work.

An Attempt to Rid Chicago of its Disreputable resorts was made last week by the Grand Jury. Referring to the report of a special committee appointed to investigate the moral condition of the city, the Grand Jury said: "The closing of saloons at midnight has by long custom become a dead letter in the community, and a partiality seems to exist in favor of the grogeries of the very lowest character, and which have been described upon the sworn testimony of policemen before our body as robbers' dens." With regret we report that the administration of affairs in the First Police District is in a condition of deplorable rottenness. Dives of the lowest order defy the city's ordinances by keeping open from dawn till midnight, and from midnight until dawn. In them congregate disreputable women, thieves and criminals, and policemen have been seen in full uniform tipping with disreputables in these same dens." It would appear that in Chicago, as in other cities, the police and the law-breakers are friends, if not allies.

Mr. William Noble's Services at the Broome Street Tabernacle last week were much blessed of God. Two meetings were held every day, and large audiences assembled at each. On Friday afternoon the place was crowded with children. At every service many persons rose to testify of their conversion, and hundreds signed the pledge. One of the most remarkable cases was that of a man about thirty years of age, a terrible wreck from the effects of drink and dissipation. He stated that he was the son of a well-known judge in Canada. He signed the pledge, and professed faith in Christ. The practical character of the work done was illus-

trated by the case of one man who, immediately after his profession of faith, consulted with Mr. Noble about sending to England for a woman whom he had wronged and deserted, that he might marry her. Last Monday and Tuesday Mr. Noble was speaking at the Coliseum, Bristol, Conn. Thence he goes to Chelsea and Worcester, Mass. He intends returning to New York after a brief rest, and starting thence westward for San Francisco. He has promised to speak at several places on his way across the continent. Among them are Trenton, N. J., Lancaster City, Pa., and Denver, Col. He expects to sail from San Francisco about the end of February for Honolulu, New Zealand, and Australia.

Rev. W. Hay, M. H. Aitken has Commenced a series of services at Nashville, Tenn. They are held in Christ Church and in the Masonic Theatre. His work in New York was much blessed of God, and we sincerely hope that a similar blessing may attend his ministrations in the South.

An Heroic Mother Sacrificed her Hand to save her children recently in Dakota. In a frame house at Woonsocket, Dak. Ter., on January 9th, a woman was cooking supper over a gasoline stove, while her two little children were playing on the floor. In turning around her dress-sleeve caught the gasoline faucet and turned it on. She noticed the liquid running out, and turned it off. Some, however, had fallen in the tea-kettle. When the water was fairly boiling she picked up the kettle to carry it into another room. She had hardly taken a step when the gasoline exploded and flames burst out. She ran to the door to throw it out, but the door would not open. To drop the flaming kettle meant death to her children. So the brave little woman clung to the kettle while her hand was being burned to a crisp. The oil soon burned itself out. The next day the woman's hand was amputated. It was a noble example of self-sacrificing love, showing how much pain a mother will endure for the sake of her offspring. It is by such an illustration that we are helped to realize something of the love of Christ in laying down His life for a sinful world (Rom. 5 : 7, 8).

An Affecting Meeting in an Almshouse Occurred recently at Erie, Pa. An elderly widow lady who had once been in affluent circumstances was brought there to end her days. She had not been there many weeks before a well-dressed young lady came to inquire for her. She was taken to the room occupied by the widow, in company with other paupers. No sooner did she recognize the old lady than she threw her arms around her and kissed her earnestly. She bade her get herself ready for a journey, and took her away to live with her in her own home in Missouri. The explanation was found afterward. The younger lady, when a child, had been in very poor circumstances. The widow, then in affluence, had taken her to her home, educated her, and treated her as her own daughter until she married and went West. The young lady heard no more of her benefactress until one day a parcel came to her by express wrapped in a newspaper. As she unwrapped the parcel her name in one of the paragraphs in the newspaper caught her eye. She read it and learned that her old friend was being provided for by the county. She started off for Erie by the next train to rescue her from her humiliating position. The widow can now bear witness from her own experience of the faithfulness of God to His promise (Eccl. 11 : 1).

A Jump for Life was Taken by two Ladies at Stapleton, N. Y., on January 8th. They had come from New Haven, Conn., for a trip on board a schooner, which arrived at Stapleton on January 3d laden with railroad ties. When the schooner was unloaded they remained on board the empty vessel waiting until a new cargo was received, when they intended to return in her. When the memorable storm of Friday night struck the vessel she began to rock violently. The captain was aroused, and when he came on

deck he at once understood the danger. The tops of the masts described a curve of thirty feet every time a wave struck the ship. He told the men to jump ashore, and then went to wake the ladies. He placed them on the rail of the schooner, and told them to jump when the ship rolled and they would be caught by the men on land. As it was quite dark they could see no land, but they promised to obey. The next lurch of the vessel was so violent that the mainmast struck a building and broke short off. The ladies jumped, and were safely caught and taken to an hotel. The storm broke the vessel to pieces before morning. The confidence the ladies had in the captain may serve as an illustration of the faith which, with infinitely better reason, awakened sinners are asked to place in Christ. That is sometimes described as a jump into darkness (Heb. 7 : 25).

A Remarkable Funeral took Place in New York last Thursday. There was only a single coach, and the expenses of the funeral were defrayed by a charitable lady. Yet the woman whose remains were thus carried to the cemetery was the famous Emily de Forrest, who not many years ago reigned like a queen over a circle of vicious admirers, who lavished their wealth upon her without stint. Marvellously beautiful, witty and accomplished she had a host of wealthy debauchees at her feet, all eager to bid for her favor. She grew rich and owned several lots of valuable real estate down-town, and kept two of the most luxurious disreputable houses in the upper part of the city. Five years ago she became a drunkard, and all her wealth melted away. Last November, penniless and friendless, she was about to commit suicide, when she heard of Miss M. Strachan, who established the Faith Home in West Twenty-seventh Street. She went to her, and Miss Strachan received her, and after some time was rewarded by seeing the abandoned woman give herself humbly and contritely to Christ. She afterward lived consistently. But she was suffering from heart disease, and on Monday, January 11th, she suddenly died. As she was utterly friendless she would have been interred in the Potters' Field had not Miss Strachan, with true womanly feeling, interposed and paid the expenses of a funeral. Those who are dazzled by the glamor of a sinful life may wisely ponder the fate of this woman, stripped of her wealth, deserted by her friends, being buried by Christian charity (Job 20 : 28, 29).

A Mirage Mised a shipwrecked Crew Last week. The Steamer Hylton Castle, which sailed from New York on Friday, January 9th, for Rouen, France, foundered off Fire Island on Monday, January 11th. The steamer's two boats were lowered when it was found that she was sinking, and the crew crowded into them. One boat reached land safely the same evening, but it was not until Wednesday night that the captain and the ten sailors who were in the second boat arrived. They were on board a schooner which had found them drifting helplessly in the darkness. They had suffered terrible hardships from the cold. One of the men was coated all over with ice. The captain said that their most painful experience was on Tuesday night. They were rowing for Fire Island, and could not see far before them, as the moon was obscured by the mist. Suddenly the cry was raised that the Fire Island light was close ahead. They rowed with renewed energy, but did not reach it. They shouted themselves hoarse, but there was no response. Then they concluded that the inmates of the lighthouse must be asleep, and they gave way to despair. For a long time no one had any heart to row, and they drifted aimlessly until the schooner appeared and took them on board. Then they learned that they had been deceived as to the light by the mist on the water, which had produced a mirage. The experience of the shipwrecked sinner is the opposite of this. When he is seeking God and imagines Him a long way off. He is nearer to him than he is willing to think (Rom. 10 : 8).

THE PASTORAL SONG.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep."—JOHN 10: 14, 15.

Light from the Revised Version—Jesus Speaking of Himself—An Instructive Metaphor—Its Implications—I. Complete Character—The Good Shepherd—Owner of the Sheep—Care-taker—Never Off Duty—The Provider—Shepherds at Mentone—Leader and Defender—II. Complete Knowledge—Of Their Number—Their Persons—The Shepherd Known—III. Complete Sacrifice—The Refrain of the Pastoral Song.

As the passage stands in the Authorized Version, it reads like a number of short sentences with scarcely any apparent connection. Even in that form it is precious; for our Lord's pearls are priceless even when they are not threaded together. But when I tell you that in the Greek the word "and" is several times repeated, and that the translators have had to leave out one of these "ands" to make sense of the passage on their line of translation, you will judge that they are none too accurate in this case. To use many "ands" is after the manner of John; but there is usually a true and natural connection between his sentences. The "and" with him is usually a real golden link, and not a mere sound; we need a translation which makes it so. Observe also that in our version the word "sheep" is put in italics, to show that it is not in the original. There is no need for this alteration if the passage is more closely rendered. Hear then, the text in its natural form:

"I am the good Shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep."

This reading I have given you is that of the Revised Version. For that Revised Version I have but little care as a general rule, holding it to be by no means an improvement upon our common Authorized Version. It is a useful thing to have it for private reference, but I trust it will never be regarded as the standard English translation of the New Testament. The Revised Version of the Old Testament is so excellent, that I am half afraid it may carry the Revised New Testament upon its shoulders into general use. I sincerely hope that this may not be the case, for the result would be a decided loss. However, that is not my point. Returning to our subject, I believe that, on this occasion, the Revised Version is true to the original. We will therefore follow it in this instance, and we shall find that it makes most delightful and instructive sense. "I am the good Shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep."

He who speaks to us in these words is the Lord Jesus Christ. Observe, also, that we have not only Christ for the speaker, but we have Christ for the subject. He speaks, and speaks about Himself. My brethren, who can speak of Jesus but Himself? None but Jesus can reveal Jesus. Take, then, these words as being doubly refreshing, because they come directly from the Well-beloved's own mouth, and contain rich revelations of His own all-glorious self.

I. First, here is

COMPLETE CHARACTER.

Whenever the Saviour describes Himself by any emblem, that emblem is exalted and expanded; and yet it is not able to bear all His meaning. The Lord Jesus fills out every type, figure, and character; and when the vessel is filled there is an overflow. There is more in Jesus, the good Shepherd, than you can pack away in a shepherd. He is the good, the great, the chief Shepherd; but He is much more. Emblems to set Him forth may be multiplied as the drops of the morning, but the whole multitude will fail to reflect all His brightness. The Eastern shepherd is generally the owner of the flock, or at least the son of their owner, and so

their proprietor in prospect. The sheep are His own. He remembers how He came into possession of the flock, and when and where each of the present sheep was born, and where He has led them, and what trials He had in connection with them; and He remembers this with the emphasis that they are His own inheritance.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEALTH.

His wealth consists in them. He very seldom has much of a house, and he does not usually own much land. He takes his sheep over a good stretch of country, which is open common for all his tribe; but his possessions lie in his flocks. Ask him, "How much are you worth?" He answers, "I own so many sheep." In the Latin tongue the word for money is akin to the word "sheep," because, to many of the first Romans, wool was their wealth, and their fortunes lay in their flocks. The Lord Jesus is our Shepherd; we are His wealth. If you ask what is His heritage, He tells you of "the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints." Ask Him what are His jewels, and He replies: "They shall be mine in that day." If you ask Him where His treasures are, He will tell you, "The Lord's portion is His people. Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." The Lord Jesus Christ has nothing that He values as He does His own people. For their sakes He gave up all that He had, and died naked on the cross.

The shepherd, as he owns the flock, is also the caretaker. He takes care of them always. One of our brethren now present is a fireman; and, as he lives at the fire-station, he is always on duty. I asked him whether he was not off duty during certain hours of every day; but he said: "No; I am never off duty."

HE IS ON DUTY

when he goes to bed, he is on duty while he is eating his breakfast, he is on duty if he walks down the street. Any time the bell may ring the alarm, and he must be in his place, and hasten to the fire. Our Lord Jesus Christ is never off duty. He has constant care of His people day and night. He has declared it—"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest." He can truly say what Jacob did: "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night." He says of His flock what He says of His garden: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Then He has to be the provider too, for there is not a woolly head among them that knows anything about the finding and selecting of pasture. But, dear friends, we often dream that we are the shepherds, or that we, at any rate, have to find some of the pasture. I could not help saying just now to our friends at our little prayer-meeting: "There is a passage in the Psalms which makes the Lord do for us what one would have thought we could have done for ourselves—'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' " Surely, if a sheep can do nothing else it can lie down. Yet to lie down is the very hardest thing for God's sheep to do. It is here that the full power of the rest-giving Christ has to come in to make our fretful, worrying, doubtful natures lie down and rest. Our Lord is able to give us perfect peace, and He will do so if we will simply trust to His abounding care. It is the shepherd's business to be the provider; let us remember this, and be very happy.

Moreover, He has to be the leader. He leads the sheep wherever they have to go. I have often been astonished at the shepherds in the south of France, which is so much like Palestine, to see where they will take their sheep. Once every week I saw the shepherd come down to Mentone, and conduct all his flock to the sea-beach. I could see nothing for them but big stones. Folk says that perhaps this is what makes the mutton so hard; but I have no doubt the poor creatures get a little taste of salt, or something which does them good. At any rate, they follow the shepherd, and away he goes up the steep hillsides, taking long steps, till he reaches points where the grass is growing on the

sides of the hills. He knows the way, and the sheep have nothing to do but to follow him wherever he goes. Theirs not to make the way; theirs not to choose the path; but theirs to keep close to his heel. Do you not see our blessed Shepherd leading your own pilgrimage? Cannot you see Him guiding your way? Do you not say: "Yes, He leadeth me, and it is my joy to follow?" Lead on, O blessed Lord; lead on, and we will follow the traces of Thy feet!

DEFENCE.

The shepherd in the East has also to be the defender of the flock, for wolves yet prowl in those regions. All sorts of wild beasts attack the flock, and He must be to the front. Thus it is with our Shepherd. No wolf can attack us without finding our Lord in arms against him. No lion can roar upon the flock without arousing a greater than David. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is a shepherd, then, and He completely fills the character—much more completely than I can show you just now.

Notice that the text puts an adjective upon the shepherd, decorating him with a chain of gold. The Lord Jesus Christ Himself says: "I am the good Shepherd." "The good Shepherd"—that is, He is not a thief that steals, and only deals with the sheep as He bears them from the fold to the slaughter. He is not a hireling; He does not do merely what He is paid to do, or commanded to do, but He does everything *con amore*, with a willing heart. He throws His soul into it. Even shepherds that have had their own flocks have neglected them, as there are farmers who do not well cultivate their own farms; but it is never so with Christ. He is the good Shepherd; good up to the highest point of goodness, good in all that is tender, good in all that is kind, good in all the directions in which a shepherd can be needed; good at fight and good at rule; good in watchful oversight, and good in prudent leadership; good every way most eminently.

And then notice He puts it, "I am the good Shepherd." That is the point I want to bring out. Of other shepherds we can say, He is a shepherd; but this is the Shepherd. All others in the world are shadows of the true Shepherd; and Jesus is the substance of them all. That which we see in the world with these eyes is, after all not the substance, but the type, the shadow. That which we do not see with our eyes, that which only our faith perceives, is after all the real thing. I have seen shepherds; but they were only pictures to me. The Shepherd, the real, the truest, the best, the most sure example of shepherdry is the Christ Himself; and you and I are the sheep.

II. May the Holy Spirit bless the Word still more, while I speak in my broken way upon the next point: the

COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE.

The knowledge of Christ toward His sheep, and of the sheep toward Him, is wonderfully complete. I must read the text again: "I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father."

First, then, consider Christ's knowledge of His own, and the comparison by which He sets it forth: "As the Father knows me." I cannot conceive a stronger comparison. Dost thou know how much the Father knows the Son, who is His glory, His darling, His *alter ego*, His other self—yea, one God with Him? Dost thou know how intimate the knowledge of the Father must be of His Son, who is His own wisdom, ay, who is His own self? The Father and the Son are one spirit. We cannot tell how intimate is that knowledge; and yet so intimately, so perfectly, does the great Shepherd know His sheep.

He knows their number. He will never lose one. He will count them all again in that day when the sheep shall pass again under the hand of Him that telleth them, and then He will make full tale of them. "Of all that Thou hast given me," says He, "I have lost none." He knows their persons. He knows the age and

character of every one of His own. He assures us that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. Christ has not an unknown sheep. It is not possible that He should have overlooked or forgotten one of them. He has such an intimate knowledge of all who are redeemed with His most precious blood that

HE NEVER MISTAKES

one of them for another, nor misjudges one of them. He knows their constitutions—those that are weak and feeble, those that are nervous and frightened, those that are strong, those that have a tendency to presumption, those that are sleepy, those that are brave, those that are sick, sorry, worried, or wounded. He knows those that are hunted by the devil, those that are caught up between the jaws of the lion, and shaken till the very life is almost driven out of them. He knows their feelings, fears, and frights. He knows the secret ins and outs of every one of us better than any one of us knows himself.

I need not enlarge upon this. It ought, however, to be very full of comfort to you that you are so known of your Lord, especially as He knows you not merely with the cold, clear knowledge of the intellect, but with the knowledge of love and of affection. He knows you in His heart. You are peculiarly dear to Him. You are approved of Him. You are accepted of Him. He knows you by acquaintance with you; not by hearsay. He knows you by communion with you; He has been with you in sweet fellowship. He has read you as a man reads his book, and remembers what He reads. He knows you by sympathy with you: He is a man like yourself. "He was in all points made like unto His brethren;" and by being made like to us He has come to know us, and He does know us in a very practical and tender way.

HE IS KNOWN.

The second part of the subject is our knowledge of the Lord, and the fact by which it is illustrated. "And Mine own know Me, even as I know the Father." I think I hear some of you say: "I do not see so much in that. I can see a great deal more in Christ's knowing us." Beloved, I see a great deal in our knowing Christ. That He should know me is great condescension, but it must be easy to Him to know me. Being so divine, with such a piercing eye as His, it is amazingly condescending, as I say, but it is not difficult for Him to know me. The marvel is that I should ever know Him. Oh, sirs, this is a wonder so great that I do not think you and I have come at it yet to the full, or else we should sit down in glad surprise, and say, This proves Him to be the good Shepherd indeed, not only that He knows His flock, but that He has taught them so well that they know Him! With such a flock as Christ has, that He should be able to train His sheep so that they should be able to know Him, and to know Him as He knows the Father, is miraculous.

Yes, we know Jesus. We feel the power of our union with Him. We know Him, brethren, so that we are not to be deceived by

FALSE SHEPHERDS.

There is a way nowadays of preaching Christ against Christ. It is a new device of the devil to set up Jesus against Jesus, His kingdom against His atonement, His precepts against His doctrines. The half Christ in His example is put up, to frighten souls away from the whole Christ, who saves the souls of men from guilt as well as from sin, from hell as well as from folly. But they cannot deceive us in that way. No, beloved, we know our Shepherd from all others. We know Him from a statue covered with His clothes. We know the living Christ, for we have come into living contact with Him, and we cannot be deceived any more than Jesus Christ Himself can be deceived about the Father. "Mine own know Me, even as I know the Father."

We have a beautiful picture before us. Can you realize it for a minute? The Lord Jesus here among us—picture Him! He is the Shepherd. Then, around Him are His own people,

and wherever He goes they go. He leads them into green pastures, and beside the still waters. And there is this peculiarity about them: He knows them as He looks upon every one of them, and they every one of them know Him. There is a deeply intimate and mutual knowledge between them. As surely as He knows them, they know Him. The world knows neither the Shepherd nor the sheep, but they know each other. As surely, as truly, and as deeply, as God the Father knows the Son, so does this Shepherd know His sheep; and as God the Son knows His Father, so do these sheep know their Shepherd. Thus in one band, united by mutual intercourse, they travel through the world to heaven. "I know Mine own, and Mine own know Me, even as the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father." Is not that a blessed picture? God help us to figure in it!

III. The last subject is

COMPLETE SACRIFICE.

The complete sacrifice is thus described: "I lay down my life for the sheep." These words are repeated in this chapter in different forms some four times. The Saviour keeps on saying: "I lay down my life for the sheep." It looks as if this was another refrain of our Lord's personal hymn. I call this passage His pastoral song. The good Shepherd with His pipe sings to Himself and to His flock, and this comes in at the end of each stanza, "I lay down my life for the sheep."

Did it not mean, first, that He was always doing so? All His life long He was, as it were, laying it down for them; He was divesting Himself of the garments of life, till He came to be fully disrobed on the cross. All the life He had, all the power He had, He was always laying it out for His sheep. It means that, to begin with. And then it means that the sacrifice was actively performed. It was ever in the doing as long as He lived; but He did it actively. He did not die for the sheep merely, but He laid down His life, which is another thing. Many a man has died for Christ; it was all that he could do. But we cannot lay down our lives, because they are due already as a debt of nature to God, and we are not permitted to die at our own wills. That were suicidal and improper. With the Lord Christ it was totally different. He was, as it were, actively passive. "I lay down my life for the sheep. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father."

I like to think of our good Shepherd, not merely as dying for us, but as willingly dying—laying down His life: while He had that life, using it for us; and when the time came, putting off that life on our behalf. Great Shepherd, do you mean to say that you have

DIED FOR SUCH

as these? What! for these sheep? Died for them? What! die for sheep, Shepherd? Surely you have other objects for which to live beside sheep. Have you not other loves, other joys? We know that it would grieve you to see the sheep killed, torn by the wolf, or scattered; but you really have not gone so far in love for them that for the sake of those poor creatures you would lay down your life? "Ah, yes," He says, "I would, I have!" They are poor things, make the most you can of them. They have hard hearts, and wandering wills; and the best of them are no better than they should be. Saviour, didst thou die for such? He looks round, and says: "Yes, I did. I did. I laid down my life for the sheep. I am not ashamed of them, and I am not ashamed to say that I died for them." He glories in substitution for His people. He makes it His boast, when He speaks of His chosen, that He suffered in their stead—that He bore, that they might never bear, the wrath of God on account of sin. What He glories in, we also glory in. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world!"

O beloved, what a blessed Christ we have who loves us so, who knows us so—whom we also

know and love! May others be taught to know Him, and to love Him! Yea, at this hour may they come and put their trust in Him, as the sheep trust to the shepherd! We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

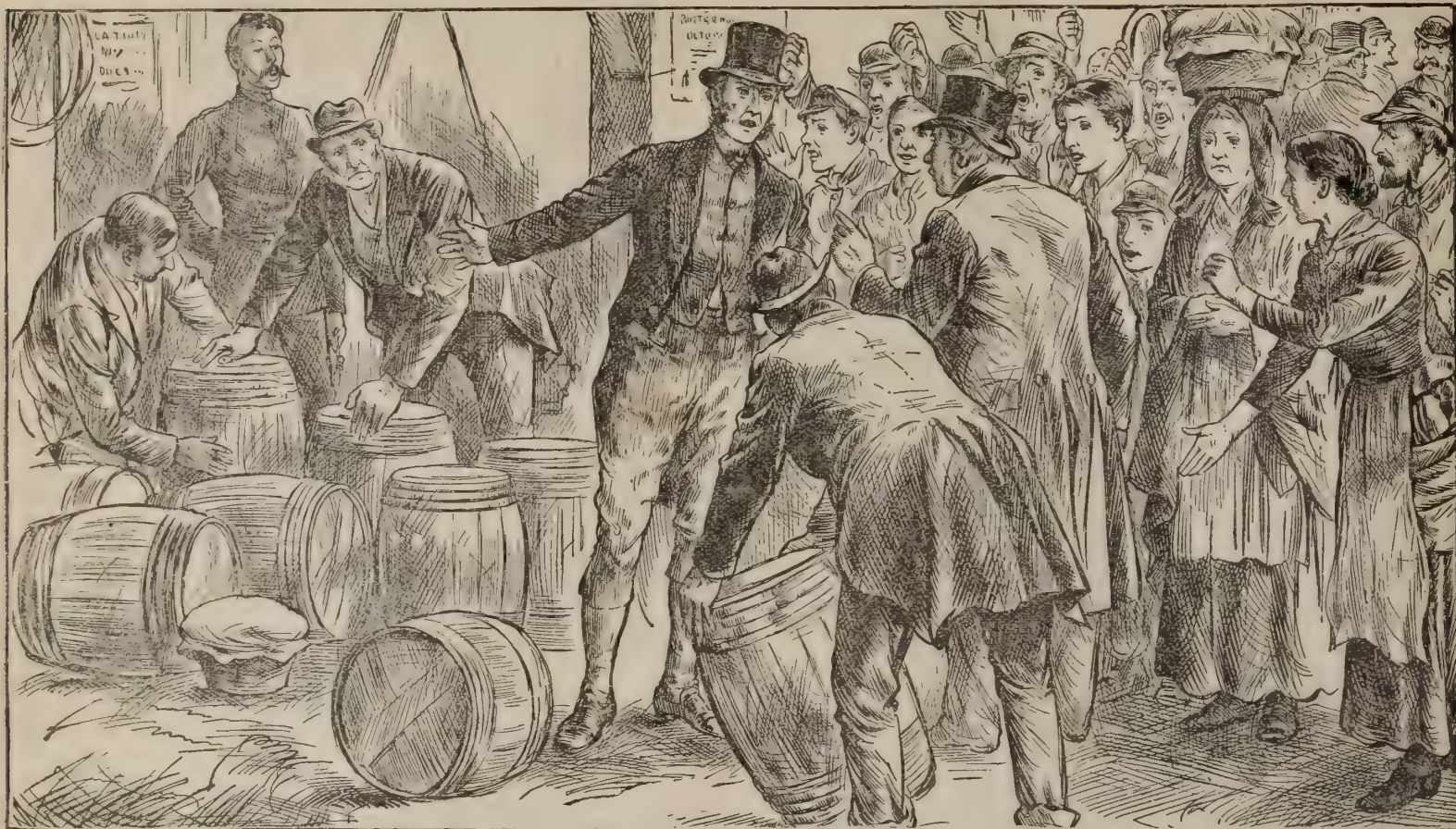
NEW BOOKS.

MY STUDY

and Other Essays, by Austin Phelps, D.D. The first three essays of this volume are an interesting review of the memorable events which were connected with the room in which they were written. Some very important movements, prominent among them the project of American missions to the heathen, which gave rise to the American Board, were initiated by the great men who were wont to meet in that study in Andover Seminary. Professor Phelps sketches the men whose names are held in honor by every student of the theological literature of America. The room became famous in Dr. Porter's time, when, he being a lifelong invalid, the professors went to him there for conference. The weekly prayer-meeting was held there, and who can tell how much the Church to-day owes to the petitions uttered by the great thinkers who gathered in that hallowed place. Among them were Dr. Woods, Professor Stuart, Dr. John Adams, Dr. Justin Edwards, Dr. Pierson, Dr. Worcester, and Dr. Morse. The three essays in which the associations of the room are sketched carry us back into a period of Church history in which men believed strongly, and when latitudinarian ideas were held in abhorrence. It is a natural transition from these sketches to the present condition of religious belief. The eight essays which follow a suggestive article on Vibratory Progress are devoted to a vindication of the doctrine of *Eternal Punishment*, and it looks very much as though these chapters were the main object Dr. Phelps had in view in the production of his work. At the present time the doctrine, if honestly believed by the clergy, is to a large extent, kept in the background. It is seldom that a sermon on the subject is preached. Dr. Phelps believes that the Church needs toning up on this subject, and in a close, vigorous, lucid manner he proceeds to show its consistency with the Divine character, that it is clearly taught in both the Old and New Testaments, and that it is reasonable on philosophical principles. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," we preach, is the keynote of the application. The following essays on inspiration are equally forcible, and in the orthodox tone. Pp. 319; price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SMOOTH STONES,

from Scripture Streams, by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham. In seeking stones for use in the warfare of our time against the Goliath of unbelief, inconsistency and sin, the two eminent evangelists who have combined their labors on this volume, have gone with confidence to the Scripture stream. There is no mistaking their belief. It is thorough and unequivocal. Mr. Needham says in his first pages, we are "decided believers in the plenary verbal inspiration of the Bible," and further defines his position by explaining that it excludes the idea of any admixture whatever of error, and means "the literal words spoken by the Spirit of God." That is a courageous utterance in these days, and will startle some whose notions of inspiration are growing hazy under the attacks upon it made by men of "advanced thought." In alternate chapters the two authors agreeing on that standpoint, present the teaching of the Bible on the subjects which are of the most vital moment to the Christian in his life and work. They keep themselves in the background, and appeal on



Declaring the Boycott in the Butter Market at Cork.

each subject to "the law and the testimony." An intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and a thoughtful, reverent study of its pages during many years, enable them to present in clear forcible light the passages from the various books which bear on the subject in hand, thus enabling the reader to see, not so much what are the author's views about it as what the Bible declares. It thus forms a digest of biblical truth, the value of which is inestimable to a believer who, in circumstances of doubt, trial, or perplexity desires to know only what is his Lord's will, that he may do that. The following is a list of the subjects dealt with: Those by Mr. Needham are: The Spirit and the Word; Redemption according to Moses; The Christian Soldier; Vessels Made Meet; Salvation Unfolded; Flesh and Spirit; Christian Armor; Worship; Sinners made Sons of God; Decay and Revival, and Christian Work. Those by Mrs. Needham are: Personal Appropriation of Jesus; Hope an Anchor; Justification; Negative Testimony; The Blessed Nativity; Prayer and Fasting; Leaven; Leprosy in Houses; Resurrection Words; The River of the Sanctuary, and Zachariah's Prophetic Anthem. Pp. 212; price, \$1. Published by J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston.

MEETINGS AT KEMUEL HOME, PHILADELPHIA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Philadelphia sends the following communication:

"We have had two days of delightful meetings at Kemuel Home this past week, conducted by Mrs. Baxter.

"The name of this dear servant of God, whom so many thousands on this side the Atlantic have learned to love, drew a large and deeply interested assembly of Christians together in the parlors of the Home.

"From their first gathering on Tuesday morning the Spirit of God was most manifestly present, softening every heart, and drawing all into communion with Him, or to deep hungerings for Him, and giving us through the lips of our dear sister, in her rich exposition of Scripture, 'a

feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined.' The rested look that came into many faces, and the light that shone suddenly out from the hungry and the troubled ones, the tears that sprang from very many eyes, showing hearts that were touched and soothed, testified to the power that the dear Lord has given His honored handmaid in rightly dividing the word of truth.

"Not one, I am sure, of all that came went away without his portion of heavenly meat, the many, many happy faces testifying to this.

"Thus the seal of the Lord was evidently added to all by the blessed healings of body, as well as of soul that He sent, thus 'confirming the Word with signs following.' One lady who had been deaf four years after the prayer and anointing instantly received her hearing. Another received her sight within a few hours afterward, and still another was healed of serious disease; one dear brother, having the same night been healed and blessed spiritually, bringing great joy to his family. And since the meetings have closed news have come of a most blessed healing of one who was utterly beyond all skill of the physicians. 'Blessed be the Lord God, who only doeth wondrous things.'

"And all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by Him."

BOYCOTTING IN CORK.

(See Illustration on this page.)

MR. GLADSTONE in one of his speeches warned the discontented people in Ireland that "the resources of civilization" were not exhausted. The phrase has become historical. We have yet to see what resources civilization has in its store that have not been applied to the Irish problem. The student of history, so far, has found more matter for reflection in "the resources of civilization" that the malcontents have put into operation. Without entering upon the merits of the question at issue between the English Government and the Irish people, there is the broad, incontroverted fact that a large majority of the Irish people are bitterly hostile to England. It is alleged, on the one hand, that

their poverty and misery are the consequence of their own idleness and improvidence, and, on the other, that it results from unjust and oppressive government; but no one denies the fact of the misery and discontent. The curious study is of the methods they have employed to ameliorate their condition. In bygone times a nation under the government of another power, and desiring emancipation, saw only one way to it. It must stand forth in armed rebellion. If it did not fight, or, fighting, was vanquished, it submitted with what grace it could. Ireland, however, has brought "the resources of civilization" into use, and not without success. The morality of the mode of fighting is too large a question to discuss here. It is the mode itself as a new departure in history that is interesting.

The problem was for a small power to fight a greater power without risking annihilation. Excommunication had brought even powerful kings to the feet of the Pope; why should not excommunication be equally effective against obnoxious people as a social weapon? With a population largely of one mind it could be used, and it was used. Captain Boycott was the first man on whom it was tried. He was cut off from social intercourse. No man would buy of him, or sell to him, or have dealings of any kind with him. The result satisfied the ingenious leaders, and the verb "to boycott" was incorporated in the language. The practice, too, which was more to the purpose, was brought into regular use. How extensively it has been employed, and how much it is dreaded, all newspaper readers know. It has been carried into all relations of life. On October 4th last year a notice was posted at the gates of the house occupied by an obnoxious landowner—Mrs. Morgan O'Connell—at Kildysart, ordering members of the League to shun her at mass and not to sit in the same gallery with her. Mrs. O'Connell attended mass and was the sole occupant of the gallery. Only three of her two hundred tenants paid their rents. The scene depicted in the illustration shows another phase of it. A representative of the Land League is warning intending purchasers

that certain barrels of butter are the property of boycotted people, and there is the usual result—no one will buy. It is not a fancy sketch; it occurred in the market of Cork last year. The weapon is undoubtedly a powerful one, and, like other effective weapons, it has been and is likely to be often unjustly employed; but for good or evil it will certainly be kept in remembrance whenever and wherever a weak people is arrayed against a powerful one.

GUY WARRINGTON'S RESCUE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

IN a ten-cent lodging-house in Chatham Street, New York, on Christmas eve, some years ago, Guy Warrington, with a board on his knees, sat writing. Looking over his shoulder one could see that he was at work putting the finishing touches to a play, and if he had been asked he would have told that the play was his last hope of obtaining funds to keep him from starvation. He continued absorbed in it until the light was put out for the night, and then he retired to dream about it.

A month later, with the play in his pocket, he was hurrying to the east side of the city, with a set, determined face. It was bitterly cold, and the man shivered as the piercing east wind penetrated his thin clothes to his skin.

"Will you come in and have a cup of coffee?" said a voice at his elbow. "It is a bitter cold night."

Warrington turned and looked at the man in amazement. "No; I have no money," he said, and was hurrying on.

"That makes no difference," said the man. "You will be welcome on your own account, without money."

"Thank you; I will come, then," said Warrington. And he was taken in a friendly way by the arm, and led into a well-lighted room where at rough tables there were cups and plates on which thick pieces of bread were piled. A cup was filled with coffee, and he ate and drank ravenously.

"We have a little meeting in another room; will you wait for it?" said the friend who had brought him in.

"No; I have business on hand that won't wait."

"Well, come to-morrow night; we shall be glad to see you."

"I doubt that; though I am obliged to you for the invitation. I shall be in a condition that will prevent my being welcome here or anywhere else."

"You will never sink to any condition that would render you unwelcome here."

"Why, man, you would not have a corpse at your meeting, would you? I shall be dead in an hour. I should have been dead by this time if you had not called me in."

"Do you mean that you were going to commit suicide?"

"I mean that I *am* going to do that."

"You astonish me. You look like a man of sense, but that is the most senseless thing a man can do. I beg your pardon, but I did not take you for a fool."

"You were right; I am not a fool. This resolve is a proof of my wisdom."

"There I differ; but, if you are determined upon it, you ought not to do so serious a thing—you will admit it is a serious thing—without a little preparation. Come in here," opening the door of a little room, "and let us have a few words of prayer. It will not detain you long, and as you expect so soon to go into God's pres-



Guy Warrington's Chilling Reception.

ence, you should not go without asking Him to have mercy on you."

Warrington turned into the room recklessly. "You have been so kind to me," he said, "that I should like to tell you why I am doing this thing. Then you will see why it is the best thing for me. I am the son of wealthy parents in England. I had a university education, but as there was no need for me to enter a profession, I spent my time in dissipation instead of study. I need not go into details. Suffice it that I became so vile that my father cast me off, and I came to America. I could get no employment in fact, I was not fit for any. As a last resort I wrote this play"—producing it—"no manager would buy it. Now I am out of money, I have lost my character, I have no friends, and no knowledge that will help me to a living. If I live I must beg or steal, and I will do neither. I am a burden to the world and to myself. Suicide is the proper thing for such a man."

"No; I do not agree with you. It is a foolish thing, I might say a wicked thing—but it is foolish, anyhow. Let me show you why." For nearly half an hour the good man labored to convince the despairing man. Finally he obtained his promise that the wicked deed should not be done that night, and an assurance that it should not be done until there had been one more interview. Then he prayed with him earnestly, and Warrington departed, with the loan of a dollar for present needs.

Several interviews followed, and temporary employment was found for him. Warrington worked hard, and in the course of a few weeks had some thirty dollars in his possession. Better than that, he had in his heart a trust in God and saving faith in Christ. Then his friend urged him to return home, with the understanding that if he were not received he should come back to America and work should be found for him.

Late one evening he stood at his father's door. "I will arise and go to my father, and

will say unto him"—he murmured as he rang the bell. The door was opened by a footman whom he had never seen before. The lackey looked him over superciliously, and opined that "Mr. Warrington cannot be seen to-night." He was about to close the door when the young man handed him a slip of paper on which his name was written, and underneath the single word, "repentant."

"Mr. Warrington will not see you," said the man; "it's of no use waiting; we never give anything to beggars."

But Warrington thought it would be of use, and he remained standing on the stoop after the door was closed, and he was shut out in the snow. A few minutes passed while the footman was leisurely making his way to the library, but that was all. Hasty steps were heard hurrying along the hall, the door was flung wide open, and Warrington was clasped in his father's arms.

Such a scene that old house had never witnessed as it did that night. With tears and caresses and prayers the young man was taken back and welcomed. As he thought of that other winter evening in New York, not so long ago, and as he told how he had been held back from self-destruction, earnest prayers went up for God's blessing on the man who had been used of God to save a soul from death.

It is not every prodigal who has a wealthy father ready to welcome back the penitent, but every prodigal may be sure that his Heavenly Father's ear is ever open to his confession of sin and folly, and that, whatever His servants may say to Him, God is waiting with infinite love to receive him (Luke 15:10).

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 31.)

On the Track.

It was impossible to tell Alice, in the first agony of her grief, the dreadful conclusion at which the physician had arrived as to the cause of her father's sudden death. She was informed that another physician would be called in and an autopsy held. A little later the two doctors came, and alone in James Grey's room they examined the body.

While they were engaged in the melancholy duty Alice lay on a lounge in her own apartment weeping. She did not know until now how dear her father had become to her.

During the months that had passed since their reconciliation her love had grown and intensified. Mr. Grey was chastened and mellowed in his old age. His delicacy and consideration touched her heart. Ever attentive, genial, and kind, she clung to him with sure confidence, and turned to him in every difficulty. He, not her husband, was her stay and adviser, and it was to him she looked for comfort and help. Strong faith he always had, but in his later years love seemed to have outgrown faith and changed his nature. He was gentle to all about him, and Alice remembered how, when only a few weeks ago a servant had been detected in dishonesty, it was her father's voice that was raised in a plea for mercy. Her father, whom she had never known in her childhood to show mercy to any one! "Give her another chance," he had said. "She was sorely tempted, perhaps. We must try to reclaim her. Let us lead her to Christ; a soul is too precious to be lost." Strange words to come from James Grey's lips, but they were consistent with the spirit that

dominated his life. The caustic speeches, the bitter denunciation of wrong-doers which he used to pour forth, Alice had never heard from him since their reconciliation. His words were all of love, as if all the world was encircled in his affection.

Then, too, that earnest appeal he made to her on the very night on which he died. Why, it was only last night! How far away it seemed now! She could never make her promised confession to him. He could not plead for her now. How kind he was, how intensely earnest in his entreaties that she would yield herself to God! And he was gone from her just as she needed him most! Whose hand now would lead her to the Saviour? Who could give her counsel and encouragement? As Alice pondered her tears streamed afresh, for her bereavement was a loss beyond conception. Hard and proud and cold as she was, her heart was broken. How she wished that she could make her peace with God, that from Him she might receive consolation! Not yet could she go to Him. Between Him and herself was the insurmountable barrier of her unconfessed sin, as well as of long years of neglect. Her eyes were closed to the glorious fact that the way, through Jesus, was opened before her. She could not see that the sacrifice offered on Calvary atoned for the sins of the world, and that by pleading that, God would receive her, sinful as she was. So she mourned in darkness, and her desolation invited despair.

Twice, a knock was given on her door as she lay busied with these sad thoughts, and she heard it not. A third time the signal was given, and then the door was gently opened, and her daughter Myrtie, looking in, said, "Mamma, I am sorry to disturb you, but the doctors want to speak to you. Will you come down? It is something of importance."

Alice rose, bathed her face, and descended to the parlor in which the two physicians sat. She was too much agitated to speak, but, sinking wearily into a chair, motioned to them that she was ready to hear.

"Madam," said the elder of the two, who was the one first summoned, "we have made a painful, I may say, a shocking discovery. I grieve to inform you that Mr. Grey died by violence. I supposed, as you did, that he must have suffered from apoplexy, or disease of the heart, but when I saw the body I suspected, as I said at the time, that there was foul play. That was why I wished for an autopsy. We found it unnecessary to proceed with it. My friend and I carefully examined the body, and found irresistible proof that Mr. Grey was murdered."

Alice did not faint or shriek. Her frame grew rigid, her hands closed convulsively, and her face grew ashy pale, but she did not lose her self-control.

"How was it done?" she asked, hoarsely.

"He was stabbed in the neck," said the doctor. "The criminal was evidently a cunning fellow. The wound he made was scarcely visible, but it was fatal. I will, if you consent, call myself on the police and explain all particulars. There should be no loss of time in hunting the man down. He is a dangerous criminal to have at large."

"Do so, please, Doctor," said Alice, "and ask them to send me an expert detective. Oh, my poor father! It was cruel, cruel!"

"We can at least give you some slight alleviation," said the doctor. "Though he died a cruel death, it was a painless one. He suffered nothing. All the signs show that he was stunned by the blow on the forehead, and when the fatal wound was given, the weapon penetrated to the brain at once, and he could have felt nothing of it."

"Thank you for that comfort, Doctor," said Alice. "I am relieved to know that. But what a cruel thing—so old a man, and a man who had not an enemy in the world."

"I think it will be found that he had an enemy," said the doctor; "there must have been malice as well as cupidity at work. The

police will be able, I hope, to find that out with such clues as I shall give them. I will go to headquarters at once. You will please take care that nothing is disturbed in the room before the officers arrive."

A few minutes later the doctor was closeted with the chief of police describing the circumstances. He left with that officer a piece of an awl about an inch long, which he had extracted from the wound at the back of the murdered man's neck. The murderer had used such violence that the instrument had broken, and he had been unable to withdraw it.

Alice received the officer sent to the house with eagerness. One desire, the desire that her father's death should be avenged, held complete possession of her. Grief must wait while the murderer was at liberty. She was prepared for any effort, and no expense should be spared, though her last dollar should be called for, if only the perpetrator of the infamous deed could be brought to justice.

The calm demeanor of the detective irritated the excited woman. Crimes were his natural element. This was no more to him than dozens of other murders on the detection of which he had exercised his skill. It was an interesting case, and nothing more. To Alice it seemed a crime unprecedented, an outrage which should convulse the country. In a quiet, business-like way the man examined the scene of the crime, made a few notes, and questioned every one about the premises. He found that the victim's gold watch had been taken, and his pockets rifled. A box in the room had been broken open and some valuables abstracted. "It was a burglary," he said to Alice. "The old gentleman probably found the man at work when he went to bed, and was struck down as he entered the room. It was a vicious party that did it, and perhaps something the old man said made him think he'd better quiet him, so as he couldn't identify him if he was caught. Leave it to us, madam, we shall catch him when he disposes of the watch. We'll send telegrams to other cities if you will describe it."

Alice did so, and the man departed. But she was not satisfied. She resolved to put a private detective on the case, and that night a gentlemanly man with a bright, intelligent face and a long brown beard arrived in response to her telegram. He introduced himself as John Smith, and explained that he was not regularly employed by the firm. He was from New York, and was already engaged in a case with which he believed this case was connected, and being in the office when Mrs. Vane's telegram arrived, he had proffered his services, and they had been accepted. He made a minute examination of the premises, and then, armed with a note from Alice, he waited on the physician and the chief of police. An hour later he returned, and, finding Mrs. Vane with her son and daughter, who were doing their utmost to comfort their sorrowing mother, he begged for a private interview with her.

They went at once to a room in another part of the house, where there was no danger of eavesdroppers or interruption. There he told her about the broken awl which he had brought.

"Permit me to examine the awl?" she said, as she seated herself in front of him.

He handed it to her, and watched her closely as she examined it.

"You and I have apparently come to the same conclusion," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"You have an idea who killed James Grey, and so have I."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Stephen Vane."

"Your proof?"

"The awl."

"Do you know Stephen Vane—or anything about his habits?"

"I have been familiar with his habits for forty years."

"Why does the broken awl make you suspect him?"

"He used to have a knife with several tool-blades. One of these blades was an awl, like this."

"How do you know all this?"

"A friend of mine gave him the knife. That friend is dead now, and the knife has undoubtedly been retained as a keepsake."

A sigh of relief escaped Alice, as Smith said this. He noticed it, and smiled.

"Don't you think that you have woven a very fanciful theory around a very trifling point?" she continued.

"There is less of the fanciful about my theory than you are willing to admit," he answered, firmly.

"Will you please explain yourself?"

He bowed. "I will do so with pleasure—to a certain extent—"

"Stop a moment," she exclaimed, impatiently. "Unless this is to be an unreserved exchange of confidences you need not say any more. I have an opinion as to who killed my father, as you have conjectured, but I shall not express that opinion unless you also speak freely."

"I am willing and ready to give you a full knowledge of my theory and discoveries so far as the killing of James Grey is concerned, though the telling of even that much is a decidedly unprofessional thing to do. There is, however, another case of which this murder is a counterpart—a wheel within a wheel, as it were. It is the part of my investigation pertaining to this last case which I must keep to myself for the present. You shall be informed of the whole matter at the earliest practicable moment. To say anything to you as to my plans, aside from your father's murder, would be to place embarrassing limitations upon my own actions."

"Has what you have to say anything to do with the man whom I married in Vermont nineteen years ago?"

Her breath came quick, and her bosom heaved with some powerful emotion. She seemed to regret the question the moment it left her lips.

His answer came slowly, and in the quiet tone which characterized his most striking utterances.

"Yes," he said, "in a short time I shall have something to say concerning the man you married in Vermont, but I shall have still more to say concerning the man who was placed in an English mad-house several months after that marriage."

His piercing black eyes were full upon her as he finished speaking, but her own eyes met them frankly.

There was no mistaking it—she did not understand him.

And then for the first time since he came into the house Smith showed signs of excitement.

"Are you playing upon my credulity?" she demanded.

"No!"

"I believe you. I also believe that you are dealing fairly with me. You are either a very well-informed man or a most successful guesser. In either case you excite my astonishment and have my confidence. Tell me what you choose to, and I will be satisfied. Why do you suspect Stephen Vane of this murder?"

"My reasons are these: The man who killed James Grey entered that unfortunate man's room through the door, and not through the window. The window was open, to be sure, but it could not have been raised from the outside without breaking the glass or forcing the fastening. Possibly it might have been unfastened, and if so, the murderer could have entered the room by means of it without breaking the glass. In that case he must have reached the window by the veranda roof. But had he done so he would have left footprints, as the dust on the veranda roof is half an inch deep. But the dust is undisturbed. There is not a footprint in it. Mr. Grey was also robbed. Had robbery been the sole object of his assailant the blow on his forehead would have been quite sufficient, since that knocked him senseless. Again, a man struck in the face natu-

rally falls upon his back. Your father was found lying upon his face. After knocking him senseless Mr. Grey's assailant deliberately turned him over and drove the awl into the back of his neck. By accident the awl was broken off. Probably because it was driven in with great force. The murdered man was then robbed to make it appear that robbery was the sole object of the assault. And then—"Well?"

"And then the murderer took the morning train for New York."

"The morning train!"

"Exactly. Stephen Vane did not leave Richmond until this morning."

"Can this be proven?"

"By competent witnesses."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 31, Dan. i. Golden Text, Ps. 119-9. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Captive Princes—Educated in Babylon—Learning not to be Despised—Not to be Sought for Glory—Daniel's Abstinence—A Test Proposed—The Examination Passed—The Hebrews in Office—A Witness Against Two Wrong Courts—The Despot's Dream—A Fair Challenge to the Astrologers—Their Failure—Sentenced to Death—Daniel's God-honoring Testimony.

WE have already seen that the first installment of the captivity of Judah took place in the reign of Jehoiakim, who was then himself carried captive into Babylon (II Chron. 36:5-7). With the king were carried away other members of his family, and also some of the vessels of the house of God. Nebuchadnezzar, who seems to have possessed many valuable qualities as a ruler, did not ill-treat his captives, but went so far as to seek out some of the royal family, "the king's seed, of the princes" to whom he might give special educational advantages. Doubtless, in those days, Babylon was the world's university; Egypt, the school of learning in Moses' time had declined in importance, and now, instead of the magicians of Egypt; the magicians, astrologers, sorcerers and Chaldeans of Babylon were the men of learning of the then known world.

GOD DOES NOT DESPISE LEARNING.

He can use a Moses "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts 7:22); a Daniel, who in "all matters of wisdom and understanding," was "ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers" in Babylon; a Saul of Tarsus, who was "brought up . . . at the feet of Gamaliel" (Acts 22:3). But He can also dispense with it, as we see from His choice of Peter and John who were "unlearned and ignorant men" (Acts 4:13). Shall young people be indifferent then to their studies? Surely not. "Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God" (I Cor. 7:24). If a student is called and converted, let him finish his studies, abiding therein with God, but taking God's view of learning and of intellect, "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom" (Jer. 9:23). "Lean not unto thine own understanding" (Prov. 3:5); "Be not wise in your own conceits" (Rom. 12:16). How many a young student has undermined his constitution for life in seeking for honors which were for his own glory, not the Lord's. He might have known just as much if he had renounced ambition and taken things quietly, and might have been more useful in the world.

Nebuchadnezzar's choice of students was "children in whom there was no blemish, but well-favored and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace." Such were Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah. All four of these were children of God, and it is very blessed to know that the grace of God in these lads was manifest in their success in study, so that they were chosen out of others—probably unconverted

young men—as the chosen subjects for a university education in Babylon. But the same faith in God which had claimed and received His blessing on their studies, led Daniel to purpose in his heart that

HE WOULD NOT DEFILE HIMSELF

with the portion of the king's meat, and with the wine which he drank. Nebuchadnezzar had ordained that a daily portion from his own table should be given to these young Hebrews, and Daniel felt that as he studied for God, and not for his own glory, so also whether he ate or drank or whatever he did, he would do all to the glory of God (I Cor. 10:31).^{*} But Daniel did not take matters into his own hands rashly, and offensively speak of his principles. As in all else, he doubtless committed the matter to the Lord, and He made his way for him. "God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs," and thus he was disposed to please Daniel, although he might not fully have understood the lad's motives. How far Daniel had spoken to him of the true God does not appear, but it is more than probable that the young Hebrew prince had sought to win this Babylonian to the Lord. The prince of the eunuchs was in a dilemma; he feared to offend the despotic king who had appointed the diet of his Hebrew students, and at the same time he loved Daniel, and respected his scruples.

The young student, guided no doubt by God, at last proposed a solution of the difficulty. He said to Melzar, the steward, who provided their food, "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee ten days, and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants." Nothing could be fairer or more sensible. Daniel knew that "man doth not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live" (Deut. 8:3), and he knew how to commit the matter to God. Daniel rested the matter over upon God as His responsibility, and did nothing further himself. Melzar was agreeable to the test, and at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat.

GOD HAD TRIUMPHED.

And His name was magnified. Three years passed by; the time for the examination in the presence of the king approached, and he conducted it in person. Competitors there were, and many of them, "but among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, therefore stood they before the king," or, in other words, they were put into office. What was the secret of this? Their own studiousness? No doubt they were among the most thorough, but this would not have carried them through if the hand of the Lord had not been with them; it was He who gave them success. Were they elated with their success, when question after question "in all matters of wisdom and understanding" were answered by them, better than by all the magicians and astrologers in all the realm of Babylon? We think not, for had they been conceited, they would have become independent of God, and this the Bible shows in the next chapter they were not.

There are many young people whose consciences are exercised about amusements, jewelry, dress, about stimulants, etc., God calls first for the "purpose of heart," that all shall be for Him. But there are many who take matters into their own hands, and without waiting for God to make their way, rush on headlong into extremes where God does not stand with them; neglect home duties and become irritable when reminded that those claims are as much from God as the winning of souls. There are others who are contented to go on in the

^{*} The king's meat was probably in part what would be unclean for a Hebrew (Lev. 11); again, it might have been offered in sacrifice to idols, or, in the cooking, blood might have been used, which was forbidden to the people of God.

world without caring for the honor of God, and so let all their spirituality be sapped away while they leave the unsaved around them to perish. Daniel is a witness against both classes.

The young man went on walking simply with God. The imperious King of Babylon, who was unused to any opposition to his will, had one night a dream which disturbed his sleep, and which, nevertheless, he could not recall.

UNSANCTIFIED DESPOTISM

is unreasonable in its demands. Nebuchadnezzar required of the Chaldeans and other men of letters, that they should not only interpret the dream, but also recall it to him. With one accord they besought the king to tell them the dream, and they would show him the interpretation. With senseless imperiousness he insisted that they should show the dream on pain of death, and on doing so should be handsomely rewarded. And, "knowing they laid claim to supernatural power, he said: 'Tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can show me the interpretation thereof.'"^{*} Alas, for poor humanity, which wants to be great in itself! how its impotence is ever coming to light! All power in heaven and earth is given unto Jesus, *we* have none, our only power is Christ, the power of God. The poor wise men of Babylon were obliged to own: "There is not a man upon the earth that can show the king's matter . . . there is none other that can show it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh." But these men did not know that men were living with whom God spoke face to face (Ex. 33:11).

SENTENCE ON THE ASTROLOGERS.

Nebuchadnezzar, in his rage, commanded the execution of all the wise men in Babylon, a wholesale destruction of all the professors of the Babylonian universities. Among others, Daniel and his fellows were sought for execution. But Daniel had a resource unknown to the wise men of Babylon, so he went in, and desired of the king time, and he would show him the interpretation. There was no perhaps, Daniel was sure of his God, he knew that nothing was hidden from Him, and thus he claimed his privilege as a prophet: "Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret to His servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7). So he called together his three friends, and they put the matter so definitely and surely into God's hands that Daniel slept, knowing that all was safe with Him. And the secret was revealed to him in a night vision. The young prophet was in no hurry to go out and tell the wise men that their lives were safe; he took time first to praise God, knowing that He had power to care for those who were in danger. But Arioch, the king's captain, who had been appointed to superintend the massacre, was in haste, and brought Daniel before the king. So the question, "Art thou able to make known the dream?" Daniel answered, the wise men *cannot*, "but there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets," and then proceeded to tell the king his dream, and to give God's interpretation of it. Thus God made this simple, faithful, humble young student the means of saving the lives of all the wise men in Babylon, and also of showing them and the king that their claim of possessing power in themselves was false.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London) may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for January:

Retrospect of the Year 1885.
Another Year. By Bishop Paterson.
A Birds-Eye-View of the Book of Revelation.
The Gospel of Divination: A Biblical Study.
A Cry at Midnight.
Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.
The Period and Phenomena of the Seventh Vial.
The Second Coming of Christ as Related to Israel's Restoration. By the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D.
The Christian Workman: His Work and His Reward.
The End of the Electoral Battle.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

^{*} They might deceive the king as to the interpretation, but they could not invent the dream without his discovering their duplicity.

"THIS WILL OF MINE."

Laid on Thine altar, oh my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake;—
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make,—
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine,—a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all!
Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love, or am, or fain would be,—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp, till beauty it hath none.
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."
Take it, oh Father, ere my courage fail;
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

—Selected.

SEND for Hand-Book about Sunday School Banners to J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Nottingham Lace Curtains

We offer this week an elegant pair of curtains for \$2.75, or 2 pairs for \$5.00. Each curtain 3½ yards long and 54 inches wide. A positive bargain. Although we have appointed a great many agents since our last advertisement, we still have room for a few more in unrepresented districts. Ladies having spare time should write at once for terms, which are liberal.

No Risk. No Outfit to Pay for.

Goods sent at sight on account of their beauty and cheapness. Early application necessary, as number is limited. Address R. A. DUTTON, Box 512, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

NOW READY.

224 Pages of the choicest gems of Sunday-School Songs from more than 100 popular composers.

Hymns of Praise

Contains Music for Each Hymn.

\$30 per 100 Copies, in Board Covers.

The book in beautiful Cloth Covers will still be furnished at \$40 per 100 Copies.

Hymns of Praise

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

EXAMINE IT before you buy a new book.

Intelligent S. S. workers who appreciate a first-class book, are adopting HYMNS OF PRAISE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

—THE—

SECURITY

Mutual Benefit Society

OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Opp. Post Office.

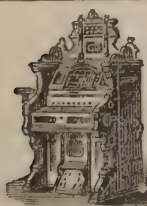
Insures from \$1000 to \$5000.

ONLY TEN ASSESSMENTS

have been levied since the Society began business, averaging a trifle over three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 35 years, but \$4.03 a year for \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted.

Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoiding AGENTS & DEALERS) and send this Beautiful 5 Octave Solid Walnut **BELL CHIMES ORGAN** for \$70 for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matches in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877.

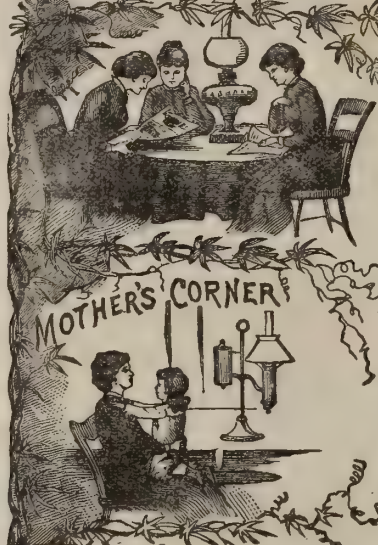
CAULIFLOWERS AND HOW TO GROW THEM

A New Book, with Practical Information in Minute Detail. By mail, postpaid, 20 Cents. For sale by all dealers in Horticultural Books, or by the author—FRANCIS BRILL, Riverhead, Long Island, N. Y.

PRINTING PRESSES AND BOOKS OF TYPE.
Circular free. JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray St., N. Y.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.



SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON TRIAL 3 MONTHS FOR
ONLY 10 CTS. SILVER OR STAMPS.
SPLENDID DOMESTIC STORIES!

—BY—
Marion Harland, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry Cooke, Mary Abbott Rand, Sarah Orne Jewett, Christine Terhune Herrick, John's Wife, Clarissa Potter, Charity Snow, and others.

A Series of Stories for Girls. Hints on Dress, Etiquette, How to Entertain, &c. Mrs. Lambert's Fashion Letters, with Answers to Correspondents, practical and helpful. "How to Dress Well and Economically." Instructive articles on How to Appear Well in Society, How to Talk Well, and Improve your Grammar.

Mother's Corner. A page devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children. **Artistic Needlework** a special feature with special illustrations.

Brush Studies and Household Decoration, by Lida and M. J. Clarkson, gives practical instruction in painting upon canvas, satin, silk, push, and all kinds of embroidery.

Home Cooking, with original and tried recipes, contributed by our subscribers.

Musical Studies, by Margaret B. Harvey, are popular, and helpful to beginners in music.

Floral Department, illustrated, and carefully edited by Eben E. Rexford.

Letters from subscribers and answers to correspondents on all household topics.

We send the JOURNAL one year for **ONE DOLLAR**, and give to each one

OUR NEW 1886 STAMPING OUTFIT

For Embroidery and Painting. ALL NEW PATTERNS! LARGER AND MORE OF THEM! The Best yet offered. SEE WHAT IT CONTAINS!

47 Elegant Patterns and One Complete Alphabet!

DESCRIPTION:—One set of Initials for Towels, Hat Marks, &c., worth 50 cents. 2 large Outline designs, 7x9, for Ties, 25c, each, 50c. 1 design for Tinsel Embroidery, five inches wide, for end of Table Scarf, 25c. 1 Tidy design for ribbon work, 20c. 1 large Clover design, 7x11, for Kensington painting, 25c. 1 Thistle design, 6x11, for Kensington painting, 25c. 1 Stork and 1 large Butterfly, for Lustrous painting, 10c, and 15c. 1 Fancy design for lady's satin bag, 10c. 1 design for Thermometer case, 20c. 1 elegant spray of Golden Rod, 6x11, 25c. 1 Martha Washington geranium design, for push petals, 6x10, 25c. 1 design for top of Umbrella case, 15c. 1 Spider's web, 10c. 1 disk design, 10c. 1 Tidy design—Owls on a tree—25c, 45c. 1 Daisy vine, 1 large bunch of Daisies, 25c. 19 other designs of Braiding, Scallops, Roses, Forget-me-nots, Wheat, Birds, &c., worth 10c. to 15c, each \$1.30. 10 small sprigs and figures for Crazy Patchwork, or other uses for finishing all these beautiful designs, we send Powder and Distributor, with which to do the stamping; and a book of instructions teaching how to do every branch of the work.

One Handsome Tidy, made of the best quality of felt, stamped with pretty flower design, with silk and needle to work it; worth altogether, 40c.

One Book of Stitches, which teaches the Outline and Kensington stitches, Ribbon Embroidery, Arrasene and Chenille work; Push Embroidery, &c. Also, instructions in Crazy Patchwork, with illustrations showing eight finished blocks, and over 150 new stitches for ornamenting the seams. Besides all the above, we are going to give away with each Outfit, a book of Knitting and Crochet, giving instructions for knitting all the latest novel ties; also, a Fancy Braid and Crochet Book, giving directions for making edging of Feather Edge and other novelty braids. Address:

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK

A new work on INDOOR and OUTDOOR painting which is designed to teach people how to DO THEIR OWN PAINTING and save the expense of a professional painter. The most practical and valuable work of the kind ever issued. Full and plain directions are given for mixing paints for ALL PURPOSES. Tells all about PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, STAINING, VARNISHING, and PAINTING, as well as how to REPAVATE FURNITURE, so that it will look as good as new. Tells all about HOUSE-CLEANING. Full directions are given for mixing and applying Kalsomine to ceilings and walls. It tells how to make and use stencils for ornamenting ceilings. Gives detailed directions for PAPER HANGING so that every one can paper a room successfully. Tells how to make DAMASK WALLS, etc. Tells how to paint a kitchen or chamber FLOOR. OIL-CLOTHS, varnish, RESTORE CHROMES and oil paintings, renovate PICTURE FRAMES, CLEAN MARBLE, etc. Many useful hints on ARTISTIC WORK for HOME DECORATION are given. Full directions are given for making the beautiful SPATTER-WORK pictures in which the ladies are so much interested. Tells how to paint OUTDOOR DECORATIONS, FARM WAGONS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, and CARRIAGES as well as how to polish a PIANO or ORGAN—how to GROUND GLASS or make paint for BACK BOARDS—GRAINING in oil and black walnut, painting in imitation of EBONY, ROYALTY and ROSEWOOD stain, etc. The book is bound in extra cloth, with ink and gold, contains a large number of illustrations; will save its cost in a short time. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00. Five books for \$4.00. Get four friends to send with you and thus get your book free. Address,

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, New York

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, Of London,

Sending an order for forty copies of this work, says: "It is a capital book, and if possible, would like to reprint it and place a copy in the hands of each of our students."

Notes and Suggestions FOR BIBLE READINGS.

BY S. R. Briggs and J. H. Elliott.

Acknowledged to be the very best help for Bible Readings in print. Introductory chapters by

L. W. Whittle,
Rev. Lyman Abbott,
Rev. J. H. Brooks, D.D.,
Rev. Stewart Robinson, D.D.,
Rev. J. Erdman,
Rev. A. Somerville,
Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.

And Over Six Hundred Bible Readings and Bible Studies by some of the most eminent Bible students of the day.

This volume is without doubt the most complete and satisfactory as well as the largest and cheapest book of Bible Readings published.

One very valuable feature of this work and wherein it differs from other books of a somewhat similar character, is in the line of thought being given with very nearly every scripture reference quoted, without which a book of Bible Readings is of little more help than an ordinary concordance in preparing for this useful branch of Christian instruction. 262 pages, large 12mo, with complete Index. Bound in cloth, Library Edition, \$1 00; cheap paper cover edition, 50 cents.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. in postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large illustrated Catalogue of Gems, Rhymes, Revolving, Yankee Accordeons, Guitars, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing presses, Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. **FREE** World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

SILKS AND VELVETS.

James M'Creery & Co.

Commence on Monday, Jan. 4, their ANNUAL SALE of SILKS and VELVETS.

HEAVY REDUCTIONS have been made in all Sections of the Vast Stocks which they exhibit.

An early inspection is invited.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Clifton Silk Mills.



A MODERN HOUSE OF LOW COST

ELEGANT IN DESIGN, CONVENIENT IN ARRANGEMENT.

From "Shoppell's Modern Houses," (Just Published.) Large illustrations, floor plans, full description and reliable cost of the above and of 76 other modern houses, ranging in cost from \$410 up to \$12,000, may be found in "Shoppell's Modern Houses"—the largest, latest, best and most practical architectural work published.

* Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.

Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASSOC'N, 24 Beekman Street, New York.

*Knowing the unequalled merits of this work, we say to every purchaser of "Shoppell's Modern Houses," that if it is not all—and more than all—that is claimed for it, we will have our money back.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS.

EUREKA RECITATIONS,

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL,

the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and handsome lithograph cover. Price only 12 cents each. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, (P. O. Box 2767) 31 Rose St., New York.

BORN WITHOUT EARS.



Hears perfectly with the **DENTAPHONE!** The Deaf hear through the teeth by means of a remarkable scientific invention, **THE DENTAPHONE!** Endorsed by leading Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen. Books containing 100 living testimonials, SENT FREE. Home Office, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW YORK OFFICE, American Dentaphone Co. 59 Park Place.

THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK

AND Autographic Register,

Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.

Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, and all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 4.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF MR. GLADSTONE, MR. PARNELL, AND LORD SALISBURY.
THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND ITS LEADERS—The Soldiers' Christmas-Tree.
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
A Remarkable Answer to Prayer in Brooklyn.

CURRENT EVENTS: Civil Service Reform in Congress—More Protests Against Silver Coinage—Another Anti-Chinese Demonstration in Wyoming—A Distressing Mining Calamity—Labor Disturbances in Pennsylvania—Queen Victoria on the Irish Question—The Balkan Problem—Mr. Aitken's Farewell A Train on a Burning Bridge, etc.
ALDEN'S FALSE STEP. (With Illustration.)

A TRAITOR SUSPECTED AND CONVICTED. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
FIVE APOCALYPTIC PICTURES. By Mr. G. B. Taylor—Notices of New Books.
A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
PICTURE OF PARLIAMENTARY OFFICIALS SEARCHING FOR DYNAMITE.
The Fiery Furnace. S. S. Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.



Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone—Mr. C. S. Parnell, M. P.—Marquis of Salisbury—Lobby of the House of Commons.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND ITS LEADERS.

ON the first page is a picture of the lobby of the House of Commons, a place where members stroll about while waiting for a division, talk with their friends, and meet any of their constituents who may happen to be in London and desirous of an interview with their representative.

The House of Commons, which assembled on January 12th to take the oath of allegiance, is the eleventh House which the people have elected since Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The English system differs from our own in this, that it is impossible to predict with certainty when a new House will be elected. Under the Constitution a House cannot exist more than seven years, but it may be dissolved in one year, or at any time that the Queen, by the advice of the Premier, decides. If in one, two, or three years after a House has been elected, some great question arises in which the Premier and his Cabinet have not the support of the House, and he thinks that the people agree with him, though their representatives do not, he can have a new election by persuading the Queen to dissolve. As there have been eleven elections in forty-nine years, it appears that the average life of a House is about four and a half years. Then, too, another peculiarity is that all the members of Parliament are out at the same time, not a section only, as with us. They are all eligible for re-election, and, of course, there are some who are always sure of being elected; but it is conceivable that circumstances might arise in which a gang of men might be sent to compose the House of Commons not one of whom had ever sat in Parliament before. That is one of the anomalies of John Bull's system, which he of course considers a pattern for the world.

The new House consists of 670 members, and of these 332 are new men, who have never sat in Parliament before. Four are *native born Americans*. Some of the new men sent by Irish constituencies are objectionable to the aristocratic members of the House. They include 2 drapers, 3 tavern-keepers, 4 farmers, 2 grocers, 1 carpenter, 1 blacksmith, 1 florist, 1 watchmaker, 1 tailor, 1 dancing-saloon owner, and 1 manager of a dancing-school. Some of the English towns have sent representatives whom the aristocrats dislike quite as much. Among them are a mason, a glass-blower, a tailor, a bootmaker, and a laborer. One of the Americans is Mr. Louis J. Jennings, formerly editor of the *New York Times*, who will be a great acquisition to the House, being familiar with democratic institutions. A second American is Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, of Philadelphia, who married the philanthropic Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. F. A. Channing, of Boston, Mass., is a third American. He is one of the family made famous by the Unitarian preacher of that name. The fourth is Mr. John H. Puleston, formerly connected with Jay, Cooke & Co.

Prominent among the new members is *Joseph Arch*, the leader of the agricultural laborers. In 1872 he was working on a farm for \$3 a week, and was better paid at that than other laborers. But he organized the Agricultural Laborers' Union, and became its President, and has now persuaded an agricultural constituency to send him to Parliament. He is an earnest Christian man and a lay preacher among the Methodists. *William Abraham*, the pitman, comes from Wales. His opponent at the polls was one of his former employers, a colliery owner, who must have felt chagrined at being relegated to obscurity, while one of his men was sent in his place to legislate for the empire.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, in its description of the new members, that the most notable thing about them, as a class, is "the increase of professional men. The lawyers in the new House number ninety-five. They are thus far more numerous than any other single interest, and form one seventh of the whole House. To the lawyers must be added sixteen doctors, thirty-

one journalists (no profession has increased its representation in so great a proportion as these gentlemen), twelve teachers, and some half dozen members of various other professions which may fairly be called learned. If all these are added together a total is arrived at large enough to give a color of its own to the new House." Another remarkable thing about them is the unusually large number of young men. But whereas in former Houses a young member was generally the eldest son of a Lord, who would be a Lord himself when his father died, in this House there are very few of that kind. The young men, as a rule, are not aristocrats. A large number of "eldest sons" offered themselves at the polls, but nearly all of them were defeated. The people are evidently becoming more intelligent, and realize that the aristocrats have quite enough influence on legislation through the House of Lords, without sending more of them to operate in the Commons. It may be hoped, for the sake of the country, that the House will be wisely guided, for it has much serious business before it, and its decisions will have momentous results on the future of the British Empire.

THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

WILLIAM EVART GLADSTONE, the ex-Premier, whose portrait, taken from the latest photograph he sat for, appears on the first page, was born December 29th, 1809. He is, therefore, in his seventy-seventh year. At the age of twelve (in September 1821), he was entered at Eton College, where the education at that time was largely confined to classics and Latin and Greek compositions; but there were there with him many scholars who afterward achieved fame in public life. Young Gladstone was a studious boy, and became a sound classical scholar.

He entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a student, in 1829, remaining there until 1831, leaving at Michaelmas in that year with distinguished educational honors—a Double First in Classics and Mathematics. While there he exhibited an almost *superhuman industry* and a wonderful aptitude for learning, neither of which has in the least abated or become dimmed in his subsequent career, but, on the contrary, they have increased with his years.

After leaving the University of Oxford he spent a year in a *Continental tour*, which period was devoted to the study of men, manners and things in the various countries of Europe. In 1831 he entered Parliament as a Conservative member for Newark. He had been in "the House" but two years ere Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, appointed him to the unimportant post of a junior Lordship of the Treasury. In the next year, 1835, he was appointed Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. But as Sir Robert Peel's ministry was only four months in office, Mr. Gladstone, with his chief, was soon sitting on the opposition benches.

HIS FIRST BOOK.

Relieved of official duties, Mr. Gladstone devoted his leisure to the production of a book which at its appearance created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. It was entitled "The State in its Relations with the Church." During the same period of exclusion from office he devoted himself with delight to his classical studies. He was then, and still is, a superlative master of the language and literature of Greece and Rome. He has published Latin sacred verses not appreciably inferior in grace to those of Buchanan or Milton, and as a Homeric student his "Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age" entitles him to a well-earned niche among scholarly critics. Classical study is with him a delightful pleasure, and it is related of him that on one occasion, when his seat in Parliament hung in the balance, and he was the prey of torturing anxiety, he shut himself in his study on the decisive polling-day, and spent the anxious hours in translating Homer. He is credited with having written the most elegant Latin translation of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages," while sitting on the Government benches in

"the House" at night, to relieve the weariness of a dull debate.

In 1839, when he was becoming prominent in Parliament, Lord Macaulay wrote of him: "He is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished Parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. . . . But we believe we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanor have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties." Since that was written Mr. Gladstone has made rapid strides upward, leaving the quagmire of Toryism far behind him. Now, instead of being the rising hope of the Tories, he is their dread and aversion.

OFFICIAL WORK.

In 1841 Mr. Gladstone came back to office, again under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, and occupied for two years the subordinate position of Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He then stepped into the office of President of the same department, a position in which his ability began to have weight in the ministerial councils.

When the Government, in 1846, proposed the *Repeal of the Corn Laws*, he resigned his seat for Newark, because the Duke of Newcastle, who owned the borough, and who was his patron, held anti-repeal views. Upon his re-entering Parliament for the University of Oxford he threw the weight of his great debating power into the scale in favor of *University Reform* and the *Removal of Jewish Disabilities*. Up to that time no Jew could occupy a seat in Parliament or hold any office under the Crown.

Up to this period Mr. Gladstone had been known as a Conservative, but in 1851 he finally severed himself altogether from the great Conservative party; and in the same year he was called by purely domestic circumstances to Naples. There his humanity was stirred to its very core by the unheard-of brutalities of King Bomba, who had imprisoned twenty thousand of his subjects without trial. His passionate cry for redress sounded throughout the civilized world.

In 1852, when Lord Derby became Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone declined to join his Ministry; and the Budget, which was propounded by Mr. Disraeli, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so severely criticized by Mr. Gladstone that Lord Derby's Conservative Ministry was overthrown. Lord Aberdeen then formed a Liberal Government, of which Mr. Gladstone became *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and in 1853 he made his first great financial speech, bringing forward a Budget. After the dissolution of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, in 1853, Mr. Gladstone did not take any prominent part in Parliamentary affairs for several years, but occupied himself a good deal in literary studies.

In the Administration of 1859 Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was instrumental in the repeal of the paper duty, and in negotiating the commercial treaty with France. At the general election of 1865 he was defeated at the University of Oxford by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, now Lord Cranbrook, but he was elected for Southwest Lancashire. In the election of 1868, however, he lost his seat after a fierce contest, which excited the most intense interest throughout the country. His victorious opponent was this time Mr. Cross, who became Secretary for the Home Department. This event, however, did not exclude him from Parliament, as the electors of *Greenwich* had a few days previously returned him by a large majority. He was subsequently elected by the Mid-Lothian district in Scotland, which he still represents.

When the death of Lord Palmerston took place, in 1866, Mr. Gladstone became leader of the House of Commons, and Prime Minister of England, and brought in a *Reform Bill*. He was, however, displaced by Mr. Disraeli's Ministry for two years; but again, in December,

1868, became Prime Minister, and in 1869 the Irish Church Disestablishment Act was passed.

In January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament, and at the General Election which ensued the votes were, for the first time, taken by secret ballot. The result was that 351 Conservative members were elected, and only 302 Liberals. Hence Mr. Gladstone at once resigned, and Mr. Disraeli, afterward Lord Beaconsfield, became Prime Minister. In April, 1880, Mr. Gladstone again became Premier, and held office until June last, when he was succeeded by the Marquis of Salisbury.

PRIVATE LIFE.

Mr. Gladstone is an early riser, and when at Hawarden Castle, his country residence, may be seen, shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, walking down to prayers in the village church, where his son ministers. Early devotion and breakfast over, he gives the remainder of the morning, till the gong sounds for luncheon at two o'clock, to work, reading, writing, meditation, or to the performance of arithmetical feats which no Cabinet Minister has ever surpassed, or, in the proper season, to a bout of *tree-felling*, at which he is an expert. After luncheon more reading follows, and in due time he shows himself at dinner to be "a singularly temperate man in meat and drink."

Although he is the best controller of the *National Exchequer* that England has ever had, and is notoriously by no means a wealthy man, his personal *charities* are almost reckless. In the course of his long walks in the neighborhood of Hawarden his pockets have an astonishing knack of emptying themselves, and amusing stories are told of his having had to walk home inconvenient distances of ten and twelve miles in the dark because of his inability to raise so much as a railway fare. As Prime Minister he refused an increase of salary, and it is not generally known that he has never drawn the pension to which he is legally entitled since his retirement from office, showing plainly that he has no desire to become rich or even to increase his comforts at the nation's expense.

His piety is, in its manifestations, of a humble and unaffected character. Even when Prime Minister of England he has been found in the humblest houses, reading to the sick or dying consolatory passages of Scripture in his own soft, melodious tones.

Two of Mr. Gladstone's sons, William H. and Herbert, are members of Parliament, and a third, Stephen Edward, is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

MR. C. S. PARNELL,

The Leader of the Irish "Nationalists."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, whose portrait also appears on our front page, is the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. John Henry Parnell, of Avondale. His mother is an American lady, now residing in New Jersey. She is the only daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy. Mr. C. S. Parnell, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1846, and is therefore now forty years of age. He was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He has acted as a county magistrate, and filled the office of High Sheriff of Wicklow in 1874. He was elected Member of Parliament for Meath in 1875, and at once assumed, with the consent of his fellow-countrymen, the position of

LEADER OF THE "HOME RULE" PARTY

in the House of Commons, and more recently of the Irish Land League, and the "Nationalist" party. In April, 1880, his singular popularity among those who are agitating for the separation of Ireland from Great Britain resulted in his being elected simultaneously for the counties of Meath and Mayo, and for the City of Cork, but he chose to sit in Parliament for the last-named constituency, for which he has again been elected.

Mr. Parnell, the professed enemy of Irish landlords, himself belongs to that class. His property is beautifully situated at Avondale, in the heart of the magnificently picturesque county

of Wicklow, and consists of four thousand six hundred and seventy-eight statute acres, valued in the Government returns for 1873 at \$6225 annually. The mansion of Avondale was built in 1779, and here the Parnell family have resided for a hundred years past. The estate is bounded on the north by the Avonmore River, and on the south by the Avonbeg, and extends to where these waters, immortalized in song by the poet, Thomas Moore, meet in the romantic Vale of Avoca. There are about thirty tenants on the Avondale estate, with holdings varying in extent from four acres upward. Mr. Parnell besides has erected a saw-mill and turnery on his property, and for several years he was employed making borings for lead, and at last succeeded in reaching and striking a rich and most remunerative lode.

A VISIT TO THE PARNELL ESTATE

is thus reported upon by a gentleman connected with a leading London daily contemporary. He says: "I visited tenants at eight different points of the Parnell property. Of these I found that two owed over three years' rent and two over one year. One possessed a lease forever, two held leases for two hundred years each, and three leases for thirty-one years each. In one or two instances the rents were above the Government valuation, but they were mostly below it. Every tenant, in addition, has been receiving a reduction of twenty per cent of the rent for some time past, and the tenants informed me that since the death of Mr. Parnell's father, in 1858, the rents have in several cases been permanently reduced. The Avonmore property is in settlement. New leases can be granted only for thirty-one years, and no fine can be taken on their renewal." This visitor also gives a favorable account of the condition of the work-people employed in Mr. Parnell's saw-mill. The men and youths at work were, a few years before, only ordinary farm laborers. They all seemed exceedingly active and skilful.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,

The British Premier.

THE British Premier, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, whose portrait also appears on the first page, was born in 1830, and is therefore now fifty-six years old. The Cecil family, to which he belongs, is descended from Robert Cecil, a younger son of the famous Lord Burleigh, the favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth.

The head of the family in 1789 attained a marquissate, which is the next rank in the peerage to that of duke, which is the highest. In his younger days the present Marquis, being the second son of his father, was known as Lord Robert Cecil. By the death of his elder brother he became Viscount Cranborne, a title borne by the eldest son of the Marquis of Salisbury for the time being, and in 1868, on the death of his father, he became Marquis, and exchanged his seat in the House of Commons for the place in the House of Lords which the marquissate gives.

From the time of his leaving the University, in 1853, Lord Salisbury has been in Parliament. The bulk of the real estate in the town of Stamford belongs to the Salisbury family, and when a member of Parliament is to be elected by that town the man who has the support of the Marquis of Salisbury is sure of his election; as the voters know that they will consult their own interests by voting for their landlord's candidate. Thus it happened that when the present Marquis, then Lord Robert Cecil, a young man of twenty-three, presented himself as a candidate, he was elected. Curiously enough, he made his mark in the House by his attacks on the Conservative administration, which he lashed with a caustic severity in which he has few equals. He assailed it also in the press; for, being poor, as most younger sons of peers are (owing to the law of entail, which compels the estate being carried intact from the father to the eldest son, or the next male heir, if he has no son), he was glad to earn a little money by writing for the press. Many of the most trenchant

and vigorous articles which appeared in the London *Standard* and the *Saturday Review* were from his pen. It was chiefly owing to his ferocious editorials that the *Saturday Review* acquired the name of the "*Saturday Reviler*."

By 1866, however, he had made his peace with the Conservatives, who were much in need of young men of ability, and when, in July of that year, the late Earl Derby became Premier, he gave the young man a seat in the Cabinet. He had by that time become an ultra-Conservative, and when he saw his colleague, Mr. Disraeli, proposing to extend the suffrage, he resigned his office in disgust. He recommenced his assaults on Disraeli, but this time there was a difference. He attacked him personally, while supporting Conservative principles, to which he believed Disraeli to be untrue.

The differences were eventually arranged, and in 1874, when Disraeli returned to power, Salisbury held office under him, and became his warm friend. Together they managed the Russian crisis, and by their firmness and undaunted demeanor compelled the Czar to disgorge his ill-gotten plunder and retire from before Constantinople. He resigned with Disraeli, who had then become Earl Beaconsfield, in 1880, and from that time until last year was out of office. The party have looked to him for guidance since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and now that Lord Cairns is dead he stands almost alone in his party as a man of capacity and statesmanship. Writing of him recently, in *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Henry W. Lucy says:

"As a Parliamentary orator the Marquis of Salisbury is unquestionably the chief figure in the House of Lords. He possesses in almost equal degree with the late Lord Beaconsfield the quality of being personally interesting, of which he is now the only remaining example in either House of Parliament. . . . His very manner in the House of Lords makes his speeches the more charming. Half leaning on the table, and speaking in a level, conversational tone, as if his helpless victims were not of sufficient importance to inspire either gesture or declamation, he lets fall some of the most rasping sentences which it is possible to combine in the English language. . . . Lord Salisbury is the most striking figure in the peerage, the nearest realization modern conditions permit of the capable, headstrong and imperious English baron of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."

The Prodigal's Only Friend.—Harry Newham tells a touching story of his prodigal brother. "He had been a fast living young man, and his family had exercised great patience with him. He had been taken back to the house again and again after long spells of absence. One Christmas night when the family were gathered together, Harry's brother came home after an absence longer than usual. He walked in among them, a bundle of rags, and there was a consultation in the family that night. The old father turned to Harry, and said: 'What shall we do with thy brother, Harry?' 'Turn him out, father, he is not fit to live here; he is a disgrace to the family,' was Harry's prompt reply. The father turned with a sad heart to his daughter, and said: 'What shall we do with thy poor brother?' 'Turn him into the street, father, Harry is right,' she said. The father turned to a friend of his who was sitting by, and said: 'What shall we do with my poor prodigal boy?' 'Harry and his sister are right, turn him out, for by keeping him you only encourage him in the course he is taking.' The poor father looked at his outcast son with a pitying glance as he sat crouching near the door. He seemed to be about to seal the doom of the poor trembling wretch. Then rising, he approached his son, and throwing his arms around his neck, he said: 'Thou hearest what thy brother, thy sister, and thy friend have said, but I am thy poor old father and I cannot bear to part with my boy.' He was not turned out, but was led through the loving-kindness of his father to accept of Christ as his Saviour."

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, January 24, 1886.

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."—PROV. 9:17, 18.

The Kink in the Human Race—Hankering After the Forbidden—The Ship of Marriage in the Storm—Needs Bracing up—Swapping Wives—Frequent Elopements—A Tragedy at a Marriage—Responsibility of the Dime Novel—Usually Proposed by Bad Men—Means Social Degradation—Union of Ox and Eagle—Implies Defiance of Parents—Idiotic Women—Prudent Use of the Imperative Mood—Involves Deception—William Pitt's Advice—Clergymen Should be Cautious—Pollock's Description of the Demented Victim—The Coming Exposure.

THE Garden of Eden was a great orchard of fruit-bearing trees, bushels and bushels of round, ripe, glorious fruit; but the horticulturist and his wife having it in charge hankered for one special tree, simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children will now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This

KINK IN THE HUMAN RACE

is not easily unsnarled. Tell a company that they may look into any twenty rooms of a large house except one, and their chief desire is to see that one, though all the others were picture-galleries and that a garret. If there were in a region of mineral springs twenty fountains, but the proprietor had fenced in one well against the public, the one fenced in would be the chief temptation to the visitors, and they would rather taste of that than of the other nineteen. Solomon recognized this principle in the text, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct, when he said: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring" I this morning aim a point-blank shot at "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades."

Yonder comes up through the narrows of New York harbor a ship having all the evidence of tempestuous passage: salt water-mark reaching to the top of the smoke-stack; mainmast, foremast, mizzenmast twisted off; bulwarks knocked in; lifeboats off the davit; jib-sheets and lee-bowlines missing; captain's bridge demolished; main shaft broken; all the pumps working to keep from sinking before they can get to wharfage. That ship is the institution of Christian marriage, launched by the Lord grandly from the banks of the Euphrates, and floating out on the seas for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But free-loveism struck it from one side, and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes of libertinism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repairs in every plank, and beam, and sail, and bolt, and clamp, and transom, and stanchion. In other words, the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of the marriage institution. And when we have got it back somewhere near what it was when God built it in Paradise the earth will be far on toward resumption of Paradisaical conditions.

DEPLORABLE LAXITY.

Do you ask what is the need of a course of sermons on this subject? The man or woman who asks this question is either ignorant or guilty. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States, there are two thousand divorces per year. And in Massachusetts, the headquarters of steady habits, there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. The State of Maine, considered by many almost frigid in proprieties, has in one year four hundred and seventy-eight divorces. In Vermont *swapping wives* is not a rare transaction. In Connecticut there are women who boast that they have four or five times been divorced. Moreover, our boasted Protestantism is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except for the reason

that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country, the larger the ratio of divorce. Do you not then think that Protestantism needs some toning up on this subject?

GROWING POPULARITY.

Aye, when you realize that the sacred and divine institution is being caricatured and defamed by clandestine marriages and escapades all over the land, does there not seem a call for such discussion? Hardly a morning or evening paper comes into your possession without reporting them, and there are fifty of these occurrences where one is reported because it is the interest of all parties to hush them up. The victims are, all hours of the night, climbing down ladders or crossing over from State to State, that they may reach laws of greater laxity, holding reception six months after marriage to let the public know for the first time that a half year before they were united in wedlock. Ministers of religion, and justices of the peace, and mayors of cities, willingly joining in marriage runaways from other States and neighborhoods; the coach-box and the back seat of the princely landau in flirtation; telegrams flashing across the country for the arrest of absconded school misses, who started off with arm full of books, and taking rail trains to meet their affianced—in the snow-drifts of the great storm that has recently passed over the country some of them, I read, have perished—thousands of people in a marriage whose banns have never been published; precipitated conjugality; bigamy triumphant; marriage a joke; society blotched all over with a putrefaction on this subject which no one but the Almighty God can arrest.

We admit that clandestinity and escapade are sometimes authorized and made right by parental tyranny or domestic serfdom. There have been exceptional cases where parents have had a monomania in regard to their sons and daughters, demanding their celibacy or forbidding relations every way right. Through absurd family ambition parents have sometimes demanded qualifications and equipment of fortune unreasonable to expect or simply impossible. Children are not expected to marry to please their parents, but to please themselves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and quality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart. Rev. Philip Henry, eminent for piety and good sense, used to say to his children: "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me."

A MATRIMONIAL TRAGEDY.

During our Civil War a marriage was about to be celebrated at Charleston, S. C., between Lieutenant de Rochelle and Miss Anna, the daughter of ex-Governor Pickens. As the ceremony was about to be solemnized a shell broke through the roof and wounded nine of the guests, and the bride fell dying, and, wrapped in her white wedding robe, her betrothed kneeling at her side, in two hours she expired. And there has been many as bright a union of hearts as that proposed that the bombshell of outrageous parental indignation has wounded and scattered and slain.

If the hand offered in marriage be blotched of intemperance; if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched; if he has no visible means of support, and poverty and abandonment seem only a little way ahead; if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition—protest and forbid and re-enforce your opinion by that of others, and put all lawful obstacles in the way; but do not join that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness which has caused more than one elopement. I know of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we have admitted there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—yea, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East River and depend on being able to swim to the other shore, or get picked up by a ferry-boat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the probability is that she will not. Read the story of the escapades in the newspapers for the last ten years, and find me a half dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court, divorce, death, and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket-office for the rail train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles the hour he jumps off and leaves them in the lurch; for, while Satan has a genius in getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting people out. He induced Jonah to take ship for Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but provided for the recreant prophet no better landing-place than the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

THE DIME NOVEL.

The modern novel is responsible for many of these abscondings. Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and heroine get acquainted in the usual way, and carry on their increased friendliness until, with the consent of parents, the day of marriage is appointed, and amid the surrounding group of kindred the vows are taken? Oh, no! There must be flight, and pursuit, and narrow escape, and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine, and parental forgiveness, and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapade the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel, ten cents' worth of unadulterated perdition.

THE SCHEME OF BAD MEN.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored for the reason that nearly all of them are proposed by bad men. If the man behave well he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire about me there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No; the heroes of escapades are nearly all either bigamists, or libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned, and pomatumed, and padded, and diamond-ringed, and flamboyant-cravatted, until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories; but they are double-distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

SOCIAL DEGRADATION.

Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. If the man was not of a higher plane, or the marriage on an equality, there would be no objections, and hence no inducement to clandestinity. In almost all cases it means the lowering of womanhood. Observe this law: a man marrying a woman beneath him in society may raise her to any eminence that he himself may reach; but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society she always goes down to his level. That is a law inexorable, and there are no exceptions. Is any woman so high up that she can afford to plot for her own debasement? There is not a State in the American Union that has not for the last twenty years furnished an instance of the sudden departure of some intelligent woman from an affluent home to spend her life with

some one who can make five dollars a day, provided he keeps very busy. Well, many a man has lived on five dollars a day and been happy, but he undertakes a big contract when with five dollars a day he attempts to support some one who has lived in a home that cost twenty thousand per annum. This has been about the history of most of such conjunctions of simplicity and extravagance, the marriage of

OX AND EAGLE.

The first year they get on tolerably well, for it is odd and romantic, and assisted by applause of people who admire outlawry. The second year the couple settle down into complete dislike of each other. The third year they separate and seek for divorce, or, as is more probable, the man becomes a drunkard, and the woman a blackened wail of the street. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

These truant marriages are also to be deplored because in most instances they are executed in defiance of parental wisdom and kindness. Most parents are anxious for the best welfare of a child. If they make vehement and determined opposition, it is largely because it is a match unfit to be made, and they can see for their daughter nothing but wretchedness in that direction. They have keener and wiser appreciation, for instance, of the certain domestic demolition that comes from alcoholism in a young man. They realize *what an idiot a woman is* who marries a man who has not brains or industry enough to earn a livelihood for a family. No bureau of statistics can tell us the number of women who, after marriage, have to support themselves and their husbands. If the husband becomes invalid, it is a beautiful thing to see a wife uncomplainingly by needle, or pen, or yardstick, or washing-machine, support the home. But these great, *lazy masculine louts* that stand around with hands in their pockets, allowing the wife with her weak arm to fight the battle of bread, need to be regurgitated from society.

REVERSED RELATIONS.

There are innumerable instances in these cities where the wife pays the rent, and meets all the family expenses, and furnishes the tobacco and the beer for the lord of the household. No wonder parents put on all the brakes to stop such a train of disaster. They have too often seen the gold ring put on the finger at the altar turning out to be the iron link of a chain of domestic servitude. What a farce it is for a man who cannot support himself, and not worth a cent in the world, to take a ring which he purchased by money stolen from his grandmother's cupboard, and put it on the finger of the bride, saying: "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

It is amazing to see how some women will marry men knowing nothing about them. No merchant would sell a hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with encumbrances of mortgages, and liens, and judgments against it uncanceled; and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years there have not been women by hasty marriage entrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens, and judgments, and first mortgages, and second mortgages, and third mortgages of evil habits. No wonder that in such circumstances parents in conjugating the verb in question pass from the subjunctive mood to the indicative, and from the indicative to the imperative. In nearly all the cases of escape that you will hear of the rest of your lives there will be a headlong leap over the barriers of parental common sense and forethought. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

INVOLVES DECEPTION.

We also deplore these fraudulent espousals and this sneaking exchange of single life for married

life because it is deception, and that is a corroding and damning vice. You must deceive your kindred, you must deceive society, you must deceive all but God, and Him you cannot deceive. Deception does not injure others so much as it injures ourselves. Marriage is too important a crisis in one's life to be decided by sleight of hand, or a sort of jugglery which says: "Presto, change! Now you see her, and now you don't."

Better to wait for years for circumstances to improve. Time may remove all obstacles. The candidate for marital preferences may change his habits, or get into some trade or business that will support a home, or the inexorable father and mother may be promoted to celestial citizenship. At the right time have the day appointed. Stand at the end of the best room in the house with joined hands, and minister of religion before you to challenge the world that "if they know of any reason why these two persons shall not be united, they state it now or forever hold their peace," and then start out with the good wishes of all the neighbors and the halo of the Divine sanction. When you can go out of harbor at noon with all flags flying do not try to run a blockade at midnight.

In view of all this I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings, either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you to the post-office under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy lest some one by mistake open your letters. Do not employ terms of endearment at the beginning and close of letters unless you have a right to use them. *That young lady is on the edge of danger who dares not allow her mother to see her letters.*

CONFIDE IN PARENTS.

If you have sensible parents take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long, and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare, or on some whim, or notion, or prejudice, or selfishness, fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England in the reign of George III., was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt inquired what was the matter, and Sir Walter told him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt said: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable in himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken, and a happy married life ensued. Let ministers and officers of the law decline officiating at clandestine marriages. When they are asked to date a marriage certificate back, as we all are asked, let them peremptorily decline to say that the ceremony was in November instead of January, or decline to leave the date blank, lest others fill out the record erroneously. Let a law be passed in all our States, as it has already been in some of the States, making a license from officers of the law necessary before we can unite couples, and then make it necessary to publish beforehand in the newspapers, as it used to be published in the New England churches, so that if there be lawful objection it may be presented, not swinging the buoy on the rocks after the ship has struck and gone to pieces.

And here it might be well for me to take all the romance out of an escapade by quoting a dozen lines of Robert Pollock, the great Scotch poet, where he describes the crazed victim of one of these escapades:

"... Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
When any asked the cause she smiled, and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God; but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them;
Till, wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died."

UNDER THE LIGHT.

But now I turn on this subject an intenser light. We have fifteen hundred lights in this church, and when by electric touch they are kindled in the evening service it is almost startling. But this whole subject of "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades" I put under a more intense light than that. The headlight of a locomotive is terrible if you stand near enough to catch the full glare of it. As it sweeps around the "Horseshoe Curve" of the Alleghanies, or along the edges of the Sierra Nevadas, how far ahead, and how deep down, and how high up it flashes, and there is instantaneous revelation of mountain peak and wild beasts hieing themselves to their caverns and cascades a thousand feet tall, or clinging in white terror to the precipices! But more intense, more far-reaching, more sudden, swifter and more tremendous is the headlight of an advancing Judgment Day, under which all the most hidden affairs of life shall come to discovery and arraignment. I quote an overwhelming passage of Scripture, in which I put the whole emphasis on the word "secret." "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."

What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from every heart. The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well known on that day as the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been forgiven. All the fingers of universal condemnation will be pointed at it. The archangel of wrath will stand there with uplifted thunderbolt ready to strike it. The squeamishness and prudery of earthly society, which hardly allowed some sins to be mentioned on earth, are past, and the man who was unclean and the woman was impure will, under a light brighter than a thousand noonday suns, stand with the whole story written on scalp, and forehead, and cheek, and hands, and feet; the whole resurrection body aflame and dripping with fiery disclosures, ten thousand sepulchral and celestial and infernal voices crying, "Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!"

All marital intrigues and all secret iniquities will be published, as though all the trumpets spoke them, and all the lightnings capitalized them, and all the earthquakes rumbled them. Oh, man, recreant to thy marriage vow! Oh, woman, in sinful collusion! What, then, will become of thy poor soul? The tumbling Alps, and Pyrenees, and Mount Washingtons cannot hide thee from the consequences of thy secret sins. Better repent of them now, so that they cannot be brought against thee. For the chief of sinners there is pardon, if you ask it in time. But I leave you to guess what chance there will be for those who on earth lived in clandestine relations, when on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of the marriage relation that He compared it to His own relation with the Church shall appear at the door of the great hall of the Last Assize, and all the multitudes of earth, and hell, and heaven shall rise up and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1885 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

THE SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE following is a touching episode from the Franco-German War of 1870-71, which may be profitably related at the present time. It is narrated by an eye-witness:

"It was a bitterly cold night in the railway-carriage. We soldiers had but our threadbare cloaks, in which we had been lying for weeks before Metz, and then marching for almost two months. Ours was a remarkable journey. At Rouen we had received sudden orders to conduct a transport of prisoners far into Germany. We had started on the 15th of December; this was the 24th, and we had only just passed Berlin. Many of the rails having been destroyed in France had much impeded our progress. Darkness had for some time surrounded us, the carriage being but dimly lighted by a bayonet thrust into the ceiling, and a candle end fastened into the socket.

"Deep silence reigned in the dreary carriage, only interrupted by the clinking and clashing of the muskets which lay piled up in the racks overhead. My thoughts were at home. I pitied myself, and considered I had a right to be pitied, not knowing whether others were giving me the sympathy I felt to be my due. Yes, it is hard to the heart of a German Christian to be far away from those who are dear to it on Christmas Eve. Our comrades in France were well off in comparison to us; they were receiving presents from beloved hands, they were arranging some sort of Christmas-tree, they were snugly united in a warm room, and thinking together of wife and child, father and mother of victory and peace. We were in our own country, it is true, but yet far more miserable than we had been with them. No doubt my companions in adversity had much the same thoughts, if I interpreted aright the deep sighs which now and again broke the silence.

"The engine gave a shrill whistle. That was nothing new. We knew that we were nearing a station at which no change in our position was to be expected. At last one of us let down the window with much difficulty and looked out. At first he only half put out his head, then his shoulders followed, and—'A Christmas-tree!' burst from his lips into the dead silence of the snowy night. 'A Christmas-tree!' he shouted, with a voice of thunder, into the railway carriage. In another moment we were all up, pushing toward the door, scrambling on to the steps. Yes, there on the platform of B— stood a tall, glorious Christmas-tree! The train stopped. Quick as thought the carriages were left, every one crowding round the beloved tree. Tables also stood there, heavily laden with a solid supper, which the patriotic feeling of the women of B— had provided for our refreshment.

"The cold was forgotten, blood again circulated freely in our veins, and when a clear, sweet voice began a well-known Christmas hymn, hundreds of hearty voices joined. Many who had long ago left off singing hymns now helped to swell the strain; the hymn was one they had sung in childhood, and even if now and then a wrong note was heard, the song of praise rang out through the silent night up to the starry skies, and found its way straight to the throne of grace. The half-frozen, stiffened hands of many were folded in prayer. Tears born of child-like pure emotion ran down the weather-beaten cheeks and rough beards of those hardened men. Yes, in the midst of that bitter winter's night a warm sunny breath of spring stole, as it were, into our hearts; the angel's message came to us: 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.'

"Hardly had the last sounds of the hymn died away when a number of ladies, wrapped in furs, came forward to welcome us to our Christmas supper, and give us each a small Christmas present. A half-hour more, and we were again in our train. One Christmas hymn after another was sung, followed by patriotic songs. And then we related to each other how we had passed our Christmas Eves at home, till the morning came,

and our thoughts were full of peace and joy. We also had celebrated the day of our Saviour's birth, and a Christmas-tree had been prepared for us by some unknown friends. Never has this 24th of December been forgotten by me, nor ever will be. The true Christmas joy was surely revealed to many of those who were among us that Christmas Eve."

FIVE APOCALYPTIC PICTURES.

By G. B. Taylor.*

The Seer's Introduction—I. The Seal, Trumpet and Vial Version—II. The Message of the Two Witnesses—III. The Man-Child and his Deliverance—IV. The Political Version—Antichrist and the Celestial Warnings—V. The Version of Babylon and Jerusalem—The Wail of the Despoiled Ecclesiastics.

THE Apocalypse of St. John in its entirety embraces a history of the Universal Church from the time of the seven Apostolic Churches addressed by Christ, quite down to the entire vanishing of the present social, moral and physical order of things, and the substitution, therefore, of the new heavens and new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness. After its unique introduction of the first chapter, the next two are taken up with the history of the Church (as exemplified by the character and standing of the seven churches successively addressed) quite up to the Rapture of the First-fruit Saints.

Breaking off with the history of the universal churches at the "Church of the Laodiceans," chapter 4 plunges into the Apocalypse proper—the wailing scenes of

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

The seal, trumpet, and vial version of this "time of trouble such as never was" is but one view of it among others from other standpoints that occur in this precious Book. It views the great tribunal in its judgments on the Church as such, on the world as such, and on the hell-abandoned Antichrist as such. These latter-day judgments are propounded under the title of "seals," "trumpets" and "vials."

The Church receives the first four seal judgments; and the fifth is the hinge on which the judgments turn from the Church to the world. The world receives the sixth seal and the trumpets, and the branded Antichrist the vial judgments.

The Church first undergoes the persecution of the world under those seals. The disembodied spirits of the martyred saints are there represented as justly praying for vengeance on their murderers for the glory of God. God hears, and sends the sixth seal (in answer) and the trumpet judgments against those murderers. This version of the great tribulation is wound up by the vial judgments being summarily emptied on the devoted heads of Antichrist and his blasphemous hordes! The seals, trumpets and vials would seem to take place in the same chronological order as given in this version.

The next version of the Great Tribulation (as viewed from a different standpoint) is contained in chapter 11: 1-12. It has reference to God's mercy during the period of the seal and trumpet judgments, in the miraculous ministry of

THE TWO SACK-CLOTHED WITNESSES.

From the way in which they are spoken of they would seem to be human, and yet superhuman. They are, doubtless, the prophets Elijah and Enoch, returned to die for the truth.

The measuring of the "temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein" would seem to import that from that period the nominal professing churches—the Laodicean—would have to endure the fires of the Great Tribulation for a term of "forty and two months," or three and a half years. During this time those blessed servants of God (like Elijah in the time of Ahab) will encourage the people of God where found. They are martyred just previous to the pouring forth of the seven vials, during which time there

would seem to be no more mercy for the world!

Another version of the Great Tribulation is contained in chapter 12. It commences (as usual) with the rapture of the saints under the appropriate figure of

A "MAN-CHILD"

"being caught up unto God and to His throne." This account explains approximately the functions and agency of the devil in the Great Tribulation. He will attempt to "devour" the true waiting children of God as soon as they are "born" to the true Second Advent faith and hope—the scorned, yet blessed and ineffably precious heritage of the entire redeemed Church. Not succeeding in this, Satan now persecutes the "woman," or those true Christians who were not ready for transplantation to heaven at the secret Second Coming of Christ. God in His mercy (seeing that they were true Christians ere the era of the Great Tribulation set in) miraculously transplants them to a place of safety during this culminating time of "fiery trial." Satan now makes war with "her seed," or them who shall be converted during the Great Tribulation, who will become the martyrs of that crucially time.

The next account of the same period, viz., that of the Great Tribulation, is contained in the thirteenth chapter. It has reference to the Roman Empire as

FINALLY DIVIDED INTO TEN KINGDOMS, and Antichrist, the "beast," who is an impersonation of that Empire, the "false prophet" (under the type of the "lamb-dragon" beast), as Antichrist's high priest, and the "dragon," or Satan, who gives his power unto the "beast," i.e., Antichrist. These all persecute the children of God for not worshipping the devil and Antichrist and the "image of the beast."

And now comes the first angel's message, by whomsoever delivered the event will show. It is to the effect that God must be feared—not Antichrist; that the hour of God's judgment has come; and that they must worship Him who "made heaven and earth and the sea"—and not him who will shortly "sit in the temple as God." Sad to say, the message is unheeded by the world; and under the régime of Antichrist and the false prophet the second angel's message is delivered. It is to the effect that Babylon, the Roman Empire, here in its religious aspect "has fallen" even from the profession of the Christian religion, and has become intoxicated with the seductive lies of the wily Antichrist and his blasphemous false prophet. A third angel follows, delivering a fearful warning (verses 9-13).

Now comes an encouragement to the persecuted non-worshippers of the "beast and his image." And anon the "harvest" of the translated saints is gathered in; and the "vintage" of God's great wrath on the finally impenitent wicked follows that event. This is a very instructive view of the Great Tribulation (chapter 14).

A last view or version of this fearful period is presented in chapters 17, 18. It presents

BABYLON ENTHRONED AND DESOLATED.

The history of the world and God's true Church are presented to us in Holy Writ under the types of two hostile cities. The historical cities of Babylon and Jerusalem are those cities in naked reality; but the whole wicked world and the Heavenly New Jerusalem (which will become the metropolis of the new earth) are the antitypes of these two original cities.

The seventeenth chapter commences with an epoch which is slightly prior in time to that in which the Apostle John observed the crowned ten-horned beast ascend out of the sea of political commotion, as detailed in chapter 13. This version, therefore, antedates by some short while the version given in that chapter.

Here, accordingly, the "beast" of ten horns is ridden by a woman arrayed "in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold." The sense is that after gigantic upheavals and revolutions the limits of the ancient Roman Empire will comprise

* This is a condensation of a lengthy article published in the *Prophetic Times* of January 1891, for sale at the office of this journal, price six cents. Seventy cents per annum.

A REPUBLICAN FEDERATION

of ten distinct divisions, with the coming Antichrist as their federal head, and the Roman Catholic religion universally dominant over all other religions, powers and authorities! Popery will promise to curb the turbulent spirit of the new-born democracies, and will be accepted by the secular authorities to try its sorcery and magic and "fires" in that direction. After a while, however, on her failing to do so, these rulers will cast her off, become themselves crowned, and act in concert with Antichrist as their imperial head—their prince, their god!

Thus stripped of all her dignities and temporalities, her wicked ecclesiastics turn round, and give in their adhesion to Antichrist and to his blasphemous presumptions, and become the priests of the devil, and the persecutors of the saints of God in the Great Tribulation; so that another angel is represented (in chapter 18) as descending from Heaven, and crying, "Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird!" Such are the terms applied to the demonized mortals who make up the abetting hordes of the Antichrist of the "last days!"

But ere they do this they wail with a great lamentation for their lost offices and emoluments. And under the titles of "merchants," "kings," "shipmasters," and "sailors," these disgraced ecclesiastics bemoan the loss of their "delicacies" with great lamentations! The wares mentioned in this chapter signify the richness of the spiritual "commerce" of the Roman Catholics, as the phrase "souls of men" (verse 13) goes to prove. And "as a great millstone" that is "cast into the sea," so shall be at length all spiritual jobbery and truckage for filthy lucre!

The nineteenth chapter constitutes a common termination to all the concurrent versions of the Great Tribulation going before. It gives a detailed account of the visible descent of Christ, with all His saints, to the closing battle of Armageddon.

MR. SPURGEON TO MR. STEAD.

LAST Christmas and New Year's will be memorable festivals to the brave editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He spent the holidays in prison in company with thieves and law-breakers. It was a strange place for a Christian man and a Sunday-school teacher to find himself at such a time. No disgrace to him, however; the disgrace was to the Christian land in which such an outrage could take place. But while the criminals whose crimes Mr. Stead had exposed were spending their holidays gaily, the man whom they, aided by an infamous judge, had succeeded in sending to prison, was not forgotten. Large numbers of letters from Christian ministers and other eminent men were sent to him. One of them was from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, whose sermons appear in this journal every week. The readers of those sermons will, we think, be interested in knowing what the great preacher thinks of Mr. Stead and his work.

Mr. Stead has been denounced by several American journals of wide circulation which profess to deplore the injury done to public morals—not by the crimes being committed, but by their being exposed and denounced. It is amusing to notice that among the journals so concerned about public morality are the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York Herald*, which is owned by Mr. James G. Bennett. They are the bitterest assailants of Mr. Stead. In arriving at a just judgment in his case our readers will not hesitate to decide whether they will be guided by such men as Mr. Spurgeon or by the journals named. Mr. Spurgeon, under date of December 24th, from Mentone writes as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: I have often thought of you and lifted up my heart in prayer for you, that you may be of good cheer while in durance, and may suffer as little as possible from its after-con-

sequences. Rest assured that your motive and zeal have secured for you the high esteem of all lovers of purity. Whenever observations are made upon the mode of your operations they only imply that you are liable to error, like all your fellows; but when your self-sacrificing spirit is thought of, it is with glowing admiration. You cast yourself into the abyss to rescue and to preserve innocent children, and you are had in honor among the honorable. At the same time, as you made hideous crime somewhat inconvenient, and threatened to remove some of the screens which give immunity to vice, you are thoroughly hated among those to whom life means bestial licentiousness. You can rejoice that you have thus a double homage paid you, for contempt and hate are the obeisances which iniquity renders to its vanquisher. Be of good cheer. In your retirement you will be able to buckle on your armor with supreme care and sacred vigil for the future fray, in which we shall see you the equally stalwart and still more skilful champion. I wish joy to your heart and power to your arm.

"Mrs. Spurgeon desired me to say what a grand, brave man she judged you to be, and in this she speaks for tens of thousands of the women of England. Yours very heartily,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO A PRAYER IN A BROOKLYN HOME.

MANY Christian people who firmly believe in the efficacy of prayer, and who would be offended if they were told that their daily lives were inconsistent with such belief, nevertheless are showing by their actions that they have not fully realized its value. God is willing to help them in every trouble, yet when trouble comes they do not ask His help, but try to extricate themselves by their own efforts, without seeking guidance from their Heavenly Father. A remarkable case of answered prayer, which we personally know to be true in every particular, occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Wednesday, November 25th, last year. We have obtained permission to publish it, with the view of encouraging God's people to rely upon Him in their difficulties and trials.

A Christian worker well known and loved in Brooklyn and New York, whose faith in God is exercised daily, and who depends upon Him, as George Müller does, for the means of carrying on his manifold works of charity, was at home on November 25th preparing for the next day, which was Thanksgiving Day. About seven o'clock in the evening a summons came for him to go to the house of a Christian friend, who was in heavy trouble. He went, and found the mother of the family in a state of distraction bordering on dementia. Her husband was away visiting the police stations, seeking aid in his distress.

"What is the matter?" the faithful Christian inquired. The story was a sad one. The eldest daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl, was missing. There had been a little unpleasantness in the morning at the breakfast-table, and the girl, who was a sprightly, vivacious young lady, just budding into womanhood, but with the unworldliness and inexperience of a child, had shown temper unusual with her. The mother blamed herself for having used less tact, and perhaps a little more harshness than was absolutely necessary; and the girl, feeling that she ought not, at her age, to be treated as a child, went away, with some vague expression of a design not then understood. But she did not return at her usual hour, and, on sending to inquire, it was found that she had not been at her usual place all day. Then there was consternation in the home, and the mother was almost beside herself with apprehension.

"You have no idea where she is gone?" he asked. "Not the slightest," was the reply. And the heartbroken mother continued her walk around the house, weeping and wringing her hands. "It is a mystery, then," said her comforter, and we have no right at all; don't you

think it would be well to tell the Lord about it?" That had not been done, though it was a Christian home.

Soon the afflicted mother and her friend were on their knees, and an earnest prayer was offered that the all-seeing God would protect the wanderer, wherever she might be, and send her to her home. It was an earnest prayer, for the man who offered it believed in God, and believed that "He is the rewarder of them who diligently seek Him." As he rose from his knees his assurance was so strong that he said to the sorrowing mother: "Now be calm; God has surely heard, and your daughter will be home to-night." The mother had no such faith, and she dwelt on the dangers to which an innocent and unwary girl must be exposed in a city where bad men abound, as they do in all large cities. But nothing more could be done, and it was useless to agitate herself, so after a time she became calmer, but was without hope.

Seeing her more tranquil, her friend prepared to leave, assuring her that she had only to trust God and all would be well. He bade her adieu, but she clung to him, wishing that she had such faith as he had shown. "I have no fear," he said. "God has heard our prayer; she will be at home, you will see, in less than an hour." There was a ring at the bell as he said this, and he heard it. "There she is," he said; "now I will go; you will be best alone."

But it was not the daughter. It was a lady who was a stranger to the family. When she was admitted she told a remarkable story. She said that that morning she had business at the office of a certain lawyer whom she named. He was engaged when she called, and she was shown into an adjoining room to wait until he was at liberty. While there she could hear the conversation in the lawyer's private room. She heard a lady's voice pleading with him to marry her or find her a home, as she had quarrelled with her family. It was plain to the listener that the relations of the two were friendly, that, though the girl was innocent of evil, she had evidently been deluded by the silly compliments of the man, and had accepted lover-like attentions from him which he did not mean. Presently the girl came out of the room weeping, and the lady, forgetting her own business, joined her, and with some difficulty made friends with her, and took her to her own home. There she had spent the whole day winning the girl's confidence, pleading with her, and warning her of her danger. It seemed that the girl made the lawyer's acquaintance some time before, during her daily rides on the horse cars, and he had flattered her and won her regard, whether with intentions of evil or otherwise. Probably he had thought of it as a "flirtation;" but the girl clearly had taken his professions in good faith, and in her disappointment at her appeal to him being fruitless was ready for any desperate course. But she listened to her new friend's Christian appeal, and finally, after hours of entreaties, she broke down and gave her the name and address of her parents, and allowed her to go and plead for her with them for forgiveness.

The agonized mother, with tears, called down blessings on the stranger's head, and gladly went with her to receive her daughter.

It was remarkable that the Christian lady should have "happened" to have business with the lawyer at that particular time, and that she should have "happened" to overhear the conversation, and that she "happened" to be one who would put aside her own business to work for the Master. It was a singular series of "coincidences." As one unbeliever said who heard the story, the lady could not have been sent there in answer to the prayer, because the prayer was not offered until night, and she had gone to the lawyer's office the previous morning. But all these happenings and coincidences and time-calculations are explained when we turn to the Word, and read: "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear" (Isa. 65:24).



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Repeal of the Civil Service Reform Law is not making the progress claimed for it by its friends. The House Committee on Civil Service Reform very promptly, at its first meeting, decided unanimously to report adversely the bill introduced by Mr. Seney, of Ohio, to repeal the law. The Committee was prompt, because it desired to have it understood at the outset that a repealing law is not to be thought of. That the law is imperfect and should be amended the Committee believes, but its members say that there was no word uttered that evinced a disposition to take any backward steps. The Committee proposes in shaping its amendments to be guided by the friends of Civil Service Reform, and at the next meeting held it will listen to suggestions from the Civil Service Commissioners.

Another Effort to Prompt Congress to the performance of its duties in the matter of the urgently needed national bankruptcy law was made on January 19th. Mr. Morris S. Wise appeared on that day before the House Judiciary Committee in behalf of the commercial bodies of the United States represented in the Bankrupt Law Convention of 1884, and presented an argument in support of the proposed legislation. These commercial bodies were at the time of the Convention eighty-nine in number, and represented twenty-nine States of the Union. Since then fifty other trade organizations have joined in the demand for the passage of the act. The mercantile organizations of the country and the whole community of traders appear to be substantially in unison in this matter. At present business is crippled by the losses sustained under fraudulent bankruptcies and the risks to the creditors involved in the distribution of a bankrupt's assets.

Another Anti-Chinese Outrage is Reported from Wyoming. Happily there were no fatalities like those which shocked the whole country at the previous outrage there, but it shows that there is no decrease in the antipathy of the miners to the Chinese. On January 20th a band of hoodlums went to the Chinese Section House at Chehalis, and ran the Chinamen into the brush. When the Section foreman attempted to protect the Chinese the hoodlums drew their revolvers on him. The gang then proceeded to another section house, one mile south of Centralia, and drove the Chinese from there also.

The Chinamen escaped bareheaded and with only sandals on their feet. It was snowing hard at the time. They were half scared to death. It is remarkable that on the same day the Governor of Wyoming said in his message: "Wyoming within the past five months has achieved an unenviable notoriety on account of the unlawful assault made upon the Chinese miners at Rock Springs. The inhuman and heartless attack on the part of the white miners showed such an utter disregard of all moral and civil power that it deservedly received the severest condemnation throughout the country."

A Significant Sign of the Prevalent Apprehension of coming danger from the compulsory coinage of the silver dollar is seen in the action of several New York financial institutions which do a large business in Western and Southern mortgages. They are inserting a clause in all new deeds as a means of providing against the danger of further demonetization; whether the loans are on mortgages or on miscellaneous security, payment in gold coin is stipulated, both of principal and interest. A large number of merchants last week joined in a letter to Senator Evarts, asking him to use his influence in the Senate to secure a suspension of the coinage.

A Distressing Mining Catastrophe Occurred at Newburg, W. Va., on January 21st, at the Orrell Coal Company's mines. The company employs about two hundred men, and forty of them were working in one of the headings when an explosion occurred. The shock was felt throughout the village so forcibly that persons in the streets were thrown down and windows shattered in all directions. Instantly a dense stream of dust and smoke was seen ascending from the shaft. A search was organized as soon as possible, but it was conducted with great difficulty, owing to the immense quantity of rubbish accumulated about the mouth of the shaft. Four dead bodies were found, and the state of the mine encourages no hope that any of the miners will be found alive. Twenty-two of the missing men are married, and the distress in the village is consequently heart-rending. It is supposed that the explosion was caused by the fire damp being ignited by a naked lamp. The mine has hitherto been free from fire damp, but owing to a change recently made in the ventilating apparatus it has found its way in.

A Serious Labor Disturbance Occurred Last week in Western Pennsylvania. Over four thousand men employed in the coke district have struck for an advance of wages. They demand a rise of ten per cent. More than one half of them are Hungarians, and they have taken the lead in the disturbances. About three thousand ovens, which are nearly one half of the whole number, have been closed. Men who still remain at work, and others who have been taken on in the place of the strikers, have been molested. On January 19th the Sheriff of Westmoreland County was so much alarmed at the threatening attitude of the strikers that he applied to the Governor for troops. On the following day there was a conflict in which much damage was done. A crowd of disaffected men, some armed with revolvers, and others with iron bars, assembled and marched to the works in different localities threatening the men, and commanding them to quit work. The ovens were stove in, and everything breakable was destroyed. The sheriffs and deputies fired into the mob, and there was a fierce hand-to-hand battle. Finally the mob retired, but their demeanor is sullen and desperate. It is feared that there will be more bloodshed unless the employers concede the terms demanded by the men. Emissaries from the Chicago Lodge of Socialists are busy among the strikers.

Queen Victoria Performed the Ceremony of opening Parliament on Thursday last. Some curiosity was felt about her reasons for breaking through her seclusion. It is now declared, in the light of the speech delivered in her name, that her object was to give the emphasis her personal presence implied to the utterances re-

specting Ireland. On this matter the Queen is reported by persons high in court to have very decided opinions, and to have criticised the paragraph referring to the Irish question in order to make it the expression of her own personal views. The pageant on the occasion was very brilliant, and the Queen exerted herself to render it a success. The Princess of Wales was absent; so invidious comparisons were avoided between the reception accorded by the people to the elder and the younger lady. A boy, too, who was watching the procession, was kicked by a trooper's horse conveniently near to the Queen's carriage, and Her Majesty stopped the procession to inquire after the lad's injuries. But it did not have the desired effect: the Queen's reception was cold, and the dramatic incident of the boy failed to enthuse the press or people. It may be hoped that the failure will not cause the boy to lose any reward to which he may be entitled. The tone of the press and the Parliament seems to indicate that the approach of home rule for Ireland was not retarded by the Queen's implied opposition.

The Interest in the Queen's Speech in America, as in England, centred in the allusion to Irish affairs. The following extract shows its tenor: "I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the legislative union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be heartily supported by my Parliament and my people." Though it is stated that the Queen is responsible for the paragraph, it is according to the English traditions, a pledge of the Administration to the line of policy indicated. The policy was further outlined by another paragraph intimating that the coercion acts would be again proposed. Some declaration of policy on the question was anticipated from Mr. Gladstone, but he was extremely cautious in his remarks. He gave no encouragement to the Nationalists beyond the vague statement that he "was convinced that only a gentle and conciliatory handling of the Irish question would be effectual. The exercise of candor and justice could alone afford the smallest hope of solving the difficulty." It is, however, stated by a reliable journal that Mr. Gladstone nodded assent when Mr. Sexton stated that, as he understood him, he was in favor of the restoration to Ireland of a native Legislature, so long as the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Crown, and the authority of the imperial Parliament were secured.

The Situation in the Balkans, Though outwardly peaceful, is watched with suspicion by European statesmen and journalists. The correspondent at Constantinople of the New York Herald cables to that journal his opinion that the present "peace will prove but the prelude to greater strife in southeastern Europe in the coming spring." This view is confirmed by the correspondent of the Times, who says that "so many sparks are in the air from so many quarters that it is impossible to doubt that some of them will ignite—it may be Greece or Russia, Turkey or Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, or Austria. Who can tell? But with all these cut-throats armed to the teeth, and half of them already out on pillage bent, the chances for peace seem to be melting away like winter snow." The English attitude is not concealed. The following paragraph from the Queen's speech clearly intimates where British sympathies are given: "The rising in Eastern Roumelia has given expression to a desire of the inhabitants for a change in the political arrangements under which they were placed by the Treaty of Berlin. My object in the negotiations which have followed has been to bring them, according to their wish, under the Prince of Bulgaria's rule, while maintaining unimpaired the essential rights of the Sultan." In this there is no difference between parties as Mr. Gladstone explicitly stated his approval of the policy pursued by the Marquis of Salisbury.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with the CHRISTIAN HERALD were received last week to the amount of \$15, as follows: From Kirkwall, Ont., \$1; Jacksonville, Fla., \$2; Seaward, Me., \$8; South Greece, N. Y., \$3; Bayonne, N. J., \$1.

Mrs. M. Baxter Has Been Conducting Evangelistic meetings at Milton, Pa., during the last week, concluding on Sunday last. The arrangement made for meetings at Erie could not be carried out on account of so many other meetings already arranged for the same week. Mrs. Baxter will take part in the Convention at Boston, beginning February 3d.

The Tuesday Meeting Which is Held Weekly at the residence of Mrs. Dr. W. C. Palmer, 316 East Fifteenth Street, New York, for the promotion of Christian Holiness, will on Tuesday, February 9th, reach its semi-centennial anniversary. For fifty years it has been held without intermission. The Lord has greatly honored these stated gatherings of His people, representing various branches of the Evangelical Church. It is proposed to celebrate the approaching anniversary by an ALL-DAY SERVICE in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. Rev. Dr. J. R. Jaques, late President of Albert University, Canada, will preach a memorial sermon at 10.30 A.M. At 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. there will be meetings for Christian testimony and prayers, in which ministers and people of various denominations will participate. It is hoped that the day will be one of peculiar interest and spiritual edification.

Mr. William Noble's Meetings at Bristol, Mass., on Monday and Tuesday of last week, were the largest meetings ever held in that place. The *Daily American* says that the Coliseum was densely crowded. The audience listened attentively, and were at times deeply moved by the simple yet convincing address of the temperance evangelist. Mr. Noble's approaching departure from this country was alluded to with regret by other speakers, and large numbers remained after the conclusion of the meetings to bid him farewell.

The Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken's Farewell service in America will be held at East Orange, N. J., to-morrow, January 29th, in the Harrison Street Rink, which has been gratuitously offered for the purpose. A special service, authorized by the bishop of the diocese, will be held. Then follow brief addresses of gratitude by Assistant Bishop H. C. Potter and other clergymen, after which Mr. Aitken will deliver his farewell address. Special cars will be run on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad from both New York and Morristown and intermediate places, for the accommodation of Mr. Aitken's many friends who may wish to hear his last words in America. He will sail the next day (Saturday, January 30th) for England.

The "Tongue Guard" is the Name of a New society formed by the Christian young ladies of Hartford, Conn. Each member agrees to pay a penny into its treasury every time she says anything against another person. The money thus raised is used for charitable purposes. If the young ladies are, as may be supposed, desirous of having a large fund for charitable purposes, we presume they may add to it voluntarily, and not by fines only. If uncharitable speaking becomes less common in Hartford than in other places charity doubtless will thrive, though there should be few fines.

The Annual Day of Prayer for Colleges is this year fixed for this date (January 28th). As many requests for information have been sent to the College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Wishard has issued a statistical statement for publication, which reached us too late for insertion last week. The following facts gleaned from its pages will be of interest. There are now 45,000 young men in the 300 colleges of the United States, and 155,000 in the entire number of institutions of learning which, including law schools, schools of science, medical colleges, etc., are stated at 1215. Of these institutions

210 have Y. M. C. A.'s connected with them. Nearly 10,000 have professed conversion during the past eight years; 2370 students are reported as candidates for the ministry, 116 of whom have been converted since entering college, 35 of whom were converted last year; 187 are reported as intending to be foreign missionaries, several of them medical missionaries; 11 of these have been converted since entering college. It is an encouraging fact that the day of prayer last year was followed by a period of revival in all the colleges, and testimonies to the value and permanence of the movement came from all quarters.

The Drying Up of the Euphrates, which is predicted (Rev. 16:12), is, it appears, actually taking place. Thus the prophecy is being literally fulfilled as its metaphorical fulfilment draws near. The *Times of India* says: "The once mighty Euphrates seems likely to disappear altogether. For some years past the river-banks below Babylon have been giving way, so that the stream spread out into a marsh, until steamers could not pass, and only a narrow channel remained for native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated, and unless matters improve the towns on the banks will be ruined, and the famous river itself will be swallowed up by the desert."

A Thousand Dollars for a Soul was the Rate quoted at the conference of Methodist ministers in Chicago on January 18th. It was stated by one clergyman that, dividing the money expended last year by the Rock River Conference by the number of members added to the church, it was found that each had cost \$431. These figures caused a debate, in the course of which another clergyman said that six Chicago churches had spent in the same time \$100,000, and only one hundred members had been gathered in, making the cost of each \$1000. The record is not pleasant reading. The result seems small, and in these matters money estimates seem to be much out of place. Nevertheless, accepting the quotation and ignoring the other good effected through the churches, the money was well spent. What is one soul worth? (Matt. 16:26).

A Political Outcast is in Trouble at St. Louis, Mo. The *Globe-Democrat* states that recently, when the new Democratic postmaster succeeded his Republican predecessor, he received an application for promotion from one of the personal appointees. When asked for the reason why the promotion should be made, he said that though he had represented himself to the late postmaster and his immediate predecessors as a Republican, he was in reality a Democrat, had always voted with that party, and otherwise had supported the ticket. "But you represented to Mr. Wells you were a Republican," said the postmaster. "Oh, yes. I couldn't have kept my place otherwise." "And you want a promotion. Well, I guess you can go into the cashier's office and get your pay. I would rather not have you employed under me." After his confession the man will not be welcomed by the Republicans, and it seems that the Democrats do not want him, so that he is politically homeless. It may be hoped that he will learn from his loss of office the folly of duplicity. He may learn from the Bible that it is wicked as well as foolish. There is, however, reason to fear that many will persist in it to the last (Luke 13:25-27).

A Life of Forty Years in a Cave Ended at Port Jervis, N. Y., on Monday, January 18th. Some hunters in the woods of Pike County mountains were surprised ten years ago at finding in a cave about nine feet square a wretched looking man, who had evidently been living in that seclusion for many years. He looked wild and fierce. His hair, long and shaggy, seemed as if it was never combed, and his matted beard hung over his chest. His clothes were held together with withes, and patched here and there with pieces of rabbit-skin. The man was surly, and refused to answer any questions about himself or his object in living so unnatural a life,

But his features were somewhat remarkable, and, in spite of the dirt with which they were encrusted, they were sufficiently distinct to enable his visitors to describe him, and the description was published in the local papers and copied into those of other States. Soon afterward a well-dressed lady arrived and said she believed that the man was her brother, who had disappeared thirty years before. She was conducted to his cave, and recognized him instantly. The hermit admitted that he was her brother, and that he had been living in the cave for thirty years, seeing no one, and subsisting on rabbits and birds, which he snared, and the vegetables he raised on a little clearing in the forest. His sister offered him a comfortable home with her, but he would not accept it, and continued his secluded life. Soon after last New Year's he suddenly appeared in Lehman Township, and accepted the invitation of a farmer to stay with him a few days. He was evidently infirm and suffering. He grew worse, and died on January 18th. He was eighty-three years old, and had spent nearly half his life in the forest cave. He gave no clue to his motive for his strange life, but insisted that he was doing the will of God, and he had read the Bible much during all those years of solitude. Evidently he had read to little purpose, as others do who live in the world, but are doing nothing for God. The unprofitable servant is not held guiltless in the judgment (Matt. 25:30).

An Engineer on a Burning Bridge Saved the lives of his passengers by his presence of mind and courage on January 4th. A despatch from Petersburg, Va., says that the fast mail train from the South on the Atlantic Coast Line had a narrow escape just before reaching there on that day. About a mile north of Rocky Mount Station is a bridge which spans a stream thirty feet beneath. The train had just reached the bridge when the engineer, in the dim morning light, noticed that a portion of the structure was on fire. He was too near to stop his train, but had recourse at once to a bold and dangerous alternative. He opened wide the valve, put on all steam, and, bravely standing to his post, dashed over the burning bridge at a speed of sixty miles an hour. The plan worked successfully, and the train had just cleared the bridge when a section of it fell in. There are some crises in life which it is wise to face in the same way. He who voluntarily goes into temptation has no claim on God's protection, but when in the course of duty danger is seen in the way, a swift and direct passage through it is the only safe course. It is those who loiter and trifle with it who are lost (Prov. 4:25-27).

A Reply to a Matrimonial Advertisement has entailed annoyance as well as disappointment on a young lady residing at Rollin, Mich. Some months ago she noticed an advertisement in a local paper inviting correspondence with any young lady who was willing to marry. She replied, inclosing her photograph. The advertiser answered her letter, describing himself as a handsome man, with black eyes, hair and moustache, and representing himself as in prosperous circumstances. Several letters were interchanged, and finally the young lady, unknown to her parents, promised to marry her correspondent. He professed himself unable to leave home, and urged her to come to him at Hartsville, N. Y. The infatuated girl consented, and on January 5th left her comfortable home for the purpose. When she arrived she found her correspondent an ugly man, with red hair and a cast in his eyes, and in needy circumstances. She promptly and decisively refused to marry a man who had so grossly deceived her, and returned to her home much wiser than when she left it. It may be hoped that she is wise enough to see that her error lay in promising to marry a man whom she had not only not seen, but of whose character she knew nothing. The man's fatal defect was in his character, not in his ugliness. If she becomes truly wise she will yet give her heart to One whom she has never seen, (1 Peter 1:8).

A TRAITOR SUSPECTED AND CONVICTED.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The carnal mind is enmity against God."—ROMANS 8:7.

The World's Catechism—Immortality Ignored—The Dominance of the Animal—Its Intrinsic Enmity a Fact—I. Discovered and Exposed—Inimical as a Servant—As a Subject—As an Equal—A Love-Letter from God—II. Deplored—III. Removed—Love Implanted.

MEN naturally mind the things of the flesh. This is as sad as if a seraph should rake upon a dunghill. It is not wonderful that a brute beast cares for the flesh, for it is only flesh; but it is lamentable in the highest degree that man, in whom there is a principle infinitely superior to mere materialism, should nevertheless so generally give himself up to minding the things of the body—the things of time and earth.

THE WORLD'S CATECHISM

is, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Men begin with these questions as soon as they leave their father's roof, and they often die with them upon their lips. It is said of the peasants around Nice that they seem to have no thought of anything but how they can make a living, and save a little money; and I am afraid they are by no means a singular people; in some form or other the world is in all men's hearts and thoughts. The dust of earth has blinded eyes that were meant for heaven. Yet there is in us an immortal spirit. A future state is plain upon the face of things. Every thoughtful man can see that there is a wide difference between the brute that grovelleth and man that aspireth.

Yet men by nature do not give dominion to their nobler part, but allow the brute in them to overrule the mind in them. They are earthly-minded; and then, because they are earthly-minded, spiritual things are despised by them, and the great God, who is the Spirit of all spirits, is most of all neglected, and treated as if He were of small account. The minding of the flesh sours the soul against God, so that he who minds the flesh is soon filled with enmity against God. Our apostle declares this fact, and declares it very positively. He does not say that the carnal mind is *at* enmity to God, but he gives us the solid noun; he says: "The carnal mind *is* enmity against God." It is enmity in essence, altogether and always enmity against God. It is a solid block of aversion to God and animosity against Him.

THE NEUTRALS.

Of some men this need not be stated, for they declare it themselves. There are men (God be merciful to them, and change them!) who deliberately say that they do not believe in God, and who use all kinds of opprobrious epithets toward our Lord and the divine truth which He has been pleased to reveal. Many others would not care to confess their enmity so distinctly, and yet their lives proclaim it. Their outward conduct shows that they are not only enemies to God and to His Christ, but that their heart is a mass of enmity to Him; their speech betrays the fact that they are not reconciled to God. I am not at this time intending to speak to these persons, of whom I will only say, The Lord have mercy upon any of us if that be our unhappy case! But I am going to deal at this time with another class of persons, who would say, each one for himself, "I am not a Christian, but I hope to be so one of these days. I do not think that I am converted. I could not claim to be a believer in Christ savingly, or a lover of God so as to take my place among His people; but yet I do not think that I am an enemy to God."

The accusation of our text is very distasteful to such persons; they think it too harsh a charge to bring against them. Yet, dear hearer, you live not for the world to come, nor for spiritual things, nor for God; and, therefore, according to the teaching of the text, your mind, being carnal or fleshly, is enmity against God. If you are not born again from above, I am compelled

to say, even of the best of you, that your fleshly mind is enmity against God. At this time my business shall be, first, to *discover that enmity*; secondly, to *deplore it*; and then, thirdly, may God the Holy Spirit be pleased to *deliver you from it*, and deliver you from it even while we are talking about it!

I. First, then, I have to discover THIS ENMITY

which is in your heart. The man who does not love God, nor serve Him, nor even profess to do so, has in his heart a settled enmity against God. Let me show it to you. Do not shut your eyes to clear evidence.

First, the carnally-minded man is enmity against God as a *servant*. Take this description of yourselves, and see if it does not lead to your conviction. You are all servants to God, for He has made you, and not you yourselves, and He that made you ought to have the use of you. You are under obligations to your Creator, your Preserver, your Redeemer; and these obligations ought to be recognized; but you do not recognize them; on the contrary, you act in a way which leads me to charge you with enmity against God, your liege Lord and King. Judge ye if it be not so. Here is a servant of yours, and he will not serve you. Set that down to laziness if you please, and the case will be bad enough. But suppose it should turn out that he actually does heavier work for another than he would have been expected to do for you. Suppose that he does harder and more degrading labor than you could have required of him; and that he does it willingly, does it with all his might, and yet

HE WILL NOT SERVE

you. I think you would say: "This man must be filled with enmity to me. He works for another, and will not work for me; he does far harder work for another than ever I have proposed that he should do for me." Forget not that the slavery of sin is much harder and much more degrading than the service of God. The service of the world is much sterner, much more exacting, much more wearisome, than the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. If a man prefers to bear the weary burden of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and will not take upon his shoulders the lighter load of Christ, what can be the reason of it but that he is at enmity with God?

And suppose, moreover, that your servant, who is working for somebody else, should get very poor wages, while you are willing to pay to him the largest wages that can be proposed; and yet he will take the harder work and the less wage, and will not come to you and take the easier work at higher wages; how could you account for this, except upon the supposition that the man hated you? Sirs, the case is thoroughly parallel with yours. The service of God is a remunerative service; He gives wages in the work, and an abundant reward, according to His grace, when the work is done. If men refuse such service what can their motive be? The wages of sin is death—eternal death; infinite misery follows upon the course of this world. If men choose such service, what can be their motive, what but downright hatred of God as a Master, and a resolve to have the devil himself for lord, and hell for a wage, sooner than serve the living God?

DISLOYALTY.

Let me consider you under another figure. This time it shall be that of a *subject* toward a king. Suppose that we are living in times in which there is a king, a rightful monarch upon the throne, but there is also a pretender who has set up a claim for the crown, and there is a war going on between the true monarch and the pretender. Suppose that a certain man lives in your street, and you meet with him in business, in trade, and in common conversation from day to day, and yet you never hear him mention the name of the king; would not his silence be suspicious? If anybody else mentions the king's name he edges off from it. He never utters a word that would enable you to feel that he is a loyal subject. He does not openly propose

three cheers for the pretender in a public meeting, nor does he hang out the pretender's flag; but, on the other hand, you noticed that the last time they were crying "Bravo" for the king he was as quiet as if he had been dumb; and you have also seen that whenever conversation has gone that way he has been as mute as a fish. I feel morally certain that in his heart this close-mouthed being must be an enemy to the king. Are you not very much of my mind?

DISCREET SILENCE.

Do you want me to explain the parable? Does it not fit your case, my friend? All these years you have been hearing about God and His Christ, but you have not had a good word to say for either of them. When you are in company you manifest a discreet silence. If there were a debate upon vital godliness you would take no side. You have nothing to say for Jesus and His precious blood. You are neutral and silent; and why? You are such "a good, easy man," that you are not willing to fight for truth and righteousness. I suspect you greatly. I am solemnly afraid that you are an enemy.

Now, suppose that the king has achieved a great success. News has come that in a great battle the pretender has sustained a heavy defeat. The flags are hanging out along the streets, and there is an illumination at night. There is no flag at your house. At night there are no candles in your window. I am afraid that, if there were any spies about, they would report him for an enemy; and I do not think they could be much blamed if they did so. Dear hearers, some of you feel no interest in the triumphs of Messiah's kingdom, and are under no concern about His Gospel. So many persons were converted under a revival, but it is nothing to you. Whole streets in this city are Godless and Christless, but what of that? You show no opposition to King Jesus; but still you take no delight in the growth of His dominion or the increase of His glory. I might work out this subject further, but I only need to light the candle of your conscience, and you will not have to look far to find a traitor.

INACTIVITY.

Further than that, they have been raising regiments in the city to help the king. There have been enthusiastic meetings of young men who have enlisted in his cause. They have shouldered their rifles, and have been ready to shed their blood on the behalf of their lawful sovereign. There is news of an invasion: the enemy's ships are near the shore; the citizens have come together in crowds. This man was not at the meeting. He did not propose to be a soldier; he did not contribute a farthing to the expenses of the campaign; he did nothing whatever for his king. Putting all this with the rest, it seems to me that he must be an enemy. In such a world as this, where sin is rife, if a man does not contend against evil he is on the side of it. If a man does not serve Christ, and endeavor to extend His kingdom, however humble may be his power, surely it must be that his carnal mind is enmity against God.

And suppose, further, that this man should find that the king had issued a certain proclamation and promulgated a code of laws, and that this man should say, "Read them? No, not I! I would not read such dry book stuff as that!" The proclamation of the king is posted up publicly, and the man turns his back upon it. A play-bill is pasted on the wall; he reads that, and is very interested in it. Now, I should say that he must be an enemy, for he will not even read what is the will of his king, and what is the law of his country. There must be in his heart some enmity against the law-giver who promulgated that law. My hearer, your non-searching of the Scriptures, your weariness under Gospel-preaching, your want of care to understand the mind of God, is *prima facie* evidence that there is some enmity in your heart against the Most High.

Suppose, once more, that you had offended this king, and you had been tried for treason against him, and had been found guilty, and he

were to say to you, "Freely confess your treason, and there is the pardon drawn out for you by which your life shall be spared, and you yourself shall be taken into favor;" if you were to reply, "I will not have it"—aye, and if you were not even to say as much as that, but only neglected to accept it, and just sat carelessly in prison until the day of execution, I should say that you must have a most awful enmity in your heart against your sovereign! He that will not even accept pardon must be rancorous indeed. My hearer, your not accepting the free pardon of Christ, your not receiving the benefit of the act of amnesty and oblivion which the great God has passed, prove that your traitorous heart is dyed to the very core with the blackest enmity against the Majesty of heaven. Is it not so? Do you not begin to suspect yourself of not being quite all you fondly hoped you were?

UNFRIENDLINESS.

So I will use yet another similitude, and but one, that I may not weary you. This time it shall merely relate to the common conduct of one person to another. I might profess of a certain person that I had no enmity against him; but suppose that whenever I met him in the street I would not see him, and if he was on my side of the street I somehow or other had a call over the other side of the way; and suppose that when I came into a room to meet friends I saw him there, and always backed out, and went somewhere else; I should think that people would, before long, suspect that I had great enmity toward that person. There are people who act in that manner toward God. They find hearing sermons very dull work. Talking with Christian people about divine things they cannot endure. Reading a religious book is slavery. They find themselves very soon reduced to a state of slumber by treatises upon true religion. They have no care about such things. They want to get out of God's way.

Again, suppose that a person has written you a letter, and you have taken no notice of it. When did it come? It came last Monday morning. Have you read it? "Oh, no!" you say; "I do not bother to read his letters." When you did read one of his letters, what was it about? "Well, it was about wishing to be at peace with me, and desiring to do me good. He spoke of my being in great danger, and said that he would help me; and of my being poor, and offered to make me rich." Did he talk so, and have you never read any more of his letters? What can ail you? From this I feel sure that you hate the writer very heartily. Have I not described your conduct toward your Bible? That blessed Book is a *love-letter from God*, the great Father, and you do not read it nor care about it; and therefore I am sure that there must be in your heart enmity against Him.

NO COMMUNICATION.

Is prayer neglected by you? Is it a burden? Have you no pleasure in it? Then how can you say that you are a friend of God? Do you utterly neglect all communion with God? Do you never speak with Him? How can you think that you love Him? If I had a son who lived in my house, and fed at my table, and was clothed by my kindness, and that boy were to say to people outside, "I never speak to my father; he speaks to me, but I never listen to him; I live in his house, but I treat him as if he were dead;" would not everybody rightly conclude that there was a deadly animosity in the heart of such a son toward his father? I cannot help thinking that if you live without speaking to God, or hearing Him speak to you, you have a carnal mind which is enmity against God. There I leave the matter, hoping that conscience will awake and concern itself about this business.

DISHONORABLE.

II. But now, secondly, and very briefly, let us deplore this enmity against God. For, first, what an injustice it is! I cannot bear for anybody to speak ill and think ill of one who is good, and kind, and generous. I would interpose, if possible, to rectify that mistaken judg-

ment. But for you not to think well of God, for you not to love the God of love, for you not to be at peace with the sweet Lord Jesus, for you not to delight in Christ, is a gross injustice to Him. Oh, do not continue in it! If you have any sense of rightness, may God make you to feel shame that you should treat Him ill!

In addition to all this, I would say, What an injury is this to yourself! It is a very great injury to any man not to be perfectly at peace with God. You are losing happiness; you are losing holiness, which is still more; you are losing the full development of your being; you are missing the destiny for which a God-created soul is intended. You are finding your way into darkness which will gather blackness upon blackness for ever. Oh, sirs, I cannot bear that this should be the case—that you should be at enmity with God! I would sooner be blind, and deaf, and dumb, and lose all feeling, than lose the sense of the beauty and perfection of God. The capacity to enjoy God, and to understand His superlative excellence, is the grandest faculty that a being can possess, and he that has it not is dead while he liveth. He who does not love the ever-blessed Lord is a very Nabal, whose heart is like a stone within him. He is a fool writ large who knows not God. May the Lord manifest His grace to those of you who are in such a condition, and bring you to deplore it and escape from it!

THE ENMITY REMOVED.

III. This brings me to a close. The third point was to be: Let us seek deliverance from this condition of enmity against God. How is it to be done? Truly, I do not believe it ever will be done in any man except by the Holy Ghost. This incapacity to see the beauty and loveliness of God is such an inveterate disease that none can remove it but the Holy Ghost. Ye must be washed, I know. Ye must be healed, I know. Ye must be clothed, I know. But I know another thing quite as clearly, "Ye must be born again." Do you say, "How can a man be born when he is old?" There is but one way; He that first made you must make you over again. The change in you must be radical and thorough, and you cannot work it of yourself. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to lead you to accept of Jesus, and so to be delivered from your enmity.

LOVE PLANTED.

How can the enmity itself go? I have shown you that this must be removed by the heart being changed by the Holy Spirit; but the means of it will be this—your enmity will depart by a sense of God's love to you. I think that it is Aristotle who says that it is impossible for a person to believe that another loves him without feeling some kind of love in return. I concede that it is almost impossible; but I am not sure that it is quite so. However, this I know: if you could but believe at this moment that God loves you; if, trusting in Christ, you could but know the infinite affection that there is in the heart of the great Father toward you, His child, you would love God in return—you could not help it. May you receive a sense of that love at once, and you will then find that your enmity is gone, that you are spiritually-minded, and that you love God!

For that—to conclude with—is the main thing. While the man continues to mind the flesh he cannot love God. While his first business is his body, and the things of time and sense, he is and must be at enmity with God. But when the Lord Jesus Christ wins his heart; when the Spirit of God renews his mind; when he comes to love God—then he cares for spiritual things, then his treasure is in heaven, and his heart is there also. Then his hopes are in the advent of the Lord Jesus Christ when He shall come a second time, and then his life tends toward glory, and honor, and immortality. Thus the man is raised from being a worm of the earth to kinship with angels. He drops the serpentine slough, and puts on the seraphic wing. He gets away from the mole-life, burrowing under ground in the dark, and gains the

eagle's eye and the eagle's pinion. He quits the gloom and night of earth, and mounts aloft with his eye upon the sun of glory, delighting in the holy and the heavenly. God bring you to that state by faith in Jesus Christ! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

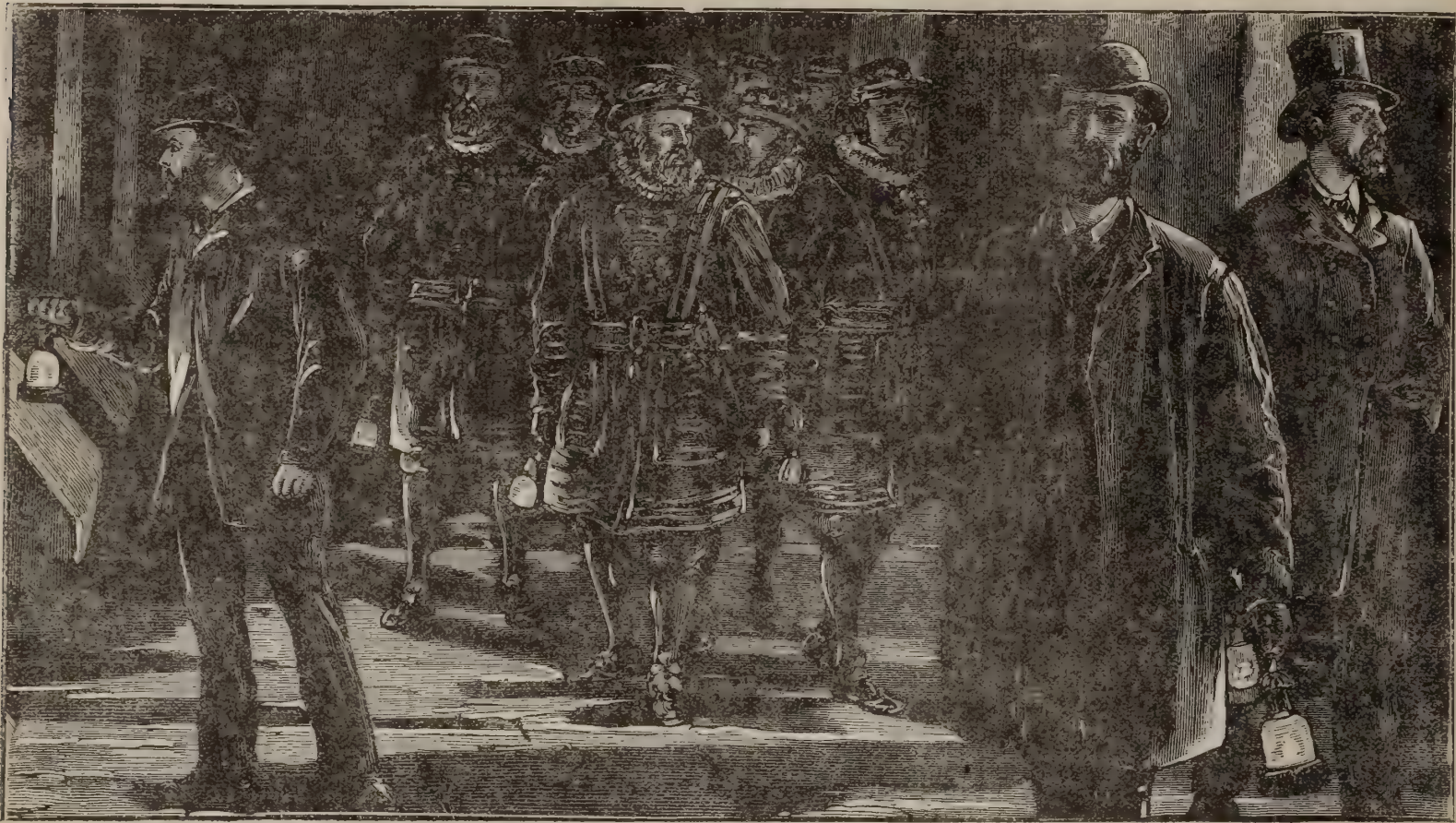
NEW BOOKS.

"SERMONS IN SONGS,"

by Charles S. Robinson, D.D. As a hymnologist Dr. Robinson has earned a reputation almost equal to his fame as a preacher. Probably in extent it is greater, for it is only in New York City that the fulness, and freshness, and variety of his preaching are fully known. The title of this volume is suggested by the fact that each text of the twenty-seven sermons it contains is taken from one of the songs, psalms or hymns of the Bible. Here Dr. Robinson is at home; his love of strong practical teaching and his love of spiritual poetry are combined. The King's Daughter, The Prince's Bride, and The Bride's Presents are the titles of three sermons on the forty-fifth Psalm. The Gloria in Excelsis, The Nunc Domittes of Simeon, The Benedictus of Zacharias, The Eucharist Hymn, and The Magnificat of Mary, each form the subject of a sermon full of beauty and high spiritual teaching. The sermons on The Folded Hands, The Realized Beatitude, Under His Shadow, and Guidance by the Eye belong to another class of exposition, and are singularly clear and invigorating. Even experienced readers will be surprised, as they read these sermons, to find how inexhaustible is the wealth of poetry alone, contained in the precious book which is not only the Word of Life, but a priceless literary treasure. Pp. 322; price, \$1.25. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

"THE GREEK ISLANDS

and Turkey After the War," by Henry M. Field, D.D., is another of those volumes of travels with which Dr. Field has delighted American readers. It is remarkable how wide is the difference between two descriptions of the same scenes, one of which is written by a man of piety, and the other by a mere worldly scholar. As the worldly man treads the classic soil his soul is moved by the consciousness of the fact that there on the very place where he stands a mighty king, or general, or statesman, or philosopher once stood and spoke and acted. Dr. Field, with all his profound scholarship, is less moved by such things than by the thought that he is treading in the steps of a poor, despised missionary, who gave his whole life to the work of preaching to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. The Christian cannot be hid. He reveals himself at every turn. For him the objects that claim his reverence and interest are not the objects that move other men, and we see the fact very conspicuously in this volume. The fact that in one place Paul confronted Elymas, the Sorcerer, that in another Paul went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and that there in Cilicia he was gazing on the very landscape which the great apostle must have looked upon morning and evening while he dwelt in Tarsus, was more to the follower of Jesus than all the associations the place had with Alexander the Great. Then, too, there is the Island of Patmos, a name forever sacred, not from its association with kings and conquerors, but with a poor prisoner who, in his exile, was "in the spirit on the Lord's day," and there saw "things which must be hereafter." Besides these hallowed spots, Dr. Field has much to tell us of Turkey, the country about which are centring the expectations of every student of prophecy, who looks at Constantinople as the farmer looks at his barometer for the indications of the storm,



Searching the Vaults under the British Houses of Parliament for Dynamite.

which will surely arise at no distant date. Dr. Field's book is thus both interesting and instructive to the students of the Bible, and as it is, to a large extent, a diary of personal experience, it has the charm of personal letters. Pp. 228; price, \$1.50. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

A Calendar of Scripture Texts prepared for the use of prisoners has been issued by Mrs. J. K. Barney, national Superintendent of the prison, jail, police, and almshouse work of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Jail superintendents tell us that there is no article in a cell so frequently consulted as a calendar, on which the unhappy occupant marks off "another day gone." Mrs. Barney has noted this fact, and by her arrangement of texts hopes to teach a needed lesson to the prisoners. Christians who visit the jails to work among the prisoners may obtain these calendars at ten cents each by addressing Mrs. Barney, 521 Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

A REVIVAL IN INDIA.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman in India has sent home the following letter for publication, hoping that its welcome news will prove a stimulus to Christians in Gospel lands:

"We have been much in prayer for the past six months that a manifestation of power from on high might come upon the natives here, and it really seems as if the Lord was about to work mightily. We have lately started classes for young men, English and Tamil. We have an average of from ten to fifteen in each class every Sunday morning. It is deeply interesting and encouraging to see how eager they seem for the Word, quite drinking it in, each member bringing a number of texts most carefully learnt. One who had been given a Tamil Bible thanked me very much, and said, since reading it, the word had begun to work in his heart. He is a writer on a coffee plantation, and now daily reads a few verses to the coolies as they assemble for roll-call.

"On Sunday afternoons, from 12 to 2, quite a number of us go out to preach in a large market

held for the natives. Tamil lyrics are sung and short addresses given. We also exhibit some colored pictures on Scripture subjects, on which we speak to the crowds that collect around us. Last Sunday we had an especially solemn time; the natives listened in rapt attention, as we spoke upon the follies of idolatry, and the happiness and joy of having Christ as their Saviour. One who spoke was an old gray-haired, high-caste man, converted at the age of thirty-three. He had been through it all, and so was able to give a most powerful testimony. Conviction seemed written on many faces, and eternity only will reveal the results. On Sunday evenings we have a sort of praise and experience meeting. I close with an earnest request for prayer that God would abundantly bless His work in this far-off land."

SEARCHING THE VAULTS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

A SINGULAR procession, quaint and historical in significance, is witnessed annually in the subterranean recesses of the foundations of the British Houses of Parliament. The illustration shows the manner of the investigation as it took place on Tuesday, January 12th. It is a search for explosives as a precaution before the assembling of the Queen and her family and the Lords and Commons at the opening of Parliament. Four of the Queen's Marshals led the way, followed by twelve of the Queen's Body Guard from the Tower, then the Lord Great Chamberlain, or his deputy, and the officer known as Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, with his staff, comprised of officers of the House of Lords. Having passed through the body of the House of Lords, they then went through the central hall to the House of Commons, and descended by a small staircase immediately behind the Speaker's chair. At this particular point the real search begins; every nook, corner and cranny is carefully examined by the light of the lanterns which the searchers carry. As the area to be examined is nearly eight acres in extent the search occupies over an hour.

The origin of the custom was the discovery of

the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, when Guy Fawkes and about eighty other conspirators arranged to blow up by gunpowder King James I. and his Parliament. The King had made himself obnoxious to certain nobles, who wished for his death. Gradually the project of assassinating him took shape. As he had children to succeed him the plot was enlarged to include them, and finally to take in the statesmen who were his advisers. As they would all be assembled in one place when the Parliament met to hear the King's speech, it was resolved to blow the whole building up with gunpowder. Thirty-six barrels were secretly conveyed into one of the vaults and covered over with billets of wood. The conspiracy was discovered November 5th, 1605, and Guy Fawkes was arrested on the spot, with the matches in his pocket ready to fire the train communicating with the barrels.

Every time that a Parliament has met since then a search has been made. It has been a matter of form and ceremony rather than of actual search until recently; but since O'Donovan Rossa and his friends have begun to use dynamite there is more reason for making the examination careful and thorough.

ALDEN'S FALSE STEP.

(See Illustration on page 61.)

"WHAT'S the matter, Alden? You look as blue as if you were going to be hung to-morrow." The inquiry was addressed by a sprightly clerk in a large commercial house in New York to a young man who had recently secured a position in the same house, and had come, fresh from college, to the city from his home in Massachusetts. Alden's was a godly home, and his pious father and mother had sent him out with many prayers among the temptations of a city about the dangers of which they knew little. He was good-humored, intelligent, and fond of pleasure; but he meant to "keep straight," and give no anxiety to his people at home, whom he loved dearly. For a time he kept away from theatres and all questionable resorts, but gradually, finding himself ridiculed, he had ventured into some of the better-class of places, where he

met young men of his own class, and where the evenings passed merrily in gay pleasure. After a time he found that his income, supplemented, as it was, by regular remittances from home, was insufficient to cover his increased expenses, and he began to get into debt. He was always promising himself to economize, but as the people he owed did not press him for payment the economy was not inaugurated. But that morning he had received an urgent request from one of his creditors, and then for the first time he had taken courage to make a list of his debts. The total appalled him, and as he went down to business that morning he was casting about for some plan of extricating himself. He had just decided upon making a full confession to his father, and was nerving himself for the miserable task, when his gay companion, Hatton, put the question to him.

"The fact is, Hatton," he said, "I am in a bad hole, and I don't see how I can get out."

"What is it, old fellow? Can I help you?"

"It is a money trouble; I find I owe a great deal more than I know how to pay."

"That is the case with most of us, my boy," said Hatton. "You have plenty of partners in that kind of misery. Anything pressing?"

"Yes. I have a tailor's bill for a hundred, and one or two others that will be pressing soon."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I was just making up my mind to write home, but I hate to do that. I should have to explain, and it would worry my father."

"I would not do that, Alden. It might involve your having to make awkward promises, and perhaps you would have to go home and be buried alive in that wretched village. Come up to my place to-night, and let us see if something better cannot be done. Courcy is going to sup with me; he and I are in the same boat as you in money matters, and we can consult together."

Alden promised to go, and that night he and his two friends gathered around a table on which, after supper, liquors and cigars were placed as aids to the conference.

"Now," said Hatton, "I have been considering this money difficulty, and I think I know of a way in which we can help each other. I have had some dealings before this with an agent who lays himself out to help young men in difficulties. I have seen him to-day, and he will do nothing more for me because I already owe him a little matter; but he will find money if he can get two names to a bill. I suppose two hundred would make you easy, Alden? You, Courcy, want about the same amount, and I need that and a great deal more, if I could get it. Now, my man will advance the six hundred on a three months' bill, half to be renewed for another three months, if we wish it, if we all put our names to it. I have promised to send him the bill to-night if we agree, and he will have the money ready by twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"What is the amount of the bill to be?" Alden asked.

"Why, you see these men are sharks. They are all alike. They know we cannot get the money on fair terms, or we should not go to them. They lose heavily sometimes, so they



Alden's Scruples Overcome.

charge high, and then what they get from those who do pay makes up for what they lose by those who don't. They average their business, and I suppose, when all is balanced, they don't get much above the legal rate. This bill is to be for \$750."

"Why, that's a hundred per cent," said Alden. "That is an outrage. I do not feel like paying that."

"Your share will only be fifty dollars. Would you not rather pay fifty than write home?"

"Yes, I would; but it seems a fearful cost." Alden's real objection to the scheme, however, he did not like to state. He saw that he was making himself liable for the whole amount of the bill, and he knew that both of his companions were men noted for their lack of principle in money matters.

"I agree," said Courcy. "Fifty dollars is well paid for two hundred down; I have paid that before."

"I never have, and never mean to pay it," said Alden. "I must decline to join in the bill, Hatton."

"Oh, you will join, I know, Alden; you are too good a fellow to refuse. It will disappoint Courcy and me. Come; just consider what a relief it will be to us as well as to you." He filled Alden's glass as he spoke, and the young man drank it off.

Half an hour later the bill was produced. Hatton and Courcy signed, and it was then offered to Alden. He made one more struggle, but at last, with evident reluctance, he wrote his name. Hatton quickly enclosed it in an envelope, and rang the bell for the maid to send it to the mail. Alden, who had turned away

with a vexed, perplexed face, said: "I wish you would not send it now, Hatton; one of us can mail it as we go home. I know I am doing a foolish thing. I wish you would give me another half hour."

"No, no, it is all right; it's only the first plunge that frightens you. Here, Janet, send this to the mail right away."

"And kiss it for luck, Janet," added Courcy, with a leer, "unless you would rather kiss me instead."

Alden, disgusted with the young man's indelicacy, turned his back upon him, and sighed heavily as he thought how low he had sunk to be mixed up with such a man in any enterprise. He continued moody and dispirited until the further potations imparted a forced and unnatural gaiety to his spirit.

Three months later Hatton and Courcy were both in Canada, their accounts showing heavy defalcations, and Alden was being pressed for payment of the bill. He was sitting in his boarding-house, miserable and depressed, not knowing what to do, while a Satanic temptation was being fought within him. Should he join those defaulters in Canada, or commit suicide? What could he do? Happily the teachings of his pious father and mother were not quite obliterated, and in his emergency he prayed. Then he received light, and sitting down he wrote a full account of his trouble to his father. His trust was not misplaced. The old man, grieved though he was, accepted his son's promise of amendment and paid his obligation.

Many years afterward Alden told his own son his story as a warning to him against evil companions who say, "Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse" (Prov. 1:14).

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 47.)

At Bay.

THERE was no way of escape from the conclusion that was forced upon the miserable wife. Her husband was undoubtedly guilty of the shocking crime which had been committed. The detective's presentation of the facts left Alice no ground for any other conviction. What she knew of her husband was locked in her own breast. Her conversation with her father showed that her knowledge of him was not favorable, but hitherto she had kept his secrets, whatever they were.

The man who called himself Smith remained silent, watching Alice closely. He knew that it was only natural that the wife should have to nerve herself for decisive action, and he delicately forbore to intrude himself upon her thoughts. She kept her face buried in her hands, so that the detective was unable to read the expression that was shaping itself there in reflection of the mental process going forward. But he waited patiently for her decision, though evidently with anxiety.

Each was busily thinking. What was to be done in a case so painful and so difficult? That Alice was suffering under conflicting emotions was evident. It was not that love for her hus-

band kept her undecided, but some duty was certainly due him or of what value were the pledges at the altar? But on the other side there was filial duty calling for action, and between them Alice sat uncertain in an agony of doubt.

Smith remained silent for several minutes. He, too, seemed to be suffering.

"Does your theory of the murder agree with mine?" he asked, after a while, more to break the silence, apparently, than for any other reason.

"I have no theory," she answered. "I merely have an opinion. Still, circumstantial evidence, however strong, cannot be relied upon altogether. While there is much to cause me to suspect that Stephen Vane killed my father, there was no motive that I know of for his doing so. He is capable of committing the crime, but there was only a single reason—a mere passing reason—for his having done so."

"A passing reason?"

"Yes."

"Will you please explain?"

"Certainly."

And then she told him of the letter which Stephen had received the day before. When she repeated the one brief line which it contained Smith started with surprise.

"It was signed 'J. T. B.'?" he said.

She bowed.

"Do you know who 'J. T. B.' is?" he asked, suddenly.

"No."

"Can you think of no one of whose name these letters are the initials?"

After several moments' silence she shook her head. "I can think of no one," she said.

"And Vane knew that your father saw what was in that letter?"

"Yes, I believe he did. If the knowledge was dangerous to him, that must have been his incentive to do this murder."

"That was but one of his incentives—a mere secondary consideration."

"What do you mean?"

"I must answer your question by asking another. In what shape is your father's property?"

"It is all in personal property."

"I thought so. What are the terms and conditions of his will?"

"His money is on deposit in a New York bank. In the event of his death it is subject to my draft."

"Just as I expected," said Smith, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"I am too stupid to see your drift," said Alice, "and once more must ask for an explanation."

Smith seemed to be very much excited at this, or at something which it suggested to him, and leaving his chair he began pacing up and down the room.

Presently he seated himself before her again. His face was very pale.

"You must pardon my agitation, Mrs. Vane; I have something deeper than a professional interest in this case. A matter which has puzzled me for years has been wholly cleared up to-night, and temporarily it unmanned me."

"Something concerning Stephen Vane?"

"Yes."

Alice looked long and searchingly into his eyes. The perfect frankness of her gaze seemed to afford Smith much gratification, for he began humming a part of an old love-song.

It was her turn to be startled now.

"Don't she said, reaching her hands out to him imploringly. "Don't sing that. A dear dead friend used to sing it—a man who is in heaven now."

It was fortunate for Smith that he wore a heavy beard. Otherwise his face might have betrayed to her the thing which he was most anxious to conceal.

"What reason did Stephen Vane have for killing my father, aside from the reading of the letter?"

The question brought Smith quickly back again to the matter in hand.

"The control of your father's property would be in your hands, according to his will, at the moment of his death. Vane, supposing that you would immediately draw that money and place it in your own bank, removed the sole obstacle to such a transaction—that is, he killed your father."

"I don't agree with you. Vane has sufficient money for his own needs from his own estates."

"He has found it sufficient up to the time that letter came. The letter made more money an immediate and imperative necessity."

"How?"

"For several years Stephen Vane has had a prisoner kept in an English mad-house. That prisoner has just escaped, and that is what the letter meant."

He paused a moment, but as her face only showed increased horror, he continued.

"The escape of that prisoner of course places Stephen Vane in great danger. He will need money to pay for a thorough and protracted search over the whole world for that man. He knows well that while the prisoner is free his life is in danger. To find him is the first business, and agents must be set to work in England, France, and Italy, as well as in America. That will cost a large sum in ready money, and when the man is found there will be still more needed for bribes, hush-money, and travelling expenses. Twenty thousand dollars will not cover all he must pay out in a few weeks, and Vane does not know where to put his hand on so much. He would think of all that. Then he would realize that if your father were dead he could persuade or force you to supply him with funds. From wishing him dead he would easily pass to the next step of compassing his death, especially as the old gentleman knew so much that it would be convenient to have him silenced. So, you see, there were two motives that might influence him—one, the urgent need of money which the crime would supply, and, two, the silencing of a man who held the clue to his secret. Either motive would be strong enough to incite a man like Vane to the commission of the crime, but, combined, they would be irresistible with him."

Before Alice Vane could answer him there was a rap at the door. She opened the door and found a servant there.

"Mr. Vane has returned, madam, and would like to see you at once," the servant said.

"Show him in here."

"You had better leave me," said Alice, to the detective Smith. "If my husband sees you here it will put him on his guard, and prevent my learning anything of his guilt."

"No," said Smith, "I dare not leave you. As he has committed one crime to gain his end, he may be tempted to commit another if he finds that he is thwarted. Let me step into the adjoining room, where I can hear you call if you need protection."

Alice nodded her assent, and Smith moved quietly into the next room. She sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. It was a terrible situation for a woman. The man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey was charged with a terrible crime. There was enough of the heroic in her character to defend him, to help him, even to sacrifice her life for his sake, if she believed that he was innocent; but she could have no such belief now. The facts disclosed to her by the detective had swept away any doubt of his guilt that she might have cherished. He was clearly guilty, and he had robbed her of the only protector she had in the world. He had killed her father, whom she had loved with a new-born intensity that in her earlier years she did not experience. The old man, so affectionate, so devoted, so good, had been brutally struck down by the strong man who had shown himself a despicable coward. Alice would be no ally of such a man. Her love for her father would preclude her from showing a wife's comfort to his murderer. It was not as her husband that she would receive Stephen Vane, but

as the slayer of that good old man. She looked up as he entered, and if he had possessed penetration he would have seen in her eyes the fact that he was in the presence of an enemy, not of a friend.

"This is a terrible calamity, Alice," he said. "I heard of it on the cars, and I thought I had better return immediately. My business must wait. You will need some one to see to things for you."

"Go away," Alice said, and she shuddered as he approached her; "I do not need you. You ought never to have come back here. If you value your life you will go away instantly. If you do not I will give you up to the police. How dare you come here stained with my father's blood?"

"I stained? Alice, what do you mean? You surely do not suspect me of the crime? This shock must have turned your brain. You are raving."

"I am doing nothing of the kind. I am serious, and I am desperately in earnest. If you stay here you will compel me to do a thing unnatural in a wife. I must denounce you and give you up to justice. You are guilty."

"You do not know what you are talking about, Alice. How can you imagine such a horrible thing? Some one must have been prejudicing you against me. It is a baseless suspicion. There is not the slightest evidence against me. Who accuses me of the crime?"

"The man who has in his possession a part of the knife the other part of which you have in your pocket," said Alice, with slow and emphatic utterance. She looked at him sternly and searchingly as she spoke, and she saw that the shaft went home. The man's face became ashy pale, and he trembled visibly. There could be no mistake about the expression on his face; it was one of guilt. He was detected, and he knew it.

For more than a minute Vane stood speechless. His mind was working violently. It was too sluggish to frame a scheme of exculpation rapidly in that moment of sudden terror. The smooth story he had concocted early in the day was useless to him now. The bottom had fallen out of it. The rôle he had imagined himself playing of the bereaved son-in-law, clad in ostentatious mourning garb attending the funeral, comforting his wife, attending to the duties of executor, which she naturally would be too agitated to perform herself, could not now be acted, that he saw as in a flash. What other rôle could he take up? An adroit, clever villain might have seized upon one, and have adapted himself to the new combination of circumstances. Not so Vane. He was too dull, too slow a man to deal with the situation as a man. He met it like an animal. A sullen, fierce look took the place of that of terror which had come upon him when Alice mentioned the knife, and he glared at her like a hunted beast at bay.

"You mean to give me up?" he said, hoarsely.

"I will certainly do so if you do not leave this place instantly."

"You are an unnatural woman. Give me some money and I will go. You shall never see me again."

"I will give you nothing," said Alice, decisively. "I will aid you in no way. You deserve nothing at my hands. You have forfeited the claims of a husband. You are nothing but a cowardly criminal, and, though I will not betray you myself, I hope you will be caught and brought to justice. Oh, my poor, murdered father!" And for the first time since he came in Vane saw tears in her eyes.

"I know you have money," he said, "and I must have it. Will you give it me, or must I force you to give it? I am in no mood to bear a refusal. I insist on having every cent you have in your possession. How can I escape without money? Give it me instantly, if you value your life."

"I will give you nothing, and if you are violent I will call for assistance."

Instantly Vane was at her side, with a heavy

hand on her shoulder and the look of a maddened beast in his eyes. Alice shook herself free with a cry of pain and alarm. The detective in the next room heard it, and, rushing in, interposed between the desperate man and the woman he was struggling with. They grappled, and for several minutes there was a life and death wrestle. Though Smith had great nervous strength, it was no match for the brute force of the other, who was fighting desperately for life and liberty. Vane, collecting his gigantic physical power for one tremendous effort, flung his assailant from him clear against the opposite wall, where he fell stunned and unconscious. Then Vane turned, and ran. He knew every moment was precious, and he soon reached a disreputable resort in the city where he knew he would be sheltered, and might secure the counsel and assistance of men as unscrupulous as himself, and far more crafty.

(To be continued.)

THE FIERY FURNACE.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 7, Dan. 3: 8-28. Golden Text, ver. 17. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The King's Self-Esteem—Increased by His Position in the Image—Desires to be Worshipped—A Subtle Influence—The Dedicatory Festival—The Jewish Non-Adorers—Denunciation by their Jealous Enemies—Their Calm Confidence—Well Grounded—The Furnace of Modern Days—The King Convinced.

KING NEBUCHADNEZZAR had acted boldly upon his convictions when he declared to Daniel: "Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, seeing that He could reveal this secret." And yet the king's heart was not thoroughly turned to God. In point of fact, he was greater in his own eyes than Him whom he had declared to be a "Lord of kings." That which most remained with him of the dream and its interpretation, which Daniel had recalled and interpreted to him, was his own part in it: "Thou art this head of gold." Instead of seeking further acquaintance with the wonderful God who revealed secrets, he gloried in his own greatness, until he persuaded himself that he was the greatest among men; and then it was but a little step to claim that he should be worshipped.

There is little doubt that the image of gold which he made was formed after the model of the image which he saw in his dream. But he, seeing

HIMSELF AS THE GREAT MAN, sought to improve on the thought of God, and made the whole image to be of gold—i.e., the whole image represented him, and his personal glory absorbed in his own eyes not only the present, but even the future of the known world. Oh, how subtle is that self-life within us which measures all things and persons by itself, weighs all characters and actions by comparison with itself, and sees all circumstances as they affect itself! How often have we seen those who have had revelations from God in danger of being exalted above measure, like Paul, until, as in his case, some messenger of Satan was sent to buffet them, and show them that God's grace, and not the revelations they had received; God's grace, and not their purity or power, was to be sufficient for them! Self likes to take occasion to glorify itself, and be satisfied with itself—to rest in self-complacency; but God teaches that Christ is He in whom we may glory: "Not I . . . but Christ."

Nebuchadnezzar was probably in an ecstasy of delight as he saw the colossal image of gold, sixty feet high, at least ten times larger than life, figuring forth his glory, and he longed to drink of the cup of flattery and earthly glory to the very dregs. Therefore he proclaimed a grand festival for the dedication of the image, and made it obligatory on all who held public office in his immense empire to present themselves as worshippers on this occasion. The preparation for this festival in those days of slow travelling must have taken a year or more. Governors of all degrees, from princes or tribu-

tary kings, down to the simple magistrates, and even the police officers of those days, would be represented there. The programme provided that the representatives of the various provinces should be ranged in order (no doubt according to their rank) before the image, and at a given signal, when an immense orchestra should sound an appropriate burst of music, the whole vast congregation should prostrate themselves before the image and worship, each in his own language, under penalty of being cast into a burning fiery furnace.

The ceremony was at an end; the king flattered himself that in the eyes of others, as well as in his own eyes, he was a greater man than ever before, and no doubt he was revelling in self-gratulation and self-complacency when certain Chaldeans (remembering, no doubt, their humiliation regarding the king's dream) came and

ACCUSED THE JEWS.

With all the appearance of loyalty, they came and said, "O king: live for ever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee; they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Such was the charge. Nebuchadnezzar was not, just at this time, in a mood to look reasonably on anything. His will had been crossed on the very point on which he had set his heart—his own imperial dignity and power as the master of the then known world; how should it matter to him who they were that resisted him, or for what purpose?

Nebuchadnezzar's greatness did not consist in self-control. In "rage and fury" he commanded that the accused should be brought before him, and he put to them the question: "Is it of purpose, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, that ye serve not my god, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?" (Rev. Ver.) Without waiting for an answer, he offered them another opportunity to obey him, and added: "But if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" These last words betray the fact that the king knew these three men well enough to be sure that their motive was a conscientious one, and that the God whom he himself acknowledged to be "Lord of kings" was greater in their eyes than he was, although the monarch of the known world. The very sting to his conscience, while his will was still unyielded, rendered him more furious. God's three witnesses were unanimous in their answer: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful (or anxious) to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and

HE WILL DELIVER US

out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." These men were not treading upon new ground; they knew the God in whom they believed. In answer to their prayer, joined with Daniel's, the king's dream had been revealed to him, and the wise men of Babylon spared when the king had already pronounced sentence on them all; and it was in the confidence of a God known and proved that they could say with such assurance, "He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king." More than a century previous God had given this promise through His servant Isaiah: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame

kindle upon thee" (Isa. 43: 2). These men stepped out upon the promise, like Peter on the water, and they knew God would not fail them or break His word.

In the lives of all men there come moments when they must make a decisive stand. Those who have authority over us which is permitted by God call upon us to do something in obedience to them which is directly against the plain command of God. There is no room for parleying here; there is nothing for it but a direct, point-blank refusal, leaving the consequences in God's hands. Better lose a situation than tell a lie in the way of trade. Better for a young woman in a shop or store to be thrown out of employment, than to permit for a moment the unbecoming familiarity of manner or action of an employer who may take advantage of her position and lead her the first step toward ruin. Better by far offend such by the plainness of her dress than accept of him the tempting offer of such and such ornaments or clothing as may lay her under an obligation to him, and at the same time make her appearance unsuitable or questionable. It is the privilege of every true child of God to bear witness for Him under such circumstances: "I will not serve thy gods, and my God is able to deliver me out of thy hand."

Nebuchadnezzar was mad with rage, and commanded the furnace to be heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. Then he gave orders that the most mighty man in his army should bind the three defaulters and cast them into the fiery furnace. The king's command was so well executed that he lost the mightiest men of his army, for the furnace was so hot that in order to cast in Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, these men had to go so near that they themselves were burnt to death. But the men of God, who were bound that they might have no chance to escape, walked loose in the burning fire as though it were their natural element. And the king saw it, hardly able to believe his own eyes; and, lest he should be under a delusion, he called his counsellors to ask: "Is it true, or is it a dream that we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" They answered, "True, O king." "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like unto the Son of God." Yes, it was the Son of God with His people.

The king was honest; he forgot all his greatness, and went in person to the mouth of the furnace, and called the men of God out. It was a glorious witness for God. These men had preached such a sermon to that assembled multitude as could be understood without translation into their languages. They would all go back into their lands and say: "There is a God that can and does deliver from fire, so that the fire has no power upon the bodies of those who trust Him, and they know Him to be so faithful that they risk death sooner than grieve Him." God orders all things well. The immense convocation which the king convened to strengthen idolatry was turned into an occasion for preaching of the true God, and Nebuchadnezzar himself was the preacher. He addressed the immense crowd, and no doubt his words were translated into other languages: "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent His angel, and delivered His servants that trusted in Him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God. Therefore I make a decree. That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill; because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort."

Thus we see how the simple faithfulness of these young men was used of God to preach the knowledge of Him throughout the then known world, and that without doing anything but simply counting upon God and being true to Him at any cost.

"ONLY."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATTHEW XXV. 40.

Only a word for the Master,
Lovingly, quietly said;
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard;
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep;
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook;
And he went alone to weep!

Only one cry from the sinner,
Bitterly earnest, and wild:
"Help, Lord! I die!"
Rose in agony;
And the Saviour saved His child.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done;
"Surely 'twas naught"
(So the proud world thought);
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
Still seed was sown
In that hour alone, [Heaven!]
Which would bring forth fruit for

"Only"—but Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.

—Selected.

Don't miss the opportunity of securing a pair or two of these Nottingham Lace Curtains advertised last week. They are exceedingly cheap—just think—less than 40 cents a yard!

EASY work, good pay, read marked advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

Special to Readers of Christian Herald.

I offer a handsome bust portrait in oils (7 in. head) complete in gilt and plumb frame, outside measure, 26x30; size of painting, 13x16, at the remarkably low price of \$15.00, boxed and shipped, C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Send photo or tintype, with color of hair, eyes, age, etc., to

ROBERT GALLOWAY,
Artist and Portrait Painter,
779 Broadway, New York.

N. B. Imperial photos of Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and Rev. C. H. SPRUNGEON, sent postpaid; 30 cents each, or 50 cents for both.

THE HEALING VOICE

The Power of Prayer, Faith Literature and the Science of Healing;
Proving to the World that a Living Faith Gives us a Practical Christianity.

This book, of over 300 pages, bound in cloth, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00, by addressing MRS. A. J. JOHNSON, 200 West 59th St., New York.

PRINTING PRESSES and TYPE.
BOOK OF TYPE, CUTS, ETC., 50 CTS.
Circular free.
JOSEPH WATSON,
19 Murray St., N. Y.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS
ARE ANNUALLY *Peter Henderson & Co.* SUPPLIED WITH
SEEDS PLANTS

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2½ Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1886
Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 Pages, with hundreds of new illustrations, two Colored Plates, and tells all about the Best Garden, Farm and Flower Bulbs, Plants, Thoroughbred Stock and Fancy Poultry. It is the only complete catalogue of the kind published, and describes RARE NOVELTIES IN VEGETABLES and FLOWERS, of real value, which can not be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal to

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

A GEM OF BEAUTY. An Exquisitely Engraved and Colored Dove floating on the wing, upon a deep, blue sky, which forms the background, and with every feather so carefully drawn as almost to deceive one into the belief that it is a **THING OF LIFE**. Upon this background, in choice lettering is the text, "MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU" etc. Upon the coming light of the morning dawn, which brightens up the foreground of the picture in similar letters, is the text, "THE PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING," the whole forming a perfect gem of art. Like all fine works its value consists not so much in its size 8x10, as in its beauty of detail, and it possesses the great advantage of needing no frame, being printed on a gold border upon a heavy card plate, so that it can be placed upon the table or mantel if preferred. If you want a choice ornament for your home, or a remembrance to a friend, especially to one in sickness or trouble, it cannot be equalled, either in beauty or price. **REMEMBER IT CAN BE FRAMED OR NOT AS YOU PLEASE.** Safely packed, we send it postage paid on receipt of Twenty-Five Cents.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT PROFIT TO AGENTS.

They can be sold at almost every house, and every Christian person to whom you show them will buy at least one copy. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Good only for thirty days. Send back this advertisement and fifty cents, and we will forward free of any other expense, three sample copies for yourself and friends or a trial order of eight copies for one dollar. You take no risk in accepting this last offer as your immediate friends will gladly take these few copies at full price, giving you a profit of one dollar even if you do nothing further. We expect however to receive a larger order as soon as you get the samples.

WM. P. BRECK & CO., 12 Cortlandt Street, New York.

To Dealers, Agents, and Sunday-School Teachers, Fifty Copies for Five Dollars.

NOW READY:

Smooth Stones from Scripture Streams

By Mr. and Mrs. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

"Those who know the authors of this book will look for clear and forcible applications of Scriptural truth in its pages, nor will they be disappointed. . . . All is excellent, and we would say to all our readers, get the book, read it and lend it."—*Episcopal Recorder*.

See review in *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, January 21.

PRICE, \$1.00.

LATELY PUBLISHED:

Salvation Stories.

By GEO. C. NEEDHAM, the well-known Evangelist.

Full of instruction. Will clear away many stumbling blocks.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

* * * Either of above books sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. A. WHIPPLE,
Evangelical Bookstore,
9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

A finely finished imperial photograph of this distinguished divine, of which Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., says: "It is good, very good." J. Sanderson, D.D., says: "The best I have ever seen." *The Christian Sun* says: "It is excellent." *The Temperance Herald* says: "Very correct and lifelike." A facsimile of a recent autograph on every picture. Mailed, postpaid, for 30 cents in stamps. Also a fine assortment of pictures of prominent Bishops and Clergymen. Send for circulars.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher,
73 Bible House, New York.

BENJ. F. TRUMPY,
Real Estate Office,
336 Broome St., New York.
(ONE DOOR EAST OF BOWERY.)

Management of Estates, Renting, Selling, and Collecting of Rents.

AGENT FOR—

German American Insurance Company.
Westchester " "
Hamburg-Bremen " "
Mutual Life " "

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 81 Rose St., N. Y.

NOW READY.

224 Pages of the choicest gems of Sunday-School Songs from more than 100 popular composers.

Hymns of Praise

Contains Music for Each Hymn.

\$30 per 100 Copies, in Board Covers.
The book in beautiful Cloth Covers will still be furnished at \$40 per 100 Copies.

Hymns of Praise

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

EXAMINE IT before you buy a new book. Intelligent S. S. workers who appreciate a first-class book, are adopting *HYMNS OF PRAISE*.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

THE SECURITY Mutual Benefit Society OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Opp. Post Office.

Insures from \$1000 to \$5000.

ONLY TEN ASSESSMENTS

have been levied since the Society began business, averaging a trifle over three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 85 years, but \$4.03 a year for \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted. Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(and Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost of every piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet Grand 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$203! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS, it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

SILKS AND VELVETS.

James M'Creery & Co

Commenced on Monday, Jan. 4, their ANNUAL SALE of SILKS and VELVETS.

HEAVY REDUCTIONS have been made in all Sections of the Vast Stock which they exhibit.

An early inspection is invited.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Clifton Silk Mills.

AMMONIAPHONE

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION by CHEMICAL MEANS.

THE AMMONIAPHONE

Should be used by Clergymen, Vocalists, Public Speakers, Readers, Reciters, Lecturers, Leaders of Psalmody, School-teachers, Amateurs, Church Choirs, and Lawyers, and all persons who use their voices professionally or who desire to greatly improve their speaking or singing tones, producing a rich, powerful, melodious voice of extraordinary ringing clearness and range. A poor weak voice becomes Rich and Massive, while great good is done to General Health.

CURES THE CLERICAL SORETHROAT, WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME.

Recommended by the best Physicians.

5,000 TESTIMONIALS have been received in the Last Few Months, including Distinguished Dignitaries of the Church, Eminent Physicians, Lawyers, Professors, and the leading Prima Donnas.

It is the most remarkable and valuable invention of the present age, as its unprecedented success in Europe fully attests. By its use you are enabled to accomplish wonderful results without the use of nauseous drugs which sooner or later ruin the stomach. A History of this most wonderful instrument will be sent free to those who mention this paper.

The AMMONIAPHONE COMPANY,

226 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SET A GLASS OF MILK BEFORE THE CHILDREN.

Is there a Children's Meeting in your town? Your Church? Ought there not to be one organized? It is not difficult. Can not you do it?

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS

HOW TO CONDUCT THEM.

—BY—
LUCY J. RIDER and NELLIE M. CARMAN.

Introductory by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D. will tell you how, and help you to carry it on after it is organized.

The National Primary Teachers' Union have formally endorsed the book.

But you have a Children's Meeting? In this book you will find a collection of Lessons and Talks to Children by many of the best workers with children in the world! Hints for Blackboard and object lessons, songs, patterns for "cut things," and all kinds of helpful Hints.

Does your Pastor need help in his work with the children? Show him this advertisement, or better still buy the book and send it to him. Make the work of the Primary class effective by the supplement of a good "live" Children's Meeting.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION CONTAINS:
Talks to Children. (Over sixty in number.)
Plans and Suggestions for Variety in Methods.
Pattern Pages for "Symbol Gifts."
Blackboard Exercises.
Outline Lessons.
Choice Hymns for Little Folks. (WORDS AND MUSIC.)

212 pages, bound in rich silk-finish Cloth, stamped in Gold.

PRICE, ONLY \$1.00 NET.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, - - New York.

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING WITH DIAMOND DYES, for 10 cts. They never fail. 22 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and Dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10 cents a pk'ge. Druggists sell or we send post-paid.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. in Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Watches Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. **World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.** books, &c. **FREE**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 5.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, THE EMINENT PREACHER AND AUTHOR. MATRIMONIAL HARMONY AND DISCORD. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning. Gospel Work at Port Said—Notices of New Books. ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

GREECE IN PROPHECY.

CURRENT EVENTS: Senator Sherman's Silver Scheme—The President and the Senate—International Copyright—Surrender of the Apache Hostiles—Proposed Board of Arbitration—Resignation of the British Cabinet—Prince Bismarck and the Poles—The Y. M. C. A. Anniversary—A Jewish Rabbi Baptized—Heroism of a Conductor—Seven Demented Brothers—A Hoax on a Physician, etc.

SMOKING FLAX. An Evening Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURES OF SCENES AT A COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems. A CLERGYMAN'S IDEAL LIFE. (With Illustration.)

A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Handwriting on the Wall. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Canon CHARLES KINGSLEY—Scenes in His Life.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Preacher, Author and Philanthropist.

Remarkable Scene at his Funeral—Youthful Precocity—The Cloud of Doubt—Saved by his Lady-Love—Consecration—His Ministry—Practical Christianity—The Bible and the Auger—Adviser-General to the Parish—A Surplised Fireman—Why he did Not Visit an Exposition—Literary Work—Promoted to a Canonry—Visit to America—Whittier's Opinion of him—Sermons in Westminster Abbey—Death—Characteristic Poetry.

It was a remarkable scene, that of the funeral of good, brave, honest, loving Charles Kingsley, on January 28th, 1875. Around the grave where they laid the grand Christian pastor, teacher and writer were peers and members of the House of Commons, an aristocratic gentleman specially sent to represent him by the Prince of Wales, and, rubbing elbows with these patri- cians, a band of gipsies from the common near the parsonage, who knew and loved him. Clergy- men, too, of all denominations were there. Some of them had in his life said hard things of him, criticised, blamed and denounced him, but they were all sorry that he was gone, for he loved them all, and they were poorer by his death in what is more precious than gold. His watchword through life was "God is love," and the words, by his request, are cut on the marble that gleams above his grave. His life was one long living sermon on that text, and every year seemed to raise him nearer to his conception of the godlike in man, for he loved much. Thou- sands of hearts in America have read his books, not a few have listened to his voice, and all of them loved him. To all such and to others who did not know him, but who can appreciate true, vigorous, Christian character, a brief sketch of the man and his life will be welcome.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Charles Kingsley was born at the parsonage at Holne, Devonshire, England, on June 12th, 1819, and died January 23d, 1875, aged fifty-six years. His father was the Vicar of Holne, and in that picturesque locality Charles spent his earliest years. His precocity was remarkable. When little over four years old he began making little poems and sermons, which were so remarkable in a child that his father showed them to the Bishop of the Diocese, who predicted for the boy a useful and brilliant career. His love of nature, birds and animals was early de- veloped, and all the time that he could spare from his studies was devoted to country excu- sions to add specimens to his collection, and to study the beauties of creation. His daring was a strong feature of his character then, as it was in after life. It is related of him that, having a strong desire to possess a hawk's egg, he climbed a tree in which he had detected a hawk's nest, and, regardless of the presence of the mother- bird, he thrust in his hand. The bird attacked the hand vigorously, but it did not scare off the intruder. When the boy descended his hand was lacerated and bleeding, but it held the egg. (See illustration No. 1.)

The family in 1836 removed to London, where a living had been presented to Charles's father. The removal was a sore trial to the nature-lov- ing lad, who could not sympathize with Samuel Johnson in his preference of Fleet Street over green fields. Charles became a student at King's College, London, where he worked hard for two years, walking there and back from his father's house at Chelsea every day, reading all the way and studying all the evening.

Charles Kingsley left King's College for Mag- dalene College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1838, and in May, 1839, he gained a scholarship, being first in classics and mathematics.

At this time he was much agitated by relig- ious doubt. He was an omnivorous reader, and some of the books he had read had sapped the foundations of his belief. Still more potent had been the inconsistencies of the clergymen who had visited at his father's house, whose conver- sation showed intense bigotry and malevolence toward any who differed with them even on

minor points of doctrine, and whose love for the brethren would not bear the apostolic test (1 John 4 : 7, 8). It was at this crisis of his life that he met the lady who afterward became his wife. She was an earnest believer, and his ac- quaintance with her gradually developing into a close intimacy and then into love, was the means which God used to lead him to the truth. He made her his *confidante*, and she, with her strong faith and fervent love to God, vanquished his doubts.

He was at that time studying for the profes- sion of the law, but the way by which he had been led could have but one ending; all his life and all his powers must be consecrated to God. In a letter to his friend, written on his twenty-second birthday, he said: "I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never, if He gives me the faith I pray for, to be recalled." He left the University in February, 1842, ex- hausted in body and mind, having, by six months' desperate reading, done work which should have spread over three years, and com- ing out first-class in classics and senior optime in mathematics. He then read theology, and at the end of his course he was ordained by Bishop Sumner.

HIS MINISTRY.

He was invited to become curate of the parish of Eversley, a picturesque but spiritually neg- lected place, on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, and was then mostly common land. It was divided into three hamlets, surrounded by the moorlands, with young forests of self-sown fir-trees cropping up in every direction. Its population was scattered, and a rendezvous of poachers from time immemorial.

Charles Kingsley's first day of public ministra- tion in Eversley Church was July 17th, 1842. "I was not nervous," he says, "for I had prayed before going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility was on God and not on me, quieted the weak terror I have of offending people." Hitherto the sanctuary services had been utterly neglected. Consequently he found the ale- houses full on Sunday and the church empty, and it was up-hill work.

GETTING A CONGREGATION

But he soon began to exercise a mighty influence. He commenced a course of prodigious labor, in which he knew no rest except such as came from the change of one mode of exertion to another. Very few of his parish- ioners could read or write; he established night classes for adults in the parsonage, which were held three nights in the week, and to which every one was welcome. These he taught him- self with no assistance. In the village school he taught the children regularly every day, and yet found time for a regular house-to-house visita- tion. He organized a school club, a coal club, a maternal society, a loan fund, and a lending library; and his energy in keeping all moving seemed inexhaustible. To spend and be spent in the Lord's service was his only satisfaction.

The people of the parish soon discovered that this aristocratic gentleman who had come among them was the friend of every man there, no mat- ter how poor and ignorant he might be, and when their rector died they one and all peti- tioned that the young curate might have the liv- ing. It was done, and Charles Kingsley became

RECTOR OF EVERSLEY

and married the lady to whom he had long been attached, and who had been instrumental in leading him to the light. His exertions in his higher sphere were not relaxed. He was con- stantly at work, and was more than ever anx- ious for the welfare of all around him. He set himself to the study of sanitary science that he might find out a remedy for the periodical sick- nesses that afflicted his parish, and listened pa-

tiently to the complaints of any one whom he met about their troubles, physical or pecuniary. His advice was always given, and if he did not feel sure about a case, he would study for hours, and spend a night searching his library for in- formation on the subject.

A friend who visited him during those early days of his work, relates that the young clergy- man could not be held for conversation. He was restless, and at last said he had to visit a sick man and would talk as they walked if his friend would accompany him to the house. The clergyman prepared for his visit by putting into his pockets

A BIBLE AND AN AUGER

and started forth. He said he would not ask his friend to go into the cottage as it was a bad case of fever, but if he would remain by the river outside, he would rejoin him when the visit was over. The friend, however, preferred to accompany him. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bedroom was horrible, his friend says. There was no ventilation whatever. The rector, however, had been there before, and knew all about it. He ran up-stairs, and with the auger he had brought, bored several holes just over the sick man's head. The change in the atmosphere was sudden and delightful, and the sufferer was surprised and relieved. Then the rector read and prayed with him, and left the cottage with two blessings behind him. That was always Kingsley's way of work; the Bible and the auger went together. Those who came to him for help found that he was concerned for their *bodily welfare* as well as for their spiritual health. He had a strong belief that the spiri- tual life was affected by the body, and he be- lieved this for himself as well as for his people. He was an enthusiastic athlete, and by walking, riding, jumping, swimming, and other athletic exercises endeavored to keep his constitution strong for spiritual labor.

THE PATIENCE OF THE MAN

was amazing. People went to him for help in every trouble, and no one in the parish hesitated to go to him for advice in any difficulty, whether it was the laying out of his garden, the drainage of a field, or anxiety about his soul. No wiser advice than the parson's could be had anywhere, and his patience was inexhaustible. Even that horror of the literary man, the strolling musi- cians, could not disturb him. On one occasion when it was very trying (see illustration No. 2) he simply laid aside the composition to write to a friend: "I have been making a fool of myself for the past ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening to them and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feel- ings, exultation and action, with the remem- brance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them, and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all.' Let us never despise the wander- ing minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony."

"I have seen him," says a friend, "seat him- self, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen, kindly way with question and look. The sight of unmistakable misery, however caused, covered, to him, the multitude of sins. Noth- ing roused him to anger so much as *cant*. Once a scoundrel, on being refused alms on the ground that he was notoriously dissolute, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the doorstep, turned up the whites of his eyes, and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and swiftly thrust outside the gate, with a shake

that he never thought a parson's arm could give. (See illustration No. 3.)

His favorite relaxation was fishing, probably because it gave him leisure for thought. He once came into danger in prosecuting his favorite sport owing to his aversion to being toiled in anything he undertook. He was in Ireland for a brief holiday with his friend, Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, and there engaged for the first time in salmon-fishing. To his delight he hooked a monster fish, and in his anxiety to land it went waist deep in water and came near being carried out to sea. (See illustration No. 4.) The line, however, fouled a ship's hawser and broke, so the exciting chase was abandoned.

A SURPRICED FIREMAN

is a sight not often seen, but Charles Kingsley's strong practical common sense, prompted by his regard for the temporal interests of his parishioners, led him to appear in that character. He had an instinctive knowledge of the right time for a duty, and did not hesitate to let the temporal have precedence over the spiritual when occasion demanded it, having a supreme contempt for the spirit that forgets that people have bodies as well as souls.

While he was conducting service one Sunday morning he learned that the heath was on fire and the cottagers' homes were in peril. Kingsley immediately left the curate to finish the service for any who remained, and quietly but rapidly quitted the church. Not waiting to divest himself of his surplice, he jumped over the churchyard fence and ran at full speed in surplice, hood and stole (see illustration No. 5) to the scene of danger. He was one of the first men to get to work, and, armed with a bill-hook was cutting down with might and main a circle to check the flames. A little later, as assistance came, the surplice was taken off and cast aside, and Kingsley was in command, busy everywhere, organizing bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point.

He could not have preached so powerful a sermon—powerful as his pulpit efforts were—had he remained at the church. It was the principle of the *Bible* and the *auger* again, and it told on the people who had to thank him for deliverance from ruin. Nevertheless, in spite of all his activity and his energy in the use of means, his faith in God was unbounded. He showed this particularly on one occasion, when a continuance of wet weather had prompted his clerical brethren to use in their services the prayer for fair weather. Kingsley declined to use it, believing that God had some design in the rain that would be for the benefit of the people.

One other incident must complete the material from which a conception of his character as a clergyman can be constructed. He had a great desire to visit a certain exposition, in which he was much interested. The fact was known to a clerical friend on the spot, who waited, wondering, for Kingsley's arrival. Still he did not come, and the time for closing the exposition was near at hand. Then he wrote to him, and Kingsley replied, expressing his regret that he would not be able to visit the exposition. His friend was curious to find out the reason, which Kingsley did not explain. He subsequently found that one of his parishioners was seriously ill, and Kingsley could not bring himself to go away for a week because the sick man would miss his daily visits.

PUBLIC LABORS.

In 1848 the publication of a series of articles entitled "Yeast" brought Kingsley into notoriety, revealing, as they did, the deep yearning in the soul of a Christian clergyman and a member of the aristocracy over the wrongs and miseries of the poor. He also, in other articles and lectures, endeavored to arouse public interest in the necessity of intelligent drainage and sanitary reform. His income was small, and as his expenses increased he entered more extensively on literary work. In 1850, a powerful, healthy story from his pen, entitled "Alton Locke," appeared,

and in the following year "Hypathia" came out and had a large sale. Two volumes of sermons followed, and in 1854 was published "Westward Ho!" the book by which he is best known in this country.

A little relief from the tension of money difficulties came in 1860, when he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, a position he held for nine years, doing much valuable work among the rising generation of clergymen and statesmen. He was subsequently appointed to a canonry at Chester, and there, as everywhere else, he won the love of all with whom he came in contact by his manly sense and practical work.

VISITS AMERICA.

He left Chester in 1873 to fill a canonry in Westminster Abbey, but his health was so undermined by ceaseless labor, that at the end of a year a change of scene and occupation was imperative. To this fact we in America are indebted for the only glimpse we had of Charles Kingsley. He arrived in New York in January, 1874, and made an extensive tour through the United States, crossing the country to San Francisco. The poet, J. G. Whittier, whom he visited, says of him: "His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare, physical, moral and spiritual, of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men."

On his return to England he plunged with renewed vigor into his beloved work. He still delighted in preaching and teaching and visiting the sick in his own parish of Eversley, to which he had given his earliest labors, and going up to London at regular intervals to perform his duties as Canon of Westminster Abbey. It was during one of these journeys, in November, 1874, that he contracted the illness which terminated his life on earth.

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he returned home, much exhausted, and described the service to his wife, who was in delicate health. He, too, had caught a severe cold, and as his duties in London were finished for the time, both he and his wife were glad to return to Eversley for Christmas, and the quiet winter's work. His cold was renewed on the journey home, and became worse afterward. Bronchitis appeared after a few days, and finally pneumonia set in. He lingered until January 17th, 1875, when he peacefully passed away.

A few sweet lines which he addressed to his niece, a young lady who was leaving him to take an important step in life, are so characteristic of the man that, although they are doubtless familiar to many of our readers, should be given here to complete the picture of a beautiful career. They were written in 1856, in the midst of his severest labors and anxieties.

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;
Yet if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

"I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.

GOSPEL WORK AT PORT SAID.

SINCE the opening of the Suez Canal there has been a constant stream of travellers of all nationalities by that great highway of commerce. Some of them are merely tourists bent on pleasure, others are going or returning on business, and some are going to take part in pilgrimages or religious observances. British ships, too, are constantly passing through the canal, and the officers and sailors belonging to them are frequently to be seen ashore at the towns at the extremities of the canal. Thus opportunities for Christian work have been multiplied, and God has put it into the hearts of His

servants to use them. Good seed has been sown by Christian men and women amid many discouragements, and they have seen no result from it. It has seemed as though in leaving their homes, and submitting to the hardships and inconveniences of life in Egypt, they have gone on a fruitless errand. But it is not so. Though they have not seen the fruit of their labors, there has been fruit. The travellers have gone their way, and when they have reached the end of their journeys the results have been seen. Thus the good seed planted has ripened under other skies, and God's Word has been found exercising its beneficent influence in strange places.

One of these Christian workers, Mr. George A. Eöhl, who is residing at Port Said, states that at that place alone, since April of last year, twenty-one thousand Gospels, Testaments and Bibles, in twenty-three languages, and nineteen thousand books, tracts, and periodicals, have been given away, and are now spread abroad to all parts of the globe. The following is a description of the work being done by Mr. Eöhl and his friends:

"Opportunities have been afforded me to speak words of warning or encouragement to many individually, and to preach the Gospel on board English, German and French passenger steamers; also English, American, Turkish, German, French and Italian man-of-war ships. On such occasions permission was given me to hand over to each man on board a New Testament. Frequently I have met with many God-fearing passengers and missionaries on their way to India, China, Australia, and the neighborhood of Syria and Palestine. Lately we had the joy of meeting with Miss Anstey and other friends on their way to India, Mr. Stevenson and other whole-hearted workers for China. Miss Reuter and lady workers passed through here last week for the same place, beside Miss Nicolson for Jaffa, and a lady doctor, Miss Taylor, for Beyrout and the Lebanon. It has been a time of refreshing to our own souls to meet with these Christian workers of various denominations, going out in His service, besides the privilege to lend an helping hand to them all during their short stay in this place, so full of moral darkness.

"Our Gospel meetings have, at times, been well attended, and of late some have truly been born from above, and confessed the Lord boldly before the world. The meetings are at present held in our house until we are able to have a Rest for soldiers and sailors. How much such a place is needed here is well known to our Heavenly Father, and the earnest of our prayers He has already given us through some of His children encourages us to trust Him for the whole amount needed. The intended Rest will not be only for meetings and reading-room (for the latter many soldiers and sailors have expressed the hope to see a place to go to, as there is none but the public-house or dens of vice, from which places the Lord has enabled me to rescue many by inviting them to our house), but also to take in such who are in a helpless condition, either as convalescent, coming out from the hospital, or other poor ones without means. These we have at times taken into our own house, which is only composed of four rooms, but of late I have been able to hire a shed to sleep in. This, even, is found better than the so-called lodgings.

"Many families of French, Italian and Greek nationalities in the town have been visited, with whom I have been permitted to place more than four hundred Testaments and one hundred Bibles.

"The Arabs have not been forgotten; over one thousand Gospels have been distributed among them. This does not include the Pilgrims going to Mecca, to whom also many hundred copies have been given. Only lately I was told by a missionary from the Lebanon, who used to visit the Druses, that he was quite astonished to find them possessed of the Arabic Gospels, and, on inquiry, was told it had been given to them while they were at Port Said waiting for the steamer."

MATRIMONIAL HARMONY OR DISCORD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Jan. 31, 1886.

"Can two walk together unless they be agreed?"
—AMOS 3:3.

An Impossibility—Mutual Duties of Husband and Wife—The Home the Highest House of Congress—The Social Balance—Home a Relic of Eden—Its Assailants—The Sordid—The Beneficent Guest—Forbearance Needed—A Grandfather's Apology—Parental Absentees—A Godless Mother's Grief—Matrimonial Congeniality—The Martyrs of the Kitchen—The Genteel Business—Love as President—Splendid Misery—Happiness in Poverty.

No, Amos, they cannot. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life under such circumstances will be the sounding of perpetual war-whoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will to-day speak of the

MUTUAL DUTIES

of husband and wife, preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest House of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

THE SOCIAL BALANCE.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in part, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quail in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites.

I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

A RELIC OF EDEN.

For more compactness and that we may be more useful we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will

be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting and growled, panther at panther; in mid-air iron beaks plunge till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

THE HOME ASSAULTED.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day, and influences are abroad trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for the mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adlers spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assert what is wrong.

THE ASSAULT OF THE SORDID.

Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two, stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild-cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and then there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in it a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after awhile, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

THE BENEFICENT GUEST.

My first counsel to you is, have Jesus in your new home, if it be a new home, and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement-ring of the divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take a Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with the blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after awhile came devastation, domestic disaster or estrangement. Why? They started wrong! In the other case,

although there were hardships and trials, and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right!

FORBEARANCE NEEDED.

My advice to you in your home is to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband, and sometimes of the wife, to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

A GRANDFATHER'S APOLOGY.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once, having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning, I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them.

Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theatre, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has to say its prayers alone because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

A GODLESS MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair it

seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand.

No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

MATRIMONIAL CONGENIALITY.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars: "*My wife made me.*" The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture.

On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand *martyrs of the kitchen*. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day, around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have your husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation!

If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music.

GENTEEL BUSINESS.

It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him.

There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day, and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when

he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and Death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: First, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

LOVE TO PRESIDE.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

A HOUSE NOT A HOME.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains are hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls.

Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when they come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the Queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around and, all chalices lifted, we will say: "Drink, O Queen! live forever!"

LIGHTS OUT.

But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair.

The romp and joyous step of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words: "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond: "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer: "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flow-

ers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans: "It is not in me!"

HAPPINESS IN POVERTY.

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said: "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said: "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

Dr. Talmage Has Consented to Present a petition to the Mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., praying for a relaxation of the city ordinances, which operate prejudicially to religious movements. Recently arrests have been made of young men for distributing cards and handbills, inviting young men to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. A few weeks ago a man was arrested for giving away a reprint of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, containing a notice of Dr. Pentecost's special services. The Mayor has also forbidden the Salvation Army to parade the streets. The petition which Dr. Talmage has waiting the signatures of all who desire to sign it, refers to both these vexatious city laws, and asks for their repeal.

The New York Young Men's Christian Association celebrated its thirty-third anniversary on January 25th. A crowded public meeting was held, in which Assistant-Bishop Potter, the Hon. Seth Low, and other distinguished guests took part. The work done by the association during the past year shows that the energy and activity for which its officers have long been noted has increased rather than diminished. The opening of the Young Men's Institute in the Bowery is alone a work to render the year memorable. That branch is doing a grand work in the heart of the city, right in the midst of rampant vice and degradation. Other branches of the association are also prospering. In the chief building on Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, the year has been a busy one. The report read by Mr. McBurney, showed that 1670 secular gatherings were held, with an aggregate attendance of 72,003. The reading-room has been more numerously attended than in any previous year—by 127,065 or 405 a day. Into the reception-room for the various purposes of the association, including those visiting the reading-room, came last year 272,221, or 820 a day. Of these a considerable number were seeking employment. There were held in the building 1219 religious services, with an attendance of 49,834. In connection with these services, and through other agencies employed, young men to the number of 351—a much larger number than in any former year—received personal instruction in the way of life. The report of the Treasurer showed the receipts of the year to be \$34,104.67, and the expenses \$33,835.59. For the support of the work in the main building and various branches during 1886 he said that it would be necessary to raise \$18,000.

GREECE IN PROPHECY.

The Grecian Movement—The Character of Turkey's Decay—English Intervention—Its Motives—Eventually Futile—The English Friend of Greece—A Newspaper Correspondent on the State of Turkey—The Exact Fulfilment of Prophecy.

ON Monday, January 25th, the cable brought the intelligence that Greece was threatening to declare war against Turkey, and had actually dispatched her fleet with sealed orders, its destination probably being some Turkish port. The significance of this intelligence to the student of prophecy consists in the fact that the enlargement of Greece at the expense of Turkey has long been seen to be an event necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy. The downfall of Turkey, as described in prophecy, is in the nature of atrophy, not conquest. The phrase used is "drying up" (Rev. 16:12), implying that Turkey would shrink by a gradual process.

For a long time it seemed as if the Sultan would fall before the gigantic power of the Czar, but students of prophecy never expected that such an event would take place. The sure word of prophecy indicated rather national death by a wasting away, a nibbling at her territory by her neighbors, internal weakness, and gradual decay, which was to be in an advanced stage at the time of the Great Tribulation. It also indicated that one of the powers to profit by the fall of Turkey would be Greece. She has not attained her ancient dimensions, and will not do so until her boundaries include Epirus and Macedonia, and the part of Thessaly still held back from her. When that is done, and Syria becomes a separate kingdom, Turkey will have shrunk to the size and exactly the area of ancient Thrace. A year ago, with Roumelia under her domination, the shrinkage seemed distant; but events are moving rapidly as the final consummation approaches, and scarcely has Turkey seen Roumelia slip from her grasp when she is threatened with a further loss.

ENGLISH INTERVENTION.

The ultimate success of Greece is assured. It may not be achieved now, and appearances indicate that it will not. The Marquis of Salisbury has threatened Greece with the castigation of England if she persists in fighting. He intimates that England, with the other powers which signed the Berlin Treaty, will not permit the fierce little Power to infringe the provisions of that treaty. There is more to be said in this matter for his policy than his principle. As a question of principle there is no more harm in Greece seizing the Sultan's territory than in the Prince of Bulgaria taking possession of Roumelia. Lord Salisbury consented to that arrangement, which was in contravention to the Berlin Treaty, and on the same principle he should permit Greece to run her sword through the document. In fact, on principle, Greece has a better right for action than had Bulgaria, because the diplomats at Berlin advised the Sultan to cede the territory which Greece now demands—advice which the Sultan disregarded. The diplomats wished, though they did not command, the cession, and Greece is therefore only carrying out their wishes. Lord Salisbury is inconsistent when he talks about principle in this case.

There are, however, weighty reasons of policy for his attitude. When he stood aside to allow Bulgaria to absorb Roumelia he was pleasing his sovereign, who, having taken a Battenberg into her family as the husband of her favorite daughter, in spite of the opposition of her friends and relatives, was delighted at seeing his brother, the Prince of Bulgaria, aggrandizing himself and becoming a power in Europe. But Greece has no friends at the English Court. It is true that the King of Greece is a brother of the Princess of Wales, but that fact does not recommend him to the favor of the Queen, but rather the reverse.

As Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress tried to thwart the course of events laid down in prophecy, so Lord Salisbury is moving in the same direction. He may succeed for this time,

but in the end he will fail, and Greece will get the prize she covets. Her present demand is for the portion of Albania and Thessaly bounded respectively by the Kalama River on the northwest side, Janina on the north, and the Salembria River onward as far as Tempe on the east. In other words, for Macedonia, Epirus, and Thessaly. That she will eventually obtain these, prophetic expositors believe. Even now her case is not hopeless. England, which has taken the initiative in opposing her, may change her policy. The power now wielded by Lord Salisbury may pass into the hands of Mr. Gladstone, who is

A WARM FRIEND OF GREECE

and an enemy of Turkey. Whether, if he were in power, Greece would be allowed to pursue her course cannot be certainly stated. As a statesman, he might feel it his duty to exercise a friendly restraint upon Greece for a time; but it is certain that, as a man, he would rejoice in the extension of the Grecian boundaries in the direction proposed. He has already, during his last term of office, proved his regard for Greece by voluntarily presenting her with the Ionian Islands formerly held by England. It is certain, too, that with him the Queen's wishes would not weigh, as they do with Lord Salisbury. In fact, his notorious unpopularity at Court is due to the indifference he has uniformly displayed as to whether she approved his policy.

In any case, whether Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone directs the policy of England, it is manifest that the effort to prop up the Turkish power in Europe will fail. The Euphrates will be dried up—indeed, is drying up now—and the desiccation is far advanced. On December 28th last year the New York Times published a letter from a correspondent in Constantinople, who has exceptional opportunities for acquiring accurate information. In the course of his letter the correspondent said: "The recent events have shown strikingly that since the Russian War the decline of Turkey has been very rapid. Some months ago I called attention to the fact that Turkey was falling to pieces, and I mentioned many circumstances which justified me in arriving at such a conclusion. The events of the last month have shown that I rather under than overestimated the progress of her decadence. Turkey has no longer even such statesmen as she possessed in 1876. No department of the Government is so efficient as it was ten years ago. The signs of decay are everywhere. The machine of Government can hardly be made to go even at a snail's pace. The law courts are worse than ever. Corruption is general."

"Throughout the empire the Turkish population is decreasing at a rate which it is difficult to account for, while the Christian populations are increasing. An English consul told me that where, in journeying between the capital and his post, he had a dozen years ago passed through eighteen Turkish villages, there were now only twelve; that these twelve were smaller than they had previously been; that where there had been three or four mosques there were now only two or three. The Christian villages, on the contrary, were increasing in numbers and in population. In fact, the Eastern question is settling itself, and if a policy of 'hands off' could be maintained and Turkey left without external interference of any kind the inevitable result would ensue very quickly in Europe, and not very remotely in Asia Minor."

That is the opinion of a man upon the spot describing what is taking place before his eyes. Comparing his narrative with the sketch made of future events, as indicated by prophecy, by expositors who wrote long before this desiccation set in, the correspondence is remarkable.* It is the distinguishing characteristic of the sixth vial, under which we are now living, that it would witness the drying up of the Euphrates,

* It is a remarkable fact that the intelligence given by the Times of India, mentioned last week in these columns, that the literal river Euphrates is drying up, was anticipated twenty years ago. The Rev. M. Baxter, writing in 1866 ("Coming Wonders," p. 24), said: "Undoubtedly the actual river Euphrates will be really dried up during the fulfilment of these vials."

that "the way of the kings of the East might be prepared." Thus is the Word of God being fulfilled, and thus is decaying the once mighty power which holds in its powerful grasp the land given by the Most High to Abraham and his seed forever.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Wasp Preaching Good Tidings.—Mr. McKenzie remarked: "Naturalists tell us that when a wasp finds a plot of honey it does not eat by itself, but goes to the other wasps at once, and makes known to them the good news, that they may come and share the feast. So you see that even a wasp may bear good tidings. How much more should we bring others to drink of the water of life, of which we have so freely partaken ourselves!—for Christ has commanded, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every nation."

Rescuing a Sinking Woman.—The Late Dr. McKay, of Hull, visited a dying woman, and when he asked if she were saved her reply was, "No, sir; I feel that I am condemned." "There you err," said the doctor; "you cannot feel condemned, you believe it; and if in the same way you would just believe that there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, and rest your soul there, you will then know that you are safe for eternity." The dying woman grasped at the truth as a drowning man clutches at a straw, and she died sweetly resting in Jesus.

Trying to Find the Break.—Mr. Jack Said: "A man who was the driver of a stage-coach some years ago was lying at the point of death. In his life he had listened to the Gospel many times, but always turned a deaf ear to it, till now it was too late. He began to work with his feet, as if he were in some desperate struggle, and a friend bending over the dying man said, 'What is the matter? Can I give you anything?' 'Oh,' groaned John, 'I am going down an awful incline, and I cannot find the brake!' 'Oh, friends, take warning! Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

Visit to a Mountain Cave.—Dr. Lindsay Related the following incident: "Years ago, when I was in Germany, some friends and myself once went up into the heart of a great mountain, where there was a cave, which we entered. It had a great many winding passages, and we would certainly have lost our way had it not been for our guide, whom we closely followed. Accustomed as our guide was to the cave, he, too, would have lost his way, so intertwined were those long passages, but I noticed when we started he had in his hand a large ball of string, the end of which he fastened on to an iron hook which was driven into the wall, and as we went on he unwound his string. But when he came to the end of it he dared not go further, and as we came back he wound up his string, and thus we were led to the light. Well, that string is like faith; get hold of it, and although you may unhappily wander away from the Lord, if you have a firm hold of that string it will lead you safely back to the light of God."

An Inebriate's Suicide.—Mr. Love Said: "I remember about twelve years ago a servant entered the breakfast-room, and informed me that a body had been found in the loch not far from the house. I was very grieved to hear the sad news, as it was I who caused the loch to be made. I inquired into the case, and went down myself to see where the man had come from. He had been under the influence of drink, and it had not been the first time he had tried to commit suicide. I had to take the widow and fatherless children under my care. The hand of the Lord was in it all. I cared for them until they were old enough to go into proper employment. Shortly afterward the mother died, and they were left entirely in my care. The eldest boy Duncan went to sea, and as time went on I lost sight of the other children, as they were scattered in different parts of the country. About

a fortnight ago I was in the seaman's meeting, and at the close a fine looking young sailor, twenty-two years of age, came forward, and holding out his hand, he said: 'Mr. Love, do you not remember me?' But I did not, and he said: 'Do you not remember wee Duncan Ferguson?' Yes, the whole incident came to my recollection now, although I had almost forgotten it. I inquired for the others, who, he said, were all well; and, better still, all in the fold of the Good Shepherd. 'Ah,' I thought, 'how the Lord had been guiding them. In His infinite mercy He had removed the father who was bringing up his children in sin.' I thank God that He has blessed me in my efforts to bring these lambs to Himself."

A Meal with an Empty Spoon.—Mr. Love said: "I heard of a young minister who went to preach to his congregation one Sunday, and instead of preaching Christ to the needy people, he read an elaborately prepared essay. Many of God's own dear children went away mourning for the great lack of the Gospel in the discourse. In the afternoon, the minister went out to take a walk with a friend. On their way they passed a little cottage and they paused there, for they were attracted by the sound of voices within; as they drew closer they found that the humble inmates were doing their utmost to sing praises to the Lord, and the minister laughing sarcastically, remarked: 'The singing is poor enough, I wonder how they are going to manage the prayer?' So saying, he went forward, and looking through the little window he saw an aged man with hoary locks. It was indeed a touching sight as the old man knelt and raised his voice in prayer. The young minister listened eagerly to catch every word, and as the aged pilgrim was concluding his devotions, he said in a more fervent voice: 'O Lord, have mercy on the poor congregation that was fed this morning with a tin spin' (empty spoon)! The minister turned from the window; he had learned a lesson from that humble cottar which he never forgot."

A Demand from Alexander's Treasurer.—Mr. Dale observed: "One day Alexander the Great was out reviewing his troops, when his horse suddenly became alarmed at some object, and started off at a galloping pace. In vain did the rider try to stay his steed, but the frantic animal rushed on heedless of where it was going; a minute more and the emperor must be dashed to pieces. A soldier seeing his terrible danger rushed from the ranks, and caught the horse in time to save his commander. The emperor, looking at the young man who had saved his life, quietly said: 'Thank you, captain, go to my treasurer, and ask what you want.' The young captain at once went to the treasurer, and demanded a very large sum of money; but the treasurer refused, saying: 'I cannot give you such an enormous sum without having a letter to that effect from the emperor himself.' The emperor came himself to ask the reason of his command not being obeyed, and the treasurer naming the amount which was asked for, said: 'Sire, did you tell him to get so much?' The emperor looked much surprised, and said: 'No, but if the sum is not too much for the man to ask, it is not too much for me to give; give it to him at once.' Friends, if a fellow-creature could be so generous, how much more willing to give must the Lord be?"

An Adopted Waif's Sorrow.—A Child Was laid down by its unhappy mother at a gentleman's door-step in New York. The servant brought it in, and the family were called together to hold a conference as to whether it should be kept or sent to an institution. The children pleaded that the child should be kept. 'Well,' said the father, 'if it is kept it must be just like the rest of you, and be adopted into the family as our own child, and get the same portion as the others.' But still the children cried to keep the baby, and make it as one of themselves. So it was unanimously agreed, and the child was kept. When she grew old enough she was sent to a boarding-school with the rest of the chil-

dren. She was very unlike them in her appearance. She had dark hair, and a dark complexion, while the others were very fair; and often she was asked by the children of the school if she was the daughter of Mrs. So-and-so? Soon it got abroad that she was not, and the poor little thing was often annoyed by being told that she did not belong to that family at all, that she was found on the door-step. One day, after being teased very much at school, she went home with tears in her eyes, and said: 'Mamma, am I your child?' 'Yes, darling, you are my child,' was the reply. 'Am I your real child?' she said. 'Yes, you are my real child,' said the mother, looking down into the little pleading face. But the child was not satisfied, and she said: 'Mamma, did you born me?' The mother could not say that, and her tender heart was full of compassion for the little one. How anxious was the child to know if she were really one of the family by birth. Friends, are you half as anxious to know if you are sons and daughters of God—if you are born into God's family? If not, seek it at once, for the Lord says: 'Ye must be born again.'"

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

[We learn from letters sent to us by subscribers in the West and South, and in some parts of Canada, that many of them live at a long distance from a place of worship—so far, indeed, that it is impossible for them to attend, except at long intervals. Other readers in the cities are confined to their homes by sickness, and are unable to take part in the services of the sanctuary. For the benefit of all who by any reason are precluded from worshipping God in public the following suggestions for a service at home are here offered. We are indebted for them to the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., whose sympathy is always quick to respond to the spiritual need of God's people.]

THE LESSON FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

[The leader should announce the place of lesson, so that each worshipper may open the Bible and follow the reading.]

Genesis 9: 1-17.

HYMN. C. M.

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."

[Then may follow a prayer appropriate to the season, the Scripture lessons, and the circumstances of the family.]

THE EPISTLE.

Colossians 3: 12-17.

THE GOSPEL.

Matthew 13: 24-30.

HYMN. C. M.

(From the xxxivth Psalm of David.)

"Through all the changing scenes of life."

THE DISCOURSE.

[Then may be read the following short discourse. The reader may enlarge upon any sentence, or introduce other matter.]

Text: "More grace."—James 4: 6.

The favor of the Lord is grace. The soul that has a sense of that favor is like a flower in the light; it is beautiful [beauty-full] and graceful [grace-full]. The flower does not bring the sun to itself, nor give brightness to the sun. It is the sun which sends its light to the flower and gives beauty to the flower. The flower grows in beauty with more and more light.

So the Lord lifts on us the light of His face. He gives grace and glory. It all springs from His heart of love. That He has given *any* is a guarantee that He will give more. The rule is, "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given." "He giveth more grace."

Yes, more than we ask for. If the sun had not given to the flower until the flower asked

for light, the flower had had no beauty. He first loved us and gave us His grace. This makes us desire and solicit more. But we never ask enough, because we do not know all our own necessities nor His willingness. But He giveth, is giving, more grace.

We need His grace, its assistance and inspiration. We are to resist carnal-mindedness and worldly-mindedness. His grace is more powerful than the devil, than the flesh, than the world. We need it every hour. He knows our need. He gives accordingly. "My grace is sufficient for thee" is said to each child of God, no matter how much tried. Do more sorrows, more trials, more tribulations come? He is giving more grace while they are coming.

Always more. We grow and need more. He gives more and prepares us to receive still more. We can never exhaust this fountain. "Lord, I am asking more," says my soul. "Soul, I am giving more," saith my Lord.

[After this a hymn or several hymns may be sung, as the family may find agreeable and profitable after which all may unite in thanksgiving.]

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held and the following discourse read:]

THE HOME CHURCH.

By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

Your home ought to be a church. The home was God's first Church, the father and mother were God's first priests, and the first altar was a family altar. The most sacred of all Church services is the Lord's Supper, and this replaces the Passover feast, which was a family feast. The early Christian Church was cradled in the household, and in private homes the disciples met for prayer and praise. The universal Church, including all the faithful, is a household of faith, a great family whose Father is in heaven; the Church of the First-born above, our heaven, is our home. So the first paradise and the last paradise are both homes, and the home between ought to be like them.

Our children ought to learn all their first lessons of father and mother; and lessons of faith, hope and charity, lessons of reverence and penitence, lessons of prayer and praise, ought to be their first lessons. You would be shocked to go into a town and find in it no Church, no Sunday-school, no religious services. I heard the other day of such a town, made up of men who had resolved that they would have no preacher and no Gospel there. One man who had tried it for a year bore bitter testimony of the result. "I came out here," said he, "to find a place where there was no God. I have found it, and it is a hell." And he set himself to work to organize a Sunday-school.

How many families there are which are in just the condition of that town. As a family they are without God. No voice of prayer or praise ever goes up from the home circle. No child ever learns to look through the father on earth to the Father in heaven; through the earthly home to the home in heaven. It is pitiful to think how many children there are in the world, and even in this land of ours, who grow up in ignorance, not knowing how to read or write. It is more pitiful to think how many children there are who grow up not knowing how to pray or praise. May God grant that the series of services of which this is the first may help the father and mother who read these lines to establish a church in their house, or, if one is already established there, to make it richer in faith, and hope, and love; to set up in their household a ladder which rests upon the ground, but whose topmost round pierces the heavens, up which every night and morning the prayers run nimbly to God, and down which, more nimbly, come angels bearing blessings from His hand.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Crisis in the Contest Between the President and the Senate on the subject of the nominations was reached on Friday, when a communication was received by the Senate from the Attorney-General. Mr. Garland wrote in response to a request for papers concerning the dismissal of an official in Alabama, and the nomination of his successor. He stated that he was instructed by the President to refuse to comply with the Senate's request, as it was "not considered that the public interests would be promoted by compliance with the resolution requiring the transmission of the papers and documents to the Senate in executive session." Whether a deadlock will result from this decision of the President is not yet indicated. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, however, appears to think that a compromise might be effected by the nominations being considered in open session, and he proposed a change to that effect. Senator Logan had previously moved for the same object and was defeated. It is believed that the President would consider himself bound to furnish the papers for the open session, but it might be inconvenient for any Senators who have been intriguing for nominations. It will be a good thing if the Senate is forced to this step in its desire to accomplish its object of discrediting the President. Publicity in this matter is greatly to be desired for many reasons.

Senator Sherman's Scheme for the Solution of the vexed silver question was introduced in Congress on January 28th. It provides for the suspension of the coinage of silver dollars, and authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to buy silver bullion in bars to the extent of not less than two million ounces, nor more than four million ounces, per month, at the market price. He is to pay for it with certificates which are to be receivable for customs taxes and public dues, and may be reissued. Similar certificates may also be secured by the deposit of standard silver dollars or gold coin. This scheme, Mr. Sherman points out, stops the coinage of silver dollars, which is what European nations have been waiting and wishing for us to do, and it provides for the continued purchase of silver bullion, which is what the silver men desire, although the amount to be purchased is not so large as some of them would like. This bullion is purchased, too, at its market value as at pres-

ent, so that the silver men would lose nothing by the bill. If silver should rise in price the Government would lose, of course, but as it is already a large holder it would gain more than it would lose by the rise. Mr. Sherman's primary object is, apparently, to stop the compulsory coinage in the hope that a double standard will be agreed upon in Europe, and he suggests a ratio of eighteen to one.

Half a Million Dollars Toward the Cost of the monument to General Grant which it is proposed to erect in New York are appropriated by a bill favorably reported by the House Committee on Military Affairs on January 27th. It authorizes the President to appoint an officer of engineers of the army and five commissioners, who, with the Executive Committee of the Grant Monument Association of New York, shall expend the money under the direction of the Secretary of War. It is provided, however, that no part of the money appropriated shall be expended or drawn from the Treasury until the sum of \$250,000 shall have been subscribed and paid into the funds of the Grant Monument Association and is available for the purpose of erecting the monument.

The Subject of International Copyright Occupied the attention of a Senate committee last week, and many celebrated authors attended to give their advice. Two bills on the subject are now before Congress. That of Senator Hawley is on the reciprocity basis, giving foreign authors the same protection in this country as their countries respectively give to American authors. Senator Chace's bill is on a different principle; it simply removes all distinctions between American and foreign authors, giving the latter the same protection as the former. There seems now to be a possibility of some arrangement being made on the latter basis, with modifications in the interest of American printers and publishers. If a satisfactory bill is passed it will remove a reproach from us as a nation, and will also operate to the advantage of our own authors, who are now competing under difficulties with foreign authors, owing to publishers being able to offer the works of foreigners to the public at less risk than the works of Americans.

A State Board of Arbitration to Decide Disputes between capitalists and workmen will, it is hoped, be organized in New York during the current session of the Legislature. It is urgently needed, and in view of the movement of the Socialists in Chicago, to which we referred recently, the importance of immediate action is clear. Any such movement as that contemplated in Chicago would naturally be duplicated in New York. It is stated that in France the arbitration courts have adjudicated on 28,000 labor disputes, and succeeded in settling 26,800 of them to the mutual satisfaction of the parties concerned. The State Commissioner of Labor Statistics has furnished to the Legislature a series of suggestions which are recommended by his own experience to guide them in their work. If the legislators act wisely they will attend to this matter at once, and have a bill ready for the Governor's signature before they adjourn. Every strike and lockout are so much capital to the Socialists.

The Hostile Apaches Have Consented to surrender, if a report received last week at Washington is reliable. It is stated that the long chase after them, which has continued since last May, came to an end in the Mexican mountains on January 10th, when the United States troops under Captain Crawford surprised their camp. Geronimo, the head chief, and Natchez, another chief, then appeared to make terms. They said they were utterly discouraged, and were tired of being hunted from rock to rock as they had been. Lieutenant Maus would consent to nothing but an unconditional surrender. The chiefs then agreed to meet General Crook at a point on the line between Mexico and the United States. They sent to the American camp as hostages Chief Nana and another

chief, Geronimo's wife and child, and seven other squaws. The hostiles are said to be on their way to the place of meeting with General Crook, and expect to reach there this week. The party numbers twenty-two bucks, and is supposed to comprise all the renegades. They have prepared a written statement of their troubles and grievances which led them to leave their reservation. Unhappily, Captain Crawford fell in the encounter on the very day when the long pursuit ended in success. A mortifying circumstance in connection with his death is that he appears to have been shot by Mexican soldiers by mistake. It is supposed that his having Indians with him led them to think that the party belonged to the hostile camp.

The Defeat and Resignation of the English Government which took place last week was not a surprise to the public. The intimation given in the Queen's speech that coercion would be proposed for Ireland, and an explicit announcement by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the part of the Cabinet that such a measure would be introduced in the House of Commons on January 28th, alienated the Parnellites, whose assistance was necessary to the Government in any party division. The first division of the kind took place on January 26th, and as the Parnellites voted with the Liberals, the Conservatives were defeated by seventy-nine votes. Thereupon Lord Salisbury and his colleagues resigned. The question upon which the decisive vote was taken had nothing to do with Ireland. It was indirectly a motion for a vote of censure on the Government introduced by a friend and political colleague of Mr. Chamberlain, the Radical leader. It expressed regret that no measures were announced in the Queen's speech for the relief of the sufferers by the depression in trade and agriculture, particularly in regard to affording facilities to farm laborers, etc., for obtaining allotments of small holdings on equitable terms as to rent and security of tenure. The division rendered clear the disunion existing in the Liberal party. Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone's principal lieutenant, voted with the Conservatives against Mr. Gladstone, as did several other influential members of the Whig section. They belong to the great landholding class, and naturally regard such a suggestion as that made in the resolution as a step toward Communism.

Mr. Gladstone Has Been Requested by the Queen to undertake the Government. It is authoritatively stated that she summoned him with extreme reluctance. Her agent, General Ponsonby, attempted to induce Lord Hartington to accept the office, and it was promised that if he would accept, the Conservatives would support him. He would thus have received sufficient assistance with the ninety votes he could command in his own party to carry his measures by a narrow majority. He declined the offer probably thinking that a Whig Premier depending on Tory support would occupy an anomalous position not conducive to future advancement. Lord Hartington must be supposed to understand his own position better than any one else, but to onlookers it appears that he is unwise. The Liberal party, to which he belongs, is rapidly falling under the control of the Radicals of the Chamberlain type, and when it becomes thoroughly Radical Lord Hartington will find himself more in sympathy with the Conservatives than with the Liberals, and sooner or later he will be absorbed by the Conservative party, with Lord Derby, Lord Leigh, and other great landowners. Mr. Gladstone is now busy selecting his Cabinet. He, like Lord Salisbury, will hold his place at the option of Mr. Parnell, who, by carrying his contingent into the Conservative lobby on a division, can at any time force Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to resign. The situation is humiliating to English statesmen. Mr. Parnell, by plaguing the English Parliament with a series of crises, may make it as willing to surrender the government of Ireland to him and his party as Pharaoh and the Egyptians became to "let the people go."

The Hostility of the German Government toward the Poles has been emphasized and explained in an important speech delivered by Prince Bismarck on January 28th in the Prussian Landtag. The Chancellor accused the Poles of disloyalty, and of setting other nations against Prussia. He stated that to remedy this the Government had determined to buy out all the real estate owned by Polish nobles in Prussian Poland and place German colonists on the land hitherto occupied by the expelled people. In order to make the colonization inure permanently to the benefit of the empire the colonists will be prohibited from marrying Poles. "The cost of the undertaking," he said, "will be about three hundred millions of marks (about \$75,000,000), but the State will lose no more than ten per cent of this—a loss made necessary by the exigencies of the case, buying out an alien class and reselling to Germans—while the gain to the empire will be unmeasurable." The Chancellor concluded by saying: "As for me, I am ready to save my country, although it cost me my head and honor!" The declaration was doubtless intended for dramatic effect; Prince Bismarck's head is in no danger, and his honor is not coveted by any one.

The Greek Fleet Succeeded in Leaving Its harbor before the arrival of the English blockading squadron arrived. It is believed, however, that the fleet will make no attack on Salonica or any other Turkish port, as the English ships would immediately open fire on the Greek vessels. The Greek Government still persists in its refusal to disarm, and is hoping that the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power will reverse the English policy. The people of Athens, through a committee, have telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone as follows: "We place in your hands the Hellenic cause, with the firm hope that it will find in you a generous champion." Mr. Gladstone, in response, telegraphed: "Considering the authority attaching to the action of the Powers, both on general grounds and by reason of their intervention in the formation of the Greek Kingdom, I earnestly hope Greece will pause before placing herself on this occasion in conflict with their deliberate and united recommendation."

The Serious Illness of Dr. W. E. Boardman, of Bethshan, London, formerly of Philadelphia, was announced in a cable dispatch received on Friday last. It stated that he had been stricken with paralysis, and that his recovery, humanly speaking, was hopeless.

A Jewish Rabbi was Baptized, and Received into Christian communion on January 24th by the Rev. Jacob Freshman, at the Hebrew Christian Church, St. Mark's Place, New York. His name is Samuel Griess. He officiated at the Rivington Street Synagogue, and has supplied other pulpits. Mr. Griess, who is a native of Posen, Prussia, was graduated at the Jewish Theological Seminaries of Breslau and Berlin, and came to this city about two years ago. Up to within three months he has acted as a reader in various synagogues in this city and Newark, N. J. He clearly recited his reasons for embracing the Christian religion, closing his statement by saying: "I leave all friends and superstitions behind me, not knowing what the future may have in store for me, but trusting wholly in God." Then he was baptized, and subsequently congratulated by a number of Christian ladies and gentlemen who were present.

The Young Lady from Baltimore, Md., who recently joined the Sisterhood of St. Mary, at Peckskill, N. Y., is still resident with "the sisters." A letter we recently received from her father calls for an outspoken condemnation of the sisterhood. The difficulty he experiences in recovering his daughter is, that she has arrived at an age when the law allows her to decide for herself. Bishop Potter, though admitting that the proceeding is wrong, confesses that he has no power to interfere. The singular fact about the whole affair is, that the sisterhood, though connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, appears not to be under the control of the bishop. The sisterhood may have the law

technically upon its side, but we cannot understand a Christian society receiving and sheltering a daughter in opposition to the wishes of the parents.

A Hoax on a Physician was Played in Detroit, Mich., a few days ago. The physician was dining at his usual restaurant, when a friend casually remarked that he had seen a case that might interest him. It was that of a man who had no feeling in his right arm. "Paralysis, of course," said the physician. "No," said his friend, "the man can move it, he could not do that if the arm was paralyzed." The physician admitted the fact, and said he should like to see the case. He was conducted to the house where the man lived, and asked him several questions as to when he noticed the change first, etc. The arm was certainly dead the man said, the physician might stick a knife in it, and he would not feel any pain. He was prepared to pay a fee of \$5000 if it could be restored. The physician was deeply interested, and wished to examine the limb. Then the joke having gone far enough, the man bared an artificial arm, and the physician retreated amid general laughter. He knew that he was powerless there. Many wonderful cures are reported in these days, but for those who are maimed in body, like those who are maimed in soul by sin, there is no hope in human science. He who touched the ear of Malchus and healed it (Luke 22:51), can alone recover the spiritually maimed and give them a new heart (Ezek. 11:19, 20).

The Heroism of a Railroad Conductor Saved a life recently in Kansas. The Leavenworth Times states that on the night of January 21st, when the Missouri Pacific train was snowbound a mile and a half from Council Grove, Kan., one of the passengers named Tallman broke his leg. The conductor of the train, John A. Brown, a humane and heroic man, was much concerned about the sufferer, believing that to leave him there meant certain death to the poor fellow, while to carry him might mean death to both. He determined to incur the latter risk, and tenderly lifting the disabled man, he set out in the face of the biting wind and blinding snow that drifted along the road. It was a herculean effort, and those who saw him go staggering along through the snow, bearing his living burden, thought he would never reach Council Grove alive. Yet in spite of the danger and terrible cold, Brown struggled courageously on until panting and nearly fainting, he deposited his crippled companion in a place of warmth and safety. Such a deed is worthy of the highest honor. The man who performed it proved that he had the noblest spirit that can possess a human being—the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of another. It was that spirit in its infiniteness that filled the heart of Christ, and should rule the lives of all His followers (Phil. 2:5-8).

A Dangerous Journey was Undertaken by two young men on January 19th. They wanted to get to Rockland Lake, N. Y., from the opposite side of the river, and as there was no boat, owing to the river being frozen, they decided to walk across the ice. They left the bank, and were proceeding carelessly, when the ice cracked under their feet. They were a little frightened and stopped for an instant, and then resumed their journey. In a few minutes one of them broke through, and went into the water up to his neck. He threw out his hands as he went down, and grasped the edges of the broken ice, and by this means he kept himself from being drawn under by the current. His companion did not dare to approach too near the edge of the broken ice, for fear it would give way under his feet. He quickly took off his ulster, tore it through the back, and fastened the lower ends together, making a sort of rope. He threw one end to the submerged man, who grasped it, and was hauled out on the safe part of the ice. He was completely exhausted, and almost frozen. The two then made their way back to their starting-point. They must have regretted that they did not return when the cracking of the ice gave

them timely warning, but they showed their wisdom in returning after the narrow escape they had of losing their lives. In spiritual matters men show more temerity. Warnings innumerable are sent to the impenitent, yet they seldom heed them (Prov. 29:1).

A Novel Invention Designed to Insure Greater safety at sea has been patented. It is called the megaphone, and is intended to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at a distance. It is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which diminish to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough to place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones, constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones, the person can hear and be heard at a long distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers, or carrying on conversation with persons on shore, or on other vessels at a distance. It renders therefore a double service, aiding the ear as well as the voice. As sailors are aware, the combination is very important. It is so also in the Christian life. The believer in his difficulties often forgets to call upon his Heavenly Father for direction; but still more frequently he fails to hear the answer to his prayer (Ps. 81:7-11.)

Seven Brothers Lost Their Reason Recently in Missouri. A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., states that on January 24th, seven raving maniacs of one family passed through that city on their way to the asylum at Jacksonville, Ill. The commissioner in charge of them said they were all the sons of a wealthy farmer recently deceased who lived in Hickory County. The acquirement of money seemed to be their highest aim in life, and the whole family of seven sons and five daughters deprived themselves of necessities in order to gain it. About three years ago a stranger visited their home, and, after convincing them that they could in a short time largely increase their wealth, induced them to invest their all in what proved to be a mythical silver mine in Nevada. After months of anxiety they learned that they had been imposed upon, and all seven of the brothers, upon the receipt of the news, immediately became afflicted with a violent form of insanity, which is the cause of their present trip to Jacksonville. Their second calamity was worse than their first. When men go mad or commit suicide through the loss of property, it is a clear proof that they have disobeyed God by setting their heart on the things of this world (1 Tim. 6:17).

A Skeleton was Found in a Hollow Tree in Georgia on January 18th. Three men who were searching for strayed horses in the woods in Milton County found themselves at a considerable distance from home when the sun was setting. They therefore resolved to camp out, and began felling an old tree for fuel. After some labor the tree fell, splitting open as it struck the ground. It was hollow, and as it fell apart the men were horrified to see within it a human skeleton. It was lying with its head toward the top of the tree. An old pocket knife was found in the bottom of the hollow stump. On the inside of the tree, about the height of a man's shoulders from the ground, were a few indecipherable marks cut into the wood, resembling letters or figures. On one side of the tree a small, round hole had been cut entirely through, about the size of a silver dollar. Both blades to the knife were broken off. The theory is that the poor wretch climbed into the tree to escape some enemy, either Indians or wild beasts, and then slipped, fell, and was a captive in a strange and narrow prison from which only death could release him. The tree showed the frantic efforts he made to cut his way out to freedom and to life. The utter powerlessness of the man to deliver himself from his terrible living tomb renders him a type of the whole human race, which must have perished eternally but for divine interposition (Rom. 5:6-8).

SMOKING FLAX.

An Evening Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The smoking flax shall he not quench."—ISAIAH 42:3.

Jesus Avoiding Controversy—The Meaning of the Flax—I. The State Represented—A Little Good in it—Of Little Use—Darkness Visible—An Unpleasant State—The Smoke of Doubt—"I will Try"—Satan's Apprehensions—II. Souls in the Smoking Flax State—The Newly Saved—The Desponding—Smothered Life—The Tempted—III. Christ's Treatment—Kindness and Sympathy—Annual Portrait-Taking.

I BELIEVE that the first sense of these words is not the one usually given to them, nor yet the one upon which I intend to preach to-night. We read in the twelfth of Matthew that our divine Lord was assailed by the scribes and Pharisees, but He did not enter at that time into controversy with them, neither did He make them the perpetual target of His observations. Considering what hypocrites they were, and what boundless mischief they were doing, He treated them very gently indeed. They were, compared to Him, but as bruised reeds, and as the smoking flax, and He could, if He had pleased, have broken them up altogether, or have altogether quenched them; but He did not come to be a mere controversialist. He was, in truth, the greatest of all reformers, but He was not so much a breaker-down as He was a builder-up. He came not so much to drive out error by reason, as to expel it by the natural and efficient process of putting truth into its place. So, to a large extent, He left these scribes and Pharisees, and other opponents, alone, and He went quietly on with His own work of healing the sick, and saving the sinful—

A VERY GOOD LESSON

to us. We get a little pugnacious sometimes, and seek religious controversy; but our Saviour did not strive, nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets; a bruised reed He did not break, and smoking flax He did not quench.

Usually these words are understood to mean that Jesus Christ will deal very gently with timid believers, and this meaning is not to be rejected; for, in the first place, it is true; and, in the second place, it is true out of this text also, for if our Lord Jesus in His lifetime was gentle even to hypocrites, how much more will He be gentle to sincere but timorous spirits; if it be true that He will not quench the smoking flax even of a Pharisee, how much more true must it be that the smoking flax of a penitent shall not be quenched! So that, if the text does not say what is generally understood by it, it implies it, and the words so clearly run into the meaning that is commonly given to them.

THE STATE REPRESENTED.

I. In talking of it, at this time, I shall first inquire, what state this metaphor represents. A smoking flax represents a state in which there is a little good. The margin is "dimly burning flax." It is burning; but it is burning very dimly. There is a spark of good within the heart. You, my dear friend, have a little faith; it is not much bigger than a grain of mustard seed, but faith of that size has great power in it. I wish that your faith would grow to a tree, but I am very glad that you have any, even though it be minute as the mustard seed. Having those desires, you do pray. "Oh, sir," say you, "it is not worth calling prayer!" Well, we will not call it prayer, then, but it is prayer; for sometimes, when not even a word is spoken, the desire of the heart is a most acceptable pleading with God. "Oh, sir," you say, "but I do not always desire alike!" I am very sorry that it is so. I wish you always had a strong desire after Christ. Still, you do desire. There is a longing, a desiring, a panting, a hungering, a thirsting; therefore, there is some little good in you. "Do not praise me," you say. Oh, no, dear friend, I will not praise you! I know that you would not like it, for you have a modest estimate of yourself, and like the publican you cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That tune suits you, does it not? I can see somewhat of

good in you since you do not think well of yourself. If you did, we might think ill of you; but inasmuch as you even repent over your repentance, and feel as if your tears want weeping over, I am glad of it. Lowliness of heart is a grace very much despised in these days, but very much valued by the King of heaven. "To this man," says He, "will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word."

There is some little good in you put there by the Spirit of God. "Ah," say you, "I like that word, sir; I am sure there was no good in me by nature." Friend, I am sure of it too, if you are at all like me. The grace of God has put in us our first desire, our first loathing of sin, our first wish to be forgiven, our first desire to return to our Father from whom we have wandered. The Spirit put it there, and you are like the smoking flax, because there is a little living fire in you.

OF LITTLE USE.

You are like smoking flax, again, because your good is too little to be of much use to anybody. What could we do with a smoking flax if we had it here to-night, and the gas was all out? You would, perhaps, see a glimmer, but you would say, "It is not light, but darkness visible." I like a soul in darkness to find that darkness visible. There is a good point about that. Alas, you are such a poor timid creature, you could not comfort a child of God; you cannot even comfort yourself! You could not strengthen the weak, for you want all the strengthening for your own self. Yet I will tell you one thing you can do. When you meet with another poor soul that is like you, you can sympathize, can you not? You see, when bright and shining lights come near those who are dim, they are apt rather to shame them than to comfort them; but you will not do that. So far you may even help the despondent; at least, you will do so one of these days.

AN UNPLEASANT STATE.

Smoking flax, then, has a little fire, but it is so little that it is of small service, and, what is worse, it is so little that it is rather unpleasant. No one delights in the smell of a candle that is dying out. Smoking flax does not yield a sweet savor; neither does a Christian when he is in a mournful condition. There is a little good in him, but there is a great deal of wrong about him, and that wrong has an ill savor. Sometimes these smoking-flax people believe a great many errors. They do not hold the true and solid doctrine of God's everlasting love; they favor notions that are not scriptural; and error is never sweet to Christ, nor to any of His own people.

Besides, they have a great smoke of doubts. They doubt this, and they question that, and they suspect the other thing. There is nothing more obnoxious to our divine Lord than distrust of Him. It is a gracious act on His part that He puts up with it. One said to Christ, "If Thou canst;" and that was a shocking thing to say to an almighty Lord; another said to Him, "If Thou wilt;" and that was a shameful thing to say to one so kind; and yet He bore with them both. Doubting hearts will cry, "If Thou wilt, and if Thou canst," and do anything sooner than believe. This is to make an ill savor in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ; for, though we may reckon our doubts to be trifling, they are no trifle to Him, but exceedingly grievous and provoking to His heart.

A dear sister came in after service this morning, and told me that she was fifty years old on the same day as myself, so she came to shake hands with me; and she added, "I am like you in that; but I am the very reverse of you in other things." I replied, "Then you must be a good woman." "No," she said, "that is not what I mean." "But are you not a believer?" "Well," she said, "I—

I WILL TRY

to be." I got hold of her hand, and I said, "You are not going to tell me that you will try and believe my Lord Jesus Christ, for that

means unbelief of Him who must be true;" and I held her fast while I added, "When your mother was about, did you say to her, 'Mother, I will try and believe you'? No, you would believe her because she was true; and I must have you believe Jesus Christ." She said, "Sir, do pray for me." "No," I said, "I am not inclined to do that. What should I pray for you about? If you will not believe my Lord, what blessing can He give you? What has He ever done that you should say, 'I cannot believe Him'?" She again answered, "I will try." I was not content till I had reminded her of the word, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life," and I pressed her to a full faith in the risen Lord. The Holy Spirit enabled her to trust, and then she cried, "I have been looking to my feelings, sir, and this has been my mistake." I have no doubt that she had done so; and a great many others are doing the same; and their doubts are just that horrible smoke which comes from smoking flax. Oh, ye poor doubters, believe the Lord Jesus Christ! To say, "I cannot believe Him," is to say in other words that He is a liar, and we cannot allow you to say that.

A LITTLE LIFE.

Dear friend, if you are like the smoking flax, there is something good in you; but that is so sadly little that there is a great deal that is trying about you; yet the Lord will not quench you. You are full of all sorts of fears; you are afraid of a shadow; you are trembling at nothing at all. Why is this? You are troubled when you ought to be glad, and you make your whole family sad when there is no earthly reason for it. May the Lord deliver you! Those that are highest in faith have tried to comfort you, and you have pulled them down, instead of their being able to draw you up. Come, friend, I would be as gentle as ever I can; my text bids me be so. I have no extinguisher for your smoking flax, for my Lord has said, "The smoking flax shall He not quench."

I must add one more thing about this state, and it is this, though the good of it is so little that it is of very little use to other people, and sometimes is very obnoxious, yet there is enough good in you to be dangerous in Satan's esteem. He does not like to observe that there is yet a little fire in you, for he fears that it may become a flame. If any of you were to see a man standing at the back of one of our public buildings, lighting his pipe, I will be bound to say that you would be half afraid of an explosion, for he might be applying dynamite. There are times when the smallest smoke would fill the bravest men with fear. Even so

"Satan trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees."

If he hears you groaning about your sin, he is frightened at it. "Oh," says he, "they have begun to feel; they have begun to mourn; they have begun to desire; they have begun to pray; and soon they will leave me." Let a farmer perceive a little smoke coming out of one of his ricks, and I am sure that he will not say that there is nothing at all in a smoking flax, but he will hasten to prevent a conflagration. So the little grace that is in you, dear friend, Christ sees, and He approves of it, for He knows the possibilities of it—how little faith can grow into strong faith—how the grain of mustard seed can become a tree, and the birds of the air may yet lodge in the branches thereof; and Satan also knows what may come of it, and he is moved to quench it if he can. We therefore, would encourage you, and fan your spark to a flame.

There is the first question answered. What state does this represent?

II. Secondly. When are

SOULS IN THAT STATE?

Some are in that state when they are newly saved—when the flax has just been lighted. Those that are to be received into the church to-night I welcome very heartily, but they are very newly lit, and some, perhaps, would have said, "Let them wait a bit." Ay, but then our Lord does not quench the smoking flax because

it is newly lighted, nor will I. No place in the world is so good for the lambs as the fold. No place is so good for babes as their own home. No place is so good for young Christians as the church of God. So

LET THEM COME.

Being newly converted, they are strange to many things. You have made a host of discoveries. You find more depravity in your heart than you thought was there; you find enemies where you expected to meet with friends. All this is apt to damp your courage; but do not be cast down; for, though it be but a little that you are lighted, yet the loving Jesus will not quench the smoking flax.

Sometimes a candle smokes, not because it is newly lit, but because it is almost extinguished. I know that I speak to some Christians who have been alight with the fire of grace for many years, and yet they feel as if they were near the dark hour of extinction. But you shall not go out. The Lord will not quench you Himself, nor will He permit the devil to quench you. He will keep you alight with grace. "Oh," but you say, "I am so depressed in spirit!" Yes, some of God's best servants have been of a sorrowful spirit. Perhaps you are not well, or you have had an illness that has told much upon your nervous system, and you are depressed; and therefore it is that you think that grace is leaving you, but it will not. Your spiritual life does not depend upon nature, else it might expire; it depends upon grace, and grace will never cease to shine till it lights you into glory. Therefore be not cast down. You may think that your light will go out in eternal darkness, but it never shall, for the Lord Jesus Christ will preserve the flame.

Sometimes the wick smokes when

WORLDLINESS HAS DAMPED IT.

If some of you never have any holy joy, I am not surprised, for you are so taken up with the world, and so fond of it. The life of God is in you, but it is smothered. You are like an autumn fire out in the garden when they are burning the weeds; there *is* a fire, but all you can see is smoke. Yes, you smother up your piety with the things of this world, and no wonder that it smokes; but what a mercy it is that the Lord does not allow even you to perish!

At times a wick burns low because a very strong wind has blown upon it. Many men and women are the subjects of very fierce temptations. The place in which they live is a trial to them, and their natural constitution furnishes them with a host of temptations; and so the flax scarcely burns, but smokes and smoulders. We do not wonder that it should be so.

There are many other reasons why we grow dim at times—reasons, but none of them sufficient to be an excuse. If we were what we ought to be, we should be burning and shining lights always, and there would be no times in which we should be like the smoking flax; but then we are not what we ought to be, we fall short of the true standard, and we become feeble believers.

CHRIST'S TREATMENT.

III. I desire to finish with a word of promise. What does Jesus do with those who are in this state? He says that He will not quench the smoking flax. What a world of mercy lies in that word! Everybody else would quench us but Christ. I am sure that some Christians get into such a state that the most loving Christian friends find it hard to bear with them; and fear that such a state of mind cannot be consistent with grace at all. Thus your friend would give you over as lost. But Jesus Christ says that He will not do so.

He will not quench you, first, by pronouncing legal judgment upon you. He will not say, "You have broken My laws, and I have done with you." If He did, our only answer could be, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." If the Lord were once to come to that, He would quench us all. Not only some few of the tremblers, but the strongest among us must

go to the wall. The Lord Jesus Christ has not come to condemn, but to save.

He will not quench you, dear friend, by setting up a high experimental standard. Certain deep divines will say, "You must have felt so much of this, and so much of the other, or else you cannot be a child of God." Who told the good man so? Who made him to be a judge? The Lord Jesus Christ does not quench even the feeble, faint desire, or the trembling faith of His servants, though they do fall far short of that experience which ought to belong to a child of God.

He will not judge you, dear friend, by a lofty standard of knowledge. I have known persons who have thought, "If that convert is not better instructed in the doctrines, he is no child of God." The Lord has some of His children whose heads are in a very queer state; and if He first puts their hearts right He afterward puts their heads right. But for you and for me to say that a man is not a child of God, because he does not know all that the advanced saints know, is a very wicked thing. I am sure that your little child, who cannot read or write, is pressed to your bosom, dear mother, with just as much affection as that brave son of yours who has just been winning the first prize at school. You do not say, "I will not love the little one because he is not a man;" or, "I will not love my little daughter because she is not grown up to womanhood." Oh, no! The Lord loves the little ones. If you can say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see," you are taught of God. If you know these two things—yourself a sinner, and Christ a Saviour—you are *scholar enough to go to heaven.*

PROTECTION.

Come along, you little ones—you trembling ones! Be not afraid! Jesus will not quench you by any of these means. I will tell you what He will do with you; and that is, instead of quenching you, He will protect you. He will blow upon you with the soft breath of His love till the little spark will rise into a flame. He will bring to you kind friends, who shall tell you their experience, and try to comfort you. I should not wonder, my dear brother, that one of these days I shall hear you pray a strong, brave prayer; I should not wonder if you before long come forward, and make an open profession; and if you have done so already, I feel pretty sure that you will honor it, and grow stronger, till one day we shall say, "Who is that bold witness for Christ? Who is that burning and shining light?" He is the man who was once likened to the smoking flax. I have had the portraits of

MY TWO BOYS

taken on their birthdays, from the first birthday till they were twenty-one. The first year the little fellows are sitting, two of them in one perambulator. At twenty-one they are doing nothing of the sort; they are men full-grown. Yet I can trace them all along, from the time when they were babes, till they became little boys, and then youths, and then young men. I should not have been pleased to have seen them wheeled about in the perambulator for twenty-one years. In that case, I should have thought myself a most unfortunate father. And so I do not want to have any of you remaining in spiritual infancy; we long to see you come to the fulness of the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. Life is precious, but we look for growth; a spark is fire, but we expect flame; grace is priceless, but we long to see it daily increased by going on unto perfection. Despise not the day of small things, but yet advance to greater things than these. Be comforted, but not self-satisfied; rest, but do not loiter.

The table of the Lord is spread, and it is a feast not for men alone, but for babes in grace. Come hither you that love the Lord, and you that trust Him, however feeble your trust. However faint your courage, come and welcome! My Lord's table is not for giants only, but for infants also. The viands are not strong meat, but bread and wine, fit food for the faint

and feeble. Examine yourselves, ye sincere tremblers; but do not let the examination end in your staying away; but rather mark how the text says, "let a man examine himself, and *so let him eat*;" not so let him refrain from eating. Ho, you that hope in His mercy, your Lord invites you to His own feast of love! You may come and welcome. If you have come to Christ Himself by faith, come to His table, and remember Him to-night. The Lord bless you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

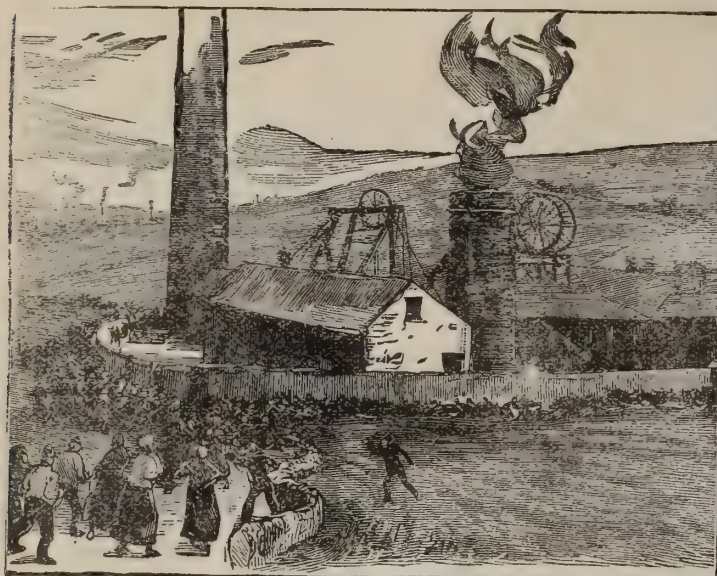
THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE:

Discourses upon Holy Scripture, by Joseph Parker, D.D. It is a grand undertaking upon which Dr. Parker has entered. He calls it his "life-work," the thing which expresses his "supreme purpose and highest hope." As we turn the leaves of this volume we can understand his words. It is not, he says, a new translation of the Bible that the people need—not a merely grammatical exercise or a discussion of various readings and ancient authorities. It is a higher translation, and this higher translation is "such a rendering of the divine Word as will meet all human need, elevate all human desire, and sanctify all human endeavor; such a rendering as will show that everything has been provided for in the Bible that human life can ever need or ever hope for." With this conception of his undertaking in his mind, Dr. Parker commences his work, and the attempt to give it to the world in its entirety he may well describe as his "life-work." What greater or more useful thing can any man do than to show the people what is really in God's Word for them, and teach them that in this book there is exactly what they need in this day for guidance through this world and for eternal life?

The prevalent impression of the non-Christian world of our day is that the Bible is antiquated and useless for men living in the nineteenth century. Dr. Parker says in his introduction: "My conviction deepens that the Bible is the most modern of books—that is to say, it is the history of the very time that is passing over us; it contains every man's biography; it is full of the passion and tragedy, the love and sacrifice, which we know to be the substantial history of the day." It is to get the people to understand this, to see how perfectly the Bible supplies every-day needs, that Dr. Parker has set himself in this work, and practically to send them to the Bible for light and encouragement and help and comfort and anything else that in the vicissitudes of life they require.

Of his qualifications for the task it is better that we let one speak who knows him personally, and whose opinion will have its due weight with our readers. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon says: "Dr. Parker has begun a stupendous work in this People's Bible; but its accomplishment lies within the possibilities of his fertile mind, should life and health be spared. He condenses wonderfully, and throws a splendor of diction over all that he pours forth. His track is his own, and the jewels which he lets fall in his progress are from his own caskets; this will give a permanent value to his works when the productions of copyists are forgotten."

His method is, like everything Dr. Parker does, entirely original. He does not propose to make the book a critical or exegetical commentary, in the usual sense of the term. It is a pastor's commentary upon such portions of the Holy Scripture as are of obvious and immediate importance to the growth of the soul in divine wisdom. "It aims to bring all readers under the moral sovereignty of the sacred Book, so as to arm them against temptation, enrich them with solid comfort, and fortify them with the wisdom of God." His first effort, therefore, is to discover, if he can, "the governing idea or principal purpose of each book, and to exemplify that by taking ten or twenty or more instances which most strikingly illustrate the sacred writer's intention." Thus, Genesis is "a book of beginnings, beginnings of creation, be-



Scene at a Mining Explosion.



Waiting to Identify the Bodies.

ginnings of humanity, beginnings of family life, beginnings of disobedience; a kind of daybreak book; a wondrous dawn; an hour of revelation and vision. To get hold of this idea is to get a thorough insight into the Book of Genesis." Having shown what this dominant idea of a book is, he selects a number of passages from it which illustrate most strikingly the intention of the inspired writer. Upon each of these he comments, and at intervals devotes a few pages to suggestive thoughts for preachers on the foregoing section. At the close of the study of each sacred book he presents a panoramic view of the whole ground which he has previously gone over in detail.

This volume deals with the Book of Genesis and is complete in itself, as Dr. Parker promises that each succeeding volume shall be. The whole work will occupy twenty-five volumes, which will be published at intervals during the next two years. This first volume is perhaps the most interesting and valuable of all, because it contains an introductory chapter of fourteen pages on Inspiration, a subject which is perplexing many people at present owing to recent startling pulpit utterances. It is needless to say that Dr. Parker is a firm believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and that he triumphantly vindicates the claim of the Bible to be received as the Word of God. Dr. Parker's style is clear, epigrammatic, terse and vigorous. His book is consequently extraordinarily suggestive, a perfect mine of treasure for preachers and Sunday-school teachers. Pp. 368; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

THE YOUNG LEPER.

THE *Indian Witness*, of Calcutta, publishes the following incident related by Dr. Phillips, of Midnapore, which occurred in his own experience when travelling among the Santals. Many sick and diseased were gathered around his tent waiting for him to give them medicine. Being wearied himself from a long walk, he sought an opportunity for rest before attending to them. An old man and his wife, accompanied by their son, however, pushed with earnestness through the crowd, and requested his help. Seeing their earnestness he listened to their story. It was that this their son had something the matter with him. What his trouble was they wished to know. The young man stood before him erect; a tall, stoutly-built man, with clear black eyes that looked straight in the doctor's eyes, as though proclaiming their possessor's pride in his own strength.

The doctor examined him, and found several spots on his body where the flesh was insensible. The fearful disease of leprosy had made that young man its victim, and the doctor felt obliged to tell him so. Instantly what a change!

Sobbing in anguish he fell at the doctor's feet, imploring help; some medicine, some remedy, be it what it may, to deliver him from his awful fate. No longer erect, the brightness gone from his eyes, a wretched, horror-stricken man. The cause of this change was that, before, he did not know of his disease; now he knew it, and it threw him into a paroxysm of anguish. This is but one leaf from the spiritual history of men. When men do not realize that they are sinners, they live in carelessness and pride; but when, by God's grace, the true state of the heart is seen and realized, former pride is turned to humility, thoughtlessness is changed to deep anxiety, and in anguish the soul cries out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

DEATH IN THE MINE.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

THE towns which are built in the neighborhood of coal-mines are unhappily but too familiar with scenes such as those depicted in our illustrations. While there is abundant reason for every man to say: "There is but a step between me and death," and every man is aware, though he often forgets it, that at any hour, by accident on rail-train, in the street or at home, he may be hurried into eternity, the miner by his occupation is especially liable to sudden death. Again and again, within the past few years, the country has been shocked by the news that a large number of men have gone down in health and strength into a mine, and in a few hours have been brought up mangled and blackened corpses.

Such scenes were witnessed two weeks ago at Newburg, W. Va., where, on January 21st, an explosion of fire-damp cost forty lives. A reporter says: "One house out of every three in the town is the scene of mourning, and as one passes along the street from the telegraph-office to the mouth of the shaft he can hear the sounds of wailing, and at every few steps sobbing and anxious women can be met eagerly inquiring for the latest news from the mine, and fearing the worst while they hope that some words of cheer and encouragement may be given them. None who saw it will ever forget that scene of the helpless crowd that hung around the pit's mouth. Men, women and children were gathered there, pale, trembling, weeping, staring at the shaft, almost dumb with consternation. As I turned from the mine I heard voices of lamentation, women wailing and piercing the air with shrieks of agony. 'Ah, that is a sad case,' said a gentleman with me, 'a sad case.' The cries you hear are from two young women, brides of scarcely a month. The strong arms they leaned upon, the men they loved, are lying down yonder."

A few at a time the remains have been brought up, but it is only by the fragments of clothing

or the contents of pockets that they are recognized. It is impossible for even wives and mothers to know their husbands and sons by their familiar features, burned and torn and disfigured beyond recognition as if they had been shattered by dynamite. May God pity the widows and orphans, and lead them and the men who have to face the perils of the mine to trust in Jesus, through whom alone they may have comfort and safety for their souls.

THE CLERGYMAN'S IDEAL LIFE.

(See Illustration on page 77.)

ONE bright, clear winter's morning two men were walking briskly over the frozen snow in a rural district. One of them, Dr. Edwards, was a clergyman on his way to visit a sick man at a farm-house on the other side of the hill they were climbing. The other was his guest, Walter Margrave, a young man in whom Dr. Edwards was deeply interested as the son of a valued friend not long dead. The young man was now very wealthy, and only just returned from a prolonged sojourn in Europe. He went out an honest, intelligent, energetic American youth, and had returned a European exquisite, effeminate in dress, languid and affected in manner, and infected in mind with the ideas of European aristocrats. The clergyman was deeply sorry to see the change in him, and had induced him to accompany him this morning mainly for the purpose of trying to inspire him with better aims in life.

Dr. Edwards was a good walker, and his companion, unused to pedestrian exercise, had to cry a halt before the top of the hill was reached. Seating himself on a felled tree, he said:

"Do you make such excursions as this often?"

"Yes; I often go much farther," said Dr. Edwards. "My people are scattered over a pretty wide country, and I make a point of visiting any one who is ill."

"Must be a great bore, I should think."

"Not at all; it is a pleasure. If a visit will cheer a sufferer I am glad to pay it. Besides, one may do good, you know."

"But it is all honorary," said Margrave. "I could understand your doing it if you were a physician and there was a fee waiting for you, but you would be just as well off in pocket if you stayed at home."

"Of course. There are other rewards, though, than those that go into the pocket."

"Well, I should not like the life. There must be very little pleasure in it!"

"What kind of life would you like, Mr. Margrave? Come, you have the world before you, and have a wider field for choice than most young men; what is your idea of a good life?"

"I should find it difficult to answer that ques-

tion. I find everything bores me. I avoid all exertion that I can, but even the pleasures that seem pleasant at first become a labor later on. Life is a bore. I doubt if it is worth living."

"It is not, if your object is only to enjoy yourself. If you live for others it is well worth living."

"Ah!" said Margrave, "that is well for men of energy and enthusiasm, but I have neither."

"Yet there is enough sorrow and misery in the world to kindle it, and you, as a man of wealth, have the encouragement that you can relieve so much of the world's woe that you have another incentive."

"I am not a philanthropist, so the incentive fails with me."

"What are you, Mr. Margrave?"

"A mere idle, pleasure-loving man, I expect, would be a fair description of me."

"I am sorry to hear it, because you have responsibilities that an idle man cannot discharge."

"Of what nature? My time and my money are my own, are they not?"

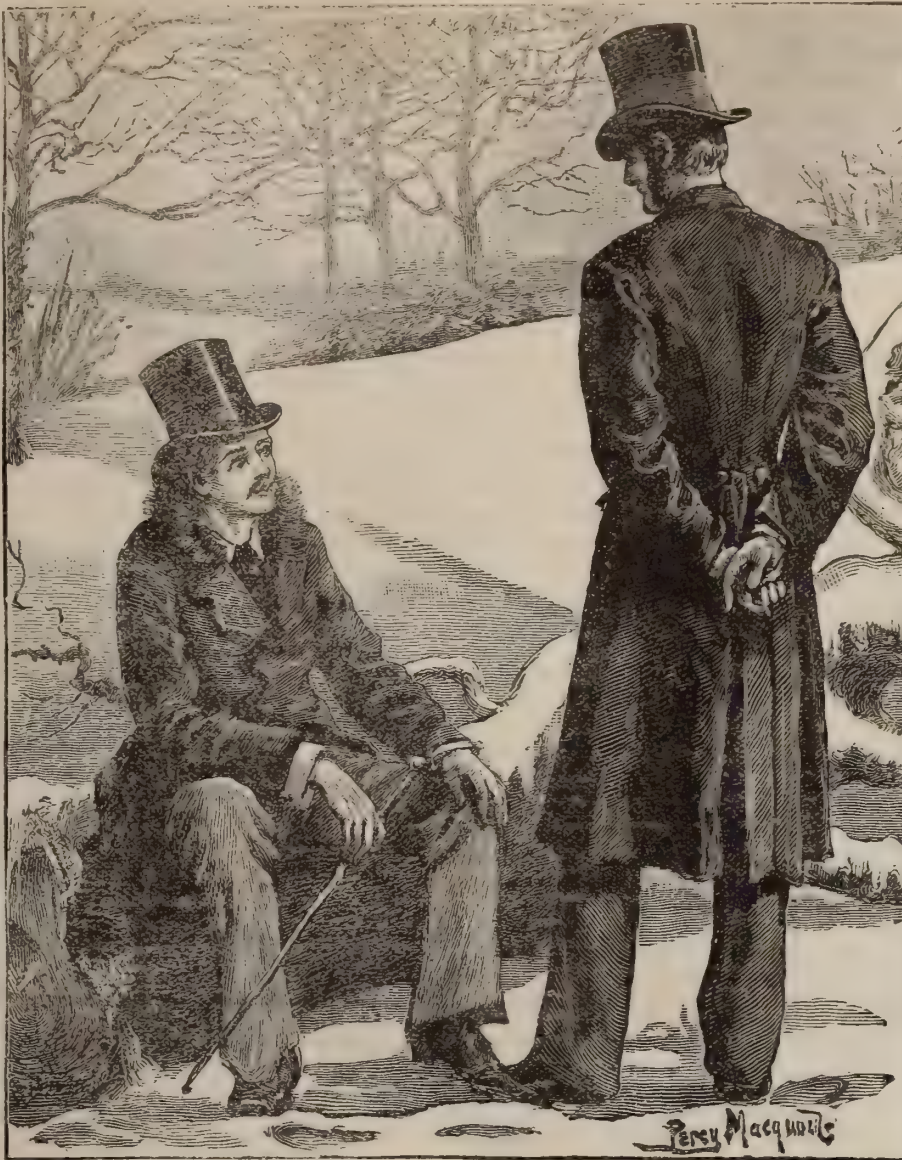
"Certainly; and the fact that you can do as you choose with them renders you responsible. God will ask you some day whether you used both as you should."

"I do not see that any one has any claims upon me. If I pay for what I buy and reward people who work for me the world and I are quits."

"That is rather a low view to take of duty. Where would you and I have been to-day had all men acted on the same principle? We live in a free land, but the freedom was purchased for us by men who bled and died to buy it; even your money was accumulated through the labor and self-denial of your father, who worked and saved to win it for you. Don't you see that we are all profiting by the self-sacrifice of others, and their example ought to have its weight with us? I say nothing of the Saviour, who gave His life to labor and poverty, and at last died to save a world. Depend upon it, self-denial and self-sacrifice are duties, and their reward is sure."

"What would you have me do, then?"

"I would prefer leaving you to find your own line of action. The first thing is to get hold of the principle, or rather to let the principle get hold of you. When once that is done you will find your work. You need not go a stone's-throw from your own door to find men condemned to a life of poverty who might become happy and independent by the timely loan of a little capital. Others there are who are sick and will die if no hand is held out to provide a physician or to pay little sums due for rent or food—debts the consciousness of which gives the fatal force to disease and depresses the spirit so that recovery is hopeless. There are widows who are struggling who might be aided to start boarding-houses or some little business; girls working for a pittance on which they cannot support themselves, and hesitating whether they shall sell their virtue for the money they need so badly for food or perhaps for the support of an aged parent depending upon them. Oh, there are innumerable ways of usefulness open to a rich man who wants to serve his generation."



Dr. Edwards Explains Self-Sacrifice to the Exquisite.

Her cry aroused the unconscious man, and he opened his eyes. In a faint voice he begged that the doctor might not be summoned. "I am not seriously hurt," he said, "I shall be all right in a few minutes."

Mrs. Vane gave him water and held her smelling-salts under his nostrils. It surprised her, agitated as she was at that moment, to think how deeply interested she was in this stranger. True, he had interposed to save her from violence, and it was through his interposition that he had been hurt. That alone would have compelled her sympathy, but it did not fully account for it. It had a personal warmth with which gratitude had nothing to do. She could not analyze the feeling, but was conscious that she was watching the man's recovery with a solicitude she had never before experienced toward a perfect stranger. She was drawn to him by some subtle influence she could not understand, and now and again she was almost startled when he spoke quickly, under some sudden impulse, by a tone that stirred her memory like a tune now almost forgotten, but once very familiar. She looked earnestly at him, but could not recognize him or remember that she had ever seen him in any of the places she had visited. His full beard concealed much of his face, but across his forehead was a deep scar from some dangerous wound healed long ago, which was so conspicuous that, once seen, it alone would always identify the face, though years might elapse before it was seen a second time. No, she did not know him, and it must be her own imagination that made his voice seem familiar in her ears.

The man was right about his injury; it was not serious, and in a short time he rose to his feet and seated himself in the chair he had occupied before Stephen Vane was announced.

"I am afraid I have given you a bad scare, Mrs. Vane," he said. "I am ashamed to have caused your agitation. The man has the strength of an ox, and I am little accustomed to violence. In my profession we have to do with desperate criminals occasionally, but we usually take care to have some members of the regular force within call for the rougher part of the duty."

"Do not apologize," said Mrs. Vane. "I trust you are not hurt. Would you like to lie down for awhile? Merton will take you to his room."

"Oh, no! It is quite unnecessary. Besides, I must take immediate steps to capture the man. It should not be difficult to trace him now, but every hour that he is at liberty favors his escape. I presume that you wish me to proceed? I am entirely in your hands in this matter. If you wish it, I will abandon the pursuit entirely. The option is with you. That is an advantage you do not have in dealing with the regular police force. With them, you cannot legally retire from the case. It is taken out of your hands, and the State becomes the prosecutor. You become merely an informer assisting it in the detection of a crime. You are bound to render all the assistance in your power. With

"But that involves so much trouble and worry."

"Yes; it is not easy. There would be no glory in it if it were. But what a grand life it is! It is the life of a man. A life of self-gratification is the life of—well, I won't say what it is, but I hope you will not live it."

Margrave sighed. If he could have the blessing without the exertion he would, he felt, be glad to have it, even at the cost of money. "I will think of it," he said. "I never took that view of my duty before." He did think of it for some time afterward, but it was idle thought which led to nothing. He went the way of other rich men—of him who went away from the Master "sorrowful," having "great possessions." With all the charities and religious institutions indebted to the wealthy for great gifts, the time has not yet come when those to whom God has given wealth have learned their duty in using it.

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 63.)

A Crafty Check.

It was some minutes before the detective, Smith, recovered consciousness. Mrs. Vane bent over him anxiously, fearing that the injury he had received in protecting her was a fatal one. The deathly pallor of his face alarmed her, and she called loudly to Merton to go for a physician.

me, you are dealing with an employé of your own, and can dispense with my services at will. I mention this because I thought you showed some reluctance in giving your husband up to justice. I can understand that feeling; it is very natural."

"It was only momentary," said Alice, "and it has passed away since I realized how violent and base the man is. If he had shown contrition or the slightest remorse, I think I should not have voluntarily moved against him. I could never have lived under the same roof with him again, or regarded him as my husband, except in law; but I would not have tried to prevent his escape. But now that he has displayed so much effrontery, and seems capable of committing other crimes, it is my duty to aid in bringing him to justice."

"You are quite right, madam. I am sure it is your duty. It is not many ladies who would have so clear a perception of it. Is there anything more that you can tell me about him that would be likely to help me? Do you know any of his intimate friends, for instance? Is there any one who would be likely to shelter him and help him to escape?"

"No, I can tell you nothing of that kind. Since we have lived here he has appeared anxious to live a separate life from mine. I have known nothing of the places in which he spent his time when away from home. He has not given me his confidence, and I have not sought it. I have had, to tell you the truth, an instinctive dread of knowing much of his habits and haunts. I knew that the knowledge would be painful, for he has an incurable propensity to dark and evil ways. I had my dear father by my side, and it was to him rather than to my husband that I looked for help and guidance."

"Then you have told me everything?" said Smith, looking at her earnestly and intently.

"No, I have not," said Alice. "I do not think I could tell you everything now. It may become necessary at some time, but not now. Many years ago—nearly twenty—when I was recovering from a severe illness, and was weak in body and mind, he induced me to become his confederate in a fraud. That secret I have kept, though its disclosure would not cause me any inconvenience. I did not aid him actively; I was simply silent when I ought to have spoken. At that time it seemed the best thing to do, but it was wrong, and I have been punished heavily for it. I have never ceased to regret my conduct, and now I mourn it with bitter remorse. That is all I can tell you about it at this time. If you knew all it would not aid you in this matter."

"Well, madam, I am glad to know so much. Some day, perhaps, you will understand that the confidence you have given me is a very welcome one. I will do my utmost to serve you, and I cannot serve you better than by capturing the man who has caused you suffering, and is ready to cause you more if he is not caught. Naturally, his object, if he remains at large, will be to establish some new claim upon you. He will want to intimidate you in some way; to frighten you with some threat by which he can make terms with you, and purchase your silence and help in money matters. That is, if he is a smart rogue, and that is what I take him to be."

"No, he is not that. He is remarkably dull and stupid. He has plenty of animal courage, but he has little skill to make a plot. Even the fraud of which I spoke just now was not of his own devising. We were in Italy at that time, and it was one of his Italian friends who conceived the wicked scheme. He admitted that to me with his own lips."

"Oh! that is his line, is it? Then we may expect that he has secured some American successor to his Italian friend. Well, he can find one, if he has not done so already. Every land has its scheming criminals, and America is no exception to the rule. We have one encouragement, however. The smartest scheme always has its weak points. It is astonishing how often

they are detected. I have seen plots laid with the most consummate skill, apparently perfect in the minutest detail, come to grief by one oversight so simple and obvious that a child would scarcely have failed to see it. It seems like fate."

"I would rather call it Providence," said Alice. "God is not on the side of the wrongdoers. It seemed so to me once, but I see better now. Fraud of all kinds and crime He abhors, and it is He that causes them to be imperfect."*

"Perhaps you are right, Madam. I don't know much about religion myself, but I have a great respect for religious people. They are always straight people to deal with. I am glad to find you are a Christian lady."

"Oh, how I wish I were!" Alice thought. "Godliness would have kept me from all this misery."

"I will go now, Madam," said Smith; "but I will see you bright and early in the morning. I hope I shall bring you good news, too."

Wearied and distressed, Alice went to her own room expecting to spend a wakeful, miserable night. She was just commencing to undress, when a light tap at her door startled her. She opened it, and there stood Myrtie, her beautiful long hair falling in a rich stream over her white night-robe.

"Mamma, would you like me to sleep in your room?" she said. "You are so distressed that I thought perhaps I could comfort you."

"That is very thoughtful of you, Myrtie. I am very grateful to you. I need all your love, my child, in my trouble, but I think I am better alone to-night. I shall not forget your kindness, my dear."

"Can I not help you in any way, Mamma? I am not a child now. Tell me all about this horrible trouble. I will be quite discreet. No one shall know anything you want kept secret."

"I cannot, my child, I cannot," and the distressed mother rested her face on her daughter's shoulder and wept. "You have already comforted me more than you can imagine by coming to me. I cannot confide in you to-night. I fully trust you, my dear, but it would agitate me too much to tell you the story now. You shall know all some day; you ought to know that it may be a warning to you."

"A warning, Mamma?"

"Yes, love. If I had loved God when I was your age, and been faithful to Him, I should not have been miserable now, and have caused misery to others. I tried to manage my own life, and I have ruined it. Whatever you do, Myrtie, do let God guide you, and try to do His will. Never be induced to marry a bad man simply because you think you love him. Sin surely brings misery. Never forget that, Myrtie. Now, good-night, dear. Go back to your room." Mrs. Vane watched the slight, lithe figure of the girl as she walked slowly down the corridor to her chamber in the other wing of the old mansion, and thought of herself at Myrtie's age. She was much like her in appearance, except that Myrtie was so thin and slight, though she was tall and graceful even beyond what Alice Grey had been.

The mother knelt and prayed for her before she retired to rest, pleading earnestly that God would give her child a new heart and lead her in the right way. For herself she seemed unable to frame any petition but that of the publican of old, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Finally she retired, and, contrary to her expectation, slept long and heavily. Her physical nature, wearied out, asserted its sway, and her troubles and anxieties were forgotten in a blissful oblivion.

It was late the next morning when Mrs. Vane was awakened by a servant, who informed her that Myrtie was missing. She had gone to her room to awaken her, and had found it in disorder, the window open, and Myrtie absent. The girl thought that perhaps the young lady

* "He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise."—JON 5: 12.

had gone out for a morning walk, but on looking around she saw that all her clothing was still in the room, except her large waterproof cloak and a shawl. The servant also said that Mr. Smith, the detective, was below waiting to see Mrs. Vane.

Alice dressed hurriedly, and sending for Smith to join her in Myrtie's room, hastened thither herself.

"This tells the story," the detective said, as he picked up a handkerchief from the side of the disordered bed and smelled it. "This is chloroform. The young lady was drugged and carried away unconscious."

"Here is a letter addressed to you, Mother," said Merton, who had followed the detective into the room and saw the letter lying on the toilet-table.

His mother took it eagerly and broke the seal. The envelope contained a large sheet of paper which was closely written. It was from Stephen, and, as she read it, the expression of her face underwent constant changes, as if she was suffering the most intense torture.

As she finished reading, her right hand closed tightly over the letter, and she stood motionless and apparently breathless, as if frozen with terror.

After waiting until his head seemed bursting, Merton asked her what the matter was. His voice broke the spell.

"O God, have mercy upon me!" she exclaimed, and then fell to the floor.

They picked her up, and, placing her on Myrtie's bed, soon had her restored to consciousness.

The moment she opened her eyes she asked where the letter was.

"In my pocket," replied Smith. "Do you want it?"

"Not now. Keep it, please, for the present."

Merton asked what there was in the letter which had so affected her.

"I cannot tell you quite yet," she said, "but you shall know all soon. Oh Merton, Mr. Smith—neither of you can imagine what I am suffering! I wonder if this thing will ever end?"

And then, as if some fresh recollection of what the letter contained had startled her anew, she suddenly sprang from the bed and continued:

"That man—that wicked, desperate man—must at once be followed and hunted down, or he will add another to his already long list of crimes."

"Is the young lady in such great danger, then?" asked Smith. He was much agitated.

"He threatens all manner of violence against her, and declares that he will kill her outright the moment he discovers that he is being pursued."

"But, Mother," interposed Merton, "you are getting nervous and unnecessarily excited. You entirely forget one thing which should offer you much consolation in this trying moment. Myrtie is his own daughter, and—"

"She is not his daughter!" interrupted Alice, with a wild cry.

Smith turned as pale as death, and Merton passed his hand swiftly over his eyes, as though trying to assure himself that he was not asleep and dreaming it all.

"Not his daughter!" He repeated the words in a dazed sort of a way. "Isn't she my sister, then?"

"No!"

Merton sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"Mother, are you mad, or—am I?"

"I shall be mad soon unless something happens, though I think that we are sane enough yet."

Smith had regained his self-possession by this time, and was walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down the room.

"Mother," said Merton, "you know that I have always loved you and revered you above all the world—yes, next to my God, and now by that love I implore you to tell me what your

strange words mean. While they seem capable of but one construction, I cannot accept it. I respect you too much. Do explain; I do not wish to come to any rash conclusion which I may afterward have reason to regret."

For a moment their eyes met, and then, seeing how cruelly unjust was his suspicion, he sank at her feet with a moan, and catching her hands in his he kissed them. She raised him to his feet and unclasped his hands.

"Merton," she said, "those who bear the name of Vane have made me suffer much, but none more than you. I can easily forgive you, though, since your unkindness was not wilful, and my words, perhaps, justified you in thinking harshly of me. For the present, however, I can make no explanation to you, since it might defeat the ends of justice, and prevent my doing my duty, not only to Myrtie and to my dead father, but to you. Will you trust me blindly, then, and grant me the assistance which you alone can give, or is your faith too much shaken?"

"My faith in you is the same as of old," he hastily rejoined. "My suspicion was only momentary, and I will prove how bitterly I repent it by subjecting myself entirely to your will."

She smiled and kissed him.

(To be continued.)

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 14, Dan. 5: 1-28. Golden Text, ver. 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

God's Dealing With the Babylonian King—Smitting With Insanity—His Adoration and Pardon—Belshazzar's Character—The Redemption of the Body—The Sacrilege at the Feast—The King's Terror—Daniel Summoned—His Message—The Interpretation and Fulfilment.

God loves the world, but more especially He loves His children, and all who stand in any near relation to His children are more markedly dealt with by Him. A Christian parent will naturally pray for the head of a school where his own children are being educated more than for any other person who may hold the same responsible position, but who bears no such relation to his children.

God's people were in Babylon, and the grievous defection of so many of Judah's kings did not wear out God's longsuffering; He began to work on the kings of Babylon just as He had done on the Egyptian kings when His people were in Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar's insatiate pride had met with a blow when God had delivered His servants from the burning fiery furnace and diverted the attention of the assembled multitude from the golden image and from the king to the Almighty God. But the king needed a deeper lesson still, and while he was one day exulting in his greatness and his power, a voice from heaven stopped him, announcing that his very reason should be taken from him; and *that hour* the majestic King of Babylon was driven from men, and became as a beast of the field during seven years. After that, while still insane, he lifted up his eyes unto heaven and gave glory to God, and then at the same time his reason returned to him, he became really converted to God, and lived to testify for Him.

Belshazzar, who seems to have succeeded Nebuchadnezzar, was a licentious, self-pleasing prince, who seems to have dispensed with the valuable help of such a counsellor and minister as the prophet Daniel. While ambition and the love of power were the special sins of his grandfather, it would seem as though sensuality were the chief besetment of Belshazzar. There is something very piteous in a man's making himself a slave to depraved and sinful appetites, and so degrading the body which was created to be the dwelling-place of God. Yet, thank God, our body, as well as our soul, was redeemed by Jesus, and God's Word tells us "the Lord [is] for the body" (1 Cor. 6: 13). We have as much right to claim redemption from depraved appetites as redemption from the condemnation of sin. "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus

HATH MADE ME FREE.

from the law of sin and death" (Rom. 8: 2). This is true for all who yield themselves fully up to God and claim Him for the body. But Belshazzar just plunged on deeper into dissipation, and did not seek to have at his court the man who had been made such an unspeakable blessing to Nebuchadnezzar. He is introduced to us in the very act of carousing at a feast given to a thousand of his lords. What an example for them! Instead of elevating them and leading them into a life above that which they were leading, he only led the way into shameful excesses, and went so far as to call for the golden vessels which were brought from the temple at Jerusalem, that he, his princes, his wives, and his concubines might drink wine in them, thus adding blasphemy to debauchery. "They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." It was a practical insult to the God of heaven, of whom Belshazzar must have heard concerning his grandfather's dream, the fiery furnace, and the madness and subsequent conversion of his grandfather. It was at the same time an insult to Daniel, who was living in retirement in Babylon, and meant as much as an open defiance to him and to any holy counsel he might give.

THE KING'S TERROR.

But those vessels had been consecrated to God, and sanctified to His service. "Thou shalt take the anointing oil, and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof, and it shall be holy" (Ex. 40: 9). How would God regard this desecration? "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." The greatest blasphemers are the greatest cowards; the king could go any length in insulting God so long as He did not appear upon the scene. But whose was that hand, writing in clear characters upon the wall? The Owner of those vessels which the king had desecrated. Belshazzar was the picture of terror, his countenance troubled, every joint loose, his knees shaking together in sight of his thousand lords, his wives and his concubines. And then, in his terror, he cried out to bring in all the wise men of Babylon, with a grand promise of honor and power to him who should be able to interpret the mysterious writing. It was in vain, the writing was divine; it took the Spirit of God to read it. The king's terror now rose so high that his lords were as much astonished at him as at the writing on the wall.

DANIEL SUMMONED.

There was one man in Babylon who could understand communications from the living God, one man who was always in His presence; and the queen (probably the mother or grandmother of Belshazzar) was acquainted with Daniel, and consequently was not among the revellers at the feast. Hearing of the mysterious writing, she came into the banquet-house and declared that Daniel, the former master of the wise men of Babylon, could explain the writing. She was, perhaps, one of a few over whom the prophet still had influence in the city. Daniel was brought, and the king made a long speech as to the reputation of Daniel, the failure of the wise men of Babylon, and the reward which would accrue to him if he could read the writing. Belshazzar acted on the assumption that Daniel possessed self-contained power and wisdom; he did not see God in the matter. And so it is with many who ask other Christians for prayer, counsel, or healing. They think there is *in them* a something which *they* can command, and they have not yet learned that "power belongeth unto God" (Ps. 62: 11).

Daniel was not to be bought with gifts. "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. Daniel then declared what had been God's

dealings with Nebuchadnezzar: "The Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor . . . but when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him . . . till he knew that the Most High God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that He appointeth over it whomsoever He will." It was not the first time that Daniel had acted as chaplain to a king, and he was as faithful to this king as he had been to his grandfather. "And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, *though thou knewest all this*; but hast lifted up

THYSELF AGAINST THE LORD OF HEAVEN."

Here was the root of his sin; *himself* was set up against God; he would have what he wanted for himself at any cost to God. This is the sin of every irreligious sinner. There are some, like Saul of Tarsus and Cornelius of Cesarea, who try hard to serve God while still unsaved, and their will is on the Lord's side. But there are others who say, "With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own; who is Lord over us?" (Ps. 12: 4). They lift up themselves against the Lord of heaven. "And they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified." No doubt many of the half-drunken aristocracy of Babylon had heard Belshazzar congratulate himself that he was not under the thumb of a captive Jew, or something to that effect; but it was no accident when God chose that very captive to utter such a reproof, before such a company, and on such an occasion. When God wants to do a thing neither persons nor circumstances hinder Him; He sends down His hand from above; He works out of reach of men to hinder.

"Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written . . . *Mene*; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it." Babylon was to be no more mistress of the world, Belshazzar was to reign no more. "*Tekel*; thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," therefore rejected as counterfeit. Oh how many are there among my readers who, if tried in the balances would be found wanting? God has given us a kingdom in our own homes, or where we work, in the circle where our influence reaches. Are we coming up to His measure? Is our heart right with God? Do we know He has cleansed us from all sin, and is He keeping us moment by moment, so that we are not afraid to say, "Lord, Thou knowest"? Oh how many know they are wanting, and yet continue with an ever-condemning conscience! Oh how much better to come squarely out and have things set right with God! "*Peres*; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." Belshazzar persisted in rewarding Daniel, and proclaiming him third ruler of the kingdom, which that night was to fall into other hands—a poor honor, like the cheque of a bankrupt—and that same night the unhappy man fell, slain in his resistance to the conquering Medes, who took the kingdom. Such is the end of a man who lifts up himself above the God of heaven. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Ps. 90: 12).

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

DEPENDENCE.

"Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footstep slip not."—Ps. xvii. 5.

Thou only knowest, Lord, how frail and weak
Is every step I take, each word I speak;
How all is failure—that I cannot stand,
Except Thou hold me by Thy gracious hand!

Yet since the longing of my heart for Thee
Is but the echo of Thy love to me,
And since it is the hungry Thou dost feed,
The weary-hearted Thou dost gently lead;

Since 'tis the thirsty Thou dost satisfy
With living water, and the weak supply
With strength, on Thee my utter need I rest,
Through deepest poverty most richly blest.

And if Thou only hold me close to Thee—
Yet closer, closer yet—then sweet will be
The pressure of Thy hand, and great the gain
Of every danger, and of every pain,

Which makes my soul Thy strength in weakness
prove,
And lean more wholly on Thy precious love.
My Lord, I thank Thee that I cannot stand
One moment, safe without Thy loving hand!

—Selected.

SEND for Hand-Book about Sunday School Banners to J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AT HAND.—We live in those days wherein the Lord will gather His Israel out of both Jew and Christian Churches, that their spirit, soul and body may be preserved blameless to receive the Lord at His coming. Rom. ix. 4; 1st Thes. v. 20, 21, 23; 1 Cor. xv. 52, 53; Phil. iii. 21; Mark xiii. 20; Math. xxiv. 14; Rom. viii. 11, 22, 23; Rev. xxi. 1, 4, 5; John xiv. 16, 17, 26. Further information can be obtained in two different books at 12c. each. Mention this paper. Address: J. WIELE, 143 N. Sixth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING
POWDER
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN.

C. H. M.'S NOTES (6 vols.)

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy (2 vols.).

Mr. D. L. Moody says of these books: "They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures. Examining my Bible, I would sooner part with my entire library."

We have now on hand about twenty slightly shopworn sets of these books which we will sell out to the subscribers of "The Christian Herald" at \$3.50 per set, postpaid. Regular price, \$4.50. Send early as they will probably not remain long on our shelves. Address J. A. WHIPPLE, Evangelical Book Store, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston.

100 YEARS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has just published a CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL VOLUME of 660 large octavo pages, containing the full Proceedings of the Centennial Temperance Conference, Dr. Rush's famous Essay, together with 58 carefully-prepared Historical Sketches, showing the Progress of the Cause in all departments of work for a Century, all Denominations, and all Temperance Organizations. The most important and valuable Temperance work ever published. Half morocco, \$5; cloth, \$3. Address

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,
58 Reade Street, New York City.

300 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. In Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guitars, Rides, Revolvers, Accordion, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, rare Photographs, Outfits, rare and valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.



This new Double Perpetual-Flowering Weeping Fuchsia, "Storm King," is the grandest plant novelty in many years. It is always in bloom, often as many as 200 buds and blossoms on a plant at once. The branches droop most gracefully, and the blossoms are frequently as large as teacups. The buds for two weeks before they expand are balls of glowing scarlet crimson. When expanded, the enormous double flowers are almost pure white, capped by a calyx of glowing scarlet; and when a plant is loaded with buds and blossoms it presents a sight which for true grandeur and beauty no flower can surpass. They are of the easiest culture and will grow and bloom freely with ordinary care in any window or garden. Prices of strong plants which will soon bloom, by mail, post paid, 50 cts. each, 3 for \$1.60, 2 for \$2.00, 12 for \$3.00. We pack secure from frost and warrant them to arrive in good order. Form Clubs for this grand Fuchsia. See the low price at which they can be secured by the dozen.

Our new Double White Perpetual-Flowering Violet, "Swanley White," is the queen of fragrant flowers. It produces in great number large pure white double blossoms of great beauty and fragrance. A splendid winter bloomer and desirable for pot or open ground culture. Strong plants, which are now budded and blooming, by mail, 30 cts. each, 3 for 60 cts, 12 for \$2.00.



Our new Imperial German Pansies have created a sensation and are the floral wonder of the times. Flowers of enormous size, with colors and markings entirely new and of marvelous beauty (see catalogue). They bloom from May to December; always large and protuse through the dry, hot weather of Summer when other sorts fail. Mixed seed of over 50 distinct colors, 25 cts. per paper. We have 40 distinct colors separate, such as pure white, black, yellow, blue, spotted, &c., at 25 cts. per paper.

We also send 12 large flowering bulbs of Double Pearl Tuberoses for \$1.00; 5 fine hardy Lilies, including Auratum, 75 cts.; 12 choice mixed Gladioli, 50 cts.; 4 beautiful Tea Roses—white, red, yellow and pink, 50 cts.; 4 Chrysanthemums or 4 Carnations, 50 cts. See our large, beautiful catalogue, free to all, for other special offers. Any of the above articles will be sent by mail, post-paid, and guaranteed to arrive in good condition. They are exactly as represented, and will more than please those who plant them. Many years of liberal and honest dealings have secured to us our great business, extending to all parts of the world. Orders can be sent at once. The white Pansies are magnificent for cemeteries.

SEEDS, BULBS and PLANTS. Our large, beautifully illustrated catalogue sent free to all who apply. New and beautiful novelties in Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Gladioli, Lilies, Amaryllis, Roses, Carnations, Geraniums, Clematis, &c. Preserve this advertisement, as it may not appear again, and remember that our goods have an established reputation and are warranted true. See catalogue which will be sent free to any who purchase or expect to.

Address, JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral, Queens Co., N. Y.

N. B.—Remittance can be made in money orders, Postal Notes, Bills, Drafts, or Stamps. To those who order, or expect to, we will send free, with our elegant catalogue, beautiful colored chromos of Storm King Fuchsia, Swanley White Violet, and German Pansies. Also, for every dollar's worth ordered from this advertisement, the buyer can have free a paper of PURE WHITE or PURE BLACK German Pansy Seed.

HOW TO BE HAPPY, Though Married.

Being a Handbook to Marriage, By a Graduate in the University of Matrimony. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25.

"One of the brightest, wittiest, most sensible and wholesome books on the subject of matrimony that we have seen. A work that is not only very entertaining but useful."—New York Observer.

"We strongly recommend this book as one of the best of wedding presents. It is a complete handbook to an earthly Paradise, and its author may be regarded as the Murray of Matrimony and the Baedeker of Bliss."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"An entertaining volume. The new guide to matrimonial felicity."—Standard Leader.

"A clever, readable, and entertaining book."—Literary Churchman.

"One of the cleverest, best written books on the subject we have read at any time. To girls contemplating marriage, the volume should be presented as a wedding gift. Grave and gay, but never for a moment dull or tiresome. Each page sparkles with anecdote or suggestive illustration."—Ladies' Treasury.

*** This book for sale... all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743-745 Broadway, New York.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BLACK INK
UNIVERSAL
MONOGRAM
OUTFIT
INK PADS

One Engraved Two Letter Monogram Stamp (see style in cut) One Bottle Indelible Ink, One Bottle Red Ink, One Bottle Bronze, Two Ink Pads and full outfit. **DON'T YOU WANT** an exclusive private mark for stamping your clothing, stationery, etc. Heretofore monograms similar to these have cost \$2.50 to \$4.00, our price by mail only 50 cts. Postage stamps taken. **World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St., New York**

THE HEALING VOICE

The Power of Prayer, Faith Literature and the Science of Healing; Proving to the World that a Living Faith Gives us a Practical Christianity. This book, of over 800 pages, bound in cloth, will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00, by addressing **MRS. A. J. JOHNSON,** 200 West 59th St., New York.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS. EUREKA RECITATIONS,

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL, the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and handsome lithograph cover. Price only 12 cents each. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, (P. O. Box 2767) 31 Rose St., New York.

BLACK SILKS.

James M'Creery & Co.

will offer during this month over 5,000 pieces of the MOST RELIABLE BLACK SILKS, manufactured at SPECIAL PRICES.

As our contracts for all our Spring importations were placed before the recent heavy advance on SILK, we are enabled to offer our entire stock of Silks, Velvets, and Plushes at even lower prices than they are now costing to make.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.



A MODERN HOUSE OF LOW COST

From "Shoppell's Modern Houses." (Just Published.) Large illustrations, floor plans, full description and reliable cost of the above and of 76 other modern houses, ranging in cost from \$10 up to \$12,000, may be found in "Shoppell's Modern Houses"—the largest, latest, best and most practical architectural work published.

* Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION, 24 Beekman Street, New York.

* Knowing the unequalled merits of this work, we say to every purchaser of "Shoppell's Modern Houses," that if you are not satisfied with it, that is claimed for it, we will cheerfully take it back.

ANTHEM BOOKS.

Sure to Give Satisfaction.

DIAMOND COLLECTION.—DANKS. 64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail.

FESTIVAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS. 64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail.

PALMER'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS. Boards, \$9.00 per doz.; \$1.00 each by Mail.

TEMPLE ANTHEMS.—LOWRY & DOANE. Boards, \$12.00 per doz.; \$1.25 each by Mail.

CHORAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS. Boards, \$13.50 per doz.; \$1.50 each by Mail.

ENGLISH ANTHEMS.—LASAR. Cloth, \$24.00 per doz.; \$2.25 each by Mail.

A FULL CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York. 81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

THE SECURITY Mutual Benefit Society OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Opp. Post Office. Insures from \$1,000 to \$50,000.

ONLY TEN ASSESSMENTS have been levied since the Society began business, averaging a trifle over three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 35 years, but \$4.03 a year for \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted. Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.

BENJ. F. TRUMPY, Real Estate Office, 336 Broome St., New York. (ONE DOOR EAST OF BOWERY.)

Management of Estates, Renting, Selling, and Collecting of Rents.

AGENT FOR German American Insurance Company, Westchester " " " " Hamburg-Bremen " " " " Mutual Life " " " "

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 6.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1886.

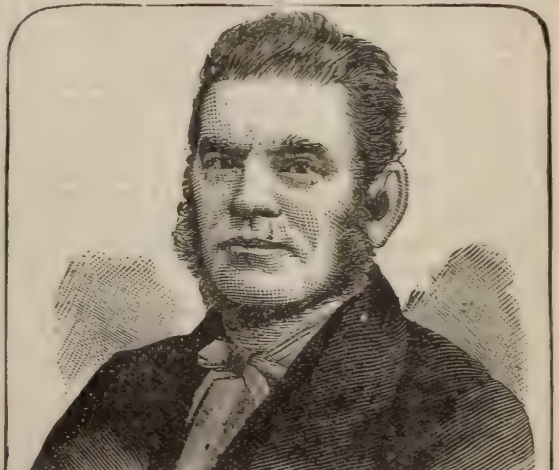
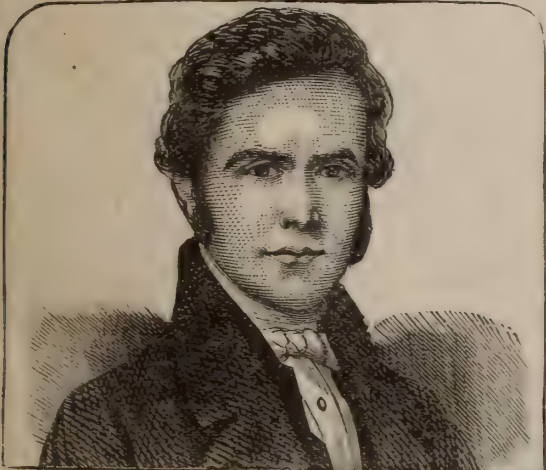
Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS OF REVS. J. HUNT AND J. CALVERT,
MISSIONARIES IN THE FIJI ISLANDS.
MARITAL DUTIES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning—Notices of New Books.
CURRENT EVENTS: The President and the Senate—The Supreme Court and the Virginia Coupons—The Killing of Captain Crawford—The New British Cabinet—The Irish Prospects—Nihilistic Activity, etc.

PORTRAIT OF KING GEORGE OF TONGA.
DIVINATION: A SIGN OF THE LAST DAYS.
THE JUBILEE IN FIJI. (With Illustration.)

A LESSON AND A FORTUNE FOR CHRISTIAN MEN OF BUSINESS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
 How a Christmas Card Saved a Life—America's Aid to Mr. McAll—A Minister Relinquishing his Plug.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems.
A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
 A Momentous Interview in a Field. (With Illustration.)



Rev. JOHN HUNT and Rev. JAMES CALVERT, Missionaries to Fiji—A Fijian Chief—Scenes in Fiji.

THE MISSIONARY JUBILEE IN FIJI.

The Fiji Islands—The First Two Missionaries—The First Convert's Speech at the Jubilee—A Band of Young Fijian Preachers Bound for New Britain.

REV. ARTHUR J. WEBB, whose successful efforts for Christ are well known to those who take an interest in foreign missionary enterprise, and whose headquarters are at Levuka, *a picture of which appears in the lower portion of our frontispiece*, has published the following outline of the interesting proceedings which have recently taken place in Fiji to commemorate the introduction of Christianity into those lovely islands of the Pacific:

The celebration is now going on of the fiftieth year of the establishment of the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji; or, in other words, of the beginning and onward progress of Christianity in this fair group of islands, whose more than 150,000 people were benighted with the worst heathen darkness, and notorious for atrocities of the most fearful kind. October 12th was the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the two first missionaries, Revs. William Cross and David Cargill at Lakeba, each of these leaders of the vanguard of the Cross bringing an heroic wife with him to a land to which it was a fearful thing for a lady to come. A special reminder of the event was given by a sermon printed in Fijian at the Mission Press, and circulated throughout the country so as to be read in every pulpit on Sunday, October 11th. This gave the natives an admirable sketch of the history of the mission. A sermon somewhat similar was also delivered on that day in the English tongue, and published in the newspapers.

Special deputations from the neighboring Australasian colonies arrived to congratulate the native churches. Special services and monster gatherings of native Christians have been going on for some weeks past, and are still to be celebrated in various parts of the land. One of the most interesting of the deputations came from Tonga in the person of Ratu Joni Faubula, a Fijian chief, and a native minister, who was *the first convert made* in this country, and the first Fijian to preach the Gospel. He addressed large meetings of English and Fijians, and in the course of his telling addresses he said: "For my faith I was exiled. My father, Tue Nayan (a man of supreme rank in the Windward Islands), banished me to Tonga because of my religion, and there in Tonga, which was partly heathen then, I preached the Christ, became a native minister, and, after fifty years of service, have returned just to look at my native islands."

When Ratu Joni left Fiji coast there was not a score of Christians on it. Now that he comes back after his long absence he does not find a score of avowed heathen in the whole of the group. Let this fact speak for itself, without it being necessary for me to go into figures. One thing the old chief said "brought down the house" in a large meeting: "The early missionaries were so threatened, tormented, and annoyed, that once I said to Mr. Cargill, 'Why don't you leave this land, and go?' 'Nay!' replied the Scotchman; 'we can stand to have our throats cut, but we can't run away!'" Men and women of that heroic mould, filled moreover with the love of souls and devotion to the Master, Christ, aided by natives who caught their spirit, and followed them as they followed Him, wrought such a work in cannibal Fiji, by the blessing of God, as men will scarcely believe when they hear of it. And now, in a land filled with churches, where every village has a school, and all the children are taught to read and write; when man-eating and polygamy, torture and horrid forms of war, are things of the past, and the light of Christian teaching shines over the length and breadth of its hundreds of islands, there are sounding now the silver trumpets of jubilee.

As a proof of the reality of this work, over which the jubilee clarions are sounding, let me mention that last Saturday morning the mission vessel, Moeyan, sailed away from Levuka Har-

bor with a band of youthful Fijian preachers—some of them with wives—for the wild country of New Britain and adjacent islands, haunt of ague and abode of lawless savages. Here there is no inconsiderable mission work going on, which was commenced ten years ago. Only the edge of the work is touched as yet, and the laborers faint at their work through sheer physical weariness, and some lie down to rest forever.

"A marvellous thing," said a gentleman to me the other day, "that these erstwhile savages should go off themselves to preach to savages." As I stood on the deck giving them a parting address my eye rested on Animio Bale, their leader and minister. He was one of the first party that went to New Britain. Right before us stood the Government buildings in Nasora Bay, where that band of pioneers had been interrogated by Mr. Administrator Layard as to whether they knew the evils of the country to which their missionaries were taking them. And an appalling picture did that official gentleman draw of the disease and danger and general misery to which they were hastening. And Animio spoke up for the rest: "All these things have been told us by our missionaries already. We are willing to leave ourselves in God's hands. If we live, we live; and if we die, we die!" And that answer settled the question. Now, ten years after, Animio was looking at the same pile of buildings in which he had played his part so manfully then, and as I reminded him how God had dealt with him in accordance with that speech, and how much easier the path had really been to what it seemed, and that he, spared so long, was enabled to return to so glorious, if trying, a sphere, his eyes moistened, and doubtless his mind, as mine, was filled with many thoughts.

THE TWO MISSIONARIES.

THE Rev. John Hunt and the Rev. James Calvert, whose portraits appear on the first page, arrived in Fiji on December 22d, 1838, to labor under the auspices of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It was an effort full of danger and at his best was one that must entail daily privation and continual hardship. The mission had been commenced only three years when they landed, and Mr. Cargill could give them no encouragement. He could give them, however, a heart welcome, and the benefit of his three years' experience. Probably no man in this world was more glad to see a Christian face, or to receive aid in his arduous work.

It was on a Saturday that they landed, and the next day, their first Sunday in Fiji, was spent in prayer, consecration, worship and consultation. It was decided that Mr. Hunt should go to Rewa, the opposite island of the group, to take the place of Mr. Cross, a missionary whose health had broken down, and who, as Mr. Cargill had just heard, was compelled to leave his post and go to Australia for recuperation. Mr. Hunt went to Rewa in January, 1839, and remained there until July when an urgent call came to him from another sphere. Mr. Lyth, who had been laboring in the Friendly Islands, went to Fiji to obtain assistance in a work to which it seemed God had called him. He was anxious to open a mission at a place where the Gospel had never yet been preached, of the darkness and depravity of which terrible stories had reached him. This was Somosomo, an important town on the shore of Taviuni. Mr. Hunt, though in delicate health, at the time, volunteered to share in the perilous work, and at once made preparations for removal. On July 22d, Messrs. Lyth and Hunt, with their wives,

EMBARKED FOR SOMOSOMO,

where they arrived on the 29th. They met with a very cool reception from the natives, but made their way to the house of King Tuithakan, "a fine old man, with a frank and kind face," and his son, the regent, Tuikilakila, who was nearly forty years of age, and of gigantic stature and frame, by whom they were well received.

Very soon, however, the missionaries had

ghastly proof that the bad reports they had heard about Somosomo were true. About the time of their arrival news came that Ra Mbithi, one of the king's sons, was lost at sea and it was ordered that *all his wives should be strangled*, that they might accompany him to the land of spirits. The news horrified the missionary party, and they waited upon the king to beg for the lives of the unhappy women. It was a forlorn hope, for who were they that they should expect the king to set aside the customs of the country at their request? Still, it was their duty to try, and they did succeed in obtaining a short respite, while the king investigated the truth of the report about his son's death. If he were really dead the king would hold out no hope of mercy, and he was incensed at what seemed the impertinence of the missionaries in asking it.

A HIDEOUS MASSACRE.

In a few days conclusive proof was received that the prince was dead, and the fatal edict was executed. The following extract from Mr. Hunt's journal shows at once the horrors of heathenism, and the perils by which the missionaries were surrounded: "On the morning of August 8th," writes Mr. Hunt, "we heard the cries of the poor females and their friends, and soon they were unmercifully strangled. We were obliged to be in the midst of it; and truly their cries and wailings were awful. Soon after they were murdered they were brought to be buried, about twenty yards from our house." This slaughter of sixteen women was followed by a kind of festival, which lasted for several days and nights, and at midnight the inmates of the mission-house were startled by the hoarse blast of conches, and the hideous yells and whoops of the dancers. Many men and women to show their loyalty and devotion, voluntarily suffered the amputation of a finger-joint in connection with this festival; and the whole concluded by the distribution, one afternoon, of one hundred baked pigs, one of which, with a grim ironical generosity, was sent to the missionaries.

This horror at the very commencement of their labors did not frighten away the missionaries, it rather impelled them to greater exertion by the need it showed of their teaching.

Very little is said in this chronicle, which Mr. Hunt kept, of their own trials and annoyances. Incidental allusions, however, show that they were numerous and severe. For some time the mission party were not allowed to put any fence round the house, or at the windows, which the heat compelled them to keep open. Thus, all the chance of privacy was lost, and the natives, led by curiosity or baser motives, stood at the open windows. Once when Mrs. Hunt was bending over her dying babe, she looked up to see dark, savage faces laughing and mocking at her anguish.

Among other sources of trouble was the capricious temper of the tyrant chief, the regent, Tuikilakila. One day this herculean savage, in a flaming passion, flung open the mission-house door, crying out: "I am very angry!" He then seized Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth, one in each hand, and dragged them toward the door, where he had left his club. But God took care of His servants. Their calm demeanor and quiet, respectful remonstrance seemed to impress the brutal savage, for, before reaching the door he released them, striking Mr. Lyth contemptuously in the face as he did so.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE GREAT MAN

was sometimes as annoying as his rage was terrible. For example, when the mission stores were very low, he would come and eat the meal which had been obtained with great difficulty; or, when disposed to be very amicable, he would kneel down, and thrust his face into that of the missionary, and, with expressive grimaces and remarks, watch the stranger's way of eating, while his uncleanly person and habits rendered his royal presence unspeakably disgusting.

A CANNIBALISTIC FEAST.

The self-denying work in which the missionaries were engaged was not attended with much success, and at the beginning of 1840, things

looked darker than ever at Somosomo. One day, eleven dead men were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They had been killed at Lakemba, a neighboring town, to avenge the murder of a Somosoman by some of the inhabitants. With ceremonious order, the corpse of a chief was set apart for the god, and the others divided among the several tribes. The chief's body was skilfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house, and the other bodies were taken to different quarters of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people seemed to become doubly savage after their horrid feast, and some of the chiefs came and tried hard to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who for some time were nearly without food, for the people feared to supply them, lest they should incur the wrath of the ferocious agent. The missionaries applied to him again and again, but they and their offerings were lighted. On one occasion the king said: "No, I will not let you have food; your God may give you a pig."

"One day," says Mr. Hunt, "during a storm, one of the chiefs told us they had been consulting about us, and the result of their deliberations was that we should go away, for they did not intend to embrace Christianity. We told them plainly that we should not go till we were driven from them. Thank God, for my own part, I feel my love to them increases with their ingratitude and enmity, and I am determined to spend and be spent in trying to do them good, until God and His Church shall remove me from them. This is the sentiment of us all."

In June, 1841 these devoted servants of Christ were made glad by the arrival of the Triton mission-ship, bringing friends and letters from home. As the ship was going on to Lakemba, and would pass Somosomo on her return, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth went in her to visit their friends at Lakemba. As the Triton again came near Somosomo, on her return, the natives gathered numerous on the hill-side at the back of the mission-house, the inmates of which could hear them exulting because she had missed the safe anchorage and was making direct for the rocks, where her destruction seemed inevitable. The savages grew wild with excitement, as they watched her perilous course, and made sure of a rich prize. Their proposal to fasten up the ladies, who were anxiously expecting the return of their husbands from Lakemba, was distinctly heard by their intended victims, who thus were made aware of their terrible danger. A few seconds of dreadful suspense, and then

A MAD SHOUT

rose as the vessel struck on the reef; and the crowd, with fierce cries and whirling clubs, rushed down to the shore, and embarked in canoes for their work of bloodshed and plunder. The king was from home, and there was no one to restrain the people. It was a terrible time for the ladies of the mission-house. Their Fijian servant smote her breast, as she cried out: "The ship is fast! The ship is fast!" One of the missionaries' wives went aside and knelt, and looked up to heaven, and prayed: "Almighty Jesus!

WE NEED THY HELP!"

And as she came out again, she met one of her companions, who was greatly agitated, and said: "Don't be alarmed. There will be nothing of the matter." They opened the door, and looked forth on the water, to see the Triton gently sliding off into deep water, before the canoes could reach her.

In August, 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt went to Viwa, where Mr. Cross had been laboring for three years, and who was now transferred to Somosomo. Here they busied themselves in the work of the Gospel and in translating portions of the Scriptures. Four months later Mr. Cross, worn down by labor and suffering breathed his last, and Mr. Hunt was somewhat broken in health. Ill though he was, he determined on making a tour among the islands to find fresh openings for the introduction of the good news of salvation.

FRUIT.

The blessing of God, at last, was more manifest on His work at this time than previously, and during the earlier months of 1844 several real conversions took place, and a good many persons made outward profession of Christianity. Growing influence was gained by the administering of medicine, and Mr. Hunt had quite a little hospital at Viwa; and among those who accepted the Christian religion was the Queen of Viwa herself. And so the next three or four years passed away.

In June, 1848, Mr. Hunt was prostrated by fever. Mr. Lyth, who was still his devoted colleague, as he had been at Somosomo, was uneasy at finding that, with intervals of relief, the attacks returned again and again, without yielding to the usual remedies. Each attack weakened the strong man; but in July he became very much better, and, impatient to be at his loved work again, went for several successive days to give instruction to some children in his schools. Another and worse relapse followed, and it became clear that

THE MISSIONARY'S WORK WAS DONE.

His last and fatal attack came upon him with increased force on September 15th. At this time, his friend, Mr. Calvert, was with him at Viwa, and he derived much tender help and brotherly comfort from him. On being told that his end must be very near, Mr. Hunt replied: "I do not think the time is come yet; this seems too easy and pleasant for dying." Turning to his mourning wife, he said: "If this be dying, praise the Lord." Then he lay still, as if trying to feel that he was about to depart; and, after a time, said: "How strange! I cannot realize that I am dying; and yet you all look as if I were." About three in the afternoon, his right arm rose, as if convulsively, and, as he turned on his side, grasped his fellow missionary Calvert, who put his arms around him. For a few minutes there was heavy and broken breathing, and then a solemn hush disturbed by the sob of a widow, "Lord, comfort my poor heart!" and an earnest "Amen" from those who stood around. He was buried the next day, and among those who mourned for him was Thakombau, a once savage chief, whose proud spirit had been changed into gentleness by the power of God, under the preaching of the man by whose grave he stood, to Himself by the charity of the Gospel.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions of Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 11: 1-9; 1 John 3: 1-3; Matt. 24: 23-31. Hymns: "Glory to Thee who safe hast kept;" "Come ye that love the Lord."

Text: "Being reconciled.—Rom. 5: 10.

"Being reconciled?"

Then, there was a quarrel.

Between God and us there was enmity.

God hated us, or we hated God, or each party hated the other.

But God could not hate us. God is love. He can hate nothing but sin. He could have no reason to be our enemy and keep up a fight with us. If He did not want us He could have swept the race out of existence in a moment. But He wanted us because He loved us.

And this is shown by His keeping us in existence, and further by His effort to win our love.

He could not contemplate our destruction.

He could not endure our enmity.

But He could do, and He did do, all that is possible to infinite power, justice, and love, to reconcile us to Him.

It is we who are reconciled, not He. All the bad, all the hate, lay in us. And the love that lay in Him is shown in that He reconciled us. Mark, we do not reconcile ourselves. We have not wrought this great change, but He has done it. And He has accomplished it, not by overpowering us by constraint.

He hath reconciled us by winning our affections, not by overmastering our will.

What a wicked shame to be at enmity with the greatest and best Lover of our souls! How

contrary it stands to all right reason and all proper feeling!

The humiliating fact in our history, a fact to keep us always humble, is this—that we needed to be reconciled to wisdom, justice, love.

How happy to be reconciled! No more war with Omnipotence! No more fighting against God's methods of extracting from us the sting of death! No more effort to enthrone ourselves as usurpers on the seat of God! We know that He is able to carry out His designs. We know that His designs are loving toward us. We are reconciled to move as He directs, and thus have freedom to employ all our powers for Him. Happy reconciliation.

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held and the following discourse read:]

GOD'S PRESENCE ANOTHER WEEK.

By Rev. Bishop Hurst.

When the Sabbath morning comes, one of our first thoughts should be: Who has brought us safely through another week? None but God. We did not know, a week ago, the future of a single hour. The veil we could not lift which hid one moment from our view. We are ignorant. We know not the plans which are best for our comfort, and for a higher Christian experience. We form schemes which prove cobwebs in weakness. But God cares for His children, and out of their ignorance He leads them, day after day, until another week is finished, and His own day comes with all its beautiful associations and hallowed memories. It is easy to grow into the habit of thinking that we provide for ourselves. Sometimes our heavenly Father teaches us, in sorrowful dispensations, that He does all things, and that only His doing is right. Yes, the week sometimes brings its heavy sorrows. In the darkness of night a severe blow has fallen. We little expected the falling shadow. We would have given the whole world if it had not come. We cannot say that it was wrong. Perhaps it is a tangled thread to us now, but the time may come when He will make it plain. Perhaps it will be one of the silken cords to draw us to the skies. With another Sabbath morning we should renew our covenant with God, asking Him to forgive our want of submissiveness, our rebellious spirit, and teach us to say: "Thy will be done." We do not need the great sanctuary in which to make confession of sin, and ask God's guidance for the future. We can do it in the solitude of the home, far away from the great Church and the peal of the bell. God hears the whisper of prayer anywhere. It is in solitude, as with Moses in the wilderness, as a Midianite shepherd, John in Patmos, Paul in prison in Cæsarea, and Luther in the Wartburg Castle, that God has prepared many of His servants for some of the most heroic work. So He can prepare us, in the most retired place to which His providence has led us, for better service and a stronger faith. His places of blessing are wherever we ask Him for His grace.

[An appropriate poem is added, which may be committed to memory by the young people.]

RECONCILED.

[When Phoebe Cary and Charles F. Deems were collecting "Hymns for All Christians," at their request Alice Cary prepared the following poem, being then in the adjoining room ill, and approaching the close of her lovely life.]

Till I learned to love Thy name,
Lord, Thy grace denying,
I was lost in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying!

Nothing could the world impart,
Darkness held no morrow;
In my soul and in my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

When I learned to love Thy name
O! Thou meek and lowly,
Rapture kindled to a flame—
Holy, holy, holy!

Henceforth shall creation ring
With salvation's story,
Till I rise with Thee to sing,
Glory, glory, glory!

MARITAL DUTIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 7, 1886.*

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming."—GEN. 24: 63.

The Bridal Caravan—The Bridegroom's Meditation—The Responsibility a Husband Undertakes—Trusting an Inexperienced Captain—How to Treat a Wife—Think that she is Beautiful—A Foreclosed Mortgage—Lovers' Promises Binding—A Swindle Worse than a Land Speculator's—Continue Lover's Attentions—A Contract to be Fulfilled—Its Terms—Flirting Forbidden—The High-Priest of the Home—A Wife Procuring her Husband's Imprisonment.

A BRIDAL pageant on the back of dromedaries! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swinging motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travellers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus! In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay caparison of saddle, and girth, and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun, and the hilarity of the mounted passengers, and we cry out: "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah; and, with her companions and maidens, she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the blessing of all her friends.

THE NUPTIAL MEETING.

Isaac is in the fields, meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people, and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan.

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of the choice of a lifetime companion, I take it for granted, O man, that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort—a Rebekah and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse as to how you ought to treat your wife, and my ambition is to tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three quarters of an hour in all your life.

THE RESPONSIBILITY UNDERTAKEN.

First of all, I charge you realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody and care and homestead in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself, to say to her practically: "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you ever had or ever can have! Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life in safety. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed and the trundle-bed in which you slept, and in the sitting-room are the father and mother who

have got wrinkle-faced, and stoop-shouldered, and dim-eyesighted in taking care of you, yet you will do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and unbuilt.

A RISKY VOYAGE.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say: "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and, passing out into the sea, plunge through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of a ship, it would be one that would never be heard of again. But that is the boldness of every man that proffers marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a lifetime. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for the voyage of a lifetime! I admit that there have been ten thousands shipwrecks on this very route, but don't hesitate! Tut! Tut! There now! Don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

THE WIFE'S TEMERITY.

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I entrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity, in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honorable in my father, and all that was good in my mother, and all that was pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make, when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' Side by side in life. Side by side in the burying-ground. Side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

ENTITLED TO ADMIRATION.

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than any one in the universe except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin, or Bach, or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead, and under her eyes, and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's song: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink, or heart or brain to write:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

If any one assail her good name, you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you

should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw—except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine—she has a first mortgage on your body, mind, and soul, and *the mortgage is foreclosed*; and you do not more thoroughly own your two eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind, and indulgent, and worthy.

LOVERS' PROMISES BINDING.

Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy. Are you making her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfil your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretences, and then you ought to be mulcted in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious, and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism, and romance, and a joke," and that "they all talk that way!" Well, let that plan be tried on yourself! Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with roseate speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by, and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gives no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars, and my speech glows with enthusiasm until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn, and the money paid down, and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the El Dorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter.

A WESTERN EDEN.

You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors, and take the train, and after many days' journey you arrive at a quiet depot, from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness, and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a well, in a swamp, and shaking with the fifteenth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask him where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be in the company get their bill for the track through the next legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this chill is off, will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for every body else, you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than many men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; that was sentimentalism, and romance, and a joke. That's the way they all talk!"

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who by glow of word and personal magnetism induced a woman's soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, she

* Last Sunday was moving-day at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the first Sunday in February being the commencement of the church year, when families take possession of the seats they secured at the annual pew-renting. Many changes were noticeable on Sunday in the location of families, though a large number had succeeded in retaining their old seats. Higher premiums were paid this year than ever before for a choice of seats. They made a total of about \$500, which is just double what was paid in 1881, when the system was adopted. Dr. Tucker secured first choice by the payment of \$560, which in addition to the pew-rent, will make his seat cost him \$900 for the year. The second choice went to Mr. Everett, who paid \$525 for it. This, with the pew-rent, produces \$700. Mr. S. B. Duryea gave \$300 for third choice, and fixed on a pew of \$100 rent. From this amount the premiums ranged lower by degrees down to \$5. The total amount of pews is \$17,240. The income of the church for the current year will therefore be about \$31,000 if the regular weekly collections produce \$8000, as they generally do. Free seats are, as before, in the galleries, where only the four rows in front are rented.

terless, comfortless, and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a lifetime.

LOVERS' ATTENTIONS.

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly compare the promises you made, and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spent every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulation, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come in the house in the evening, when you were attempting the capture of her affections, and the way some of you come into the house in the evening now.

DON'T BE PREOCCUPIED.

Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week! Now, some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticise the way the food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet; with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has had enough annoyances in the nursery, and parlor, and kitchen to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer, and the intelligent improvement, and the moral entertainment of that home, which at the longest can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that soon these children will be grown up or in their sepulchres, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfil your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as so many cattle or sheep. In one country the man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her, struggling and resisting, on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle, she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance, and bravery, and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain, in which you promise protection, support, companionship, and love.

THE TERMS OF THE CONTRACT.

Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony; but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock, you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal Church-Service, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies, when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer

or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

NEVER FLIRT.

The fact is, that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men—namely, husbands in flirtation. The attention they ought to put upon their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile on them coyly and askance, and with a manner that seems to say: "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings!" And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home, whistling and hilarious, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meanness immeasurable for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife: "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O domestic Shylock? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections; that when, as time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face, and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obeisance to cheeks more rubicund, and figure lithier and more agile, and as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the emphasis of an Edwin Forrest or a Macready, have tapped the eccentric marriage document, and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting, she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padan-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is *either a fraud or a rake*. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of the masculine flirt.

TOE UP.

The most worthy thing for the thousands of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects, and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics in the box inside the drawer containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-colored letters that were written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her everything. Walk arm in arm with her into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering-places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine, and when one trembles on the way, let the other be reinforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man, practising gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society try to look young-mannish.

RESPECT HER PIETY.

Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things

which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all her Christian resources; and certainly, when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worldly husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

THE PRIEST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Ay, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to heaven? You think you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if you both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your marital relation, and what a new light it would throw on the forehead of your children! In sickness what a comfort! In reverses of fortune what a wealth! In death what a triumph! God meant you to be the high-priest of your household. Go home to-day and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirits will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer, I will give you a prayer—namely: "Lord God, I surrender to Thee myself and my beloved wife, and these dear children. For Christ's sake forgive all the past, and help us for all the future. We have lived together here, may we live together forever. Amen and amen!" Dear me, what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in heaven!

A HUSBAND IMPRISONED.

Joseph the Second, the emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration, and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The emperor dismounted, and asked the cause of her grief. She said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the emperor, and had declined to take her with him; for as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness, and goodness, and greatness she had an unspeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable.

The Emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clapped her hands in gladness before him. The emperor took the name of her husband, and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in His beauty," and He has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God and without hope in the world," and imprisoned in worldliness and sin. Oh, that they might arm in arm go this day and see Him, who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth, and air, and sky!" His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

HOW A CHRISTMAS-CARD SAVED A LIFE.

THE following interesting incident is related in the *Indian Witness* of Calcutta:

Merry Christmas time was drawing near, and I wanted some pretty illuminations to give away, so I went one morning to where I knew I should find a beautiful variety.

While I was looking over a multitude of mot-toes, and making my choice, I noticed a lady near me, apparently bent on the same errand. After a few minutes, as she seemed unable to find what she was seeking, I asked her if there were any among those I had chosen which she particularly liked.

She thanked me pleasantly, and said she had selected all she wished except one, and she felt sure of finding it among the unassorted cards, for it had been published, she thought, by the Tract Society only the year before.

"It is one with purple pansies—heart's-ease, you know—and the verse:

"'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,' I want it for a special use," she said; and then added impulsively, "Those words saved a life—a soul—last Christmas. You don't wonder they are precious!"

Then, in a few words, she gave the outline of the story of one who had, through terrible trials, lost faith in human love, truth and honor, and, worst of all, in his misery had made shipwreck of his faith in God.

It was Christmas Day. He started to leave the house with the full purpose of committing suicide. The children were just coming home from a Sunday-school Christmas-tree, eager and happy with their pretty presents. He stole out through a room from which they had passed, so that no one might see him leave the house. Lying on the floor, just where he must step to cross the threshold, was a card with purple pansies, and the words, "Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." Startled, thrilled to his soul, he could not pass by that message from heaven facing him, as if to drive him back from his wicked, cowardly purpose. Faith in God and his love came back, and with it came courage and strength to take up the heavy burden of a bruised and shattered life. God did care for him, and was a very present help in trouble.

The story touched me deeply, and has often recurred to me since, though I have never seen the lady again, and knowing nothing further of the circumstances. It always comes back with special force whenever I have to choose Scripture verses to give away. Since we have the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void," may we not rightly ask God's peculiar blessing on these little messengers which go to so many homes we may never enter?

RESIGNING THE PLUG.

MAJOR HILTON, the evangelist, spoke recently in Indianapolis, Ind., from Rom. 6:16, to an audience of professing Christians, during which he dwelt at length upon what he called "the sinful pollution of the body (as the temple of the Holy Ghost), through tobacco," relating his own marvellous experience and final emancipation from servitude to "this enemy of purity and righteousness."

After the singing of a hymn, during which Mr. Hilton was pondering why the Spirit had led him to deliver such a message to such an assembly, a gentleman in the audience arose, and, asking permission to speak, stated that nearly four years before that night he was converted to God during services conducted by Mr. Hilton, in Cumberland, Md.

For over two years he had been an ordained Baptist preacher, but that during all that time he had been in bondage to an enervating, poisoning numbness of the flesh, paralyzing God-given faculties; and, as a moral and spiritual teacher setting a sinful example. New light had come to him that night, and he thought God had sent the evangelist, whom he had not seen for four years, that the Holy Spirit might complete a

much-needed work, whereby he should have "fruit unto holiness"—and stepping up to Major Hilton, handed him a large plug of tobacco (Rom. 6:22).

AMERICA'S AID TO MR. McALL.

MENTION has frequently been made in these columns of the Gospel work being done in France through the agency of the Rev. R. W. McAll. American Christians have aided in this work by liberal gifts, and latterly, since the matter was organized and placed in charge of a committee of ladies, the help has been more effective. In 1884 the contributions from the United States amounted to \$22,061.30. Several stations of the mission have been opened and supported by the subscriptions from American cities after which they are named. The Salle Boston, the Salle Washington, the Salle Baltimore, etc., are all prospering. The following is an extract from a letter received from McAll, and published by the McAll Association; it shows a grateful appreciation of American aid:

"Our excellent lady Bible-reader of the district, was asked to go up to the very highest house on the hill (Butte Montmartre), to see a poor workman of middle age, who was very ill. She went, and was followed by our devoted missionary, Monsieur Sagnol, who has long devoted a part of his time to visiting the people of that station. There they found the poor man. He had been for some time a regular attendant on the meetings, but had been lured away by sceptical companions, and had not entered our mission hall for four or five years.

"Our friends found him hopelessly ill, and in a state of inward trouble. There, as he tossed on his poor couch, the truths he had heard, but scarcely understood, in the meetings, returned to his thought; and he longed to be there again, and learn more. He seemed to be still in a dark state spiritually, though with a great affection for the memory of our mission-room. A good woman, his neighbor, one of the converts of our station, tried to help and enlighten him. By degrees they were enabled to lead him on to a clear view of his need as a sinner, and to a simple trust in Christ. His last days were irradiated by an immortal hope. He was a poor, lonely man, unmarried and solitary; but peace and joy took possession of his spirit.

"Almost at his last moment, after he had ceased to articulate, our Bible-reader brought to him a small bunch of spring flowers (primroses) from our little garden at Auteuil. When it was said, 'from Mr. McAll's garden,' a bright smile came over his features. Almost immediately afterward he was gone.

"Last Tuesday a pleasant social evening was passed in our *Salle Cleveland*, Batignolles. A severe headache precluded my attendance, but Mrs. McAll was there to represent me. Our good missionary, the Rev. S. R. Brown, who is one of the main workers of the station and head of the Fraternal Society, presided. The chief speaker was our valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Beard, who gave an account of Cleveland and Cleveland friends. The pretty room was closely filled, and all felt happy and encouraged.

"Several hearers of this station have lately joined the neighboring Protestant Church, that of Pastor Vernes.

"At the *Salle Washington*, a very instructive series of 'Conférences' has just been given by Pastor Convé, who regularly conducts the Friday-evening meeting there. The Salle has been crowded. I go there, from time to time, on Sunday evenings, and always see a good attendance. There can be little doubt that if, at the close of this year, we are enabled (aided by the generosity of our Washington friends) to remove into a larger and more commanding room, we may hope for an important extension of the work in this populous 'Quartier Latin.'

"I have seen one or two fine halls to let in this district—but hopelessly expensive. We must hope that, in the fall of the year, a suitable place may be obtainable.

"I intend to go, Sunday week, to the Gros

Caillou Station (Rue de la Comète), one of those supported by Brooklyn. The people are so attentive and sympathetic in the little place, it is a luxury and a pleasure to be there. In that quarter, we are seeking a more central room; but it is difficult to find one."

DIVINATION.

A SIGN OF THE LAST DAYS.

By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

The Predicted Age of False Gospels—The Gospel of Positivism—Agnosticism—Darwinism—Divination a Prevalent Evil—What it is—An Ancient Curse—Denounced in Prophecy—Its Modern Form of Spiritualism—Its Doom.

ONE remarkable characteristic of these days, marking them out as those of which Christ and the prophets spoke which were to precede the final consummation, is the prevalence of false gospels, which are deceiving many, as Christ predicted they would (Matt. 24:11).

There is, for example, the Evangel of Positivism, whose creed is to walk solely by sight, leaving no room for the exercise of faith in the unseen, and whose religion is the "worship of humanity." Another gospel is that of Agnosticism, whose professors teach that if there be any God, or if the soul is immortal, it is impossible to know the fact. But the most popular of these false creeds—and which unhappily has infected too many pulpits and the religious press—is that of Darwinism, which teaches that man has descended, through a protoplasm of slime, from some member of the Simian tribe, and so is only

A SUPERIOR KIND OF APE.

No wonder then that, within a month of his death, Dr. Darwin expressed himself to a correspondent as uncertain whether man was an immortal being. As a result of this gradual ascent from a slime dredged up from the depths of the Atlantic to man as he is, the ultra-Darwinians teach that there will be no end to human progression upward, and that, as crime is only the relic of their animal progenitors, men will eventually become perfect.

But, of all the fatuous beliefs and practice of fallen man, there is scarcely one that can be compared for

UNMITIGATED EVIL

with that which may be regarded as the Gospel of Divination. Yet from time immemorial it has been preached, more especially in the East, where it originated, and even England—that land of Gospel light and liberty—is not free from such beliefs. Thus, superstition is elevated into a religion, and myriads who reject revelation bow mind and body to the practice of divination.

WHAT IT IS.

By divination is meant those attempts to discover the secrets of the invisible world, or of future events, either by consulting professional fortune-tellers, or by watching some physical sign, more especially the planets. The most prevalent forms of divination in England are shuffling cards, astrology, or palmistry. In the New Cut, Lambeth, there are many who profess by casting horoscopes to tell the future of those who consult them; and one adept, at least, maintained a brougham by the fees derived from his aristocratic customers.* In ancient Egypt we learn from Gen. 44:2-4, that a silver cup was the medium employed for the purpose of unveiling the secrets of the future. This cup was filled with water, into which precious jewels were immersed, and accordingly as the water bubbled or was in any way agitated, so was the sign interpreted. The relics of this superstition are seen even now, for too many silly women seek to tell their fortune by making auguries from the dregs of a tea cup.

Most thinking men laugh at such practices as

* [It is a humiliating fact that the pre-eminence of America over European lands is a pre-eminence in evil as well as in good, and this evil is no exception to the rule. In one of the great New York daily journals there were twenty-three astrologers and clairvoyants advertising their merits on one and the same day last week.—Ed.]

illustrations of human fatuity, but Holy Writ not only stigmatizes them as folly, but denounces them as positively sinful. Prominent among the reasons assigned for the extermination of the Canaanites was their addiction to divination. Thus we read (Deut. 18: 14-19), "These nations which thou shalt possess hearkened unto observers of times and unto *diviners*; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out."

We cannot wonder, then, that in the latter days of Jewish history, when the chosen people yielded to the same evil practices, that as a penalty for this sin they were expelled from their God-given inheritance. Nor was this penalty inflicted without any prior remonstrance or warning. For Jeremiah declared that the

HEBREW FORTUNE-TELLERS

should be (Jer. 14: 14-16) "consumed by the sword," because they prophesy unto you a false vision and *divination*, "and a thing of nought." Nor are we left in any doubt as to what these divinations were, for they were but forerunners of those modern astrologers of whom the British "Zadkiel" with his widely-circulated almanac is a type. Thus Isaiah, in his remonstrance with his infatuated kinsman, wrote (47: 12, 13), "Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast labored from thy youth. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from that which shall come upon thee."

MODERN SORCERY.

It is sad to learn both from sacred and profane history how the wise and the great in every age have been prone to accept the Gospel of Divination. Yet in all this they only confirmed while they illustrated the statement of the Holy Spirit (Rom. 1: 21, 22), "They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened—professing themselves wise, they became fools."

In this age, too, which so boasts of its enlightenment and freedom from religious creeds, never was the sin of sorcery more rampant. Thus it is that men and women—some holding the first rank in science or philosophy—are not ashamed to sit round a table in a darkened room, and by its taps or gyrations attempt to hold intercourse with the unseen world. As most of these infatuated persons reject revelation, and depend for their religious belief solely upon what the paid "mediums" affirm, they make divination their gospel. Whether the phenomena be the mere tricks of skilled jugglers, as many observers think, or are real facts—the work of the devil—there can be no hesitation in affirming that they are but harbingers of that awful time when men Satanically endowed will "Show signs and wonders to seduce, if possible, the very elect" (Mark 13: 22, 23).

A TERRIBLE PENALTY.

Yet, awful as is this belief in sorcery, it would seem to be one of the penalties inflicted on those who, in spite of evidences most cogent, have either rejected the Bible altogether, or so diluted its doctrines and precepts as to adapt it to an age of luxury and self-will. For this combination of knowledge with divination—of proud intellect with grovelling superstition, is ascribable to judicial blindness. Hence we read (Isa. 66: 3, 4), "They have chosen their own ways, and their souls delight in their abominations, I also will choose their delusions." And so will the acceptance of the Gospel of Divination go on from bad to worse until it culminates in the *apocalypse of Antichrist*; and then when these deniers of the Bible-miracles see the wonders wrought by the ecclesiastical agent of the Lawless One, they will accept them at once as proofs of his Deity. For "God will send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie" (II Thess. 2: 11). For, however much they may scorn the miracles of Jesus as unworthy of intelligent men, they will not doubt the miracles of the Man of Sin.

From the concurrent predictions of Holy Writ it would appear that sorcery will be a prominent

SIN OF THE LAST DAYS;

and doubtless in Spiritism we see the initial steps of this false gospel. Thus, in Mal. 3: 5 we read, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers." For as, in spite of God's terrible physical penalties, men will "not repent of their sorceries" (Rev. 9: 21). The Gospel of Divination will bring down His judgments upon apostate Christendom.

Nor will these terrible penalties end with this life—they will, in fact, only antedate the more fearful punishment of eternity. For among those who will not only be excluded from the New Jerusalem, but be cast into the "lake of fire" will be those "sorcerers" who rejected the offer of salvation in Christ for the Gospel of Divination (Rev. 22: 15).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

"A Musselburgh Fisherwoman Was Toiling along a road with a heavy basket of fish upon her back. A gentleman met her, and accosted her thus: 'My good woman, had you ever a heavier burden than that to carry?' 'Yes, sir,' she replied; 'my sins were a great deal heavier.' 'And have you got quit of the load?' 'Yes, sir, I have. But I did not get clear of my sins in the way that Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress" was released from his.' 'Oh, how was that?' said the gentleman; 'I thought he was right!' 'Well,' she continued, 'just when I saw that Christ the Holy One of God bore my sins, I just rested there. I never got to the Slough of Despond, nor to the Wicket-gate. Dear, seeking soul, like this fisherwoman, you can go right to Jesus; do not think that it is needful for you to go through the trials and difficulties that "Christian" went through before you can come to Christ.'

"A Philosopher's Advice to an Emperor.—"There was a Christian in prison at Rome. A philosopher near by had audience of the emperor concerning him. 'What are you going to do with him?' he asked. 'Come back in two days, and I will tell you,' was the reply. He went, and the emperor said: 'I will put him into exile.' 'That is no use,' the philosopher said, 'for the God whom he serves will be with him there.' 'I will confiscate his goods.' 'That is no use,' for he has treasure laid up where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal.' 'Well,' said the emperor, angrily, 'I will put him to death.' 'Still that is of no use, for his God says: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." 'Then what would you have me do with him?' the emperor asked. 'Cause him to sin,' was the philosopher's answer. There it is. Sin, and sin alone, can come between us and God, for He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

"The Worst Man on the Ship.—"I Remember a little boy of seven years of age. This child had godly parents who taught him many lessons from God's Holy Word, sent him to Sunday-school, and gave him the best possible training. The boy grew into a young man and went to sea in an American ship, where he met with wicked companions, and joined them in all their ways. He forgot all his mother's teaching, and very soon became one of the worst men on the ship. One night, as he was alone in the fore-castle, something kept coming into his mind, and would not be kept back. 'Surely I have heard that before,' he said, and then he remembered that it was a verse of Scripture which his mother had taught him when a child. He went to his trunk for his Bible, which had not been used since he left home. With deep emotion he opened the Book, and searched for the verse until he found it, and read it carefully over and over again, and that text of Scripture was the means of that rough and wicked sailor's conversion. Years passed, and he was a minister in London, preaching the Gospel of Christ. This was John Newton, and during his ministry in London there was a young man of very bad reputation. On

being asked by one of his congregation, 'Can this man be saved?' Newton replied, 'Anybody can be saved by the grace that saved John Newton.'

"A Prize-Fighter's Victory.—"On One Occasion when preaching in a town in the South, a man came into the meeting, whose hands and arms had been dyed to the elbows in his brother's blood in a ring fight. At the close of the meeting I spoke to him and urged him to seek shelter behind the blood that had been shed for him on Cavalry. But he went away to all appearances unchanged. On the following night one of the local workers came to me and said he had noticed the man had come back and was looking strangely excited, and at the close he was hurrying away when the worker went after him, and asked him where he was going; to this the man excitedly answered: 'Never mind, I am going.' I went after the man, and taking him into one of the side rooms, tried to calm him, and after I had succeeded, he told me what had disturbed him so much. He said: 'every time you mentioned the name of Jesus my sins seemed to be a very volcano in my soul, and I cannot bear it any longer. I was on my way to put an end to my life when you stopped me.' Thank God, the storm has now gone from that man's soul, and in its stead there reigns the King of Peace.'

"A Shoemaker Puzzled.—Mr. Somerville Related: "An old shoemaker, who was not in the habit of attending any place of worship, went to a Gospel meeting one Sunday night, and the preacher took for his text, 'Where wilt thou spend eternity?' and during the address he repeated the words, 'Forever, where?' At these words the old man began to feel rather uncomfortable, and finally rose and left the meeting. When he got home, thinking to divert his mind from these new thoughts which had been stirred within him, he took up a boot and began to hammer away. But the beat of the hammer seemed to say, 'Forever, where?' So he put aside his work, and all was still, save the ticking of the clock on the wall, and it seemed just to keep repeating the same words, 'Forever, where? Forever, where?' Impatient of this, he got up and stopped the clock, but then his conscience kept whispering, 'Forever, where?' Unable to endure it, he began to pace up and down his little room, but still his very footsteps seemed to keep time to the same words. What was he to do now? Just what he ought to have done at first. Instead of thrusting the question from him, he knelt down and besought the Lord to save him, and his prayer was answered. Jesus says: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'

"Kept Awake all Night for Joy.—Mr. Love related the following incident: "Last week my nephew, who is a doctor, asked me to call on one of his patients who was dying, and was still unsaved. I went, and found the poor man at the last extremity, and nearing the gates of death. I spoke to him of Jesus, and of His love for him, and told him that he could still seek shelter under the blood, but he opened his eyes wearily, and looking at me, he said: 'No, no; I have been too careless; it would be mean to seek the Lord now.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'that is the way of man, but it is not God's way, for He has said: "Come, now, and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The burden seemed to roll off his mind, as I repeated that verse. I left him, thinking it wiser to leave him alone to meditate on the divine promise. I called the next day, and found him rejoicing in Christ. He told me that he could not shut his eyes to the long-suffering kindness of the Lord. He died that night, but he had Jesus to guide him safely to heaven, and as I stood by the coffin I thought, 'How strange it seems, and still it is true, that I will meet that man in glory when so many, even those who preached Christ without knowing Him, will be shut out.' Oh, friends, see that you have got a firm hold of the Saviour!"

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Postal notes, whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Proposal to Have the President's Nominations considered in open session was rejected last week by the Senate Committee on Rules. The Committee consists of five members, of whom four voted for rejection, and only one, Senator Frye, for a favorable report. The majority were Senators Sherman, Ingalls, Harris, and Blackburn. As the report must be discussed in open session, we may perhaps learn why these four Senators are anxious for secrecy, and what other Senators share their anxiety. If there are weighty reasons of public policy for secrecy in deliberating on the removals and appointments, they should be made known; otherwise the people will be apt to conjecture that the Senators dread disclosures compromising to themselves. If there is to be a quarrel between the President and the Senate, and either party desires the support of public opinion, apart from political affiliation, there is no way of securing it but by publishing the facts. At present nothing is positively known except that the President is between two fires. He has made six hundred and forty-five removals, and while he has lost popularity with his own party for not making more, the Senate is arraigning him for making so many. Until the charges against him are explicitly stated, and his defence heard, the public can be nothing more than interested spectators of the struggle. A secret trial will not satisfy the country, which is tired of the intrigues and bargains over the offices.

A Commission to Investigate the Liquor traffic is called for by a bill introduced by Senator Frye, and reported favorably on February 5th. It provides that the members of the commission shall be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for an honest, impartial, and thorough investigation. It stipulates that all of them shall not be advocates of prohibitory legislation or of total abstinence, and that they shall serve without salary. Their duty shall be to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to revenue and taxation, and its economic, criminal, moral, and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health, and general welfare of the people; to inquire and take testimony as to the practical results of license and prohibitory legislation for the prevention of intemperance in the several States, and to report the result of

their investigations to the President to be by him transmitted to Congress. It appropriates \$10,000 for the expenses of the investigation.

The Admission of the Southern Part of Dakota as a State and the organization of the Northern part as a territory, under the name of Lincoln, was provided for in a bill which passed the Senate on Friday last. It is expected that it will fail in the House. Apart from the fact that the Democrats are opposed to the admission because of its adding two Republicans to the Senate, it is asserted that the sentiments of the people of the whole territory have not been adequately expressed. A change of feeling in the Northern section has been observed, and it is thought that if the question were submitted to them they would vote against division, and in favor of a State Government for the whole territory.

The Second Bereavement Which Has Be-fallen the Secretary of State claims for him the sympathy of the whole people. Mrs. Bayard's death, following so closely on the death of her eldest daughter, has rendered the Secretary's home doubly desolate. His affliction is all the greater because of the purity of his life and the ardor of his domestic affections. Such consolation as public expressions of sympathy can afford has been tendered to him by the press of both political parties, but it is poor consolation under so heavy an affliction. That God will comfort the bereaved statesman and support him in his trial is the prayer of Christian patriots.

The United States Supreme Court Rendered another decision last week adverse to the State of Virginia in the coupon cases. It was in principle identical with its decision last April. The question at issue was whether the holder of a State bond, when the interest upon it became due, might tear off the coupon or slip entitling him to receive that interest, and tender it as money in payment of taxes. The State legislature in 1884 passed an act forbidding officials to receive the coupons as money. Acting under this law, the officers refused the coupons in four cases; and as the citizens would not pay in anything else, proceedings were taken against them for non-payment, and they appealed to the Supreme Court. The Court decided that the officers were bound to accept the coupons when offered, and that the citizens need pay in nothing else. It remains now to be seen whether the Virginia Courts will bow to the authority of the United States Supreme Court, or attempt to enforce the laws of the State.

An Explanation of the Death of Captain Crawford appears to be needed from Mexico. The latest reports of the shooting furnished by Lieutenant Maus indicate that the attack on the United States troops by the Mexicans was not, as at first supposed, a mistake. Lieutenant Maus states positively that the Mexicans knew that they were firing on American regulars, and that before the last fatal volley was fired there had been a parley in which Captain Crawford, speaking in Spanish, had explained the status and object of the party, and had called the attention of the Mexicans to their uniforms in proof of the assertion. Lieutenant Maus appears to think that the Mexicans were a gang of brigands intent on capturing the American camp and effects. The notices of Captain Crawford show that he was a most estimable officer, whose loss will be severely felt.

Mr. Gladstone Has Succeeded in Forming an administration. His colleagues are more radical, and are younger men than any he has worked with before. The most important change is the appointment of Lord Rosebery as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a position which Mr. Gladstone in former cabinets assigned to Earl Granville. The change is generally approved. Earl Granville, though urbane and polite, lacked the vigor and energy necessary in handling British extensive and complicated foreign interests. Mr. Chamberlain holds office as President of the Local Government Board, which will supply him with sufficient opportunities for introducing social reforms. The most critical appointment

was that of Secretary for Ireland. It is given to Mr. John Morley, who is new to official life, but is a profound thinker and an able writer. He is believed to be favorable to Home Rule, and his appointment is more acceptable to the Irish than any of his predecessors in the office. The selection that provokes the most criticism and, in some quarters, positive ridicule is that of the Treasury. It is given to Sir W. Vernon-Harcourt, whose lack of financial talent renders him singularly unfit for his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Only four of the Whig aristocrats appear in the Cabinet. The absence of the Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Derby is significant. It indicates that Radicalism will be in the ascendant in the new government.

The Prospect of Pacifying Ireland is not Encouraging as at present indicated. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the historian, who sits in Parliament as an avowed advocate of Home Rule, says: "My impression on the situation is still hopeful, but I find others begin to grow less hopeful. If Mr. Morley is not sent as a prelude to Home Rule the whole thing is a dead failure, so far as Ireland is concerned, but I fully believe he is so sent." Mr. Gladstone has issued an address in which he refers to the subject in vague terms, which are not deemed hopeful by the Parnellites. He says that there are three questions concerning Ireland which demand the attention of Parliament—the question of social order, the question of land reform, and the question of self-government. The desire for self-government, he says, must necessarily be subject to the law of imperial unity. The Government hope to find a safer and more effectual method than coercion to remedy the social troubles. The *Daily News* interprets the manifesto to mean that Mr. Gladstone intends to deal with the Irish questions in the order in which he has mentioned them. It thinks that the scheme will secure the unanimous support of the Liberals, while the Conservatives cannot, with decency, oppose, and will almost certainly support, measures for the establishment of social order and the reform of the land law. The Parnellites desire self-government to be dealt with first, and unless their wishes are consulted, they may join hands with the Conservatives on some party question not affecting Ireland, and drive Mr. Gladstone from office, as they did Lord Salisbury.

The Expulsion of the Poles from Germany is causing much excitement there and in Austria. Efforts are being made to induce the Austrian Government to enter a formal protest against Prince Bismarck's policy. The estates of the Polish nobles are already being offered for sale. Their Polish tenants having been expelled, the estates no longer yield a revenue, and the owners are prepared to sell at any price. One estate of two hundred thousand acres has thus been thrown upon the market. Bismarck states that he does not intend to take advantage of the expulsions to buy land in Posen cheap, but means to pay fairly for it, and his Landtag declarations have, in fact, served to keep up values by assuring a market.

Renewed Nihilist Activity is Reported in Russia. The police are kept in activity day and night by reports of new conspiracies. Their vigilance was rewarded recently by the capture of a dangerous Nihilist, Sergius Ivanhoff, who is believed to be the head or second in command of the revolutionary "will of the people." The party of agents who effected the arrest have been munificently rewarded. They are also said to have arrested another important conspirator. Mr. Hurlbert, telegraphing to the *New York Sun*, says that four Nihilists were lately executed in the Citadel of Warsaw. A Polish student of noble blood was the first one hanged. He died shouting: "Long live the Social Revolution!" Another of the condemned—a man named Bardowski—was taken with a fit on the scaffold, and was strung up while writhing in convulsions. The last of the quartet was a stalwart shoemaker named Ossowski, who suffered terribly, and was choked to death after a long struggle.

Mrs. M. Baxter Sailed from New York for England on Tuesday, February 2d, in the steamer Alaska, of the Guion Line. Her departure was hastened by the intelligence of the sudden illness of Rev. W. E. Boardman, which necessitated her immediate return to Bethshan. On Thursday last a cable message was received announcing *Mr. Boardman's death*. The news will occasion widespread regret in this country, of which he was a native, and in which he spent the prime of his life, laboring successfully for many years. At Potosi, Mo., he organized a church, and he resided for a considerable period in Philadelphia and New York. His portrait and a sketch of his life appeared in this journal on June 25th, 1885.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Have Arranged for a series of meetings in Texas, to commence February 21st, and to continue during the first and second weeks in March. A dispatch from Galveston states that Mr. Brown, the Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, has visited that city to make the preliminary arrangements. He stated that the evangelists would proceed there immediately after the termination of the New Orleans services, which commenced February 9th and continue to February 19th. During his recent visit to Chicago, Mr. Moody appealed to the rich to furnish a building in which the city mission work can be organized, in which fit persons can be trained in evangelistic labors, and from which, as a centre, they shall go out on their missionary errands. Mr. McCormick has promised \$100,000 of the \$250,000 called for, and it is said that ten men have already promised \$5000 each.

"**Swapping Wives in Vermont**" was mentioned by Dr. Talmage in his sermon on *Clandestine Marriage* as "not a rare transaction." A correspondent requests us, in justice to the Green Mountain State, to insert a statement qualifying Dr. Talmage's remark. He informs us that he is a Vermonter by birth, and has travelled throughout the State itinerating as a Methodist minister, and has mingled with all classes of people, yet he never knew of a case of the kind referred to. The practice cannot, therefore, he believes, be so common as readers of Dr. Talmage's sermon might infer from his remark. His own observation leads him to the conviction that "the moral tone of the State is unexceptionably high and strict, and the marital bond is sacred and its observance characterized by purity and fidelity." It is evident that Dr. Talmage must have been misled or have spoken of some period in its history when Vermont was not so moral as it is now.

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York State, will be held in Elmira, on February 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, in the Park Congregational church. The opening address will be delivered by the Rev. Edwin F. See, of Albany. Reports concerning "the work of the past year" will be submitted by Chairman Edmund P. Platt and Secretary George H. Hall, of the State Committee. Each association in the State is expected to send delegates to this Convention. Twenty new associations have been organized since the last Convention. During the Convention addresses will be delivered by Professor Edwin Packard, of Brooklyn, W. A. Bowen, of Pennsylvania, and other friends.

A Blasphemer's Horrible Death is Reported from Millersburg, Pa. The New York *World* of February 8th publishes a despatch stating that on the previous Thursday a jovial crowd got up a burlesque of the Lord's Supper. The leader was a patent medicine peddler named Samuel Motter, well known in that vicinity. Motter assumed the character of officiating clergyman, and while the company knelt he went around administering beer and bread. Some noise startled the men while the burlesque was going on, and looking up they saw a frightful appearance—a hideous creature with horns, probably introduced by some practical joker to frighten them. It had that effect,

for the men ran shrieking from the room, and reached their homes in a state of wild terror. Motter was missing for some time, and when he was found he was a raving maniac. Physicians were summoned, but could do nothing for him. He raved, howled, and prayed, declaring that he had seen the Evil One, and that he was lost. His torture was terrible, but nothing could be done to relieve him, and he died in the wildest agony. The death-bed scene is said to have been full of horrors that can hardly be described.

A Frozen Infant Restored to Life in an Undertaker's shop is the subject of a despatch from Boston, Mass., to the New York journals. It states that on the night of Sunday, January 31st, when the temperature was at zero, a policeman found a babe lying on the ground, and carried it to the police station. It was frozen stiff, and was sent at once to the city undertaker's in Howard Street. Business was pressing, and the poor little body was laid temporarily on a shelf not far from a large stove, where it lay for three hours awaiting the arrival of the medical examiner. When he reached the shop he took off the sheet from the corpse to look for some mark that might lead to the discovery of the mother. To his utter astonishment the baby quietly opened its eyes, as though just awakening from a nap. Proper treatment was at once applied, and the little one was soon restored to life and apparent vigor. Dr. Harris, the examiner, said that the warmth from the stove had gradually but effectively rekindled the almost extinguished spark of life. There are many people spiritually alive at this day who, cast out by the world, and pronounced hopeless cases by social reformers, owe their lives to the warmth of Christian sympathy extended to them in the spirit of the Master (Luke 10 : 30-37).

Two Lovers in Maine are Annoyed by the inadvertent publication of a letter in an Augusta newspaper. It appears that the lady wrote to her lover, who is a compositor in the office of the newspaper, but the name of the person for whom it was intended was illegible. It lay around until the business manager tore open the envelope, and turned it over to the editor, who did not read it, but supposing it to be intended for publication, gave it out for insertion in the Young Folks' Column as a communication, the first names of the writer and her lover both appearing. The young man, who had been awaiting some word from the lady, first learned of the course the letter had taken when he saw it in the paper. Both parties are much chagrined at the letter, with its endearing epithets and protestations of affection, being given to the public. Beyond the passing annoyance of the publicity no harm was done, as no reader would be likely to apply to himself the promises evidently intended for another. It might be read with interest, but not with the personal interest of the one whom it concerned. Unhappily that is how many people read the Bible, which does contain promises and invitations intended for personal application (Acts 2 : 38, 39).

An Embarrassed Farmer was the Cause of some amusement during the war. In the course of some reminiscences of that sad time which an ex-Confederate officer furnishes to a Southern journal, he mentions that he was one of three Southern officers appointed on a commission to meet three Northern officers after the battle of Prairie Grove to arrange an exchange of prisoners. While the officers were engaged in the business an aged farmer entered the room by mistake, supposing it was the provost's office. He caught sight of a blue uniform, and began declaring his loyalty to the North and expressing his hope that it would win. One of the officers, amused at the old man's candor, whispered him to be careful. The farmer put on his spectacles and saw the Southern officers. He quickly changed his tone, said that his heart was with the South, and that his only son was with the Confederate army in the field. As his glance passed around the room he recognized the Northern uniforms and became frightened and perplexed. At last he said : "Well, gentlemen,

things here seem rather mixed. You jist go on and fight it out among yourselves ; I can live under any government." There was a general laugh, during which the old farmer retired. Many people are trying to make the best of both worlds by living double lives, passing as Christians among godly people and professing worldliness when with the worldly. For all such a terrible disappointment is waiting (Matt. 7 : 22).

The Victims of a Fire in a Poorhouse are described in a despatch from Jackson, Mich., where the burnt structure was situated. There were forty inmates of the building when the fire was discovered on January 24th. They all escaped save five, of whom three were insane, and of the other two one was deaf and the other blind. The fire broke out soon after midnight, and an alarm was given immediately on each floor. The inmates were all awakened, but those who lost their lives could not be made to understand their danger, and the insane patients resisted the attempts of the attendants to rescue them. There were only two attendants, and those two risked their lives in trying to get every one out of the building. It is a similar work in which God's servants are engaged in the world. The alarm is being sounded, but some are spiritually deaf, others are spiritually blind, and others do not realize their danger (Isa. 6 : 9, 10).

A Romantic Marriage Has Taken Place at Lowell, Mass. Twelve years ago a young student at Harvard, the son of wealthy parents, became engaged to a young lady in good society. Before the student had finished his university course his father was reduced to poverty. The young man did not leave college, but curtailed his expenses, and gave himself to hard study. He graduated with honor, and decided on entering the medical profession. The parents of the young lady, however, disapproved of their daughter marrying a poor man, and sternly forbade the match. The young lady would have married him if she had been permitted, and remained single for his sake. The young physician succeeded in his profession, made an excellent reputation and a considerable fortune. He returned to Lowell recently, and there learned for the first time of the fidelity of his affianced. He renewed his suit, and was accepted. A marriage has now rewarded the lady for her twelve years of waiting. Doubtless all the weariness of those years is now forgotten, or only remembered as a zest to her present happiness. So it will be with the Church when her long-expected Bridegroom appears ; the trials and temptations that have beset her during her pilgrimage will render her joy more intense (1 Peter 1 : 5-7).

How Dr. Tappan Paid his Hotel Bill is related by the *Journal* of Lewiston, Me. It states that when the good old clergyman was the agent of the American Home Missionary Society, he arrived one night at Mattawamkeag. He was urged to remain there to sleep, as the only hotel in the next town on his route was kept by a man so inimical to religion that he might not use him well. Dr. Tappan, however, decided to go forward. On his arrival the hotel man received him politely, and gave him a comfortable room. But what surprised the doctor most was that before retiring the landlord and all his family filed into his room, and he was requested to conduct family worship. They came in again in the morning, and again Dr. Tappan read and prayed. When he was leaving he went to the desk for his bill. "You don't owe me a cent," said the innkeeper. "The fact is, that tin peddlers, butchers, drovers, fishermen, and all classes of people come here to stop with me, and I make it a point to take my pay in their own line whenever I can. I've done the same by you. You've paid. Good morning, sir!" Many business men who would not mind adopting the reciprocity system in dealing with butchers and fishermen would object to extending it to clergymen ; yet uncounted thousands of people have acquired eternal riches through God's blessing on the teaching of a Christian minister (Prov. 8 : 11).

A LESSON AND A FORTUNE FOR CHRISTIAN MEN OF BUSINESS.

An Evening Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
—HEBREWS 13:5.

The Stickiness of Precious Metals—A Desirable Freedom—The Cure for Covetousness—Discontented Millionaires—An Undesirable Servant—I. A Word of the Lord—II. Its Many Fulfillments—III. To be Appropriated and Acted on—A Teacher's Watch Rejected—IV. Every Word Useful—Five Negatives—A Confession.

THE apostle warns us against a tendency very natural to our race—"Let your conversation be without covetousness." I am afraid that the precept is even more wanted now than in the days of the apostle. We are still more sharp and keen in competition, and men in trade are even more anxious to accumulate money than they were in apostolic times. It is not easy for a man to keep his heart clear of covetousness or his hands clean from moral bribes. There is

A SINGULAR STICKINESS

about gold and silver. They have a great tendency to birdlime our souls, and hold them fast, so that they cannot rise superior to their influence. The Revised Version reads our text, "Be ye free from the love of money;" and it puts in the margin, "Let your turn of mind be free from the love of money." May we all enjoy that freedom, and may our turn of mind lead us to seek better things than the miser is able to hoard!

There is a laudable pursuit of gain, without which business would not be properly carried on; but there is a line, scarcely as broad as a razor's edge, between diligence in business and greediness for gain. We can so easily pass from the one into the other that we may hardly be aware of it ourselves. When a man is increasing his investments, when he is extending his agencies, when he is enlarging his warehouse, when he is employing a larger number of persons than formerly, or even when he is bemoaning the depression of his trade, and his heart is aching because he has to do only half as much business as before, covetousness may insinuate itself into his conversation. It is a snake which can enter at the smallest hole. It lurks in the grass where it is long, but it glides also where the pasture is bare. It may come in either in prosperity or in adversity; and it is needful to whisper in the ear of each believer, whether going up or down in the world: "Let your conversation—your daily conduct—be without covetousness."

Any brother here—and it is to the brethren mainly that the temptation comes, I think—any brother here may have present need of such a warning as this; and if he does not need it just now, he may lay it by till he does, for it will keep. Yet let me not restrict the text or the sermon to the male side of the house; the sisters may fall into a like temptation, in the saving, as their husbands in the getting. Ye godly matrons, ye industrious Marthas, "Let your conversation be without covetousness."

THE CURE.

The apostle here hints at what is the real cure for covetousness—namely, contentment. This is a rare drug in the market. The words of the apostle make up a golden sentence: "Be content with such things as ye have." It is supposed by most persons that they could be content if they were not exactly what they are, and where they are; but the precept exhorts them to be content with their present circumstances. If they had a little more they would be satisfied; but that is not the contentment to which we are exhorted; it is written, "Be content with such things as ye have."

If you have little possessions, yet still hear the voice of wisdom, which says, "Be content with such things as ye have." You now have a measure of trouble by reason of the straitness of your means; you might have more trouble with the breadth of your means, if you had all you would

like to have. It may not be quite easy to travel when your skirts are too short, but it is much harder to keep them from dragging in the mire when they are very long. Though a single staff is such a convenience that a traveller without one may sigh for it, yet a dozen staves would be a load, which would make the burdened man prefer rather to have no staff at all than to have so many to carry.

A RESTIVE HORSE.

I believe that it is an advantage to have wealth when wealth is kept in its right place; but the difficulty is that the horse often runs away with the rider, and he who has wealth too often loses his liberty, and falls into sore bondage, by becoming the slave of his own possessions. "Be content with such things as ye have."

I asked a question some year ago of a person whom I believed to be one of the most covetous individuals in my acquaintance, and I received from him a singular reply. I said: "How was it that St. Francis de Sales, who was an eminent confessor, to whom persons went in the Romish church to confess their sins, found that persons confessed to him, in private, all sorts of horrible sins, such as adultery, drunkenness, and murder, but never had one person confessed the sin of covetousness?" I asked this friend whether he could tell me why it was, and he made me this answer, which certainly did take me rather aback. He said: "I suppose it is because *the sin is so extremely rare*." Blind soul! I told him that, on the other hand, I feared the sin was so very common that people did not know when they were covetous, and that the man who was most covetous of all was the last person to suspect himself of it. I feel persuaded that it is so.

A BAD SERVANT.

Covetousness goes about in disguise. In the "Holy War" we read that when Diabolus sent traitors to lurk about the town of Mansoul, he sent among the rest a young fellow named Covetousness; but when he entered into the town of Mansoul, he took the name of *Mr. Prudent Thrifty*, and he was engaged at once as a servant, I think it was in the house of Mr. Conscience, the Recorder. He seemed such a likely young man, this youth of the name of Prudent Thrifty. Now, mind you, friends, when you are taking a servant, that you do not engage one of the name of Prudent Thrifty; for I have information that he comes of the family of the Greedies, and that his true name is "Covetousness," though it may be long before you find it out. His near relations are the Screws, the Skinflints, and the Grabbals; but he will not own them, but always mentions his great-uncle, Squire Prudence, and his mother's brother, *Professor Economy, of the University of Accumulation*. You will have need to carry your eyes in your head if you mean to practise the precept: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have."

I. The first observation I am going to make upon this most weighty text is this: that

A WORD OF THE LORD

is of great weight to a believer. Paul said: "Let your conversation be without covetousness;" and there was weight in that. He added: "Be content with such things as ye have;" and there was weight in that also, for there was inspiration at the back of each sentence. But when he went on to say, "for He hath said," and to bring in the personality of God as distinctly speaking to each one of us, saying, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," then he felt that he had brought the weightiest argument that he himself, as an inspired man, could think of. When Jehovah Himself speaks, there is no excuse for doubting, questioning, or answering again. When God Himself deals with our souls, we are like wax under the seal; at least, we desire to be so.

If you tremble at God's Word, if you stand in awe of it, if you can read the one hundredth and nineteenth Psalm through, and can join with David in intense delight in the Law of God, you have the traits of a true-born child of God, and the Book is yours, with all that it contains; but

if not, you are one of the children of that evil one who questioned the Word of the Lord in the beginning, and continues to deny it to this day. If you pick and choose in the teachings of inspiration; if you believe this, and slight that, you make yourself a judge of that which is your Judge, and you have not the tokens of a child of God. See well to this; for there is more in this test than quibblers will allow.

See then the argument: "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for *He hath said*." That "*He hath said*" is the hammer which drives the nail home, and clinches it, with every true child of God.

II. My second observation is this: the word of the Lord may have

A THOUSAND FULFILMENTS.

When a man makes a promise, and he keeps it, that promise is done with. You cannot expect a banker to pay a cheque a second time. The merchant who duly meets his bill once has met it once for all, and the document is henceforth of no value. But when God makes a promise He fulfils it, fulfils it, and fulfils it again and again and again, to the same man, and to hundreds of other men. The Lord's promise once given is never recalled. Now, I do not think this particular promise is recorded anywhere in the Old Testament in these exact words. There are great differences between the Hebrew and the Septuagint; and this particular Greek text, "*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*," is not to be found with exact accuracy in either. I suspect that this is, in fact, a household word of the Lord our God, which, though you find the like of it in Scripture, need not to have been expressly recorded there, because essentially, and from the very nature of things, it must be true of Jehovah our God.

Dost thou, my brother, leave thy father's house as a young man? Art thou about to enter upon a very perilous course of life, that will be thick set with trials, like the life of Jacob with Laban? "Fear not, for God will not fail you, nor forsake you." On the other hand, are you as a child of God fighting with inward sin, because the Canaanite is still in the land? Is the inward spiritual battle very severe just now? Yet "*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*." Or are you responsible for others? Are you called to watch for souls, and to lead others to the conflict? Be not cast down nor disquieted, as you will be very apt to be if you look to yourself, for this is an office involving sore travail. Find your strength in this word—"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Is it that God has put into your hand some great work to do for His name? Is your whole life to be as a temple, adorned with the riches of faith, and the glories of hope and love? Fear not, you shall finish your design. You shall make a temple for God to dwell in. Go boldly on in the matter to which God has called you. Go to the quarries, or to the gold mines, and do as God bids you, for "*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee*."

Thus have we had two observations; and I will now make a third with great brevity.

III. The word of the Lord is

TO BE APPROPRIATED

by each child of God, and acted on. "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I like this singularity of the person. You see Paul had been saying in general, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have;" and then he changes from the plural, and writes, "for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." When the Lord speaks in this instance, His promise is in the singular. He saith not "you" and "ye," but "thou" and "thee." He speaks to us with that—I do not know what to call it unless I use a French word—sweet *intimacy*, which is the language of endearment, the chosen speech of love. When one man speaks to another, and means him to know that his promise is assuredly and altogether for him, and

that he is most lovingly his friend, he cannot do better than use the singular and personal pronoun—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Take the "you" out of all God's promises, and put the "thee" into its place, for you are permitted to do so. We make fearful failures with God's promises through not appropriating them. I have heard of a Sunday-school teacher who performed an experiment which I do not think I shall ever try with Sunday-school children, for it might turn out exactly as it did in his case. He had been trying to illustrate what faith was, and as he could not get it into the minds of his children, he took his watch, and he said: "Now, I will give you this watch, John. Will you have it?" John felt thinking what the teacher could mean, and did not

SEIZE THE TREASURE.

He said to the next, "Henry, there is the watch. Will you have it?" The boy replied, "No, thank you, sir," with a very proper modesty. He went by several boys, till at last a youngster who was not so wise or thoughtful as the others, but rather more believing, said, "Thank you, sir," and put the watch into his pocket.

Then each of the other boys woke up to a startling fact: their companion had received a watch, and they had not. One of the boys inquired of the teacher, "Is he to keep it?" "Of course he is," said the teacher; "I put the watch before you, and said that I gave it to you, but none of you accepted it." "Oh," said the boy, "if I had known you meant it, I would have had it." And all the boys were in a dreadful state of mind to think that they had lost the watch. Each one cried, "I did not think you meant it, but I thought," each one said, "Please, teacher, I thought." Each one had his theory except the simple little boy, who believed what he was told, and got the watch. Now, I wish that I could always be such a simple child as literally to believe what the Lord says, and live by that belief. The apostle drives us to such practical faith when he says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

You smiled just now. I do not think that there was any harm in your doing so; but I will tell you what we must not smile at, and that is, I believe that nine of out ten of

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE

that God has said to you, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." You think you do, but you do not. You also have got some most powerful reason why you dare not take the watch—I mean the promise. You are so wise that you feel that you cannot expect the Lord to interfere in any way for you. No, no, no; either you are not worthy of it (which is quite correct), or else you do not like to take things quite so literally, or there is some other reason why you cannot literally accept the divine assurance. There are, perhaps, one or two fools among us who have got a hold of God's Word, and actually believe it to be a matter of fact; but I do not think that many are so simple. Those who do so are generally poor, obscure persons, but I should greatly envy them if I were not one of their number. With all my heart I do believe that "He will never leave me, nor forsake me."

IV. A further observation is this: each word of God

HAS ITS OWN USEFULNESS.

This particular Word, that we have before us, is an illustration of this fact. This particular text is an extraordinarily useful one, for, first, if you notice, it covers all time—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Well, if God will never leave me, He will not leave me now. If He will never leave me, no time is excluded from the word "never." However dark or however bright, it says "never." Suppose I am going to live till I am ninety or a hundred—what then? You will call me a poor old soul; but He has said, "I will never leave thee." Suppose I should be very sick indeed, and my reason

should begin to fail? Even then "He hath said, I will never leave thee."

Is not this a blessed cover for the whole of life, and all the exigencies of it? It matters not how long we live; we cannot outlive—"I will never leave thee." You that are familiar with the Greek text know that there are

FIVE NEGATIVES

here. We cannot manage five negatives in English, but the Greeks find them not too large a handful. Here the negatives have a fivefold force. It is as though it said, "I will not, nor leave thee; I will never, no never, forsake thee." Perhaps a verse of one of our hymn hits it off as nearly as can be:

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Our text covers all space, as well as all time. Suppose we emigrate. Suppose we are compelled to go to a backwoods' settlement of America or Canada, or away to Australia or New Zealand, this promise will go with us all the way: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Suppose we have to take to sea, and lead the risky life of a sailor; we will sail with this at the mast-head: "I will never leave thee." But suppose we should get into prison. Does not Jesus visit those who are prisoners for His name's sake? Hath He not said, "I will never leave thee?" Suppose we go up in the world, and fall under great responsibilities, this goes up with us, "I will never leave thee." Suppose, more likely, we go down in the world, this goes down with us, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

And then it covers all circumstances. "I will never leave thee." I may get to be a very childish old body. "I will never leave thee." But my dear children may all be dead, and I may be quite a solitary person. "I will never leave thee." But every friend may turn tail, and desert me. "I will never leave thee." But I may be in such a state that nobody will own me. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"I will tell you this morsel of MY OWN FAULTS: sometimes I have said, 'I suffer so much. I become so ill. I shall be so long away from the Tabernacle. The congregation will be greatly injured. Perhaps I shall never be able to preach again.' I have struggled to this pulpit when I could hardly stand, and when the service was over, and I have been weary, the wicked whisper has come, 'Yes, I shall soon be useless. I shall have to keep my bed, or be wheeled about in a chair, and be a burden instead of a help.' This has seemed a dreadful prospect; but 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' has come in, and I have shaken off my fears, and have rejoiced in the Lord my God.

Some of you cannot task in this sunshiny promise. It is not yours. The words are "I will never leave thee." This implies that God must be with us; and if He be not with us, the promise is not ours. You cannot take home to yourself the promise, "I will never leave thee," if you have nothing to do with God. "I will not forsake thee;" does not this also take somewhat for granted? If the Lord has never been with you, if He has never forgiven you, if you have never sought His face, if you have never accepted His mercy in Christ Jesus, why, then, the promise is not yours, and you have cause for trembling rather than for rejoicing! God is against you. He fits His arrow to the string. He prepares His bolts against you. Tremble, and submit yourself to Him. Oh, that you would do so at once, and trust in Jesus, and live!

If the Lord be with you, and if you are with Him, the promise stands forever, "I will never leave thee." If you have trusted in Him—if you are trusting in Him—He has said, "I will never forsake thee." Go away and rejoice, O child of God! You must have troubles. But with all actual trouble, with all possible trouble, with all impossible trouble, if you bear this promise with you, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"

you may sing hallelujahs both in life and in death, and with such music you may wing your way to the world of bliss.

Let us begin the music now by singing right heartily:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

EVERY CHRISTIAN'S EVERY-DAY BOOK, by Rev. T. H. L. Leary, is intended to be an aid to devotion. It devotes one page to every day in the year. At its head is a text that may serve as a motto for the day, and below are choice selections from the works of eminent divines elucidatory of the passage, or containing some well-pointed illustration drawn from daily life, or the works of God in creation, which presents the doctrine or the lesson in a clear and forcible light. A large proportion of the quotations are from writers of the far distant past—men who preached and taught in the early ages of the Church, whose works are not read in these days so much as they ought to be. Some of them are gems of rare beauty. An effort has been made by the compiler of the work to classify his teaching, which greatly adds to the value of his book. Thus, the month of January is devoted to the topics of "God and Man;" "Time and Eternity;" "Life and Death." In February, the subject for the month is "The Bible the Rule of Faith and Practice." March, "The Christian Duties," etc., etc. Great taste has been displayed in the selection of passages of Scripture and of quotations from the eminent divines. The book is a closet companion, but it is also suitable for reading at family prayer. Pp. 366; published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

AFTERNOON SONGS,

by Julia C. R. Dorr, is a volume of short poems, the character of which will be understood without definition by any readers who have become familiar with the work of this gifted Christian poetess. The poems are like others from her pen, singularly sweet of rhythm and pure in tone. The spirit in which they are written may be inferred from the following extract from the poem entitled "Not Mine":

"Yet, Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter, for Thy sake,
Through one short hour;
If I, in harvest fields
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
For Love to keep;
May speak one quiet word
When all is still
Helping some fainting heart
To bear Thy will;
Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more!"

Mrs. Dorr tells one plaintive story very sweetly in the poem entitled "The Parson's Daughter." It is a story of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake learned and practised. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by giving an extract from it, for it is beautiful as a picture, and nothing short of the whole could show its charm. "The Doves at Mendon" is another gem of rare excellence, and of a very musical rhythm. The poems are all short, which is a rare merit in these days. There are sixty-four of them in the little volume. They are easily learned, and will be a



George, King of Tonga.



A Missionary School Examination in Levuka.

treasure to young people who are fond of poetry. Throughout they breathe a gentle Christian spirit, as of one who lives near to God, and is not unfamiliar with pain and trial. Pp. 184; price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

INSTANCES OF DIVINE HEALING.

(From *Thy Healer*.)

MR. WORDEN, of Ealing, writes: "Last year was one of the most memorable in my Christian life. Jesus taught me to trust Him as my Sanctifier, and led me to see Him as the Healer of my body as well. I stepped out entirely into Him. My dear wife was very near death's door. She had been ailing for years, and had been laid aside for months, and then the doctor said her constitution was broken, and she was not likely to get better. The arm of flesh had failed, and I cried unto God. One Sabbath evening, I thought of the promise that whatsoever two should ask in prayer, the Lord would do. I mentioned my wife's case to a friend, and he said: 'There is no doubt the Lord is able to do it.' 'Well,' I said, 'is your faith strong enough to come with me to the throne of grace with this matter?' for I felt we must have nothing unclean in the camp; no unbelief. After thinking over it, he said: 'It is.' I said: 'It is a compact. We shall be separated by many hundreds of miles during the week, but we agree to pray every night at ten o'clock.' That evening I went to my room. I felt I had no faith. The trouble was very great indeed; but I thought of Jacob—how he held on to God, and would not let Him go except He blessed him. So I cried to God, and, by and by, a settled peace came down upon me, the burden rolled away, and I was able to praise God. The next morning my wife recovered. The doctor has never laid his hand upon her since, and here she is. The Lord has also blessed us with regard to our children. They were down with measles, but we took the matter to Him, and the next morning they were better than they had been for some time. To Him is all the praise."

A lady, at present residing in Dublin, Ireland, writes: "I was anointed on April 25th, 1884, and the Lord healed me of a painful and wearying disease, which I had had from a child, and for which I had to take expensive medicine. From that day I have not touched any kind of medicine, and now find I can do many things I

couldn't do before, and do without many things which I used to think most necessary. My little boy took the measles, and was very ill. I did not put him to bed, but anointed him, and gave him into the care of the Great Physician, who healed him in a few hours. The same child had, one morning, a bad sore on his leg. In the evening, it was gone. A woman with whom I prayed, was healed by the Lord of fits."

LEVUKA AND THE FIJIANS.

(See Picture on this and first page.)

THE Fiji Islands are about 250 in number. They lie in the South Pacific, about 1100 miles north of New Zealand. Their gross area is 7740 square miles; but, taking in the water between them, they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. They are of volcanic origin, with lofty mountains, and are fertile and well wooded. The total population is 125,000, of whom 14,000 are whites. Prior to 1835, the islanders were sunk in heathenism, and were notorious for their ferocity and their love for human flesh as an article of diet. English missionaries went there in 1835, and labored with much success (see page 82). Finally, in 1874, the whole group fell into the possession of the English, whose fondness for acquiring possession of odd bits of territory—islands, if possible—in all parts of the world is notorious. The king was then placated with a pension of \$20,000 a year.

Levuka is the largest town on the islands. Its harbor, as seen from the sea, is a sight of rare beauty. A wide level street runs around its edge, and picturesque cottages, each with a background of coconut trees, front on the street. The houses extend inland up the sides of the mountains, surrounded with banana, guava, mango, and other trees. Four fifths of the white population of Fiji reside at Levuka, and it is consequently the chief business centre of the group of islands.

The illustration on this page represents a school examination, which, like the religious services, is held frequently in the open air. It is peculiar in many aspects, and the most experienced Boston school-marm would find it a novelty not altogether agreeable. The native dress is the lava-lava, which consists of a cloth made from the bark of the paper mulberry-tree called "tapa." This is wound around the loins two or three times, the folds falling to the knee, and is fastened by a twist which the smallest

girl or boy can make in the twinkling of an eye, and yet no white person can accomplish. With a school made up of adults and children of all ages so attired, the missionary passes along the line, his head protected from the sun by a fantastic umbrel'a, hearing recitations and asking questions.

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW IN A FIELD.

(See Illustration on page 93.)

AMONG the reminiscences of a clergyman recently published is one that shows how much good may be done by a word spoken in season. He states that on the borders of his parish lived a farmer, whom he could not induce to attend his church. The man was an avowed atheist, and met all the clergyman's appeals with ridicule. He was familiar with Tom Paine's works, and such time as he gave to reading was always devoted to infidel literature. Time after time the clergyman had tried to convince him of his error, for there was good in the man. He was scrupulously honest, and was always ready to contribute to any charitable enterprise, providing that it was for the benefit of the bodies, not the souls, of the beneficiaries. He was guilty of no immorality, and exulted over the faults and failings of inconsistent professing Christians. He was always ready for a debate, and laughingly assured the clergyman that he enjoyed his visits, as they promoted mental activity.

These relations had existed for many years, when the clergyman was forced, by failing health, to take an extended holiday, and went to Europe, where he remained seven months. On his return he found awaiting him a letter from the infidel, begging him to call. He went, and to his astonishment found the man anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. He was ill with an incurable disease, and but a few weeks of life at the utmost remained for him. Inquiring what had led to the change, the infidel said that one Sunday morning, about six weeks before, he was taking a walk around his farm, as he usually did on Sunday mornings, when he noticed a field which needed hoeing. He thought he would do an hour or two of work at it, more with the object of scandalizing any who might see him than for the sake of the good he might do the field. While he was so engaged a young man entered the field, and crossed near to him. It was a warm day, and the pedestrian had taken

off his coat and flung it over his shoulder. As he approached, the infidel recognized him as a young man who had recently opened a mission Sunday-school in the adjoining parish, to which he was then doubtless on his way. A short conversation ensued, in which the infidel, according to custom, ridiculed religion. The young man did not argue, but taking from among the tracts and papers he was carrying an illuminated Scripture text, handed it to the blasphemer, and advised him to hang it up in his house. It read: "He that, being often reprov- ed, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29: 1).

The very next day he fell sick, and some weeks afterward his physician informed him that his case was hopeless. The text sounded in his ears like a prophecy fulfilled, and he was so alarmed that he resolved on sending for the clergyman, not to argue with him, but to learn. The clergyman needed no second invitation, and during the infidel's short span of life saw him frequently. From remorse the man passed to despair, and for a time it seemed as though it would be in that state that he would die. Ultimately, however, the light broke upon his soul, and he died a triumphant believer.

THE KING OF TONGA.

(See Portrait on page 92.)

AMONG the islands of the South Pacific in which the missionaries have preached the Gospel and have been the means of introducing civilization are the Tonga or Friendly Islands, a numerous group once given up to barbarism and idolatry. They are now nominally Christian, and probably the real Christians there bear as large a proportion to the whole population as in the cities of America or England. Mr. Froude, the historian, who recently visited these groups of islands, informs us that so far have the people advanced in civilization that they have a kind of Congress or Parliament for legislative purposes. King George, whose portrait appears on this page, is, therefore, now in a position to sympathize with his royal brothers who have lost their despotic privileges.

It is a curious and significant fact that civilization does not seem to agree with royalty anywhere. If the royal personages of the world could be gathered together in one assemblage, and the monarchs of Germany and China, Austria and Persia, England and Madagascar, Belgium and Japan, Russia and Zululand, Sweden and Morocco—royalties every one—could meet in a friendly gathering, they might find it interesting to compare notes and consider this subject. The more intelligent the people become, the less use they seem to have for a king. Before civilization appears the king appoints all officials, and can order any obnoxious subject to instant execution; when civilization has done its work, the monarch vanishes altogether, as in France and the United States, or becomes a harmless, powerless figure-head, as in England. So King George has found civilization operate in his realm.



A Momentous Interview in a Field.

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 79.)

At a Santa Fé Hotel.

BOB CRANCE was the most skilful and successful gambler in New Mexico, and especially in Santa Fé. He was tall, dark and wiry. Except for his name, he would readily be taken for a Spaniard by the general observer.

Strangers were coming into town daily, and their advent and departure, save only in rare instances, excited little or no comment. One day, however, the stage brought two passengers who were very much out of the ordinary. One was a woman, so closely veiled that it was impossible to guess her age or color; and the other was a man. It was Stephen Vane.

Unbelievers in a particular and special Providence could not hold their belief if they had an extensive acquaintance with life. God has His instruments everywhere, and sometimes He uses some that seem to the human intelligence the most unlikely. He did so in this instance. Far away from all her friends, from all religious people, from every one likely to render her aid in her trouble, Myrtie Vane had called upon God for deliverance. There seemed no prospect of help, no one who could or would interfere on her behalf, but she prayed with strong crying and tears, and she was heard. This man Crance, rough in speech and manner, reckless and desperate on occasion, a gambler, and no one knew what besides, was the unconscious instrument appointed to do the work God required to be done. He knew nothing of his commission, had no thought of serving God in it, and even after resolving to undertake it chose his own irreligious way of doing it.

When Bob Crance (whose mornings began in the middle of the afternoon, owing to the midnight oil which he burned over his cards),

got up that day to eat his breakfast, something attracted his attention from the room adjoining his. It had been vacant for a long time, and he was sure that it was vacant when he went to bed, for he was in there then looking for matches. He was equally confident that there was a woman in the room now, and that she was weeping. He knew instantly that the sorrowing one was none of the women about the hotel—her grief was too refined for that.

A moment later he stood before the door of the room, whose mysterious occupant so puzzled him. He could still hear the sound of weeping. It was not violent as if caused by anger or sudden sorrow, but subdued and full of pain, anguish and despair.

"I reckon she's been doin' that for some time," muttered Crance to himself.

He looked up and down the hall. There was no one in sight. He tried the door and found that it was fastened. A closer inspection showed that the key was on the outside, still sticking in the lock.

"Caged," he grunted. "An' by some mean vagabond, too, I'll bet."

Then unlocking the door he put the key in his pocket, and entered the room.

The weeping woman was lying on her bed with her back toward the door. She simply raised one of her small white hands, and without looking up, said:

"Don't—please, don't speak to me. You have broken my heart already."

"I reckon not, ma'am, seein' as how this is the fust time I come across ye."

The woman sprang to her feet. She was the most beautiful woman Crance had ever seen, even though her eyes were red with weeping. She regarded him at first with suspicion, and then something in his frank face seemed to inspire her with hope.

"How did you get in?" she asked. "Surely, you didn't get the key from him?"

"I found the key in the door, and I don't know who *him* is."

"He—he is my father," she said, dropping her eyes, "or, at least, I thought he was. They always told me so until a month ago, when he took me away from home."

A curious expression came over Crance's face. She looked like an honest girl—but circumstances and what she had just said laid her open to criticism to say the least about it.

"Well," he said, presently. "I reckon you'n yer man can fix the thing up between ye—it don't look as if it was any affair o' mine."

And with this he moved toward the door. He was half-way out into the hall before she could speak. Her tongue seemed frozen to the roof of her mouth.

"Oh, sir—please wait a moment. I have no hope if you go. Won't you help me, sir? Let me—let me tell you how I came here."

He returned, and closing the door behind him, stood against it.

"The women what come here kin tell pome tall yarns, ef they cut themselves loose once an' set in fer it. The fact is, the most on 'em don't come here fer their health. Hawsomer, I'm

kinder took with you, so ye can jest start in from the fust an' gin me the hull story."

To the woman before him Crance seemed to speak in an unknown language. Something in the heartiness of his manner, however, even when he was the most ironical, was more intelligible than his words, and from this she gathered his full meaning.

She motioned him to be seated, but he shook his head, and planted himself squarely against the door with a half-comical smile.

"I reckon I'd better do picket duty," he said; "an' keep that critter from blowin' in an' makin' ye cry agin."

She was now fully assured of his protection, and the sense of relief, almost of independence, which it gave her sent a glow to her pale cheeks, and then a half-suppressed cry of admiration to Crance's lips.

"You are very kind, sir, and I am very grateful to you for it."

"Mebbe ye'd better git to the p'int afore yer fa—afore he comes."

"My name is Mystie Vane," she said, "and the man here with me is Stephen Vane. As I told you, I believed him to be my father. We lived in Virginia with my mother and grandfather and brother. My grandfather died there, and we believe he was murdered. This man was away at the time, but he returned the next day and saw my mother. A detective was there at the time, and there was a stormy scene. I do not know what occurred, but the man I thought was my father came rushing out of mamma's room like a maniac. I saw him go, and could not understand his wild manner. That night I went to bed as usual, but when I awaked I was in a place I had never seen before. I believe I was drugged and carried away in my sleep. A woman, a wretched, degraded creature was with me, and she ordered me to get up and put on these clothes, for I had no clothing of my own, except outside wraps that had been used to cover me when I was carried away in my night-clothes. I refused at first, but I could hear men talking in the next room, and that bad woman threatened to call them in if I did not dress. So I was frightened, and did as she told me.

Late at night my father took me to the railroad depot. He threatened me that he would kill me instantly if I gave any alarm, and his face showed that he would have done so for it was wild and desperate.

"We went at once to St. Louis, where we stayed for a few days, and then started in a round-about way for this place. About a month ago he told me that he was not my father, and that he was not married to my mother. A few days after that he asked me to marry him, and vowed that he would force me into a life of shame if I refused to become his wife. To-morrow he wants my final answer. I will die before I will marry him. If he would only kill me outright I wouldn't murmur, but he is reserving me for a worse fate, unless you will take me out of this place to-night."

The look that came upon her face as she was saying this—the unspeakable horror she felt at her supposed father's villainy—would have touched a harder heart than Bob Crance's.

"Poor gal!" he exclaimed, "poor, poor gal. Yes, I'll save yer—ye can jest bet on it—if I hev ter eat this 'ere Steve Vane to do it. I'll save yer from him, an' I'll do more'n that. I'll take yer back hum ter yer mother."

The weary, half-crazed girl uttered an exclamation of delight, and threw herself at his feet. Failing to catch either of his hands, she seized the skirt of his deerskin hunting shirt, and kissed that. He wrenched it from her.

"No, no, gal; it won't do. You, as is pure like the snow on the mountains, a-kissin' my old duds, an' me on'y a rough gambler, what ain't fit ter take yer away from even sich a miscreant as Steve Vane! No, no; I knows 'zactly how yer feels, but yer musn't sile yer lips on any-thing o' mine fer all that."

And then he lifted her to her feet, and smoothed her tumbled hair as tenderly as if she

was his own daughter. Presently he realized what he was doing, and the blood rushed quickly into his face. Half-abashed at his gentleness, and fearful that it was indicative of weakness, he loosened her hands which were clasped about his arm, and led her to a chair.

"Ye say termorrer's yer last day o' grace, Miss Vane?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I'll git yer out o' here all safe some time ternight. Don't let on as any one's been here, an' kinder keep up yer cryin' ter keep yer—that varmint—on a string. I'll go now, but I'll come fur ye afore mo'in'. In course I'll have ter lock the door an' have the key on the outside, jest es I found it."

"You'll surely come for me by and by?"

"You bet!"

When he was gone she threw herself on the bed and wept again; but they were tears of joy which wet her pale cheeks this time.

The sun did not set early enough for Bob Crance that night. A dozen times he looked toward the west and wondered if the great yellow, purple, and carmine lights would ever vanish and stop mocking him.

He was seated at his gaming-table a full hour earlier than common—before the first lamp was lighted—impatient for some one to deal to.

At last, with its mirrors, profusion of cut glass and blazing lights, the long room was splendid with a glare and glitter which was painfully suggestive of the most reckless extravagance, combined with bad taste—not uncommon in the West.

Finally, men of every color and nationality began pouring in, and there was a smell of whiskey in the air, the sound of coarse voices, and much flashing of glasses, pistol-butts, and cards.

Still Bob Crance was not at ease. Every time a door opened he looked up quickly only to drop his eyes again, with a look of disappointment in them.

"Is he *never* coming?" he exclaimed, and then frowned when some one asked him what he was saying.

He was still frowning when one of the low hall-doors opened and Stephen Vane entered.

Crance's frown vanished instantly. He "took the measure," as the saying goes, of the newcomer, and seemed to be thoroughly satisfied.

Vane strolled around among the gambling-tables for half an hour before his attention was attracted by the superior skill of Crance. The two men were soon matched against each other, and then began some marvellous playing. Nothing like it was ever seen in Santa Fé before.

Gradually the loungers began grouping around the two antagonists, and in two hours business had stopped at every other table but Crance's.

The two men played on in apparent unconsciousness of the presence of their excited and almost breathless audience.

At first they seemed to be about evenly matched, and in the bosoms of some of Bob's victims, sprung up the hope that he had at last met his superior. But they were mistaken.

Suddenly Crance's lips curled scornfully, and then he drew them tightly across his teeth.

From that moment he seemed like another man. In five minutes it was plain to see that Vane had won his last game.

Crance was sweeping everything before him. Those who had known him for years then realized for the first time that, when he was in earnest, it was beyond the power of any antagonist to vanquish him.

Vane, when he discovered that he was simply playing a losing game, called several times for brandy.

After half a dozen drinks he lost his self-possession, and swore every time he lost a point.

Crance was still perfectly cool and collected. What made him keep on playing with Vane—the by-standers asked themselves. He had never acted in that way before. When a man had kept on losing stakes, and had lost his nerve, Bob Crance had always ended the game,

and contented himself with teaching his opponent a lesson.

His face, too, was so changed. There was nothing in his cold eyes and set lips to remind even his dearest friend of the Bob Crance of old. About midnight, Stephen Vane was the only man in that room who did not know that his ultimate and utter ruin was what Bob Crance was playing for.

What did it mean? Why should the genial, generous-hearted Crance drive a man to the wall when he had always protested against that kind of gambling? Had these two men ever met before? Such were the questions that sprung to the lips of every man in the room but those of the two players; but no one said a word.

At length Vane grew very pale, and leaned forward on the table.

"He is dead!" exclaimed some one.

"No—not dead," answered Vane quickly, as he straightened himself up. "I am worse off than that. I am ruined. I have lost everything I had on earth!"

"Not *everything*," said Crance, with a strange glitter in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" demanded Vane, quickly.

"You seem to disremember the gal upstairs, pardner."

Vane started to his feet, and then sat down again.

"What has she to do with this or with you? What do you know of her?"

"Nothin' 'cept that she's a woman, an' that I'll put the pile up agin her on one game," answered Crance, as he pointed to the money, drafts, jewels, and other objects of value, which were the result of the evening's playing.

"Do—do you mean it?" asked Vane, eagerly.

"You bet!"

"The whole pile?"

"Certe."

"Done!" shouted Vane, and the strange game began.

All sympathy had been with Vane from the moment it was discovered that Crance was bent on his destruction, but Vane's shameless lack of honor and decency instantly lost him the friends he had gained. Willing to risk the woman he was protecting on a handful of money and baubles! It was too much for even the moral laxity of a Santa Fé gaming-room, and popular sympathy was again with Crance.

But sympathy was as powerless now that it was on the side of Crance, as it had been when it was against him. The first hand in the new game was disastrous for Bob. A groan of dismay went around the room.

The second deal worked better, and the gleam of exultation faded on Vane's face. The third and last hand was dealt slowly, and both men were pale. If there could be a more intense excitement than that of the two players, it was felt by the spectators. Such a game had never been played in their presence before. They had seen enormous sums staked, and had seen desperate, reckless men hazard a fortune on a single game, but they had never seen a game in which a human being was the prize. Even to them Vane's behavior was disgusting.

Of Crance's object they knew nothing. Of course they put the worst construction upon it, though it was something new in their experience of him. He had seemed to have no object in life when he was at Santa Fé but cards. He had never been suspected of admiration for the fair sex. Not a breath of scandal had ever been breathed about him. What could make him so anxious to possess this mysterious lady that he should stake against her the vast sum then lying on the gaming-table? Not that Crance was sordid. He had been known to give back to a defeated antagonist a large portion of his winnings, if he learned that the man was, in gambling parlance, "dead broke." He would on occasion be very generous in such a case, scornful to send a man out utterly ruined. But still he had an ordinary regard for his money, and must be desperately set on winning this woman

before he had offered to risk so large a stake. What could his motive be? None there had the slightest suspicion that it was the pure and genuine desire to rescue her from misery and shame that prompted him. But the man was sincere, and he was trying to carry his object by the means with which he was most familiar. He was prepared to use violence rather than be defeated, but if he could succeed peaceably he preferred to do so.

Now, a few minutes would decide, and as the cards in the hands of the players dwindled the spectators seemed too much excited to breathe.

(To be continued.)

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 21, Ezra 1-4; 3: 8-13. Golden Text, 3: 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Encouragement to Pray for Rulers—The Infamy of the British Government—The Coming of Cyrus Predicted—His Heart Influenced—His Acknowledgment of God—His Charge and Proclamation—Heathen Contributions—The Gathering at Jerusalem—The Praise Meeting at the Laying of the Stone—The Enemies Thwarted—The Work Finished.

THE wondrous dealings of God with the Gentile kings who were brought in contact with His people is a strong incentive to such of us as really know Him to pray in faith for our rulers. Perhaps such an exhibition of the moral corruption of a professedly Christian land has never been so shamefully made as in the recent prosecution in England of Mr. Stead and his assistants for a caricature of crime, committed in the course of investigations directed to expose the actual and habitual commission of the most hideous, ghastly, and horrible crimes by persons whom the British Government, for purposes of their own, thus shield, and consequently encourage in the commission of them. Alas! the time is past when one could say, with conscious pride, "I am an Englishman or an Englishwoman," for

THE BRAND OF MORAL SHAME

is upon us before the world, and our place is in the dust. What then? Shall we take matters into our own hands, and declare that, come what may, we will obey such a Government no more? Or shall we carry our appeal to a mightier Power, and call our God to undertake the purification of our rulers at any cost, that no longer a premium may be set on sin? The latter course shall be mine.

Nearly two hundred years before his time God had prophesied of Cyrus, King of Persia, by name, "Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him. . . . I have raised him up in righteousness, and I will direct all his ways: he shall build My city, and he shall let go My captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts" (Isa. 45: 1, 13). Now we see this word of God in its fulfilment. Not by Isaiah alone, but by Jeremiah also, had God foretold the end of the captivity: "And it shall come to pass, when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the King of Babylon" (Jer. 25: 12). "After seventy years be accomplished at Babylon I will visit you, and perform My good word to you, in causing you to return to this place. . . . And I will be found of you, saith the Lord: and I will turn away your captivity" (Jer. 29: 10, 14). "I will cause the captivity of Judah and the captivity of Israel to return, and I will build them, as at the first" (Jer. 33: 7; see also to ver. 14).

"Now in the first year of Cyrus king of Persia, that the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah might be fulfilled, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus." The prophet prayed in the Spirit, God heard his prayer, and worked on the heart of Cyrus. Oh, if we could learn to deal more directly with God, we should see Him dealing with the mighty ones of earth whom we have no power to touch! Cyrus "made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying, Thus saith Cyrus king of Persia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth." That

which Nebuchadnezzar was so slow to learn and to acknowledge, that which Belshazzar learned when it was too late, Cyrus not only learned early in his reign, but testified to with the utmost publicity, so gloriously was God working in and by him. "And He hath charged me to build Him a house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah."

"HE HATH CHARGED ME."

Cyrus was not ashamed to own himself under authority to God. Could the English Government say: "God has charged us to prosecute the apostle of social purity, and to shield the titled fornicators of England?" Surely not. How wonderfully God was in this proclamation of Cyrus! Had he been like the former kings of Babylon and Persia, he would have built a house somewhere in his own metropolis, and not in the smallest, most destitute province of his empire! But God was at work, and He brought the mind of Cyrus into accordance with His. So the proclamation ran on: "Who is there among you of all His people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem." And this was not all. God willed that the temple should be rebuilt, and no time was lost in going round to beg for donations; no subscription-lists were made, no bazaars or other worldly inducements which might trick people into giving, partly for their own enjoyment and partly for a good object, money which they could not spare if it were squarely stated that it was for God. No; in this work God saw to the financial department, and put it into the king's heart to say: "Whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, beside the free will offering for the house of God which is at Jerusalem."

But would people be found to obey what seems so unreasonable a demand? Could it be that heathen people would willingly give of their substance to re-establish a religion which must be the downfall of their own? Yes; because

GOD'S HAND WAS IN IT.

The leading men of Judah and Benjamin and the priests and Levites came under the power of the Spirit of God in this call to rebuild His temple, "and all they that were about them" poured in upon them contributions to the work, so that from beginning to end there was no begging. Oh, if our dear Christian workers could but know the blessing of only dealing with God about money, and leaving Him to deal with man, half their difficulties in His service would vanish away, and half their unfair condemnation of others who do not help their special work as much as they think they ought! Unwilling gifts *screwed out* of people by constant appeals made to them are never so blest as the spontaneous gift which God has laid it on the heart to give. He is able to bring forth help, as in this case, from most unlikely quarters. The king's contribution in kind was the most precious of all, the vessels of the house of God, which he had rescued from the desecration of Belshazzar.

THE GATHERING AT JERUSALEM.

Nearly fifty thousand souls went up from Babylon, with not only their own personal freedom from slavery, not only with provisions for the way, but also money wherewith to build the temple of God, and all this was accomplished in a very short space of time. The returned captives had, very naturally, each gone to his own city. But on the seventh month, the first of the three great feasts of the Jews after their return, they gathered together *as one man* at Jerusalem. Before all things, in any work of God there must be unity among the workers; without this little can be done, and this comes about by each one referring all to God, and letting Him settle all differences. They next built an altar, and offered burnt offerings, a type of consecration. Unless we do yield ourselves fully up to the Lord as having no longer any right to ourselves, to our time, talents, money, reputation, past,

present, or future, we are not in a position to build in the temple of the Lord. They next kept the feast of tabernacles. Just delivered from captivity, this was most significant. They had learned that God could uproot them from the surest dwelling-place, and they bore witness in the keeping of this feast that they were strangers and sojourners with Him. Thus they began to worship before they began to work; this is God's order.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made for the building: masons and carpenters were hired, men were sent to bring timber from Lebanon, which was to be brought by sea from Tyre to Joppa, and this occupied the remainder of that year. Then they began in good earnest, the high-priest being the architect. While the foundation was being laid

A PRAISE MEETING

was held. There were none of the flattering eulogies to man which make one's heart sad when one reads a description of the laying of foundation-stones of churches and religious institutions; on this occasion all the praise was directed where it really belongs—to God. "When the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because He is good, for His mercy endureth forever. . . . And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." They were glad, but it was not unmingled joy. Some of the old men remembered the house of the Lord which had been destroyed because of their sins and the sins of their people; and though they too could rejoice, it was, like Paul, "sorrowful yet always rejoicing" (11 Cor. 6: 10).

It was not likely that the devil would let this work go on unhindered. He stirred up enemies, who first attempted to join common cause with them. But Zerubbabel and Jeshua would have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. So they stirred up evil reports against God's people, and the work was hindered for years, until Haggai and Zechariah, the prophets, came and stirred up the people to see that it was *God's mind* that the house should be built; they were to look at Him, and not to heed men. So the work went on until the enemies of the Jews again interfered. But this time "the eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews, that they could not cause them to cease, till the matter came unto Darius" (Ezra 5: 5). And while the work was steadily progressing, God, in whom they were trusting, worked for them in Persia, and made the very letter of their enemies a means of confirming by a present royal decree of Darius, the king, the former decree of Cyrus, so that they had royal authority and government protection, and also the charge: "Let it be done with speed" (Ezra 6: 12). "The work was soon finished, and the children of Israel kept the dedication with joy, because God had turned the heart of the king of Assyria unto them, to strengthen their hands in the work of the House of God, the God of Israel" (Ezra 6: 22). Why should not *we* band together in the prayer of faith to put our rulers into the hands of God, that their hearts may be turned to see with God, and act with God, on the drink question and on the cause of social purity, which things are ruining our country?

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, What about the Law of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 15 cts. a dozen; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 20 cts. a dozen. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth, 20 cts. paper; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York.

"DRAW NEAR TO ME, O LORD!"

Draw near to me, O Lord!
And let me lean my head upon Thy breast;
'Tis promised in Thy Word
That there the troubled soul shall find its rest.

And mine is tempest-tossed;
And, drifting o'er this stormy sea of life,
I fear it will be lost:
O shield me from its dangers—from its strife!

Keep me from every sin.
My wayward heart is prone to linger o'er,
That I may enter in
And share Thy rest with loved ones "gone before."

I yield to Thee, dear Lord,
My earthly hopes, my idols—every one;
I crave but one reward—
The grace to feel and say, "Thy will be done."
—Selected.

Samples of tracts and cards free to Christian workers. Woodman & Co., 18 Arch St., Boston, Mass.

EASY WORK, good pay.—Read marked advertisement in *Christian Herald* of January 28th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

'Absolutely Pure.'

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

ANTHEM BOOKS.

Sure to Give Satisfaction.

DIAMOND COLLECTION.—DANKS.
64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail.

FESTIVAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS.
64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 38c. each by Mail.

PALMER'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS.
Boards, \$9.00 per doz.; \$1.00 each by Mail.

TEMPLE ANTHEMS.—LOWRY & DOANE.
Boards, \$12.00 per doz.; \$1.25 each by Mail.

CHORAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS.
Boards, \$13.50 per doz.; \$1.50 each by Mail.

ENGLISH ANTHEMS.—LASAR.
Cloth, \$24.00 per doz.; \$2.25 each by Mail.

A FULL CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Bible Marking.

Hints on Bible marking. By Mrs. Stephen Menzies, with introductory notes by D. L. Moody. Illustrated with several pages from the Bible, showing this valuable plan. Elegantly bound in silk cloth, 25 cents; paper, 15 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price.
W. W. VANARSDALE,
Y. M. C. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
CALDWELL,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

A SPLENDID THING! MAKE YOUR OWN SIGNS.

ENAMEL LETTERS, are white as snow, and are put on with cement—placed on show windows, so that they attract attention as you pass along the street. For woodwork, stone, or office doors, or for physicians' signs, they look fine. You can put them on yourself. Thousands of them can now be seen all over New York City. Lowest price can be had of J. I. MORRIS, 162 East 129th Street, New York.

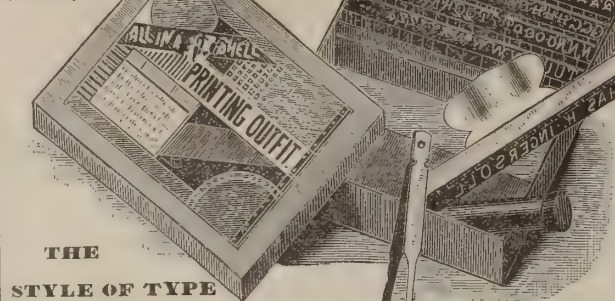
PRINTING OUTFITS FOR ALL PURPOSES!

In introducing these goods the object sought is to furnish a full series of perfect, practical and useful printing outfits for household and business use, meeting the universal demand for rubber stamps which are so constantly used in every business house and household. You will see by the cuts shown below that we have arranged them in three sizes, best calculated to meet the popular demand. With these three sizes agents are able to travel and do a strictly cash business as they afford the means of making all kinds of rubber stamps and at the **CHEAPEST PRICE.**

Only 50 cts.

ALL IN A
NUT SHELL

PRINTS
ONE
LINE.



THE
STYLE OF TYPE

JAMES G. BLAINE

PRINTS TWO
LINES.



SETS UP & PRINTS ANY TWO LINE RUBBER STAMP INDISPENSIBLE TO EVERY OFFICE

THE UNIVERSAL BUSINESS
PRINTING OUTFIT.

Price only One Dollar.
Here is shown an exact representation and styles of type contained in our Business Printing outfit. Style No. 6

Return in Ten Days to
H. E. COLES, New York

Style No. 8
M. M. JONES,
Troy, New York

This outfit has sufficient type and figures for setting up any name and address or other two lines of matter, will set up a thousand different Rubber Stamps. Outfit contains Five Alphabets, Type and Figures, Two Line Type Holder, a Self-Inking Stamp Pad, Type Tweezers, and full directions. A thousand Rubber stamps in one, will last a lifetime. Just the thing for every business man. Price post-paid \$1.00. Send postage note, money order or registered letter to

World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York

PRINTS THREE
LINES.



Send Postal Note, Money order or Registered letter to

The Commercial Printing Outfit

Price only \$1.50 worth \$5.00
Indispensable to every office, factory, or store. A big thing for little money. Can be changed a thousand times making a thousand different Rubber Stamps and all for less than the price of one. With this outfit you can print Business Cards, Labels, Tags, Tickets, Price Lists, Bill Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Postal Cards, Checks, Drafts, and in fact all the hand printing required in any business. Notice in the holder three lines set up which show style of work that may be printed.

Style No. 9 A A A A A A A A A A
Style No. 10 A A A A A A A A A A

You can set up one, two or three lines of matter and change to any other at a minute's notice. The best and cheapest thing for agents ever offered, for home, business or money making. We furnish this in the same style of type as the Universal Business Outfit. Take your choice of type No. 6, 8, 9 or 10. Contains 40 letters, (8 alphabets and digits) and three line holder, self-inking stamp pad, pair type tweezers. Price post-paid \$1.50.

World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York

HALF A MILLION GARDENS

ARE ANNUALLY

SEEDS

Peter Henderson & Co.

PLANTS

EVERY THING FOR THE GARDEN

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 14 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage
—AND—
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

Imperial photographs of either at 30 cents each, or both for 50 cents, free by mail.
R. GALLOWAY, 779 Broadway, New York.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. In postage stamps or silver. This is a complete collection over issued Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Vatches Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y. books, &c. FREE

"Demonism or Spiritualism,
Ancient and Modern."—"An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the subject."—"Startling disclosures.—History of the data.—Scores saved already. While communities rescued. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo, cloth, gilt. Price reduced to \$1; or 75 cents to preachers and workers, postpaid. Order of author, Rev. E. F. HANSON, Belfast, Me.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Album. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO. 31 Rose St., N. Y.



Estey Organ.
Solidly Made.
Tone Unrivalled.
Elegant Finish.
Years of Popularity.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

BLACK SILKS.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

WE OFFER FOR SALE DURING THIS MONTH OVER FIVE THOUSAND PIECES OF RELIABLE BLACK SILKS OF BEST QUALITY AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES.

WE WILL SEND SAMPLES TO ANY LADY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO DESIRES TO PURCHASE, ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL REQUEST. ORDERS BY MAIL ARE AS CAREFULLY FILLED AS IF GIVEN IN PERSON, AND SATISFACTION ASSURED. ADDRESS—

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th Street, New York.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION by CHEMICAL MEANS.

It is not a nauseous medicine to be taken into the stomach like the numerous extensively advertised cure-alls which fill the advertising columns of the newspapers. On the contrary, it is a Mechanical instrument charged with chemicals, and cures entirely by inhalation. It costs \$8.00 prepaid to any address, but is cheap because it lasts a lifetime and can be used by the entire family. Its chief virtues may be summed up as follows: Cleanliness, Economy, Convenience, Freedom from Injurious Effects on the Stomach, and Perfect Satisfaction in Prompt and Permanent Results.

Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Vocalists, Actors, Lecturers, School Teachers and others who constantly use the voice, find this Wonderful Instrument indispensable and worth a dozen times its cost. The AMMONIAPHONE has met with an electrical success in Great Britain and Europe, latest reports of sales exceeding 1000 per week, and is enthusiastically endorsed by such famous and renowned personages as Patti, Maria Roze-Mapleson, Rev. Hay M. H. Aitken, Rev. H. R. Hawels, and in this country by Prof. Vicarino, N. Y. Conservatory of Music, Rudolph Aronson, H. Le-Caron, M.D., of Chicago, Rev. H. W. Thomas, R. Reisig, M.D., and W. Porteous, M.D., of New York, and numerous others of more or less fame. Avoid quack nostrums and save your stomach and general health by using this scientific and common-sense instrument. The results will be happiness and satisfaction. A FULL HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE WILL BE SENT FREE on request to those who mention this paper. Address E. V. VERMONT, 226 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

BENJ. F. TRUMPY
Real Estate Office,
336 Broome St., New York.

(ONE DOOR EAST OF BOWERY.)

Management of Estates, Renting, Selling, and Collecting of Rents.

—AGENT FOR—

German American Insurance Company.
Westchester " "
Hamburg-Bremen " "
Mutual Life " "

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They dye all 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo etc. Send for colored samples and dye book. Gold Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 1 cent a pk'ge. Drugists sell or we send post-paid. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 7.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

COSTUME AND MORALS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. O. F. Deems.—The Canadian Indians.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President and the Senate—Naval Difficulties and Suggestions—Death of ex-Governor Seymour—The Labor Riots—The Pan-Electric Scandal—Socialistic Disturbances in London—Mr. Gladstone's Workingman Colleague—Important Prosecution for Vice in London—The Attitude of Greece—Evangelistic Notes—A Remarkable Atmospheric Phenomenon—A Learned Pauper's Death—Magnetism of a Lady's Watch, etc.

THE DYING THIEF IN A NEW LIGHT. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURE OF QUEEN NATALIE VISITING THE SERVIAN HOSPITALS.—Notes of New Books.

THE APOSTASY. By Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D.

FALSE CHRISTS IN PERSIA.

THE DOMINIE'S ONLY SON. (With Illustration.)

A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

Nehemiah's Prayer. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK. Born Feb. 14, 1824; Died Feb. 9, 1886.

THE LATE GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.
 His Sudden Death—A National Loss—Ancestry and Early Life—First Services—The Civil War—An Old Prayer Book—First Battle—At Gettysburg—Wounded—Subsequent Services—Presidential Nomination—Personal Characteristics.

SCARCELY had the nation recovered from the shock of McClellan's death when it was startled by the news that the great soldier-patriot whose portrait appears this week on the first page of this journal had passed away. Death has been very busy during the past twelve months, and it has taken choice prey. Within a year three of our greatest surviving generals have been vanquished by the last enemy. Grant, McClellan, and now Hancock have gone the way appointed for all living, and they leave the nation poorer by their departure.

The suddenness of the shock renders it the more startling. Scarcely any one outside the family circle knew at the beginning of last week that General Hancock was ill, and, down to the very last, the general public received no preparatory warning of the impending blow. On Tuesday afternoon, February 9th, the sad intelligence that he was dead was flashed from city to city, and everywhere it called forth expressions of sorrow. Southerners who had fought against him, and Republicans who had worked against him, alike spoke of him with respect, and all were sorry that he was dead. On January 28th he was in Washington on business, and appeared to be in his usual robust health, except that a boil on the back of his neck caused him discomfort. But an old friend, an army surgeon, lanced the boil, and he was relieved. There were, however, constitutional disorders not suspected at that time which were doing fatal work. He was suffering from diabetes, though he was not aware of the fact, and under the influence of that malignant disorder the boil became a carbuncle. He attended to his usual duties until Sunday, February 7th, when he admitted that he felt unwell, and did not rise from his bed. No serious alarm, however, was felt until the following day, when his physician noticed his prostration. About four o'clock on Tuesday morning he became unconscious, and ten hours later he died.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE.

The name of Hancock is associated with revolutionary days. The General's grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, who was captured at sea by the British, and was imprisoned at Dartmoor. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Haworth. Her grandfather served in the Continental armies, and died soon after the close of the Revolution from exposure in the rigors of the service. Her father went into the Revolutionary ranks when only a lad of fifteen, and returned to the battle-field five times as a member of different regiments. At Taneytown, Md., his command was called upon to escort Burgoyne's prisoners, captured at Saratoga, to Valley Forge. For his services in the Revolution he received a pension during life. Benjamin Franklin Hancock, the General's father, served in the War of 1812, and afterward became a lawyer of distinction in Montgomery County, Pa., and there Winfield Scott Hancock was born on the 14th of February, 1824. He was therefore under sixty-two years old when he died. His twin brother was named Hilary, but General Winfield Scott's name was on everybody's tongue, and Benjamin Franklin Hancock, the General's patriotic father, was resolved to give one of his new-born sons the name of the sturdy old hero of Lundy's Lane.

His education up to his sixteenth year was at the Norristown Academy. In 1840, when he was sixteen years of age, he received a nomination from the Congressman of the district for West Point, and though his father intended him to be a lawyer, the nomination was accepted. He entered the training school on July 1st of that year, and passed his first examination creditably. Among the names of the cadets who were either classmates or contemporaries

of Hancock's at the Academy are many who afterward became famous. Such are Generals U. S. Grant, George B. McClellan, Franklin, William F. Smith, J. F. Reynolds, Rosecrans, Lyon, and others of the Union army, and Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Pickett, and E. K. Smith of the Confederate service.

FIRST SERVICES.

Hancock graduated in 1844, being brevetted second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry. At the time of his graduation General Scott, who had exhibited a warm interest in his namesake, asked him to what regiment he preferred being assigned, to which the young man replied, "The one which is stationed furthest West." The company to which he was assigned was stationed at Fort Towson, in the Indian country, near the Red River, whence he and his companions, in the course of their military duty, made frequent excursions into the neighboring country of Texas. In June, 1846, he received a full commission as second lieutenant. After performing some recruiting service in Kentucky and Missouri he was ordered to Mexico in 1847, and took part in several of the later battles of the war. He was honored with a brevet-second-lieutenancy for conspicuous gallantry at Cherubusco and Contreras, and was placed in command of a company composed of soldiers who had fought in the Seminole and other Indian wars. His company, which belonged to General Worth's division, was one of the last to leave the City of Mexico after the declaration of peace.

He went with his division to Jefferson Barracks, on the Mississippi River, a few miles south of St. Louis, and remained there till the autumn of 1848. He was removed to Iowa that year, but in 1850 he was again at St. Louis. It was while there that he was married to the daughter of Samuel Russell, a prosperous merchant of St. Louis. The marriage took place January 24th, 1850, and there are living in St. Louis a number of people who were well acquainted with the handsome young officer at that time. He was but a lieutenant in the army, and there was some opposition on the part of Miss Russell's parents to the marriage, which proved to be one of great happiness.

His life during the next few years was passed in continual movement. His first station was in Florida, thence he was ordered to Kansas, thence to Utah, and thence to Los Angeles, Cal. He was there in 1861 when the war broke out.

THE CIVIL WAR.

He promptly applied for active service, and General Scott, who had personal knowledge of his impetuous gallantry and his real soldierly ability while serving in the sharp and hot Mexican War, at once ordered him East, in accordance with his request. The order for his transfer came August 3d, 1861, and Captain Hancock started for the East, reaching New York in September. Without stopping for a moment, even to visit his parents at Norristown, although he had been absent from them for more than two years, he pushed straight on to Washington, and reported to the War Department. He was then nearly thirty-eight years old.

AN OLD PRAYER-BOOK.

A remarkable incident of his life may be mentioned here as a significant illustration of the esteem in which he was held by men who did not agree with him, and of the confidence which, all through his life, was reposed in his integrity and scrupulous honor by his opponents. When secession was on every man's lips Hancock was very pronounced in his declarations of loyalty, but many of his brother-officers in California determined to cast in their lot with the South. Among them was General Armistead, then a captain and brevet-major. Virginia, his native State, called upon him to support her cause, and, under the influence of this demand, he sided with the Confederates. On leaving Los Angeles he presented General Hancock with his major's uniform, saying that the latter "might some time need it." He also placed in his hands for safe keeping, and to be

given to his family if he should fall in battle, certain valuable private papers. These General Hancock sent to General Armistead's sister at the close of the war. Armistead also presented to Hancock a little prayer-book, which General Hancock retained all his life afterward as a treasured possession. On a fly-leaf of the book is the following inscription: "Lewis A. Armistead. *Trust in God and fear nothing.*" It so happened that Armistead fell within General Hancock's lines while leading his command in the celebrated Pickett charge, and before he died requested that his sword, spurs, and other personal effects be delivered to General Hancock, who, he said, would see that they were placed in the hands of his sister. The dying bequest of his old comrade-in-arms was faithfully executed. There is something very touching in the incident of the dying man desiring his valuables to be given to his successful opponent as a sacred trust.

FIRST BATTLE.

His first battle was at Warwick Court-House, where he led his command in person, and soon after performed a conspicuous and important part in the battle of Williamsburg. It was at this latter engagement that he made his impatient men wait till the Confederates were within one hundred yards, and then dashed forward on his horse, waving his hat, and shouted: "Forward! forward! forward!" He repulsed the enemy with great loss, and won the day. It was a signal victory, and Williamsburg was the birth-place of his military fame, which grew from that day on. McClellan telegraphed President Lincoln: "Hancock was superb to-day." So thought the brave men who followed him in that memorable countercharge. His favorite tactics, which he always adopted whenever he could, were to hold a position stubbornly without moving. Then to wait for a second or a third onslaught, until he observed signs of weariness in the enemy, when he would give the word for which his men had been anxiously waiting, and lead them forward to a countercharge.

At the close of the Peninsular campaign, by the advice of McClellan, he was made major-general of volunteers, and in the mean time he participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. At Mayer's Heights, on December 13th, 1862, he also took a conspicuous part, and when he reached his tent at night he had a flesh wound, his clothes were riddled with bullets, and all his aides were dead or wounded.

AT GETTYSBURG.

He is best remembered as commander of the Second Corps, because it was as its General that he gained the day at Gettysburg, which decisive battle was begun July 1st, 1863. He had been in command of the Second Corps hardly a month, but General Meade, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, had learned to place a high value on his military qualities, and before the battle of Gettysburg sent General Hancock to examine the ground in front of the Federal forces and report on the advisability of making a stand against the invading forces of General Lee. Hancock came back and said fight, and fight they did. That battle will be memorable while the world lasts. Hancock held the left centre, and it was against him that Pickett's magnificent charge of eighteen thousand brave Virginians was directed. The story of that greatest battle of the war is well known. Hancock performed invaluable service on each of the three days. Just as he had repulsed the Confederates on the third day he was shot through the thigh, and had to be borne from the field, not, however, until he had dictated a despatch to General Meade, telling him the victory was complete.

Speaking recently in New York of that battle, the Rev. Dr. Paxton said: "I was a private soldier, and stood with my musket, trembling, a little fellow eighteen years old. My regiment was held to support five pieces of cannon. I was scared to death, and would have run. Along our line came General Hancock. Shells were bursting, men were groaning, the dead were

lying here and there; I frightened as if at the mouth of hell. Suddenly in the midst of our collapse a man on a horse rode down the line. It was awful, but that man rode down the line, tall, magnificent, the incarnation of a hero, the grandest soldier. He rode on the horse, not a muscle quivering, and looking us in the face, said: 'Gentlemen—he called his soldiers gentlemen—we are left to keep them in check until the second line is formed. Hancock relies on the old First Brigade.' I became a hero by that man's influence. No Plutarch could have done that for me."

General Hancock's wound was serious. The musket ball which hit him passed through his saddle, *bending a wrought-iron nail about it as it went*, both ball and nail penetrating General Hancock's body. This wound was a source of serious trouble to General Hancock during his campaigns under Grant, and during the battles of the Wilderness compelled him at one time to retire temporarily from command. He was taken on a stretcher to the railroad, and the stretcher was suspended over the seats of the car, but the motion of the train caused him excruciating agony. He was carried to his father's house at Norristown, and carefully and tenderly nursed back to life. It was not until December, 1863, that he was sufficiently recovered to sit on his horse, but immediately that he could do so he reported for duty. This was the only bad injury General Hancock received during the war, though he took part in all the fiercest engagements of the sanguinary Virginia campaign. At Ream's Station he had a horse shot under him.

AFTER THE WAR.

In November, 1864, General Hancock was summoned to Washington to organize an army of fifty thousand veterans who had served their term of enlistment, but the surrender of General Lee rendered the step needless. For his services during the war Hancock was made a brigadier and afterward a major-general in the regular army, and assigned to the command of the Middle Department. A year later, in 1867, President Johnson appointed him to relieve General Sheridan as commander of the Fifth District, comprising Louisiana and Texas. This was the "reconstruction" period, and General Hancock's notions of his duty brought him into collision with Northern sentiment. He was expected to rule his district as a commander rules when martial law is proclaimed. When he issued his famous General Order, No. 40, a crisis was developed which brought North and South into antagonism. The North was amazed to learn from the order that General Hancock subordinated the military to the civil power, and did not propose to use the authority with which he was clothed except when required to do so by the civil authorities. His conduct won him the enthusiastic regard of the South and the Democracy everywhere, but it raised such hostility in the dominant spirits of the Government that General Hancock saw he could not hold his position without grave embarrassment to all concerned. He accordingly asked to be relieved. He was transferred to the Division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at New York, where he served until May 17th, 1869, when he was transferred to the Department of Dakota. On the death of General Meade, in 1872, he was again assigned to the Division of the Atlantic, and he has remained here ever since, his headquarters being in this city until 1878, when they were transferred to Governor's Island.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

General Hancock's conduct in Louisiana rendered him an ideal candidate with all Democrats for the Presidency. Accordingly, in 1868, and again in 1872, he came near a nomination. Finally, in 1880, the Cincinnati Convention nominated him on the third ballot. The incidents of that fierce campaign are fresh in the recollection of all. In spite of the vigor with which it was prosecuted, the campaign speakers and the party organs refrained from flinging dirt at the Democratic candidate. Personally he was held in the highest esteem, and the argu-

ments used against him were based on the assumption that he knew so little of politics that he would be a mere tool, if elected, in the hands of others. The closeness on the popular vote showed what a hold General Hancock had upon the hearts of his countrymen. Garfield was elected on the popular vote by but 9,464 plurality, receiving 4,454,416 votes to 4,444,952 for Hancock. On the Electoral vote Garfield received a majority of 59, having 214 votes to Hancock's 155.

His equanimity on the occasion was an evidence of his greatness. On that memorable night, when it seemed that the greatest office on earth was within his grasp, he was calm and unmoved by the suspense. He quietly attended to his duties, and then retired to rest at his usual hour. Early in the morning his wife awakened him, and told him of his defeat. "All is for the best," he said, and quietly turned over and went to sleep again. He was one of the first to congratulate President Garfield on his election, and his dignity and magnanimity raised him still higher in the esteem of his countrymen.

Since the election General Hancock had taken no part in politics, and was very rarely seen in public. He was always to be found attending to his military duties on Governor's Island quietly and unostentatiously. His last appearance in a public capacity was at the funeral of General Grant, in August, 1885, when he had charge of the obsequies, and headed the great pageant in its impressive march to Riverside Park. At the funeral of McClellan, in November last, he was also present with other officers to do honor to his old friend and commander. In

PERSONAL.

appearance Hancock was tall and well formed. He was six feet two inches high, and to the last was upright and dignified in deportment. An intimate friend, describing him some months ago, said: "His eyes are blue, and have a benignant and mild expression when in repose, but inspiring when in danger. His manner is dignified and knightly, and he is courtesy itself. He is always magnetic, and draws men to him by his kindness and gentle interest in their affairs. His sympathies are easily aroused, and he becomes intensely concerned for the sorrows and misfortunes of others, striving in every way to relieve them, as though their troubles were his own." Of his moral character there is no better testimony than that extorted from the New York *Tribune*, a paper which was his fierce and sometimes unscrupulous opponent; but even that journal says: "His life was honorable, useful, and patriotic. A braver soldier, a more honest and manly man, a more courteous gentleman, a truer friend, never lived than Winfield Scott Hancock. He did his duty steadfastly and well, and his memory will live with those of the patriots, his predecessors, who have 'deserved well of the Republic.'"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

One More Man upon the Wreck.—At a recent meeting Mr. Smith said: "The late Dr. Guthrie used to tell an incident of a vessel that came upon a wreck. They went on board, and found the emaciated form of a young man lying among a bundle of canvas. He was at the last extremity, and they thought he was all that was left of this sinking wreck. They saw that the poor skeleton was making an effort to speak: they listened, and heard him say: 'There is another man.' It was all he could say, but it was enough; he had done what he could to save his fellow-creature. And that is all God expects of you and of me. Oh, friends, let us work for eternity; let us work for God, for the night cometh when no man can work!"

A Dying Engine Driver's Request.—"I Read of a terrible wreck of an American train. A bridge gave way over which it was passing, and down went the train into a deep ravine below. Numbers of men began to take out the passengers with great difficulty, and they came upon the engine driver lying among the *débris mor-*

tally wounded; he had but a few moments to live. He did not speak of his wife, who would be so soon a widow, nor of his family, who would in a short space of time be fatherless, nor of himself, who was so near eternity. Only one short sentence could the dying man utter, and it was for the good of his fellow-creatures. With faltering breath he said, 'Hoist the danger flag for the next train.' Dear Christians, I beg of you for the love of God, and for the love of your fellow-creatures, hoist the danger flag of sin; there may be many poor sinners rushing heedlessly to their doom because you neglect to hoist the danger flag."

Too Late After All!—Mr. Smith said: "A young woman was taken ill in Glasgow. A friend of mine called upon her, and spoke to her of the necessity of accepting salvation through Jesus without delay. 'Yes; I would like to be saved,' she murmured, wearily, 'but wait a little; I am so weak.' Again a little later my friend spoke lovingly to her, but with the same result. 'Yes, oh yes; but wait a little; I am so very weak.' Her friends, seeing that rapid consumption was doing its deadly work, began to be seriously alarmed. They wished to see the life to be spent with Jesus in heaven begin on earth. And when the shades of death began to cross her face, with intense earnestness they again asked her the state of her soul. This time came the sad reply, 'I wish I had been saved, but it is too late now.' Thus her unforgiven spirit in its unchanged state passed into eternity. Dear friends, do not put off believing in Christ any longer, for how faithfully God warns us that *'now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'*"

Four Condemned Murderers Reprieved.—"A number of years ago four persons were charged with murder. The mother of two of the prisoners, young men, went all the way to Balmoral to plead with the Queen for a pardon for her sons. She travelled on the mail coach, which carried a reprieve for her sons, although she knew it not. One of the condemned group, a young woman, was sitting in prison with the cloud of death hanging over her young life. Two men entered her cell, with a pardon from the Queen. 'We carry very important news to you,' they said; and producing a large document, one of them began to read it. I suppose there was a great deal of it that the poor girl did not understand, but there was one sentence she did understand: 'Herewith her gracious Majesty sends a free pardon to Alice Rhodes.' It was enough; the Queen's seal was stamped upon the pardon. The girl lifted up her chain-bound hands, and clasping them, exclaimed, 'Thank God, I am free.' And, dear friends, when the blood-red seal of heaven's pardon is stamped upon a sinner, he is free indeed."

An Infidel's Fear of Judgment.—An Evangelist related: "When I was living in the North I learned of an infidel who was dying. He called his sister to his bedside, and said, 'I have just one dying request to make of you; will you do it?' 'If it is in my power I will do it,' she said. 'But that will not do,' replied the dying man. 'Promise me that you will fulfil my last request.' 'Dear brother,' said his sister, 'you know that I love you, and would do anything for you! and if it is within the limits of my power, I will grant your last request.' With some difficulty the dying infidel raised himself on his elbow, while a shudder ran through his frame, and he said, 'I want you to have me buried away out in that lonely point,' naming the spot. 'Dear brother, why be buried away in that lonely and desolate point, where nothing but the fierce wind and the storms of winter can come near you? Why not be buried with the rest of the family in our own quiet spot in the cemetery ground?' With a groan he raised himself a little higher in the bed, and sadly replied, 'I want to be forgotten by God in the Judgment Day.' But, dear friends, God cannot forget. He will gather all the guilty and the guiltless before Him. God cannot forget. We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

COSTUME AND MORALS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 14, 1886.

"Moreover the Lord said, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils."—ISA. 3 : 16, 18-23.*

The Ancient Fashion-Plate—The First Wardrobe—Nature's Beautiful Garb—Fashion in Heaven—The Goddess of Fashion—Victims of both Sexes—Full Dress Rebuked in Philadelphia—Pernicious Stage Costumes—Theatre Managers Criticising their Rivals—Drawing-Room Competition—The Evil of Extravagance—Encourages Dishonesty—The Tragedy of Clothes—Restricts Benevolence—Distracts Attention—Enfeebles the Mind—Excludes from Heaven—In the Judgment.

THIS is a Jerusalem fashion plate. It puts us two thousand six hundred years back, and sets us down in an ancient city. The procession of men and women is moving up and down the gay streets. It is the height of the fashionable season. The sensible men and women move with so much modesty that they do not attract our attention. But here come the haughty daughters of Jerusalem! They lean forward; they lean very much forward—so far forward as to be unnatural—teetering, wobbling, wriggling, flirting, or, as my text describes it, they "walk with stretched-forth necks, walking and mincing as they go."

See! That is a princess. Look! That is a Damascus sword-maker. Look! That is a Syrian merchant. The jingling of the chains, and the lashing of the headbands, and the exhibitions of universal swagger attract the attention of the Prophet Isaiah, and he brings his camera to bear upon the scene, and takes a picture for all the ages. But where is that scene? Vanished. Where are those gay streets? Vermen-covered population pass through them. Where are the hands, and the necks, and the foreheads, and the shoulders, and the feet that sported all that magnificence? Ashes! Ashes!

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of

THE FIRST WARDROBE

1. Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all as far as our means allow us be beautifully and gracefully apparelled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned, and turreted, and doled, and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple-orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if nature ever does join the Church, while she may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it.

When the prodigal came home his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard, Paul, the bachelor

apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair, when he said in his epistle: "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her." There will be fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white.

THE GODDESS OF FASHION.

I say these things as a background to my sermon, to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel; but the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies and souls of ten thousand victims.

When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against woman, as though she were the chief worshipper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

MASCULINE FOLLIES.

Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms and yachting parties, and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,000; but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of simplicity. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of custom just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness, and there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color, like animated checkerboards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surrogate's office, "share and share alike."

INDELICATE APPAREL.

As God may help me I am going to set forth the evil effects of improper dress or an excessive discipleship of costume. It is a simple truth that you all know, although the pulpit has not yet uttered it, that much of the womanly costume of our time is the cause of the temporal and eternal damnation of a multitude of men. There is a shamelessness among many in what is called high life that calls for vehement protest. The strife with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of indecency without falling over. The tide of masculine profligacy will never turn back until there is a decided reformation in womanly costume. I am in full sympathy with the officer of the law who, at a levee in Philadelphia last winter, went up to a so-called lady, and because of her sparse and incompetent apparel, ordered her either to leave the house or habilitate herself immediately. It is high time that our good and sensible women make vehement protest against fashionable indecency, and if the women of the household do not realize the deplorable extremes

of much of the female costume, that husbands implead their wives on this subject, and that fathers prohibit their daughters. The evil is terrific and overshadowing.

STAGE COSTUMES.

I suppose that the American stage is responsible for much of this. I do not go to theatres, so I must take the evidence of the actors and managers of theatres, such as Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann. They have recently told us that the crime of undress is blasting the theatre, which by many is considered a school of morals, and indeed superior to the Church, and a forerunner of the millennium. Mr. Palmer says: "The bulk of the performances on the stage are degrading and pernicious. The managers strive to come just as near the line as possible without flagrantly breaking the law. There never have been costumes worn on a stage of this city, either in a theatre, hall, or 'dive,' so improper as those that clothe some of the chorus in recent comic opera productions." He says in regard to the female performers: "It is not a question whether they can sing but just how little they will consent to wear." Mr. Bandmann, who has been twenty-nine years on the stage, and before almost all nationalities, says: "I unhesitatingly state that the taste of the present theatre-going people of America, as a body, is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo would turn with disgust at such exhibitions, which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country. Our shop windows are full of and the walls covered with show cards and posters which should be a disgrace to an enlightened country and an insult to the eye of a cultured community." Mr. Gilbert says: "Such exhibition is a disastrous one to the morals of the community. Are these proper pictures to put out for the public to look at, to say nothing of the propriety of females appearing in public dressed like that? It is shameful!"

I must take the testimony of the friends of the theatre and the confirmation which I see on the board fences and in the show windows containing the pictures of the way actresses dress. I suppose that those representations of play-house costume are true, for if they are not true, then those highly moral and religious theatres are swindling the public by inducing the people to the theatre by promises of spectacular nudity which they do not fulfil. Now, all this familiarizes the public with such improprieties of costume and depresses the public conscience as to what is allowable and right.

DRAWING-ROOM RIVALRY.

The parlor and drawing-room are now running a race with the theatre and opera bouffe. They are now nearly neck and neck in the race, the latter a little ahead; but the parlor and drawing-room are gaining on the others, and the probability is they will soon be even and pass the stand so nearly at the same time that one half of Pandemonium will clap its hands because opera bouffe has beaten, and the other half because the drawing-room has beaten. Let printing-press, and platform, and pulpit hurl red-hot anathema at the boldness of much of womanly attire. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administrative of evil. Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI., of France, and Henry VIII., of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is not only such boldness that is to be reprehended, but extravagance of costume. This latter is the cause of fraud unlimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his home wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to

* The list of feminine treasures given by the Revised Version is more intelligible. It is: "Their anklets, and the networks, and the crescents; the pendants, and the bracelets, and the mufflers; the head-tires, and the ankle-chains, and the sashes, and the perfume boxes, and the amulets; the rings, and the nose-jewels; the festival-ropes, and the mantles, and the shawls, and the satchels; the hand-mirrors, and the fine linen, and the turbans, and the veils."

temporal perdition than all other causes combined. It was this that sent prominent business men to the watering of stocks, and life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets, and some of them to the penitentiary, and has completely upset our American finances.

But why should I go to these famous defaultings, to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wit's end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use, and things will be no better until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for.

AN INCENTIVE TO DISHONESTY.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folk's wardrobes are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and camel's-hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety; and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I would blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! The country is *dressed to death*.

You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are eight thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array two thousand dollars a year.

What are the men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine business men shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: a man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock and skilful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing-machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write

THE TRAGEDY OF CLOTHES!

Act the first of the tragedy: A plain but beautiful home. Enter the newly-married pair. Enter simplicity of manner and behavior. Enter as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second: Discontent with the humble home. Enter envy. Enter jealousy. Enter desire of display.

Act the third: Enlargement of expenses. Enter all the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners.

Act the fourth: The tip-top of society. Enter princes and princesses of New York life. Enter magnificent plate and equipage. Enter everything splendid.

Act the fifth and last, winding up the scene: Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter death. Now, let the silk curtain drop on

the stage. The farce is ended, and the lights are out.

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible, that some of the men in this country have to forge, and to perjure, and to swindle to pay for their wives' dresses? I will say it whether you forgive me or not.

CURTAINS BENEVOLENCE.

Again, extravagant costume is the foe of all Christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity—a Christian man cracking his Palais Royal gloves across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the one cent he puts into the poor box! a Christian woman at the story of the Hottentots crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief, and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills, so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion—two cents for God! God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents, by command of His Bible, belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this Divine rule. God says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents out of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church to-day is the fact that men expend so much on their table and women so much on their dress they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment.

DISTRACTS ATTENTION.

Again, extravagant costume is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who go to church just as they go to the races, to see who will come out first. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat, or what store that woman patronizes. In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-houses with lightning? What distraction of public worship! Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymn book, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing:

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place!"

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer, and say: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

MENTAL IMPOVERISHMENT.

Extravagant costume belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of dress? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible? What will be left of a woman's intellect after giving years and years to the discussion of such questions? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering-places through fashion the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Showing no animation save in rushing across a room

to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago.

BARS HEAVEN.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of costume. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bodies.

Give up this idolatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntingdon, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor; or with that Christian woman of Boston, who fed fifteen hundred children of the street, at Fanueil Hall, one New Year's Day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them; or those Dorcas of modern society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take?

PERPETUAL ENVY.

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of costume! The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array, and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn it. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time.

I have seen men and women of excessive costume die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind, and soul had been exhausted in the worship of costume, and they could not appreciate the Gospel. When I knelt by their bedside they were mumbling out their regrets, and saying: "O God! O God!" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope, and went into eternity unprepared. The *two most ghastly death-beds* on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens, and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind, and soul in the worship of costume.

JUDGMENT TO COME.

My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brummell of the last century without his cloak; Aaron Burr, without the letters that to old age he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Absalom without his hair; and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles; and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall Street, when that was the centre of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall go away into eternal expatriation, while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians; and Hannah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple; and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue; and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world; and many of you the wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters of the present Christian church who, through great tribulation, are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when He said: "Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

A FALSE CHRIST IN PERSIA.

SOME interesting facts relative to the rise and progress of a new sect in Persia, were related recently by Colonel C. E. Stewart of the British Army, who has spent many years in Persia. During his residence there he became so thoroughly conversant with Persian affairs, and so accurate and fluent in his use of the language that an English traveller who met him in Persia failed to detect his nationality.

The "new religion" of which Colonel Stewart spoke, has for its prophet one Ali Mahomed, a native of Shiraz, who, in 1842, declared that he had been raised up by God to supersede Christianity and Islam and all the old religions of the world by a new faith. Its particular tenets were not stated, but as far as I could gather it seemed to be a kind of reformed Islam—a faith more in accordance with the feelings and aspirations of the people than the cold form of Mohammedanism. Ali took the name of El Bab (the door), and claimed that he was *the only way or door* by which a knowledge of God could be obtained. His followers, of whom he soon obtained a large number, are called Babis. Subsequently he claimed that he had a new revelation, and declared that he was not merely the door but that he was himself

A DIVINE ESSENCE

sent forth from God, and he then assumed the name of the Most High.

After El Bab's preaching, the movement spread like wildfire, and in the course of six years had gathered no less than one hundred and fifty thousand followers in Persia. El Bab had chosen eighteen disciples, and these were regarded as a kind of pyramid, with himself as the apex. Nineteen was a mystical number with the Babis, who supposed it to represent the unity of God. During the interregnum in 1849, before the present Shah was established on the throne, the Babis revolted, but against the wish of El Bab, who was a man of peace, and it was nine months before the insurrection was suppressed. The leaders were killed, but they promised their followers to return to the earth in fourteen days. Needless to say they did not, and in a second insurrection the leaders thought it well to extend their own time of return to forty days.

The Government of Persia, alarmed at the spread of Babism, decided to put El Bab to death. He was accorded a mock trial, and the sentence was pronounced. The lecturer explained that it is a common thing in Persia for a condemned prisoner to have his throat cut with a pocket knife while in the court; but, to prevent El Bab's followers making capital out of a secret death, a public execution was decided on. His two disciples, who were condemned with him, were offered pardon on renouncing him. One did so, and spat in El Bab's face and secured his own release, but the other remained firm. "I'll die with my prophet, but I'll never deny him," was his reply to the repeated entreaties of his wife and child. The story of

EL BAB'S DEATH,

as told by Colonel Stewart, was most extraordinary. He and his follower were suspended from the citadel wall, and the soldiers fired upon them. When the smoke had cleared away the disciple was found dead, but *El Bab had gone!* The explanation was that the bullets had snapped the rope by which he was suspended, and he dropped into the ditch and escaped for a time, but he was soon captured and hacked to pieces by a Persian captain. The persecution was, in 1852, renewed in Teheran on an attempt being made on the Shah's life by three Babis. Forty of the new sect were put to death, among them Gourret-ul-Ayn (the delight of the eyes), so called on account of her great beauty. These people were offered free pardon if they would only say No to the question, Are you a Babi? but they all remained firm to their faith and were put to death with the most horrible tortures.

A successor to El Bab soon appeared on the scene, and he claimed the title El Baha, which signifies the light. This prophet, who is the

present leader of the movement, had very extensive ideas of his mission, and set himself to work to reach the great monarchs of the world. Among others he wrote to Queen Victoria, whom he commended for the abolition of slavery, and for resigning her Government into the hands of her Parliament, which, he said, were wise steps. He was, however, concerned about her spiritual condition, and earnestly exhorted her to turn to the Lord.

The followers of El Bab and his successor, El Baha, are very numerous in Persia, and they are making many converts. That they are sincere is evident from the fact that they are always ready to die for their faith, which cannot always be said for Christians. The appearance of these teachers is another fulfilment of prophecy (Matt. 24:24).

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

[THE following communication from an eminent Christian laborer in Canada discusses a question which, in the light of recent events, is interesting to Christians on both sides of the border. Legislation may do much toward solving the Indian problem, and the recommendations recently submitted to our own Congress promise, if acted upon, to ameliorate their condition in important respects; but Christian men will feel, as does the writer of this article, that while thankfully accepting legislative aid, our main reliance must be on the elevating, transforming influence of Christianity.]

The disturbances which took place last spring in the North-west under the leadership of Louis Riel have drawn the attention of Canadians more than usually to the Indian question. What is to be done with the Indians? Here, throughout this great country, are scattered bands of Indians of various tribes, living, for the most part, on their own reserved lands; their habits, occupations, language all very different to those of their white neighbors; they are forced to be our neighbors, we are forced to be theirs. Feeling it our duty to do something for their spiritual welfare, we have established here and there missions among them, missionaries have been sent to them and day schools established, and quite a number of these people have been reclaimed from heathenism and their children instructed in the elements of Christian education.

But time has gone on, years have rolled by, and now because these poor Indians have not made the same progress as might have been expected of a colony of white settlers with the same advantages offered to them, the cry has in many quarters been raised that Indian missions are a failure, that money spent on improving and civilizing the Indians is wasted; yes, some in this country even go so far as to say that the Indian nature is of so low and debased a type that it is incapable of improvement. It is poor encouragement to a missionary who has spent the best years of his life laboring on behalf of these poor forest children, bearing with them in their inconsistencies, forgiving them their personal annoyances, aiding them when it might be said they did not deserve aiding, treating them kindly and tenderly as a father might treat his children, and be told that his efforts have been wasted, and to be asked where are the fruits of all his labors.

We believe that time sufficient has not been allowed for the vast change that is required to be made in the thoughts and principles and habits of these people before they can become assimilated to the ways of white people. We think it ought to be taken into account that the Indians as a people for generations past have lived in an utterly wild, untutored state, and that the seeds of this wild life must necessarily take a long period to eradicate; it ought not to be expected that even the whole lifetime of one worker, however faithful he may be, should count for very much in the evangelization of a race whose evil tendencies have all the time been gaining strength for centuries. We believe that a solemn responsibility rests on the shoul-

ders not only of people living in Canada, but of Christian people generally, and the land owners particularly, who are now deriving wealth from these vast lands which were formerly the hunting grounds of the Indians. England is every year sending out her emigrants in thousands to make for themselves homes in our great North-west, and we think that England should care more for and take more interest in the welfare of her forest children who are driven away from their homes by the incoming settlers.

We would put in a plea for those who have been bearing the burden and heat of the day, for those who have sacrificed many of the pleasures and advantages of life in order to throw themselves into this work of caring for and training these poor despised Indians. If men and women are to be found (and, indeed, it is but few there are) who will earnestly with their whole heart and soul, for the sake of the Saviour who died for us all, undertake the work of reclaiming and teaching these poor neglected people, who will go into this field that has so little that is inviting or encouraging, who will bear with the peculiarity of temperament which is often so trying in the Indian character, who will put up with experiences which are, to say the least, unpleasant, often even revolting, who will undergo trials and discouragements, and still go bravely on—surely their hands ought to be upheld, surely their appeals for assistance in their arduous work ought to be responded to. Most earnestly do we pray God that people's hearts may be stirred within them to do as the good Samaritan did, and help our work among the Indians in the same kind-hearted and whole-souled way that He did the poor man by the wayside, not for what will be gained, but as a simple duty which every Christian owes to his neighbor.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 15; 1 Cor. 9:24-27; Matt. 20:1-15. Hymns: "I love Thy kingdom, Lord;" "Wake and lift up thyself, my heart."

THE DISCOURSE.

Text: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely" (Hosea 14:4).

Backsliders always feel that it is *more difficult to come back to God* than it was to make the first approach.

Then they were aliens; now they are children. Then they had offended against law; now they had offended against love.

Having been adopted into the family of God and received forgiveness and many a love-token, they feel that they cannot have the face to look up to the Lord.

Plead with them. Repeat all the promises made to sinners. Show them that being sinners need not keep them from the Lord because His name is Jesus, Saviour, and His great business is sinner-saving.

"True," they reply, "very true; and you may repeat those great and precious promises to other sinners, to liars, thieves, adulterers, and murderers; and on those promises *I did go to Him, and found them true*; but after all that mercy I sinned against Him, and ran away from Him. I could go once. I cannot go again." And you would have no answer; and they could never return if the Lord had not most mercifully recorded special direct promises for such cases: "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you" (Jer. 3:12). "Turn, O backsliding children! saith the Lord; for I am married unto you" (Jer. 3:14).

And this text in Hosea.

Backsliding is a *disease of weakness*. He will cure it, so that we will backslide no more.

Now, if He had said *this much only*, what a comfort!

But He promises to "love" us, love us "freely."

He will not cast up to us our want of fidelity. He will not treat us with a *restrained graciousness*.

"I will love them freely."

Let church-members take a lesson of the Lord for their treatment of weak brethren.

Read Galatians 6: 1-5.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. For if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden. Let him that is taught in the Word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things."

AFTERNOON TALK.

THE GOD OF HOPE.

By B. M. Palmer, D.D., New Orleans, La.

Let us read Rom. 15: 13: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."

This verse is both a benediction and a prayer. Observe the title by which God is addressed—"the God of hope." In earnest prayer we naturally seek, in the attributes of God, or in the principles of His moral government, or in the relations which He sustains to His people, or in the promises which He has made, something upon which to found the expectation of an answer. This, as the ground of our appeal, is immediately pushed to the front of the prayer in the invocation itself. Thus in the Scriptures we find Jehovah addressed severally as "the God of patience," as the "God of all consolation," as "the God of peace;" in every case the title contains the substance of the prayer, as well as the warrant upon which it is based.

In pushing our way through the language of the text, we strike another remarkable fact—that all the exercises of the Christian are in the sphere of faith; "the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace, in believing." Only in believing does he possess either joy or peace. Just as the air is the necessary condition of physical life and activity, so faith in Christ is the fundamental condition of our spiritual life.

But, however pleasant or profitable to dwell upon either or both of these, they will be passed over that we may notice the order of the graces which are here enumerated: "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." Observe the apparent anti-climax of the arrangement, which our logic would exactly reverse. To us hope would seem to spring from faith, as the first streak of light when the morning is opening its eye upon the world. Then hope would broaden into peace, as the faint dawn deepening into the clear daylight of the soul. And peace, in its turn, would mount into joy as the noontide splendor of our Christian experience. On the contrary, the Apostle springs to the topmost grace of the believer; descending from joy to peace, through peace to hope, and through hope to faith, the bottom and ground of the whole series.

This anti-climax recognizes one constant fact in our experience—the recurrence, in the advanced stages of religious life, to the elementary principles of grace. "We may have reached the summit of the highest joy; but we must ever come down through the entire descent, and renew the faith and repentance which were exercised at the beginning."

This recurrence to elementary principles marks our progress in all departments of knowledge. In the higher mathematics, the demonstration turns upon axioms which were accepted upon the first statement; in philosophy, however numerous the links in the chain, the reasoning depends throughout upon those primary beliefs which God has imbedded in the constitution of the mind, the key-stones which bind the arch, and the buttresses which support the entire bridge. Equally so in the moral and spiritual sphere, all our conclusions as to right and wrong turn upon two or three fundamental principles recognized by the conscience; and

the holiest Christian must test his experience by renewal of the faith which he exercised at the first. Hence it is that old age generally becomes so simple. The most reliant nature returns to the simple heart of its early days. In this law of pious experience, then, we have a practical test of our advance in holiness; the more we take up and renew the beginnings of the Christian life, the more surely are we advancing from grace to grace.

[The following appropriate lines may be committed to memory, and recited by the young people.]

"Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace Can hardly lead his foot from place to place, Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go, Nor does uphold him for a step or two; But when she finds that he begins to fall, She holds him up, and kisses him withal; So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand; But when He sees his feeble strength begin To fail, He gently takes him up again."

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE APOSTASY.

By Rev. Andrew Bonar, D.D.

The Seven Years' Covenant—Antichrist will be Worshipped—The Last Half of the Week—The Unequalled Tribulation—The Raising of the Two Witnesses—The First Napoleon an Illustration—Indications of Antichrist's Programme.

As the times of the Gentiles draw to a close, Scripture indicates the return of the Jews to Palestine as a nation, although in unbelief, and it is then that Antichrist, called the *Prince that shall come*, will make a seven years' covenant with them according to Daniel 9: 27.

Although it is only with the Jews that this Antichrist will "confirm the covenant for one week," yet ultimately the whole ten kings of the Roman earth will join together in giving their kingdom to him "until the words of God shall be fulfilled" (Rev. 17: 12, 13, 17). Finally, Antichrist will "plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas" (the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean) "in the glorious holy mountain" (a name given alone to Mount Zion at Jerusalem), "and there shall come to his end, and none shall help him" (see Dan. 11: 44, 45).

CONSUMMATE DEPRAVITY.

His coming is declared to be with all "deceivableness of unrighteousness." He will adapt himself, just as the first Napoleon did, to the prevailing system of the godless times he appears in, and especially to the prejudices of the Jewish people, who, replaced by His help in their own land, once more as a nation, with their great wealth, will rise into importance there. In this "deceivableness" also, it is that the covenant is made with them for the *whole remaining week*. All the world will (Rev. 13: 3-8) wonder after him, and not only wonder after, but *worship him*, and the Dragon too, "who gives him his power and great authority." How fearful to think even of such an apostasy as this; well may it be called "The Apostasy," connected as it is with this prince that shall then have come, and shown himself to be that "Man of sin," for in the midst of the week (although his covenant, such as it was, had been made for the whole), he throws off the mask and shows himself "that he is God," with a false prophet, working miracles before him in the power of Satan himself—the mock Trinity of Hell, the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophet, then shown in opposition to the Trinity of Heaven.

The last half of the seven years, when the covenant has been broken, are the times of

THE UNEQUALLED TRIBULATION,

of which so much is said in Scripture. God has mercifully shortened those days, and told His people in every different mode of expressing it what the limit is—viz., "the midst of the week," or hebdomad of seven years, that is, *three years and a half*; the "1260 days;" the "42 months;" the "time, times, and half a time;" all expressing exactly the same duration, and all, if taken with the context, pointing distinctly to

the same dreadful period. During it God will raise up Two Witnesses, doubtless individual men from what is said of them, whom He will miraculously protect during the three and a half years of their testimony.

THE NAPOLEONIC TYPE.

In France, before the Revolution of 1793, a well-known "falling away" or "apostasy" occurred, following upon the doctrines taught by Voltaire, when a national decree was passed that death was a perpetual sleep. The scenes of the Reign of Terror which followed showed what man will dare to do if left to himself, and called forth Napoleon Bonaparte, who showed the features of the Antichrist, flattering at first the system he found prevailing, while using it all the while to establish himself in power. . . . So the Antichrist will not at his first appearance shock the prejudices of those whose faith he at last overthrows, for he is to come in "by flatteries" (Dan. 11: 21).

In France Napoleon Bonaparte was a Roman Catholic, and in Egypt a worshipper of Mahomet, till finding himself, as *by and by Antichrist will do*, fairly established in power, he dropped the deception under which he had entered, proclaiming himself the monarch and only source of authority. "La France! c'est moi" (France! it is me) was the laconic way in which he announced it. What the successor to his name and authority may be raised up to accomplish is yet to be seen, but already the tendency is clearly toward a still more extensive development of the clay-iron principle of government which is to prevail in both feet of the Image, before the ten toes of it are developed.

Such an instance as this should cause us to ponder well, when we read of a still future and more fearful "falling away," which is to distinguish it from others. In the original it is styled emphatically "the apostasy" (11 Thess. 2: 3), with the revealing after or out of it of "that man of sin, the son of perdition, who will oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped: so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

We are told, in Daniel 7: 24, that

THE TEN HORNS

out of this kingdom (the Roman Empire) are ten kings that shall arise, and another (the Little Horn) shall rise after them. The ten kingdoms must therefore appear before Antichrist, inasmuch as he rises after them. . . . The remarkable division of the Roman earth into ten kingdoms has not yet taken place, and the Antichrist, who arises after them, is of necessity future also. The limits of the Roman earth are sufficiently known to all; and no division of it, which does not include the whole, can be said to have fulfilled its division into the ten toes or kingdoms predicted at the time of the end. The iron legs of Daniel's prophetic image (Dan. 2: 31-45) mean the Eastern and Western divisions of the Roman Empire, and the Eastern embraces the portion most important in Bible history—namely, the Holy Land, Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and Greece.

In Daniel 7 Antichrist is foreshown rising out of the ten kingdoms into which the Roman Empire will then have been divided, while in Daniel 8 he is shown as rising out of the four horns or kingdoms into which the Grecian Empire was divided under Alexander the Great's generals (namely, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt). In this there is no discrepancy, for the Roman Empire received its most valuable additions from the territories which it wrested from those successors of Alexander; all, therefore, will be accomplished should Antichrist rise out of the Grecian portion of the Roman earth in the latter time of their kingdom (Dan. 8: 23).

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Vigorous Onslaught on the President was made by Senator Sherman on February 8th on the subject of the papers which Mr. Cleveland declined sending to the Senate. Mr. Sherman took the ground that the Senate had the right to demand any information on file in any of the departments, without reference to the use which it proposed to make of such information. That may or may not be fair ground to take, but if the Senate desires to enlist the public on its side in the quarrel it should open its doors. So long as it insists on making executive sessions secret, the public cannot decide intelligently whether the fault is with the President or the Senate. An explanation from Senator Blackburn of his vote on the question has been published, which, in justice to him, should be made known. He said last week to a *Herald* correspondent: "I say now that from conviction and from experience I am opposed most emphatically to the continuance of secret sessions, with one exception, and that only when the open discussion of foreign treaties would be unfair to the country with which negotiations were pending. With that exception I am in favor of no distinction whatever between legislative and executive business, and untrammelled I would so vote. But since my party colleagues have seen proper to make it a party issue, in deference to their instructions I voted in committee against the resolution proposed by Senator Platt."

The Pan-Electric Scandal, Which has been a prominent subject of public discussion during the past few weeks, is one about which there is considerable misunderstanding. It refers to a suit being brought by the United States Government to test the validity of the Bell Telephone Patent. The propriety of the action is a matter of dispute, but the feature in which public interest centres is that the legal adviser of the Government, Attorney-General Garland, a Railroad Commissioner, and an Indian Commissioner are largely interested in a rival patent—the Pan Electric—the stockholders of which would benefit by the Bell patent being declared invalid. Mr. Garland has not promoted the suit, and was away from Washington when it was initiated; but the fact of his being an interested party has given rise to severe criticism, which has gained point from another fact recently disclosed—

that he obtained his shares at a mere nominal price while he was in the Senate. We do not join in the hue and cry raised against the Attorney-General, but we cannot refrain from expressing regret that, under the peculiar circumstances in which the Administration came into power, he did not avoid the scandal by either selling his stock or resigning his office. As it is, though the suspicion may be groundless, the public suspect that the power of the Administration and the public money are being used to promote private interests.

The Difficulties in the Way of Obtaining a navy for the United States were indicated by the evidence offered last week to the Naval Committee of the House. A number of witnesses entitled to be considered experts were examined, and the differences of opinion between them were remarkable. There was no difference, however, as to the present state of the navy. It did not get a good word from any one. Secretary Whitney asked for an appropriation to complete the monitors and to build steel cruisers. He recommended the building of them by private contract, but advised that at least one government yard might be put into a condition to build a ship. Not one was in that condition now. It is remarkable that not only here but in Europe the capacity of the Navy Department to spend money without appreciable results surpasses that of any department, public or private.

A Serious Riot in the Coke Regions Took place on February 8th. Three hundred strikers attacked the works near Bradford, while only a few men were at work. They gave the foreman a severe beating, fired several shots among the workmen, and set the place on fire. The employes of the company succeeded in saving the main body of the works, but the strikers guarded the burning wing, and prevented any attempt being made to extinguish the flames. They visited several other works, and did considerable damage. The strikers appear determined to force out all the men.

A Conflict between the Militia and the anti-Chinese mob occurred at Seattle, W. T., last week. It commenced on Monday, when the troops undertook the protection of the Chinamen. In the belief that the soldiers would not use their arms against citizens, an attack was made upon them; but a volley was promptly fired, and four rioters fell. On Tuesday, as rioting was continued, the governor placed the city under martial law, and applied to the President for assistance. The President in response issued a proclamation, and sent on United States troops, who took possession of the city, and prevented further rioting. An anti-Chinese Congress was held at Portland, Oregon, on February 13th to decide on future proceedings. It was resolved to move for the impeachment of the Governor of Washington Territory, and to request General B. F. Butler to conduct the case. The excitement in Portland is but little less than that at Seattle, and the most intense antipathy to the Chinese prevails.

A Socialistic Riot in London Caused General alarm on February 8th. A mass-meeting of "starving mechanics" was called on that day in Trafalgar Square. Fully ten thousand responded. A sprinkling of socialists gave tone to what might otherwise have been a harmless demonstration. One of these, a defeated socialist candidate for Parliament, named Burns, addressed the crowd from the foot of the Nelson Column, and ultimately clambered up to the pedestal, apparently desiring by that unlawful act to precipitate a conflict between the police and the mob. He succeeded, and after a struggle he was removed from the pedestal. There was another attack on the police, and Burns mounted the pedestal again, and set a red flag flying. Incendiary speeches were delivered by Burns and others, declaring that the starving mechanics would have bread, and if peaceable means failed they would take it from the bakers' shops. The police, having been re-enforced, made another charge on the mob, and drove it from the foot of

the column. It then passed into the side streets, where members of Parliament live, and where the aristocratic clubs are situated. Windows were broken, several houses pillaged, and hotels raided for food and drink. The crowd went to Hyde Park, and held a meeting, after which only small sections of the rioters did any damage. About two thirds of the crowd were genuine workmen and one third socialists. As the two sections were not in accord, there were frequent collisions and some fighting between them. There is terrible distress among workmen in London, an unprecedented number being out of employment and threatened with starvation. The Queen has written a public letter expressing her sympathy with people whose property suffered in the riot. The workmen are indignant that she should have said nothing about their distress.

Mr. Gladstone has Appointed a Working-man to an important office in his administration. The step is unprecedented, and indicates the progress being made in England of democratic principles. The new official is Henry Broadhurst, who was formerly a journeyman stonemason, but was elected by the workmen of Birmingham to represent them in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has now chosen him to be Under-Secretary of the Home Department. Mr. Broadhurst is a self-educated man of remarkable ability and a clear-sighted, determined advocate of industrial interests. He did excellent service last year on the commission appointed to investigate the housing of the poor.

An Ominous Mutiny in the Irish Parliamen-tary party was developed last week. At the recent election Mr. O'Connor was elected by two constituencies, Liverpool and Galway, and he had to decide which of the two he would represent. He chose Liverpool, because any good Home-Ruler could be elected in Galway, while if another election were held in Liverpool an Irishman might not get in. Two candidates appeared for the seat he vacated in Galway—Lynch and O'Shea. Two Parnellite leaders, Healy and Biggar, promptly endorsed Lynch, and began to stump for him. Mr. Parnell, however, preferred O'Shea, and exercised his authority over his two lieutenants. They withdrew their endorsement with rather a bad grace, and O'Shea was elected. Much discontent is expressed at Mr. Parnell's arbitrary methods, but for the time the open mutiny is quelled.

Greece Maintains a Hostile Attitude toward Turkey, though the prospects of peace have improved during the week. The Greek Government is aware that its hopes of success in a conflict would be small. Having aroused the people and fostered discontent in Macedonia, it is now, however, difficult to retreat with honor. There is danger of revolution and a dynastic overthrow if the Greeks imagine that their government has been humiliated. From that standpoint the dynasty would suffer less danger from a defeat by Turkey than from revolution. A way out of the difficulty is suggested in a proposal to the English Government to induce Turkey to voluntarily surrender to Greece some small portion of the coveted territory.

Confirmation of the Shocking Disclosures of aristocratic vice made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* was obtained in London in a trial heard last week. The police arrested the keeper of a house into which two children, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were inveigled to gratify the lust of two elderly men. The arrests could not have been made a year ago. It was authorized by the law passed in consequence of Mr. Stead's revelations. The keeper of the house is a woman grown wealthy in the pursuit of her hideous profession. She was held for trial, and bail was refused. The evidence was most revolting. The *Gazette* asserts that if the prosecution is followed up the public will learn the names and facts disclosed to the secret commission appointed to inquire into the *Gazette's* charges. It is therefore safe to conclude that it will not be followed up.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers in the South with the CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$5.50. They are from Brooklyn, N. Y., \$3.50; from San Francisco, Cal., \$2. Upward of twenty applications have recently been received from friends, who urge the claims of colored ministers who are in need of such a journal as this. They are without a religious journal, and are almost destitute of theological books, and the stipends they receive barely supply them with food and clothing. We have filed the names, and the friends who have applied on their behalf may rely on the names being put on the list as fast as the fund permits us to do so.

The Death of Horatio Seymour at Utica, N. Y., on Friday last, occasioned general regret throughout the Union. Mr. Seymour had come to be regarded as a sage whose utterances on public questions were of inestimable value not only to his party, but to the whole nation. He was nearly seventy-six years old, having been born May 31st, 1810. In 1841 he was elected to the Assembly of New York State, and in 1845 was made Speaker. In 1852 he was elected Governor of the State by a plurality of 22,596. In 1862 he was re-elected. During this term the draft riots occurred, and ex-Governor Seymour displayed considerable personal courage and administrative capacity in the course he took in assisting to suppress them. In 1868, much against his will, he received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He was defeated by General Grant. Since that time he has remained in retirement; and though he has often been spoken of in conventions as a candidate, his known determination never again to run for office prevented his nomination.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker, Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists, have finished a successful fifteen-days mission at Minneapolis, Minn. Though the thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero during their visit, the meetings were not affected by the low temperature. Commencing with an attendance of six hundred, they ran up to eleven hundred, and the interest increased from day to day. The work was much blessed, numerous professions of faith were made nightly, and the churches of the city are experiencing a vigorous revival. The evangelists are now in the midst of a cheering work at Sterling, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham are Laboring in Virginia with many tokens of the Divine blessing. The *Jeffersonian*, of Charlottesville, describes the meetings as the most remarkable ever held in that vicinity, and says that the movement is spreading. It continues: "The interest in these meetings has not only not abated, but seems to be wonderfully on the increase. Such a steady outpouring of people in such numbers and for such a length of time has never been witnessed in Charlottesville, so far as our knowledge serves us, on any similar occasion. The Baptist Church at every service has been full to overflowing." Mrs. Needham holds services for women only, besides assisting her husband in the general work. On Sunday the churches of the city held united services conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Needham. The attendance was so large that overflow meetings had to be arranged. Mr. Thomas Needham, the third brother of the evangelist, is expected to follow up the work with another series of services. He is now holding meetings at Roanoke, Va.

The Hermit of Pike County, Pa., whose death was mentioned in these columns on January 28th, appears to have been misrepresented in the dispatch from which our information was obtained. A correspondent in Bristol, Conn., from which town "the hermit" came, writes us that Austin Sheldon has respectable connections in that place, and that during his voluntary seclusion they knew of his whereabouts. The cause of his strange life was a fraud practised upon him by land speculators. He was induced to invest his money in lands in Pennsylvania; and, sending his young wife to stay with her family, he went to examine his purchase. He

found that he had been deceived, the land being uncleared and distant from any settlement. He built a small hut for a temporary residence, and returned to fetch his wife. She, however, was averse to living in such a place as he admitted it to be, and he returned alone, disheartened and sad. Afterward he had no desire for society, and lived his life of seclusion as described. His refusal to answer questions is explained by the fact that he was stone deaf. In his later years he was not morose, but exceedingly kind, especially to children, who were fond of visiting him.

A Runaway Freight Train Did Serious Mischief in St. Louis, Mo., on February 8th. The train, which consisted of sixty-two cars, was climbing the hill from the river when one of the couplings in the forward part of the train broke, and immediately the rear portion of the train started back down the grade. Each foot of its backward course increased the speed, and almost immediately several of the cars began swaying from side to side, and soon several jumped the track, but still kept on in their downward course, crashing into the houses which line the streets. The others continued their mad course, some off the track and some on, until they were toppled over into the river. Several houses were utterly wrecked, and almost every house by the track sustained damage. The *débris* of the wrecked cars and houses strewed the track, and it was several hours before traffic could be resumed. No assistance was needed to carry the cars down the grade. It needed a powerful engine to draw them up, but their own momentum was sufficient for the journey to disaster. It is so with human nature. God can raise it to a higher level, but left to itself it gravitates steadily downward (John 6 : 44).

A Remarkable Atmospheric Phenomenon was observed at Montreal on February 7th. Shortly before midnight a light was seen on the western horizon. It had the appearance of a luminous mist or the reflection of an immense conflagration. It was watched with much curiosity, and after a few minutes the observers saw a tongue of fire shoot out of the mist and stretch across the sky to the zenith. It curved slightly in its path, and resembled a *drawn sword*. About one o'clock, when the weather cleared up, it faded away. Some of the old soldiers say a similar phenomenon was witnessed just before the Crimean war and again before the Franco-Prussian war. The local scientists are quite at a loss to account for it, and think that it had no connection with the solar system. They venture the opinion that it was caused by the presence of snow in the air. It is probable that some scientific explanation will be given of the phenomenon, but it is well to remember that even after we have learned what natural law produced the wonder, we only know what agency God employed in its production. Scientists will perhaps be able to explain the natural convulsions which will soon herald the close of this dispensation, but the watchful Christian will recognize in them the hand of God, and discern their purport (Matt. 24 : 29, 33).

A Learned Pauper's Death in a Poorhouse is reported from Pennsylvania. Among the deaths registered in the Erie County almshouse recently is that of Dr. P. W. Moshlech, in his seventy-ninth year. Dr. Moshlech was formerly Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Bethany College, West Virginia, but the war excitement closed that college, and he went to Ohio and afterward to Pennsylvania, where he practised medicine. He was not successful, being too much absorbed in scientific study to give proper attention to his patients. He was a profoundly learned man, the master of ten languages, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Darwin, Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, and other eminent men. He made a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, and while there compiled the valuable Hawaiian Dictionary. During his career he made no provision for old age, and when he was no longer able to earn the little he needed for his support he was forced to become an inmate of the almshouse, where he died a few days ago.

It was a sad ending to so distinguished a life. Men with not a tithe of Dr. Moshlech's learning and ability are more prudent, and prepare for the decline of life. Unhappily, the evil often goes farther. Men eminent for learning and mental capacity frequently neglect to prepare for eternity, while children and fools make their peace with God (Luke 10 : 21).

A Secret that Cannot be Divulged Without severe penalties is in the possession of two men in New Jersey. They were before the Court of Chancery at Trenton last week on the application of a leather-dealer. He stated that he had made valuable discoveries in the manufacture of cordovan leather and for coloring kangaroo, alligator, and snake skins. The two men had been in his employ and had discovered his secret. They had agreed to transfer their services to a rival in the business, to whom the knowledge of the secret would be valuable. He desired that an injunction be issued restraining them from divulging the secret. The Chancellor, having heard the case, issued an injunction as requested. It may therefore be inferred that the rival leather-dealer will be debarred from using another man's discoveries for his own benefit. Though a secret that might advance his fortune in this world is to be withheld from him, he and all other men may be thankful that the way to eternal riches and happiness is not kept secret, but openly proclaimed and offered freely to all (Rev. 22 : 17).

A Testator's Injunctions were Set Aside by the Court of Chancery of New Jersey last week. A man recently deceased in making his will specified that if any of his children should file a caveat against its probate the filer should pay the expenses incurred thereby out of his own pocket. A caveat was filed by his son, and the litigation was taken to the Court of Chancery. The vice-chancellor decided that the law is that the costs arising from the filing of a caveat must come out of the estate, and the Orphans' Court has power to so direct. *Makers of wills cannot also make laws.* That is a dictum which should not be forgotten by other people beside makers of wills. Dogmatic utterances are often heard from pulpit and platform and in private conversation which have no authority. Speakers have been heard to assert that the Lord wishes this or that, as if they were delegated to speak in His name. Like Peter, who would have excluded the Gentiles from the Christian Church (Acts 10 : 28), and James and John, who wanted to call fire down on the Samaritans (Luke 9 : 54), they generally reveal their unfitness to speak in God's name by the spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance they display. It is well for humanity that God reserves the right to make the laws of His kingdom (Mark 9 : 38-40).

The Irregularities of a Lady's Watch have had a curious explanation in Georgia. It appears that a lady residing in Columbus recently being about to visit the generating station of the electric light company, was told to leave her watch at home lest it be magnetized by the strong electric current. She did so, but complained afterward that her watch would not keep good time. She sent it to a jeweller, but he reported that it was not magnetized, and kept good time. Still, whenever she carried it her time was too slow, although when she left it in her room it ran correctly. A gentleman who knew of the circumstance suggested to the young lady that she wear another pair of corsets when next she carried the watch. She did so, and had no further trouble with the watch. The steel springs in her corset had been magnetized. The lady had brought away more than she was aware of of the potent influence in which she had been. It is so with the moral character. The injurious effects of a visit to an evil place may be perpetuated by the influence of the place finding something responsive to itself in the visitor. Unhappily, the response comes not from an article of dress, that may be discarded, but from the "remains of sin" in the soul. Christians in the world are not sin-proof, as Christ was (John 14 : 30).

THE DYING THIEF IN A NEW LIGHT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom."—LUKE 23: 40-42.

Perverted Scripture—The Speciality of the Thief's Conversion—I. As to Means—While he was on the Cross—Without a Sermon—The Gospels of the Crucifixion—II. As to Faith—A Triumph of Faith—His Intelligence—III. As to Results—Not Baptized—Made a Confession—Rebuked Sin—Prayed—IV. As to the Lord's Word to him—The Two Halves of Paul.

A GREAT many persons, whenever they hear of the conversion of the dying thief, remember that he was saved in the very article of death, and they dwell upon that fact, and that alone. He has always been quoted as a case of salvation at the eleventh hour; and so, indeed, he is. In his case it is proven that as long as a man can repent he can obtain forgiveness. The cross of Christ avails even for a man hanging on a gibbet, and drawing near to his last hour. He who is mighty to save was mighty, even during His own death, to pluck others from the grasp of the destroyer, though they were in the act of expiring.

MISUSED SCRIPTURE.

But that is not everything which the story teaches us; and it is always a pity to look exclusively upon one point, and thus to miss everything else—perhaps miss that which is more important. So often has this been the case that it has produced a sort of revulsion of feeling in certain minds, so that they have been driven in a wrong direction by their wish to protest against what they think to be a common error. I read the other day that this story of the dying thief ought not to be taken as an encouragement to death-bed repentance. Brethren, if the author meant—and I do not think he did mean—that this ought never to be so used as to lead people to postpone repentance to a dying bed, he spoke correctly.

I trust, however, that the narrative is not often so used, even by the worst of men, and I feel sure that it will not be so used by any one of you. It cannot be properly turned to such a purpose; it might be used as an encouragement to thieving just as much as to the delay of repentance. I might say, "I may be a thief because this thief was saved," just as rationally as I might say, "I may put off repentance because this thief was saved when he was about to die." The fact is, there is nothing so good but men can pervert it into evil, if they have evil hearts; the justice of God is made a motive for despair, and His mercy an argument for sin. Wicked men will drown themselves in the rivers of truth as readily as in the pools of error. He that has a mind to destroy himself can choke his soul with the Bread of life, or dash himself in pieces against the Rock of ages. There is no doctrine of the grace of God so gracious that graceless men may not turn it into licentiousness.

THE SPECIALITY.

I venture, however, to say that if I stood by the bedside of a dying man to-night, and I found him anxious about his soul, but fearful that Christ could not save him because repentance had been put off so late, I should certainly quote the dying thief to him, and I should do it with good conscience, and without hesitation. I should tell him that, though he was as near to dying as the thief upon the cross was, yet if he repented of his sin, and turned his face to Christ believingly, he would find eternal life. I should do this with all my heart, rejoicing that I had such a story to tell to one at the gates of eternity.

But I do not think, dear friends, that the only speciality about the thief is the lateness of his repentance. So far from being the only point of interest, it is not even the chief point. To some minds, at any rate, other points will be

even more remarkable. I want to show you very briefly that there was a speciality in his case as to *the means of his conversion*; secondly, a speciality in *his faith*; thirdly, a speciality in *the result of his faith while he was here below*; and, fourthly, a speciality in *the promise won by his faith*—the promise fulfilled to him in Paradise.

I. First, then, I think you ought to notice very carefully the singularity and speciality of

THE MEANS

by which the thief was converted. How do you think it was? Well, we do not know. We cannot tell. It seems to me that the man was an unconverted, impenitent thief when they nailed him to the cross, because one of the evangelists says, "The thieves also, which were crucified with Him, cast the same in His teeth." It would appear that by some means or other this thief must have been converted while he was on the cross. Assuredly nobody preached a sermon to him, no evangelistic address was delivered at the foot of his cross, and no meeting was held for special prayer on his account. He does not even seem to have had an instruction, or an invitation, or an exhortation addressed to him; and yet this man became a sincere and accepted believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

What do you think must have converted this poor thief? It strikes me that it may have been—it must have been, the sight of our great Lord and Saviour. There was, to begin with, our Saviour's wonderful behavior on the road to the cross. Perhaps the robber had mixed up with all sorts of society, but he had never seen a Man like this. Never had cross been carried by a Cross-Bearer of His look and fashion. Surely that march along the Via Dolorosa was the first part of the sermon which God preached to that bad man's heart.

HIS GOSPEL.

When he saw the Saviour surrounded by the Roman soldiery—saw the executioners bring forth the hammers and the nails, and lay Him down upon His back, and drive the nails into His hands and feet, this crucified criminal was startled and astonished as he heard Him say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." He himself, probably, had met his executioners with a curse; but he heard this man breathe a prayer to the great Father; and, as a Jew, as he probably was, he understood what was meant by such a prayer. But it did astound him to hear Jesus pray for His murderers. Who else had ever prayed so? Certainly not David and the kings of Israel, who, on the contrary, in all honesty and heartiness imprecated the wrath of God upon their enemies. Elias himself would not have prayed in that fashion; rather would he have called fire from heaven on the centurion and his company. It was a new, strange sound to him. I do not suppose that he appreciated it to the full; but I can well believe that it deeply impressed him, and made him feel that his Fellow-Sufferer was a being about whom there was an exceeding mystery of goodness.

And when the cross was lifted up, that thief hanging up on his own cross looked around, and I suppose he could see that inscription written in three languages—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." If so, that writing was his little Bible, his New Testament, and he interpreted it by what he knew of the Old Testament. Putting this and that together—that strange Person, incarnate loveliness, all patience and all majesty, that strange prayer, and now this singular inscription, surely he who knew the Old Testament, as I have no doubt he did, would say to himself, "Is this HE? Is this truly the King of the Jews? This is He who wrought miracles, and raised the dead, and said that He was the Son of God; is it all true, and is He really our Messiah?"

Peradventure, this dying thief read the Gospel out of the lips of Christ's enemies. They said, "He saved others." "Ah!" thought he, "did He save others? Why should He not

save me?" What a grand bit of Gospel that was for the dying thief—"He saved others"! I think I could swim to heaven on that plank—"He saved others;" because, if He saved others, He can of a surety save me. Thus the very things that the enemies disdainfully threw at Christ would be gospel to this poor dying man.

But, after all, surely that which won him most must have been to look at Jesus again, as He was hanging upon the cruel tree. Possibly nothing about the physical person of Christ would be attractive to him, for His visage was more marred than that of any man, and His form more than the sons of men; but yet there must have been in that blessed face a singular charm. Was it not the very image of perfection? As I conceive the face of Christ, it was very different from anything that any painter has yet been able to place upon his canvas. It was all goodness, and kindness, and unselfishness; and yet it was a royal face. As the robber looked, he believed. I put it down as a very singular thing, a thing for you and for me to recollect, and dwell upon, with quite as much vividness as we do upon the lateness of this robber's conversion.

II. But now I want you to think with me a little upon the speciality of

THIS MAN'S FAITH,

for I think it was a very singular faith that this man exerted toward our Lord Jesus Christ. I greatly question whether the equal and the parallel of the dying thief's faith will be readily found outside the Scriptures, or even in the Scriptures. Observe, that this man believed in Christ when he literally saw him dying the death of a felon, under circumstances of the greatest personal shame. For him to ask Jesus to remember him when he came into His kingdom, though he saw that Jesus bleeding His life away, and hounded to the death, was a splendid act of reliance. For him to commit his everlasting destiny into the hands of One who was, to all appearance, unable even to preserve His own life, was a noble achievement of faith. I say that this dying thief leads the van in the matter of faith, for what he saw of the circumstances of the Saviour was calculated to contradict rather than help his confidence. What he saw was to his hindrance rather than to his help, for he saw our Lord in the very extremity of agony and death, and yet he believed in Him as the King shortly to come into His kingdom.

Recollect, too, that at that moment when the thief believed in Christ, all the disciples had forsaken Him and fled. John might be lingering at a little distance, and holy women may have stood farther off, but

NO ONE WAS PRESENT

bravely to champion the dying Christ. Judas had sold Him, Peter had denied Him, and the rest had forsaken Him; and it was then that the dying thief called Him "Lord," and said, "Remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." I call that splendid faith. Why, some of you do not believe, though you are surrounded with Christian friends—though you are urged on by the testimony of those whom you regard with love; but this man, all alone, comes out, and calls Jesus his Lord! No one else was confessing Christ at that moment; no revival was around him with enthusiastic crowds; he was all by himself as a confessor of his Lord.

And it seems to me that another point adds splendor to that faith—namely, that he himself was in extreme torture. Remember, he was crucified. It was a crucified man trusting in a crucified Christ. Oh, when our frame is racked with torture, when the tenderest nerves are pained, when our body is hung up to die by we know not what great length of torment, then to forget the present and live in the future is a grand achievement of faith! While dying, to turn one's eye to Another dying at your side, and trust your soul with Him, is very marvelous faith. Blessed thief, because they put thee down at the bottom, as one of the least of saints, I think that I must bid thee come up higher and take one of the uppermost seats

among those who by faith have glorified the Christ of God!

Why, see, dear friends, once more, the speciality of this man's faith was that *he saw so much*, though his eyes had been opened for so short a time! He saw the future world. He was not a believer in annihilation, or in the possibility of a man's not being immortal. He evidently expected to be in another world, and to be in existence when the dying Lord should come into His kingdom. He believed all that, and it is more than some do nowadays. He also believed that Jesus would have a kingdom, a kingdom after He was dead, a kingdom though he was crucified. He believed that he was winning for himself a kingdom by those nailed hands and pierced feet. This was intelligent faith, was it not? He believed that Jesus would have a kingdom in which others would share, and therefore he aspired to have his portion in it. Oh, dear sirs, if any of you have thought of this dying thief only as one who put off repentance, I want you now to think of him as one that did greatly and grandly believe in Christ; and oh, that you would do the same!

III. But now, thirdly, as God shall help me, I wish to show you another speciality—namely, in

THE RESULT

of his faith. Oh, I have heard people say, 'Well, you see, the dying thief was converted; but then he was not baptized. He never went to communion, and never joined the Church!' He could not do either; and that which God Himself renders impossible to us He does not demand of us. He was nailed to the cross; how could he be baptized? But he did a great deal more than that; for if he could not carry out the outward signs, he most manifestly exhibited the things which they signified, which, in his condition, was better still.

This dying thief first of all confessed the Lord Jesus Christ; and that is the very essence of baptism. He confessed Christ. Did he not acknowledge Him to his fellow-thief? It was as open a confession as he could make it. Did he not acknowledge Christ before all that were gathered around the cross who were within hearing? It was as public a confession as he could possibly cause it to be. Yet certain cowardly fellows claim to be Christians, though they have never confessed Christ to a single person, and then they quote this poor thief as an excuse. Are they nailed to a cross? Are they dying in agony? Oh, no; and yet they talk as if they could claim the exemption which these circumstances would give them. What a dishonest piece of business! This man came out, then and there, and made as open an avowal of his faith in Christ as was possible.

GOSPEL WORK.

The next thing he did was to rebuke his fellow-sinner. He spoke to him in answer to the ribaldry with which he had assailed our Lord. I do not know what the unconverted convict had been blasphemously saying, but his converted comrade spoke very honestly to him. "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this Man hath done nothing amiss." It is more than ever needful in these days that believers in Christ should not allow sin to go-unrebuked; and yet a great many of them do so. Do you not know that a person who is silent when a wrong thing is said or done may become a participator in the sin? If you do not rebuke sin—I mean, of course, on all fit occasions, and in a proper spirit—your silence will give consent to the sin, and you will be an aider and abettor in it.

See, again, another mark of this man's faith. He prays; and his prayer is directed to Jesus. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." True faith is always praying faith. "Behold, he prayeth," is one of the surest tests of the new birth. Oh, friends, may we abound in prayer, for thus we shall prove that our faith in Jesus Christ is what it ought to be! This converted robber opened his mouth wide in prayer; he prayed with great confidence

as to the coming kingdom, and he sought that kingdom first, even to the exclusion of all else.

Oh, that some penitent spirit here might be helped thus to believe, thus to confess, thus to defend his Master, thus to adore, thus to worship; and then the age of the convert would be a matter of the smallest imaginable consequence.

IV. Now, the last remark is this: There was something very special about the dying thief as to

OUR LORD'S WORD

to him about the world to come. He said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." He only asked the Lord to remember him, but he obtained this surprising answer, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

In some respects I envy this dying thief, for this reason—that when the Lord pardoned me, and pardoned the most of you, who are present, He did not give us a place in Paradise that same day. We are not yet come to the rest which is promised to us. No, you are waiting here. Some of you have been waiting very long. It is thirty years with many of us. It is forty years, it is fifty years, with many others since the Lord blotted out your sins, and yet you are not with Him in Paradise. There is something for us to do in the wilderness, and so we are kept out of the heavenly garden.

I remember that Mr. Baxter said that he was not in a hurry to be gone to heaven; and a friend called upon Dr. John Owen, who had been writing about the glory of Christ, and asked him what he thought of going to heaven. That great divine replied, "I am longing to be there." "Why," said the other, "I have just spoken to holy Mr. Baxter, and he says that he would prefer to be here, since he thinks that he can be more useful on earth." "Oh!" said Dr. Owen, "my brother Baxter is always full of practical godliness, but for all that I cannot say that I am at all desirous to linger in this mortal state. I would rather be gone." Each of these men seems to me to have been the half of Paul. Paul was made up of the two, for he was desirous to depart, but he was willing to remain because it was needful for the people. We would put both together, and, like Paul, have a strong desire to depart and to be with Christ, and yet be willing to wait if we can do service to our Lord and to His Church.

SHORT WORK.

Still, I think he has the best of it who is converted, and enters heaven the same night. This robber *breakfasted with the devil*, but he dined with Christ on earth, and supped with Him in Paradise. This was short work, but blessed work. What a host of troubles he escaped! What a world of temptation he missed! What an evil world he quitted! He was just born, like a lamb dropped in the field, and then he was lifted into the Shepherd's bosom straight away. I do not remember the Lord ever saying this to anybody else. I dare say it may have happened that souls have been converted and have gone home at once; but I never heard of anybody that had such an assurance from Christ as this man had: "Verily, I say unto thee; such a personal assurance: 'Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Dying thief, thou wert favored above many, 'to be with Christ, which is far better,' and to be with Him so soon!

Why is it that our Lord does not thus emparadise all of us at once? It is because there is something for us to do on earth. My brethren, are you doing it? *Are you doing it?* Some good people are still on earth; but why? But why? What is the use of them? I cannot make it out. If they are indeed the Lord's people, what are they here for? They get up in the morning and eat their breakfast, and in due course eat their dinner, and their supper, and go to bed and sleep; at a proper hour they get up the next morning, and do the same as on the previous day. Is this living for Jesus? Is this life? It does not come to much. Can this be the life of God in man? Oh, Christian people, do justify your Lord in keeping you waiting

here! How can you justify Him but by serving Him to the utmost of your power? The Lord help you to do so! Let us begin to live if we have been half dead. May the Spirit of God make something of us yet, so that we may go as industrious servants from the labors of the vineyard to the pleasures of the Paradise! To our once crucified Lord be glory forever and ever! Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE GOSPELS,

by William Marvin. Among the most dangerous of the assaults on the Bible is that which denies that the four Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear. This denial assails the very foundation of faith. It is true that a man might still hold to his faith while doubting whether the books were actually written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. He might believe that, as Bancroft has given us a trustworthy history of the United States, and accurately described events which happened long before he was born, so these Gospels may have been written by scholars who had access to materials from which they constructed a true and reliable narrative. Such a man, however, would have an uneasy consciousness of insecurity. He would feel that perhaps the writers were mistaken, had accepted myth for fact, and, without intending to deceive, had placed on record false or exaggerated statements which they honestly believed. The feeling would be fatal to his peace. He would lose the power that springs from absolute, unwavering confidence, and which nerves the heart and inspires for labor and suffering. This seed of doubt is being sown broadcast through the land, and it is doing a deadly work outside the Church; and no one fully realizes how much mischief it is doing within the Church, especially among its younger members. They keep up their Church connection because their pious father and mother would break their hearts to see their son leave the Church, or their respectability would be impaired; but their hearts are no longer right. Their zeal dies away. They cannot teach in Sunday-school, because when the children ask questions they cannot answer according to their belief. They become weak in the faith.

For such as these Judge Marvin writes this little book. He remembers that many of them are busy men absorbed in business and with no opportunity for investigation, and he therefore collects testimony from the Fathers, from ancient authorities, and places it verbatim in evidence. It is the work of a lawyer, and a lawyer who is convinced that he has a good case. Many a troubled, distressed man will rise from its perusal with a sigh of relief, convinced that the aspersions cast on his beloved book are false. Judge Marvin presents a case which would convince an intelligent jury if the question involved were one of copyright, and his argument is very much such as one might fancy him addressing to a jury in a suit brought to decide the authorship of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." It will do an immense amount of good, and deserves a wide circulation. Pp. 142; price, 75 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

POMPEII

and the Pompeiians, by Marc Monnier, is an illustrated work describing the exhumed city which was buried nearly two thousand years ago. There is something very fascinating about those ruins which appeals to every one. So sudden was the eruption which burst from Vesuvius on that November night of the year 79, that when, recently, the ashes and lava were removed, the life of the city was spread before the excavators with terrible realism. There were the loaves of bread still in the baker's oven, while the baker himself, caught by the descending stifling torrent, lay there in the midst of his occupation a corpse. Women who stayed to collect their jewels fell in the streets, and the jewels for which they gave their lives lay clenched in their lifeless hands, or scattered on the sidewalk.



Natalie, Queen of Serbia, Visiting Wounded Soldiers in the Red Cross Hospital.

Life was suddenly arrested—so suddenly that it is possible to see exactly what the people were doing at the dreadful moment, what they wore, the implements and utensils they used, the shape of their houses, and the very pictures on their walls. M. Monnier gives a vivid description of all these things, and of many of them he gives pictures. His historical sketch of the city, also, is very interesting. No Christian reader can peruse the volume without being solemnized as he reads. As one thinks of the possibility of an American city being suddenly stricken with death, one cannot but realize how sad would be the picture it would present when uncovered. What revelations there would be of the life men are leading now—of crime and shameful vice. Such a calamity could not happen, but the day is coming when the summons will be heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," and only those who are waiting and watching will go in with Him to the marriage. We are irresistibly reminded of that day as we read these pages. Pp. 250; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

LITTLE INTERCESSORS.

THE following letter speaks for itself:

"DEAR SIR: At this time, when the minds of Christians are being much exercised over James 5: 14, 15, and other passages in God's Word bearing on the same subject, it seems to me that the following little instance of the kind of true, simple, unquestioning faith, such as our God delights to honor, should be recorded.

"The parents of three little children have anxiously thought and prayed over the question as to how soon and how much to teach the little minds entrusted to them about heavenly and unseen things. They decided to tell them only by degrees what they could clearly understand, praying that spiritual things might always be a great reality to their little hearts.

"A few weeks ago the mother was taken seriously ill. One morning little Magdalen, the eldest, stopped short in the midst of her play, and came to her father with an earnest look on her merry little face. 'Father,' she said, 'don't you think the Lord Jesus would make mother well, if we were all to ask Him together?' 'Yes, darling,' the father answered, 'I am sure He would.' She ran to the others in great delight. 'Come along, Muriel; come along, Cyril! we are all going to ask the Lord Jesus to

make mother well!' She made them both kneel down with her, and the father put up a simple prayer for what they wanted, the three little voices all joining in, and repeating each sentence after him; even the youngest earnestly doing his best. Then as they rose, little Magdalen said with a joyous smile: 'There, dad! now we shall soon have mother down to prayers again!'

"From that very day the mother's dangerous illness was suddenly arrested. Each morning, entirely of their own accord, the three little ones came to their father to ask the Lord Jesus again, Magdalen remarking confidently, 'And He'll do it, dad.' On the third day they heard that their mother was nearly well, and coming downstairs. 'Oh! then,' suggested Magdalen, 'we had better ask the Lord Jesus never to let mother be ill again at all any more; and don't you think He'd like his little bodies to thank Him?'

"When they came to the drawing-room that evening, and found their mother down, their joy was great. 'And, you know, my own mother,' said little Magdalen, eagerly, 'we asked Him three times with father, and lots and lots of times alone.' And little Muriel said, 'I asked Him, too.' And the baby boy looked up solemnly, and just said: 'Lord Jesus.'

"Is not this a 'prayer of faith,' such as brings down an immediate answer from the Throne of God, and bears glorious testimony to the teaching power of the Holy Spirit?

"Yours faithfully,

"THE MOTHER."

QUEEN NATALIE AT THE HOSPITAL.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE Servian war has again called into active exercise the Christian sympathies of the world. Servia has had the skilled assistance of four branches of the Red Cross Society. Hospitals have been set up in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, respectively by the branches of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England.

The illustration on this page is a copy of a picture taken on the spot by Mr. F. Villiers, an artist who has followed the Servian army. It is of the English Red Cross Hospital, in Belgrade, on the day when Queen Natalie visited it. Her majesty, unlike some royal personages, does not keep herself secluded from the gaze of "the vulgar herd," but goes freely through the streets

like any ordinary lady. During the sad time of the weeks succeeding the battles, she spent nearly all her time in the hospitals, going from one to the other, and inquiring after the health of the injured men. She insisted on going through the wards and speaking words of encouragement to the wounded men. She did this not only in the Servian hospitals, but also in those of the foreign agencies of the Red Cross, personally thanking the surgeons and nurses for their ministrations. How welcome her visits are, and how much good they do to loyal Servians, may be imagined. Queen Natalie is only twenty-six years old, and is said to be the most beautiful queen in Europe. It appears from this report of her sympathy that she also possesses beauty of character.

THE DOMINIE'S ONLY SON.

(See Illustration on page 109.)

"HAVE you seen the Dominie's baby?" I was asked one morning some two and twenty years ago by one of my brother members as we travelled to the city together from the country village where we lived.

I confessed that I had not. Being a bachelor, I took little interest in babies, and avoided being in their society as much as I could. At that period I voted babies a nuisance. So, though almost every one in the church had been to the parsonage, and the ladies took a deep interest in the new prodigy, I had omitted as yet to tender my homage. I liked Dr. and Mrs. Randall exceedingly, and some of my happiest evenings had been spent in their snug little parsonage; but the coming of the baby had spoiled all that, and I knew that I was best away.

It was the first baby, and as I learned from my mother and sisters it was likely to be spoiled. The dominie was almost as silly about it as his wife. I heard that he would sit and watch it by the hour, and see new wonders in it all the time. It was so intelligent, so bright, and so pretty—in short, it was thought at the parsonage that there had never been quite such a wonderful baby in the world before.

The baby affected everything. The dominie did not speak of it directly from the pulpit, but we heard a great deal in his sermons at that time about parental love; and the opening intelligence of childhood was a favorite illustration with him just then. Of course I had to go to the parsonage sooner or later, and I went. I remember how proudly the doctor called his wife,

and what a pretty picture it was that the young mother made entering the room with her infant son in her arms. The dominie took it from her, and dandled it in his arms, and pointed out its beauties to me. He even showed his confidence in me by inviting me to hold it, that I might see how fine a babe it was for its age. "No, thank you," I said, bashfully, "I might drop it and break it." Mrs. Randall looked at me pityingly, and smiled.

The child was not spoiled, in spite of my sisters' predictions. He grew up a fine, intelligent boy. I liked him better when he could run around, and had many a romp with him. He had his father's love of learning, too, and when he went to school he was ahead of all his competitors. Mrs. Randall had no more children, and the dominie gave his only son unlimited attention, supplementing his school instruction as none could do so well as he. He was careful, too, of his physical training, and the boy could run and jump and swim better than any boy of his years. "He will be a credit to you, Doctor," was the best compliment you could pay the dominie, and if you predicted that the boy would be in the Senate or even the Presidential chair some day, it would not be thought that you were talking nonsense. In fact, many more unlikely things might happen, for the boy was a noble, brilliant, intelligent fellow.

It was a memorable day for the dominie when two of his trustees waited on him as a delegation from the church, to inform him that it was the general opinion that his son ought to go to college, and a little sum had been raised sufficient to pay the young man's expenses for the first year, and a similar sum would be forthcoming every year afterward. Nothing could have touched his heart more closely. He was a proud and a happy man—happy in his church and in his son. The young man was duly sent, and we all took an interest in his progress. He succeeded beyond even his fond parent's expectations. When he graduated he was at the head of his class, and the principal of his college spoke of him publicly as a young man of great promise.

The choice of a profession was a serious matter, and I think we were all consulted about it. Eventually the young man's own preference for the law was confirmed, because it was the recognized road to the highest offices in the State and nation. The Presidency or the Senate did not seem such impossible things, after all, when one spent an evening in the young man's society, or heard him lecture in the school-room, as he did several times. So he was received into one of the best law offices in the State, and Dr. and Mrs. Randall thought more than ever of their beloved son.

Two years later I was in Battery Park, New York, and keeping myself well hidden by the trees, I watched unseen a sight I shall never forget. There were the dominie and his wife on the flagstones, close to the chains, looking at a vessel being tugged down the bay. The Doctor was holding a white handkerchief above his head as a farewell signal, while Mrs. Randall clung to his arm. She was not leaning upon it, but the



Good-By.

two seemed mutually supporting each other. What was passing in their minds I could guess, and I took care not to intrude upon them. They waited till the ship was lost to sight, and then turned homeward with the look upon both faces of people who had passed a severe ordeal.

In the ship they were watching was their only son, their beloved, almost idolized son, of whom so great things had been expected. He was going to a heathen land to preach the Gospel of Christ, and to do this he had, with his father's approval, sacrificed his brilliant prospects and the joys and comforts of home. How much it cost the parents and the son to carry out this thing no one ever knew. Some of us understood something of it the next Sunday when the dominie preached the most powerful sermon that he had ever produced. The text was: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3: 16).

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 95.)

Rescue.

How startling are the contrasts of life! In a crowded street there are differences in the men who brush against each other as they walk, as wide as though they belonged to different orders of being. Differences of occupation, of circumstances, of mental capacity, of moral character set each apart while they are flung together by the tide of life. It is so with any large house. Under the same roof there may be going on at the same moment employments utterly incongruous with each other. But surely there never was a more startling contrast under any roof than in the two scenes which might have been witnessed in that Santa Fé hotel on the night when Crance was making his characteristic attempt to fulfil his pledge to the imperilled girl.

While that strange game of cards was going on down-stairs Myrtie Vane was in her room, on her knees, pleading with God for deliverance. It was not much that she had been taught of religion. Before she came to America with her mother she had lived the life of religious indifference common in European cities. Mrs. Vane gave her daughter little instruction, and that little was directed chiefly to warning her against becoming a Roman Catholic under the influences surrounding her in the Italian capital. Myrtie did not become a Catholic; she learned to despise the gorgeous ritual and the Mariolatry as superstition; but while kept from error she was not led into truth. The severe New England training under which Mrs. Vane grew up was a life unknown to Myrtie. She came to America almost a heathen, and it was not until her good old grandfather had taught her and opened her eyes that she had any real knowledge of the things of God.

During the happy months in which they had all lived together in the Richmond home Myrtie learned much. Her little Bible, the gift of her grandfather, was read attentively and often; the

white-haired Christian would spend his morning with the girl explaining the Word and answering his granddaughter's questions. There was much in her nature to which she found a response in Christianity. Gentle, kindly, affectionate, thoughtful, she saw in the meek and lowly Jesus the majesty of the Godhead, and she felt that could she but have seen Him she would gladly have sat at His feet, as Mary did, and have given Him her most treasured possessions, as the woman broke the alabaster box of precious ointment. A few years ago and the direst calamity, the most appalling peril, would not have driven her to her knees; now it was her first impulse.

So much had James Grey's teaching been blessed to her. Not yet did she know Jesus as her Saviour, but she knew Him as a divine Being, knew that He lived still, that she might pray in His name to One who, notwithstanding His infinite majesty, she was privileged to call "Our Father who art in heaven." Thus it was that in her strange predicament, while journeying West, she had prayed unceasingly. Bob Crance's entrance to her room at the Santa Fé hotel, his kindness, and his promise of help seemed to her an answer to her prayers, and encouraged her to persevere. God, who had sent her this eccentric but evidently sincere friend, would surely help him to keep his promise. Therefore she prayed again that God would bless him and give him the courage and skill he would need for her rescue. While she prayed, the man for whom she prayed was below in the gaming room, staking a large sum in money and jewels on a game of cards, while her captor was playing with herself as a stake.

Of all this Myrtie knew nothing. Only once that day had her privacy been disturbed. Stephen Vane came soon after noon and unlocked the door. He directed her to rise and arrange her dress and wash her face, so that she might be seen by the servants without arousing suspicion. She obeyed silently, and then Vane

called a servant, who brought up refreshments. Vane stayed while she ate and drank, and waited until the cloth was removed, so that she might have no opportunity of communicating with the servants. Then he had gone away, warning her against making any outcry, and locking her in as before.

Since he went down-stairs the hours seemed to have passed with leaden feet. Again and again she rose from the lounge, and kneeling down, cried earnestly to God for patience and for the coming of the rough man who had promised to protect her and send her to her mother. Where was he? Was it possible that he could fulfil his promise? It seemed so. He looked like a man who could do and dare anything. Also he seemed a man not likely to forget his promise. Still he came not. With every silent hour Myrtie's hopes sank. Remember, she was but young in faith, she had no past experience of God's faithfulness to encourage her, and the difficulties to be surmounted by any one who would rescue her were appalling. Still she prayed; it was her only comfort.

As she was upon her knees a knock came at her door. It was a summons to descend, brought by one of the hotel servants. Myrtie was uncertain as to what she ought to do; but the summons was imperative, and it appeared that if she refused force might be used. She therefore concluded to obey, and followed her conductor to the gaming-room.

She shrank back in terror as the servant threw open the door and revealed the crowd of gamblers, the brilliant lights, the liquors, and the gambling apparatus. She would have turned and fled if she had been able, but she was a stranger in a strange place, and flight would probably end in her being brought back again under more perilous circumstances. She looked around with one swift glance, like a frightened fawn surrounded by dogs, and then her eyes were cast down. Rapid as her survey was, it had shown her the two faces she knew—those of Vane and Bob Crance. Crance's face was pale, but determined, and Myrtie was sure she might count on his protection.

It was a strange silence that fell upon the group of gamblers as the girl entered. Every eye was turned upon her, and in not a few the bold, undisguised admiration expressed was mingled with pity. Her beauty was not of the florid order they generally admired. The frail, retiring, modest face, with its downcast eyes, was a new sight to them, like a vision from another world. Her innocence, her defencelessness, appealed strangely to their natures; they seemed almost awe-struck, and no one spoke.

A full minute passed, and then an old trapper from the Divide, who had apparently been delegated spokesman, advanced toward her and made a curious gesture of respectful deference. He said:

"Lady, we've sent fer ye to settle a dispute over ye. Yer father and another feller hev been gambling fer ye, and the other feller's won. He's won ye fair 'nough, but ye've no cause to be scared. What's a game o' keerds what's played fer a human bein'? We'll just disremember the game, an' you may settle it. If yer like to stick to the critter as brung yer here, or if yer'll go with the feller as won ye, say the word, and we've all agreed ter stand by him as yer fix onto."

The old trapper had probably never said so much at once to any woman in his life before. He did not know what nervousness was, and many a time he had stood unshaken though conscious that he was covered by an enemy's pistol; but he was nervous now, and his voice trembled a little as he spoke, with a tremor none had ever heard in it before. His manner, which he strove to make respectful, showed the true man, and could not have been more deferential had he suddenly found himself in the White House addressing the wife of a President.

Myrtie glanced at the speaker in a wild, startled way, and asked in a timid voice, "Where is the man who won the game?"

Crance stepped forward. "Lady," he said, "it was me as did it. I axes pardon fer gamblin' fer ye, an' if ye say so, I'll giv yer up. If yer takes me, why, ye shall hev yer own way, and I'll keep my promises." He gave her a significant look as he spoke, which Myrtie understood, as he intended she should, to indicate that he spoke of his past promises, while the men around him thought he was alluding to promises he might make at the ceremony which would do duty for a wedding.

"I will take this man," said Myrtie, with a wave of her hand to where Crance stood, and speaking to the trapper.

"Good; she's yours, Bob. I'll stand by yer," said the trapper.

Crance advanced, took Myrtie's hand, and whispered her to go to her room and prepare for her journey home, which would commence at dawn. A shout behind him caused him to turn, and he saw Vane struggling in the arms of two men. A pistol was in his hand, which he was vainly endeavoring to use. He was quickly disarmed and held firmly, but his malignant gaze, which took in Myrtie as well as Crance, told that his intentions were murderous.

"Take him out," said the trapper. "Yer a cheat to go back on a square game," he added to Vane. "Now you make tracks if yer want ter keep a whole skin. If yer show agin here I'll wing yer, if he don't."

Vane was conducted outside, and disappeared in the darkness. Crance watched him depart, and then returned to Myrtie.

"Lady," he said, "that critter's ugly enough to do yer a mischief yet if he can. If yer don't mind, we'll hev him put where he'll be safe afore we start. I'll take yer to some friends o' mine as'll be kind ter yer. There's decent women folks with 'em as'll be company fer yer, and I'll give to-morrow to looking up thet critter and seein' as he won't do yer no more harm. Don't be afeared. I won't hurt a hair of his head."

"I will do as you wish," said Myrtie, faintly. "I will be ready in a few minutes."

Crance briefly explained his design to his friends, and they approved his caution. When Myrtie returned dressed to accompany him, Crance gallantly offered his arm, and the men volunteered to go with the pair. Six men arm-in-arm marched before them, and the rest as a guard of honor in the rear, and so strangely attended Myrtie was conducted to an adobe house in another part of Santa Fé, where, as Crance had told her, his friends were. A kind, motherly face met her gaze as the door was opened, and she was warmly welcomed. Crance commended her to the care of the family, and promising to return in two days at the latest, left her there, and returned with his friends to the hotel.

The next morning he set out on his search for Stephen Vane. There was a faint, grayish, smoky haze on the mountains when he started, such as artists and poets sometimes rave over on the highlands of the Hudson. Thin, fleecy clouds, silent and motionless, hung above the peaks so long and so strangely that it seemed as if some gigantic, unseen power held them in place.

In the green, shady valleys there was a sighing and sighing, indistinct yet discernible, for which it was difficult to account, since there was not even a tremor among the leaves on the sensitive aspens. The sun, too, seemed to be under some baneful influence, and there was something sinister in the sounds which came up from the creeks and rivers.

To a stranger among the Sierras and the quaint, low-lying foothills, the phenomena would have been enchanting; but an experienced mountaineer or plainsman, who would, of course, judge less superficially, would have seen more to dread than to admire.

One of the wildest of these mountain glens lay open to the west, and between it and the opposite range there was an almost colorless vapory film, which told where Santa Fé lay bathing in the morning light.

Half way down this glen a man was sitting on a broken boulder, looking across the long valley toward the western hills.

He was grimy and dirty, and there was a trace of Indian blood in him. His eyes were small, black, and piercing, and his cheek-bones were high and flat. Evidently he was a half-breed.

"It may come in time," he muttered, as he glanced around him. "But if it don't, there's still another way. The storm would be best, though."

Presently his quick ear caught the sound of stealthy and somewhat guarded footsteps. Some one was coming up the valley.

The half-breed slid noiselessly off of the boulder, and crouching behind it awaited the new-comer.

A moment later he laughed, sprang to his feet, and stepped forward to greet Bob Crance.

"Well, Leon," said Crance, "I'm powerful glad ter see ye."

"Anything in the air?"

"Yer bet!"

Leon glanced around, and then asked Crance to explain.

He did so by describing the scene at the gaming-table in Santa Fé two nights before, and then added that he was on Vane's trail.

"Where's the girl?" asked Leon.

"Safe in Santa Fé with some friends o' mine. If I don't get my paws on Vane in a couple o' days I'm goin' ter take the gal back to her mother in the States."

Leon laughed.

"What's ticklin' ye, pard?" asked Crance.

"I was thinking how near you've got to Vane without knowing it."

"What d'ye mean?"

"That he's less than half a mile away."

"Where?"

"In Red Dog's camp."

"No!"

"I say—yes!"

"Prisoner?"

"Yes. They picked him up last night. He and another man—a stranger from the States, I reckon—were engaged in a deadly encounter. This man you call Vane was trying to kill the stranger, and the stranger was trying to capture Vane. They were about equally matched in strength, and it's hard telling which of them would have got handed in if some of my red brethren hadn't come along and captured them both."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Crance, "if that ain't jest bully!"

"I'm not so sure. Red Dog threatens to broil them both—just for the sake of keeping up the honor of the tribe, whatever that may be, and, also, out of respect for its ancient traditions."

Crance laughed heartily, and slapped Leon on the shoulder.

"There ain't much redskin about you, Leon," he said. "You never seem to want ter 'dentify yerself with yer mother's people."

"Who would? Ain't they a lot of brutes at best? They are natural thieves, murderers, vagrants, and vagabonds. You can't civilize, humanize, or do anything with them but kill them. I know them full well—by association and experience. I never caught them at anything yet which wasn't in some way disreputable. As for myself, there's more hellishness in me than there should be in a whole nation. The 'noble red man.' Pah!"

And he turned away with an exclamation of disgust, and with unmitigated contempt on his face.

"Leon," said Crance, after a moment's silence, "you're mighty hard on 'em all, an' specially hard on yerself. You've got a horrid mean temper sometimes when ye git riled, sure enough, but fer all that I like ye better'n any other man in the kedentry. That ain't much, I know, but it's somethin'."

"Give me your hand, Crance. What you've just said is a good deal—coming from one in whose blood there is no taint. A few such

words, from earnest men like you, would almost make me forget that my mother, a simple, senseless Indian girl, allowed herself to be made the toy of some thoughtless white man in a gay uniform; and that I am only a half-breed. But come; let's go to Red Dog's camp."

(To be continued.)

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 28, Neh. 1. Golden Text, Ps. 108 : 12. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Nehemiah in his Occupation—Concerned for the Jews—Appeals to God—Crying Day and Night—Confessing his People's Sin—Confession Essential—Turning to the Promises—All Committed to God—The Prayer Answered—The Midnight Exploration—Christians who are a Reproach—The Work Completed.

MORE than two years had passed by since the rebuilding of the temple. Although so many of the leading Jews had left Persia under the decree of Cyrus, and the captivity was virtually at an end, yet many of the children of Israel filled important posts and held government offices under the king of Persia, or about his person. One of these was Nehemiah, the son of Hachaliah. This man was going on

STEADILY IN THE DUTIES

of his vocation, seeking, no doubt, in these things to glorify God, when one of his brethren, newly returned from a visit to Jerusalem, came with some fellow-travellers to tell him the state of things in their own beloved land. It was the first question on the heart of Nehemiah how it fared with "the Jews which had escaped, which were left of the captivity, and concerning Jerusalem." It was a sad story which his countrymen had to tell: the people were "in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire."

What was to be done? Nehemiah was but a subordinate, there was no one in Persia who would be likely to take up the cause of the poor despised Jews; why, then, trouble about it? Nehemiah knew how dear God's people were to Him, and he knew, too, that there was

POWER IN HIS GOD TO REMEDY

this state of things; and so, without a word to any man, he definitely turned the whole state of things over into the hands of God. How often we hear people complain of the spiritual death in their churches, in their cities, in their homes! What is to be done? Shall a work of reformation be set on foot? But who is equal to accomplish it? the odds against us are so great. Shall we sigh over it, and let it be? This is the way with most people; but this was not the way with Nehemiah. God did not need to reproach him as he reproached His priests because they would not lay it to heart to give glory to His name (Mal. 2 : 2). "When I heard these words . . . I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven." This man of God had his people so upon his heart, that until things were fairly settled with God he could neither rest nor eat. But Nehemiah's prayer was

THE PRAYER OF FAITH;

he began, not by urging his suit and repeating his plea, but by considering the God he had to deal with, "the great and terrible God, that keepeth covenant and mercy"—i.e., the God who is to be relied on, and who could not, and would not, fail him. We do not find Nehemiah examining his own faith or gauging his own zeal; he has gone over to God's side, and seeks to be assured of the reception which his suit will meet with. "Let Thine ear now be attentive, and Thine eyes open, that Thou mayest hear the prayer of Thy servant, which I pray before Thee now, day and night, for the children of Israel, Thy servants." But could this be the prayer of faith, if Nehemiah was praying it day and night? Was it not more like the heathen, who think they shall be heard for their much speaking? No, no, for they use "vain repetitions," and this servant of God was not vainly repeating a request, but confessing the sins of his people as

they were brought to his memory, and also his own sins, and those of his father's house.

There is never any real, true turning to God, or returning to Him without

CONFESSION OF SIN;

there is no true cleansing of the heart while sin is covered up: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28 : 13). God lays the axe to the root of the trees. God's servant knew His Word, and that the condition of Jerusalem was no chance, but a sure result of defecation on the part of his people; and so fully does he realize the unity and corporate relationship of God's people to one another, that he says, "We [not they] have dealt very corruptly against Thee." But Nehemiah does not remain occupied with the contemplation of sin. Once confessed, God would have us turn from sin and be occupied with Him, our Deliverer and Liberator. Accordingly, Nehemiah turns from the sin to the promises of God (Lev. 26 : 33-42; Deut. 4 : 25-29); and here we see how his prayer was the prayer of faith: "Remember, I beseech Thee, the word that Thou commandedst Thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations: but if ye turn unto Me, and keep My commandments, and do them; though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set My name there." Having thus recalled to God His own repeated promise, Nehemiah applies it with the utmost assurance to the present circumstances. "Now these are Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand"—as much as to say, "Now, Lord, is the opportunity to fulfil Thy Word. . . . And prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant *this* day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man" (i.e., the king, whose cup-bearer he was).

Nehemiah had now committed all into God's hands, and had believed for the people, as for himself, that God had undertaken; now he could rest, although no change had taken place. How should it come about? This man of God knew that the God of Israel was not exhausted of resources. In the course of the same day, the king remarked on the sadness of Nehemiah's countenance, and read aright that it proceeded from "sorrow of heart." And then in eloquent terms he said, "Let the king live forever: why should I not be sad when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?" God was at work, and inclined the king to make everything easy; he said: "For what dost thou make request?" Could it be possible that the heathen king was in earnest in giving this servant of his palace a *carte blanche* to ask for what he would? Even so; but the man of God now felt his dependence more than before. "So I prayed unto the God of heaven. And I said unto the king, 'Led by God, he makes the bold request that himself might be sent to Jerusalem to rebuild it, and yet more, that a passport be given him to present to the governors beyond the river who had so thwarted Ezra the scribe, and yet more, that a grant of wood from the forest should be made, that so timber might be procured for all the building operations which he proposed. Was it wonderful that the king granted him all this? No; himself explains it, 'according to

THE GOOD HAND OF MY GOD

upon me.' So complete and full was the answer of God that His servant could bear witness. "So it pleased the king to send me." But blessed and full as was God's answer to his prayer, this child of God must, in common with all His children, meet with trial; all was not smooth sailing. On his arrival in the land of Judah, furnished with the king's letters, and accompanied by a Persian bodyguard, it did not please Sanballat the Heronite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammorite, but "it grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." The time

will never be till Jesus comes again that the servants of God shall be without persecution.

Before Nehemiah told his mission to his brethren the Jews, he came and abode in the city, and took a survey of it by night—probably a moonlight night—that he might speak of the desolation of it from the testimony of his own eyes, and not from hearsay. If we would do any good in our churches, Sunday-school classes, or elsewhere, we must learn how to take a survey of the state of things while others are asleep; then we see things that others do not see at all: we see needs which they do not recognize, and God uses us to awaken them to these things. After making this survey Nehemiah sought out the rulers, and said to them, "Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire: come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be

NO MORE A REPROACH."

How many of God's children are a reproach, not to their churches, but to the name of Christ! Sour, unkind, selfish, grasping Christians! Oh, what dishonor do they do to the name of Christ! And the saddest part of all is, that those who do the Lord the most dishonor are unconscious of it themselves. God will provide means to make them know it, as here He sent His messenger to the rulers of the Jews; and if they hear, then will come deliverance. "Then I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me." Yes, and he gave them solid proof, "also the king's words that he had spoken unto me." It was enough; the hitherto lethargic Jews were stirred up, and said,

"LET US RISE UP AND BUILD."

The same God who had worked in Shushan with the king worked in Jerusalem with the Jews. If we were always on God's side, considering Him and His will and power working with us, we should always see Him strong to work on those to whom He sends us.

Nehemiah was not left to work on without hindrance; while the Jews arose and built (all except the nobles), Sanballat and Tobiah came and laughed them to scorn. But the man of God asserted divine authority for what they were doing, and declared that God would prosper them. Their enemies next sought to turn them into ridicule, but the man of prayer, without answering them, turned this also over to God (Neh. 4 : 1-4). They next conspired to fight against Jerusalem, and again this man of prayer called in his God to the rescue. Their next attempt was to divert Nehemiah from the work to meet with them outside Jerusalem, but he answered, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." They then sent word that it was reported he was stirring up rebellion, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should consult with them. But all throughout Nehemiah was dealing with God, and praying about everything as it arose, letting God have the burden. Consequently the work was done, his prayer was fully answered: "And it came to pass that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes: for they perceived that this work was wrought of God."

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for February:

Shall Ireland have Legislative Independence?
Four Great Signs to Occur Nine, Eight, Seven, and Six Years before the End of this Age and the Beginning of the Millennium. By the Rev. M. Baxter.

The Scriptures on the Lord's Harvest. By Mr. G. Warrand Houghton.

A Glorious New Testament Mystery.
Our Attitude toward the Jews. By Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson.
Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.

Israel's Trouble—The Battle of Armageddon. By the Rev. C. Molyneux.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price \$1.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend;
Climbing with purpose true the upward road
That brings me to the city of my God.

Sometimes the step is bright with the full sun
That shines in cloudless radiance thereon;
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

One stair is rough, with thorn-points all bestrawed,
But shoes of iron tread the nettles down;
And one, so steep, my weary crippled feet
The painful ascent scarcely can complete.

Sometimes it is a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptations make my soul afraid;
But held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song.

Each step in the long course a history has;
I make a mark as one by one I pass;
A gladness record here, a tear-spot there,
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer.

And on life's mystic ladder to the skies
Bright angels come and go to paradise;
And work grows dearer as the end draws near,
Until I reach at last the golden stair.

And enter through the open pearly gate;
Where, with our King, souls watch for me and wait;
There at his feet I'll cast my trophies down,
And shout the victory which his love has won.

SEND for Hand-Book about Sunday-School Ban-
ners to J. & R. LAMB, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

SPECIAL OFFER IN PORTRAITS.

To introduce my Crayon Portraits to the notice of
the CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, the following offer
is made, good for 30 days. I will make you A LIFE-
SIZE, FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT (size, 20x24), which
cannot be equalled in this country, under \$15 or \$20
unframed; a perfect likeness and a handsome piece
of work guaranteed. I offer it framed complete in a
beautiful flat gilt and plush frame at \$15, or in an elegant
flat or deep bronze frame at \$20, sent C. O. D. with
privilege of examination before paying. If you do not find it as I have represented, you are not
asked to take it; if satisfactory, the Portrait itself
and your recommendation will attain my object in
this offer.

Send photo, with full directions as to shipping the
Portrait, to

ROBERT GALLOWAY,
Crayon Portrait Artist,
Opposite A. T. Stewart's, 779 Broadway, New York.

CARMINA SANCTORUM:

A Selection of Hymns and Songs of Praise,
with Tunes.

Edited by ROSEWELL D. HITCHCOCK, ZACHARY EDDY
LEWIS WARD MUDGE.
748 Hymns, 440 Tunes, 23 Chants. Indexes full.
450 pages, square 8vo, cloth, price, \$1.25; for exam-
ination or introduction, \$1.
New Edition (Hymns only), 60c.; Pocket Edition
(Hymns only), 30c.; Chapel Edition (Hymns and
Tunes), 75c.

Clergymen or committees desiring to examine
may obtain copies subject to return if not adopted.
Address,

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,
111 and 113 William St., New York.

"Demonology or Spiritualism,
Ancient and Modern."—"An effective weapon."—"A
sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the
subject."—"Startling disclosures—History Facts and
data—Scores saved already. Whole communities
revived. Every family, preacher and christian worker
needs one. 810 pp. 12mo, cloth, gilt. Price reduced
to \$1; or 75 cents to preachers and workers, postpaid.
Order of author, Rev. E. F. HANSON, Belfast, Me.

Jenny June's Books for Ladies.

KNITTING AND CROCHET: A Guide to the Use of the Needle and the Hook.

Edited by JENNY JUNE. In arranging this new work the editor has taken special pains to sys-
tematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and
stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions.
There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated
and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this col-
lection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satis-
factory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine
paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

200 illustrations. Price 50 Cents.

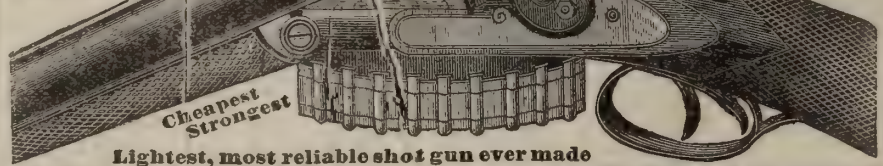
All known stitches in Knitting, Macramé, and Crochet Work
are illustrated, described and made plain for beginners. De-
signs and directions are given to knit and Crochet Aiglets—
Underwear—Shirts—Vest Coats—Jackets—Shawls—Insertion—Trimming—
Edging—Comforters—Lace—Braces—Socks—Boots—Slippers—Gaiters—
Drawers—Knee-Caps—Stockings—Mittens—Clouds—Purses—Counterpanes—
Quilts—Rugs—Infants' Bottles—Hoods—Caps—Shawls—Dresses—Bed Quilts, etc., etc. Every lady will find this the newest
and most complete work on Knitting and Crochet published. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

NEEDLE-WORK: A Manual of Stitches and Studies in Embroidery and
Drawn Work. Edited by JENNY JUNE. In this new book an attempt is made to systematize and
arrange in an order convenient for workers, the modern methods in Embroidery and Drawn Work.
The author has felt the desire and the responsibility involved in adding women to a true and practical
guide to the beautiful art of needle-work. This book is printed on fine paper, has a handsome cover and
contains

200 illustrations. Price 50 Cents.
All known stitches in Needle-work are illustrated, described, and made
plain for beginners. Designs in Needle-work are given to decorate My
Lady's Chamber, My Lady's Robe, the Dining-Room, Parlor and Library,
and for Linen and Cotton Fabrics, including embroidery designs for handkerchiefs—
Bed Spreads—Child's Quilt—Pillow Covers—Cushion Boxes—Bureau Scarfs—Table Covers—
Chair Backs—Morning Scarves—Artists' Jackets—Walking Dress—Afternoon Dress—
Evening Dress—Handkerchiefs—Mittens—Fichus—Flower Wraps—Sashes—Fans—Slippers—
Bonnets—Vareuses—Aprons—Work Bags—Opera Bags—Glove Cases—Sachets—Lunch
Cloths—Dinner Cloths—Napkins—Doilies—Table Mats—Corn Napkins—Fish Napkins—
Tray Covers—Tea Cloths—Curtains—Panels—Banners—Screens—Sofa Cushions—Jano
Scarfs—Chair Scarfs—Sofa Rugs—Photograph Cases—Book Covers, etc., etc. This will be
found to be the only standard book on the subject of Needle-work. Price, postpaid,
50 cents. The two books for 90 cents. Five books for \$2.00. Get four
friends to send with you and get your book free. Stamps taken. Agents want-
ed. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

The "WOOLWICH"

METAL, PERFECT
Double Barrel Breech
LOADING SHOT GUN
\$12.50
Greatest Bargain Ever Offered
\$12.50 FOR A \$30 SHOT
GUN.
Every Part Hand made
and warranted



Cheapest
Strongest
Lightest, most reliable shot gun ever made
NOW OR NEVER IS YOUR CHANCE!
to get the best handmade, reliable shooting gun ever manufactured.

In the great gun factories of the world continual experiments are made to obtain the greatest strength with other
needed qualities in gun metal. After innumerable trials they at length hit upon the kind of metal used in this
gun, hence it is named the "WOOLWICH," in honor of the Woolwich Infant, the most powerful rifled cannon in
existence. But not only is the metal the best in the world, but it is made by the most skillful artisans to be
found in any gunsmith's shops anywhere. It is

The Grandest Triumph of Intelligence and Practice.

It is made for service, not show, although very handsome. No other breech-loader begins to have anything like
the same powerful action. It is a centre fire, 10 or 12 bore, Steel Barrels fitted with the best of the finest
Steel Lock, blued; an automatic shell ejector suits either paper or brass shells, handsome case hardened mount-
ings. Barrels 28, 30 and 32 inches.

It Shoots Perfectly at 80 Yards and Will Kill at 150 Yards.

This Illustrates a Target with both Barrels' Target
24 inches in Diameter. Distance 65 Yards



It is one of the strongest arms ever made weighs from
7 1/2 to 9 1/2 pounds. It has all the best qualities found
in a 450 Shot Gun. The instant your eye spots this gun
you will admire it and the first trial will convince you that
it is to be permanently engaged in the sale of the WOOL-
WICH Gun and for this reason we put, for the pres-
ent, at so low a figure, as we are satisfied that every Hun-
ter and Sportsman will concede it to be the best shooting
gun furnished at any price. So satisfied are we of the great
merits of this gun that we will send C. O. D. on receipt of
\$3.00, subject to examination. Balance of bill to be paid
at express office. As soon as enough of these guns are sold
at \$12.50 to make them well known to the shooting
classes we shall put the price up to \$25.00 knowing they
will readily sell at that wherever known. Now is the
time to be sure of getting this excellent Gun
at \$12.50. A good gun like a good watch is always val-
uable and will often sell for more than twice its cost. To any
onesending \$12.50 at once, full amount of cash with order
WE WILL GIVE FREE A SPORTS-
MAN'S BELT of fine water-proof
canvas and 25 Shells extra.

Our patented solid brass shells, which prevent charges and
wads from falling out, furnished at 60 cents a Dozen, \$4
a Hundred. Paper Shells 75 cents per Hundred, \$2.00
will buy full set reloading tools.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD SHOT GUN AT A
MODERATE PRICE BUY THIS.
Send money by Post Office Order or registered letter.

World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St., New York

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the
PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

"THE SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EX-
PENSIVE system ever devised." Premiums on the one
hand and of Assessment on the other, which is without
suspense or security, only a matter of time.
A GUARANTY cost of insurance in THE PROVIDENT
Savings during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10
per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.
Sent for prospectus or call in person.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS.
EUREKA RECITATIONS,
BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL,
the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five num-
ber a new ready. Each one contains 128 pages and
has a handsome lithograph cover. Price only 12 cents
each. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
(P. O. Box 2767) 27 Rose St., New York.

BLACK SILKS.

FEBRUARY, 1886.
WE OFFER FOR SALE DURING TI
MONTH OVER FIVE THOUSAND PIECE
OF RELIABLE BLACK SILKS OF BE
QUALITY AT SPECIAL LOW PRIC
WE WILL SEND SAMPLES TO A
LADY READER OF THIS PAPER W
DESIRES TO PURCHASE, ON RECEIPT
POSTAL REQUEST. ORDERS BY MA
ARE AS CAREFULLY FILLED AS
GIVEN IN PERSON, AND SATISFACT
ASSURED. ADDRESS—

JAMES M'CREERY & CO
Broadway and 11th Street, New York.

ANTHEM BOOKS

Sure to Give Satisfaction.

DIAMOND COLLECTION.—DANKS.
64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail

FESTIVAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS.
64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail

PALMER'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS.
Boards, \$9.00 per doz.; \$1.00 each by Mail.

TEMPLE ANTHEMS.—LOWRY & DOAN
Boards, \$12.00 per doz.; \$1.25 each by Mail.

CHORAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS
Boards, \$13.50 per doz.; \$1.50 each by Mail.

ENGLISH ANTHEMS.—LASAR.
Cloth, \$24.00 per doz.; \$2.25 each by Mail.

SEND A FULL CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST
BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION
by CHEMICAL MEANS.

It is not a nauseous medicine to be taken into the
stomach like the numerous extensively adver-
tised pills which fill the advertising columns of
the papers. On the contrary, it is a chemical
instrument charged with chemicals, and cures en-
tirely by inhalation. It costs \$8.00 prepaid to any ad-
dress but is cheap because it lasts a lifetime and can
be used by the entire family. Its chief virtues may
be summed up as follows: Cleanliness, Economy, Co-
venience, Freedom from Injurious Effects on the
Stomach, and Perfect Satisfaction in Prompt and
Permanent Results.
Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Voc-
alists, Actors, Lecturers, School Teach-
ers and others who constantly use the voice, find it
Wonderful Instrument indispensable and worth
dozen times its cost. The AMMONIAPHONE
has met with an electrical success in Great Brit-
ain and Europe, interest reports of sales exceeding 1000 p-
week, and is enthusiastically endorsed by an-
famous and renowned personages as Patti, Mai
Roze-Mapleson, Rev. Hay M. H. Aitken, Rev. H.
Hawels, and in this country by Prof. Viscarino, N.
Conservatory of Music, Rudolph Aronson, H. I.
Caron, M.D., of Chicago, Rev. H. W. Thomas,
Relig. M.D. and W. Fortescue, M.D., of New York
and numerous others of more or less fame. Avo
quack nostrums and save your stomach and gene-
ral health by using this scientific and common-sense in-
strument. The results will be happiness and satisfac-
tion. A FULL HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE
WILL BE SENT FREE ON REQUEST TO THOSE WHO MENTION THIS PAPER. Address
E. V. VERMONT, 226 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

HATCH

The CRAIG Fol-
ing Incubator at
Brooder (combine
will hatch 1,200
1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$
a dozen. No cost or experience to operate.
Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolu-
tion of success. CHICKS BY THE HATCHEN.
lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$300
profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book
on "poultry, incuba-
tors, diseases, etc."
F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

STEAM

BENJ. F. TRUMPY
Real Estate Office
336 Broome St., New York.

(ONE DOOR EAST OF BOWERY.)
Management of Estates, Renting, Selling, and
Collecting of Rents.

—AGENT FOR—
German American Insurance Company.
Westchester " "
Hamburg-Bremen " "
Mutual Life " "

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card set
to any baby whose mother will send us the
names of two or more other babies, and the
parents' addresses. Also a handsome Di-
mond Dye Sample Card to the mother an
much valuable information. Well,
Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 8.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AND MR. JOHN MORLEY, AND PICTURE OF OSBORNE HOUSE.

DUTIES OF WIVES TO HUSBANDS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
 THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. O. F. Deems.
 PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HANNINGTON.
 CURRENT EVENTS: Proposed Tariff Legislation—The Silver Compromise—The Floods in Massachusetts—Death of Mr. John B. Gough—The British Parliament—Trial of the London Rioters, etc.
 A BLASPHEMER'S NOCTURNAL VISITOR.
 THE WORLD'S FINAL HARVEST.
 A BALKY HORSE OVERCOME. (With Illustration.)

THE PASTOR'S RETURN. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.—The Dungeons of Morocco.
 A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Reading the Law. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The EARL OF ROSEBERY, British Secretary of State—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Irish Secretary—Queen Victoria's Marine Residence.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, The British Secretary of State.

AMONG the group of men whom Mr. Gladstone has called to his assistance in conducting the administration of Great Britain, the most interesting figures are the two men whose portraits appear on the first page. Those readers who have studied the condition and character of the British Empire know that the management of Ireland and the conduct of the State Department are the duties which will be the most difficult to perform, and which demand the highest qualities of statesmanship. Who can so conduct the government of Ireland, with its complications of landlord and tenant, and the irrepressible desire for Home Rule, as to satisfy the Irish, on the one hand, and the English on the other? Again, England has succeeded in acquiring territory in all quarters of the globe. No war can break out in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, in which her interests are not nearly or remotely concerned. Who, then, can guide the foreign policy of the government so as to keep clear of complications? At the head of each of these critical departments Mr. Gladstone has put a comparatively untried man. If he had chosen unknown men for the positions he would have been censured, but the men, though new to official life, are both well and favorably known to the public.

The Secretary of State, the Earl of Rosebery, is a much younger man than is usually placed in so responsible a position. He is only thirty-nine years of age, having been born in 1847. He is a Scotch nobleman, though born in London. He was educated at Eton College and Oxford University. Before he arrived at man's estate his father died, and he consequently became next heir to the peerage then held by his grandfather. In 1868, before the young man had finished his college course, the old nobleman died, and Archibald Philip Primrose became Earl of Rosebery. He belonged to the small class among the British nobility not spending their lives in idle pleasure. Serious, thoughtful, earnest in character, he gave himself to the study of public questions, and soon won the respect of the people by his sensible, manly utterances. When he had occasion to make a speech in public he addressed his audience, if not as equals, at all events as men, which is a rare thing for the haughty British peer to do. Beside this, whether speaking in the House of Lords or to a mixed audience, he did not speak without showing that he had mastered his subject, and what he said was worth hearing.

The young Earl became an ardent admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and cultivated friendly relations with him. The Premier was a frequent guest at his house, and it delighted the Earl to render him personal homage. The regard was mutual. Mr. Gladstone liked the young man, and conceived a high respect for his character and talents. An evidence of this fact was given under his last administration. During that critical time last year, when war between Russia and England on the Afghan question seemed inevitable, a confidential mission to the German Government from England was deemed advisable. How much Prince Bismarck might do to avert war, if he felt disposed, was realized, and a mission was decided upon. It was placed in the hands of the Earl of Rosebery. His tact and wisdom were proved, and he was completely successful. Doubtless the qualities he displayed on that occasion suggested to Mr. Gladstone the propriety of placing him at the head of the Foreign Office in his new Cabinet.

The appointment gives general satisfaction. The English people were tired of the compliant, pulpy policy of Lord Granville, and were very much of the opinion, expressed some time ago by Lord Rosebery himself, that "nothing is so calculated to bring about war as evincing anxiety at any price to avoid it." Even the *London Times*, which has few good words just now for Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet, says of the appointment that it is very satisfactory, and adds: "In his hands the foreign policy of England

may be rightly or wrongly guided, but at all events, it will not be allowed to drift helplessly to and fro on the waters of diplomacy."

Apart from politics, Lord Rosebery has attained more eminence than usually falls to the lot of a young nobleman. He was chosen in 1878 Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, and acquitted himself very creditably in the duties of the office to which the young men of the University called him. His addresses to the students at the commencement and close of his term were models of grace and vigor of language, and showed much original thought and learning. In July, 1883, Edinburgh, the classic, imperturbable city, roused itself to do honor to the young Scotch lord. It conferred upon him the freedom of the city. The speech in which the Provost explained the reasons for conferring so distinguished an honor on so young a man was remarkable for its unstinted eulogy, a rare characteristic of a Scotchman's speech. He said that for what Lord Rosebery's family had done, for what he himself had done, for what it is hoped he may do hereafter, for the eloquence with which he has contended for the just claims of Scotland, for his knowledge of Scotch affairs, for his unselfish devotion, for the statesmanlike ability which he has brought to the consideration of public business, for his warm interest in the affairs of the city and constant service to every scheme in aid of its welfare—for all these reasons Edinburgh delights to honor the foremost Scotchman of the day.

A great career is open before Lord Rosebery if his life is spared. Not only has he learning, splendid talents, industry, and sympathy with the people, but he possesses great wealth, and has therefore none of those limitations to his opportunities which have crippled other statesmen at the outset of their career. His wife, whom he married in March, 1878, is the daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and his alliance with the wealthy Jewish house brought him a considerable fortune in possession and in prospect. It was condemned by a section of the Jewish community, but the Earl's influence has already operated to Jewish advantage in so conspicuous a way that possibly he has by this time been forgiven for securing the coveted matrimonial prize.

Lord and Lady Rosebery are well known in this country, where they have many friends. They were here about two years ago on a visit to the Belmonts of New York, and travelled extensively, crossing the continent to San Francisco. The Earl had previously paid several visits to America, his first trip in 1872 having favorably impressed him with our institutions, in which he took a deep interest.

JOHN MORLEY, LL.D., The Secretary for Ireland.

THE distinguished man who has given undoubted proof of his moral courage in accepting the difficult and dangerous post of Irish Secretary is forty-eight years of age, having been born at Blackburn in 1838. His father was a physician of some repute in the town, a pious evangelical Christian, but somewhat eccentric in manner. The boy was sent to Cheltenham College for his education, and afterward to Oxford University. He was not a diligent student, but was remarkable as a deep thinker, profoundly interested in religious and social questions. His fellow-students spoke of him contemptuously as "a mooning evangelical," because he had no sympathy with the Romanizing tendencies of the University, and despised Ritualism, the confessional, and the High Church ideas as retrograde. Unhappily, the epithet itself was misapplied. John Morley was as far from being an Evangelical as from being a Ritualist. He became infected with the doctrines of the school in which John Stuart Mill and George Henry Lewes were the shining lights, and he now presents the mournful spectacle of a man of pre-eminent abilities profoundly anxious to promote the advancement of his fellow-men, deeply sympathetic with them in their sorrows and their

wrongs, yet unable to lead them to the only true source of light and hope. Like Carlyle and other great men, he is laboring earnestly for the benefit of the people, warning them of error, crying earnestly against sin, urging them to righteousness and purity of life, yet without faith in Christ, and neglecting the only means which have ever been found efficacious in elevating the human character. His character is one of the saddest subjects of contemplation because his objects are most commendable, yet he persistently rejects the means to their achievement. What he might accomplish for his country and for the masses, whom he loves with all his heart if he could only see in Christ the way, the truth, and the life, no man could conceive. At present he is spiritually blind, and is seeking to accomplish by philosophic Radicalism, tinctured with a dash of Socialism, the ends which nothing but the Gospel of Christ can ever achieve.

John Morley abandoned at Oxford any ideas he may have had on entering of devoting his life to the Church. He adopted the law as his profession, but though he is entitled to practice as a barrister in the courts, he has never used the right. He entered the field of journalism, and from that time to this his efforts have been directed to inducing the wealthy, aristocratic, and cultured classes of his countrymen to adopt Radical ideas. His desire is to raise the condition of the poor, to alleviate their miseries, to render their homes healthy and refined, to help them in their struggles with their selfish employers, and to teach them morality. His first appearance was in a journal called the *Leader*; subsequently he joined the staff of the *Saturday Review*, and for a short time was editor of the daily *Morning Star*. That journal, when he assumed editorial charge, was in the last throes of extinction through pecuniary difficulties, and it was too late for even his brilliant genius to save it. Then he became editor of the *Fortnightly*, and there he found his congenial work.

He visited America in 1869, shortly after assuming his new duties, and spent some time in studying our institutions. He returned home with his Radicalism invigorated by the sight of a free people governing themselves, unburdened by monarchy or a peerage, and from that time his articles have been bold, fearless, and uncompromising. He showed himself a republican in theory, and makes no secret of his belief that England would be more prosperous, stronger, and better under a republican form of government. Nevertheless he is not an advocate of revolution. Very ingeniously he has shown how, without a social convulsion, England may become really a republic while nominally under a monarchy, and that the people may rule, while the monarch merely executes their will. Recent events show that his lessons are being learned, for already the executive in England has less power than is wielded by the president of a republic.

About four years ago John Morley became editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but relinquished it after a brief tenure, when he entered Parliament as member for Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was succeeded by Mr. Stead, whom he had already introduced on its staff as his sub-editor. It was the natural outcome of such work as John Morley had been doing that he should sit in the legislative council of the nation. The bent of his mind and his remarkable abilities qualify him for grappling with the social and political problems which are pressing upon Parliament for solution. The fact has been recognized by Mr. Gladstone, who has placed in his hands the one which it is conceded is the most difficult and almost hopeless of all. If, as Secretary for Ireland, he succeeds in pacifying that unhappy country, he will achieve a triumph which the ablest statesmen from the time of Cromwell to this have tried to achieve and have failed. We in America tender him our most sincere wishes for success. If he makes Ireland so happy and prosperous that the Irishmen in our New York Board of Aldermen and in other public offices are irresistibly attracted to their

native country, and go there to assist in the government of it, we will submit to the bereavement, supported by the reflection that the country which produced them ought justly to have any benefit it can get from their services.

As a speaker, Mr. Morley is remarkably clear and pointed. He goes to the root of every question he discusses with calm and merciless logic. His utterances, always carefully prepared, are more like a finished political article for the press, but they are never delivered in a dry and uninteresting manner. His voice is not strong, but the articulation, the intonation, and the management of the vocal organs are so good, that even a large audience is aroused and interested, and can follow him with ease, and this though his appeals are almost invariably addressed to the intellect rather than to the feelings. He is, in fact—his enemies themselves being judges—a remarkable example of a highly cultured man, who by the force of his own brilliant and lucid intellect can rouse and stir the intellect of others, without unduly exciting their feelings or playing upon their passions. It is well that at this trying juncture a recognized leader of the people is a man of this character. It may be hoped that he will be enabled to guide the aspirations of an inevitable broadening democracy, without their efforts for reform degenerating into sanguinary revolution.

That Mr. Morley enters upon his new duties with a desire to establish some kind of Parliament in Ireland is evident from a remark he made in a recent speech before accepting office. He said: "I do not know how Mr. Gladstone is going to crown the work he has done for Ireland, but I trust that he will complete it by giving to Ireland a system of government which will meet her highest claims, and which will leave us in Great Britain free to go on with our own necessary work." He declared for a *large measure of Home Rule*, in spite of the "enormous risks" which he admitted were inseparable from such a scheme. Elective Boards with merely administrative powers Mr. Morley pronounced both inadequate and untrustworthy, contending that nothing short of "*a large assembly, with important functions and great duties and a sense of responsibility*," would be a tolerable solution of the Irish problem. There can be no doubt about what Mr. Morley means by such words, and if he is not hampered by his colleagues he will doubtless propose the organization of a Parliament in Dublin with full power to deal with all Irish questions. When that is achieved we may at last have rest from the endless iteration of the shrieks about Saxon tyranny in the Emerald Isle.

OSBORNE HOUSE.

(See Illustration on first page.)

THE royal residence known as "Osborne House" in the Isle of Wight, a picture of which appears on the first page, was the place in which the administration of the British Empire was formally transferred, during the recent political crisis, from Lord Salisbury to Mr. Gladstone. The British mind is peculiarly conservative, and clings to old forms and ceremonies long after they have become meaningless. The old constitutional fiction that the Premier and his colleagues are the servants of the Queen is still observed. Therefore, when, owing to the vote of the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury had to relinquish office, he travelled to the Isle of Wight, where the Queen happened to be at the time, and tendered to her his resignation. There, too, Mr. Gladstone went when he received the royal command to take the office Lord Salisbury had quitted, and was formally invested with it. It is well understood that the ceremony is a mere form. The Queen does not exercise the power which our Presidents exercise of choosing and dismissing a Cabinet. If she could choose she would not have chosen Mr. Gladstone. She simply obeys the wishes of the people, and when the representatives elected by the people pronounced condemnation on the

Cabinet, she appointed the man in whom the people are supposed to have confidence.

The Queen has many residences, but since the death of her husband, in 1861, she has divided her time between Osborne House and Balmoral in Scotland. At rare intervals she has gone for a few days to Windsor Castle, and occasionally has spent a day at her magnificent residence in London called Buckingham Palace. Osborne House is a modern residence. The Queen purchased the estate on which it stands from its owners in 1840. It was originally called Austerbourne, or Oysterbourne, and derives its name, it is said, from the "oyster-beds of the river Medina." It was an ancient possession of the Bowermans, an old Isle of Wight family not yet extinct. The estate passed subsequently into the hands of one Eustace Mann, who, during the troubles of the Civil War in the seventeenth century, buried a mass of gold and silver coins in a coppice still known as Money Coppice, and having forgotten to mark the spot, was never afterward able to recover his treasure. The estate passed into the hands of his granddaughter, who married a Mr. Blachford, and it was from one of his descendants, Lady Isabella Blachford, that the Queen bought it. She has since bought adjacent lands as she had opportunity, until now the estate comprises five thousand acres.

The original stone mansion was demolished when the Queen became its possessor, and the present Osborne House was erected in the Italian style, under the direction of Mr. T. Cubitt. The campanile, or belfry tower, is ninety feet high, and the flag-tower one hundred and twelve feet. The royal apartments are superbly adorned by a large and choice collection of statuary and paintings, and look out upon terraced gardens, and a lawn which stretches to the shore of the Solent. On this lawn, in summer, marquees and tents are erected for fêtes, garden-parties, etc., when her Majesty's German relatives, some of whom are generally about her, enjoy themselves to their hearts' delight.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

An Unexpected Summons.—At a recent Meeting Mr. Sommerville observed: "Four weeks ago I visited a man upon business. He was in perfect health, and assured me that he would transact business with me the next time I called upon him. But how uncertain our time is; we know not what a day may bring forth; we cannot say for certain what we will do the next hour. Four days after I left him, his body was in the grave, and his soul gone to appear before his God, whether prepared or unprepared I cannot say. Dear friends, death must come to all sooner or later; then let me entreat of you, ere it be too late, remember how short the time is, and 'prepare to meet thy God.'"

A Perilous Present to a Lady.—"In an Evangelistic meeting lately there was a young woman being shown by earnest friends the way of life through Christ; but after much pleading from a worker, she rose and said: 'I can't understand it; I don't see how I am to become a Christian.' But just as she was going away, the Holy Spirit arrested and enlightened her, and, turning, she exclaimed: 'I will trust Him.' And then she told how she had been hindered from accepting Christ by being unwilling to part with what she knew to be wrong. A young man had sent her a ticket for a ball. Now, she knew that if she became a Christian she could not consistently go to the ball or take pleasure in it if she did go. When she had made her decision, her heart was so full of joy that she had no desire to go to the ball, and she mailed the ticket that night to the giver."

Hugging Sour Apples.—"A Little Boy Came into his father's house with some sour apples, which, sour though they were, the little fellow seemed to enjoy. His father called him, and asked for the apples, telling Johnnie they would hurt him. But Johnnie was of a different opinion, and did not feel disposed to give them up;

so he only hugged them closer to him, and continued chewing the unwholesome fruit. Seeing that the child would not part with the apples, the indulgent father went to a fruiterer's shop and bought some ripe pears, and taking them to Johnnie, he said: 'Now, Johnnie, give me the apples, and I will give you these pears.' No need to ask a second time, for the child dropped his apples willingly, that he might possess of the better things. He was wiser than some of you. While a wise and loving Father is pleading with you against your indulgence in sin, and offers you something far better, you still hug your sin to you eagerly."

Mr. Moody and a Millionaire.—At a recent meeting Mr. Ferrie said: "One day Mr. Moody was going along a street in Chicago, when he met a very wealthy gentleman, a millionaire, one of the leading men of the city. Mr. Moody, stopping, asked him to give him some money for his mission work, and the gentleman, laughing sarcastically, said: 'I will give you the widow's mite.' 'That is your all, then,' said Mr. Moody. The gifts of millionaires, when they make them, are not to be despised, but they cannot hope to take rank in God's sight with the widow, because He estimates the value of the gift by the self-denial it involves."

Three Demented Debtors.—Mr. Dale remarked: "In India, in the city of Delhi, a man was imprisoned for debt. He was placed in an apartment with some others who were there for the same cause. While he was in prison he became heir to a large sum of money. He soon paid what was due, and was released. When he was set at liberty himself his heart was filled with pity for his imprisoned friends, and he wondered if he would have enough money to set them also free; so he went to the governor and asked him to make up the sum of the debt. He did so, and the man found he had enough of money to cover it, and at once paid down the required sum. 'Now,' said he to the governor, 'go and set them free.' 'No,' was the reply; 'you must come and have the honor yourself, for you have paid their ransom.' Don't you think those imprisoned men would have been very joyous and glad? Oh, friends, wait a moment; some were, but some were not! There were three men in that prison who refused to be set at liberty by him because he was not of the same religion. Did they not deserve to stay and suffer in prison? They were like Naaman, who wanted to be healed in a particular way, and like many more who would have salvation if they could get it by being good or any way but as a free gift."

A Saved Drunkard's Confession.—At a Praise and prayer-meeting lately a man in the audience gave the following personal testimony: "Dear friends, it is not without deep gratitude to God that I tell of His wonderful love to me. I was a great drunkard, and when God's spirit used to strive with me I thought, 'Had it been any other sin but drink I could have given it up, but strong drink I can never.' One day it forcibly struck me that no drunkard will ever enter the kingdom of heaven. From that moment I had no peace. My wife was a praying woman, and often pleaded with me to accept of her Jesus. At such times I feigned to be angry with her to get the subject stopped, but it was of no use; God's still small voice continued to whisper to me through the loving entreaties of my dear wife. One day I called upon a friend to try and divert my mind from this subject, and spoke of worldly amusements. My friend even remarked that I was looking very blithe, but my heart was sad and weary, for in the midst of all my feigned happiness the solemn words came into my mind, 'No drunkard will ever enter the kingdom of heaven.' Oh, how these words preyed upon my mind! and in that friend's house I cried in my heart, 'Oh, God! I must yield to Thee.' I went home and read a part of the 54th Psalm; then I went on my knees and cried to the Lord to forgive me, and make me His own faithful child; and there God, for Christ's sake, forgave me all."

DUTIES OF WIVES TO HUSBANDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 21, 1886.

"The name of his wife was Abigail: and she was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance."—I SAMUEL 25: 3.

A Wife's Propitiation—A Submissive Pair—A Model Wife—Good to a Drunken Churl—Wives to be Sympathetic and Forbearing—To be Lovable—To Hide the Husband's Frailties—To Permit no Interference—Get Intelligence—Adorn the Home—A Husband and Son Saved—Good Missionary Work—A Faithful Warning—The Wife the Actual Boss—Her Christian Duty—A Contrast—Marriage for Eternity.

THE ground in Carmel is white, not with fallen snow, but the wool from the backs of three thousand sheep, for they are being sheared. And I hear the grinding of the iron blades together, and the bleating of the flocks, held between the knees of the shearers while the clipping goes on, and the rustic laughter of the workmen. Nabal and his wife Abigail preside over this homestead. David, the warrior, sends a delegation to apply for aid at this prosperous time of sheep-shearing, and Nabal peremptorily declines his request. Revenge is the cry. Yonder over the rocks come David and four hundred angry men with one stroke to demolish Nabal and his sheepfolds and vineyards. The regiment marches in double quick, and the stones of the mountain loosen and roll down, as the soldiers strike them with their swift feet, and the cry of the commander is "Forward! Forward!"

A FAIR PROPITIATOR.

Abigail, to save her husband and his property, hastens to the foot of the hill. She is armed, not with sword or spear, but with her own beauty and self-sacrifice, and when David sees her kneeling at the base of the crag, he cries: "Halt! Halt!" and the caverns echo it: "Halt! Halt!" Abigail is the conqueress! One woman in the right mightier than four hundred men in the wrong! A hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lily! A dewdrop dashed back Niagara! By her prowess and tact she has saved her husband, and saved her home, and put before all ages an illustrious specimen of what a wife can do if she be godly, and prudent, and self-sacrificing, and vigilant, and devoted to the interests of her husband, and attractive.

As, Sabbath before last, I took the responsibility of telling husbands how they ought to treat their wives—and, though I noticed that some of the men squirmed a little in their pew, they endured it well—I now take the responsibility of telling how wives ought to treat their husbands. I hope your domestic alliance was so happily formed that while married life may have revealed in him some frailties that you did not suspect, it has also displayed excellencies that more than overbalanced them. I suppose that if I could look into the heart of a hundred wives here present and ask them where is the kindest and best man they know of, and they dared speak out, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would say: "At the other end of this pew."

ABIGAIL'S BAD BARGAIN.

I hope, my sister, you have married a man as Christian and as well balanced as that. But even if you were worsted in conjugal bargain, you cannot be worse off than this Abigail in my text. Her husband was cross and ungrateful, an inebriate, for on the very evening after her heroic achievement at the foot of the hill, where she captured a whole regiment with her genial and strategic behavior, she returned home and found her husband so drunk that she could not tell him the story, but had to postpone it until the next day. So, my sister, I do not want you to keep saying within yourself as I proceed, "That is the way to treat a perfect husband;" for you are to remember that no wife was ever worse swindled than this Abigail of my text. At the other end of her table sat a mean, selfish, snarling, contemptible sot, and if she could do so well for a dastard, how ought you to do with that princely and splendid man with whom you are to walk the path of life?

First, I counsel the wife to remember in what a severe and terrific battle of life her husband is engaged. Whether in professional, or commercial, or artistic, or mechanical life, your husband from morning to night is in a Solferino, if not a Sedan. It is a wonder that your husband has any nerves or patience or suavity left. To get a living in this next to the last decade of the nineteenth century is a struggle. If he come home and sit down preoccupied, you ought to excuse him. If he do not feel like going out that night for a walk or entertainment, remember he has been out all day. You say he ought to leave at his place of business his annoyances, and come home cheery. But if a man has been betrayed by a business partner, or a customer has cheated him out of a large bill of goods, or a protested note has been flung on his desk, or somebody has called him a liar, and everything has gone wrong from morning to night, he must have great genius at forgetfulness if he do not bring some of the perplexity home with him. When you tell me he ought to leave it all at the store or bank or shop, you might as well tell a storm on the Atlantic to stay out there and not touch the coast or ripple the harbor.

RESPECT SELF-SACRIFICE.

Remember, he is not overworking so much for himself as he is overworking for you and the children. It is the effect of his success or defeat on the homestead that causes him the agitation. The most of men after forty-five years of age live not for themselves, but for their families. They begin to ask themselves anxiously the question: "How if I should give out; what would become of the folks at home? Would my children ever get their education? Would my wife have to go out into the world to earn bread for herself and our little ones? My eyesight troubles me; how if my eyes should fail? My head gets dizzy; how if I should drop under apoplexy?" The high pressure of business life and mechanical life and agricultural life is home pressure.

Some time ago a large London firm decided that if any of their clerks married on a salary less than £150—that is, \$750 dollars a year—he should be discharged, the supposition being that the temptation might be too great for misappropriation. The large majority of families in America live by utmost dint of economy, and to be honest and yet meet one's family expenses is the appalling question that turns the life of tens of thousands of men into martyrdom. Let the wife of the overborne and exhausted husband remember this, and do not nag him about that, and say you *might as well have no husband*, when the fact is he is dying by inches that the home may be kept up.

BE LOVABLE.

I charge also the wife to keep herself as attractive after marriage as she was before marriage. The reason that so often a man ceases to love his wife is because the wife ceases to be lovable. In many cases what elaboration of toilet before marriage, and what recklessness of appearance after! *The most disgusting thing on earth* is a slatternly woman—I mean a woman who never combs her hair until she goes out, or looks like a fright until somebody calls. That a man married to one of these creatures stays at home as little as possible is no wonder. It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years, and in a leaky ship. Costly wardrobe is not required; but, O woman! if you are not willing, by all that ingenuity of refinement can effect, to make yourself attractive to your husband, you ought not to complain if he seek in other society those pleasant surroundings which you deny him.

DO NOT COMPLAIN.

Again, I charge you never talk to others about the frailties of your husband.* Some people have a way, in banter, of elaborately describing to others the shortcomings or unhappy eccentricities of a husband or wife. Ah, the world will find out soon enough all the defects of your companion! No need of your advertising them! Better imitate those women who, having

* As Abigail did (1 Sam. 25: 25).

made mistake in affiance, always have a veil to hide imperfections and alleviations of conduct to mention. We must admit that there are rare cases where a wife cannot live longer with her husband, and his cruelties and outrages are the precursor of divorce or separation. But until that day comes keep, the awful secret to yourself—keep it from every being in the universe except the God to whom you do well to tell your trouble. Trouble only a few years at most, and then you can go up on the other side of the grave, and say: "O Lord, I kept the marital secret! Thou knowest how well I kept it, and I thank Thee that the release has come at last. Give me some place where I can sit down and rest awhile from the horrors of an embittered earthly alliance, before I begin the full raptures of heaven." And orders will be sent out to the usher angels, saying: "Take this Abigail right up to the softest seat in the best room of the palace, and let twenty of the brightest angels wait on her for the next thousand years."

AVOID MEDDLERS.

Further, I charge you, let there be no outside interference with the conjugal relation. Neither neighbor nor confidential friend, nor brother nor sister, nor father nor mother, have a right to come in here. The married gossip will come around, and by the hour tell you how she manages her husband. You tell her plainly that if she will attend to the affairs of her household you will attend to yours. What damage some people do with their tongues! Nature indicates that the tongue is a dangerous thing, by the fact that it is shut in, first by a barricade of teeth, and then by the door of the lips. One insidious talker can keep a whole neighborhood badly stirred up. The Apostle Peter excoriated these busybodies in other people's matters, and St. Paul, in his letter to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, gives them a sharp dig, and the good housewife will be on the lookout for them, and never return their calls, and treat them with coldest frigidity. For this reason better keep house as soon as possible. Some people are opposed to them, but I thank God for what are called flats in these cities. They put a separate home within the means of nearly all the population. In your married relations you do not need any advice. If you and your husband have not skill enough to get along well alone, with all the advice you can import you will get along worse. What you want for your craft on this voyage is plenty of sea-room.

BE INTELLIGENT.

I charge you, also, make yourself the intelligent companion of your husband. What with these floods of newspapers and books there is no excuse for the wife's ignorance either about the present or the past. If you have no more than a half-hour every day to yourself you may fill your mind with entertaining and useful knowledge. Let the merchant's wife read up on all mercantile questions, and mechanic's wife on all that pertains to his style of work, and the professional man's wife on all the legal, or medical, or theological, or political discussions of the day. It is very stupid for a man, after having been amid active minds all day, to find his wife without information or opinions on anything. If the wife knows nothing about what is going on in the world, after the tea-hour has passed, and the husband has read the newspaper, he will have an engagement, and must "go and see a man." In nine cases out of ten when a man does not stay at home in the evening, unless positive duty calls him away, it is because there is nothing to stay for. He would rather talk with his wife than any one else if she could talk as well.

ADORN THE HOME.

I charge you, my sister, in every way to make your home attractive. I have not enough of practical knowledge about house adornment to know just what makes the difference, but here is an opulent house, containing all wealth of *bric-à-brac*, and of musical instrument, and of painting, and of upholstery, and yet there is in it a chill like Nova Zembla. Another home, with one twentieth part of the outlay, and small supply of

art, and cheapest piano purchasable, and yet, as you enter it, there comes upon body, mind, and soul a glow of welcome and satisfied and happy domesticity. The holy art of making the most comfort and brightness out of the means afforded every wife should study.

At the siege of Argus, Pyrrhus was killed by the tile of a roof thrown by a woman, and Abimelech was slain by a stone that a woman threw from the tower of Thebes, and Earl Montfort was destroyed by a rock discharged at him by a woman from the walls of Toulouse. But without any weapon save that of her cold, cheerless household arrangement, any wife may slay all the attractions of a home circle. A wife and mother in prosperous circumstances and greatly admired was giving her chief time to social life. The husband spent his evenings away. The son, fifteen years of age, got the same habit, and there was a prospect that the other children, as they got old enough, would take the same turn. One day the wife aroused to the consideration that she had better save her husband and her boy. Interesting and stirring games were introduced into the house. The mother studied up interesting things to tell her children. One morning the son said: "Father, you ought to have been home last night. We had a grand time. Such jolly games and such interesting stories!" This went on from night to night, and after awhile the husband stayed in to see what was going on, and he finally got attracted, and added something of his own to the evening entertainments; and the result was that the wife and mother saved her husband and saved her boy and saved herself. Was not that an enterprise worth the attention of the greatest woman that ever lived since Abigail at the foot of the rock arrested the four hundred armed warriors?

THE TRUE SPHERE.

Do not, my sister, be dizzied and disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too insignificant for a woman's career, and who want to get you out on platforms and in conspicuous enterprises. There are women who have a special outside mission, and do not dare to interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life and rear her children for positions of usefulness is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness than if she spoke on every great platform and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote-aye or no, but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the Gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?

Compare such an one with one of these diadems, attitudinizing, frivolous, married coquettes of the modern drawing-room, her heaven an opera box on the night of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," the ten commandments an inconvenience, taking arsenic to improve the complexion, and her appearance a confused result of belladonna, bleached hair, antimony and mineral acids, until one is compelled to discuss her character, and wonder whether the line between a decent and indecent life is, like the equator, an imaginary line.

A PRESSING WANT.

What the world wants now is about fifty thousand old-fashioned mothers, women who shall realize that the highest, grandest, mightiest institution on earth is the home. It is not necessary that they should have the same old-time manners of the country farm-house, or wear the old-fashioned cap and spectacles and apron that her glorified ancestry wore; but I mean the old spirit which began with the Hannahs and the Mother Lois and the Abigails of Scripture days, and was demonstrated on the homestead where some of us were reared, though the old house long ago was pulled down and its occupants scattered, never to meet until in the higher home that awaits the families of the righteous. While there are more good and faithful wives and

mothers now than there ever were, society has got a wrong twist on this subject, and there are influences abroad that would make women believe that their chief sphere is outside instead of inside the home.

A DEADLY SIN.

Hence in many households children instead of a blessing are a nuisance. It is card case *versus* child's primer, carriage *versus* cradle, social popularity *versus* domestic felicity. Hence infanticide and ante-natal murder so common that all the physicians, allopathic, hydropathic, homœopathic, and eclectic are crying out in horror, and it is time that the pulpits joined with the medical profession in echoing and re-echoing the thunder of Mount Sinai, which says: "Thou shalt not kill," and the Book of Revelation, which says: "All murderers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." And the man or the woman who takes life a minute old will as certainly go straight to hell as the man or woman who destroys life forty years old. And the wildest, loudest shriek of Judgment Day will be given at the overthrow of those who moved in the high and respected circles of earthly society, yet decreed by their own act, as far as they could privately effect it, the extermination of the advancing generations, abetted in the horrid crime by a lot of infernal quacks with which modern medicine is infested. When, on the Last Day, the criers of the Court shall with resounding "Oyez," "Oyez!" declare the "Oyer and Terminer" of the Universe opened, and the Judge, with gavel of thunderbolt, shall smite the nations into silence, and the trial of all the fratricides, and parricides, and matricides, and patricides, and uxoricides, and regicides, and deicides, and infanticides of the earth shall proceed, none of my hearers or readers can say that they knew not what they were doing. Mighty God! arrest the evil that is overshadowing this century.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I charge you, my sister, that you take your husband along with you to heaven. Of course this implies that you yourself are a Christian. I must take that for granted. It cannot be possible that after what Christianity has done for woman, and after taking the infinitely responsible position you have assumed as the head of the household, that you should be in a position antagonistic to Christ. It was not a slip of the tongue when I spoke of you as being at the head of the household. We men rather pride ourselves as being at the head of the household, but it is only a pleasant delusion. To whom do the children go when they have trouble? When there is a sore finger to be bound up or one of the first teeth that needs to be removed to make way for one that is crowding it out, to whom does the child go? For whom do children cry out in the night when they get frightened at a bad dream? Aye, to whom does the husband go when he has a business trouble great or too delicate for outside ears? We, the men, are heads of the household in name, but you, O wives! are the heads of the household in fact, and it is your business to take your husband with you into the kingdom of God, and see that house prepared for heaven.

You can do it! Of course God's almighty grace alone can convert him, but you are to be the instrument. Some wives keep their husbands out of heaven, and others garner them for it. If your religion, O wife! is simply the joke of the household, if you would rather go to the theatre than the prayer-meeting, if you can beat all the neighborhood in progressive euchre, if your husband never sees you kneel at the bedside in prayer before retiring, if the only thing that reminds the family of your church relations is that on communion-day you get home late to dinner, you will not be able to take your husband to heaven, for the simple reason that you will not get there yourself. But I suppose that your religion is genuine, and that the husband realizes there is in your soul a divine principle, and that, though you may be naturally quicker

tempered than he is and have many imperfections that distress you more than they can any one else, still you are destined for the skies when the brief scenes of this life are over. How will you take him with you? There are two oars to that boat—prayer and holy example.

But you say he belongs to a worldly club, or he does not believe a word of the Bible, or he is an inebriate and very loose in his habits? What you tell me shows that you don't understand that while you are at the one end of a prayer, the omnipotent God is at the other end, and it is simply a question whether Almightiness is strong enough and keeps His word. I have no doubt there will be great conventions in heaven, called for celebrative purposes, and when in some Celestial assemblage the saints shall be telling what brought them to God, I believe that ten thousand times ten thousand will say: "My wife."

A CONTRAST.

I put beside each other two testimonies of men concerning their wives, and let you see the contrast. An aged man was asked the reason of his salvation. With tearful emotion he said: "My wife was brought to God some years before myself. I persecuted and abused her because of her religion. She, however, returned nothing but kindness constantly, maintaining an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness; and it was her amiable conduct when suffering ill-treatment from me that first sent the arrows of conviction to my soul." The other testimony was from a dying man: "Harriet, I am a lost man. You opposed our family worship and my secret prayer. You drew me away into temptation and to neglect every religious duty. I believe my fate is sealed. Harriet, you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." How many glorious married couples in heaven—Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Laphoth and Deborah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Joseph and Mary, and many whom we have known as good as the most of them!

As once you stood in the village or city church or in your father's house, perhaps under a wedding-bell of flowers, to-day stand up, husband and wife, beneath the cross of a pardoning Redeemer, while I proclaim the banns of an eternal marriage. Join your right hands. I pronounce you one forever. The circle is an emblem of eternity, and that is the shape of the Marriage Ring.

Lost All Night on the Prairie.—"Some People from Scotland some time ago went out as settlers to the great Australian prairie. They had three children: the eldest, Maggie, the second, Lizzie, and the youngest, Willie. One day those little ones went out to gather the wild flowers which grew so plentifully in the prairie. By and by, after they had gathered large bouquets, they turned to go home; but where was their home? they knew not whither to turn, to the right or to the left. They were lost there, poor little things, on that great prairie. In vain they sought to retrace their steps. Soon the younger ones grew tired, and wished to be carried, and Maggie, to whom they looked, with Willie in her arms, and little, crying Lizzie by her side, set out to find their home. At last all three were so worn out that Maggie said she would put them to bed, and taking the little ones, she put them to sleep beside a bush, and stripping off most of her clothing, she covered the little ones, and soon they were fast asleep. There they lay till morning, when their parents, who had been searching for them all night, came upon their darlings. But how grief and joy were mingled together upon finding that Maggie, their dear, brave child, was dead. In her anxiety for the comfort of the little ones she had put off the clothing which would have protected herself from the cold, which had deprived her of life. How like what our self-sacrificing Saviour has done for us! Was 'He not wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities?'"

THE DUNGEONS OF MOROCCO.

THERE is probably no country in the world in which such work as Howard, the prison philanthropist, was enabled to perform is so sorely needed as in Morocco. In the prisons of that country large numbers of men entirely innocent of crime are immured in the hope of extracting a ransom from them or their friends. Others who are guilty are confined there indefinitely, and are not brought to trial. The treatment to which they are subjected is barbarous, and many die under it or from starvation. The government is corrupt, and government employés depend almost entirely for their support on bribes and the plunder they get from the prisoners and their petty filchings from the prisoners' rations. It is a relief to learn that Christian men are now at work in these prisons, and though little can be done to alleviate the physical sufferings of the prisoners, much is being done to lead them into the liberty of Christ. Among these workers is the Rev. J. B. Ginsburg, of the Jews' Society, whose headquarters are at Mogador. From the reports of these devoted men the following facts are gleaned:

"There are three prisons in Morocco City, of which one, in the Jewish quarter, only serves for those Israelites who have committed slight faults. The two other prisons are situated, one in the town for ordinary criminals, or those accused. The other is in the 'Kasbah' (or citadel), and is reserved especially for State prisoners. All the prisoners have *iron fetters on their legs*, and some of them have a chain round their neck, but they are allowed to drag themselves about the prison, which is very large, and has in the middle a reservoir of water and a mosque. Prisoners are generally maintained by their relations and friends, otherwise they live on charity. Some die from starvation. This prison contains from five to six hundred prisoners.

"The prison of the Kasbah, where State prisoners are confined, is partly uncovered, and the inmates have no other shelter than some small chambers built up against the inner side of the wall, and a subterranean dungeon in the middle of the open space. The prisoners receive almost all their sustenance from their friends. It sometimes happens that all at once a prisoner is released, in order to send him as governor to some province, in place of another who has just been put in prison. As may be expected, all the governors tremble when they are obliged to repair to the Sultan's palace, and it often happens that they leave the palace to go to prison.

THE MORSTAN OR LUNATIC ASYLUM serves also as a female house of detention. The violent lunatics have heavy iron chains round their necks, fastened to the wall, and which the guards slacken at night to enable these unhappy creatures to lie on the ground. They are allowed two rolls of bread per day from the revenue of the mosques. The female prison is on an upper floor; the women are not chained, and are set free on paying a fine."

The following description is by a native who had himself suffered several months' imprisonment in the Mequinez Prison: "Thirty men were sent from my tribe as prisoners to Mequinez. I was one of them. We travelled on camels, and had heavy iron fetters on our legs. At night, when we halted, we were chained together by the neck. From the place we started to Mequinez it was eight days' journey. On arrival we were brought to the prison, but the heavy iron fetters were left on our legs, and I was released seven months afterward at the intercession of an English gentleman. The Sultan allows two leaves a day to each prisoner, but the prison officials only give each man a couple of small leaves every three or four days, and keep the rest. We used to make baskets to sell, and then buy bread. The prison was so full of people that they could hardly move. There were no windows in the walls, the stench in the place was dreadful, and we were eaten up with vermin. The heat was intense, and some died. Unless people went and saw for themselves they could not believe the horrors of the place."

"Moorish prisons are used for the most part as instruments of extortion. The governors of districts, the petty employés, and even the subordinate prison officials and doorkeepers, receive either no salary or a merely nominal one; their trade is extortion; it is their means of livelihood, and the performance of official duty is a distinctly secondary consideration to that of amassing money.

THE PROCESS.

"Suppose, unfortunately for himself, a native gains the reputation of possessing concealed wealth; he is liable at any moment to be arrested on any charge or no charge. He is without trial incarcerated, and now the squeezing process commences. The Kaïd el Habz, or jailer, with a sharp eye to business, commences by making himself the reverse of agreeable to the person consigned to his care. For instance, the prisoner has an iron collar put round his neck; sometimes two, one over the other, to make the wearer the more uncomfortable. He is then chained by the neck to another man, perhaps to three or four other men during night and day, and he has heavy iron fetters placed on his legs. In proportion to the avarice or cruelty of the jailer, the prisoner pays for the indulgence of having the collar and chain taken off; but now comes the contention between the prisoner and the governor who has imprisoned him. The official wants money; the accused, if he has any, will give some to be released, but tries to make the best terms he can.

"At last a bargain is struck, a certain sum is paid, and the native is then called upon to defray the sokera (or prison fees) to the minor officials. This done, and every one's cupidity having been more or less satisfied, the prisoner is discharged, carrying with him sometimes the seeds of consumption or some other illness, and sometimes with an affection of the sight ending in partial or total blindness, which appears to be the result of the unwholesome condition of the prison. With murderers, thieves, and highway robbers in these filthy dens are mingled debtors unable to pay their creditors. Many of the poor wretches are confined at the caprice, or to gratify the animosity or cupidity of some native official."

A MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

THE marriage of an Indian prince, the Gaekwar of Baroda, is described in the *Indian Witness* of January 9th. The following is its account of the quaint ceremony:

"In the marriage hall the final ceremonies of the marriage were begun. The bridegroom having entered, stood in the centre of a ring of holy Brahmans, who chanted Sanskrit prayers and hymns. Between each verse the bystanders scattered rice. The bride was led in to be 'given away' by her father. She was dressed in a red *sari*, and so muffled up in garlands and tassels that one could not catch the smallest glimpse of her face. A large shawl of red silk, embroidered with gold, was held up between the young couple, who stood facing, but unable to see each other. Behind the bridegroom stood two executioners with drawn swords, and the bridegroom made his marriage vow, promising to protect her always, and declaring that those headsmen who stood near might kill him if he ever should cease to be a true and loving husband to her.

"While these vows and hymns were going on, an astrologer sat close by, watching a sort of water-clock (something like the Greek *klepsydra*, I should say) until the auspicious moment should arrive. This water-clock consisted of a small earthen vessel with a tiny hole in it, set afloat in a bowl of water. As the water gradually leaked into the vessel it began to settle down slowly, and then suddenly sank to the bottom. The auspicious moment was come; the curtain that divided the pair was rapidly flung aside. The bride and the bridegroom at the same instant placed garlands of flowers round each other's neck, and stood there man and wife. The Brahmans chanted their hymns aloud, sounds of ap-

plause were drowned in the crush of music, the rattle of a grand *feu de joie* from the troops outside, and the roar of cannon from near at hand.

"Amid this din the pair sat down, facing each other; the officiating priest took a ball of string, the sacred *kankan* thread, and, sitting in a circle about the married couple, wound the cord round them several times as an emblem of their union. The ball, which passed from hand to hand, was then all unrolled, and the cord was cut in two pieces, one being tied round the bridegroom's right arm, and the other round the bride's. These pieces of string will be taken off when the bride goes to her husband's house, at another auspicious moment, which the astrologers will watch for and duly notify. The *agni puja*, or ceremony of worshipping the sacred fire, brought this interesting marriage to a close." It is estimated that the cost of the ceremony, with its attendant hospitalities, would be \$125,000.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions for a Home Service by Dr. Deems.

Lessons: Gen. 18: 1-19; 11 Cor. 11: 1-19; Luke 8: 1-18.

[The leader should announce the place of lesson, so that each worshipper may open the Bible and follow the reading.]

THE DISCOURSE.

Text: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him" (Ps. 25: 4).

The greatest thing is love.

The best thing we can get from others is to be loved. One of the chief characteristics of love is confidence.

When a man loves the Lord he confides to Him the secrets of his soul.

The Lord repays the confidence.

We all with open face behold the glory of God (11 Cor. 3: 18).

But not all of us see all the glory at once.

Suppose our friend is a great man, a man of vast knowledge, knowing the affairs of business and of State. As he gains confidence in us he tells us his secrets, his plans. Society increasingly respects us the more it learns that we are in the confidence of our great friend. We have pleasure in the confidence and profit from the knowledge he imparts. Men outside would give much for what we know.

The Lord has His secrets and His confidants.

Remember His friend Abraham, and read Gen. 18: 17.

Remember Moses and his intimacy with the Lord, as of a beloved Prime Minister with a Monarch.

Remember the Apostles, and read John 15: 15.

One great value of this is that it affords us a certainty of being able to reach the truth. We may have such revelation from the Lord of His secret that we shall be sure we know it. He shall cause us to understand the Bible. What other eyes see not we shall see. We shall be the initiated. The initiation is "the fear of the Lord," not tormenting, but loving fear. This fear attracts God to us, and us to God.

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held, and the following discourse read:]

PAUL'S ANTI-CLIMAX.

By B. M. Palmer, D.D.

Read again Rom. 15: 18—"The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." This looks like an anti-climax, but the anti-climax disappears as soon as we recognize another law of experience, that the emotions deepen into permanent conditions or habits of the soul. They crystallize into principles, become concrete, and go back into character, and give it strength.

The order mentioned by the Apostle is often the order in which our conversion is first revealed to us. The first act of the new-born soul is undoubtedly trust in the Redeemer; out of which hope next dawns upon the soul; which then deepens into peace and becomes a holy calm; rising, at length, in its tide into the maj-

esty of joy. But how often is the first manifestation of our pardon made in the joy which bursts in its fulness upon us! The transition from darkness to light intoxicated the heart; which is flooded with joy, as though the radiance of heaven rested upon the spiritual birth of the sinner as it did eighteen hundred years ago upon the plains of Bethlehem. Soon, however, the effervescence of feeling gives way; joy sobers into peace, and there is a quiet resting upon the Redeemer and His promises. In this descent from joy to peace, and from peace to hope, there is a crystallizing of the emotion into a habit which forms a second nature with the Christian, and the faith deepens into a permanent condition of the soul.

The Apostle desires not merely that we shall hope, but that we shall *abound in hope*; and so we have the climax still. The word "salvation" is used in a narrower and in a broader sense. A man is saved when his sins are pardoned and he feels the first pulse of spiritual life; still more when, through progressive sanctification, he is delivered more and more from the dominion and pollution of sin; but when delivered finally from the being and presence of sin, and he is translated to heaven, then is salvation completed in the fulness of its meaning. Because these blessings are largely in the future, they are brought within the range and influence of hope: so the Apostle speaks of our "being saved by hope." This principle of hope may be increased in various ways: (1) *The Holy Spirit may stimulate the natural instinct of hope.* Thanks be unto God, despair in its fulness is known only to the damned. May not the Divine Spirit, who operates through all the faculties of our nature, stimulate this natural instinct in the Christian; so that when he cannot see the ground upon which his hope rests, it shall yet bear him up, and he shall go on hoping against hope even in the darkest hour? (2) *The Holy Spirit may strengthen the Christian principle of hope,* implanted at the new birth; enabling us to see the ground upon which it rests, and to exercise faith in the covenant and promises of Almighty God. (3) We abound in hope when *this rises into the grace of assurance*—a frame of spirit in which confident expectation of a promised blessing is its abiding posture. Let not the defect of our individual experience lead us to depreciate the value of this good grace. Our error may consist in not distinguishing between the assurance of hope occasionally enjoyed and this assurance as the permanent condition and frame of the soul. There is many a precious moment when the child of God has this assurance, though it has not crystallized into a fixed habit. Let hope then have its scope, until it rises into unclouded assurance of our "acceptance in the Beloved."

OUR JESUS

Happy are we, God's own little flock,
Sheltered so close in the cleft of the Rock,
Far above storm, or danger, or shock,
Happy are we in Jesus.

What shall we do for the Master so dear?
Oh, there are many in need of our cheer,
Souls that know nothing but darkness and fear,
Souls in the dark without Jesus!

Many He has who are not of this fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold;
These we will win by our prayers and our gold,
Win them to love our Jesus.

Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these
Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas,
Save by the blood of Jesus.

Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad news,
Never this service for Jesus refuse,
Never a moment to work for Him lose:
Joyfully work for Jesus.

—MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

THE WORLD'S FINAL HARVEST.

By G. Warrand Houghton.*

The Mixed Crop—The Order to the Reapers—The Tares to be Gathered First—Bound Together for Burning—The Apocalyptic Exposition—Interval between Firstfruits and Harvest—Privileges of Firstfruits—Close of the Harvest—A Practical Lesson.

ONE of the most beautiful, the most comforting, and the most refreshing of the themes pursued in Holy Writ is that which treats of the important symbol of the harvest of God (Matt. 13).

The operation of the husbandman is carefully elucidated from the tilling of the field to the storing of the produce. The field is sown with good wheat. An enemy during the night has maliciously covered the field with tares. While growing they looked like the wheat. There was the same bright green hue, the same reaching toward the sun, whose light and warmth refreshed both alike; but, lo! when the grain began to ripen, the field did not present the pure golden lustre of ears of wheat, but was tarnished by the intermingling of the funeral shade imparted by the tares.

ORDERS TO REAPERS.

Will the crop, then, be a failure? No. The husbandman is a man of resource. His servants suggested that they should go and root up these tares when they saw the color of the fruit. The master determined that not a grain of wheat should perish. He was fearful that wheat might be uprooted with the tares, and gave the order that no separation should be attempted before the harvest.

He next proceeds to give particulars as to the treatment of each class of grain in order that there may be no final mixing, no losing a grain of wheat, no storing a single tare.

Suppose, thought he, my men should winnow the wheat and tares together. They would have rooted up some of the wheat in the field had I acted on their suggestion; now they may make the opposite mistake, and so mix them up together that separation on the field will become impossible, and then either both must be garnered or both thrown away.

Therefore, when the reaper commences operations he is instructed to be careful to make the separation then and there. He must first bind the tares into bundles. The field is the husbandman's, and he will not have one remaining there. They are to be burned, utterly destroyed on the field itself.

It is fortunate for us that we are not dependent upon human interpreters for the exposition of the Parable of the Tares. The dear Master Himself has revealed these things to us. The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him, sent and shown by symbols unto His servant John, expounds to us with a clearness apprehensible to the spiritual mind what is the order of these events—notably in Rev. 14.

In studying the chapter we notice that it is all one vision, clearly marked off from the preceding and succeeding chapters. The next thing we observe is the considerable

DISTANCE INTERVENING

between the firstfruits and the harvest, corresponding to the interval that elapsed between them in the Jewish Ritual, as shown us in Lev. 23. Indeed, many events intervene. There is the preaching of the everlasting good tidings—which may occupy a considerable period of time; there is next the announcement that the fall of Babylon is determined, and therefore, in the counsels of God, accomplished; then comes the awful warning against all who shall worship the beast, showing that to be yet future after the firstfruits are plucked; this is followed by a promise of blessing to all who die in the Lord from that time forward. After all these things comes the harvest. What an interval!

Now, as the Church of God is the wheat, this Scripture places the fact beyond all question that there will be a rapture of one portion of the

Church of God before the harvest (it may be some years before) at the end of the age, as surely as it was a fact that the Jews gathered their firstfruits considerably before they gathered their harvest. Further, we may well understand, from due consideration of the symbols, that of the great bulk of believers on earth at the time of the Lord's descent into the air, the proportion of those who will then be "taken" to His bosom to those who will be "left" on earth will be but as one sheaf to many acres of sheaves—exactly as is commensurate with the small amount of interest now taken in the subject of His coming!

THE ORDER.

Yet solemn and significant as this fact is, it still leaves untouched the question of the priority of the reaping of the wheat and the tares. That, however, comes out also clearly in this chapter. There are no tares in the symbology of this vision, it is true; it was not necessary that there should be; but as the burning of the tares and the gathering of the vintage both represent the destruction of the wicked (compare 19:11-16 and Isaiah 63:1-6), we have only to observe which comes first in order of fulfilment, to see whether or not the remainder of the Church will be caught up before the destruction of the wicked.

In the order of nature the harvest was reaped first, and the vintage gathered afterward. And that is the precise order observed in this chapter (compare verses 14-16 with 17-20). The Church, therefore, will be all away before the wicked are destroyed.

The interval between the gathering of this harvest and that of the vintage has been computed, from other Scriptures, to consist of the final 1260 days of unequalled tribulation, while the rapture of the first-fruits may be at any moment from this day forward.

It will now be interesting to draw a comparison between the first-fruits and the harvest. It is a specially blessed privilege to be among the first-fruits. They have the name of the Father and the Son on their foreheads, identifying them with those who keep the Word of the Lord's patience—i.e., wait for the coming of the Lord, and who, in consequence, are promised to be kept from the hour of temptation that is to come upon the whole world to try them that dwell upon the earth—kept, that is, not merely sustained or preserved during a time of affliction, but *taken away from the time itself.*

THE FIRST-FRUIT,

standing on the heavenly Mount Zion, could sing a song that no man else could learn. They had been purchased by the blood of the Lord out of the earth—i.e., out of the *whole* earth, for they are not Israelites like the one hundred and forty-four thousand of Rev. 7:1-8. They had not been guilty of spiritual adultery, for they abhorred Babylonianism; they are called "virgins," and would appear to be "the wise virgins" of Matt. 25. They follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, though "the foxes have holes and the birds their nests, and the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." They were not gathered with a sickle at all, but tenderly taken away one by one with the hand (verses 1-5).

We have in Rev. 7:9-17 *the close of the whole harvest.* For the Gentile multitude reaped with the sharp sickle are here keeping the Feast of Tabernacles in Heaven. The palms they are holding in their hand are not palms of victory, as our hymn-books delight to tell us. We have simply the observance and anti-typical fulfilment of Lev. 22:39, 40. With the Feast of the Passover the Jewish Ritual opened; with the Feast of the Tabernacles it closed. So in the great antitype, the Christian Dispensation, the great Christian Passover opens it, while the heavenly Feast of Tabernacles brings the Church's earthly history to a close.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

* From his article in the current number of the *Prophetic News*.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Dispute between the President and the Senate now appears likely to issue in a deadlock, which is a result much in favor with Congress. The report of the Republican members of the Judiciary Committee, prepared by Mr. Edmunds, and approved by a caucus of Republican Senators, outlines the plan of the campaign. Mr. Edmunds proposed that the Senate should go on calling for information regarding the conduct in office of persons removed or suspended, and that every time such information was refused the nominee for the office in question should be rejected. This was regarded as a decisive forward movement in the contest with the Administration, and it is said that it was fully discussed and adopted. There will probably be a minority report from the Committee. The lengthy document issued by the majority contains some curious arguments, which will doubtless be remembered should a Republican President ever find himself in collision with a Democratic Senate. As both the President and the Senate still cling to secrecy, a suspicion is growing that both in the White House and the Capitol there have been transactions which will not bear the light of publicity.

The Details of the Tariff Bill Prepared by Mr. Morrison deserve and will doubtless receive careful consideration before a vote is taken in either branch of Congress. It is in some respects a more conservative measure than that desired by the majority of the advocates of reduced duties. The Hayes-Oliver Commission, three years ago, urged a general reduction of twenty-five per cent, which is a larger reduction than that which would be effected by the Morrison bill as a whole. Among the most important changes proposed is that of putting salt, timber, and iron, copper, and lead ores on the free list. Another serious change proposed is to reduce, by one quarter, the duty on sugar and molasses, which would entail a loss of revenue amounting to ten millions a year. The guiding principle of the bill appears to be to relieve the burdens that restrict manufacture, and care is taken that no domestic manufacturer shall be injured by new facilities being given to his foreign rivals. If that is really the principle of the bill, it may be supposed that any manufacturers who would suffer by the enactment of the law will have

opportunity afforded them for protesting against it. While there are absurd anomalies in our tariff as it now exists, our welfare as a nation would not be promoted by changes which would discourage home enterprise.

Another Attempt to Solve the Difficult Silver question was made in the House last week. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, made a proposal which he called a compromise. He suggested that a reserve of twenty million silver dollars should be kept, and that whenever that reserve was encroached upon in any month sufficient silver dollars should be coined to bring the reserve up to the prescribed number. Thus the public could regulate the coinage by taking less or more of the coins out of the Treasury. The more coins there were in circulation, the larger would be the quantity to be coined to make up the twenty million reserve. On the face of it this would appear to meet the requirements of the silver men, who contend that the public want the silver dollar. They will not, however, support the proposition, as they are shrewd enough to see that it would cause the suspension of the coinage. There is no sign that the public has changed its mind. The people will not take the silver dollar if they can get the paper dollar.

Serious Losses from Floods were Reported early last week from many cities. Boston, Mass., was the worst sufferer. For four days the water covered an area of the city two miles square in the Roxbury district. In the Highlands the damage to houses and furniture amounted to over \$1,000,000. In the poorer districts the suffering was more severely felt, though the actual loss may have been smaller. The houses in several places collapsed altogether, but happily their occupants had previously been rescued in boats. On Wednesday, February 17th, the worst was past. The water ceased to flow across Tremont Street, and sank rapidly over the submerged districts. A fund was raised for the relief of homeless sufferers, and coal, wood, food, and medicine were distributed. Physicians went through the district as the waters subsided, prescribing preventives for diseases likely to ensue from the miasma rising out of the foul cellars. St. Louis, Mo., also suffered severely, as did towns in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. The floods were caused by ice gorges.

The Death of Mr. John B. Gough, the Famous temperance orator, causes widespread sorrow throughout the Union and across the Atlantic. He was stricken with paralysis on February 15th while lecturing in the Presbyterian Church at Frankford, Pa. He was immediately removed to the house of Dr. R. Bruce Burns, and the most skilful medical assistance secured. Mr. Wannemaker and other Christian friends also visited him, and held a prayer service in his room. His condition was unfavorable from the commencement of the attack, and as the physicians gave but little hope of recovery, Mrs. Gough and other relatives were summoned. He died peacefully on Thursday last. He was nearly sixty-nine years old. His activity was not diminished by his advancing years, though during his recent visit to New York his friends noticed that his physical strength was decreasing, and he himself expressed the conviction that he would not live through the year. We hope to publish his portrait and a sketch of his life next week.

Four of the Socialists who Led the Riots in London on February 8th were examined on Wednesday of last week. They were Burns, Hyndman, Champion, and Williams. Burns is an engineer, who ran unsuccessfully for Parliament at the recent election. Hyndman is the most remarkable of the four, because he is by birth and connection an aristocrat. He is an M. A. of Cambridge University, was a companion there of two students who have since become Cabinet Ministers, has travelled round the world, been in America, and has a thorough knowledge of India. He is the author of a book on the historic basis of socialism, and has written many brochures on economic subjects. He is a man of means, but has given his time and money to the cause of socialism since 1881.

Champion is an ex-artillery officer, and Williams a dock laborer. The evidence against them was directed to proving that they had attended meetings previous to the one at which the riot took place, and had made speeches inciting to riot. Reporters gave evidence of the seditious character of the speeches in Trafalgar Square. Among other things, they swore that Burns said "we will have bread, or the others must have lead." The hearing was adjourned for a week, and the accused were admitted to bail. Among the bailsmen was Joseph Cowen, a noted Member of Parliament.

The Irish Policy of the New British Cabinet will not be disclosed before March 22d. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues having been re-elected to Parliament, their acceptance of office having, under the constitution, rendered their seats vacant, appeared in the House on February 18th. Mr. Gladstone then stated that when the Government has concluded the financial business they had to place before the House they would be able to state a part, if not the whole, of the Irish measures they intended to introduce. Mr. Gladstone also announced that the Government had no intention of renewing coercion in Ireland. The desire of the Government, he said, was to propose to the House measures of a positive and substantive character, dealing with Ireland respecting social order and the questions of land and the future Government of Ireland, including a method for such government. He said that a further statement on the subject would be made on March 22d.

More Labor Riots in England Occurred Last week. As in London, comparatively little damage was done, and that not by the working men. Leicester, the headquarters of the hosiery trade, was the chief scene of the disturbances, though in Birmingham and other towns there were important demonstrations. In Leicester the riot was the result of a strike. The employers, who have been paying different prices respectively for the same class of work, formed a union, and pledged themselves to a uniform rate of pay, which involved a reduction in some cases of thirty per cent in the wages. A strike followed, throwing two thousand persons out of employment. The riot which succeeded was led by the young roughs of the town, who appear to have been prompted by a spirit of mischief. They confined themselves to the breaking of windows in the manufactories, and no one suffered from personal violence. The loss by broken glass and injured looms is estimated at \$2500. The most serious feature of the disturbances is that the mob learn that the police are powerless to check them if they unite. That knowledge is dangerous, when there are so many men unemployed, as there now are in England, and when socialists are busy.

Socialism in Germany is Assuming a Threatening aspect. One of the leaders, Herr Bebel, who is a member of the Reichstag, spoke openly there on Wednesday of last week on the question, and boldly advocated socialistic doctrines. He taunted the Government with the growing strength of the social democrats in Germany, and ended by telling them that, repression or no repression, the cause he represented would conquer. Herr Viereck, one of Bebel's henchmen, hinted that the social democrats might ere long try the effect of an appeal to "the brutal instincts of the people."

The French Government is Preparing for active opposition to England in the Egyptian question. She has espoused the cause of the Sultan of Turkey. A cable dispatch from Paris states that the French Premier, M. de Freycinet, has instructed the new French Minister at Cairo to support the demands of the Porte for the formation of a Turco-Egyptian army to replace the British troops in Egypt, and the evacuation of that country by the English at the earliest possible date. If England opposes the demands of the Porte, M. de Freycinet will seek to induce the powers to take combined action for the purpose of vindicating the Sultan's suzerain rights in Egypt.

The Baptist Ministers' Home at West Farms N. Y., is an institution not sufficiently known among the churches. It has been in existence about three years, and is doing work of the most beneficent character. It was given, subject to a small annuity, to the denomination by Deacon James Angus for a minister's home, to "provide for disabled Baptist ministers and missionaries, their dependent families, widows of ministers and missionaries, and the dependent orphan children of ministers and missionaries in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, during the time of their disability, with a comfortable home, the necessities of life, together with medical attendance, and, in case they should die while inmates of the home, with a Christian burial." There are now eighteen beneficiaries, of whom seven are wholly supported, and eleven partially supported by the institution. Some of them are over eighty years old. The *Rev. N. W. Miner, D.D.*, the superintendent of the home, informs us that gifts will be very welcome just now to the inmates. Help in the shape of money, provisions, or second-hand clothing will be gratefully received.

The New York Medical Missionary Society, which is doing a valuable work in the training of young men for foreign missions, held its annual meeting at the training institute, 118 East Forty-fifth Street, recently. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt presided. The Superintendent, *Dr. G. M. Dowkontt*, gave a cheering report of the work for 1885. The Society now has four dispensaries, a home and institute, and eight students. Over fifty young men and women had offered themselves to the Society, but what was needed, he said, was more means. The treasurer's report showed an expenditure of \$4000 for 1885. It being stated by *Dr. Dowkontt* that there were seven young men ready to enter with the best indorsements, five being from Amherst College, and that these would need aid to about \$1000, it was resolved to raise that additional sum for 1886. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt headed the list for 1886 with \$600, and Mr. George W. Vanderbilt followed with \$300. Seven or eight friends promised to give or get \$100.

A Remarkable Revival of God's Work is in progress in Eastport, Me. The *Rev. C. F. Whitcomb* baptized ten new converts on Sunday, January 31st; two hundred persons have made a profession of faith in Christ, and the work is still going on with increasing manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power.

The Revival Services in Cincinnati, Conducted by *Rev. Sam Jones*, have stirred the people of that city to an extent never before known there. At the closing services, held on Sunday, February 14th, the Music Hall was packed in every part, the Odeon adjoining was crowded, and the police said that the crowd outside unable to gain admission to either building numbered over thirty thousand. Much good has attended these services, and large numbers have made a profession of faith in Christ. Mr. Jones and Mr. Small go from Cincinnati to Chicago. Mr. Jones is taking a brief rest at his home, but will commence on Sunday next. Mr. Small has already held several services in Mr. Moody's church. The Casino Skating Rink has been taken for four weeks for the meetings.

The White Cross Society for the Promotion of social purity celebrated its first anniversary in New York on February 14th. *Dr. B. F. De Costa*, the President of the Society, read a most encouraging report. He said that the movement has spread among American colleges. The students of Lee University, in Virginia, formed a White Cross Society the moment they heard that one had been established in New York. The Society for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice is co-operating with the White Cross Society in fighting the social evil and toleration of it. The National Women's Temperance Union of Philadelphia recently established a department for the promotion of social purity, patterned after the White Cross Society. The women of the union have organized to save fallen women by women's aid. In Illinois Miss

Frances E. Willard has established in Chicago the Victoria League, an auxiliary of the White Cross, which especially seeks to labor among mothers and daughters with the view of exhibiting the effects of sexual vice, teaching a true physiology, and advocating the general establishment of a White Cross code of morals in female society. The Society has taken root in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. The report further says that the President of the White Cross Society in America was told by a chaplain in London, familiar with all the facts, that the shocking revelations last summer of nauseous social vices in London did not reveal one tenth of the truth.

A Jolting Ride Over a Rough Road Saved a life recently in New York State. On February 5th a physician residing in Sullivan County was preparing a poisonous lotion, and, being in a hurry, used his lead pencil to stir it. Soon afterward he thoughtlessly put his pencil in his mouth. A strange sensation followed, and the doctor realized what he had done. Knowing that he would soon be insensible and unable to treat himself, he immediately summoned a liveryman, and told him to drive him as fast as possible to the nearest physician, who lived seven miles away. The poisoned man fell asleep before he had travelled a mile, and he was laid in the bottom of the vehicle. The latter part of the path is over very rough road, and the jolting of the car roused the man and kept him awake until the house of the physician was reached. There he was successfully treated, and recovered. Both physicians agree that if the sleep had been continued recovery would have been impossible, yet the one who was poisoned remembers that during the journey the agonizing craving for sleep was almost insupportable. How often awakened sinners have had a similar experience! They would gladly have shaken off their impressions had they been able, but happily their misery continued until they found peace in Christ (Ps. 78 : 33-35).

The Foresight of the Muskrat has been demonstrated during the recent floods. A reporter of the *Journal of Providence*, R. I., states that several weeks ago, in company with Mr. A. A. Folsom, the Superintendent of the Boston and Providence Railway, he passed the long stretch of marshy lands through which the line runs between Canton Junction and Readville. Mr. Folsom called attention to the numerous hillocks of earth thrown up and scattered over the Neponset marshes. The elevations were the work of the industrious little muskrats, and Mr. Folsom observed that he never before saw them so high above the surface. He observed that there was a popular belief about the mounds that they were constructed by the muskrats as a refuge from coming floods. He said: "If there is very high water the coming spring the coincidence will be something remarkable." During the recent freshet the water rose so high on the Neponset marshes as to submerge the railway tracks, and the swamp became a little sea. So it would appear that the foresight of the amphibious muskrats is established. It would also appear that the foresight was accompanied by prudence, which is not always the case with men. Even people who attend church and know that a day of judgment is approaching often neglect to avail themselves of the refuge God has provided (Heb. 6 : 18, 19).

A Five Days' Imprisonment in a Freight Car imperilled the life of a man who arrived in New York last Thursday. He is a resident of Ross County, O., but being out of work he started out on a long tramp in search of a farm which he and his father could work on shares. On February 13th he was at Dayton, O., and being footsore and weary and without money, he looked around for a place to sleep. A freight train was standing near the depot, and the tired man, noticing that the doors of a car laden with corn stood open, he crawled in, and, lying on the top of the corn, soon fell asleep. When he awoke he found that he was locked in, and the car was in motion. At first he was not alarmed,

as he supposed that he would be released when the train stopped. But the car was bound for New York, and though it made several stoppages, he was unable to make any one hear. For five days he remained a prisoner. He kept himself alive by chewing corn, until the last day, when his mouth and gums became so sore and his mouth swollen from want of drink that he could not swallow. He suffered much from the cold. He found himself gradually growing weaker, and had almost resigned himself to death when, to his great joy, after a long stop somewhere, the car door was unlocked and pushed open. He was in New York, and was sent to an hospital for treatment. It is safe to predict that he will never go to sleep in a freight car again. It may be hoped that he will also be preserved from spiritual slumber, in which many are carried away unwittingly, and only wake to find themselves the prisoner of some vicious habit or appetite, from which, if they are delivered at all, it is only after intense suffering (1 Thess. 5 : 6-8).

The Idiotic Escapade of a Miscreant in West Virginia has entailed serious consequences. On February 15th an engine was standing on the side track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad near Parkersburg. As it was to start in a short time, the engineer and fireman fired it up in readiness, and left it temporarily. While they were away some unknown man jumped on the engine, threw open the throttle, and then sprang off. The engine hesitated a moment, and then darted away like the wind, and was soon out of sight on the main line going east. At a bridge twelve miles out the engineer of the freight, which was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, heard the approaching engine, and whistled for the brakes; but in a moment the wild engine was upon the train, the two coming together with terrible violence. Both engines and the entire train of freight cars were dashed to pieces, every man on board the freight being wounded, some of them fatally. For an act of pure diabolical mischief this act has rarely been surpassed. It had not even the poor excuse of revenge, for the miscreant could not tell whom his folly might injure. Probably as he reads of the sufferings of his victims he deplores his act; but from the moment the engine started he was powerless to arrest the mischief. Solomon compared the class to which such a man belongs to liars and deceivers, and they are alike in that particular that a lie started on its travels cannot be recalled (Prov. 26 : 18, 19).

The Estate of the Millionaire Tramp is arousing much interest in financial circles, owing to the failure to discover any traces of a will or of his supposed wealth. The tramp, whose name was James Henry Paine, died on December 23d, last year, in a dingy lodging in Bleeker Street, New York. His surroundings indicated extreme poverty, and during his last illness he rejected the services of a physician, under the plea that he was too poor to pay the fees. He used to shuffle about the city in a tattered coat, trousers so ragged that his bare flesh could be seen in places, and wretched old boots on his naked feet. He lived chiefly on scraps of food begged from restaurants. About three hundred dollars in money was the amount found among his rags when he was dead, but there were notes proving his identity, and showing that he was a capitalist. Since then his record has been traced, and evidences have been found that he must have possessed fully a million dollars. He was extremely secretive, and when he operated in stocks, as he often did, he would not go into a bank if he could avoid it, but would meet his agents on the street or in a restaurant. One banker alone paid him \$324,000 as the result of one of his stock speculations. Where his property now is and who is his heir are mysteries yet unsolved. His skill in financial operations is mentioned as proof that "he was no fool;" but looking at his life as a whole, it is difficult to see any evidence of wisdom in it. The writer of Ecclesiastes sketches just such a life, and pronounces it vanity (Eccles. 4 : 8).

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

A Specially-Selected Sermon to his Church, Congregation, Readers, and Friends, by C. H. Spurgeon.

"Forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—JOSHUA 17 : 14.

Men Everywhere Dissatisfied—Make the Best of the Lot—I. A Confession—Blessing Admitted—Some Still under the Curse—Blessings Common to all Believers—Dainties not Locked-up—Particular Blessings—Progress not Perfection—The Source of Blessing—In Continuity—How the Bible Ends—The Prophecy Implied—II. The Argument—God's Naughty Children—Cause for Gratitude—Content with the Weather—Confidence—An Argument with the Devil—A Stone with Spikes on.

It is not an easy task to divide land among different claimants. Joshua divided Canaan with strict impartiality. He was a man of God, and he was also shrewdly wise, as you may gather from many of his speeches. But, for all that, he could not satisfy everybody. He who would please all attempts the impossible. God Himself is quarrelled with. If it be the design of Providence to please men, it is a melancholy failure. Do we not find

MEN EVERYWHERE DISSATISFIED

with their portions? This man would like his lot if it were not where it is, and that man would be perfectly satisfied if he had a little more. One would be contented with what he has if he could keep it always, while another would be more pleased if life could be shortened. There is no pleasing men. We are like the sons of Joseph in the chapter before us, ready to complain of our inheritance. It should not be so. We who have pined in the wilderness of sin should rejoice that we have entered the land of promise, and we ought to be glad to have a portion among the people of the Lord. Contentment should be natural to those who are born of the Spirit of God; yea, we ought to go beyond contentment, and cry: "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits."

Brethren, the best advice that I can give to each man among you is, that he should endeavor to make the best of the portion which God has given him: for, after all, *Joshua* had not arbitrarily appointed Ephraim and Manasseh their lots, but they had fallen to them by the decree of God. Their portions had been marked out by a higher hand than Joshua's long before. You and I ought to believe that—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Let us fall back upon predestination, and accept the grand truth that "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." An all-wise God disposes His people according to His sovereign will. Let us not seek to alter our destiny, but let us try to make the best of our circumstances. This is what Joshua exhorted Ephraim and Manasseh to do. "You have a hill country crowned with forests; hew them down. You have fat valleys occupied by Canaanites: drive out the present inhabitants." Oh, sirs, if we would but thoroughly enjoy what God has freely given us, we should be happy to the full, and even anticipate the joys of heaven. We have a deep river of delights in the covenant of grace, yet we are content to paddle about its shores. We are only up to our ankles, the most of us, whereas the waters are "waters to swim in."

A great sun of everlasting love shines upon the globe of our life with tropical force, but we get away to the North Pole of doubt and fear, and then complain that the sun has such little heat, or that he is so long below the horizon. He who will not go to the fire ought not to complain that the room is cold. Did we heartily feed upon what the Lord has set on our table, accept the ring which He has prepared for our finger, and wear the garments which He has provided for our comfort, we might here on earth make music and dancing before the Lord.

I am going to speak upon my text thus: First, here is a *confession*, which I think many of us

will be very happy to make: "Forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto." Secondly, here is an *argument*, which is stated after the manner of logic: "Forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto, therefore," so and so.

I. We look at our text, then, first of all, as

A CONFESSION—

"The Lord hath blessed me hitherto." I will not at present speak to those of you upon whom the blessing of God has never rested. Remember, my dear hearers, that every man is either under the curse or under the blessing. They that are of the works of the law are under the curse. Those upon whom their sin is resting are under the curse, for a curse always attends upon sin. Though we read no commination service; though we do not speak to you from Ebal and Gerizim, with the blessing and the curse; yet rest assured that there is before the living God a separation of the precious from the vile, and each day there is a judgment which, in God's apprehension, puts some upon the right hand with the "Come, ye blessed," and others upon the left hand with the "Depart, ye cursed." This will be finally done in "that day of days for which all other days were made." At this hour, my hearer, if you are not the blessed of the Lord, you are resting under the dark shadow of a curse from which I pray God you may at once escape. Faith in Him who was made a curse for us is the only way to the blessing. But I speak to as many as have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ of whom the Lord saith: "Surely, blessing I will bless thee."

GENERAL BLESSINGS.

You can say at this time, "God hath blessed me *hitherto*." He has blessed you with those blessings which are common to all the house of Israel. Ephraim and Manasseh had received a blessing when God blessed Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, seeing they were in the loins of Abraham. You and I, who are in Christ, are partakers of all covenant-blessings in Christ Jesus. "If children, then heirs;" and if we are children of God, then we are heirs of all things. The trifles in the house, and the jewels of the house, equally belong to the children. We may partake of the common mercies of Providence, and the extraordinary mercies of grace, without stint. None of the dainties of the royal house are locked up from the children. The Lord says to each believer, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," and therefore "all things are yours."

Can you not say—"The Lord hath blessed me *hitherto*?" Has He ever denied you one of the blessings common to the covenanted family? Has He ever told you that you may not pray, or that you may not trust? Has He forbidden you to cast your burden on the Lord? Has He denied to you fellowship with Himself and communion with His dear Son? Has He laid an embargo on any one of the promises? Has He shut you out from any one of the provisions of His love? I know that it is not so if you are His child, but you can heartily exclaim: "The Lord hath blessed me *hitherto*." "Such honor have all the saints." By His gracious past of love the Lord guarantees to His redeemed a future of equal blessedness, for His loving-kindness never departs from those on whom it lights.

PARTICULAR BLESSINGS.

But then, dear friends, besides this, Ephraim and Manasseh had special blessings, the peculiar blessing of Joseph, which did not belong to Judah, or Reuben, or Issachar. In the end of the Book of Genesis, you will see how Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph, and you will observe with what prodigality of benediction he enriched them among his sons. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall." Moses also, ere he died, seemed to glow with a divine fervor when he came to the tribe of Joseph, and blessed him in some respects above his brethren. Now, I think that many of you may say: "Though I am least of all His saints, yet in some respects the Lord hath specially blessed me *hitherto*."

I believe that every flower in a garden, which is tended by a wise gardener, could tell of some particular care that the gardener takes of it. He does for the dahlia what he does not for the sunflower; somewhat is wanted by the rose that is not required by the lily; and the geranium calls for an attention which is not given to the honey-suckle. Each flower wins from the gardener a special culture. The vine has a dressing all its own, and the apple-tree a pruning peculiar to itself. There is a blessing of the house of Manasseh, and a blessing of the house of Ephraim; and so is there a special benediction for each child of God. All the names of the tribes were written on the breastplate, but there was a different color in the jewel allotted to each tribe; and I believe that there is a speciality of grace about every child of God. There is not only an election from the world, but an election out of the elect. Twelve were taken from the disciples; three were taken out of the twelve; one greatly beloved was taken out of the three.

Uniformity of loves does not prevent diversity of operations. As a crystal is made up of many crystals, so is grace composed of many graces. In one ray of the light of grace there are seven colors. Each saint may tell his fellow something that he does not know; and in heaven it will be a part of the riches of glory to hold commerce in those specialities which each one has for himself alone. I shall not be you, neither will you be me; neither shall we twain be like another two, or the four of us like any other four, though all of us shall be like our Lord when we shall see Him as He is. I want you each to feel at this hour—"The Lord hath blessed me *hitherto*."

PROGRESS NOT PERFECTION.

I think, besides this, that these two tribes which made up the house of Joseph also meant to say that, not only had God blessed them with the common blessings of Israel, and the special blessing of their tribe, but also with *actual blessings*. As far as they had gone they had driven out the Canaanites, and taken possession of the country. They had not received all that was promised; but God had blessed them *hitherto*. Come, brethren, we have not driven out all the Canaanites yet, but we have driven out many of them. We are not what we hope to be, but we are *not what we used to be*. We cannot yet see everything clearly, but we are not blind, as once we were. We have not overcome every sinful propensity, but no sin has dominion over us, for we are not under the law, but under grace. We do not know all that the Lord will yet teach us, but what we do know we would not lose for ten thousand worlds. We have not seen our Lord as He is, but we have seen Him; and the joy of that sight will never be taken from us. Therefore, before the Lord and His assembled people, we joyfully declare that "The Lord hath blessed us *hitherto*."

THE SOURCE.

First, all the blessings that we have received have come from God. Do not let us trace any blessing to ourselves, or to our fellow-men; for though the minister of God may be as a conduit-pipe to bring us refreshing streams, yet all our fresh springs are in God, and not in men. Say, "The Lord hath blessed me *hitherto*." Trace up every stream to the fountain, every beam to the sun, and say, "I will bless the Lord as long as I live, for He has blessed me. Every good gift which has come to me has come from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." True as the thought is, we have often to recall God's people to the confession—that all the blessings of the covenant come from the God of the covenant.

The Lord has given each one of us a great multitude of blessings. He has blessed us in His promises. Oh, that we did but know how rich we are! He has blessed us in His providence—in the brightness and in the darkness of it, in its calms and in its storms, in its harvests and in its famines. He has blessed us by His grace. I shall not dwell upon these themes; I should want a century for my sermon, if I did.

And, mark you, there has been a continuity of this blessing. God has not blessed us, and then paused; but He has blessed us "*hitherto*." One silver thread of blessing extends from the cradle to the grave. "He hath blessed us hitherto." When we have provoked Him; when we have backslidden from Him; when we have been making an ill use of His blessings; yet He has kept on blessing us with a wondrous perseverance of love. I believe in the perseverance of the saints, because I believe in the perseverance of the love of God, or else I should not believe in it. The Lord Himself puts it so—"I am God, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." There is an unconquerable pertinacity in the love of God: His grace cannot be baffled or thwarted, or turned aside; but His goodness and His mercy follow us all the days of our lives.

HOW THE BIBLE ENDS.

And, what is more, when my text says: "The Lord hath blessed me hitherto," there is a kind of prophecy in it, for "*hitherto*" has a window forward as well as backward. You sometimes see a railway carriage or truck, fastened on to what goes before; but there is also a great hook behind. What is that for? Why, to fasten, something else behind, and so to lengthen the train. Any one mercy from God is linked on to all the mercy that went before it; but provision is also made for adding future blessing. All the years to come are guaranteed by the ages past. Did you ever notice how the Bible ends? It closes with that happiest of conclusions, marriage and happiness. The marriage of the Lamb is come, and His bride hath made herself ready. Infinite felicity closes the volume of revealed history. Earthquakes; and falling stars, and the pouring out of vials, follow with terrible speed; but it all ends in everlasting bliss and eternal union. Even thus shall it be with us, for the Lord hath blessed us hitherto.

Hitherto—*hitherto*—He has blessed us; and it implies that He always will bless us. Never will the silver stream of His love cease to flow. Never will the ocean of His grace cease to wash the shores of our life. He is, He must be, to His people the blessed and blessing God. "Surely blessing I will bless thee," is a word of Jehovah that stands fast for ever and ever. Thus far is our confession of gratitude.

II. Now we come to

THE ARGUMENT,

which I wish to press home upon all my dear brethren and sisters in Christ. The tribe of Joseph says, "Forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto." What is the inference from that fact? The argument that the sons of Joseph wanted to draw was peculiarly Jewish; it was the inference of business. It was the plea that they should have more because they had so much: because they had one lot, therefore they were to have two portions in the promised land. I want no man to infer that, because God has blessed him in providence, he is to expect to have still more riches, and still more pleasure. Ah, no! Do not wish to have your portion in this life, lest you get it; for then you will be as the ungodly.

Their argument, again, was one of grumbling. They said: "God has blessed us hitherto;" as much as to say: "If we do not get two portions, we shall not say that God is still blessing us; but we will draw a line, and say *hitherto*." God has many very naughty children; they fall into quarrels with their Heavenly Father. "Ever since that dear child died," says one, "I never felt the same toward God." "Ever since my mother was taken away," cries another, "I have always felt that I could not trust God as I used to do." This is shocking talk. Have done with it. If you quarrel with God, He will say to you: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." There is no happiness but in complete submission. Yield, and all will end well; but if you stand out against the Most High, it is not God's rod that makes you smart; it is a rod of your own making. End this warfare by saying, "It is the Lord; let Him do what

seemeth Him good." Do not say, "He blessed me up to a certain point, and then He changed His hand." This is a most slanderous falsehood.

Let us say rather, "The Lord has blessed me hitherto, and this is cause for holy wonder and amazement. Why should the Lord have blessed me?" Be full of holy gratitude. Do not say, "I will look on the bright side." Beloved, the Lord's ways to us are all bright. Do not say, "I will trust God where I cannot trace Him," but rather trace God everywhere. Get into the state of that poor man who was so greatly blessed to

PIOUS TAULER.

He wished the man a good day. The man replied, "Sir, I never had a bad day." "Oh, but I wish you good weather." Said he, "Sir, it is always good weather. If it rains or if it shines, it is such weather as God pleases, and what pleases God pleases me."

Come, let us each one bless the Lord, and say: "If He should treat me hardly in the future, I will still praise Him for what He has done hitherto." I remember saying to myself, when I was in sorrow for sin, that if God would only forgive me my sin, and give me rest from my despair, if I had to live in a dungeon on bread and water, all the rest of my life, I would do nothing else but sing to His praise." I am afraid that I have not fulfilled that promise; but I confess my wrong in not having done so. You, my brethren, I dare say, made much the same spiritual covenant with God, and you have not stood to it. Let us unite our sincere confessions, and say, each one: "The Lord hath blessed me hitherto; therefore blessed be His name."

Furthermore, if this be true, let us resolve to engage in enlarged enterprises. If the Lord has blessed us hitherto, why should He not bless us in something fresh? I want to say somewhat to you as a church, dear friends, for the text is a church-text, and the "me" here comprehends all the tribe of Joseph. Let us joyfully say as a church, "The Lord hath blessed us hitherto." Strangers will excuse us if we have a little mutual joy in what the Lord has done for us during a considerable period of time. Those who have been with me from our earliest days, when we were a mere handful of people, may well rejoice that the Lord taught us to pray, and to trust, when we were so few and feeble, and then He visited us with favor, and greatly multiplied us; and since then He has continued to bless us without pause or stint.

These *thirty-three years* He has been with us, we have never been without conversions, never without fresh labor for Christ, and fresh projects, and never a failure, never a schism, or a division of heart. I am amazed and humbled by the Lord's goodness. We have gone from strength to strength in the Lord's work. I have been feeble, and I fear I may be so still; but the Lord has not ceased to work by you who are with me. Well, what then? College, Orphanage, Colportage, Evangelists, Mission Halls—*thirty-four of them*, Sunday-schools, and so forth. What then?

"STOP," SAYS THE DEVIL.

You would like us to stop, would you not, foul fiend? But we shall do nothing of the kind. Wherever you are, O fiend, in this city, it is our business and our desire to fight with you, and drive you out! We cannot cease to be active; for the Lord has blessed us hitherto. "You will get meddling with too much, and get too many irons in the fire." None of them in your fire, O Satan! Brethren, we must have more fire, and more irons in it! I beseech you, do not slacken in any way, but press on.

Did you say, "Now, do not project anything?" I do not know that I shall, but at the same time, I am not sure that I shall not. If the Lord has blessed us hitherto, let us go a little further. When certain brethren raise a stone of Ebenezer, they sit down on it. That is not what the stone is meant for. I have a commission to put spikes on the top of those stones.

You must not dream of sitting down upon—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The voice from the throne saith, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Though the sea roll before you, forward! Forward, in God's name! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

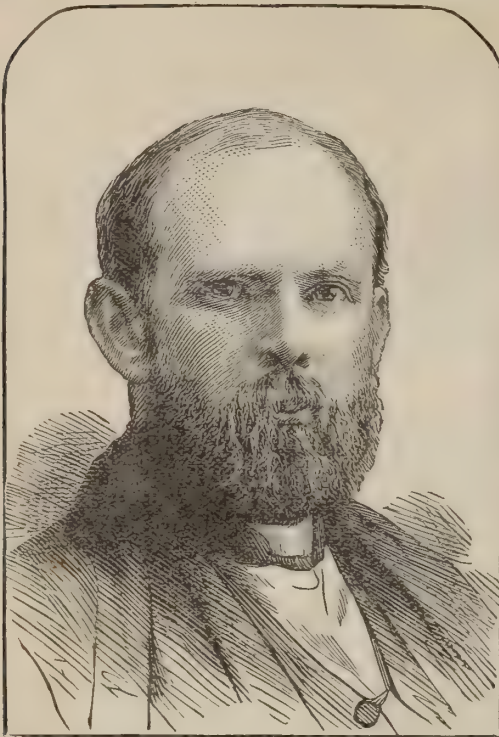
MY SERMON NOTES.

A selection from outlines of Discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with Anecdotes and Illustrations, by C. H. Spurgeon. The object of the two volumes which Mr. Spurgeon has prepared is thus clearly stated by himself in his preface: "It is not always easy to select themes for sermons. Even those who are able to give all their time to reading and study are sometimes glad of a suggestion by which they are directed to a topic; how much more is this the case when a man is all the week engaged in commercial pursuits, and then has to preach twice on the Lord's day. . . . On several occasions the question has been put to me, 'Could you not help us with some outlines of discourses?' To which I have replied that there were many works of that kind in the market. The reply has been that they would like something plainer and less rhetorical. I felt encouraged by their request to try what could be done in the direction indicated."

When Mr. Spurgeon tries what can be done he generally succeeds, and he has succeeded very surprisingly in this case. The texts of the sermons in the two volumes are selected from the Old Testament. The first volume extends from Genesis to the end of Proverbs; the second from Ecclesiastes to Malachi. They are, as the title indicates, outlines only. The divisions and sub-divisions only of the sermon are given. These alone form a valuable aid to preachers, for, as our readers are aware, Mr. Spurgeon is an adept in systematic and orderly sermon construction. But the value of the outlines is increased by a few quotations and illustrations added to each outline, which may be incorporated with advantage in the sermon, increasing its point and effectiveness. Our readers are so well acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon's style that they may well understand the value of such a work. Each volume contains over 370 pages; price, \$1 each volume. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.

COMMON SENSE IN THE NURSERY,

by Marion Harland. Young mothers have reason to thank the lady who writes under this name for her efforts here, as young wives have had occasion to do for her former treatises. Sound, practical advice on the management of infants and the training of them is given in this little volume, with the wisdom for which this eminently pious lady is famous. It has more than merely material benefit. Not only is advice given about "Baby's bath," "Baby's food," "Baby's clothing"—but mothers are reminded that sound moral and religious training cannot begin too early. Mrs. Terhune has none of the new religious ideas about a baby's mind being like a sheet of white paper. She says: "Every mother has thrust upon her at some point of her experience the appalling truth that babies learn to do evil more readily than to do well." Several incidents which she mentions show how she herself learned this fact, and without attempting to explain it she earnestly exhorts mothers so to train their children as that when, as they grow up, they are assailed by temptation they will say, "How can I do this great sin and wickedness against God?" Incidentally, too, the suggestion is given with rare delicacy that the mother should herself see to it



Bishop Hannington, Prisoner of the King of Uganda.



Overcoming a Balky Horse.

that she has the best of all preparations for the momentous duties devolving upon her. Christian mothers will appreciate this book, and we hope that mothers who are not Christians, and who go to it for practical counsel, may follow the author's advice, and pray to God for light and guidance. Pp. 205; price, \$1. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

THE RT. REV. J. HANNINGTON, Bishop of Equatorial Africa.

A BRIEF cable dispatch published on Monday, February 15th, deepens the painful suspense previously existing about the prelate whose portrait appears on this page. Bishop Hannington was sent out by the missionary society of the Protestant Episcopal Church to take episcopal charge of the work in the East Central regions of Africa. In July last he set out full of life and hope to visit the churches and mission stations of his diocese. He intended to penetrate to Uganda on the northern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, which is the most northern station of the diocese. It was a journey of fully one thousand miles through a country full of danger from its malarial climate, and from the bellicose tribes which infest it. He chose a route more northerly than the one generally taken, thereby shortening the journey a little, and being, beside, less trying to the health.

A letter dated August 11th, which the bishop wrote to his wife, was the latest *direct* intelligence received from him. In it he spoke of the opposition of the King of Uganda, who appeared to dislike European travellers. Rumors of German annexation had disturbed His Majesty, who could not discriminate between English and Germans. The bishop's letter indicated that although he was not alarmed, he was not sanguine. At the time of writing he had arrived at a point on his journey two hundred miles from Mombasa.

In January came another communication stating that Bishop Hannington had been arrested, and would probably be executed. An appeal was immediately made to the British Government, which received prompt attention. Instructions were telegraphed to Sir John Kirk, the British Government agent at Zanzibar, directing him to send special messengers to the king to secure the bishop's release. At the time of writing official information has not arrived, but on February 14th the London Missionary Society

received advices from Zanzibar to the effect that two men who have returned to that place from Usegra report that they saw Bishop Hannington, with fifty men of his expedition, taken out for execution.

The utmost anxiety prevails, but as the melancholy news has not been confirmed, Bishop Hannington's friends refuse to abandon hope. Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, says that he does not believe the king would kill the bishop, but he admits that the king is uneasy about the German movements, and thinks it was peculiarly unfortunate that a German exploring party would reach one point of the Uganda Territory at about the same time as the bishop would arrive at another point. Many prayers are being offered for the safety of the bishop.

THE PRINTED WORD.

A CORRESPONDENT who has had occasion, in the course of his professional labor, to make inquiries about the extent of the circulation of religious literature, sends us the following interesting statement of facts:

The London Religious Tract Society was organized in 1799. The British and Foreign Bible Society came into existence in 1804; the American Bible Society began in 1816; the American Tract Society commenced in 1825. These four great catholic societies, two in England and two in America, have been operating respectively eighty-seven, eighty-two, seventy, and sixty-one years, or together three hundred years; divided by four we have seventy-five years, three quarters of a century, as the average age of each society; and these four societies have each, by average, received over \$1000 a day during their entire existence.

Together their money receipts are over \$112,000,000 in this the nineteenth century. The two tract societies, estimating their entire issues, have reached an average equal to about one two-page tract for every inhabitant now living on the globe. The two Bible societies, since the middle of this century, 1850 have averaged for thirty-six years an issue of over ten thousand copies of the Word of God for each business day, while their issues for 1885 were more than seventeen thousand copies a day. Over one hundred and fifty million copies of all sizes have gone forth from these two sources during the nineteenth century. Even these large figures do not represent the whole product of the Christian printing-press, for there are seventy

other Bible societies among the different nationalities of the earth.

A BALKY HORSE CONQUERED.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"WHAT'S the matter there?" asked a man, pointing to a crowd which had gathered in a narrow street around a heavily-laden wagon.

"Only a balky horse," replied the boy addressed.

The man crossed over, and went to join the throng. He stood watching the efforts of the driver and his advisers to get the horse in motion again. It was a difficult task. The horse had evidently struck with a determination that was not to be overcome by blows. The driver used his whip vigorously, while the men around pushed the wagon, and tried to turn the wheels. It was no use; the animal stood still with dogged obstinacy, and the load was a very heavy one. "Ought to have had a pair for such a load as that," said one. "You'll have to wait for a team to hook on to him," said another. "Put some straw under him, and light it," suggested a third. The driver stood still, looking at the horse in despair. Now and again he gave the beast a vicious cut with the whip, using all his strength. The horse's flesh quivered, but he did not move.

The new-comer went away to the corner of the block where there was a fruit stall, and bought an apple. He came back, and pushing his way through the crowd, he said: "Now, my man, just keep your whip still a minute, and let me have a show." He drew the reins loose, patted the horse's neck, and spoke kindly to him. Then he broke off a piece of the apple, and offered it to the animal. The horse took it, and put out his lips for more. "Now, then, some of you give a hand to the wheels," he said. Holding the apple in front, and still patting the horse's neck, he coaxed him to make an effort. It succeeded. The balky horse was a new creature. The wagon was in motion, and the successful man walked a block or two at his head, still holding the apple out as a promise of reward, while the laughing crowd ran along the sidewalk. "Use him well, my man," he said to the driver, as he gave the horse the apple, "and you will have no more trouble with him," and so saying he turned and went his way, while the driver went cheerfully on by the horse.

As we read of the disastrous conflicts between labor and capital, of the strikes and lock-outs,

the suffering and rioting, we can but wish that some wise friends of both employers and employed might try to break the deadlock by methods similar in principle to those which set that wagon upon its way.

A BLASPHEMER'S NIGHT ALARM.

(See Illustration on this page.)

AN amusing incident, showing the cowardice of blasphemers, appears in the pages of a contemporary. It appears that an Irishman named Barney Sheehan concluded to better his condition by emigrating to the United States. He was a devout Roman Catholic in his own country, but by no means in good standing in the church. Sundry acts of dishonesty in which he had been detected and a strong propensity to lying and drunkenness had brought Barney into disrepute; so when he decided to cross the Atlantic there was little regret expressed by his priest or his neighbors.

When he arrived in New York he had the misfortune to fall into the company of men worse than himself, who taught him infidel notions. It was remarkable how readily Barney welcomed these ideas. One of his most painful experiences in the past was his dread of a future judgment. The priest had tried to cure him of his wicked practices by dwelling upon the punishment he would have to undergo after death if he did not repent and reform. Now Barney heard with delight that there was no God to punish him, and that hell was a mere bugbear invented by the priests. He rejoiced in the immunity this implied, and when he left New York to get work in the country he was a regular and foul-mouthed blasphemer.

One night, after spending some time in the saloon, where he had horrified the company there by his blasphemous utterances, declaring that there was neither God nor devil, heaven nor hell, he retired to rest in the barn where his employer allowed him to sleep. He was soon sunk in a heavy slumber, but after some time was awakened by a strange noise. He started and looked around. It was a bright moonlight night, and as he turned toward the half door which he had left open, he saw the moonlight streaming in. But he saw something else, too, which made his blood run cold, and his hair almost rose with fright. There, looking at him intently, was a creature with horns—just such horns as Barney had seen on the head of the devil in a picture in an old book at home in Ireland. It was a dreadful sight. He sat up spellbound for a minute, unable to speak or move. Then he jumped up and ran to the farthest extremity of the barn in abject terror. There in the darkness he knelt and prayed as he had never prayed in his life before.

After a time he ventured to creep forward to where he could see the door. The dreadful monster was gone, and Barney hastily dressed himself and ran to the house, awoke the farmer, told him what he had seen, and begged that he might sleep in the kitchen. He made all kinds of vows and protestations of amendment of life, and swore he would never drink another drop of liquor or touch again anything that did not belong to him. The farmer let him in, and made him comfortable in the kitchen for the rest of the night.



A Blasphemer's Nocturnal Visitor.

"What was the matter with the man?" the farmer's wife asked him when he returned.

"Oh, it was that drunken Irish infidel," said the farmer. "He thinks he saw the devil at the barn door, and was scared out of his wits. He must have been a bad fellow by what he says. I hope it will teach him a lesson he won't forget."

"What was it he did see, do you think?"

"Only the goat; but if the beast looked in over the door, as she does, I can imagine that when half awake his muddled wits, spurred by his conscience, made him mistake her for the devil. I hope he won't find it out in the morning."

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 111.)

In Red Dog's Camp.

NOWHERE else in the world does one encounter such singular freaks of nature—so much that is at once grand, beautiful, and startling—as in the Rocky Mountains of North America.

The Himalayas, the Alps, the Andes, the Apennines, Teneriffe, Parnassus, and so on to the end of the list, all have grandeur, sublimity, and fascinating beauty. All are magnificent and wonderful. But in Colorado, New Mexico, and the other States and Territories which are clasped and bound together by this tremendous mountain girdle, which is the pride and marvel of our great country, one sees more which is inspiring, thrilling, bewildering, than in any other land under the sun.

Cañon, gorge, ravine, gulch, crag, peak, cliff, lake, river, mesa—from the greatest to the least, from the vastest to the most minute—each has a charm, a magical, resistless power, peculiarly its own.

Each point, feature, and characteristic of these wild, majestic mountains and their environments has its legend or its bit of history.

The religious and poetic fervor of many races of opposite and diverse traits enters into this

story treats of. It was, by nature, a safe retreat and stronghold. Three sides were walled in by gigantic rocky cliffs, and in front, a hundred feet below, was a roaring river.

Two hundred Indians, with their wives and children, were living there, temporarily, under the leadership of Red Dog, an Apache chief.

Near the middle of the camp were the two prisoners of whom Leon had told Crance.

One of them, sure enough, was Stephen Vane and the other, if one might judge by his strong, brown eyes, was John Smith, the detective.

He was so cleverly disguised, however, with abundant gray hair and beard, that Vane never even once suspected his identity.

That the stranger was an officer Vane was positive, for the seeming old man had attempted his arrest in the mountains; he was fighting for freedom, in fact, when the Indians surprised them.

He supposed that his attempted arrest was an outgrowth of his affair with Crance. It never once entered his mind that he was in any danger of discovery and punishment for the crimes he had committed before fleeing Westward.

In fact, he had observed so many precautions that he doubted if it would be possible for any one to follow him to New Mexico.

An hour after Leon and Bob Crance met in the mountains that weird, sultry morning after Vane's capture by the Indians, Red Dog and his braves began discussing some means for the disposition of their prisoners.

Before they came to any decisive point Leon and Crance entered the camp.

Both men were respected by Red Dog, and he invited them into the council. Crance listened eagerly to all that was said.

After taking in the situation he briefly explained who Vane was, claimed him as his own rightful prisoner, and demanded permission from the council to have him handed over to the State authorities for safe custody.

After much parleying, Red Dog, convinced that he could not exact a ransom from any one for the person of Vane, promised to turn that

rich and inexhaustible treasury of lore and tradition. Toltec, Aztec, Indian, Mexican, Spaniard—each contributed his share; and the vast and glowing fabric is characteristic of the countless hands which helped to weave it.

In it are the fire and passion of the tropics, and the chilling glitter of the northern ice-fields; the luxuriant palm and myrtle, and the hardy, scanty, storm-stunted pine; one burns with the fierceness and frenzy of love, and the other is frigid and pulseless as death. Refulgence and desolation!

The earth, in her measureless and bounteous bosom, holds nothing more perfect, more complete. Perfect and complete it was for years—and then man came.

Alas that the destroying torch of labor and commerce should enter so holy a sanctuary! Alas that the sound of the pick and the drill should ring on the air where only the voices of the birds giving sweet praise to the Creator should be heard!

In the heart of these wonderful mountains, in sight of the smoke from Santa Fé, and in hearing of the bells of that ancient town, there was an Indian encampment at the time which this

worthy over to Crance the next day. He reserved the right, though, to let his braves first amuse themselves by hurling knives and tomahawks at him.

Indian nature always asserts itself in some way, and if a prisoner is too insignificant to make ransom a possibility, it is generally voted that he will at least do to torture or tantalize.

No one put in a plea for Smith, but as he seemed very old, and possessed of that kind of innocence which nearly all savage tribes respect, Crance and Leon decided that to ask for his liberation was only to crave that which was certain to be granted unasked.

Smith seemed to realize this himself. He was quiet and passive, while Vane was constantly raging and raving.

Notwithstanding his unruffled demeanor there was a tumult in the brain of the disguised detective, though his personal safety had no part or parcel in it.

When he and Vane were struggling in the ravine where they were captured, the latter delivered himself of many disjointed remarks. Judging from these it was apparent to Smith that Myrtie had been rescued by some stranger. Smith felt certain that she could have scarcely fallen into worse hands than Vane's, yet, with her beauty and youthfulness, she was certainly in a position of great danger, to say the least of it, anywhere in that wild country, with its still wilder men.

He must obtain his freedom in some way and find her. He observed the coming of Crance and Leon, and felt, somehow, that it portended good to him. Still, he made no attempt to attract their attention, deeming it best to let matters take their own course.

Vane did not see Crance and Leon when they came, and so was not aware that there was any white man in camp, except himself and his fellow-prisoner.

Smith was quick to discover that Crance had some reason for keeping out of Vane's sight, and not knowing about the episode in the gaming-house, he found it impossible to account for it, except, perchance, Crance might be one of his brother-detectives. As he paid no attention to Smith's signals, the latter decided, at length, that Crance was avoiding Vane's eyes for some personal reason of which he knew nothing.

He had about come to the conclusion that Crance was not, after all, trying to keep out of Vane's sight, and that he merely imagined it, when something happened which proved that his supposition to the contrary was correct.

At a signal from Red Dog, Vane was suddenly brought forward, unbound and placed near a wide-spreading madroño. Crance quickly moved into the shadow behind the prisoner, evidently, from some motive which was not apparent, determined that Vane should not see him.

The fact was that Crance for almost the first time in his life, was afraid of a conflict. Ordinarily he was ready to meet an enemy, however desperate, and rather sought a fight than avoided it. In this case it was not that he feared Vane or had any apprehensions on his own account for his personal safety. But he wanted to carry through the generous enterprise on which he had entered. If the girl who had shown so much confidence in him were once restored to her mother he would be content. But if he should die now—and Vane had displayed a violent, murderous temper—who was there who would convey the lady to her home? For the first time in his life Crance found himself concerned about his own body. He had suddenly become a person of importance to another, and it is astonishing how rapid is the change the consciousness of that fact produces.

Crance, therefore, waited impatiently for Red Dog's permission to secure Vane and carry him away. He would then have him lodged securely in prison, and could proceed with Myrtie to her home undisturbed by apprehension of attack from the baffled schemer. He flung himself face downward on the ground within hearing of the

Indian talk, but away from the group of young braves who had Vane and the other prisoner in charge.

As he lay there strange thoughts passed through his mind. He was conscious of a disgust for his mode of life which he had never experienced before. The short time he had passed in Myrtie's society seemed to have revolutionized him. He could not analyze the change nor recognize the causes that had led to it, but that he was changed he knew. He dwelt on every act and word of the strange lady, and always reverted to the singular and mysterious fact that she had trusted him. Why could she have done so? Rough, reckless Bob Crance asked himself the question again and again. It was a new sensation for him to have a human being, and one so fragile and beautiful, relying upon him for safety, and trusting him implicitly. Was he worthy of such confidence? Crance felt that he was in this case, for he would defend his charge with his life, and was resolved that all that mortal man could do to secure her safety should be done. But it was strange that the lady should have trusted him. He would ask her the reason when he met her again. Perhaps there was good in him after all; but if so, why was she the first to recognize it? He would talk to her, and perhaps he would give up his wild life, which had become so suddenly distasteful to him, and live a decorous, civilized life. Crance laughed as the thought crossed his mind of himself in city dress engaged in ordinary business in a crowded town. But it might come to that if the lady encouraged him.

A loud yell startled him from his meditations. He was on his feet in an instant. One glance showed him the cause of the commotion. Vane had escaped. He ran swiftly to the place where he had last seen the man, and then followed the Indians who had started in pursuit. They came to a stand on the edge of the ravine, and Crance joined them. They were looking down its precipitous sides into the gloomy depths below.

"Is he gone over?" Crance asked.

There was no need for an answer. Concentrating his gaze where an Indian silently pointed, he saw a confused heap lying between two huge rocks, and realized that Vane's opportunities for wrong-doing were closed for some time at least.

That conviction, however, was not sufficient for Crance. He thought it possible that the lady might want to know what had become of her persecutor, and besides he did not wish to have left in his own mind any doubt as to his security. There was, too—though Crance would not admit the feeling—a merciful motive even toward his enemy, who might be living down there in agony. Silently he set out alone by a circuitous path from which, at the distance of a mile, he could strike a point where it was possible to reach the bottom of the ravine, and he trusted to his own agility for working along it to the place where Vane had fallen.

From what he had heard he inferred that the young braves had been amusing themselves with their other prisoner, and there being no particular interest attaching to the safe custody of either of them, ransom being out of the question, they had neglected to keep a close watch upon Vane. It seemed that Crance was to have him anyway, and if Crance wanted him he might have watched him. Seeing himself unnoticed Vane crawled out of sight and was unmissed for some moments. When the yell told that his flight was discovered he was but a few yards away, and he rose to his feet and ran for his life. He knew nothing of the ground, and stepped clear over the precipice before he could have discovered his danger.

It was slow and toilsome work that Crance had undertaken. He was strong and sure-footed, but it took him nearly an hour to reach the bottom of the ravine, and he had still a long distance to traverse over rocky boulders before he could find the spot where Vane lay. He persevered, however, and at last stood looking down at the motionless heap of clothing which

he had seen from the edge of the precipice far above.

So far as his humane motives were concerned the journey was useless. He moved the heap carefully, but one glance at the face which he turned over told him that the man was dead. He must have died before he struck the foot of the ravine, for there was an injury on the back of his head that must have been fatal, and that had been inflicted before he reached the spot where Crance found him. Some rocky projection—many of such Crance could see as he looked up—must have broken Vane's skull and killed him instantly. His body seemed scarcely human, so broken and mangled was it by his descent.

"Well, the critter won't hurt anybody any more. He's passed in his checks sure. He's been a bad 'un in his time, I should say. He's done his last game now, though."

Crance turned and picked his way back again by the toilsome road over which he had come. He was solemnized by what he had seen, and in his altered mood he felt no vindictive joy over the fate of his dead enemy. He was softened altogether, and though not given to inward examination, he recognized the fact and wondered how long it would last. When he had fulfilled his promise and had seen the lady safe with her mother, the old reckless mood might return. It might not, and if it did not Bob Crance would be seen no more in these parts.

He was in no need of Red Dog's assistance now, so he decided not to return to the camp, but to proceed right on to Santa Fé. Myrtie would be anxious, and though he knew that she was safe where he had left her, he felt uneasy until his promise was fully executed.

Had he known who was the other prisoner in Red Dog's camp he would have returned. As it was, he imagined that he was some idle loafer, or perhaps a robber with whom Vane had got into a wrangle. For such a man Crance had no trouble. He might shift for himself now. There was little fear that Red Dog would do him harm. He was right in that, for the man was set at liberty that night, and at once sought out Leon in the hope of learning something about Myrtie.

The half-breed, however, was not easily found, and when found was not communicative. "Yes," he knew the man who had come to the camp about Vane. Supposed he had some quarrel with him, and was going to settle it if he could have got him from Red Dog.

"Look here, stranger," said Smith, "I am going to trust you. I believe you are a square fellow, and I'll deal that way with you."

"I am a half-breed," said Leon. "That is what I am. There is very little good about me. Those savages over there are pretty much the same as me, I guess. Not much to choose between us. Thank ye, all the same, for yer good opinion."

"I am accustomed to act on my first opinion," said Smith, "and my first opinion about you is that you are better than you pretend to be. Now, I'm going to tell you my story, and you can help me or not as you like."

They sat down on a rock, and Smith told the half-breed about Vane. Told him of his crime in Virginia, of his escape, his abduction of Myrtie to secure immunity from punishment, and his own persistent pursuit of him.

"Well, what do you want of me?" the half-breed asked, when he had heard him to the end.

"I want you to help me find the lady. Do you know anything about her?"

"I won't deny that I do," Leon answered, remembering all he had heard from Crance. "I may or may not, stranger. The thing is none of my business, and I might do harm if I interfere. Crance can manage the thing, I believe, whatever it is. I've no call to meddle."

"I assure you that you could do no better thing for the lady than to guide me to her if you know where she is. I am her best friend."

"I won't do that," Leon answered. "Crance is my best friend, and I ain't goin' to offend

him. I'll tell you what I will do, and I won't do a thing more; I'll take you to a place I know of whar you'll be comfortable. You wait there while I find Crance. I'll tell him what you've told me, and you shall give me a line in writing to show who you are, and I'll come back and tell you what Crance says. Mebbe he'll come, too, if you are doin' the straight thing."

"I agree," said Smith. "I told you I would trust you, and I will. You might be taking me where I should be robbed and murdered, but I trust you."

"Shake," said Leon, briefly, extending his hand. They shook hands, and went on side by side to the place where Leon had decided to leave him while he went to search for Crance.

(To be continued.)

READING THE LAW.

S. S. Lesson for March 7, Neh. 8:1-15. Golden Text, Ps. 119:18. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Preachers Putting the Bible Behind Them—Hearers Failing to Check off the Reader—Scottish Caution—Jewish Neglect of the Law—Royal Example—Light in the Dark Ages—The People's Request to Ezra—The Six Hours' Bible Reading—Reverence of the People—The Instruction Following—Their Sorrow Turned into Mirth.

"OPEN Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." So prayed the Psalmist when the Word of God comprehended only about one half of its present riches of truth. How much more may we pray, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy grace in Thy blessed Word!" It is wonderful that God should have given us a written revelation of Himself and of His will concerning us, and that we should take so little account of His Word! The majority of sermons which one hears are not expositions of Scripture at all, but essays upon some verse or part of a verse of Scripture, the smallest amount of what God has said furnishing a theme on which man shall speak his words for half an hour, or an hour, as it happens. Enter most of the Protestant churches in Europe, and you will see the pastor, as soon as he has read his text, put the Bible behind him, and too often it is significant of the kind of sermon which follows. Look to the Jews, and you see an universal dearth of Bibles. This is too often the case in England, too, in many churches, and most sadly so in America. Again, how often at family prayer the children and servants have not their Bibles in hand! Thank God, in dear old Scotland we have still a people who habitually carry their Bibles to church, make use of them in family worship, and who are deservedly recognized through the world as

THE BIBLE-READING PEOPLE.

It was a grievous thing for Israel and Judah when their kings failed to obey the law of God concerning them, "And it shall be when he [the king] sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests the Levites. And it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law, and these statutes to do them. It was a grievous thing when the people failed to teach them unto their children, and to talk of them when they sat in their house, when they walked in the way, when they sat down, and when they rose up" (Deut. 6:7). It was still more grievous when Jehoiakim, King of Judah, took the roll of the book which contained God's Word to him, and cutting it with a penknife, threw it into the fire which was upon the hearth, until its was consumed (Jer. 36:23). It was a grievous thing when, in the time of King Josiah, both king and priests and people were living so independently of the Word of God that when Hilkiah found the Word of God in the house of the Lord it was a long-forgotten treasure instead of the thing which was most prized and valued (II Kings 22:8). Oh, how wonderful is the long-suffering of our God, that He should

have borne with the disregard of His Word for ages! Yet again and again through the dark ages of the Church has the Word of God been studied and preached by those whom God raised up. Wycliffe's poor preaching priests in England; later on John Huss; then Luther and his friends in Germany, Zwingli in Switzerland, the Huguenots and Port Royalists in France, the Waldenses and others kept alive the knowledge of the Word of God.

In the time of Nehemiah, when God had stirred him up to rouse them to the point of rebuilding Jerusalem, it was

THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES

who made request for the Word of God.* "All the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel." They were in downright earnest; all labor was suspended, the field work and the housework alike, and Ezra the priest gave them a six hours' Bible-reading. Men, women, and all the children who were old enough to understand were there, drinking in God's words of life. Oh, how it must have gladdened the heart of God! Oh, how it rejoices Him now when His people come together with open Bibles to know what the Lord their God will say to them! It was new to them, and came with wonderful freshness. But so it does now. Go to any meeting where man has all the say, and to another where the Word of God is explained by reference to other passages; you never tire of the Word of God, but half an hour of man's words makes you weary. "My soul is athirst for God, for the living God" (Ps. 42:2). Oh, what a rest it is to get away from man's discussions and theories, opinions and ideas, and get some solid Word of God on which to rest—something which is so sure that heaven and earth shall pass away, but shall leave that work as firm and immutable as ever!

There was a great deal of

REVERENCE

in this ancient Bible-reading. Ezra stood on a pulpit of wood, he opened the book in the sight of all the people, and when he opened it "all the people stood up." Would to God there were more of reverence in our day, more respect for God, His worship and His Word! So many come to church or to meetings just for personal enjoyment, and with that idea uppermost expect everything to minister to them. They seek the most comfortable place, are vexed if the preaching does not please them, and realize in no way that they are the audience of the King of Heaven, who has something to say to His servants. Selfishness and irreverence go together. Ezra first blessed the Lord, the great God; but the people must have their part also, and a fervent universal Amen rang throughout the assembly, "with lifting up their hands" in token of receiving all which God would give to them, "and they bowed their heads, and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground."

The reading of the law by Ezra without comment was followed by an earnest and general inquiry meeting; a large number of priests and Levites "caused the people to understand the law." When people are in real earnest about their souls, whether for salvation or sanctification, whether about the Lord's coming or Scriptural healing, they never hear the Word of God, or read it alone, without having questions arise in their minds; and God would have His Levites (His teaching elders, whoever they be) to cause the people to understand. Let the people ask questions, or ask them questions which will bring them out, and then answer from the Word of God itself; this is what is really helpful. It seems as though they must have broken up into little groups, each one around their teachers—a kind of large extempore Sunday-school. "So they read in the book in the law of God dis-

tingly (taking good care that the people should hear), and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." This is the essence of true spiritual instruction: the Lord make it to be more widely done inside as well as outside of our churches!

The people wept when they heard the words of the law. So much of their time had been passed in ignorance of God, they were so convicted of their shortcomings, that it seemed natural to mourn over them. But here came in the precious instruction of those who knew more of God's heart: "This day is holy unto the Lord;

MOURN NOT, NOR WEEP.

... Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." The natural heart gives itself over to despair and useless grief when we find ourselves in the wrong about anything; we are so hurt and so disappointed that we did not do better; we feel like giving up altogether. But this indulgence in grief has more mortified pride about it than genuine humility. True humility brings us to our loving God, that He may set the wrong things right, and rejoice both His own heart and ours. A day that is holy to the Lord, or a heart that is holy to the Lord, is not filled with groans and lamentations, but rejoicings, that we have found Him who forgives sin and cleanses it away—one who turns sorrow into joy, who comes Himself into our weakness, and says: "The joy of the Lord is your strength." God has been more grieved by our sin than we ever can be; but He wants it cleansed, and wants us delivered as quickly as possible. "So the Levites stilled all the people, saying, Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved." God would rather see us spend time in praising Him for a conscious deliverance than in mourning over a sin while we are keeping Him waiting to deliver, until we are through with our sorrow. Real sorrow for sin does not make us remain occupied with it, but turns us to Jesus for instant deliverance. The people understood the message, glorious liberty followed. Joy, pardon, freedom, shone on every face. "The people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared to them." Holiness and gladness go together. In Ps. 81:1-5 joyful praise is spoken of

A STATUTE FOR ISRAEL,

and a law of the God of Jacob . . . ordained in Joseph for a testimony." No heart is so light as that heart which is right with God, and which really casts all its care on Him, because He careth for us. The fruit of the Spirit is "joy" as well as love, peace, etc., and Paul exhorts us to rejoice always, yet not in ourselves, our progress, our experience, but "rejoice in the Lord always;" not in what we are or ever can be, but in what He is, who is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for February:

Shall Ireland have Legislative Independence?
Four Great Signs to Occur Nine, Eight, Seven, and Six Years before the End of this Age and the Beginning of the Millennium.
By the Rev. M. Baxter.

The Scriptures on the Lord's Harvest. By Mr. G. Warrand Houghton.

A Glorious New Testament Mystery.

Our Attitude toward the Jews. By Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson.
Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.

Israel's Trouble—The Battle of Armageddon. By the Rev. C. Molyneux.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price \$1.

* In all countries the people are thirsty for the Word of God; the priests may withhold it, but the people, left to themselves, will ask for it, as in the time of Nehemiah.

GOD'S PROMISES.

Lord, I believe! The cross of care
That crowds upon my tired heart,
I bring to Thee! No other love
Could lift the load, relieve the smart,
Strength for the day, Thy promise gives;
Because Thou art, Thy servant lives.

Lord, I believe! The rain of tears
That dims these weeping eyes to-night,
Can never hide Thy rainbow arch,
Thy sign of love and life and light!
In mystic grandeur, calm and high,
It arches o'er my western sky.

Lord, I believe! The Babel sounds
That ring upon my weary ear,
Drown not the still, small voice that speaks
In steadfast accents, true and clear.
Lord, here am I! Thy will reveal,
As at Thy blessed feet I kneel.

Lord, I believe! The cross is hard,
The night is dark, and long the road,
Can I forget the form that bowed
'Neath sharper cross; and heavier load?
The wounded feet that here have trod,
And marked with blood the shuddering sod?

Lord, I believe! Mine unbelief,
My weakness and my wrong forgive!
Tried, trembling, troubled, let me touch
Thy garment's hem, and I shall live.
For, wounded, sinful, though I be,
God's promises are all for me.

—Selected.

A LADY'S KNOWLEDGE

may be called in question on some subjects that she ought to know, but who will dare to dispute her intuitions as to what she ought to wear? No mortal knows better, and she also generally knows where to go to secure it. The present condition of the dry goods trade opens to thrifty, wide-awake housekeepers a specially favorable opportunity to lay in a stock of first-class materials for future, personal, or housekeeping use at extremely moderate cost. A few dollars used in purchasing such goods now will prove a wise investment. We believe we have on our counters and for sale to-day the best-selected stock of fine dry goods in all our departments to be found in this city.

In silks, satins, velvets and plushes, we present an unequalled variety of colors in finest quality of material and at prices below the cost at this time to produce similar goods. In dress goods, woollens, notions, etc., we offer the best materials at prices the most reasonable, quality considered, to be found anywhere.

In furs, our stock presents unusual attractions, and in our departments of ladies' and children's suits and dresses our reputation for excellence is second to no other house in the trade. In upholstery goods we have all the latest styles in portières, lambrequins, furniture coverings, etc.

Connoisseurs in shawls will find our stock the most varied and complete, and prices lower than ever.

In linens, white goods, and blankets, the immense sales we are now making daily is sufficient evidence that we are disposing of great bargains. Good blankets, especially, were never so cheap as now, and will not be obtained very long at the present prices.

In gloves, hosiery, ribbons, underwear, umbrellas, parasols, and the thousand and one articles that go to make up the stock of a strictly first-class dry goods warehouse, we claim to carry the best stock of goods for the money that careful housekeepers can buy. We invite inspection or correspondence, our customers or visiting friends will always be sure of courteous treatment. Goods shown with pleasure, and samples furnished where possible. Ladies residing at a distance from the city can have their orders promptly filled and forwarded by mail or express, and satisfaction assured.

When writing letters of inquiry or ordering goods by mail, please refer to this paper. Address all letters as follows: James McCreery & Co., Broadway, corner Eleventh Street, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

NEW STEAM COOKER!

The Best, Simplest and Cheapest.

Only \$1.00. Sent, express paid, any address for \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

FICKETT STEAM COOKER CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

"Demonology or Spiritualism,"

Ancient and Modern.—"An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the subject."—Startling disclosures—History facts and data—Scores saved already. Whole communities re-cued. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo, cloth, gilt. Price reduced to \$1; or 75 cents to preachers and workers, postpaid. Order of author, Rev. E. F. HANSON, Belfast, Me.

YOU CAN DYE ANY COLOR

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never fail. 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10 cents a pkge. Druggists sell or we send post-paid. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

EASTER Poems & Cards

Sample of Poems sent for 10c.

Sample cards (and price list) 10c.

H. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

ANTHEM BOOKS.

Sure to Give Satisfaction.

DIAMOND COLLECTION.—DANKS.

64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 35c. each by Mail.

FESTIVAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS.

64 pp., paper, \$3.60 per doz.; 36c. each by Mail.

PALMER'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS.

Boards, \$9.00 per doz.; \$1.00 each by Mail.

TEMPLE ANTHEMS.—LOWRY & DOANE.

Boards, \$12.00 per doz.; \$1.25 each by Mail.

CHORAL ANTHEMS.—DANKS

Boards, \$13.50 per doz.; \$1.50 each by Mail.

ENGLISH ANTHEMS.—LASAR.

Cloth, \$24.00 per doz.; \$2.25 each by Mail.

A FULL CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

TEACH Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

SCHOOL A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
CALDWELL,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

THE SECURITY Mutual Benefit Society OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Opp. Post Office.

ONLY TWELVE ASSESSMENTS

have been levied from 1881 to 1886, averaging three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 40 years, but \$4.40 a year for each \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted.

Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS
ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS PLANTS

Peter Henderson & Co.

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2½ Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

RECENT BOOKS BY D. L. MOODY.

A New Edition in new binding of the following Popular Works of D. L. MOODY, has just been issued:

JUST ISSUED.

PREVAILING PRAYER; WHAT HINDERS IT?
An earnest, solemn work, full of helpful hints on the aids and hindrances to prevailing prayer.

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND (NEW).

TO THE WORK! TO THE WORK! A Tract.
Call. Exhortations to Christians.

This new work, by Mr. Moody, is in the line of his most successful effort, that of stirring Christians to active, personal, aggressive work.

SIXTIETH THOUSAND.

SECRET POWER: or, the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work.

"A deeply earnest and helpful book for the use of Christians on the work of the Holy Spirit in the believer, inciting to more diligent effort and to a more perfect use of the privileges of the 'Sons of God.'"

The above works, the combined sale of which has already reached over Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand are now issued in a new dress, known as the STANDARD EDITION.

Bound in Rich English Cloth, beveled edges, and put up in Neat Box, six vols. Price, per set, \$3.60.

The former bindings "The People's Edition" may also be had. Cloth, neat gold and ink dies, 60 cents per vol. Cheap edition in paper cover, 30 cents per volume.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

SIXTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.

THE WAY TO GOD, AND HOW TO FIND IT.
Represents the way so plainly that 'he who runs may read.'—*Religious Telescope.*

Full of pathos, point and power. Cannot fail to be the means of quickening and blessing wherever read.—*Methodist.*

NINETY-SECOND THOUSAND.

HEAVEN; its Hope; its Inhabitants; its Happiness; its Riches; its Reward.

"While adapted to the humblest capacity, it will command the attention of the mature and thoughtful."—*National Presbyterian.*

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

TWELVE SELECT SERMONS.

"With the effect of these addresses, when spoken, the whole land is acquainted, and now that they are printed, they will tend to keep in force the impression they have already made."—*Methodist.*



E-stey Organ.
S-olidly Made.
T-one Unrivalled.
E-legant Finish.
Y-ears of Popularity.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES SENT FREE

Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION by CHEMICAL MEANS.

It is not a new medicine to be taken into the stomach like the numerous extensively advertised cures which fill the advertising columns of the newspapers. On the contrary, it is a **Mechanic** instrument charged with chemicals, and cures entirely by inhalation. It costs \$8.00 prepaid to any address but is cheap because it lasts a lifetime and can be used by the entire family. Its chief virtues may be summed up as follows: **Leanness, Economy, Convenience, Freedom from Injurious Effects on the Stomach, and Perfect Satisfaction in Prompt and Permanent Results.**

Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Vocations, Actors, Lecturers, School Teachers, and others who constantly use the voice, find it wonderful in its power to preserve and worth a dozen times its cost. The AMMONIAPHONE has met with an electrical success in Great Britain and Europe, latest reports of sales exceeding 1000 a week, and is enthusiastically endorsed by all famous and renowned personages as Patti, Ma Roze-Mapleson, Rev. Hay M. H. Aiken, Rev. H. H. Hawes, and in this country by Prof. Victor N. Conservatory of Music, Rudolph Aronson, H. J. Caron, M.D., of Chicago, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Reisig, M.D., and W. Porteus, M.D., of New York and numerous others of more or less fame. A quick nostrum and save your stomach and general health by using this scientific and common-sense instrument. The results will be happiness and satisfaction. A FULL HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE WILL BE SENT FREE on request to those who mention this paper. Address, E. V. VERMONT, 226 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

BENJ. F. TRUMPY

Real Estate Office

336 Broome St., New York.

(ONE DOOR EAST OF BOWERY.)

Management of Estates, Renting, Selling, a Collecting of Rents.

AGENT FOR

German American Insurance Company.

Westchester " "

Hamburg-Bremen " "

Mutual Life " "

BORN WITHOUT EARS.



Hears perfectly with the **DENTAPHONE!** The Deaf hear through the teeth by means of a remarkable scientific invention, **THE DENTAPHONE!** Endorsed by leading Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen. Books containing 100 living testimonials, SENT FREE. Home Office, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW YORK OFFICE,

American Dentaphone Co., Room 43, 149 Church

Words & Weapons Rev. Dr. Geo. Pentecost
FOR Christian WORKERS \$1 A YEAR
WORDS & WEAPONS 251 B'WAYN.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10c in postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Matchlocks, Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjo, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses, Photograph Outfits, rare curious novelties, **FREE** World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 9.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1886.

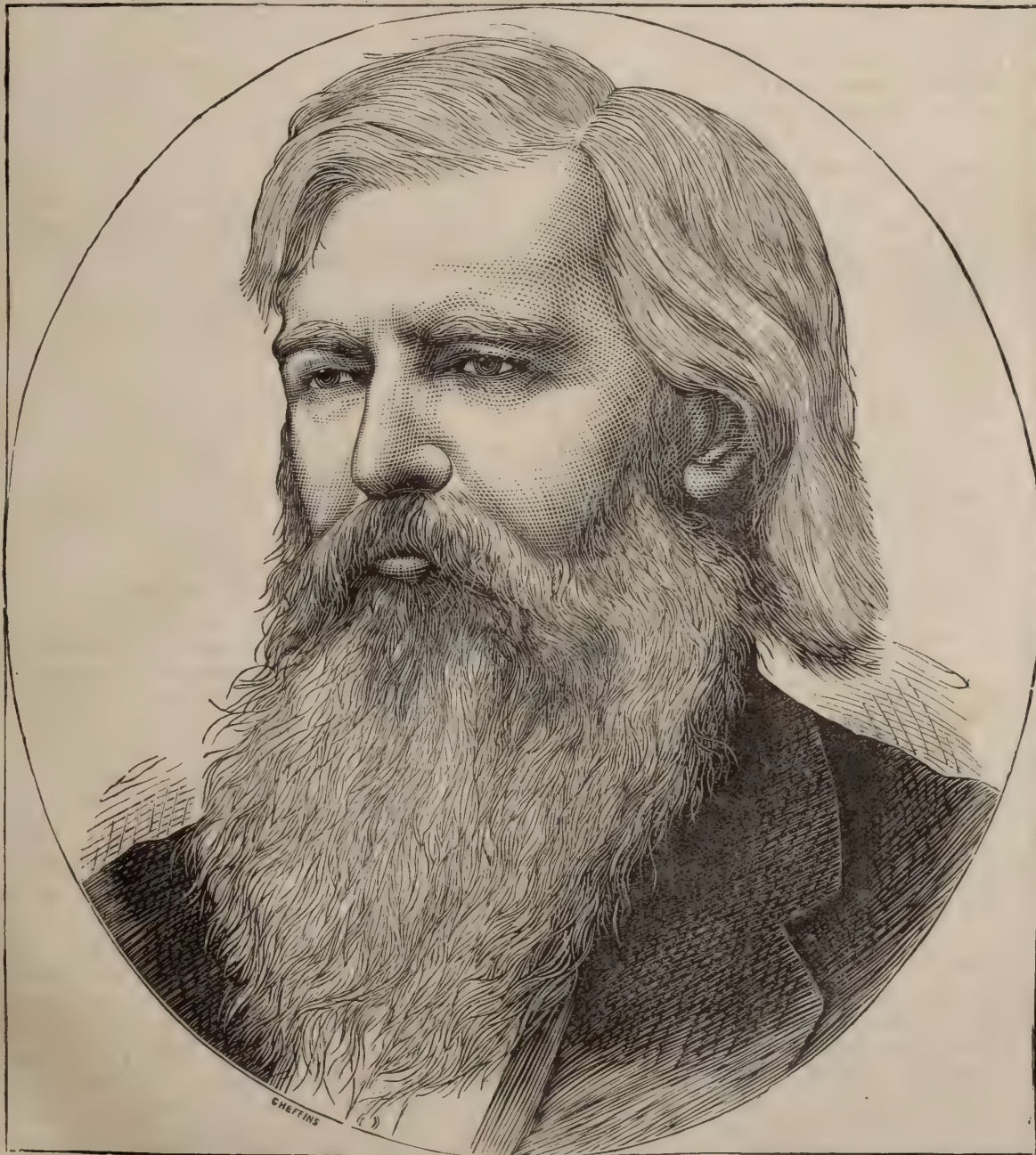
Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR.
HOTELS VERSUS HOMES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems.
THE MOMENTOUS DECADE. By Rev. M. Baxter.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Effect of the Proposed Tariff Bill—Democratic Discontent with the President—The Pan-Electric Scandal—Funeral of Mr. Gough—The Hurricane in New York—Operative Distress in London—The New Nihilist Programme—Vitriol-Throwing in New York—Ten Cents for Saving a Life—A Bell on an Eagle's Neck—A Clergyman's Poisonous Study, etc.
A LETTER FROM MRS. M. BAXTER.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
PICTURE OF GENERAL GORDON IN A HOSPITAL—Notices of New Books.
PROTESTANTISM IN SYRIA. By Professor Hulbert, of Beirut—Mr. Spurgeon's Return.
AUNT NANCY'S BIBLE. (With Illustration.)
A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
Esther's Petition. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, the Chief of Temperance Orators. Born August 22, 1817; Died February 18, 1886.

THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

His Last Words—Birth and Early Life—First Earnings—Significance of their Acquisition and Disposition—Emigrates to America—Arrival in New York—Sends for his Mother—Their Poverty—His Mother's Death—Becomes Dissipated—The Horrors of Delirium Tremens—Signs the Pledge—Need of Sympathy—Begins to Lecture—Response to a Vote of Thanks—Visits to England—His Influence.

THE death of Mr. Gough on February 18th is an event which thousands of people in this country and in Great Britain heard of with sincere sorrow. We cannot afford to lose soldiers in the devoted army which is fighting against the rum traffic, the gigantic enemy of our country and our race. And Gough was a valiant fighter. He hated the enemy with the hatred of a man who had suffered in his own person from its horrible tyranny, and he set himself to help others to throw off its chains as he had himself been delivered. How successful he was we all know. The poor drunkard listening to him knew that the man who was talking to him realized his difficulties, could sympathize with him in the tortures of the ordeal through which he must pass to emancipation, and understood the desperate character of the struggle which he encouraged him to make. How many men in helpless, hopeless bondage have taken courage from Gough's kind words to fight the battle and have won the victory no one knows, but they must be counted by thousands. His inspiring eloquence sounded like a general's proclamation to an army; it thrilled his hearers, stimulating the victim to strike for freedom, and the compassionate to help him by their sympathy. But his life of valiant service is closed. He goes to an honored grave amid the blessing of men in all ranks of life, and he leaves the world poorer by his death.

HIS LAST WORDS

spoken in public from the platform of the church at Frankford, Pa., on February 15th, should become a battle-cry in this new era when vice of all kinds, bred of the liquor traffic, fostered by it, and growing out of it like a noxious weed, is poisoning the social atmosphere, corrupting the people and undermining our national greatness. As Gough stood on that platform that Monday night, unconscious that the angel of death was hovering behind him, he uttered the words which, had he known of what was impending, he would have chosen to utter: "*Young man, make your record clean.*" Scarcely had they left his lips when the blow fell, and the voice which had been for more than forty years a powerful force for good was silenced forever in this world. The words should never be forgotten. They should be treasured and sent forth in clarion note through the land he loved so well, as the parting injunction to the army by the general who is forced to quit the field on which he has done noble service.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

The events of his life are well known. He has told them himself with graphic force on many a platform as an encouragement to others. They may, however, be useful to some who have not heard him, and ought in any case to be placed on record. John Bartholomew Gough was born at Sandgate, England, on August 22d, 1817; he was therefore under sixty-nine years of age when he died. His father was a retired soldier who had fought against the first Napoleon in the Peninsular war, was present at Corunna, and beheld Sir John Moore, the hero of that memorable fight, carried from the fatal field. His mother was a woman of fair education, and, money being scarce, she added to her slender resources by teaching school. She was also expert at making a kind of lace then very fashionable. On one occasion, when their necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work and travelled eight miles and a half to the town of Dover. Her long walk was wasted, no one would buy her lace, and she plodded back again disconsolate. During her absence a gentleman had sent for John to the town library to read to him, and was so pleased

with his reading that he made him a *present of five shillings* (\$1.25), and Mr. Purdy, the librarian, in addition, gave him sixpence. Soon afterward, on entering the house, he found his mother sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. She told him of her disappointment and the family's straits. With joy he drew the *crown* piece and the sixpence from his pocket, and placed them in her hand; and then with feelings of delight they knelt down, while she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God for the relief so seasonably provided.

It is significant that the first money we hear of the young orator possessing should have come into his hands as the result of the exercise of his elocutionary powers, and also that he should have *given it all away*. It was an indication of the disposition he evinced all through his life. Though he received higher sums than almost any other lecturer for his services, he has not left a large fortune behind him. His benevolence made heavy inroads on his income, and his heart and pocket-book were always open to the calls of the miserable.

COMES TO AMERICA.

When he was twelve years old an opportunity occurred to send him to America. His father knew that there was little chance for him in England, and a family coming out from Sandgate at that time agreed to take the boy with them on payment of fifty dollars. It may be supposed that the old soldier's pension suffered that month, for the money was paid, and on June 10th, 1829, John sailed for America. On August 3d, fifty-four days afterward, the vessel arrived in New York harbor, and the party, after a brief stay in the city, went to the farm they had taken in Oneida County. His pious mother had stipulated that John should go to school when possible, and always to Sunday-school, but the promise was not kept, and there were other disagreeables. John made up his mind to leave, but was not permitted to do so. At last he wrote home for permission to quit the farm, and *sold his jack-knife* to pay the postage of the letter. His request was granted, and, with his father's consent, he came to New York City to learn a trade. He had only fifty cents in his pocket when he arrived, on December 12th, 1831, but he soon secured work as errand-boy at the Methodist Book Concern.

Soon after this he joined the church in Allen Street, and after a time sent home for his father, mother and sister, and in August, 1833, his mother and sister joined him; but his father, fearing to lose his pension, did not accompany them. John's income at this time was three dollars per week, not a luxurious sum on which to support the trio, but love made amends for all their wants. Their happiness, however, was of short duration. John lost his employment through depression of trade, his sister lost her situation from the same cause, and the three soon fell into dire straits. While they were still in poverty Mrs. Gough died suddenly of apoplexy, on July 8th, 1834, and John's affectionate heart received a blow he never forgot. He was too poor to pay for a funeral, and his beloved mother was buried in an unknown grave in Potter's Field. His sister soon afterward married and went to Newburyport, Mass., and the lad of seventeen was again solitary in the great city.

UNDER THE CURSE.

It was then that he first began to give way to the many temptations that beset young men in this city. He had wonderful conversational powers, a pleasing voice, a stock of capital stories and a great capacity as a mimic. It is not, therefore, surprising that he became a favorite among young men about town prone to habits of dissipation. The glitter of variety shows in the Bowery began to have strong fascinations for the young man, who was now working as a bookbinder, and he also acquired the habit of drinking to excess. In 1837 he joined a body of strolling players then performing at Providence, R. I., playing low comedy parts until the theatre closed. Destitution and drink were then his lot for a period of about a year. He would work hard for a few

days and then spend all his earnings in a prolonged debauch, and only resume his labors at his trade when without sufficient money to buy a glass of rum. He went on a fishing cruise next, and was nearly wrecked off Cape Sable. He went to Newburyport, where he married, and for a few weeks was on his good behavior, but his passion for drink prevailed, and he became a confirmed drunkard.

And yet he made many strenuous but futile attempts at reform. A fearful attack of delirium tremens prostrated and nearly killed him, but as soon as he had partially recovered from its effects he flew again to drink. His wife died while giving birth to a child, and this loss drove him to despair, and he indulged more than ever to drown his grief. Deprived of his situation, he was in the habit of frequenting the lowest grogeries every night, telling funny stories, singing comic songs and in other ways amusing the loafers who drank at the bar, and receiving with gratitude glasses of brandy with which they rewarded his efforts to please them. He frequently contemplated suicide, and relates in his autobiography how, in a state of misery and overwhelmed by remorse, he often stood by the railway track with a vague wish to lie across it, drink himself into oblivion and let the cars go over him. Once he stood by the rails with a bottle of laudanum clattering against his lips, but a sudden impulse overtook him, and he dashed the poison to the ground. His drinking continued, and one night he set his bed on fire while intoxicated, and was rescued by neighbors discovering the fire in time. Not long afterward his drinking brought on another and worse attack of

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

"For three days," he says, "I endured more agony than pen could describe. Hideous face appeared on the walls and on the ceiling and on the floors; foul things crept along the bed clothes, and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders that crawled slowly over every limb, while the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange light would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. All at once, while gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind I seemed struck with sudden blindness. And then the scene would change: I was *falling-falling* swiftly as an arrow—far down into some terrible abyss; and so like reality was it that, I fell, I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, mowing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast.

"Alone I encountered all the host of demoniac forms which crowded my chamber. No or witnessed my agonies or counted my woes, and yet I recovered—how, still remains a mystery to myself; and once more was I able to crawl into the sunshine; but, oh, how changed! Weak cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs and almost powerless hands plainly enough indicated the between me and death there had indeed been but a step!"

RESCUE.

On the last Sunday of October, 1842, as he was walking in a street in Worcester, Mass., in a state of wretchedness and degradation, he was accosted by Joel Stratton, a waiter in a Temperance Hotel, who in kindly tones entreated him to sign the pledge. He did so the next evening and from that time there dates a new epoch in his career. In the course of a lecture delivered in 1879 he described the experience of the few days. He said: "On the night I signed the pledge I cannot describe to you what I became. I was homeless; I was hopeless; I was friendless. Any person seeing me walk the street might say of me, as they did of Daniel D. There is the man that has been in hell. On Tuesday morning I began the battle with my enemy. Oh, the horrible shivering, as if the ice was in the marrow of my bones, instantly

lowed by flashes of heat, as if every pore were punctured by a red-hot iron; and then the longing for the drink! I was twenty-five years of age, and could not hold my hand still, and had no control over my nerves. I thought, 'Oh, if I only had *one glass*. I believe the doctor would say that I ought to have it. I will go and get it.' But then came the reflection, 'It is a matter of life and death now. Keep the pledge; stick to it or you're lost.'

"Well, what did I want? You might have given me piles of gold, and I would have turned from them. You might have offered me the finest clothing, and I would have despised them. What did I want? I wanted human *sympathy*. I wanted a human hand to help me. I was not then a praying man. I didn't go to God for help. I longed for sympathy; but the heavens to me had long been brass, and I dare not look up. I wanted some one to help me. I went to the man I worked for, and I said, 'I signed the pledge last night.' 'I know you did,' 'I mean to keep it.' 'They all say that.' 'You don't believe I will, do you?' 'No.' I went back to my bench, crushed.

"I was a bookbinder. I had an iron pin in my hand with which I was screwing the hand-press, and it began to move, and frightened me. I gripped it. Still it moved. I gripped it with both hands, and it moved so that I could feel it tearing the flesh out of the palm of my hand, and I stopped it; and there it lay before me, transformed by my imagination into a writhing, slimy snake. I could not bear the straight bar of cold iron twisting and twining as it did; and I said, 'I will give it up. I had had enough of this. I might as well die one way as another. I cannot stand it. It is too hard for me.'

SYMPATHY.

"Well, in the moment of despair I heard a cheerful voice: 'Good morning, Mr. Gough; good morning. Don't you know me?' 'Mr. Goodridge, the lawyer?' 'Yes; I saw you sign the pledge last night.' 'Yes, I did.' 'I was very glad to see you do it.' 'Glad! Nobody is glad at anything I do.' 'Did you see the young men that followed your example?' 'No. I didn't see anything. I am feeling very badly.'

"Well, I had but a moment to spare this morning. I thought I would just come in and say, God bless you. Keep up a brave heart. You know where my office is?' 'Yes, sir, it is in the Exchange, right by the post-office.' 'Well, come in and see me. I shall be very happy to make your acquaintance. I will give you a good, hearty welcome if you come in and see me any time. Will you shake hands with me? God bless you; keep up a brave heart. Come in and see me.'

"Come and see me! I never dreamed a man of his respectability would cultivate my acquaintance. Who would like to be acquainted with me? A pretty poor acquaintance for any man; but he shall have it if he wants it. He says: 'Keep up a brave heart.' I'll do that; *I think I can now*."

"I fought it. Six days and nights I fought it with horrible things creeping over me; fought it on the floor; fought it on the bed; fought it without a wink of healthy sleep or a particle of nourishing food passing my lips. For six days and six nights, sufferings and torments such as are burned into my brain forever; I fought it till I stood weak and weary and faint, but *exultant in the victory*—victory over the damning influence of drink."

FIRST WORK.

He continued his work as a bookbinder for some time, but as he recovered his strength he was induced to give short addresses at temperance meetings. His oratorical and dramatic power soon obtained recognition, and he was in general request. He was still very poor, and his addresses were not paid for. On one occasion he had promised to speak at a rather important meeting, but his clothes were so tattered that he was ashamed to go on the platform. He covered them as well as he could with an old overcoat, and clung to it during the meeting. He was

sitting near a large stove, and his suffering from the heat while enveloped in his coat was almost unbearable. His addresses took him away from his work, and Gough was getting poorer and poorer. At last he found it necessary in his humorous way to remind the people who invited him to speak that he could not afford to give his time and pay his own fare without some compensation. One evening after he had spoken for two hours the chairman rose and proposed a vote of thanks for the lecturer, which was passed unanimously. As the audience was being dismissed Mr. Gough asked if the vote of thanks could be given him in writing, as, perhaps, the conductor on the train would take it for his fare. The hint was sufficient, and a collection was taken up amounting to \$4.

During the first two years he worked very hard. "In three hundred and sixty-five days," he says in his autobiography, "I gave three hundred and eighty-three addresses and received for them \$1059, out of which I paid all expenses. I travelled six thousand eight hundred and forty miles, and obtained fifteen thousand two hundred and eighteen signatures to the pledge." He was married for the second time November 23d, 1843, to Miss Mary Whitcomb, and in the following year, May 9th, he delivered his first lecture in New York. He produced a great sensation here, and followed up his success by lectures in Newark, Philadelphia and Washington. He visited the Southern States and Canada, and his eloquence and power aroused the same enthusiasm everywhere. In two years, from the commencement of his work, he obtained thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures to the pledge, delivered six hundred and five orations, and travelled more than twelve thousand miles.

VISITS TO ENGLAND.

The fame of the young orator was spreading beyond the boundaries of his own land, and in 1852 a pressing invitation to visit England came from the temperance people there. He accepted, and landed in Liverpool on July 31st, 1853, after an absence from his native land of twenty-four years. On the following day he addressed a large audience in Exeter Hall, London. Every one was taken by surprise. His glowing eloquence took the town by storm, and it was everywhere acknowledged that never before had there been so powerful a pleader for the temperance cause. On the anniversary of his birthday he visited his native village and delivered one of his impassioned addresses to an audience composed of the principal inhabitants and surrounding gentry. The National and Scottish Temperance leagues, eager to enlist his eloquence in the cause of temperance, urged him to prolong his stay; to this he consented, and the visit, which was originally intended to last no more than six weeks, was extended over two years. During this time Mr. Gough delivered four hundred and forty lectures, and travelled seventeen thousand miles. As he passed through the country his fame as an orator increased, and thousands of reclaimed drunkards and happy homes gave evidence of the practical value of his labors. Finding that he was doing a great work, he was urged to remain, but his heart was in his American work, and he pined for the country of his choice. He came back, promising his English friends to pay them another visit at the earliest opportunity. He redeemed his promise in 1857 by a three years' campaign. The temperance cause had flourished during his absence, and his welcome was even more cordial than on his first visit. In 1878 he made a third trip to England, and remained about a year.

HIS INFLUENCE.

Of his work at home it is needless to write. He was known throughout the Union, and no lecturer attracted audiences so great as Gough. People were never tired of listening to his impassioned oratory, and the practical effects of his words were seen in the numbers of drunkards who were induced by his efforts to sign the pledge. Still more beneficial, perhaps, because multiplied in power, was the effect of his lectures on moderate drinkers. He made them ashamed to continue the practice while their example as

total abstainers was so sorely needed in the community.

His energy seemed unabated until this year in spite of his arduous labors. Last July he said that he had travelled over four hundred and eighty-nine thousand miles in the course of his work, and had delivered more than eight thousand lectures. In 1846 he published an autobiography, which was subsequently brought down to 1870. In 1881 he published "Sunshine and Shadow," a volume of recollections and anecdotes. In this he gave an interesting account of his methods of preparation and delivery. Last year he issued "Platform Echoes," a collection of reminiscences and incidents in his work. In all these literary efforts he received valuable assistance from his beloved wife, who was his stay and support from his early days of abstinence, and who continually encouraged him in his efforts. For many years Mr. Gough resided—if his continual wanderings permitted his house to be called his residence—at Hillside, near Worcester, Mass. His household at Hillside consisted of his wife and two nieces, children of his wife's dead brother. Mr. Gough was a member of Piedmont Congregational Church, and when in town was a constant attendant upon its services. There his body was taken on February 20th for interment. He being dead yet speaketh.

MR. SPURGEON'S RETURN.

AFTER an absence from London of two months Mr. Spurgeon has returned from Mentone, where he has been recruiting his exhausted energies, and has resumed his work once more in his accustomed place at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A crowded congregation assembled to welcome the pastor, who looked quite sunburnt, and appeared little the worse for his sudden plunge from the almost tropical heat of Mentone to England's frozen shores. A minute or two passed in silent expectancy, and all eyes were turned toward the door by which the pastor enters, and many hearts were no doubt hoping that his health would permit of his being present. Precisely at eleven o'clock Mr. Spurgeon was seen to enter and descend the steps leading to his platform pulpit, followed by his deacons. Mr. Spurgeon appeared to be in good health, and after a few quiet moments he rose and said: "Let us all unite in prayer."

The joy Mr. Spurgeon experienced in being at home again found expression in his prayer. "It is the delight of our heart to meet with Thee anywhere in the world" were his opening utterances; "still this spot is familiarly dear to us, for we have a thousand happy memories here." In his general supplication Mr. Spurgeon spoke of the congregation as entering upon a new era that morning. "We are a great company," he went on, though some long united with them in Christian fellowship had fallen asleep during his absence, indirect reference being made to the death, a few days previously, at the age of ninety-seven, of Mrs. Gay, the oldest member of the congregation. Mr. Spurgeon pleaded for a blessing on France, showing that he had grateful recollections of the land which provides him an asylum when jaded nature bids him rest awhile away from the worry and the fog.

The sermon Mr. Spurgeon delivered is that printed in this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (pp. 138, 139). It occupied fifty minutes in delivery, and at its conclusion Mr. Spurgeon said, apologetically: "I've been a little longer than usual, but, then, I haven't worried you for the last eight weeks." Judging from the responsive smile which came over the faces of his people, it appeared that the Tabernacle congregation would not object to be "worried" all the year round without the intermission of a single Sunday, if the health of their good pastor only permitted it. "Ain't it a treat to 'ave 'im back?" said an old woman, crippled and half blind, as she came out, and the same sentiment was expressed on all sides in various phraseology.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

HOTELS VERSUS HOMES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Feb. 28, 1886.

"And brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."—LUKE 10: 34, 35.

The Boarding-House a Blessing—Excellence of American Hotels—The Long-Suffering Landladies—Hotels Unsuitable for Homes—Promoters of Gossip—The Reticent Boarder—Injurious to Children—Home Influences a Benefit for Eighty Years—What Constitutes a Home—The Hazard to Morality—Absence of Household Treasures—Hospitality Abridged—The Ten-Lipped Cup—Christ in the Home.

THIS is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where, to this very day, depredations are sometimes committed upon travellers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be four or five dollars a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

THE VALUE OF HOTELS.

Hotels and boarding-houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, who were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practised to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding-houses presided over by excellent host or hostess, in all neighborhoods, villages, and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

QUEENLY CATERERS.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding-houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed; and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvellous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding-houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies show that these critical guests had bad early rearing, and that in the making-up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady were left out. Some of the most princely men and some of the most elegant women that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding-houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns

and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transitu; but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press I utter warning and burning protest, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

PROMOTERS OF GOSSIP.

In these public caravansaries the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear, and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how much they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known; there must be something wrong about him, or he would speak.

The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question, asked with intenser interest, until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies cannot sometimes hinder their places from becoming

A PANDEMONIUM

of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowdery reputation.

The reason is, that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms, and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would get out of breath before reaching there, and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But rooms 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25 are on the same corridor, and when one carrion crow goes "Caw! Caw!" all the other crows hear it, and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh, I have heard something rich! Sit down and let me tell you all about it." And the first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all over again, and as they separate each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle, until from the coal-heaver in the cellar to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs

in the hay mow required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are new modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time and do the work in wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity, and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding-houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement. It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden, yours will get all overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullen stalks.

A WRONG TO CHILDREN.

One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding-houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts; but by twelve years of age in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels, and get precocious in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or hostler or bell-boy will.

Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steady- ing, and all-controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by

THE LONG WIDE NET

swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand, and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore, and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God and further and further from shore—five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after a while are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, O father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding-house or a family hotel you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping-place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming, and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

WHAT A HOME IS.

A home is four walls enclosing one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission—bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his castle. As much so as

though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion, and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ, except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding-house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence.

HAZARDOUS TO MORALS.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading-room, or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies; and if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have overwhelmed thousands of husbands with as good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences so that they may give their entire time to operas, theatres, balls, receptions, and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip-top spinning round and round and round very prettily until it loses its equilibrium, and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top, and in the other a soul.

THE LARES AND PENATES.

Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementoes, bric-à-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cosey lounge, upholsteries, pictures, and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own, and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of brilliant import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime they have been gathering, until every figure on the carpet, and every panel of the door, and every casement of the window has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend that was with us awhile. What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such one was born; in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one address a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking-chair! What a joyful and pathetic onrush of reminiscences!"

HOSPITALITY CURTAILED.

The public residence of hotel and boarding-house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hyper-criticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the humamite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruise because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his

rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zaccheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the island of Melita in the healing of his father because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating, and divine grace of hospitality. I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gospelization that looked out from every lineament of their countenances; and their departure was the sword of bereavement.

The Queen of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark had a royal

CUP OF TEN CURVES.

or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drank from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment. But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own. It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three. In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife, and fork, and a cup, and a chair, and you can raise a *young paradise*. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow. When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend, the king made the one condition of his coming, that the only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have sometimes banqueted on the plainest fare.

Do not be caught in the delusion of many thousands in postponing a home until they can have an expensive one. That idea is the devil's trap that catches men and women innumerable who will never have any home at all. Capitalists of America build plain homes for the people. Let this tenement-house system, in which hundreds of thousands of the people of our cities are wallowing in the mire, be broken up by small homes, where people can have their own firesides and their own altar. In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it.

SMALL HOMES NEEDED.

We want done all over this land what George Peabody and Lady Burdett-Coutts did in England, and some of the large manufacturers of this country have done for the villages and cities, in building small houses at cheap rents, so that the middle classes can have separate homes. They are the only class not provided for. The rich have their palaces, and the poor have their poorhouses, and criminals have their jails; but what about the honest middle classes, who are able and willing to work, and yet have small income? Let the capitalists, inspired of God and pure patriotism, rise and build whole streets of small residences. The laborer may have, at the close of the day, to walk or ride further than is desirable to reach it, but when he gets to his destination in the eventide, he will find something worthy of being called by that glorious and impassioned and heaven-descended word—"home."

SOMETHING TO SAVE FOR.

Young married man, as soon as you can buy such a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much-abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourself all super-

fluities and all luxuries until you can say, "Everything in this house is mine, thank God!—every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every door-sill." Do not have your children born in a boarding-house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dyspeptics. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such

A DAILY WRESTLE

with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton-chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

Have a sitting-room with at least one easy-chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checker-boards and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff, which is of all games my favorite. Rouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothered into a sob.

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

First, last, and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream by stating: "So long as Cæsar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so far-reaching in its influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-six years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again: "My mother! mother! mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, and grandmother, and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death—
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

The New President of the American Bible Society elected in succession to the late Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen is the Hon. Enoch L. Fancher. The *Observer*, referring to the choice of the Board, says: "We do not know of any more appropriate selection that could have been made for the responsible and honorable position. Judge Fancher has the highest standing as a man, a citizen, a lawyer, and a jurist, and is identified with the Christian institutions of the city and country. He is a worthy successor of the eminent men who have filled the office from the election of its first president, Elias Boudinot, to the present time. Judge Fancher is a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Too Late to Pray for Himself.—Mr. Smith, the evangelist of Newcastle, said: "Recently after divine service I was asked to visit a bereaved family. I went to the house of mourning, where lay all that was left of the husband and father. I could do nothing but say a word of comfort to the weeping ones who stood around the bed. On asking if he passed away peacefully, I was told that a friend had gone to a neighbor's door just before he died, and said: 'Oh, come and put up a prayer for him; he is just dying, and cannot pray for himself.' This should not have been the case, for if that man had lived a life of faith in Christ and earnest prayer, which we are all enjoined to do, he would not have required that one should hasten to pray for salvation by his death-bed."

A Wall Bored through by an Insect.—"In Holland there was a huge wall built to prevent the water from overspreading the country. Now, there was a little insect got into the lime of this wall, and began little by little to eat its way, not only through the lime, but also through the stone, the little hole growing larger and larger as the insect ate its way through. Then the water began to come through, drop after drop, till eventually the whole place was flooded. That is just like what sin does in our hearts; we begin by tolerating little sins, but we do not end there; and that wickedness which at first we would have shrunk from, we cease to regard as very sinful. But ere our hearts are irrevocably hardened, let us turn to God; for, 'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

A Woman's Sorrowful Story.—"At Our Last flower-meeting a poor woman came into the church, and when I was speaking to her in the after-meeting she had a sorrowful story to tell. She said: 'I had to come out of the house this morning and wander about the town, for I could not bear to stay and see the sufferings of my poor children through want of food. My husband has not been in work for seven weeks, and we have had a hard struggle to keep the little ones from starving. We have had no food in the house these last two days, and I cannot find any for them. To-day I heard that there was to be a flower-meeting here, so I came in to try and divert my mind from my home, and while I was looking at all those beautiful flowers which have been given away so plentifully and free, I thought, "When men can be so kind as to send in all these beautiful flowers to the poor, surely the Lord, who is a pitiful Father, cannot forget us in our poverty." The thought brought comfort, but I was not a Christian, and therefore had no claim on God.' She was pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and she did not only find comfort that night, but, better far, she found salvation, and she went home praising the Lord who had redeemed her. Strange to say, when she went home she found food in the house, and neither she nor her family have wanted anything ever since, because she cast herself entirely on the Lord."

An Offer of Herrings!—The Rev. C. J. Whitmore related: "As I was passing down a short street in London, I met a man who was loudly crying as he went: 'Herrings! three a penny!' I presume I appeared a suitable object, for he came close to me, and offered his goods, which I courteously declined. 'They are good and cheap, governor, but I cannot sell them,' he said. 'I do not at all wonder at that,' I answered; 'the people have no work to do, and they cannot afford a penny. How much will you take for the lot?' I inquired. 'I will take four shillings, and will be glad to get it,' was the reply. I produced that sum, and transferred it to him. 'Now,' I said, 'go into the middle of the road, and shout with all your might *herrings for nothing!*' After carefully examining his money he proceeded into the middle of the road, and went along shouting: 'Herrings for

nothing!' Out of sight myself, I stood at the corner to watch the result. He neared the house where a tall woman stood at the window. 'Here you are, missus,' he exclaimed, 'herrings for nothing; a fine chance for yer! come and take 'em.' The woman shook her head unbelievably, and left the window. A little child came out to look at him, but she was afraid, and ran indoors. Then in a loud and audible voice, he cried: 'Oh, you fools!' Coming back to me, he said: 'Nobody wants 'em.' 'Well, try again,' I replied, 'and we will both shout.' Into the road we both went, and I cried loudly: 'Will any one have some herrings for tea?' They heard my voice, and they knew it well, and they came flocking out by the dozen, all striving to reach the welcome food, and in a very few moments the basket was empty. You may be amused at this story, which is strictly true, but are you sure you would not have done as they did—been as unbelieving as they? Nay, are you sure you are not in one important respect ten thousand times worse? Their unbelief only cost them hunger a little longer, but what may your unbelief cost you? for God offers salvation for nothing. Friends, the food was paid for, though afterward freely given."

THE MOMENTOUS DECADE.

By the Rev. M. Baxter.

WE are now entering, in this year of our Lord, 1886, on a period of about ten years' duration which the study of prophecy invests with the most intense interest. The stupendous events described by the prophets of the Old Testament, outlined later by our Lord Himself, and subsequently seen in panoramic detail by the Apostle John during his exile in Patmos, may be expected to occur during these ensuing ten years.

Whether this expectation will be fulfilled we shall learn with certainty during the next *three* years. What the events of the last seven years of this dispensation will be are clearly revealed. They commence with the negotiation of a treaty between the Jews and some potentate, whom we can recognize as the Napoleonic Antichrist by the fact of his signing the treaty. All "ifs" will be set aside when that treaty is signed, and we shall know then with absolute certainty that in seven years from that time the end will come. It is important to remember that the expression "the end" does not signify the annihilation or demolition of our material earth, but the end of this dispensation. It is the end of the world as we now see it in its social, political and ecclesiastical aspect. A careful and prayerful study of prophecy leads us to believe that that consummation will occur in or about the year 1896; but it will certainly occur without a doubt in that year if the treaty before mentioned is ratified in 1889. Whenever that treaty is concluded the later date is finally and definitely fixed. The end will come in seven years.

THE PROPHETIC DATES.

In arriving at the conclusion that the year 1896 will be the date, we have been guided by the significance of certain prophetic dates. These are fully explained in the First Appendix to "Forty Coming Wonders."* A brief summary of the calculation will suffice here. It has long been a belief, prevalent even before the birth of Christ, that the six days of Creation, followed by the Sabbath, typified an era of six thousand years, followed by a thousand years of Sabbatic blessedness. A suggestion for this mode of reckoning is given in II Peter 3:8, where it is said that "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years;" not only the Jews, but Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans had the same belief. The basis for it in these heathen writers cannot be discovered, but their unanimity of opinion is remarkable. Gibbon, the infidel historian, mentions that it was prevalent in the early Church during the first four centuries of the Christian Era. The calculation based upon

this belief is of course only collateral proof, but it is entitled to the weight belonging to it. The years between the Creation and Christ's birth, believed by chronologists to be 4104, added to the 1896 subsequent to His birth, give 6000.

Clearer and more decisive proof is, however, afforded by the dates actually mentioned in prophecy. Thus the seven times (or years) mentioned by Daniel as the duration of the four successive Gentile empires, give us the figures 2520—that is, the 360 days of which the year as then reckoned consisted, multiplied by seven. They commence with B.C. 624, to which add 1896, and the result is Daniel's period of 2520. Another period is that which determines the time during which the holy city (Jerusalem) should be trodden under foot. It was to be forty and two months (Rev. 11:2). The city was taken by the Mohammedans in 636, after a four months' siege, and a mosque was erected on the site of Solomon's temple. Add the forty and two months, or twelve hundred and sixty years, and the same date, 1896, is the result. Other periods mentioned in prophecy likewise appear to terminate in that year, as will be seen on reference to the appendix above mentioned.

The events of the decade, therefore, will be, first, great European wars and revolutions (probably between 1886 and 1888) issuing in the formation of the now existing twenty-three States or kingdoms in the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire into exactly Ten Kingdoms confederated together—prefigured by the Ten-Horned Wild Beast, and Ten-Toed image of a Man (Dan. 2:31; 7:25).

THE CONFEDERATION.

This Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy will be formed about eight or nine years before the end of this dispensation, and will be: 1. Britain, legislatively separated from Ireland, India, and its other colonies, which never belonged to Cæsar's Roman Empire. 2. France, extended to the Rhine (probably by a future war against Germany), so as to annex to itself seven kingdoms or States, viz., Belgium, Luxemburg, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and part of Bavaria. 3. Spain with Portugal. 4. Italy. 5. Austria, losing East Hungary and Bohemia. 6. Greece, with Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia added to it. 7. Egypt. 8. Syria, separated from Turkey. 9. Thracian Turkey. 10. Bulgaria and Roumania and Eastern Hungary—the Slavonic States—united together.

Then a Napoleon will arise, as an Eleventh Little Horn, or sovereign in or near Syria, and become king of Syria, and make a seven years' covenant with the Jews (probably about 1889) seven years before the End (Daniel 7:24; 9:27), and during the final three and a half years have "power over all nations" (Rev. 13:7), and then perish at Christ's descent at Armageddon (Rev. 19:20).

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

"in the air" (I Thess. 4:15, 16; Rev. 12:5), to raise from their graves deceased saints and to remove them to heaven, together with a hundred and forty-four thousand living translated Christians, will take place in its first stage about two years and one to three weeks after the Seven Years' Covenant is made between the coming Napoleon and the Jews. Then there will be a great revival of religion and preaching of the Gospel on the earth for about a year (Rev. 14:6; 6:3); and subsequently the three years and a half of the Great Tribulation and massacre of Christians will run its course, during which this earth will be like a Pandemonium, an Aeldama, a Golgotha, or field of blood (Dan. 7:25; 12:7; Revelation 11:2, 3; 12:6-14; 13:5). Our Saviour Himself thus describes it: "Then shall be Great Tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, no, nor ever shall be; and except those days shall be shortened no flesh shall be saved. And immediately after the tribulation they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and glory, and He shall send forth His angels and gather in His elect from the four winds"

* "Forty Coming Wonders," price, one dollar, may be had from the office of this paper, 63 Bible House, New York.

Matt. 24 : 21-31). At this second stage of Christ's Second Coming all the Christians remaining on the earth will be translated to heaven, and then He will descend on Mount Olivet, at Jerusalem, and destroy Antichrist and convert the few Jews and Gentiles remaining on the earth, and personally reign over them and their descendants during the subsequent Millennium of one thousand years which will then commence (Rev. 19, 20 ; Zech. 14 ; Dan. 7).

PROTESTANTISM IN SYRIA.

By Prof. H. W. Hulbert, of Beirut.

(Copyright.)

No disciple of Christ can fail to be interested in the attempts which are being made to preach the pure Gospel in this ancient Land of Promise. There still lingers a germ of the old crusading spirit in the heart of Christendom, more intelligent, it is to be hoped, and purer than that displayed in the rude yet gallant days of chivalry. There are many reasons which conspire to make the interest in this Syrian mission cosmopolitan. The eye of the Christian world rests on this strategic point in the contest. The Presbyterian Church of America in the northern sections, and the Church of England in the southern sections, have sent out their battalions, and taken up with especial zeal the work of evangelizing the people which occupy this soil, once so sacred and still so venerated. The older contributors to the American Board can never lose their interest in this work, which was started and carried on for so many years under the supervision of that organization. The names of Dr. Thomson, Dr. Eli Smith, and Dr. Van Dyck are household words in New England. During those early years of struggle these shores, about which linger so many memories of sacred story, were consecrated by the life-work of many successors to the apostles, who left their bones in Syrian soil, and whose works do follow them. Hence it was that when, in 1870, these domains were handed generously over to the Presbyterian Board, as the dowry, at the nuptials of the Presbyterians of the old and the new schools, there was a pang in the heart of the Puritan mother which she scorned to reveal, but which convinces itself by the loving interest with which she follows the work of her successors.

The field of the Presbyterian mission covers the very northern portion of the territory promised to the children of Israel, but never actually occupied by them. It has been the privilege of the American Christians to take up the work where the soldiers of Joshua left off, and to attempt to bring the whole land under the sway of Him of whom Moses prophesied. This new territory has been divided into five sections, not unlike the allotments to the twelve tribes ; these are : Beirut, Sidon, Abieh, Zahleh, and Tripoli. From these five stations the laborers come once a year in general council to Beirut, the headquarters, to look over the work of the year, to plan for the future, and to receive mutual encouragement. This important meeting occurs about the middle of December. The session for 1885 has just closed, and the statements of the superficial results of the year's work are at hand.

From the first, peculiar difficulties have been encountered in this field. The American Board in its missions in Northern Turkey has had its successes mainly with the Armenians, a nationality which has a good deal of character. The Syrians are on a lower plain. Dense ignorance and a conservative pride are minor evils. Fierce religious bigotry is universal. In this limited territory are found Maronites, Greeks, Druzes, Moslems, Roman Catholics, holding their own in a bitter struggle. The massacres in 1860 show the animus of much of the religious feeling. Jerusalem is the centre of the fiercest strife. A leading man in the native Protestant Church in Jerusalem said, a short time ago, that he did not know a member of his church in the city who was not in some way getting his support out of the mission. And this after more than a half century of untiring labor and the outlay of an immense treasure !

Taking all things into consideration—past, present, and future—there is probably not a mission field in the world where, in the long run, it is going to be harder, considering things from the human standpoint, to evangelize the masses. The Maronites are under the care of the Pope, whose agents have seen to it that little or no Protestant work has been started in their section. The Druzes are equally barricaded against any inroad into their territories. The Moslems have thus far held their own, and the converts from Islam can be all counted on the fingers of one hand. France is looking with expectant eyes upon Syria, and is using every influence to keep and increase her hold upon its peoples. Although she has driven the Jesuits from her own soil, she uses them as her tool wherever she can. They are in force in Syria. American missionaries are looked upon as emissaries of England, and hence are counted enemies to French influence. The Greek churches are under Russian protection, and look forward to Russian dominion in this land. Russia dislikes American missions for the same reason that France does.

But far more damaging than the enmity of the Vatican, or of France, or of Russia, or even of local sects, is the growing hostility of the Turkish Empire. As the breaking up of this vast conglomerate rule has become more imminent, a shudder has gone through the Mohammedan world. It is clearly seen that the ascendancy of Islam is dependent upon the life of the empire. Hence it is that the order has gone forth, and every votary of the Prophet is alert. Christian schools have been closed, churches in process of erection have been stopped, and every kind of obstruction has been thrown in the way of all the Christian sects. The missionaries of Syria say that they have never encountered so much opposition from the Turkish Government as during the past year. They look upon the affairs of the mission as being in a critical state, and are preparing themselves for whatever the future has in store for them.

(To be concluded.)

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons : Genesis 22 : 1-19 ; Luke 18 : 31-43. I Corinthians 13. Hymns : "Father, whatever of earthly bliss ;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name !"

THE DISCOURSE.

[Then may be read the following, or any other short discourse. The reader may enlarge upon any sentence, or introduce other matter. The paragraph divisions and italics will assist.]

Text : "Wait on the Lord ; be of good courage" (Ps. 27 : 14).

When in trouble we wait on those who can help us. The patient waits on his physician, the client on his lawyer, the subordinate on his superior, the needy on his rich and bounteous friend.

At all times the soul is beset by spiritual foes. If it looks only at these it will become discouraged. It must wait on its Great Deliverer.

Are you tempted to lose courage ? Wait on the Lord.

Wait on Him with a plain statement of your case. The very attempt to put a statement of our trouble into words often makes it cease to be a trouble.

Our troubles are real or imaginary. If we make a statement to God it will be deliberately formed on the basis of real truth.

Reducing our own notion of our case to words will make an imaginary trouble appear so ridiculous that we dare not repeat it to God.

And then it will cease to have power over us.

But if it be real, an explicit statement will show ourselves what our trouble, in point of fact, is, and we shall not make vague prayers, nor seek the inappropriate medicine, nor put the plaster where there is no sore.

Then wait patiently : let the Lord answer when He will and how He will. He is eternal, and we immortal. There is no hurry.

Wait trustingly, being quite sure that He will attend to your case just as He should.

Wait obediently : do not suspend duty until the Lord answer you. You have given that case to Him. Take up the next, and the next, and the next.

Be of good courage. You have a right to. You have called for reinforcements. The Lord has the reserves of the Universe. It is His work. He knows what to send, and where, and when.

Only those have a right to be courageous who are servants of the Omnipotent, waiting on the Lord.

CLOSING PRAYER.

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee ; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt grant their requests ; fulfil, now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy Servants, as may be most expedient for them ; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

TELL IT OUT.

By Joseph Parker, D.D.

"I will praise the Lord according to His righteousness, and will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most High" (Ps. 7 : 17).

The Psalm comes in with a tone of sorrow and loneliness, but it goes out with cymbals and dances, and songs and utterances of triumph. We thought in the earlier part of the Psalm David had never sung in his life, or, if he had, he certainly would never sing again. He seems to write himself out of his misery, as men now pray themselves out of their trouble. When the prayer begins the listener says : "How heavily loaded is that heart with sorrow ! Surely that life is distressed beyond all possibility of recovery ! Oh, how sad and mournful and pensive the utterance of that heart !" And lo ! the man talks over his case with God, goes into critical detail about it, mentions everything he can recollect ; and the tone subtly changes all the while, and behold, at the last, the man is singing ; the prayer has blossomed into a song, and he who began with supplication ended with praise.

So it may be in our life : there is room enough, enemies enough there are, no doubt, and difficulties apparently innumerable and insurmountable. Never under-estimate these difficulties. You cannot lecture a man out of sorrow. Encourage him rather to go over his sorrow, to mention it syllable by syllable, letter by letter ; and, when he has continued the story a long time, ask him if he cannot recollect something more, even more deeply distressing in its nature. Encourage him to tell all that is in his heart. Be good listeners. It soothes poor misery hearkening to her tale. Ask her to tell it over again ; ask her if she is quite sure that you heard the statement correctly ; and by this sympathetic cross-examination, by this companionship of soul, you will extract the sorrow, and the heart, without any exhortation from the listener, will begin to recover itself, to take down its harp from the willows ; and you, who entered into a house of mourning, shall find yourself presently at a wedding feast, swinging round in infinite delight in the sacred dance before the Lord, because the rain is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds has come.

[An appropriate poem is added, which may be committed to memory by the young people.]

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.

Pray if thou canst, with hope,

Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;

Pray in the darkness if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,

When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;

Yet every prayer for universal peace

Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,

Though it be what thou canst not hope or see ;

Pray to be perfect, though material Heaven

Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;

But if for any wish thou darest not pray,

Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

- The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
- The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
- An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
- A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
- A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
- Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
- An instalment of a Serial Story.
- An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
- Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Secretary of the Treasury Reports that the Morrison tariff bill will, if passed, effect a reduction of the revenue to the amount of twelve millions, and not twenty millions, as at first stated. This is due to the proviso that the sugar duties are not to be reduced in cases where the countries from which the sugar comes impose an export tax. Nearly three fourths of the sugar imported comes from Cuba and Porto Rico, both of which collect export duties. One benefit to be gained from the bill has been brought out by the discussion it has caused. It is that admitting rough lumber free of duty. The country is already suffering in climate from the wholesale felling of its forests. If foreign lumber is admitted free that denudation of the uplands may be checked. The chief of the Bureau of Statistics, whose computations form the basis of Mr. Manning's statement, says that the effect which this bill will have upon the volume of imports is a matter of speculation and conjecture, but that the general effect of reduction in duty is, of course, to increase importation. There are, however, so many elements in the problem that it would be hazardous to venture an opinion on the subject.

The Pan-Electric Scandal is to be Investigated by a Committee of the House. A resolution was passed on Friday by that body appointing a committee of nine members to make inquiry into any expenditure on the part of the Government incurred relative to the rights of the Bell and Pan-Electric Telephone Companies to the priority of patents, the inquiry to include all organizations and companies that have sprung out of the Pan-Electric Telephone Company, or for any other purpose, and also to make full inquiry into the issuance of Pan-Electric Telephone stock, to any person or persons connected with either the legislative, judicial, or executive departments of the Government, to whom, when, where, and for what consideration in money or influence the stock was delivered. Also the committee is directed to ascertain what opinions, decisions, and orders have been made by any officer connected with the Government. The committee is given the right to send for persons and papers, to administer oaths, and make such inquiries as are deemed necessary. As will be seen, the resolution covers the whole

ground, and it may be hoped for the sake of the honor of the Government and the country that its work will be thorough and impartial.

Democrats Appointed to Office by the President are complaining of his action in refusing the papers demanded by the Senate. Their nominations are threatened with rejection not on their merits, but because of the deadlock. The difficulty as formulated last week resolved itself into three heads. The Senate demands to know what charges are made against officials "suspended for cause," decides to reject nominations in cases where papers have been refused and to reject nominations of officials where a civilian or ex-Confederate is nominated to succeed a Union soldier. In the debate that is coming on these points, the consideration of the "Tenure of Office" law will occupy an important place. Mr. Hoar advocates its repeal, but as he signed the Edmunds' resolutions, it will be difficult for him to explain how he can consistently support plans apparently antagonistic.

Local Option for Washington is Suggested by Senator Colquitt, who knows how it works in Georgia. He has prepared a bill which he will introduce in the Senate "to establish local option in the District of Columbia. The bill provides in detail for a vote by the people upon the question, and is extremely rigorous. Under its provisions no intoxicating liquors can be manufactured within the limits of the District of Columbia or imported into it, and if it becomes a law no wines can be used at the State dinners of the President. Senators Blair, of New Hampshire, and Hoar, of Massachusetts, are quoted as saying that they will favor it." There are thirteen hundred saloons in Washington, a fact which shows that there is need for temperance work there.

A Violent Hurricane Visited New York on Friday last, doing considerable damage. It commenced at seven o'clock in the morning, when it was blowing from the north-west at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and by four in the afternoon it had increased to eighty-four miles, which is twelve miles above the highest record in the city. Previous to that night the highest ever registered was March 28th, 1876, which was seventy-two miles. Several high chimneys were overturned, the cornices were torn from high buildings, and some of them were unroofed. A wagon was blown over in the street, and several people were injured by being blown against telegraph-posts and the pillars of the elevated railroad. The wind blew lengthwise of the Brooklyn Bridge, and made strange music among the steel ropes, like a gigantic Æolian harp. Passengers in the bridge cars did not feel in that state of serene security which they usually do. There was a swaying and trembling motion to the great structure which, though not great under the circumstances, was enough to make nervous people uneasy. The telegraph-poles and wires suffered seriously, and for a time the city was almost cut off from telegraphic communication.

The Funeral Services of the Late Mr. John B. Gough took place at his residence, Hillside, near Worcester, Mass., on Thursday last. The services were in charge of Anthony J. Comstock, of New York, and were of an exceedingly simple and impressive character. The body, clad in a suit of black broadcloth, lay in a coffin which rested upon the writing-table in the library, and was open from head to foot. At its head was placed the heavy library chair in which Mr. Gough used to sit when at work. This was covered with flowers. At the foot of the coffin was a sheaf of wheat, with a sickle in roses and violets. Near by was a floral pillow bearing the word "Boylston," the gift of neighbors and friends, and a floral wreath, ordered by telegraph by the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco. These were all the floral offerings. The family, including the wife, sister, brother, and four nieces of Mr. Gough, were seated in the library. The other mourners, about a hundred in number, occupied the double parlors and the dining-room, while the hall was given up to the officiating clergyman and the

choir. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Rev. Israel Ainsworth, of Boylston; Dr. D. O. Mears, pastor of Piedmont Church; Rev. W. A. Houghton, of Berlin, Mass.; and Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, took part in the services. The Rev. Dr. George H. Gould, a personal friend, spoke in a voice choked by emotion. He said that he appeared only in obedience to the behest of the stricken family. Dr. Gould spoke touchingly of that scene in Piedmont Church last year on the occasion of the reception to William Noble, the English temperance orator, when Gough introduced his collaborer, and, with inspired action and language, took the mantle off his own shoulders, and placed it upon those of his younger brother, giving it him strictly in charge to stand firm and give no quarter in the battle against the demon intemperance. The body was taken to the receiving tomb, and will remain there until the vault in Hope Cemetery, New Worcester, is ready for its reception.

Sectional Animosity in Ireland Has Been Increased by a tour taken in the north-eastern districts of the country last week by Lord Randolph Churchill. He appeared first at Belfast on Monday, February 22d, when the Orangemen assembled in large numbers to greet the descendant of the famous Marlborough. He exhorted them to organize and fit themselves for the struggle for the maintenance of the union, which was only beginning now, but which he predicted would assume grave proportions. He said: "The Gladstone-Morley policy is a repeal of the legislative union. The Tory party is determined to offer a bitter resistance to anything in the nature of such a policy, and will do it with the sympathy of many persons of position in the Liberal ranks. It is essential, however, that England shall know to what extent we can get the support of the Irish loyalists, and the powers of resistance they can offer." The reply came hoarse and loud, "To the death!" The struggle is becoming increasingly bitter, and the subject more difficult to deal with. In the present temper of the people there is peril of civil war.

The Distress Among English Operatives Continues. One correspondent states that in London it is now near the famine point, and there is growing indignation at the revelations of the workings of the relief fund in the hands of the Lord Mayor, which is now over \$300,000, and yet most of the poor who apply to him are repulsed, and none are found who have received more than seventy-five cents out of it. On Friday a starving man broke one of the Lord Mayor's windows, and avowed his desire to go to prison, where he would be fed. The correspondent adds: "Although this state of affairs gives the Continental anarchists so much hope that Prince Kraptokine is going to London to live, it is not likely that socialism will make much headway. It is more probable that the feelings of revolt engendered will find expression in an increased support of extreme Radicals like Mr. Bradlaugh, who on Friday began his long-promised attack upon the pensions still enjoyed by the descendants of Charles II.'s progeny."

The Russian Nihilists are Adopting a New line of policy, having been led to believe that the destructive tactics have done sufficient preparatory work. Mr. William H. Hurlbert, formerly editor of the New York World, who is now in London, cables to the Sun an account of an interesting interview on the subject which he recently had with Stepniak, the famous author of "Underground Russia." He says: "Stepniak assures me that the people's movement in Russia is assuming wider proportions than heretofore. The methods of its propaganda are more moderate, but this only gives it a more formidable character and meaning. The epoch of blind, wild, destructive Nihilism, says Stepniak, is ended. Russian intelligence and enlightenment are concentrating into a new organization, aiming systematically, through political methods, at the overthrow of the dynasty of the Czars, and the establishment in its place of a great federal Russian republic."

Mr. William Noble's Departure for New Zealand and Australia has been delayed by the lamented death of his friend, Mr. Gough, between whom and himself there has been for many years an intimacy founded on mutual esteem of the warmest kind. On Sunday, February 21st, Mr. Noble addressed the Gough Memorial meeting in Philadelphia, and spoke at a Gospel Temperance meeting, and on Sunday last he addressed a meeting at Girard College. He left the East for San Francisco on Monday last, whence he expects to sail for New Zealand on Saturday.

The Following List of Dates for the Southern tour of Messrs. Moody and Sankey will be useful to our readers in the South: Oxford, Miss., March 6th and 7th; Salem, Ala., March 9th to 14th; Atlanta, Ga., March 16th to 18th; Savannah, Ga., March 21st to 23d; Jacksonville, Fla., March 26th to 28th; Charleston, S. C., March 30th to April 4th; Columbus, S. C., April 5th to 7th; Norfolk, Va., April 9th to 11th; Lynchburg, Va., April 13th to 15th; Charlotte, Va., April 16th to 18th.

At the State Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations of New York, held at Elmira, it was mentioned that a corps of the White Cross Army for the promotion of personal purity among young men was organized about one year ago, and now numbers five hundred and sixty-seven young men, the object of which is to seek to influence young men of their acquaintance to treat all women with respect, to put down, as far as they may be able, indecent language and coarse jests, to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women, and to endeavor to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure." Those who are brought into very close contact with young men can appreciate in some measure the urgent need of special efforts in this direction by a special agency such as the association has wisely created.

A Call to a Prayer Convention Has Been issued by the Presbytery of Cincinnati. It invites the ministry and the Christian people of the Presbyterian churches in southern Ohio and southern Indiana, and in Kentucky, to come together in the First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, March 16th, to spend that evening and the following two days and evenings together in prayer and conference, and in waiting upon God for His blessing. The call declares that "the deep undertone of religious feeling in many of our churches, the already greatly increased activity of many of our members, the spirit of unwonted harmony and co-operation manifested between our own churches and the several branches of the Christian family, and the almost universal expectancy and desire for something better than we have yet obtained, seem to indicate that we are on the eve of great and important events." It may be supposed that members of other churches beside the Presbyterian will be admitted, though they are not included in the invitation.

The Public Recantation of a Well-Known Infidel was read from a Maine pulpit on February 14th. He is an aged man, who has always gloried in being called an infidel. Having been enlightened by the Holy Spirit, he caused to be read in the Methodist pulpit in Pembroke a declaration signed by him, in which he said: "I desire now to counteract the evil that I may have caused. I believe for a person to live and die happy they must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded in the Scriptures."

The Engineer of the Train which Escaped from the burning bridge, as recently mentioned in these columns, spoke in the Noonday Prayer-Meeting in the John Street church, New York, last week. Rising from a front seat, and turning to the congregation, he said: "Were any of you ever in an accident on a railroad? If not, then you cannot appreciate the situation I was in when I was on the cab of the train which was caught on the burning bridge at Matawan on the New York and Long Branch Railroad a few weeks ago. Looking behind, I saw that the

bridge was on fire. For an instant I was paralyzed. Then an inspiration came to me. I believe it was from God. I pulled the throttle wide open. The train was pulled across the bridge, and no one was hurt, though the trucks of the last car, in bumping along the ties, were dragged off, and the car was fairly on its flooring before it was out of danger. I have been a Christian for nearly two years. It was my nearness to death in a railroad accident that made me realize that in the midst of life we are in death."

A Testator's Novel Injunction Appears in a will filed in the Probate Court of New York last week. After disposing of his property the testator, who wrote the will with his own hand, adds this clause: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that my body shall be changed into ashes by means of cremation, and this shall be done without any ceremony whatever, and in the simplest and least expensive way; the ashes to be sprinkled around a tree or in a garden spot where either the rains may mix my remains with the soil, or the winds may dispose of them otherwise." It may be hoped that the testator did not feel the same indifference about the destination of his soul as he did about the disposal of his ashes. The winds might scatter them without injury to him, but unconcern about the safety of the soul involves eternal and inconceivable disaster (Matt. 16: 26).

The Flagman at a Railroad Crossing is blamed by the survivor of two men for an accident which took place at Newburg, N. Y., on February 22d. The two men were in a wagon, which arrived at the crossing just before a switch-engine came along. The engine struck the wagon, overturned it, and injured one of the men fatally. The flagman asserts that he was unable to close the gate, as he usually did, because it was frozen fast, and he could not move it, but he signalled the men in the wagon with his flag that it was dangerous to cross. The man who escaped contradicts the assertion, and says they would not have attempted to cross had the flagman signalled to them. Whether the flagman did or did not neglect his duty, it will be difficult to determine; but it appears certain that if he waved his flag the men did not see it. Men do not often neglect warnings which caution them against physical danger, though they sit unmoved while God's faithful watchmen tell them of inevitable disaster to their souls (Ezek. 33: 9).

A Bell Attached to an Eagle's Neck Has caused it almost to die of starvation. A dispatch from a New England town says that an eagle, with a sleigh-bell tied around his neck, was recently captured there. It was at first thought that as he was extremely thin he must be an aged bird; but when food was placed before him he attacked it voraciously, as he would not have been likely to do had he been suffering from age alone. Inasmuch as he fattened up in the course of a few days, and became an alert and agile bird, it is thought that his ailment was starvation, and that his inability to obtain food was due to the sleigh-bell, which gave warning to his contemplated prey of his approach, and enabled it to make its escape in time from its enemy. The warning bell must have attracted the threatened creature's attention, and the instinct of self-preservation did the rest. It is a pity that the same instinct is not used by those whom Satan would make his prey. While some are captured by insidious devices, the majority fall into his hands after the clearest warning, and in places such as the saloon and the theatre, where, as they are aware, he has captured many others (Prov. 4: 13-15).

A Vitriol-Throwing Woman was Injured in New York last week. On Thursday, February 25th, a woman who is separated from her husband went to his lawyer's office, and asked the lawyer to send for her husband, as she would like to consult with him about her future. The lawyer did so, and in a short time the husband arrived. As he stepped from the elevator his wife met him, and they conversed for a short time. Then she asked him to live with her again, but

he refused on the ground that they had not been able to live together without quarrelling. On hearing his refusal the woman took a tin case from her pocket. The husband saw her draw her hand backward, as if about to throw something at him. He stepped forward, and dexterously caught her hand with both of his. The momentum of her hand caused some of the liquid that was in the case to be spilled. Some of it poured over his hands, and more of it flew upward, and was spattered over her face about the eyes. The next moment he was wringing his hands, and the wife had her clothes clapped to her face, jumping about and howling with pain. The contents of the case were sulphuric acid. The husband ran out and called a cab, and he and his wife were taken to a hospital to have their wounds dressed. The husband was able to go to his work, but the wife's injuries were so serious that she had to remain at the hospital, and the surgeons say she will be disfigured for life. This is a remarkable instance of attempted crime working its own retribution. Such cases are rare, but in all cases sin injures the soul of the sinner himself more than any one else, though he may not be conscious of it in this life (Prov. 8: 36).

A Small Reward for Saving a Life was Bestowed on a Connecticut man last week. A farmer who resides near Wallingford, Conn., was walking around his farm on February 22d, when, the path being very slippery, he fell and rolled into a deep ditch. The place was not dangerous ordinarily, but the heavy floods this spring have filled it with water, and as the mud and weeds are apt to hold firmly, the farmer was in a critical situation. He could not get out, and, as the tide rose, the water reached his neck. All the time he shouted lustily for assistance. At last a man who was passing near heard his cries, and at some risk to himself and no little exertion succeeded in getting the farmer out, and assisted him to his home. He had saved the farmer's life, and the latter proved the extent of his gratitude by presenting his rescuer with a dime. How much the farmer's life was really worth is a matter for conjecture. Perhaps the township might rightly consider a dime fair compensation for the service rendered, but the man himself must surely have appreciated it at a higher rate. He could not have considered its value when fixing the reward. Many Christian men act on the same principle when asked to contribute for the propagation of the Gospel, which has been the means of saving their own souls. They forget what is the worth of their soul (Philemon 19).

A Clergyman's Poisonous Study and Bedroom have involved him in a serious illness. The Springfield *Republican* states that an eminent clergyman in that city has been suffering for some weeks from the recognized symptoms of arsenical poisoning—extreme lassitude, loss of appetite, insomnia, and a swelling of the hands and feet. A week or more ago he suspected the wall-paper in his study and bedroom, and under the advice of a friend samples of the paper were sent to the university laboratory at Cambridge for chemical analysis, with the result that the library paper was found to contain half a grain of arsenic to every square yard, and the bedroom paper nearly the same quantity. Last week he came to New York to get medical advice. He applied to a skilful physician, who, upon examination, said he was suffering from anæmia, very probably caused by arsenical poisoning, and that it was not safe to occupy the rooms containing the paper referred to. It is remarkable that the wall-papers which contain arsenic are largely of a green color, the hue which it is most pleasant for the eye to dwell upon. Pleasant though it is, the clergyman will doubtless have it stripped off the walls rather than submit to its injurious influence. That is what it is sometimes our duty to do with our moral surroundings. Things that are pleasant have to be surrendered if they are baneful to spiritual health or diminish our usefulness (1 Cor. 9: 27).

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?"—MARK 8:4.

The Perishing People—Their Claim on the Church—When Christ Can Work—I. A Very Pressing Problem—Souls in Present Need—In Peril as to the Future—Responsibility of Disciples—II. A Difficult Problem—The Vast Number—The Desert Place—The Irreligious Tendency of the Times—The Possibilities of a Man—The Imperfections of the Perfect—III. A Solved Problem—The Man Unknown—The Materials—A Grandfather's Question.

I HAVE been for a while lying outside the crowd, unable either to feed the multitude or to bring the sick to the Master. Here and there one I have helped, as opportunity has occurred; but I have been called to rest rather than to serve. Yet all the while I have never ceased from constant thought about the perishing multitudes. This great city and its sad estate, this country, and Ireland, and Continental nations, are all under a cloud of deep depression. One can remove his body from the turmoil, but his heart is in it still.

THE CALL TO WORK.

If ever there was a time when there was a call for the deep sympathy of all Christian people with the perishing multitudes it is just now; if ever the Church should gird herself to do her Master's service it is to-day. Never forget that the Church is the helpmeet of Christ. She is His chosen Bride, and she is, therefore, to unite with Him in His great enterprise among the sons of men—the work of salvation; and that work is to be wrought by means of divine truth, carried to men externally by human hands, and internally through the Spirit of God. The Church will be false to her heavenly Bridegroom if she does not sympathize with the tenderness His heart, and enter into His gracious labor of love.

The question before us is certainly singular, if we remember that those who asked it had seen a former miracle of feeding the multitude. It would seem that those who had seen five thousand fed would not ask concerning the feeding of four thousand, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" Inasmuch as on one memorable occasion they had seen the Master multiply loaves and fishes, they might have expected him to do the like again. I grant you to the full that it was an inexcusable question. I will not offer the slightest apology for it; but yet it is a very *natural* question—natural, I mean, to that fallen and depraved human nature which is our daily grief.

Alas, we may here see ourselves as in a mirror. Those who have a smooth path often boast of a vast amount of faith, or what they think to be faith; but those who follow a wilderness way must often confess to their shame that after receiving great mercy they still find unbelief creeping in. All this makes us fear that had we been with our Lord in the desert we should not have behaved better than Peter and James and John; we, too, might have forgotten the former miracle of the loaves, and have anxiously inquired, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?"

PREPARATION.

The question, although it is thus surprising and inexcusable, may, however, be used this morning for our profit. It may at least do this good: as we shall not be able to answer it on any human lines, it will show us our inability, and that is what our Lord would make most clear before His power is revealed. I should not wonder but what He drew those people into the desert on purpose that there might be no suspicion that when they were fed they had been supplied from fields or gardens, or by the charity of inhabitants. It was a barren pot, out of which nothing could be got. The disciples had to feel this, and recognize this, and state this, and then the Lord had a clear platform for working His

miracle. *He wants to clear you out brother; He wants to make you see what a weak, poor, petty, miserable thing you are, and when He has brought you to that, then His own arm shall be revealed in the eyes of all the people, and all who behold it shall give to Him the glory due unto His name.* Let us come, then, to our question, with the hope that it may be sanctified to holy ends.

I. First, then, it is

A VERY PRESSING PROBLEM.

What is to be done for the perishing multitude? What is to be done to satisfy men's souls? I confine the question to spiritual matters at this time, though I by no means slight the dreadful social and material questions which are also specially urgent at this hour. At this present moment myriads of souls are in present need. We sometimes think too exclusively of salvation as having reference to the world to come; but it has an urgent, all-important reference to this present state. A man who does not know Christ is a wretched man; a man who has never been renewed in heart, who lives in sin and loves it, is a pitiable being, a lost soul over whom angels might weep. If there were no heaven to miss, and no hell to merit, sin is a curse upon this life. It is hell to live without a Saviour. If there were no poverty in London, it would be quite enough to break one's heart to think that there is sin in it reigning over the ungodly.

The multitudes are also in awful peril as to the future. When our Saviour looked with compassion on the multitude He not only noticed their present hunger, but He foresaw what would come of it. "If I send them away fasting to their own houses they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far." This our tender Lord could not bear to think of. Thus, when we look into the future of a soul, we start back aghast from the vision. In these times, my brethren, many attempts have been made to represent the condition of impenitent sinners in the world to come as less dreadful than the plain Scripture declares it to be. I cannot see what practical result can arise out of such teaching, except it be the hardening of men's hearts, and placing them more at ease than they are now in their indifference with regard to their fellowmen. I know that at this hour a master argument with my heart in seeking to save my fellowmen is the intolerable thought that, if they die without a Saviour, they enter upon a fixed state, in which they will continue in sin and in consequent misery, without hope of change. I am anxious to save men from hell at once, because I see no other day of hope for them.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

The case of the multitude is laid upon the Church of God. The Lord Jesus Christ took up all the hungry thousands, and laid them at the feet of His disciples. These were His own words, as He commissioned them, "Give ye them to eat." It was a great honor to them to be taken into co-partnership with their Lord—a high privilege to be workers together with Him in relieving this far-spread hunger. It was a great honor, but what a responsibility it involved! They had the special happiness of handing out the bread to the vast host, who gratefully received the boon. The twelve were very popular men that day, I warrant you; and they were looked upon with great envy by all who surrounded them. Was it not a high privilege to distribute food amongst so many hungry men, and women, and children? Returning to the spiritual aspect of the matter: the Lord has called His Church in these days to this work, onerous and indeed impossible without Himself, but with Him honorable, simple, and easily to be accomplished. He calls His Church to the great task of feeding the multitudes of London, the multitudes of our empire, the multitudes throughout the whole world; and since He is present to multiply our loaves and fishes the pressing problem may not be abandoned in despair.

Brethren, we cannot put aside this work; we that are Christians indeed cannot escape from

this service. The Master has laid it upon us, and the only way to get out of it is by renouncing his leadership altogether. To attempt to be a Christian and not to live for your fellowmen is hypocrisy; to suppose that you can be faithful to Christ and let these multitudes die without an effort is a damnable delusion. He is a traitor to his Master who does not enter heart and soul into the great life-work of that Master, and his life-work was "that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3:17). If you will say good-bye to Jesus you may run away with your own loaf and your own little fish, and eat them in secret selfishness; but if you mean to be with Christ you must bring hither your loaf and your fish and contribute it; you must bring yourself, and be the personal dispenser of the multiplied bread and fish; and you must persevere in the distribution till the last man, the last woman, the last child shall be filled.

So you see where we are this very morning. We are called to work out a very pressing problem: "Whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?"

II. But now, secondly, it is a problem of

TREMENDOUS DIFFICULTY.

The difficulty of feeding the four thousand was enormous; but the difficulty of saving the multitudes of the human race is as high above it as the heaven is high above the earth. After all, this miracle only gave a single meal to a few thousands, who soon grew hungry again; the work needed is to feed myriads so that they shall not hunger again forever. Think of this!

For, first, what a thing it is to satisfy the needs of a single soul! I should like those who think the salvation of souls from sin to be easy to try to convert one person. Sunday-school teacher, did you ever attempt to bring one girl to Christ yourself? She shall be one of the sweetest children in the whole school; but if you have attempted her conversion without seeking divine aid in prayer, and without looking to the Spirit of God to influence that little heart for good, you have made a miserable failure of it. If you had to save a soul where would you begin? The introduction of a holy thought into carnal minds is a miracle as great as to get a beam of light into a blind eye, or a breath of life into a dead body. How hard it is to deliver a man from brutish carelessness, and make him think of his soul, and eternity, and God! As to renewing the stony heart, as to quickening the dead soul into life, who can do it? Here we enter into the region of miracles! Can you create a fly? When you have created the most minute creature, then talk about making a new heart and a right spirit.

A WIDE FIELD.

But, brothers and sisters, what am I talking about? One soul! What of that? Think of the numbers who need heavenly bread. We have not only one soul, not only one million of souls, but hard upon five millions of immortal beings in this single city. In this huge world what myriads have we? Well, then, where are we? We are altogether at sea. Why, we have not a notion of what a million is. It will take a very, very long time even to count that number. Think of this city of London—why, you shall ride through it, or you shall traverse it on weary foot for a year, and at the end you shall only wonder more at its incalculable vastness. The Church of God is called to feed all these with the bread of heaven, and all those out yonder in the heathen world. O feebleness! what canst thou do alone? There is the problem. Said I not truly that it is one of tremendous difficulty?

What seems to have struck the disciples was the place they were in—it was a desert place. I may be supposed, perhaps, to croak when I say that the present period is as bare of all help to the Gospel as that ground was barren of help to the feast. The world has never known a period less helpful to the Gospel than the present. The people are not so attentive to the Gospel as once they were: the masses do not care even to enter the house of prayer: in London they have, to a very large extent, ceased to care about the

preaching of the Word. They are to be reached—blessed be God, they shall be reached; but

THE TENDENCY OF THE TIMES

is not toward religion, but toward unbelief, materialism, and sordid selfishness. A current, nay, a torrent of unbelief is roaring around the foundations of society, and our pulpits are reeling beneath its force. Many Christian people are only half believers now; they are almost smothered in the dense fog of doubt which is now around us. We have come into cloudland and cannot see our way. Many are sinking in the slough, and those of us who have our feet upon the Rock of Ages have our hands full with helping our slipping friends.

The sting of the question before us, however, I have not quite brought out: it was human feebleness. His disciples answered him: "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" From whence can a man do it? The possibilities of a man are stupendous. God with a man, nothing is impossible to that man. Give us not the power of gold, or rank, or eloquence, or wisdom, but give us a man.

Though we speak thus of what God can make of us, we are in and of ourselves poor creatures. We do meet with a perfect brother now and then, and I always feel inclined to break that bubble. *The imperfections of the perfect* are generally more glaring than those of ordinary believers. Alas! we are all such poor, frail creatures, that we are driven away from all confidence in ourselves, and we ask with emphasis the question, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?"

A SOLVED PROBLEM.

III. I am happy, therefore, to come to a blessed conclusion in the third head of our discourse, by saying that, laying the emphasis on its weakest word, "Whence can a man?" this question is capable of a very glorious answer. I might almost say, as John the Baptist did, "There standeth One among you whom ye know not." Though He has stood among us all these centuries, yet His people scarcely know him. Who knows Him fully? "Oh," saith one, "I know Christ." Yes, in a sense; but yet he passes knowledge. "I believe in God," saith one; are you sure you do? I remember reading of a certain minister who spent many days in wrestling prayer because he was tempted to doubt whether there was a God, and when he came into the full conviction of it he said to his people, "You will be surprised at what I say; but it is a far greater thing to believe in God than any of you know." And so it is a greater thing to believe in Jesus than most people dream. To believe in the notion of a God is one thing, but to believe God is quite another matter. One said to me when I was troubled, "Have you not a gracious God?" I answered, "Certainly I have." He replied, "What is the good of having Him, then, if you do not trust Him?" I was sore smitten by that reply, and felt humbled in spirit. We do not fully know what Jesus is. He is far above our highest thought of Him. He standeth among us, and we know Him not.

HE CAN FEED.

But what I want you to think of is, that this wonderful Man can feed this people with bread this day, and in this wilderness. I hope to make you believe it by the power of the Spirit of God. Therefore I ask you, first, to listen to what this Man says. I read to you just now this narrative as we find it in the fifteenth of Matthew. Turn again to the thirty-second verse: "Jesus called his disciples unto him, and said—" Stop a moment. Prepare your ears for music. He said, "I have compassion on the multitude." Oh, the sweetness of that word! When you are troubled about the people, troubled about Ireland, troubled about London, troubled about Africa, troubled about China, troubled about India, hear the echo of this word: "I have compassion on the multitude."

So I close by one more point, which is this: As I have made you hear our Lord's words, and

also led you to remember the infinite resources at His disposal, I now want you to anticipate his working. How does the Christ work among men? How will he proceed when he gets fairly to work among the masses? There are varieties of operations, but there is a continuity of law running through them all, and the divine line of action is much the same in all cases.

THE WAY OF THE CHRIST

was, first of all, to find out what there was which he could use. The little store provided by His followers consisted of a few loaves and fishes. Is it not wonderful how the Lord sometimes finds out little matters which have been hidden away, and makes much of them? Scotland was once under the sway of unbelief and formalism; how was it to be delivered? Thomas Boston went into a shepherd's hut, and found a book which had become extremely scarce; it was Fisher's "Marrow of Modern Divinity." Boston rejoiced in the light of the Gospel which flashed in upon his soul, and he began to bear witness to it. A great controversy followed, and, what was far better, a great awakening: the lovers of the marrow of the Gospel soon broke the bones of error. See what one book may do. Sweden, too, was greatly blessed by the discovery in a country-house of an old copy of Luther on the Galatians. See how one voice may wake a nation.

Brethren, who knows what may come out of seven loaves and a few small fishes? Yea, the enemies may do what they like; they may preach what they please; they may take away one pulpit after another from the orthodox; they may bury us under the rubbish of evolution and false philosophy; but we shall rise again. These small clouds will soon blow over. There may not remain one single sound expounder of the Gospel, but as long as God lives the Gospel will not die. Its power may slumber, but ere long it shall awake out of sleep, and cry like a mighty man who shouteth by reason of wine. As long as we have *one match left* we can set the world on fire. As long as one Bible remains the empire of Satan is in danger.

The devil's work is never done: it is undone again in five minutes when the grace of God is at work. Even in our ashes live our wonted fires: a breath from heaven shall kindle them into a flame. God is never at a loss for agents. He could turn the Pope into an evangelist, a cardinal into a reformer, a priest into a preacher of the Gospel. The most superstitious, the most ignorant, the most infidel, the most blasphemous, the most degraded, may yet be made the champions of His truth. Therefore let no man's heart fail him; the bread shall be multiplied, and the people shall be fed.

THE GRANDFATHER'S QUESTION.

Dear friends, do not imagine that God will bless one preacher only, or one denomination only. He does bless some preachers more than others, for He is Sovereign; but He will bless you all in your work, for He is God. I shall never forget one day, when my dear old grandfather was alive, I was to preach a sermon. There was a great crowd of people, and I did not arrive, for the train was delayed; and therefore the venerable man commenced to preach in my stead. He was far on in his sermon when I made my appearance at the door. Looking to me, he said: "You have all come to hear my dear grandson, and therefore I will stop that you may hear him. He may preach the Gospel better than I can, but he cannot preach a better Gospel. Can you, Charles?" My answer from the aisle was: "I cannot preach the Gospel better; but, if I could, it would not be a better Gospel." So it is, brethren: others may break the bread to more people, but they cannot break better bread than the Gospel which you teach, for that is bread from our Saviour's own hand.

Get to work each one of you with your bread-breaking, for this is Christ's way of feeding the multitude. Let each one who has himself eaten divide his morsel with another. To-day fill some one's ear with the good news of Jesus and His love. Bring your barley loaf, bring your lit-

tle fish, and put your provision into the common store. Take it back again from the great Master's hands filled with that blessing which makes it fruitful, and multiplies it, and then feed the multitude with it. So shall you go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace. So be it. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE.

'God knows how far He Himself is responsible for our circumstances, and up to that degree He is faithful. He will find a solution of all difficulties how tangled and obstinate soever. This is a case in point. The people had not taken themselves into the wilderness; God had taken them there, and He will see them out of it. So we say about honorable men when they undertake to lead us, and certain circumstances transpire which are of the nature of difficulty or hindrance. They say in the spirit of honor: 'We are accountable for this; our strength is yours until this battle is fought; you did not bring yourselves in here, and out of it we will see you, health permitting, life being spared.' So the Lord will not leave us in wildernesses into which He Himself has brought us. If we ourselves have gone into the desert without His permission or consent, we may be allowed to die there, to remain without a grave in the sand in which we vainly thought to find a heaven; but if we have obeyed the divine voice, and gone in the Providential way, whatever there is on the road—Marsh or place of sand, or great river, or greater sea—God will find a way through all. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

The foregoing is an extract from the second volume of the People's Bible, by Dr. Joseph Parker, the first volume of which was noticed in these columns on February 4th. The extract given is a fair specimen of its style and of the author's power to draw practical lessons for every-day life from historical narrative. This second volume is occupied with the Book of Exodus, and the author gives the key to his idea of the book in his introduction, where he says: "There is in it the protoplasm of the whole action of God in the complete sphere of human history; in other words, I have not met with any phase of divine revelation or ministry which is not to be traced in at least a dawning outline in this second Book of Moses." Readers of this book, though they may be so familiar with the inspired volume and with this part of it as almost to know it by heart, will be surprised to find under Dr. Parker's guidance how much more may be learned from it than they ever supposed. The "Handfuls of Purpose" for ministers and Sunday-school teachers are in this volume, as in the first, a very valuable assistance. Pp. 328; price \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

OCEANA,

by James Anthony Froude, is the narrative of a journey that great man and brilliant writer recently undertook through the English Colonies south of the Equator. Mr. Froude has long been of the opinion that the English Government does not value the Colonies as it ought, and that it is pursuing toward them a policy which will alienate them as the United States were alienated more than a century ago. He took the journey to see for himself the state of feeling in the Colonies, to find out by actual observation what the Colonies needed, and how they might be more firmly attached to the mother country. This volume is a record of his journey, and contains the inferences he drew from what he saw. Mr. Froude does not hesitate to tell his countrymen some home truths about the folly of their Government, and our Canadian friends will be pleased to see how clearly he has seen the mistakes England is making in neglecting the interests of a noble and loyal people; for England is as negligent of Canadian interests as she is of Oceana, and a reform affecting Oceana would surely help Canada too.



Gen. Gordon Reading to the Incurables in Gravesend Hospital.

Among the facts of general interest in the volume, of which there are many, Mr. Froude tells us of "a bishop who lately arrived in one of these colonies, that he was requested during a drought to issue a circular prayer for rain. He replied that an average sufficiency of rain fell every year, and that he declined to petition God to work a miracle until the colonists had done all that lay in themselves to preserve it by constructing reservoirs."

In the course of his journey Mr. Froude had for a time a missionary as a travelling companion. The missionary was not a great man intellectually, but Mr. Froude compares him, much to his advantage, with another passenger on the same ship who had become very rich by trade, and whose "theory of existence evidently was that in such a world as this the only wisdom was to get as much enjoyment out of it as could possibly be had. All else was illusion. He was excellent company; intellectually, the best that we had—a cleverer man beyond all comparison than my poor missionary; but a belief in something—some object outside one's self, brings a grace into the character that is not to be had without it." Like all Mr. Froude's writings, this volume is full of thought, and is intensely interesting. Pp. 396; price \$2.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A LETTER FROM MRS. BAXTER.

As we mentioned in our issue of February 11th, Mrs. M. Baxter left for England sooner than she expected, owing to a cablegram that the Rev. W. E. Boardman, of Bethshan, London, had been stricken with paralysis. Mrs. Baxter was therefore unable to be present at the Boston Convention. She sends the following communication from Queenstown:

"To my Correspondents in America and Canada who have sent Requests for Prayer or asked Counsel:

"DEAR FRIENDS: During my journeys, eight thousand miles in all, on your side the Atlantic, and while taking part in meetings several times each day, while at the same time continuing my writings, you will readily understand it has been impossible to answer your letters. But let me assure you that every case which you have placed

before me has been faithfully placed in the hands of God.

"Some communications which I have received have led me to fear that some who have written asking prayer have looked rather to the prayer than to the God who answers prayer. There is no more virtue in the prayers of Dr. Cullis, Mr. Simpson, Miss Judd, or in mine, than in your own. God's promise is to our faith—'He that believeth hath.' 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them' (Mark 11:24).

"God is as real in your own houses as He is in a meeting where many of His people are gathered. Elijah alone on Mount Carmel prayed to God about half a minute, and fire came down from heaven because Elijah counted on his God. The prophets of Baal, eight hundred and fifty in number, made a great aggregate of prayer, six hours long, but while their God was powerless the prayer did nothing. Look, beloved friends, to God alone; build on what He can, and what He wills, and what He promises to do for you, and do not build on some fallible human creature, so dealing with God second-hand. With deepest joy have I joined you in presenting you to the Lord; according to our united faith it will be unto you.

"Yours affectionately in Christ,
"L. BAXTER."

GENERAL GORDON IN THE HOSPITAL.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE Christian hero, whose life was sacrificed last year in Khartoum, was a man whose piety was of an eminently practical type. The picture given herewith shows him in an occupation to which he gave much of his leisure time, and in which he put all his heart. When he returned from China, after suppressing the Taeping rebellion, he accepted the appointment of Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, and settled there in 1865. He remained at that post six years, superintending the erection of fortifications and government works.

Those six years were years of unrelenting activity. His service to the Government was faithfully rendered. There was never any reason to complain of General Gordon's neglect of any

duty he undertook. But when his duty for the day was performed, he had still several hours at his own disposal. A man so distinguished, and with so varied an experience in strange countries, was a welcome guest at a hundred tables; but General Gordon declined all invitations. Neither did he give his time to the study of art or science or to innocent amusements. His delight was to serve his divine Master, and to that service he consecrated his labor, time, and money.

He was one among the very few Christians whose ideal of the Christian life is not limited by attending meetings and preaching. He could not forget that people have bodies as well as souls, and that neither should be neglected. He had classes at his own home for ignorant boys, whom he helped to gain knowledge that fitted them for earning an honorable livelihood, instead of fulfilling their apparent destiny of swelling the ranks of the criminal population. The large garden surrounding his official residence was full of vegetables and fruits, but when a visitor complimented him on his crop he said it was not his. It turned out that he had handed the garden over to some poor families, who tilled it, and used or sold its products. The hospitals were his especial care. Many a poor sufferer, many a despairing incurable, has had the dreary monotony of the day lightened by a visit from the Christian general, who would sympathize with them, tell them of the love of the Saviour, and teach them to look to Him for peace and salvation.

Pity it is that a life so noble, so consecrated, should have been lost to the world! It is inexpressibly sad to think how it was lost. The guilt and shame of his death rest on the head of the statesman who sent him out on his dangerous mission, was notified of his peril, turned a deaf ear to his piteous appeals for help, and was so dilatory in obeying the indignant demand of the people that the expedition he at last sent to his relief arrived too late to save him.

AUNT NANCY'S BIBLE.

(See Illustration on page 141.)

"ARE you going out this morning?" asked Mrs. Ely of her husband, as he entered the

breakfast-room of the old parsonage one winter's morning in the year 1872. "There has been a fire, Martha tells me, and her mother and several other colored families have been burned out."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Dr. Ely. "Yes, I will go down and see what can be done."

Breakfast over, and family worship concluded, the good clergyman went out and walked toward the district where most of the colored people lived in their poor frame houses that they called their homes. Some years before Dr. Ely would have gone on his errand of mercy with a stronger step and a more hopeful spirit. Money is very scarce at the parsonage now. The help he was wont to extend whenever misfortune came upon any one, about him can no longer be afforded; and though his heart is just as responsive to the cry of distress as it used to be, he cannot give the relief he once gave lavishly. His congregation is a small circle, most of its members being scattered by the war, and not a few of them are dead on the battle-field. His own two sons are buried in unknown graves near the place where they fell with their company under the storm of Union bullets. His eldest daughter, a widow now, is in the old parsonage again after a short year of happy married life, the only relic of which is a sword, over which she weeps even now after eight years of peace. The church is only half filled, and of those who worship there the majority have lost their all by the war, and can give their pastor little but their love and esteem. He has that in unstinted quantity, but it does not pay the family expenses, and it is all he can give again when he visits those who need more substantial help. Dr. Ely, therefore, generous, benevolent man as he is, goes empty-handed to the sufferers by the fire, and bemoans his incapacity to relieve the distress he expects to find.

As he approaches the smoking ruins, an old negress meets him, bearing a large book and some charred boards. "You burnt out, too, Aunt Nancy?" asks the clergyman.

"Yass, seh; de fiah done burn ev'ything up—ev'ything but de ole Bible."

"Did not you have time to save any clothes or anything?"

"Nuthin' 'tall, seh. The fiah wuz a-blazin' 'fore we know, and I jess seed de smoke and de light, and I meck a dash for de ole book, and toted it right out, and Sam he was kind o' skeered, too, and he come away with nuthin'. It's all done burnt up now, suah."

"What made you take care of the Bible, Nancy?"

"Well, seh, I'se al'ays set a heap o' store by de ole book. Ole mistis done give it me 'fore de wah. She foun' out I'd larn to read, coz Miss Charlotte she teach'd me, and she 'lowed I knew, and when ole marster died, an' I wuz in thyah an' seed her a-crying an' a-praying, I jess tole her she'd see him ag'in whar der wuz no moh pahtin'. An' she sed, 'How yo know that, Nancy?' and I sed it wuz in de Bible, an' I read it o'fen. An' she sed had I de Bible. I done tole her no, but I read it in ole marster's Bible down in de parlor. Well, she sed, Nancy,

thet's yo' own Bible, den, an' she done give it me torectly. An' I done got 'ligion, and 'longst to de Church, and I read de Bible constant. I don' mine de house things a mite, coz de Bible wuz saved."

"But where shall you live, Nancy? What are you going to do?"

"I don' know dat, sah. I 'low I'll manage somehow. De good Lawd 'll take keer o' me till my time comes. I kin trust Him."

Dr. Ely sent the faithful old woman to the parsonage while he went to see what could be done to help the sufferers, and to find shelter for them temporarily until they could get other homes. He was busy in his work of mercy all morning, and one and another were told to go to the parsonage for their dinner. As he wended his way homeward that night, with the good news that arrangements had been made for the accommodation of every one for that night, at any rate, old Nancy's words recurred to him. "I can trust Him," she had said, and the clergyman, looking back over a long experience, said with a look upward, in which gratitude and confidence were mingled: "And so can I."

A FATAL FRAUD.
AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VAN-
DERPOOLE.
(Continued from page 127.)
In the Storm.

THE pearl, silver and amber tints went out of the sky, and a heavy, sombre, ashen pallor shut out the sunlight. Ominous masses of dark vapor covered the peaks and overhung the ridges. The trees and bushes looked wet and black. The roar, rumble and hiss of the rushing water in the ravines and cañons was twice as loud as it was in the morning. The air seemed thick and heavy.

The pass leading through the foothills up to Red Dog's camp was gloomy with the shadows of premature night. It still lacked three hours of sunset.



Aunt Nancy's Bible.

There was a crackle in the underbrush near the spot where Leon and Crance had met in the morning.

After a moment's silence the noise was repeated, and then a panther sprang out into the open space and looked toward the western mountains.

The air in that direction was also dense and humid, and the smoke from the chimneys of Santa Fé was no longer visible.

Either the near presence of some unseen person, or dread of the coming storm, startled the panther, for he suddenly sniffed the air which came down the mountain-side, lifted his head, lashed his tail nervously, and with a faint growl leaped into the underbrush on the lower side of the pass and disappeared.

Black, ugly, wind-swept clouds came up over the summits from the other side of the mountains, and sent great, drenching, blinding sheets of rain down the pass.

All the valleys were full of the noise and tumult of the storm. The whole landscape was alternately black with the rain and vivid with the lightning.

Nowhere else does one ever witness such fierce, resistless, overpowering storms. There is no time

for preparation or for anything else but—death. They come without warning, excepting the few slight signs which even the experienced frontiersmen can hardly distinguish. Sometimes they last for days, and sometimes only for a few minutes. When they are at their worst, whether they are of long or short duration, everything which is not as fixed and immovable as the mountains themselves perishes and is swept away.

The short storms, strangely enough, are generally the fiercest, and so it was in the present instance. As the tempest increased in wrathful power, birds and animals, disturbed and alarmed, began flitting and flying down the pass. A dirty-looking, dun-colored serpent went wriggling and writhing across the narrow, rocky defile, hissing and striking at the pelting rain as he went. Several conies came, squealing and terrified, down from the heights above; a young and frightened raven went rushing and whirling through the valley at the mercy of the wind, and presently the panther reappeared. He stood glaring at the rain, in the defenseless opening, for several minutes, and then, with his eyes fixed on a man who was striving to force his way up the valley against the wind, the half-crazed beast crouched beside the same boulder where Crance and Leon had met, awaiting the new-comer.

The man was clearly unused to those scenes. He wore the clothes of the Eastern cities, and though alert and active in manner and movement, he had not the step peculiar to dwellers in the West. He appeared to be awaiting the arrival of some one, and to be at a loss as to his bearings. Several times he looked around as if trying to make out some object that would indicate his road, and then again in the direction of the city. "What can be keeping him?" he muttered once. "He did not look the man to play me false. He said he was a half-breed, but that was no reason to distrust him. Perhaps his friend Crance is keeping him. I guess I'll wait, anyhow."

Slowly the man came, one step at a time, and

was frequently blown back half a dozen steps at once. Most of the time he walked backward to keep the wind from blowing his breath away. Often he would clutch a tree or a vine as if fearful of being whirled down the pass like the birds, dead sticks of wood and the great limbs which the tempest was constantly wrenching from the living trees. At last, thoroughly exhausted and almost discouraged, he sank to the ground under the very boulder where the panther was crouching. The brute thrust his graceful neck forward till his nose was less than a yard from the man's face.

Just then a woman leaned over the boulder, unperceived by either the man or the panther, and peered cautiously around. Her clothing was torn, her hair was dishevelled, and she was the very picture of despair. Like her, the man had lost his hat, and his long hair was also lashing in the wind. For a moment there came a lull in the storm. The panther had arisen and was looking at the woman whom he had just discovered. Before she saw him he slunk back to his hiding-place behind the boulder. His movements were so noiseless that they did not attract her attention, but her piercing gaze fell on the prostrate man, and instantly she crouched down, and gliding before the storm, fled rather than walked down the mountain, and the panther stealthily followed her. Anxious as she apparently was to get away from the place, it was impossible to proceed far in such a storm. Panting and trembling in every limb, she stopped for a minute, and then in sheer despair threw herself down on the bank beside the path.

She lay but for a few moments when her quick ears recognized the sound of breathing, and a soft, cautious movement. She was too weak to move, but her nerves were fully strung, and her whole being seemed concentrated in anxious attention. What was the danger, and in what way did it menace her? For a few minutes there was absolute silence, save the suppressed rumble of the storm in the valleys and glens below, and the beating of her own heart.

She was lying flat on the wet ground, and her head was partly supported by her elbow.

Just as she imagined that the unseen intruder, whoever he was, had crawled away again unheard, she felt something breathing in her face.

It was pitch dark. Then there came a glare of lightning that made the whole landscape as bright as day.

She looked straight before her into the eyes of the panther! His face was less than a foot from her's. Curiosity had induced him to inspect her closely.

Each took a single glance; each emptied their lungs in a single scream; and then, each fled.

The scream of the woman aroused the man who was lying higher up by the boulder. Some one must be in peril, he knew, for there was terror in that wild cry. He rose, shook himself, and walked in the direction from which it proceeded. With the lull in the storm it had become a little lighter, and he was just able to distinguish objects at a short distance. Nothing that could utter such a cry, however, could he discover, and once more he betook himself to the shelter of the boulder. But he could not rest, for the cry had thoroughly thrilled him, and he resolved to examine the path more carefully and farther away while there was yet light enough for the search.

It was nearly two hundred yards from the place where he had been resting that he saw something lying on the ground which seemed an unusual thing in that place. It might be a fallen tree; but, as he drew nearer, he saw it was not that, and as he came still closer he saw what it really was—the prostrate form of a woman. Bending over, he found that it was Myrtie Vane and that she had swooned. The light motion with which he turned her face to the light brought her to consciousness, and as she opened her eyes she recognized in him the detective, Smith, whom she had seen in her mother's house.

"Do not be alarmed, my child," he said,

gently. "I will protect you. Was it you who screamed just now?"

Myrtie's voice was very faint, and she was violently agitated, but Smith's kindly face and reassuring tones soothed her. "Yes, it was I; a dreadful creature—a panther, I think, was close to me."

"Do you feel able to stand now? Let me help you to some shelter," Smith said, raising her from the wet ground. "We can walk now that the storm has abated, and though I am lost myself I am sure this way must bring us to Santa Fé."

Supporting Myrtie's trembling steps, Smith succeeded in getting her a little distance on the way, and was pleased to find that as her agitation subsided her strength increased. As her steps grew firmer, he ventured to ask her a question.

"Do you know me?"

"Are you not the man with whom mamma consulted in Virginia on the day before I was carried away?"

"I am, and I left there the next day in search of you, and have been seeking you ever since. How came you out on the mountain in such a storm?"

"It was treachery that caused me to come. A good and generous man, a rough but sterling fellow, saved me from the man who carried me away and took me to a place of safety. The next day a man whom I take to be a Spaniard came to the house where I was, and told me that Señor Crance—that was the man who rescued me—had met with an accident and desired me to come to him without delay. I was distressed, and did not take time to think. The man was so polite and so very urgent that I went with him when he offered to take me to the place where my good friend was lying. I ought to have consulted the people of the house, but I did not. He led me into a dreadful place where men were drinking, and then I knew that I was deceived and I ran for my life, not caring where I went. I came to the mountain, and, after wandering here in the storm I saw you lying under the rock, and in the darkness I mistook you for the Spaniard and I fled. When I rested again the panther came, and then I screamed and ran away. I knew no more until you aroused me just now."

"What a terrible series of adventures you have had, Miss Vane. I sincerely hope you are safe now. You will be if all that I can do will insure your safety."

"How came you here?" Myrtie asked, after thanking him for his kindness.

Smith feared the agitation which might unnerve her again if he told her of his struggle with Vane and all that had happened in Red Dog's camp, so he withheld that portion of his narrative for a more suitable opportunity. "I met a stranger," he said, "from whom I gleaned some news of you. He went away to find this man, Crance, and I promised to wait for him. But I grew strangely restless. He was a long time gone, and at last I turned out to walk about until he returned. In some way I lost my bearings and could not find our rendezvous. Then, while I was still seeking it, the storm came on and I thought of nothing but shelter."

By this time they were nearing Santa Fé, and as they looked toward the city they saw a man hurriedly approaching. Myrtie trembled, and would have avoided the meeting had not Smith held her firmly and reassured her. He recognized Leon, the half-breed.

"Why did you not wait for me?" were his first words.

"I have found the lady," said Smith, quietly. "I do not need the help of your friend, Crance, now."

"Is this the lady Crance took care of?" Leon asked, looking narrowly at Myrtie.

"The same."

"Then, stranger, if you want to keep a whole skin I'd advise you to part company with her. Crance is mad, and he's dangerous to meet like that. He is searching for her everywhere. Some

miscreant decoyed her away while he was at the camp. If he was to come on you along o' her he might think it was you done it, and it might be too late to explain things afore you got your tale grooved."

"I am not afraid of him," said Smith; "and I have had too much trouble to find the lady to lose sight of her again."

"As you please, stranger; but I wouldn't like to be in your place. Crance is mighty handy with his shooting-iron."

"Well, if you feel any concern you might go and explain, yourself. You say Crance is your friend. You don't want him to make a fatal mistake. Why don't you go and find him, and tell him the lady is safe and coming to Santa Fé under good care?"

Leon hesitated a minute, but reflecting that the man could not spirit the lady away, and, moreover, seemed to be "a square man," he agreed, and with the speed of his Indian brothers was soon hurrying on toward the city.

At its outskirts Smith and Myrtie met the two eagerly coming toward them.

"I don't understand this," said Crance, when they met. "Are you the varmint that inveigled this lady away from her friends, where I put her?"

"Better ask the lady herself," said Smith, quietly.

"Oh, no," said Myrtie, laying her hand gently on Crance's arm. "This man is a good friend who found me on the mountain in the storm. He has been seeking me since I left my home."

"What like was the fellow who got you away with him?" Crance asked.

Myrtie told him, and Crance seemed to be registering the description in his memory with a resolution that was ominous for the guilty party. Then he turned again with them, and still keeping Myrtie's hand within his arm, retraced his steps toward Santa Fé.

Leon came to his side as they entered the city and whispered. Crance grasped his hand vigorously. "You have done me good service to-day, Leon," he said. "I'll never forget it. You are a good friend, and if I can do anything for you at any time Crance is your man. Good-by."

Crance led the way to the adobe house to which he had taken Myrtie before. As they came to the entrance he said: "Miss Vane, I'm goin' to leave you here again. You will be safe here, and I'll take care no harm comes nigh you. We start for your home in the morning. Good-night."

Smith would have followed Myrtie, but Crance laid a powerful grasp on his shoulder. "No, stranger, that's not the hotel. That's a private friend of my own that lives there. If you want a bed, yonder's the hotel. This lady's in my charge. I'm pledged to see her safe to her mother in Virginia, and Bob Crance never went back on his word yet."

"Will you walk to the hotel with me?" said Smith.

"No, sir, I'm on sentinel duty to-night. I'm goin' to walk about here till it's time to start in the morning. There's been a sight too much monkeying about this business already. I'll see there's no more of it. If you want to talk, you can stay here with me a spell. I'll listen; but I don't leave sight of this place while the lady's in it."

The invitation was accepted. For more than two hours the men so different in habits and pursuits so strangely brought together patrolled the circuit of the house, talking earnestly; Crance telling his companion of his adventures, of his eccentric mode of rescuing Myrtie, and questioning him about the life of Eastern cities. Smith, too, liking Crance's rough gallantry respecting his valuable service, imparted a confidence which made Crance stop in his walk, uncover his head and grasp him by the hand. After that Smith went to the hotel and left Crance still marching up and down on guard.

Within, Myrtie was sleeping peacefully after the fatigue and agitation of the day, with a heart full of gratitude to God for the marvellous way

in which in her extremity He had brought friends to her aid and delivered her out of her danger.

(To be concluded.)

ESTHER'S PETITION.

S. S. Lesson for March 14, Esth. 4:15-17, 5: Golden Text, 4:16. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Why Ahasuerus Has a Place in the Bible—Esther a Candidate for the Harem—An Indication of Spiritual Degeneracy—Sympathy with Vashti—True Womanliness—Esther Chosen—Her Nationality Concealed—The Incensed Courtier—A Diabolical Plot—Mordecai's Grief—Esther's Intervention Demanded—No Accident With God—Petition and Deliverance.

ALL which touches His people is of importance to God. He says regarding them, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. 2:8). "For the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye" (Deut. 32:9, 10). "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old" (Isa. 63:9). Thus it came to pass that, through the relation in which he stood to the Jews, the licentious, effeminate despot, Ahasuerus, is mentioned in the Word of God. The Jews which had not gone up to Jerusalem in accordance with the decree of Cyrus, and who clung to the land of their captivity, must have sunk to a terribly low level, that one of the chief among them, Mordecai, should have encouraged his beautiful niece Esther to vie with other maidens who entered the harem of the king as candidates for the position of queen royal.

One can sympathize with Vashti, the former queen, when her royal husband, under the influence of wine, sent for her in order that the princes, intoxicated like him, and the people, should look upon her beauty.

A TRUE WOMAN

shrinks from the gaze of the multitude. It is always a sign of the declension of true womanhood when female attire is directed rather to attract the eye than to make her pass unnoticed. There is something inexpressibly repulsive to a true woman in being dragged out to the view of those whom she cannot esteem. Vashti lost the throne through her womanly shrinking, and then King Ahasuerus sought to fill her place from among a number of maidens who were brought one by one into his harem. Esther was his choice. She had acted unlike any of the other maidens, and obtained favor in the eye of Hegai, the king's chamberlain, and she required of him nothing when she went into the king's house royal but what Hegai himself appointed. She gave no trouble, but was considerate of others, a true mark of the life of God within; and she "obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her" (Esth. 2:15). The king was among the number, and he set the crown royal on her head.

How far Esther was acquainted with the law of her God, which had been so forgotten and so neglected for many generations, we know not; how far Mordecai was acquainted with it does not appear. Had both of them known how God had forbidden that daughters of Israel should be given as wives to the Gentiles (Deut. 7:3, 4), it would have been sin in both of them to form the alliance with the Gentile king of Persia. Mordecai instructed Esther to withhold from the king and all others her Jewish origin, and thus the Israelitish maiden must have passed as a Gentile in the court. Her uncle was unknown at court, although he had once saved the king's life when two of the king's chamberlains had formed a conspiracy against him, and Mordecai had discovered it, and signified it to the king through Esther, the queen. Yet, although the fact was recorded in the chronicles of his reign, Ahasuerus did not in any way manifest his appreciation of the loyalty of Mordecai,

THE WILY COURTIER.

The king was intensely selfish—he lived for self; the very atmosphere he breathed was self-indulgence; and thus the man who most ministered to self in him was naturally his favorite minister. Such was Haman, the Agagite, the last of the race of Amalek, of whom the Lord had said, "I will have war with Amalek from generation to generation" (Ex. 17:16; see also 1 Sam. 15). No doubt this man was a wily flatterer, a very parasite, just living upon the weakness of the king, who, because he just suited him, advanced him to a place of honor and influence beyond even the princes, the true nobility of Persia. A man raised thus suddenly to power, possessing no true refinement or superiority, always assumes airs which are insulting and repelling to his real superiors. But Haman had so ingratiated himself with the king that, by royal command, all the king's servants and—because it was "the thing"—all who were in the "gate" bowed down to this man—all but Mordecai. How could a Jew bow before an Amalekite, the race against which the Lord had sworn to have war? Some of the king's servants busied themselves to draw Haman's attention to the one man who did not go with the stream, and who failed to do him reverence. Haman, on learning he was a Jew, conceived the horrible idea of a general massacre of the Jews, and by dint of misrepresentation and slander he obtained his desire, and a proclamation was issued and sent into all the provinces of the mighty empire commanding the destruction of all the Jews on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month.

The murderous Haman, having got his desire, sat down with the king

TO DRINK WINE!

On such occasions wine is a necessity! Wherever there is murder, adultery, theft, there is wine and strong drink! But Mordecai, when he heard the grievous tidings, "rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and a bitter cry. Esther's maids came and told her, and the queen was exceedingly grieved, and sent out raiment to Mordecai; but it was not raiment that he wanted. Then Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, went at Esther's command and learned the sad truth from her uncle, who bid him charge Esther that she should go in before the king and make request for her people. Esther was in a strait; difficulties stared her in the face; she knew the king's imperious temper, and sent word to Mordecai what a risk it would be to go uncalled into his presence—that it was death to any one to whom he did not hold out the golden sceptre, and for thirty days past (all the time that Haman had been plotting against the Jews) she had not been called into the king's presence. But Mordecai, in the spirit of prophecy, returned answer: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom

FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS?

It was enough: this appeal conquered. Esther, who stood in every one's good graces, who did nothing and said nothing offensive or out of season, rose to the occasion; she woke up to her personal responsibility, instead of leaning, as before, upon her uncle, and she took the initiative, and sent word to gather all the Jews in Shushan to fast and pray three days, and she and her maidens would do the same; "and," she said, "so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." There is a time in the life of most of us when tremendous issues hang upon the next few hours or the next few days. Is it accidental? There is no accident with God. He makes all things work together for good to them that love Him. "For this cause came I unto this hour," said our Lord (John 12:27). Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

Who knoweth whether thou art come into the work, the business, the family, where the strain of trial is, for such a time as this? It is just when all seems against us that God makes the most to depend upon us. Mordecai knew, for he had prayed in faith (Mak 11:24; 1 John 5:14, 15), that deliverance would arise, but he longed that Esther should be the honored instrument.

On the third day the queen put on her royal apparel, and went into the inner court of the king's house. It was the first time she had been so bold; but the king held out the golden sceptre, inquired what was her petition, and twice declared it should be granted, even to the half of his kingdom. Her only request was that the king and Haman should come to a banquet which she should prepare for them, and then, on the morrow, she would make known her petition. Meanwhile

GOD WAS AT WORK.

He kept the king from sleeping, and so ordered it that the chronicles of the kingdom should be read to him in his sleepless hours; and thus, for the first time, he fully realized the faithfulness and devotion of Mordecai. This led to the strange subversion of things which, to the great astonishment of the gossips of Shushan, found Mordecai on the morrow seated on the king's horse, clothed in his apparel, led by Haman, who proclaimed before him, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor." Haman was forced to this service as though in mockery, but really by the righteous retribution of God, who had put the enemy whom He hated, and for whose execution he had already prepared a gallows, into the very position of honor which he had flattered himself the king could give to no other. So quickly can a man fall whose trust is only in man.

At Esther's banquet the king again urged Esther to make her

PETITION,

and, to her royal husband's surprise and dismay, she said: "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage." When the king inquired, "Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?" the queen replied, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." God had undertaken. It was not in vain that Esther had risked her life. The same day Haman was hanged on the gallows he had made for Mordecai. The tide was turned. Confident in her God, Esther went in a second time to the king, and boldly asked for the reversal of all the letters written by Haman to command the destruction of the Jews; and she gained her point, so that not only were the Jews spared from the intended massacre, but they were given power over their enemies, and "the fear of the Jews came upon them," and "many of the people of the land became Jews;" probably the knowledge of God was spread abroad. Mordecai took the place of Haman, and became a good counsellor to the king; and thus God overruled even the unpromising circumstances, and when His children did turn to Him in the time of their trouble He was, as always, "found of them." The Lord teach us all, in every circumstance of our lives, to know by the light of His Holy Spirit the reason we are come into these circumstances, and how in them we may best serve the Lord.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the *Christian Herald*, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 10.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE RT. HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS, AND PICTURE OF A SCENE IN THE LONDON RIOTS.

THE HOME CIRCLE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Message on the Removals—The Chinese Indemnity—Strike of the Car-Drivers in New York—Mr. Gladstone's Victory in Parliament—A Child's Life Saved by a Dog—An Absent-Minded Lady at Church, etc.

PICTURE OF A BOYCOTTER'S COURT.

THE INVIOLEABLE LEAGUE. A New Sermon by O. H. Spurgeon.

PROTESTANTISM IN SYRIA. By Professor Hulbert—Notices of New Books.

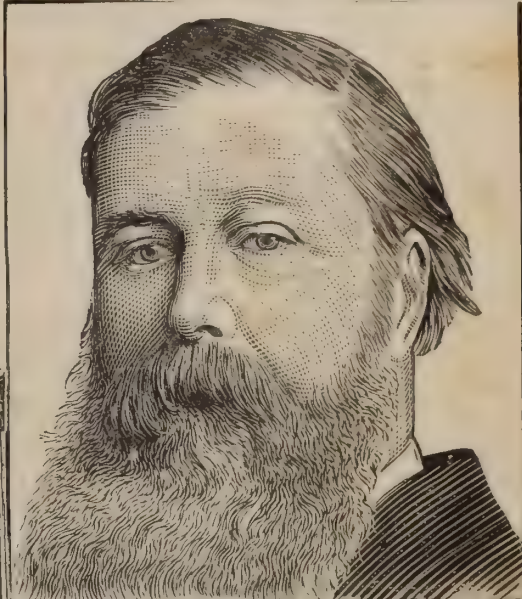
GOSPEL WORK IN CHINA.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR. By Rev. Richard Ochester.

A LEARNED INEBRIATE'S WARNING. (With Illustration.)

A FATAL FRAUD. A Serial Story. (Concluded.) Messiah's Messenger. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rt. Hon. H. C. CHILDERS, the British Home Secretary—Scene in the London Riots of February 8.

THE RT. HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS, M.P.

THE statesman whose portrait appears on the first page is the member of the British Administration whose duty it is to investigate the troubles out of which grew the London riot of Monday, February 8th, a scene in which is depicted also on the first page. Mr. Childers is at the head of the Home Department, or, as we should denominate the office, Secretary of the Interior. He is one of the useful men about Parliament who can be relied upon to conduct the affairs of any of the Government departments in a respectable, creditable manner. There is nothing brilliant about him, he is not a genius, but a plain, honest business man, with plenty of shrewdness and administrative capacity.

It is remarkable that the office to which he was assigned, and which seemed the one in the present crisis least likely to be disturbed from its routine work, should have been the one first confronted with a problem most difficult of solution and most painful in character. An immense number of workmen in London are out of employment; many of them are actually starving, and the riot in which they engaged on February 8th, was in part an outcome of their distress. In punishing the perpetrators that fact cannot be ignored, and it may be hoped that Mr. Childers will develop the sagacity needed to deal with the case firmly, yet mercifully, and will devise remedial measures for the relief of the prevailing misery. He has a difficult task, and, if he succeeds, the honor to which he will be entitled will be proportionate to the difficulty. He has the opportunity; we have yet to see whether he has the skill to use it.

Hugh Culling Eardley Childers was born in London June 25th, 1827; he is consequently in his fifty-ninth year. His father was an Episcopal clergyman who held the vicarage of Cantley, Yorkshire. The old school of Cheam, in Surrey, very famous in former years, has the honor of being the place where the future statesman gained the rudiments of his education. Thence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge University. His university course was honorable, and at his graduation he occupied the creditable place of "fourteenth Senior Optime" on the list. He had originally intended to devote himself to the legal profession, but he had fallen in love and was desirous of finding some less tedious way to wealth and power. He married in 1850, the year in which he left college, and immediately quitted his native country for Australia.

AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCE.

It was in that colony that Mr. Childers entered public life. He was elected to the local Parliament by the township of Portland, and shortly afterward was appointed Commissioner of Trade and Customs. He remained seven years in Australia, and in that time made himself thoroughly familiar with colonial affairs. The colony of Victoria in 1857 needed a representative in England to manage its home interests and to stimulate immigration. The post was offered to Mr. Childers, who accepted it, and returned to London.

The fascination of public life seldom leaves a man who once tastes its sweets. Mr. Childers was under its influence, and soon after his return to England he sought a seat in Parliament. He offered himself to the borough of Pontefract, but was defeated at the poll. His successful opponent, however, had been guilty of bribery, and an investigation was ordered. The case was proved, he was declared wrongfully elected, and a new election was ordered. Mr. Childers ran again and was elected. That was in 1860, and he has been in Parliament ever since.

Early in his Parliamentary career Mr. Childers was enabled to do the colony which he represented valuable service. It had long been a grievance severely felt by the colonists that England made their land a penal settlement. Burglars, forgers and other criminals sentenced to seven or more years of "penal servitude" were sent to Victoria to work out their sentence, and when their terms expired they generally elected

to remain in the colony rather than return to England. Few of them reformed during their terms, and the result was that the colonists were constantly liable to depredations and violence at the hands of these abandoned men. This grievance was one of those committed to the hands of Mr. Childers for presentation to the Imperial Government. So vigorously did he take it up with tongue and pen, so persistently did he protest against it in Parliament and out, that at last a commission was appointed to examine the question, and he was appointed its chairman. He succeeded in convincing the Commission that it was unjust as well as impolitic to flood a new and flourishing colony with English criminals. The report of the Commission was adopted by Parliament in 1863, and since that time England has kept her convicted criminals at home.

IN THE CABINET.

Mr. Childers' success brought him into prominence. Earl Russell in 1864 gave him a small office, which he could hold while retaining his seat in Parliament. In 1868, when Mr. Gladstone first became Premier, that statesman made Mr. Childers Secretary of the Navy, or, as it is called in England, "First Lord of the Admiralty." While he held that office the great sorrow of his life fell upon him. His eldest son was a midshipman on board the Captain, and he with other young men, some of whom were sons of earls, perished when that vessel foundered in the Bay of Biscay, on September 7th, 1870. Mr. Childers was heartbroken, and for a long time was unable to attend to business. He finally resigned his office, and spent some months in retirement.

When Mr. Gladstone formed his second Cabinet, in 1880, Mr. Childers was made Secretary of War. The position was, and still is, an embarrassing one. The Secretary is frequently in collision with the Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, who is the Queen's cousin, an incapable official, with an inveterate hatred of reform. It was therefore an agreeable change when Mr. Gladstone offered to transfer Mr. Childers to another post. Mr. Childers then became Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, as we call the office, Secretary of the Treasury. He held that office until last year, when Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet resigned. As we have already stated, his place in this, Mr. Gladstone's third Cabinet, is that of Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Childers married a second time in 1879, his first wife having died in 1875.

THE RIOTS IN LONDON.

As students of prophecy have for some time been warning the world, we are now entering upon a period in which one of the most characteristic features will be the predominance of a spirit of lawlessness. Secular writers, ignoring prophecy and basing their opinions on their observation of social movements and the condition of society, have arrived at the same conclusion. There is a clearly defined movement infecting more or less workmen of irreligious character in the direction of an organized attempt to remove the anomalies of society by force. From a blatant, howling demagogue like Herr Most to a workman discontented with his hard lot, there is, of course, still a long stride. But the hard-hearted selfishness of some employers, and the indifference of the wealthy to the sufferings of the poor are bringing the two nearer together. From Most and his gang the workman gets sympathy. That is something which his employer seldom gives him. He gets more; he is offered a plan to relieve his necessities. He does not believe in the plan, and he is inclined to regard the sympathy as part of a scheme to entrap him; but hunger is a powerful persuader, and he is liable to accept that scheme because it is the only one which is offered to him. As we look around we see the causes at work which naturally lead to violence; as we look into the Word of God we see that anarchy is to be expected in the last days. Thus from the two standpoints the lines converge. The London riots, paltry as they were in intrinsic importance, are, when re-

garded in this light, deeply significant as signs and portents.

THE GATHERING.

The riot originated in a mass-meeting of starving mechanics in response to a call convening a meeting in Trafalgar Square, in the very centre of London, and which, as Englishmen are fond of declaring, is the finest site in Europe. The northern side of the square is occupied by the National Gallery and St. George's Barracks, and on the other sides are magnificent hotels, insurance buildings, the Royal College of Physicians and other public buildings. A conspicuous object in the square is the Nelson column, which towers high above all the surrounding buildings, surmounted by a statue of the hero of Trafalgar, and having at its base the four huge bronze lions, the work of Sir Edwin Landseer. In this open space some ten thousand men assembled in response to the call on Monday, February 8th. For the most part they were orderly workmen, intent only on devising means for ameliorating their miserable condition. But the Socialists had recognized in the meeting an opportunity for disseminating their doctrines, and had sent a considerable deputation to assist in the proceedings.

The mechanics held their meeting, and a large number of them then went quietly home, having manifested their repugnance to the Socialists, whose programme they repudiated. Their places, however, were quickly taken by crowds of the criminal classes, who scented plunder. The Socialists were then masters of the gathering, and their leaders, Burns and Hyndman, made violent speeches from the base of the Nelson column. Burns is a well-known Socialist who ran in that interest as candidate for Parliament in the recent election. Hyndman is a gentleman who has had a university education, but has devoted his life and fortune to the propagation of Socialist doctrines.

Burns failing to make himself heard, climbed up the pedestal of the Nelson column to deliver a harangue. He was well aware that this would not be tolerated, and the police politely ordered him to get down. This he refused to do, appealing to the crowd to resist "interference with the exercise of popular rights." The officers, however, were determined, and they pushed their way through the excited and resisting mass of humanity, and by force removed Burns from the pedestal. By this time the crowd had enormously increased, and the adjacent streets were packed with people.

A FIGHT WITH POLICE.

Burns had been removed some distance from the position he had attempted to occupy. He became emboldened by the cries of the throng, and made a desperate effort to recover his lost ground. He was so effectively helped by the mob that the officers on the spot were brushed out of the way, and the orator was soon pressed up against the monument. He quickly reascended the pedestal, accompanied by a number of other Socialist leaders. Burns bore a red flag, and he waved it to the assemblage as a signal of his triumph over the authorities. He was greeted with deafening shouts, repeated again and again.

FIERCE RESOLUTIONS.

Burns then read some fiercely-worded resolutions. These denounced the "authors of the present distress in England;" demanded that Parliament should start public works to give employment and bread to the tens of thousands of deserving men who were out of work through no fault of their own, but because of bad government.

The reading of the resolutions was accompanied by fierce comment and short explanatory speeches by the various orators who stood with Burns. Some of the speakers went so far as to warn the Government that, although the "starving mechanics" of London were now attempting to draw attention to their needs by quiet and peaceful agitation, they were bound to get bread, and would get it by attacking the bakers' shops next if the Government did not come to their relief. Burns himself, in one of these side

speeches, denounced the present House of Commons as a body of landlords and capitalists, for whom hanging was too good. He also declared that the people had assembled to summon Parliament to immediately relieve the distress of the British workingmen; that the people wanted the question settled at once, and peaceably, if possible, otherwise revolution was inevitable.

THE MOB DRIVEN OUT.

The police had at length, after culpable delay, been reinforced, and succeeded in driving the mob away from the column and out of the square. They made no attempt to return, but at once left the scene and marched up Pall Mall to the Reform Club (Liberal). They mounted the steps of the building, pointed to the doors and windows, and bitterly denounced the members. This looked like an attempt to set the mob on the building. The mob was excited, but not up to the point of violence yet. Burns and his colleagues, seeing this, left the Reform Club steps and proceeded to the Carlton Club (Conservative) next door, where they repeated their tactics. The pressure of the crowd from Trafalgar Square forced them onward, and they proceeded, hooting, howling and challenging the authorities. The invaded streets were at once abandoned to the rioters, who, finding themselves no longer opposed, vented their ill-will against well-housed people and against the clubs by stoning the dwellings and club-houses along the way. They were bound for Hyde Park, where another meeting was to be held.

IN THE PARK

Burns again addressed them. This speech was even more violent than the others he had made. The language was exciting, and the whole address was well calculated to set the crowd loose upon the town. Burns was followed by several other Socialist speakers, who did all in their power to stir up strife. When the speaking was over the mob broke up into sections and disappeared from the scene. The main body went back east along Oxford Street again. The affrighted residents along this thoroughfare were not yet recovered from their panic, and the mob had the street to themselves. They smashed every sound window they noticed. *The wine shops were broken into* and their contents distributed freely to whoever wished drink. The beer saloons were similarly treated. Tailor-shops were broken into and the clothes and rolls of cloth were thrown out into the street, to be taken by those strongest, in the fight which resulted.

WRECKING A HOTEL.

Another part of the mob went through Pall Mall and St. James Street to Piccadilly. They attempted to enter the War Office in Pall Mall, but desisted when the sentry threatened to bayonet the leaders. On reaching the top of St. James Street the mob attacked the Devonshire Club (Liberal) in a savage manner. On their way down Piccadilly they passed Hatchett's Hotel, a large hostelry famous in coaching days. When the mob passed this place many of the rank and file were hungry, and these made a rush for the hotel. They had it in their possession in a moment, and they sacked it of food and drink, and left the building badly wrecked. As the men were leaving the hotel they saw a carriage which had been pressed up against the curb by the passing procession and abandoned by its frightened occupants. It was seized and in an instant broken up, and the wheel-spokes, shafts and other good pieces were carried away for clubs. The most violent acts were committed on North and South Audley Streets and Oxford Street. Probably two hundred shops and a dozen club-houses were seriously damaged, and about fifty shops were pillaged, including bakers', butchers' and wine-shops. Jewelry-shops were broken into and their contents carried off by the mob. Carriages containing ladies were stopped on the streets and the occupants forced to alight. Some of the rioters entered the vehicles and drove at the head of the crowd. The mob swept through the streets, shouting, "Smash the windows! Let's get inside the shops!"

While these events were taking place another

section of the mob regained possession of Trafalgar Square, making rushes at the constables and other obnoxious persons. In one of these rushes the mob overthrew two heavy granite pillars. These fell across Charing Cross and blocked the track to and from the Charing Cross Railway Station. The police made several most desperate exertions to clear away this obstruction, but were easily resisted every time by the mob. This mob held their ground so well at Trafalgar Square that until they voluntarily abandoned the scene the entire power of the police proved insufficient to clear a way to one of the most important railway stations in the world large enough to permit even a single carriage line to pass to or from the depot. Some time after dark the mob gradually left Trafalgar Square.

A state of panic prevailed that night and during the next two days, during which there were minor disturbances but no repetition of the more serious outrages. The events of the day proved two things. They showed that the chief of police was an incapable man—he has since resigned—and that the Socialists and criminal classes united were more powerful than was imagined. It may be hoped that another lesson also was learned. The disturbance proved that the genuine workman is loyal and law-abiding at present, and that if timely measures are taken to relieve his present distress and protect him from the rapacity of the capitalists in future, he will remain loyal. If those measures are postponed, and he is driven to make the blunder of regarding the Socialists as his only friends, and Socialism as his only hope, there will be trouble beside which the riot of February 8th will be like child's-play.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN CHINA.

AN interesting incident related by the Rev. Frank V. Mills in the *Foreign Missionary* shows a humiliating contrast between the ways of "the heathen Chinese" and those of our countrymen in Wyoming. After describing a riot at Hangchow in which the Mission hospital was attacked, he says: "The next morning several officials called to investigate the matter. The eight men were punished, a proclamation was issued granting protection, not only to the hospital, but to the preaching chapel connected with it; and last, but by no means the least important, one hundred dollars, the estimated amount of damage, was sent to the hospital early yesterday morning."

"We all feel that we have great cause for thankfulness that so little real damage was done. The hospital was not touched, and only the windows and furniture in the outbuildings were destroyed. Then, too, the action of the officials was prompt and effective. Just after the row there was considerable talk on the streets about destroying all the foreign houses, and driving out the Christians. But that has for the most part ceased, and we hear nothing more than usual."

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

"Our Session here recently demonstrated that all Chinese Christians are not mercenary. The richest man in the church has been excommunicated. This action was taken by the natives without any pressure from the foreign missionary. They worked up the case, investigated the evidence, and reported the result to the missionary. I have no reason to believe that the Session would have acted otherwise if there had been no foreigners at the station. The pastor draws no salary from the Board. He also knows that the Mission Applies to the Board for help only in the last extremity; that if there is a deficiency at the end of the year, there is no certainty that it will be made up. But I have not yet heard a word about the delinquent member's contribution. In fact, some months ago, the question was raised, would it be right to accept his money, as he was then suspended. It will be no easy matter to make up the few dollars which the loss of this man implies. Still the Session gave no uncertain voice in the matter. The man's conduct was an injury to the church. They had tried him with suspension and he had not im-

proved, so they proceeded to excommunicate him."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

Rev. Charles R. Mills, D.D., writing from Tungchow, says: "I write this from an inn at a country village among the hills, sixty miles south-east of Tungchow. Five years ago this spring I visited this place for the first time. I spent several days visiting the surrounding villages and preaching the Gospel. I stopped at this same inn and occupied the very room I do now."

"One morning I was having prayers with my assistant, Mr. Lan, when a man about sixty-five entered the room, and, greeting us very cordially, expressed his great satisfaction at meeting a minister of the Gospel, and stating that he had long desired it above all things. I asked him to join us in our reading and prayer, which he did, after which he told us his story."

"He said his name was Sun Hyoa Yang; he lived in this village, which is called Tong Kin Puh, and had a vegetable garden. Several years before (I think eight) a man passed through the district, selling Christian books. For a few cash less than a cent, he had bought a little tract of a few pages. I think it must have been Dr. Martin's 'Paul's Discourse at Mars' Hill.' He was led to buy it by the unusual clearness of the type. He read it and was interested. Others in the region had bought larger books, and from them he got, I think, the Gospel by Matthew, the Gospel by Luke, the Acts and Romans."

"He read the Gospel history as far as the crucifixion, and threw aside the book in disgust. 'I will read no more,' said he, 'of a man who could work miracles, but who hadn't spirit enough to defend himself when spit on and abused.' But the story had a strange charm for him. He read it again carefully. At last he got to understand the vicarious nature of Christ's suffering. And then his admiration and gratitude knew no bounds. He resolved to serve this Saviour who for our salvation was buffeted and spit upon and nailed to the cross. Presently he discovered that his character was very far from Christlike. One by one he mentioned to me his faults, and how he turned from them that he might imitate Christ."

"I learned afterward from the villagers that his story was strictly true. He had been fond of gambling, given to lawsuits, and was grasping, unjust and revengeful. In all these respects he had changed entirely. Moreover, he tried to be actively useful. The villagers said he was a perfect saint; *they had never seen anything like it*. All this time he had never seen a preacher, and but two Christians, and then only transiently as they passed through his village. I was delighted with the man, and so was Mr. Lan. I gave him a New Testament and asked him to come to Tungchow the next time we had a class of inquirers. He came the following autumn, and was baptized. The following spring I left for a visit to the United States. During my absence Dr. Martin set him to work as a colporteur. He was faithful and zealous, and eminently unworldly."

BEARING FRUIT.

"This spring, at his earnest request, we started a boys' school in his village. He entered into this enterprise with characteristic enthusiasm, giving a room for the school in his own house, getting a teacher, securing pupils, etc."

"After I had started on my spring tour, Mrs. Martin made a visit to his village. He was not very well, but no one supposed his illness serious. He was delighted with the opportunity the women of the place had of hearing the Gospel from one of their own sex. When Mrs. Martin returned, he rose, dressed himself and attended her a little distance on her way. He only lived four days from that time. His neighbors and the man who lived in his house and cultivated his vegetable garden have just been telling me about those days. He did not suffer much. He prayed almost constantly. He wished to talk of nothing but religion. He was absolutely joyful. He walked with God like Enoch, and was not, for God took him."

THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 7, 1886. *

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark 5: 19.

Longings for Distinguished Service—Every Man's Opportunity—What Home is—Various Definitions—I. Home as a Test of Character—Reputation a Shadow of Character—Public Philanthropists Private Despots—Audubon's Composure—II. Home as a Refuge—A Dry Dock for Repairs—A Place to Unbend—III. Home as a Political Safeguard—IV. As a School—The Training Ground—Cheerfulness Needed—A Place of Prayer—V. As a Type of Heaven—The Coming of the Exile—His Cold Welcome—His Homesickness—A Dream of Heaven.

THERE are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; all they want is only an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the evangelist comes to us, and he "practically says: 'I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand, and beautiful, and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle.'"

EVERY MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?"

WHAT A HOME IS.

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will this morning revolve. That word is "Home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that door-sill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair.

The word "Home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "Home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you this morning of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark, that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in

public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage, and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild, and courteous, and genial, and good-natured in commercial life, damning back their irritability, and their petulance, and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

HOME MANNERS.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home, and drops them on the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest. It does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

AUDUBON'S GREATNESS.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript, and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil, and visited again all the great forests of America, and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten thousandth part of that loss who are utterly unreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and sharp as a north-east storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character! What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

HOME A REFUGE.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories, and the surprises, and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts, and torn sails, and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the dry dock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man

the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the "Narrows" take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances, and exasperations, and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter, and grander, and more glorious than this world with no tent for marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed, and gouge, and loss, and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

A POLITICAL SAFEGUARD.

Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? Ever and anon there is a threat of national capsize. France as a nation has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner-stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numideans of Africa, changing from place to place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overthrow and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home; no republic.

AS A SCHOOL.

Further, I remark, that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plough, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation, all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty, or thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this.

You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents: Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject!

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth, if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue, and rectitude, and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents."

* Before the sermon Dr. Talmage gave the right hand of fellowship to thirty-one new members, making the present membership of the Tabernacle Church over thirty-three hundred and fifty.

rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."

CHEERFUL HOMES.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grass-opper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off to, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simooms blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's fill, nor waterfall's dash, but only a bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the Day of Judgment, with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says He will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O parents! when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise kept by eyes long before gone out into darkness?

CHILDREN'S CURSES.

Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their death-bed and in their Day of Judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or turning it into a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof, over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee! the family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the minerals of our dead father and mother, with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love, and peace, and kindness—then I will forget them—then and only then. You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets

over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Again, I remark, that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left His home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent Himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untravelled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and so far as we know heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearline beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out the harbor of light into the oceans beyond.

THE EXILE.

Out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him, He arrived, His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds, I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles—Abraham an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; John an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko an exile from Poland; Mazzini an exile from Rome; Emmett an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo an exile from France; Kossuth an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

HOMESICKNESS.

It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the small wheels of the great machinery of the universe, turning round some one great centre, the centre so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation; and if, as some think, that great centre in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is, when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more millions of miles away from home than you could calculate if all your life you did nothing but calculate. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasurable surroundings; but Christ slept in huts, and He was athirst, and He was a-hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave. I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy, and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty homesick for celestial riches! Persecution homesick for hosanna! Weariness homesick for rest! Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to go out of the night, and the storm, and the world's execration, and all that homesickness suffered to get us home!

THE HOME-GATHERING.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday times to gather their children home again! But I have

noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face; corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Death while they passed through dry shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion, do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. But home, sweet home, home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with God.

A DREAM.

One night lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp, and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me:

"WE HAVE NO POOR

in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold; but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?"

And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around, and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home, home!"

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

PROTESTANTISM IN SYRIA. By Prof. H. W. Hulbert, of Beirut.

(Continued from page 135.)

THE law concerning schools in the Turkish Empire is that each must have a firman from the Sultan. The fact is, that not a school in Syria, native or foreign, has such a firman, with the single exception of those schools under the management of Mrs. Mott, an English lady. This firman was obtained at the special request of the Prince of Wales, at a time when it was almost impossible for the Porte to refuse to grant a personal favor. All the other schools in Syria are at the mercy of the Turkish officials. From the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut down to the humblest common school no educational institution established by the Americans is safe. The College and the Medical School have repeatedly tried in vain to obtain firmans.

During the past year the Turkish officials, at the instigation of the Constantinople authorities, and under the orders from Damascus, have gone to work on a larger scale. Within twelve months fifteen schools have been closed, thus debarring about five hundred children from instruction. The Tripoli field has suffered the most, having lost nine schools. Sidon comes next. The decree has gone forth against a number of schools still at work, but local influences have caused a delay in the action. The total results of this government hostility are that the common schools have diminished in number, and that only 4823 pupils are receiving instruction in them, as compared with 5180 last year.

The weight of the disaster comes on the interior districts. Foreign influence is so great along the seaboard that the schools in Tripoli (city), Beirut, and Sidon remain intact. Besides this, it is to be remembered that the Lebanon district is under the special protection of the foreign Powers, and has a Christian governor, a local militia, and a Christian and Druze population. The Turkish Government cannot easily attack the American missions in this section. The Abieh station and a considerable part of the Zahleh station are untouched by Moslem opposition.

One result of these persecutions has been to show the necessity of concentration; and the probability is that the schools at the central stations will be all the larger for these troubles. The local feeling in favor of the American mission has been perceptibly increased in several sections. The people see the need of education, and are awake to the necessity of having good schools. Another result has been that, for the time at least, unusual emphasis will be placed on evangelical as distinct from educational work. The Gospel will be preached as it has never been preached before.

The annual meeting which has just closed has been one of rare concord and full of earnest consecration. The vigorous life of the younger missionaries mingles appropriately with the experience of the veterans on the field. Despite the presence of so many discouragements, there has been no hint of anything but manly advance along the lines pointed out by the hand of Providence. There are 40 American missionaries in Syria, an increase of 2 on last year. There are 187 native laborers, 3 of whom are ordained pastors, and 35 are licensed preachers. During the year 130 have been received into the churches on profession of faith, and 8 by letter. Eleven were excommunicated. During the first thirty years of its existence the Beirut church received into its membership only 42. During this past year it has had an accession of 42. The total membership of all the churches is now 1287, as compared with 1207 of last year. In 1876 the membership was 573. The number of members from the first in this field has been 1808. There are 87 preaching (19 churches) places, with congregations averaging 3891, and with 3805 in the Sunday-schools. The whole number of Protestant adherents amounts to 3977. The whole number of pupils in college,

high and common schools is 6773. The total benevolent and education contributions for the year amounted to \$5821. There is a strenuous call from every section of the field for more girls' schools.

The press at Beirut has never been busier: twenty-seven million pages have been printed, 87,900 volumes bound, 21,000 copies of the Scriptures sold, and \$5000 is the handsome surplus in the bank. Ten new books have been printed and 10 reprinted. The revised hymn-book is just out. Professor Porter's "Ancient History" is nearly ready. A fine large reference Bible is coming out under Dr. Van Dyck's supervision. Dr. Dennis is making progress on the second volume of his "Theology," and Dr. Eddy is at work on a much-needed commentary on the Gospels. Bibles have been exported to Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Bagdad, Morocco, and the United States.

Thus the work moves slowly on. The communion service last Sunday evening at the close of the annual meeting in Dr. Eddy's parlors was very impressive. It was not only the passover to which the tribes had come up; it was the seal and emblem of a new covenant which shall never pass away.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

By Rev. Richard Chester, A.B.

Watchfulness Enjoined—Illustrations of what it Implies—Incompatibility of Watchfulness for Christ's Return and the Expectation of Intervening Events—Stages in the Second Advent as in the First—Christ's Coming "for" and "with" His Saints—Danger of Deception.

THERE is no position, with regard to His Second Advent, more strongly inculcated by our blessed Lord and His inspired apostles, than that of watchfulness. Matt. 24:42-44; 25:13; Mark 13:33-37; Luke 12:35-40; 21:36; 1 Thess. 5:6; 1 Peter 4:7, etc.

It is, therefore, very needful that we should clearly understand what it is rightly and fully to occupy and to maintain this position of watchfulness, lest we deceive ourselves, or be deceived by others, upon a subject so important. The figures and illustrations chosen and employed by the Lord Himself, and the language used by Him, are surely the best guides to us in this matter.

Is our position at all, and, if so, how far is it, analogous to and correspondent with such?

In the Gospel we find that our Lord bids His disciples (Luke 12:35-37) to be like men who, with girded loins and burning lights, are spending the night-time of their Master's absence at a wedding, in utter uncertainty as to the hour of His return, and, therefore, in

LISTENING EXPECTATION

of at any moment hearing His knock at the door, in order that when they do hear it they may "open to Him immediately."

He compares His disciples (Matt. 25:1-13)—such of them as, when He comes, shall go in with Him to the marriage—or whom, as it is expressed (John 14:3). He will "receive unto Himself"—to "wise virgins" who with trimmed and burning lamps have gone forth to meet the coming Bridegroom on His way—while those whom at His Coming He will exclude from His presence, and to whom His words shall be, "I know you not," are compared to "foolish virgins" who—absent at the moment of His arrival from the company of watchers—shall, upon their subsequent effort to join it, find the Bridegroom come—the wise virgins already gone in—the door shut—and the effort to get it reopened for their admission altogether vain.

Now if these illustrations are to be understood really to mean what beyond question they seem to imply, is it not evident that we are not fully occupying this position of watchfulness in the sense in which our Lord has thus enjoined it if—aware as so many are at present that

THE SECOND ADVENT IS APPROACHING

—that the close of the present dispensation is at hand—we are nevertheless putting, as many of such are doing, either the Restoration of the

Jews, or the Revelation of the last Antichrist, or any other event, or series of events, the occurrence of which must necessarily occupy some not very inconsiderable portion of time, between us and this approaching Advent?

In so doing are we not saying to ourselves and to others "It is true, solemnly, blessedly true, that the day is approaching, but there are some dark hours as yet between us and the dawn. If, therefore, any be disposed toward a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep, there is still some short time for so doing, only they must be careful not to sleep too long." "It is true that the Master is on His return from the wedding, but He is some way off at present. It is not, therefore, positively needful to gird the loins, and light the lamps, and listen for the knock for a half-hour or so longer." "It is true that the cry has gone forth, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh,' but He cannot be actually here for a little while as yet; there is therefore time for those who have any other pressing matter in hand to be absent for a few minutes more upon their business or their pleasure from among the number of those who are engaged in looking out for Him."

That such is far from being the actual meaning or intention of many of those who are thus regarding events as yet future, as necessarily between us and the Advent, we may rest perfectly assured. But that such is the tendency of their views, and that there is, therefore, in the maintenance of such views a very manifest divergence from

THE POSITION OF WATCHFULNESS

and expectation which our Lord enjoins in the passages to which I have referred, seems to me almost, if not altogether, incontrovertible.

The servants were not to watch for the passing footsteps of some other guests who had been at the wedding, and whose going by might prove to them that the entertainment was at an end, and their Master, consequently, near at hand. It was for the Master Himself, His own actual presence, His own knock at the door, that they were to be in momentary expectation. Even so, it seems evident to me that it is not for preceding events, however significant or conclusive as to the actual nearness of the Advent, that we are to watch, but for the Lord Himself.

I am not aware of any passage of Scripture enjoining watchfulness for events; however, as certain predicted events do occur, they, like buds upon the fig-tree, may be, and are to be regarded by those who witness them, as betokening that "He (margin) is nigh, even at the doors" (Matt. 24:32, 33).

THE TWO STAGES.

But it will of course be asked, Are not the restoration of the Jews, the revelation of the last Antichrist, and several other most important and significant events distinctly foretold as necessarily to occur before the Second Advent? I answer, "Yes, assuredly," if by the Second Advent we mean the event foretold, Zech. 14:1-5; 11 Thess. 1:7, 11, 1-8; Rev. 19:11-21, etc., etc. But if we mean the event foretold, Matt. 24:36-44; 25:1-13; John 14:3; 1 Thess. 4:15-17, etc., etc., I venture to reply, "Most decidedly, No!"

Then it will be said, you make out two distinct Second Advents, or rather a Second and a Third Advent, of our blessed Lord. To this I reply again in the negative. No more than I make two distinct Advents out of His First Advent, which nevertheless included in it a Coming as an infant to the manger-cradle at Bethlehem, and a Coming as a full grown man to Jerusalem, to suffer and to die. There was, be it remembered, an interval, nowhere foretold, of thirty-three years between these two Comings.

There seems to me to be no reason whatsoever why the Second Advent—foretold in many passages of Scripture as one event—should not, nevertheless, consist of two or more separate, and very distinct and different acts or parts, with an interval or intervals between them, any more than there was why the First Advent—spoken of

in Holy Scripture before it took place—and still continually spoken of by us in like manner as one event, should not have consisted, as we know that it did consist, of

DIFFERENT ACTS

or parts such as I have mentioned with intervals, unforgettably both as to existence and duration, between. The Lord will come for His saints "to receive them to Himself" (John 14:3; 1 Thess. 4:15-17; 1 Cor. 15:51, 52). He will come subsequently with His saints (Zech. 14:1-5; Jude 14, 15; Rev. 19:11-15). Why may there not be an interval between these? The harmony of Holy Scripture, or rather of the mind and purposes of God as revealed in Holy Scripture, required this in the one instance in order to its fulfilment. Does it not seem to do so equally in the other?

Why may not many, we know not how many, events predicted to occur before His descent upon the Mount of Olives with His saints, occur during an interval between His so doing, and His previous descent for them to the air? May we not be wrong if we suppose that the Lord cannot come again until the Jews shall have been restored, and the "Man of Sin" revealed? May God, the Holy Spirit, guide us into all truth.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Message on a Post-card.—At a recent meeting the Rev. J. B. Figgis observed: "A gentleman who had charge of a Bible-class went away for his holidays, and after he had been gone for some time he received word from his class. It was not a long letter, but it was something which pleased him far better. On a post-card were written these words: 'Kept by the power of God.' How these simple words cheered that teacher's heart! My dear friends, can you send such a message to your divine Teacher? Can you say you are kept by the power of God? If you can happy are you."

A Soldier's Noble Wife.—"Speaking with an old soldier who was dying in the Vauxhall Hospital, I said to his wife, who was then easing the dying soldier's bed, 'God has blessed you with a good wife, Robert.' He put his arms around her neck, and raised himself slightly on his pillow, and looking up into her face with ineffable tenderness, he said, 'No one ever had a better, sir. No one knows what she has been to me. Once when I was in the trenches she braved all the bullets of the Russians to bring me a little water. She has often—but here death finished the poor fellow's story, and as long as his soul was in his body his eyes were never turned aside from his wife's face. That look of love he carried with him into the presence of his Saviour, and she will know him by it when they meet again on a brighter shore.'"

A Reminiscence of Inkerman.—"One day an old soldier was seen weeping by a comrade's grave. Having a little leisure I stepped up to him, and asked him why he was so downcast. 'Ah, sir,' he said, 'I weep 'cause I feel so glad that ere long I will again grip my comrade's hand, for,' continued the old soldier, pointing to the grave, 'he gave his life for me. In his arm was the strength of ten men. At the battle of Inkerman he climbed a wall as we were charging up the hill, and stood on the top till he had passed the last man of our company up, and then—and then he fell down dead, with several bullets in his body.' No wonder that the old man wept. Sinner, have you ever wept over One who gave His life for you, suffering the terrible agony of the cross that you might be a partaker of His glory?"

Sudden Death of a Wealthy Worldling.—"I knew a young man who, after he was brought to the Lord, went about telling others of His love and what He had found in Christ. His father was displeased with him, and told him if he did not give up this practice he would cut him off from all hereditary rights. But the young man was faithful to his God, and would not give up speaking of God's love, preferring to be rich to-

ward God to possessing the wealth of the world. The father was fully resolved in carrying out his threat, and one night arranged with two friends to come in the morning and witness the signing of his property away from his son. But, in the morning, the father was found dead in bed, so the son inherited all. Now, I do not say that the Lord always works in *this* way, but I do know that there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Jeremiah says: 'Ah, Lord God! Behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee.'"

A Good Confession by a Chinese Boy.—"Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, used to tell an interesting incident of a little fellow in China who was brought to love the Lord Jesus. His grandfather was not at all pleased at this, and tried to keep the boy from the missionary meeting, sending him away to watch the sheep on the hill. 'I will go, grandfather,' said the boy, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, 'for God is just as much there with the cattle and the sheep upon the hill as He is down there with the missionaries.' Some time after this, when he was joining the church, he was asked where the Lord had come from and what He had done for him. 'He came down from heaven and died for me,' was the boy's reply. Again he was asked, 'And where is He now?' Laying his hand upon his heart, and looking up into his questioner's face, he said: 'Why, He is here.'"

A Minister's Death-Bed Confession.—Mr. Fraser related: "I heard of an Edinburgh minister, the Rev. Mr. Davidson, who had done a great deal of good in his lifetime, but at last that godly man was called to die. On his death-bed he sent for one whom he heard went from death-bed to death-bed, taking down the last expressions of the dying. He lay calmly waiting the arrival of his guest, and that individual, after some necessary delay, entered the chamber of the dying man, who by that time had almost expired. In feeble accents the minister said: 'I hear you take down the last expressions of the dying; I will give you mine. I have taken my good deeds and all my bad deeds to the Lord Jesus Christ, and He has washed me and cleansed me in His own precious blood, which alone atones for all my sins.' Thus the minister passed into glory, to be forever with the Lord. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 27:1-40; Matt. 4:1-11. II Cor. 6:1-10. Hymns: "While thee I seek, Protecting Power;" "I lay my sins on Jesus."

THE DISCOURSE.

[Then may be read the following, or any other short discourse. The reader may enlarge upon any sentence, or introduce other matter. The paragraph divisions and italics will assist.]

Text: "Because that your faith groweth exceedingly." (II Thess. 1:3).

Paul never flattered, but he praised.

It is right to acknowledge the graces of our friends, and thank God for them.

No grace like faith. It is the root grace. The others spring therefrom.

Without faith there can be no hope, no charity, no fidelity, no courage.

In all parts a Christian must grow, not only in trunk, branches, and fruit, but also in the root. How can the other graces grow if faith stop? An oak would perish if the growth of the root did not keep pace with the growth of the upper portions?

The disciples prayed, "Lord, increase our faith."

Faith must grow or diminish. It will not stand still.

We should seek to grow in grace exceedingly; for then:

1. Our other graces grow. See how Paul recognizes the other accompanying growth of their charity and the patience of the Thessalonians. Have you less love for the brethren? Has not, then, your faith weakened? Are you more impatient under persecutions and tribula-

tions? Has not your faith slackened? Do not try to increase your charity and patience, but labor for the growth of your faith, and all the other things will come richly.

2. The more peace of soul. "Peace in believing." The Christian more and more commits his ways to God, more and more trusts a gracious Providence, which he cannot understand. He does not make haste.

3. The more courage. He does not meet his spiritual foes in his own strength, but resting on all the resources of Omnipotence. More and more he believes that all there is in Christ stands pledged to bring him off more than conqueror.

4. The more fit for Heaven. His faith wraps the spiritual world more closely about his spirit. He lives as seeing Him that is invisible. While he has growing faith in the things which are unseen and eternal, more and more his light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and is fitting him therefor.

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held, and the following discourse read:]

SEASON OF PRAYER.

By Bishop McTear,

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up" (Ps. 5:3).

If it were so that you could pray only once in the day, that one time should be "in the morning." Then the mind is freest from thought, the soul from sorrow, and the flesh from weariness. Then the feelings of devotion spring up with most freshness as the lark rises upon the wing with a song.

We ought to pray often. The Psalmist agrees with the common estimate that food for the spirit is needed as often as food for the body: "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and He shall hear my voice." Beyond that he was sometimes carried by a grateful sense of divine goodness: "Seven times a day do I praise Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments."

In the press of business there are those who excuse themselves from family prayers, and even from private devotion. They hurry out to undertake the labor that waits for them, or to begin the long journey. But they hold prayers at night, when they have leisure. Then, too, perhaps, they have a sense of danger and the need of protection; for most grown people, like children, are afraid of darkness.

But, think of it! How many dangers beset you in a day's work, or pleasure, or travel? You return in the evening too often, alas! burdened with a sense of remissness, if not of guilt, and your prayer is for forgiveness. In the morning, before crossing the threshold, it had been better to seek grace for trials, temptations and duties. Who can tell what a day will bring forth! How can you venture upon it without the guard and the girding of prayer to Him who sees the end from the beginning? In the morning the day's history is unwritten; at night, the record is made up, and the error of a moment may be the grief of a lifetime.

Begin every day by looking up. Look up, to give thanks for the care of Providence under which you slept safely. Look up, to obtain grace to help you and to keep you through all your waking hours. Look up, for guidance, and all the good gifts that come down from above. Look up, and morally maintain this attitude all the day long.

[The following poem may be committed to memory by the young people.]

VISIONS OF FAITH.

The child-like faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine,
Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels, to and fro,
On messages of love shall glide

"Twixt God above and Christ below.

—JOHN KEBLE.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Message on the Question of suspensions, which was sent to the Senate last week, defines his attitude in the dispute. Mr. Edmunds denounced the message in strong language, so that it is probable we shall soon have an opportunity of learning the exact truth about the issue, and precisely on what grounds the Senate is opposed to the President. Mr. Cleveland's message shows no prospect of his yielding. He contends that the Constitution gives to him and him alone the sole right of removal or suspension of an official, and that as to the papers demanded, he is ready to send to the Senate all papers that are undoubtedly official, but as to the large body of papers communicated voluntarily by private citizens beyond the control of the Government, and intended to aid the President in the discharge of the function of suspension, he does not feel at liberty to send them. Many of them, he says, were confidential; many were entirely disregarded. To submit them to the Senate would be misleading, even if it had a right to them, which the President denies. This statement indicates that certain suspicions generally entertained are correct. Officials removed for party reasons are submitting quietly, but where an official has been removed "for cause" he is anxious to know for what cause, and also to ascertain whether he has been discharged because an enemy has traduced him. The President seems little likely to give up the papers. If he did, some curious exposures would probably be made, showing the kind of influence to which he has been subjected.

The Claim of the Chinese Government for Indemnity for the Wyoming massacres was submitted to Congress by the President on March 2d. It appears that the Government is not technically liable to make good the losses sustained by the Chinese. The treaty between this country and China binds the Chinese Government to indemnify American citizens suffering by riot in China, but the clause defining the obligations of the Washington Government says only that it shall "exert all its power to devise measures for the protection" of Chinese settlers, "and to secure to them the same rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions as may be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation." But this agreement does not explicitly stipulate for indemnity being paid, and it

seems that Mr. Evarts and Mr. Blaine, when they were respectively Secretaries of State, availed themselves of the vagueness of the clause. The President reviews the circumstances of the recent riots, and commends to the favorable consideration of Congress a suggestion of Secretary Bayard that, considering "the entire absence of provocation or contribution on the part of the victims, the Executive may be induced to bring the matter to the benevolent consideration of the Congress, in order that the body, in its high discretion, may direct the bounty of the Government in aid of innocent and peaceful strangers whose maltreatment has brought discredit upon the country." It may be hoped that Congress will act upon the suggestion, even though we are not bound by treaty. The claim for indemnity is just, and should be discharged. The tricks of the smart legal practitioner, which characterized the policy of Mr. Evarts while in office, are a stain on our national honor. It is righteousness that exalts a nation (Prov. 14 : 34).

Labor Troubles in New York Culminated on Thursday in a riotous demonstration that for some hours threatened to be serious. The car-drivers and conductors in the employ of the Dry Dock Company, which operates three lines of surface cars, agitated some time ago for a reduction in their hours of work. They were required to work sixteen hours a day, which they naturally regarded as unreasonable. Some concessions were made, but it was found that the company was preparing to discharge the leaders of the agitation. A strike was therefore ordered, and on Wednesday the men obeyed. The failure to run the cars, however, would invalidate the company's charter, and therefore on Thursday an effort was made by the company to send one car over the line. The attempt was resisted by the men and sympathizers with them in a variety of ingenious ways. Cartloads of coal were dumped across the tracks, logs of wood were laid in the way, the car itself was lifted off the rails, and finally cars belonging to other companies were lifted up bodily and laid carefully on their sides across the tracks. The mob increased until it became dangerous. Then the reserves of police were called out and *twelve hundred policemen* were in Grand Street at once, trying to get that car through. There was general sympathy on the part of the citizens with the men and against the company. Some rough work was done, but the police, with their formidable night-clubs, eventually piloted the car across town and back again to save the charter.

A General Strike of all Car Conductors and drivers was ordered by the Union on the following day (Friday) on all surface lines, to continue until the demands of the Dry Dock men were granted. For ten hours there was not a surface car running on any of the thirty-one roads in the city. *Sixteen thousand men were on strike*, but there was no disorder. More than that, lest the horses should suffer, the men voluntarily sent a force to every stable to feed and water them. The pressure of the union was too strong for the company, and at two o'clock it yielded. The men had been kept together, were perfectly sober, and went on duty promptly. Twelve hours are in future to constitute a day's work, and the men, some of whom have children whom they have never seen awake for years, will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their wives and families. There was also a strike in Brooklyn, as the man known as "Deacon" Richardson, who controls the Dry Dock Company in New York also controls companies operating seven roads in Brooklyn, and he had made himself as obnoxious to his employes there as in New York. The concessions made apply to both cities.

A Remarkable Interview with Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, was cabled to the New York Herald on Friday last. It was on the subject of Ireland, in which Mr. Froude takes great interest. His views have not changed materially from those he expressed in New York fourteen years ago. He still believes that home rule

would be a misfortune for both England and Ireland. Nevertheless he thinks home rule is inevitable. He believes, that when once it is established the Irish will quarrel among themselves, and England will have to prevent anarchy by a re-conquest. These views will be unpopular on this side, but some other views expressed by Mr. Froude in the same interview will be accepted. Asked what, in his opinion, was the cause of the misery of Ireland, he said: "All the sufferings of Ireland are due to Government jobberies and exasperation of one section of the people against another. And it has been said that though Ireland were inhabited by a legion of angels, yet even these would lose their tempers if treated as the Irish have been." He appears to think that a remodelling of the British Constitution on the American pattern would prevent the Empire falling to pieces.

Mr. Gladstone Scored a Victory in the British House of Commons on Thursday last. He proposed a vote of appropriations for Ireland, when an Irish member opposed the vote on the ground that the House was unwilling to "entertain estimates for civil establishments in Ireland before being placed in possession of the policy which Her Majesty's Government intend to pursue for the restoration and maintenance of social order in the country." The object of the motion was to force the Premier's hand and to test the loyalty of the Parnellites and discontented Liberals. Mr. Gladstone refused to disclose his policy until he was ready, and a vote was taken. Mr. Gladstone's course was approved by a majority of one hundred and sixty in a full house.

A Constitutional Change that a Few Years ago would have been greeted with ridicule only was debated and voted upon in the British House of Commons last week. Mr. Labouchère, who is himself the next heir to a peerage, moved a resolution "that a hereditary chamber of legislation is inconsistent with the principle of representative government." He was supported by the extreme Liberals and the Parnellites. His opponents were members of the Liberal Administration and the Conservatives. His motion was rejected by a majority of fifty-six. Two heirs of peerages voted with him. When the numbers were announced one Member of Parliament audibly expressed an opinion that must have been in the minds of others by saying: "The handwriting on the wall."

Sentence upon Eight Rioters Convicted of participating in the disturbances in London on February 8th was pronounced on Friday last. They were tried at the Middlesex Sessions. All were condemned to penal servitude for terms ranging from one to five years. The judge defended the severity of his sentences by denouncing the "so-called popular demonstrations of workingmen." "It is well known," said his Honor, "that these demonstrations naturally tend to tumult and disorder." He would doubtless approve of an act of Parliament to suppress hunger. He has much to learn yet.

The Prospects of Republican Institutions in France assumed a more hopeful phase last week. A combined attack was made on the Government of M. de Freycinet by the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left on the Legislature. It was realized that the test of M. de Freycinet's capacity as a leader would be a severe one, and the political prophets confidently predicted his downfall. He made a brilliant speech so skilfully defending his attitude and policy that he disarmed his assailants and drew adherents from both wings of their forces. It seems possible that the great statesman for whom France has been waiting since the death of Gambetta has been found in M. de Freycinet. He will deserve the good opinion of the world if he proves able to maintain the Republic against the assaults of the anarchists on the one hand and the monarchists on the other. The question on which the vote was taken was the expulsion of the Princes. M. de Freycinet opposed their expulsion as unnecessary, and he carried his point by a majority of one hundred and fifty in a House of five hundred and forty members.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$14. They are as follows: From Chicago, Ill., \$1; Church's Corners, Mich., \$1; Rockdale, Tex., \$1; Rock City, Ill., \$1; Friend, \$2; Denbigh, Ontario, Can., \$2; Providence, R. I., \$1; Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; Philadelphia, Pa., \$4.

An Interesting Letter from Ruthven, Essex County, Ont., has come to hand. The writer describes himself as a terrible blackguard, and from the lengthy sketch of his habits he gives he does not appear to have exaggerated. A friend who felt an interest in him urged him to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but he declined, having no use for a religious paper. He was, however, induced to read a few copies lent to him by his friend. Certain paragraphs attracted his notice, and he gradually began to take an interest in its pages. He tried to quit swearing and drinking, but the struggle was too hard for him. But God blessed a sermon by Dr. Talmage to his conversion, and he is now a new man. By God's grace he is now a free man of clean life. The tobacco habit was the last to be overcome, but he writes that that is now conquered, and even the desire for the weed has left him. This is only one of many letters of similar purport that we receive. We publish this because our correspondent rightly thinks that his case may encourage subscribers to lend their copies to irreligious acquaintances. He is indebted to his Christian friend's persistence in forcing the paper upon him, by God's blessing, for the salvation of his soul.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker's Labors at Sterling, Ill., have been much blessed. The work of grace had been commenced before their arrival through the labors of the pastor, Rev. A. J. Brown, who held daily services for four weeks, speaking on Saturday afternoons in the open air, when from four to six hundred men came to hear the Gospel. When the evangelists arrived the work received a further impetus. Twenty-five baptisms took place on one Sunday. Others are waiting the ordinance, and the work is still going forward. Messrs. Mateer and Parker are now at Kewanee, Ill.

The Congo Mission Recently Transferred by Mr. Grattan Guinness to the Temperance Baptist Missionary Union is threatened with abandonment. A delegation consisting of Rev. Drs. Edward Judson and Loughridge was appointed to visit and investigate the Congo Mission. It is understood that in their report they advise the discontinuance of the mission from the unhealthiness of the climate and other reasons. Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, one of the Executive Committee of the Union, protests in an open letter against this course. He reminds his readers that missionary and commercial authorities concede that their seven stations hold the very key to the interior of Africa; that they were given to the Union without cost, though planted at an immense expenditure of labor, life, and money; that the field is the most needy occupied by the Union, and that twenty-one missionaries are already there.

About Twenty New Missionaries will Sail from New York on March 20th to reinforce Bishop Taylor's band in Africa. Prior to their departure special services will be held in the Central Methodist-Episcopal Church, Seventh Avenue near Fourteenth Street, New York, commencing on Sabbath 14th and continuing until Friday 19th. Services at 10.30, 2.30, and 7.30 o'clock. The missionaries and others will participate. All Christian people who are interested are cordially invited.

The Medical Missionary Society Organized by the noble and devoted Christian laborer, Dr. Dowkontt, held a public meeting on March 2d in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. It was stated that \$1400 of the \$5000 needed by the mission for this year's work has already been raised. Dr. C. R. Agnew, who presided, strongly advocated the claims of the mission, and warmly praised the work accomplished and in progress.

The Rev Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., who recently returned from India, spoke of the aid he had derived in his Gospel work by his medical training, which had brought him opportunities for preaching he could have gained in no other way. Professor Long, of Roberts College, Constantinople, gave similar testimony about his work in Turkey. Dr. Dowkontt fully expects that the Lord will supply the money, for the young men who are waiting to be educated are consecrated, earnest men of good natural ability, whose labors in the foreign field would be valuable to the cause of Christ.

A Baptism in a Jail took Place on Monday, March 1st, at Atlanta, Ga. A woman who is a prisoner there became soon after her committal the mother of a female child, which was adopted by the entire prison crew. At noon on March 1st a minister, accompanied by eight women, repaired to the jail, where they were met in the jailer's office by the prisoner and her infant. The preacher asked: "What do you name this child?" "Atlanta; Miss Atlanta," was the mother's answer. The ceremony was performed, and after a few moments of talk, in which all joined, the prisoner and her babe were marched back into the cell, and the church people dispersed. So the unfortunate babe was made a nominal Christian as far as baptism could do it. The scene of the ceremony and the adoption by the prison crew are not encouraging omens for the child's future, but if, as she grows older, she realizes the meaning of the ceremony, and seeks the blessing of which it was typical, she will be preserved from the evils that threaten her (Rom. 6:4).

An Absent-minded Lady Caused some Amusement in a Washington church on February 28th. The Washington correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* states that on that day the congregation of the Church of the Epiphany were astonished to see a well-known lady walk up the aisle with a pair of opera-glasses in her hand, which she carried in a most conspicuous manner. As soon as the services commenced she discovered her mistake, and her devotions were somewhat disturbed by the consciousness that other people had noticed it. She explained afterward that she usually kept her prayer-book and opera-glasses together, and in a fit of abstraction she picked up the wrong article and started for church. This incident should be a warning to people who are trying to lead double lives. The effort is a difficult one, and unless they are constantly on the alert they will fail to impose on the world. They cannot hope, however careful they are, to impose on God, whose omniscient eye detects the hypocritical pretence of sanctity (Isa. 29:15).

An Illustrious Tramp, Ninety-five Years Old, was picked up by the police of Joliet, Ill., on March 4th. He was sober, but destitute. Papers on his person showed him to be a Polish count named Lanaski. He was born in 1791, entered the French army in 1805, and took part in the battle of Austerlitz. He was in the memorable march to Moscow, and witnessed the burning of that city by the Russians. He was one of the forty-five thousand out of half a million men that returned to Poland and thence through Germany to France with Napoleon. Lanaski left the army on the abdication of Napoleon, but when the latter returned from Elba he again joined the army and fought at Waterloo. After the overthrow of Napoleon Lanaski fled to Germany, thence to Austria, where in 1831 he joined Louis Kossuth. He was captured by the Russians, exiled to Siberia, escaped, and came to the United States at the beginning of the late rebellion. Though seventy years old, he enlisted in 1861 in the Union army, and fought under Sigel until the close of the war, soon after which he obtained admission to the Milwaukee Soldiers' Home. He got tired of the Home, and wanted to go to the National Soldiers' Home in Washington, and was making his way there when arrested. The Joliet people took pity on him and sent him forward. A life of service and danger and hardship such as his

should have had a more happy and glorious eventide. The old man may be excused for thinking his lot a hard one. The soldier of the Cross will never have ground for complaint. He may be poor until he dies, but he has had his joys all through his course, and an immortal crown awaits him (1 Timothy 4:7, 8).

An Attempt to Row Through Niagara Rapids is to be made this summer by two oarsmen. One of them, who has been to the falls recently to look at the place and take measurements, said: "I do not think it dangerous. The boat will have plenty of beam, a grating for a floor, and no bottom. If we fill with water we can't sink, because we will have air-tight compartments around the boat, and the water we take in will quickly disappear through the grating. One point about it is that we row with our faces toward the danger, instead of rowing in the ordinary way." They will probably be drowned in their foolhardy enterprise. Yet if there were need for them, to go over the falls, we could admire their confidence and courage. If timorous souls, dreading the time when they must cross the river of death, would exercise such faith in the Almighty Saviour as these men have in their boat, they would be saved (John 18:9).

A Child's Life was Saved by a Dog at Birmingham, Ala., recently. The *Age* of that city states that a little two-year-old girl, the daughter of the train-master at the railroad depot, is very fond of her father's Newfoundland dog, an affection which the animal is evidently aware of and reciprocates by constant devotion. The two are playmates, and the attachment between them is most interesting. A few days ago the dog was observed to be acting strangely. He went from one room to another until he found the mother of the child, when he rubbed himself against her hand and pulled at her dress. The lady took no notice of him, and the dog persisted in his efforts to draw her toward the door. "Go away," said the lady; "go and find Nellie." The dog went away whining. A few minutes afterward the mother went to look for her little daughter and found her lying asleep so close to a large fire that her clothes were scorched. They would have blazed had it not been for the dog, who had crouched down between her and the fire, taking care to protect her well. Marks on the child's clothing showed that the dog had tried to drag her out of danger. When he failed he interposed his own body, and the mother found him in that position whining, while the hair was being singed from his back. The child was still sleeping peacefully. We can admire such a proof of love and self-sacrifice in a dog, but we listen unmoved to the story of the Cross on which the Son of God suffered to save the world (1 Peter 2:24).

A Carpeted Ceiling in a New York Mansion is another added to the many evidences that this is an age of luxury. The owner of the mansion purchased the carpet without consulting the professional decorator who was engaged on the house. When the carpet was unrolled before him he promptly declared it to be utterly unsuitable for the room for which it was intended. The bright floral pattern was, he said, not in harmony with the predominant color in the furniture coverings, and the blue ground was pronounced a still worse defect, for it would give people the impression that the floor was flying up at them. "But what shall be done with the carpet?" asked the owner. The decorator considered until the blue ground suggested a novel idea. "Poot heem up zare," he said, pointing to the ceiling. And there the carpet, which was in one square, was put accordingly, and connoisseurs pronounce the effect "very æsthetic." The *Carpet Trade Review*, which narrates the incident, thinks the example is likely to be followed extensively, and rejoices in the impulse it may give to trade. Perhaps there are some wealthy people who will follow the craze, but Christians will be apt to think that rather than spend money in carpeting their ceilings it would be well to spend it in putting food on some starving family's table (1 John 3:17).

THE INVIOLEABLE LEAGUE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry: And he remembered for them his covenant, and repented according to the multitude of his mercies."—PSALM 106: 44, 45.

Affliction the Result of Sin—Why Punishment is Withheld—The Covenant Observed—I. The Covenant Exists—Everlasting in its Nature—Deliberately Made—Ratified in Blood—Involves the Divine Glory—II. The Covenant Forgotten—In Carelessness—In Wanton Sin—In Sorrow—III. God Remembers It—IV. Let us Remember It.

THIS Psalm deserves to be read very carefully. It mentions many of the afflictions of God's ancient people, but it clearly sets forth that their afflictions were the distinct result of their rebellions and sins. It is not so with all the afflictions of God's people. It is written, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten;" and again, "Every branch in Me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Yet it is often so to this day, that the servants of God smart because of disobedience. They are chastened for their sin; as it is written, "You only have I known of all the people of the earth; therefore I will punish you for your iniquities." Sin in a child of God cannot go unchastened.

THE ROD OF CHASTISEMENT

is included in the covenant; and if we are in the covenant, the Lord will keep His promise. "If his children forsake My law, and walk not in My judgments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes."

The miseries of Israel of old were distinctly the result of their sins. They lived under a dispensation in which there was a visible reward for obedience, and a prompt temporal punishment for disobedience. Therefore one might suppose that if the people fell into affliction wilfully, and through their own fault, the Lord might see fit to leave them in it. Did they not procure it unto themselves? Yet such is the abundant compassion of our God, that as soon as ever these people, smarting under the result of their sin, began to cry to Him, "He regarded their affliction when He heard their cry." There is something very powerful about

THE CRY OF A CHILD

to its own parent; and God, the tenderest of all fathers, cannot bear to hear His children cry. If there be any here who are brought low and sore distressed through their own wrong-doing, let them nevertheless cry unto the Lord. Though it be because of your transgressions and your iniquities that you are afflicted, yet you may cry unto the Lord in your trouble, and He will save you out of your distresses. Turn unto the hand that wounds you, and that hand will bind you up. Turn unto the Lord in repentance, and He will turn unto you in loving-kindness.

What was the secret reason why God thus dealt with His people, and heard their cry when they were in affliction through their sin? The secret reason was, that "He remembered for them His covenant." If He looked upon His people in their sin and their sorrow, He could not see anything in them why He should have pity upon them. One divine reason prevented the infliction of justice—this, and this alone, sufficed: "He remembered for them His covenant." If He could not see anything in the erring people, or hope for anything from them, He looked to another source for a motive and an argument for mercy: He looked to the covenant which He had made of old with their father Abraham, when He said: "Surely, blessing I will bless thee, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Though there is nothing in the creature, there is everything in the covenant.

Now, observe, that in the text it does not say "He remembered *their* covenant." They stood at the foot of Sinai and said, "All these things which Thou hast commanded we will do": they willingly, eagerly, hastily, loudly entered into a covenant with God, before whose terrible thunders they trembled. But that covenant they

soon broke. Within a few days they had departed from the living God, and fallen down before the image of an ox which eateth grass. The Lord doth not dwell upon the matter, since it would be to their destruction. He forgets their falseness and treachery, and casts them behind His back. But what He does remember is *His* covenant: "Nevertheless He remembered for them His covenant."

Dear brethren, I want to show this morning how this remembrance of the covenant on God's part is the great ground of hope to all of us who are in covenant with God. Indeed the Lord's mindfulness of His covenant is the ground of hope to every one of you, whether as yet you have embraced the Gospel promise or not. Inasmuch as God must, according to His law, look upon you with anger, on account of your sin, He hath devised a way by which He can have regard unto the voice of your cry. Remembering His covenant, He can pass by your transgressions, and receive you, as His returning children, into the bosom of His love.

I. The first head of our discourse will be this: Then

THE COVENANT EXISTS.

God cannot remember, to any practical purpose, that which does not exist. Had the covenant been repealed or abrogated, it could not have availed for God to remember it, except to strike the people into a more complete and settled despair. In love He remembered the covenant as an abiding thing, according to the word, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of My lips."

Beloved, the covenant is in its own nature everlasting. By everything that is permanent in the universe, and by everything that is permanent in the Godhead, we are made to know that the covenant of grace is a fixed and settled thing, and abides to-day as it ever has done; for there is no variableness nor turning with Him from whom every good gift comes down. The promises in Christ Jesus are Yea and Amen, to the glory of God by us. Heaven and earth shall pass away; but not one jot or tittle of the law shall fail, much less shall the covenant of divine grace be disannulled. Thus saith the Lord: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." God in remembering His covenant falls back upon everlasting and immutable things.

DELIBERATELY MADE.

Well may the covenant of grace be everlasting, for it was made with deliberation and foresight. If two persons enter into a contract, and one afterward wishes to escape from it, he may plead that he made the agreement in great haste, or under compulsion, or through being misinformed and over-persuaded; on either of these grounds he may make demurs to the fulfilment of the covenant, and thus may attempt to justify his failure to keep his word. Now, on God's part, nothing of the kind can ever be urged; for He made the covenant Himself, on His own suggestion, according to the good pleasure of His will. It was a free covenant, entered into through the love of His own heart, according to the wise counsel of His infinite mind. He made it knowing all that would happen in time or in eternity. When He made the promise that, whosoever believeth in Christ Jesus shall have everlasting life, He knew that those who believed in Christ Jesus would, nevertheless, be fallible creatures, and would commit mistakes and sins: He made the promise well knowing what believers would be.

Dear friends, every promise in the Bible is a part of the covenant. The covenant that now stands between the believer and his God is on this wise, that you take Him to be your God, and He takes you to be His people; He gives His promises to you, and you rely upon them; He will bless you in this life and perfect you in the world to come. The tenor of the covenant is not according to your deservings, but according to the greatness of the Lord's love. This covenant was made with such judicious delibera-

tion and infallible foresight, that there is no conceivable reason why it should be revoked. God is not a man that He should lie or repent.

SOLENNLY RATIFIED.

Moreover—and this is a point to which every child of God delights to turn his eye—that covenant was sealed and ratified in the most solemn manner. Paul speaks of "the blood of the everlasting covenant;" and when we come to the communion-table we hear our Lord say, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." Jesus has gone into heaven bearing with Him the blood of sprinkling. Can God deny His promise to His bleeding Son? Can He run back from the promise which He has made to the Only-begotten in His death? "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities." Can these promises fail? Impossible! The very thought would be blasphemous. A covenant which has been made in so solemn a manner, by the death of our great Surety and Sacrifice, can never be repealed, neglected, or changed.

Brethren, there has been nothing in the past to cast suspicion upon the veracity of Jehovah. Wherefore, then, should we doubt Him or distrust His covenant? "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself." They that trust in the Lord, notwithstanding all the enormous weight of their sin, shall find Him faithful to His word of pardon. He will keep His word to sinners who put their trust in Him, and they shall be saved. Oh, glorious fact, the covenant still exists!

II. But, secondly, this covenant is

TOO OFTEN FORGOTTEN

by us. The children of Israel had quite forgotten the covenant of their God. Elijah said, "They have forsaken Thy covenant." Starting aside like a deceitful bow which fails the archer in the day of battle, they had been false to their God, and useless for those great purposes for which He had chosen and ordained them.

Are not God's people at this day chargeable with forgetting the covenant by their unspiritual carelessness? Hast thou thought of thyself, my brother, as a covenanted one, as one with whom God has entered into solemn compact, saying, "I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward: I am God Almighty: walk before Me, and be thou perfect"? Have you realized your position as in covenant with God? When you have been staggered with its wonderful condescension and blessedness, as I have often been, have you not soon forgotten your great obligation, and thought only of earthly things? Have you not doubted your God because you have forgotten His covenant? Let it be realized by us, and not passed over in a wicked carelessness, that as many as believe in Christ Jesus are in covenant with God, and He has promised not to turn away from doing them good.

WANTON SIN.

Sometimes, too—and in the case of Israel it was so—we get away from that covenant by wanton sin, or by negligent omission of most delightful duty. I need not go into the story of Israel again. You see in this Psalm how they transgressed. They took no notice of the covenant they had made with God; but violated all His precepts. May I ask whether we have not been guilty of this same sin? May not each man bury his face in his hands as he confesses, "My God, Thou knowest how often I have acted as if I were not in covenant with Thee. I have lived as if I were my own master, instead of yielding myself wholly to Thy service. I have sometimes acted as a man of the world would have done, and not as one that belonged to Christ"? Be ashamed and be confounded for all this; and then wonder and admire that still that covenant stands, and the Lord has not recalled His gracious promises.

These people had forgotten their God for another reason, namely, in the depth of their sorrow. A great sorrow stuns men, and makes them forget the best sources of consolation. A little blow will cause great pain; but I have frequently heard in reports of assaults that far more

serious blows have occasioned no pain whatever, because they have destroyed consciousness. So do extreme distresses rob men of their wits, and cause them to forget the means of relief. Under the chastening rod, the smart is remembered, and the healing promise is forgotten. According to the covenant, God is to be everything to you. The covenant does not stipulate that you shall not lose your friends, nor does it promise that you shall not lose your property, nor that you shall have no sickness; the covenant is that God will be everything to you; take care that you use Him as such.

III. Though we forget the covenant, yet

GOD REMEMBERS

His covenant. He remembers it practically, that is, He puts it into effect; and in this case He did so by repenting "according to the multitude of His mercies." He had formerly smitten them, but now He puts the rod away. He made His people to be pitied of all them that carried them away captive. He came to their relief and succor. And this is just what God will do with you, my afflicted friend, if you turn to Him with cries and tears, and a humble, penitent faith. He will remember for you His covenant by acting in a covenant way toward you, according to that word in the book of Zechariah, "As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water."

See how readily God turns to this covenant. You can be sure that He delights in it; for no sooner do His children cry than He at once remembers for them His covenant. It was only a cry forced from them by misery; but instead of upbraiding them for the past, and shutting out their cry, He straightway remembered His covenant. When a man is easily reminded of a thing, it shows that it is agreeable to him to think of it. We are sure that God's heart is much wrapped up in the covenant of grace, since the feeble cries of His children remind Him of it.

A WAYWARD BOY.

I think, however, the reason why God remembers His covenant most of all is because He remembers with whom He made it. A certain man had lived abroad for a while, and there he found a friend with whom for years he enjoyed delightful fellowship. In due time he returned to England, to carry on a business; but he never forgot his friend. He had promised, and entered into brotherly covenant, that he would help his friend's family, and so, in due season, he received into his employment the young son of his old friend; and he was minded to instruct him, and help him, and promote his interests. He had given his friend his right hand, and said, "Trust your boy with me; I will see him through." The youth comes to London, and enters the service of his father's friend, with every prospect bright before him; but, alas! he proves unworthy; he falls into all sorts of vices and follies, and grieves his friend—his father's friend. His employer says: "I shall be glad to get rid of this fellow; he is a burden to me. I cannot advance him, he is unworthy of my favor."

See how loath he is to deal severely with him, for his father's sake! He calls him into his private room, and pleads and reasons with him. He says: "I have borne more with you than with any one else upon my establishment. Remember, it is for your father's sake. Had it not been for my promise to your father, I should have dismissed you long ago." One day he cries: "I really must dismiss him; he must go." But he thinks of the father, and of their days of fond familiarity with each other, and he cannot bear to deal hardly with the son of such a man, and therefore he says: "I will try him again; I will still bear with him, for my promise's sake, which I made to his father." Now I am sure it was so with God and the seed of Abraham.

These people had revolted and rebelled continually; but the Lord remembered Abraham, His friend. A memory rose before the divine mind of the faithful man lifting the knife to slay his only son, Isaac, in obedience to the Most High. As the Lord saw that act of believing obedience he seemed to say: "I will have pity

on his offspring still; they are the most undeserving and provoking people that ever breathed; but I have entered into a covenant with Abraham, my friend, and therefore I will have pity upon them." The fact is, with regard to the great God and you and me, that He would often say, "I must destroy them;" but then He thinks of His dear Son upon the cross, He hears ringing through the midnight of that great day of sorrow, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the great heart of God is moved to pity us because of the death of His Son. There is merit enough in Jesus to remove all the demerit of our sins.

IV. I will finish with this last point, which I am sure you will feel to be of the utmost importance. If God remembers for us His covenant,

LET US REMEMBER IT.

You that are the Lord's covenanted ones, think of the sacred promise, and begin to enjoy it, and live upon it practically. What is the covenant? Here is one form of it: "I am God Almighty; walk before Me, and be thou perfect." That is an early and condensed shape of it; that is to say, the Lord God Almighty gives Himself up to be our portion, and we are to yield ourselves to Him, to walk before Him in perfect obedience.

This also is the covenant: "I will be their God, and they shall be My people." Come, beloved, make God your God. This meaneth—make God your everything. Say not, "I am poor." Not so, for God is yours, and so all things are yours. Say not, "I am weak." Not so, God Almighty is yours; when you are weak, then you are strong. "But I have no wisdom." Is not the Lord Jesus made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification? He that hath God hath everything. Wilt thou belittle thy God and limit the Holy One of Israel? Come, find thine all in God. This is thy part of the covenant, to accept God as being to thee what He says He is.

In this covenant it is incumbent that we rest alone in our God. You have not taken God to be your God, if you cannot be content with Him alone. Abraham forsook everything for God. He went to a country he had never seen, followed a path that had never been mapped out, and God said to him: "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield," and so He was. Abraham once lamented that he had no seed, and that the steward of his house was his only heir; but the Lord who had promised him a seed yet said to him, "I am thy exceeding great reward." Not the seed, but his God, must be his joy and crown; and Abraham felt it was so, and therefore stood ready to surrender that seed, if the Lord commanded.

THE SECRET.

That is what the Lord would have you do, beloved. Look not to what is seen with the eye; listen not to what is heard with the ear; live thou in the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High, in the place where faith takes the place of sense. Endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Penetrate into the substance which is unseen, and pass by the shadow which is all that sense can discern. Live on the living God; and then thou knowest the secret of the covenant; thy soul shall dwell at ease, and thy seed shall inherit the earth. Thy soul shalt be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and thou shalt praise the Lord with joyful lips.

Remember, lastly, in order to look to this covenant well, that you must give yourselves wholly up to God. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Live only to glorify God. Have no other aim or object but your God. Brother, if God give thee much, glorify Him with it by thy generous consecration; if He take it away, glorify Him by thy patience under loss. Wherever thou art, be thou ever aiming to love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself, and verily it shall be well with thee, and blessed shalt thou be, for God will remember for thee His covenant.

I wish that the unconverted here would desire to be concerned in this covenant. If you do so, the very desire is the gift of divine grace. Be-

lieve in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou hast entered into covenant with God. He that hath faith in the Lord Jesus is a child of the father of the faithful, and therefore he is concerned in the covenant which God made with Abraham and his spiritual seed. O Lord, of these poor stony hearts raise up children unto Abraham, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

EVOLUTION:

A Scotch Verdict, by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D. A very useful privilege is enjoyed by Scotch juries which we are not aware that the juries of any other land enjoy. In America and England a jury has only two alternatives in deciding the fate of a prisoner. It must pronounce him "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." In Scotland the jury is allowed to bring in a verdict of "Not Proven" when it has reason to doubt the innocence of the accused man but has not heard conclusive evidence of his guilt. Its effect is practically the same as a verdict of "Not Guilty" so far as it saves the accused from punishment, but it does not vindicate his character as a declaration of "Not Guilty" would do. Dr. Deems avails himself of this verdict in considering the claims on behalf of evolution. Having honestly and carefully studied the arguments advanced by the evolutionists, he dismisses them, so far as he is concerned, with the Scotch verdict. He declares that in his judgment they have failed to convince him that evolution is true. That is a very fair and honest attitude to take. He does not, as so many have done, undertake to prove a negative; but he shows that the evidence submitted in proof of the theory is insufficient for the purpose. He points out the flaws in it, shows that much of it is mere conjecture; that there are contradictions in it; that much of it is in opposition to known facts, and also that there are phenomena for which if it were true it ought to account, but for which it furnishes no explanation whatever. The quotations cited by Dr. Deems prove that he has not arrived at this conclusion without a careful examination of the evidence in favor of evolution. He has evidently studied it attentively and with a sincere desire to form an impartial opinion. There is the stamp of honesty on every one of his ably-written pages which will commend them to the respect of every intelligent reader. The little volume is a masterly analysis of the case which will do more good than ten times the quantity of empty declamation and silly jokes, which impose only on superficial minds. Pp. 108; price 20 cents. Published by John W. Lovell & Company, New York.

THE CHURCH

is the title of one of two lectures by John Stuart Blackie, contained in a small volume entitled "What does History Teach?" The first lecture is upon the State, in which Professor Blackie has some vigorous criticism on our own form of government, toward which he apparently fears the public opinion of his own country is tending. He is, however, an honest critic, and therefore his criticism is valuable as the words of a faithful friend. The evils at which he points the finger of warning do undoubtedly exist among us, but we cannot accept the inference the author rather implies than states, that they would be cured by the adoption of a constitution similar to the British. The United States being free from the burden of king and aristocracy, are little likely to retrograde to so low a condition of mental capacity as to adopt such a remedy for their troubles. In his second lecture on the Church Professor Blackie is more sensible. He is upon his own ground, and understands the case without British prejudice. What does history teach us about the Church? There are many valuable lessons about it which the author points out with lucidity and power. Principal among them is the evil of the Church drawing money and prestige from the State. Mr. Blackie realizes that such a league must demoralize the Church, and he cites historical facts in proof of his assertion. The evil of intolerance is another warning illustrated repeatedly in history. Pro-



A Boycotter's Court at Grane, Kilkenny County, Ireland.

fessor Blackie mentions several others which are inimical to the progress of the Church, and which history clearly shows are to be avoided. The two lectures are full of earnest practical thought, and will be read with interest and profit. Pp. 123; price 75c. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON ON PREACHING.

BEFORE leaving for Mentone Mr. Spurgeon, in a racy address, warned his students against indulging in long sermons. A few extracts from the address, which has been published, will be found interesting. "Very seldom," says Mr. Spurgeon, "do we hear any complaint as to the undue shortness of discourses; the tendency is all the other way. Why do ministers preach long sermons? Is it for their own pleasure; or is it for the pleasure of the people? If it is the latter, they certainly are grievously mistaken; and if it is the former, they might practise a little self-denial. Sermons ought never to be measured by the yard-stick or the clock; but they ought to be measured by this

ONE SIMPLE RULE,

'have done when you have done.' Don't be particular about how you come to a close, but be a great deal more concerned not to keep on till your discourse dies like a candle which cannot give another flicker. If you multiply words, you will spoil what you have done. Strike while the iron is hot, but do not keep on striking till the iron grows cold; though that is what many do. They hit the nail on the head, and drive it in; and then go on hammering till they split the board, and the nail drops out. They preach their people into a good frame of mind, and then preach them out of it."

After enjoining his students not to attempt to say all they know every time they preach, but to "reserve a potato for the next meal," Mr. Spurgeon goes on:

"I would recommend my young brethren, as much as possible, to compress and condense. When you have obtained a quantity of good thoughts, boil them down. Enough is as good as a feast, whether the diet be for the body or for the soul. It may tend to brevity if we carefully exclude every syllable which ministers to display.

If the finery and the fireworks are thrown overboard, there will be the more room in the vessel for valuable freight.

"Once more let me hint to you that

IT IS CRUEL

to make your hearers hope that you are about to close, and then go on again. I have suffered this wrong from brethren at the prayer-meeting. A certain divine, who is still in the body, is never very lively, but he has great gifts of holding on. When you think he has done, he issues a supplement, which is almost always headed, 'Another blessed thought!' His hearers are apt to have thoughts which are not 'blessed'; and would often agree with the American who said, 'Oh, that the man would quit!'"

A BOYCOTTER'S COURT.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE practice of boycotting obnoxious persons is one of the most remarkable developments of these days, and is doubtless with us to stay, for good and evil. It has been tried in this country with varying success on firms who, acting within the letter of the law, acted unjustly to their employes. In some cases it has brought about a better state of things; in others, where the boycotted persons have been determined men, it has only aggravated the ill-feeling.

In Ireland it has been carried to its extreme limits. The boycott there is applied directly and indirectly. When a person is boycotted no one must have dealings of any kind with him, on pain of sharing in his punishment.

The scene depicted in the illustration is a common one in Ireland. The boycotter's court, presided over by the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, is assembled in the sacristy of the church, at Grane, Kilkenny County. There is the accused—a widow who keeps a small store, and has found it all too small to keep her. She is charged with having sold goods to boycotted persons, certain emergency men who have brought the boycott upon themselves by working for a boycotted landlord. The widow protests that she did not know that her customers were under the interdict when she supplied them with the goods. She makes out her case, and after exacting from her solemn promises for the

future, she is dismissed with a caution, and after her narrow escape is little likely to offend again.

A LEARNED INEBRIATE'S WARNING.

(See Illustration on page 157.)

AN old man was plodding along a country road one bright summer day. His steps were uncertain, and he made little excursions out of the path, and sometimes two or three quick steps would follow one slow, dignified stride. Yes, the old man was drunk, and not too drunk to be aware of it. There is a stage of intoxication in which the man believes himself sober, and resents the imputation of drunkenness as an insult. But Will Joyce had not reached that stage. He knew what the unsteady gait meant, even if he had forgotten how many glasses of whiskey he had drunk. It was toilsome work walking in that condition, and Joyce knew that if any one was there to see him they, too, would know that he was drunk. And some people were coming, too—Joyce heard them behind him—boys, apparently, by their voices and merry laughter. Joyce saw a tree near, and steered for it as steadily as he could. He braced himself up against it till the boys should pass.

"Holding the tree up, old boy?" asked one of the party, as they came up. They were some young men from college out on a summer ramble. Joyce could see that easily, and a vivid recollection of days long gone by, when he was just such a youth, flitted across his muddled brain. Then he was a young man of promise. The principal said so when he graduated, and predicted that he would do honor to the college. So he might have done if he had not contracted the love of whiskey. Joyce knew that, too. Old as he was, degraded as he was, he was a better scholar to-day than hundreds of men holding responsible positions in the Church and the State.

"Don't you be making jokes, young man," said Joyce. "You may be glad to hold on by something yourself some day. You ought to be ashamed to laugh at an old man's misfortune."

"Oh, it is a misfortune, is it? Sunstroke, eh? Seen the sun shine through a bottle, I suppose. Well, mind you keep in the shade. You

are old enough to know better than get misfortunes like yours."

"Don't you preach," said Joyce, testily. "I know more drunk than you do sober. Book knowledge don't keep a man. Look here, you're fresh from college, but I'll bet I could beat you now in an examination. You say I ought to *know*; you just give me one of your college books, and I'll show you whether I *know*."

"Give him your Homer, Herbert. Let us see what the old fellow can do with Greek type."

There was a general smile around the group as the young man addressed produced the volume.

"That's a little poem about Troy. You've heard of Troy in New York State, I suppose? Well, that is a different Troy. Now, read us a stave or two out of my friend's book."

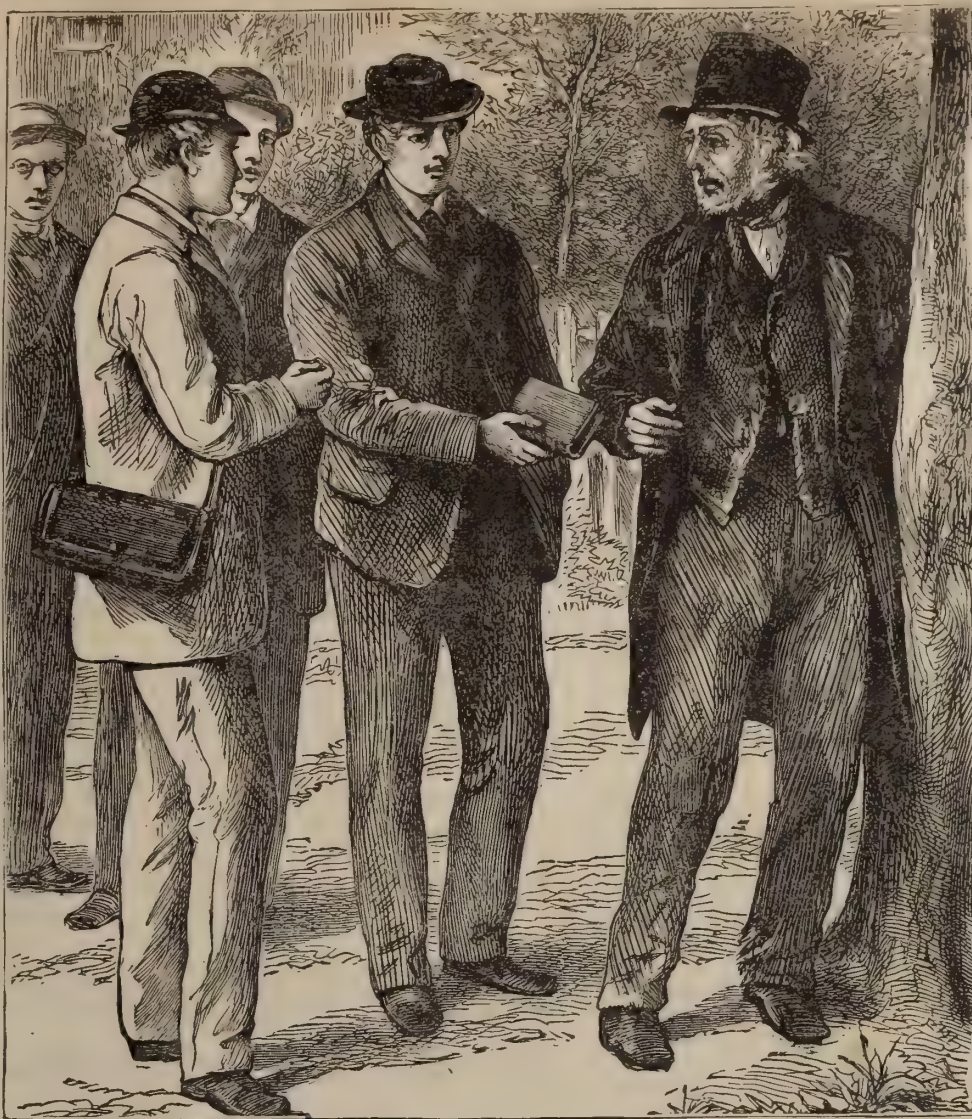
"What do you take me for, young man?" Joyce said, fixing a stern gaze on his flippant tormentor. "I read Homer, and almost worshipped him, before you were born. No, I don't need the book;" and in a voice husky but unflinching he recited passage after passage with an accuracy that amazed the students.

It was a scene never to be forgotten by any of the young men. With his old patched clothes and dilapidated hat, the old man, still clinging with one arm to the tree to steady himself, and gesticulating with the other, recited the grand old lines with an earnestness and depth of feeling strange to them, accustomed as they were to regard such work as drudgery.

"Thank you," said the owner of the Homer, as the old man paused. "It is a pleasure to hear you. May I ask how it is that so excellent a classical scholar as you are is—is—"

"How is it that the classical scholar is drunk and poor? Don't mind me. That is what you want to know, isn't it? I'll tell you. I am a slave. Drink has me in its grasp, and it holds me. I said just now it is my misfortune, and it is. I was weak, and I played with the demon till it had its chains around me. Now I am helpless as a child. You don't need to tell me that it is wrong. I know it is wrong. I am a fool. I have had good opportunities, and have lost them. I have been rich, and I lost it all. I had a good wife and children. My wife died broken-hearted, and my children don't acknowledge me. I am not a man. I am the possession of a fiend. Quit the liquor? No, I never shall till I die. Know? Yes, I know; I know, but I've lost the will power. I'm a wreck. Take warning by me, young men. It is the most insidious foe you have. You may be bound hand and foot before you know it. Don't touch it. Don't taste it. There's no other safe way. You may have all the learning in the world, you may have brilliant genius, but they won't save you. They did not save me. I'm lost for this world and the next, too."

The old man's voice broke, and genuine tears rolled down his cheeks. There were tears, too, in the eyes of his listeners. The young men were moved by his despair, and pitied him sincerely. They took him to his wretched home,



A Learned Inebriate's Warning.

and as they left him there they heard him calling out for more liquor to drown his misery.

A FATAL FRAUD.

AN ORIGINAL SERIAL STORY. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE.

(Continued from page 143.)

Reunion.

THE anxiety about Myrtie told seriously upon Mrs. Vane. Day after day passed and brought no tidings from Smith the detective. Since he left St. Louis, from which he telegraphed that he was on the right track, he had been silent. It seemed to the anxious mother that she had lived years since then instead of days. She sat listlessly in her room, wearily waiting, seldom speaking to any one.

Alice Vane was thinking during those days over her past life. She could lay her finger on the precise spot at which her life had diverged from the path of rectitude; but her memory travelled farther back, and she saw that years before that day her feet had been set on slippery paths, where a slight impulse of temptation would cause her to fall.

One night long after all her household had retired to rest she sat up alone, reluctant to give up hope of receiving good news from the West. She wondered where Myrtie was, and what she was doing or suffering. Could it be possible, she asked herself, that it was through her daughter that she must endure punishment? She remembered reading of God's visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children. That would be the hardest of all to bear. Her heart was rebellious as she thought of it. She knelt and prayed that this might not be. She confessed her sins,

and begged for pardon through Christ. After that there was a mental struggle lasting a long time, in the vain effort to submit herself to God's will, whatever it might be. It was useless then; but as she retired to rest she was fully resolved, in Christ's strength, to commence a new life.

Mrs. Vane astonished her son the next morning by requesting him to call upon a broker immediately after breakfast, and ask him to come and see her with the object of arranging for the sale of all her furniture. She also wrote a note to a real estate agent, directing him to sell the pretty cottage she owned in Richmond.

"Where are you going, mother?" Merton asked in amazement.

"I do not know at present, my boy," Alice said, mournfully. "I have decided to leave this place, and the future must be guided by events. I cannot see farther now than this one step, but this is clear to me."

The distress on his mother's face was plainly visible to the young man. Besides distress there was, too, a look of distraction which alarmed him. He feared that her reason was tottering. The calm, quiet, easy woman who was willing to let her life be guided by those about her, who had never, in his recollection, initiated any decided step, but had always looked to some one

else for guidance, was the last person in the world that he would have expected to take so important a step without advice or consultation.

"Mother, are you not acting hastily?" he said. "You have no one to advise with now; will you not take me into your confidence?"

"Perhaps I may do so later, Merton, indeed I fully intend to do so; but for the present I must act for myself. I want you to obey me without question and afterward when I can recover my equanimity I will consult you. This thing must be done at once. I cannot bear to live in this place any longer. I must cut myself loose from all associations with the past or I shall become demented."

"Well, I will do your bidding, mother," Merton said sadly. "I think I am old enough to be trusted now, though, and it hurts me to be treated as if I were a mere child."

Alice kissed his forehead tenderly, and said: "Poor boy, I see it hurts you, but you will bear it patiently for my sake. You will understand it by and by. This decision to leave Richmond is fixed, I cannot argue that nor reconsider it. I *must* go and you *must* help me."

Merton sighed. His fears for his mother's reason were confirmed. She must be nearly insane to talk so. It would be useless as well as unkind to oppose her, however, and so he put on his hat, and went to do her bidding without further protest.

When she was alone, Alice pushed the hair back from her face, pressed her hands firmly against her throbbing temples, and prayed for help. The spiritual struggle of the night was over now, but she was weak, and needed strength for her duty. She was acting wisely at last,

and she besought wisdom and strength to go forward.

It was well for her that there were active duties that must be performed, otherwise her anxiety about Myrtie would have overpowered her. She put it from her with a vigorous mental effort, and rising went through the house from room to room, noting what must be done to effect a speedy removal. When Merton returned he found her busily occupied with an energy he had never seen her display before. All hands were at work packing clothing, books, and personal belongings under Mrs. Vane's superintendence, while all articles of furniture were being arranged in readiness for the broker's arrival. The domestics seemed as much astonished at the change in Mrs. Vane as Merton had been. The indulgent, careless, but somewhat querulous mistress had suddenly become calm and firm, but they made no remark and quietly executed her orders.

"Merton," she said, as he entered, "please go to your room and pack up everything you would like to save, so that we may have no delay. I should like to be ready to leave to-morrow."

Merton obeyed silently. His treasures were not many, and were soon stowed away. Then he accompanied his mother to Myrtie's room to assist her in deciding what Myrtie would be likely to value and wish to keep. This was a harder task, for, beside the difficulty of selection, the thought of the missing girl which could be kept in abeyance in other parts of the house came back here with irresistible force on the suffering mother's heart. She sat down in the rocking-chair by her daughter's bedside and wept bitterly. It was the first sign of weakness she had displayed that day. She struggled against it ineffectually. To Merton the sight of her tears was welcome. She seemed to him more herself in that distress than before. That hard, inflexible energy was unnatural, and he was glad to see it break down.

The fit of weeping was brief, and as Alice dried her tears she felt that they had been a relief to her overburdened heart. She rose and went through her task with a softened but not less persistent firmness. Before night the cottage was scarcely recognizable; it had a cold, unoccupied look, so different from its former home-like appearance. All business connected with the sale of house and furniture was arranged, and Alice was free to go whither she would. She and Merton sat together in the room they usually occupied in the evening, and Myrtie's vacant chair alone reminded them of their one great cause for anxiety.

"You have had a busy, tiring day, mother," Merton said. "You will like to retire at once, will you not, and rest?"

"Not yet, my boy," Alice said. "I am tired physically, but I am less weary mentally than I have been in a long time. I feel that I have begun a new life, and I have hope now that it is many years since I had before. I have been content to drift along idly, taking my pleasure as I could get it, shutting my eyes to serious things, and putting aside disagreeable duties. Now, I hope I am going to live, and if Myrtie is restored to us I hope to do a mother's duty to you both as far as it can be done at this late time. Yes, it is a new life that is beginning, and I should like to begin it rightly as my dear father and mother did. Merton, I have left your grandfather's Bible out of the packing. It is to go with us, but I left it out for this night. Please get it, and read a chapter, and I will ask God to bless us."

Merton was amazed, but, as before, obeyed in silence.

"What shall I read, mother?" he said, as he returned with the volume which had been his grandfather's dearest treasure.

Alice would have liked to select something appropriate to the occasion, but she had too long been a stranger to the sacred volume to know where to find such a passage. Merton opened the book, and the leaves fell apart at a

place which had evidently been a favorite one with James Gray, for the pages were discolored and worn. Alice looked at it, and for her father's sake, chose that passage. "Read there," she said, "your grandfather seems to have gained comfort from it. It may help us, too."

It was the fifty-first Psalm, and as Merton read it, Alice felt, as many another backslider has felt, that no words could ever have been written so appropriate to the case of one who, after long travelling on the hard ways of transgression, has at length returned, bruised and wounded and travel-stained to the presence of God. She could not speak for a few moments after Merton had finished reading, but at last she said: "Let us pray." And kneeling there she prayed earnestly for them both, and for the loved lost one far away in deadly peril. It was a simple, unadorned prayer, calm in its trustfulness, and subdued by the sense of unworthiness, and wonder that God would still hear one so sinful as herself.

As they were about to retire a telegram arrived. Alice opened it eagerly, for, in spite of her faith and confidence in God, the protracted suspense about Myrtie was becoming almost intolerable. The telegram was from Smith, and was very brief. "Myrtie is safe, we start for Richmond to-morrow." A fervent "Thank God" broke from Alice's lips, as she read it and there was no irreverence in the expression so often thoughtlessly uttered. In her changed state it was to God that she attributed the fulfillment of her longing.

Smith had dated from the hotel in Santa Fé, and thither a telegram was sent by Merton at Alice's request, saying that he and his mother would start for St. Louis by an early train, and meet them there. Alice cared not whither she went, and this direction would be toward Myrtie, whom she passionately longed to clasp once more to her breast. So the last night in the Richmond home was turned from a night of weeping to a night of joy.

As Merton looked at his mother the next morning as they were being whirled westward to the rendezvous, all fear of her reason failing vanished from his mind. He had never seen her look so bright and gentle and happy before. A softened, subdued air was about her that gave her mature beauty a radiance new to her then, but which would have reminded her father, could he have seen it, of the Alice of old days on the Vermont farm.

No moment in the whole of Alice Vane's eventful life could compare in happiness, she thought, with that supreme moment when her daughter was once more folded in her arms. She looked forward to it as the train approached St. Louis with feverish eagerness, and when, at last, it came, and Myrtie's kisses were rained on her face, she seemed to have realized a joy intensified by the agony of suspense that had gone before.

The faithful Crance had seen Myrtie rush into her mother's arms, had seen the first loving embrace, and then turning to Smith who also stood by, said: "I presume we ain't required here. She's safe." He and Smith left the mother and daughter together, and as the two men faced each other in the hotel corridor each man charged the other with having tears in his eyes. They were not left alone for long. Myrtie had no sooner liberated herself from her mother's clinging embrace and saluted Merton with sisterly affection than she ran eagerly down-stairs to seek Crance, who must be introduced to Mrs. Vane, and receive a mother's glad thanks for the service he had rendered. Crance was difficult to manage. He begged to be excused. Saw no need of thanks. Was unused to ladies' society. Was better where he was. Must be thinking of getting back to Santa Fé, and other objections, all of which Myrtie cut short by taking his hand and leading him to her mother, and presenting him as the man to whom she owed her deliverance.

That same night Alice insisted on making the disclosure which, she said, had weighed long

enough on her heart. It was in vain that Smith and Merton, who feared that agitation might be dangerous to her after so exciting a meeting, advised her to postpone it. She would hear of no delay, and, accordingly, Myrtie and Merton and Smith, at Alice's special desire, were gathered around her. She related the story of her marriage, and her journey to Italy with her husband as has already been told in these pages, but there she paused. The strangest and saddest part of the story was known only to herself.

"I will make my confession," she said, "and I hope both you, Merton and Myrtie, will be able to forgive me. I sinned deeply, but I have suffered much. I was prostrated in Italy with a fever. Myrtie was a baby of only a few weeks old. My husband waited upon me with a woman's tenderness. I saw him failing, too, and at last he became too ill with the fever to attend me. I lost consciousness soon afterward, and was delirious for a long time. How long I do not know. When I slowly regained my power to think, my husband's cousin came to me. His name, too, was Stephen Vane. Stephen was a venerated name in the Vane family, being the name of its founder two hundred years back. We had met him in Italy soon after our arrival, but there was some estrangement between the two branches of the family, and we saw but little of him. He was sent for while I was delirious, and came to my bedside as soon as I was able to converse. He told me of my husband's death. He had died while I was delirious, and was buried, and I knew nothing of it. I could hear no more then. I had a relapse, and for many days my life was despaired of.

Gradually, with a desolate heart I crawled back to life, and then Stephen Vane came to me again. He inquired into my circumstances, found that my father had disinherited me, and that I was penniless. My husband being dead I was alone in the world with my little daughter, and without even enough money to carry us back to America. Then he proposed to me the fraud which has desolated my life. He was a widower with one child, a boy, the same age as Myrtie, and he wanted me to marry him, conceal my husband's death, and assist him to personate my husband. I was weak, ill, penniless in a strange land, and without a friend in the world. Think of my situation. It does not excuse, though it may extenuate my fault. I consented, and from that day forward the wicked, desperate man with whom I had linked myself in sin was the terror of my life. You know the rest."

"Did you visit your first husband's grave, Mrs. Vane?" Smith asked, in his quiet monotone.

"No, I was moved away from the place before I was able to walk. Stephen said it was necessary, and he would never allow me to return."

"Did it ever occur to you that he might be deceiving you?"

"Never. He could not have done so, because if my husband had lived, no one could have prevented his coming to me."

"He might have been prevented," Smith said, turning his eyes full upon Mrs. Vane's face. "I told you something about a man sane, yet shut up for years in an English lunatic asylum, whose escape so agitated Stephen Vane when he heard of it. Did you never suspect?"

"Oh, what do you mean?" said Alice, throwing up her arms with a wild cry. "Speak! Who are you?"

Smith lowered his head, and passed his hand quickly over it and his face. A wig and a large beard fell to the ground, and he rose with outstretched arms. Alice gave one swift look of recognition, and rushed into his arms, burying her face in his bosom. "My husband, my long lost husband!" was all she could say.

Many years have passed since that day of confession and forgiveness. Stephen and Alice have white hair, and their grandchildren play around their knees. Merton is a middle-age

man with a wife and children of his own, and he has never developed the evil nature of his father. Myrtie has succeeded, as Crance thought she might, in civilizing him, and under her influence he has forsworn cards and liquor, and vows that no man who has such a wife as Myrtie need seek any pleasure outside his home. Alice mourns the years that were lost out of her life by her sinful acquiescence in a bad man's villainy, and laments the fraud that cost her father's life. But her husband kisses away her tears, and together they thank God that in His infinite mercy He has forgiven all, and permitted them to spend the evening of their lives in the glorious sunshine of His countenance.

THE END.

MESSIAH'S MESSENGER.

S. S. Lesson for March 21, Mal. 3: 1-6; 4: 1-6. Golden Text, 3: 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The Message of Malachi—Direct to the Priests—Their Perfunctory Services—A Curse Threatened—God's Longsuffering to His People—The Predicted Messenger—The Prophecy of the Tribulation—The Burning and Cleansing—Signs of the Approaching End—What Tithes are Required.

MALACHI is the last of the Lord's prophets in the Old Testament. God laid upon him "The burden of the Word of the Lord to Israel:" and that burden was the universal declension of His people. They had ceased to honor God as a Father, or to fear Him as a Master. They had gone away from His ordinances; they had robbed God in tithes and offerings; their words had been stout against the Lord, insomuch that the prevailing conviction among them was: "It is vain to serve God." Yet the unwearied patience of God sent them yet this messenger, His last prophet before Messiah's coming. His chief word of

WARNING AND REBUKE

was addressed to "the priests that despise My name." ~~Devotion~~ had reached such a pass among the priests that the love of money and self-interest pervaded their religion. It is true that the worship of idols had ceased; there was an outward worship of God's service at the altar; but they offered polluted bread, and offered the lame and the blind for sacrifice, contrary to the express command of God, "Whatsoever hath a blemish, that shall ye not offer; for it shall not be acceptable for you. And whosoever offereth a sacrifice of peace offerings unto the Lord. . . it shall be perfect to be accepted; there shall be no blemish therein" (Lev. 22: 20, 21). They would not so much as kindle fire on God's altar for naught, there must be some return made to them! Is this so unlike the religion of a large number in the present day? Is not often the worst part of time, strength, talent and money given to the Lord after the chief part has been devoted to self and to the world? The priests said of the table of the Lord, "What a weariness it is!" Do we never hear of ministers in our day who are quite exhausted on Monday after twice preaching on Sunday, while Salvation Army, and other such evangelists, are at work out of doors and in seven days in every week, who, instead of saying, "What a weariness it is!" would gladly do even more if time and strength admitted?

The prophet speaks solemn words in the name of the Lord to the priests and Levites who will not lay it to heart to give glory to His name, "I will curse your blessings." The priests were commissioned to bless in the name of the Lord (Num. 6: 22-27; Deut. 10: 8; 21: 5): to curse their blessings was to withhold His signature, His witness to the blessings, so that it became

A HOLLOW FARCE;

like "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Cor. 13: 1). Most touchingly Malachi says for God, "For the priests lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts. But ye are departed out of the way, ye have caused many to stumble at the law: ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi (life and peace,

Mal. 2: 5) saith the Lord of hosts. Therefore have I also made you contemptible and base before all the people, according as ye have not kept My ways, but have been partial in the law." What then? Shall God abandon His people? Oh what long suffering! Behold, I will send My messenger, and *he* shall prepare the way before Me. There should be one satisfactory messenger yet; one who would indeed prepare His way, one of whom Jesus Himself testified, "This is he of whom it is written. Behold I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist" (Luke 7: 27, 28).*

But John the Baptist was but to prepare the way for another Messenger: "And the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple, even

THE MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT

whom ye delight in, behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." As in many other prophecies of the Messiah such as Isa. 63: 3; Dan. 9: 24; Micah 5: 2, 3, so here there seems to be no break made between the first and the second comings of Christ; they are spoken of as though no time had elapsed between for the period in which we are now living—the history of the Church. Undoubtedly the words which follow here refer to the coming time of the tribulation. "But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth? for *He* is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." Only when Jesus comes again shall He purify the sons of Levi, the Jewish priesthood and priestly tribe, only then shall they offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, and their offering shall be pleasant unto the Lord as in the days of old; only then will the Lord Himself be Witness, Judge and Jury against adulterers, so that social purity shall be universally established; only then shall false-swearing and all the iniquity in trade which prevails everywhere be purged; only then shall those who oppress or defraud the hireling, the widow, the fatherless and the stranger become just and upright. For then "a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment" (Isa. 32: 1).

THE BURNING AND CLEANSING.

Meanwhile the Lord has a kingdom of His own which is within us. He does now make us His temples, He does now purify the sons of Levi, for *He*, dwelling in our hearts, is like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap. Where the fire is there the dross is burned, where the soap is there the uncleanness is cleansed. The dross which is burned is not there to be burned again, the uncleanness which such soap has cleansed is gone away. If it remains it has not been subjected to the fire; it has not been yielded to "the operation of God" through the Spirit who reveals Jesus to us. When He was revealed to Isaiah, the prophet became aware of his unclean lips, and he must be purified (Isa. 6: 1-7). Ezekiel saw Him, and though He was the prophet to whom the Lord's own title, "son of man," is given, yet "he fell upon his face" (Ezek. 1: 28); Daniel saw Him, and his comeliness (greatly beloved as he was) was turned in him into corruption, and he was only strengthened by the life-giving words of the Lord Himself (Dan. 10: 5-8, 19). The presence of Jesus, who is Light, reveals evil: "whatsoever doth make manifest is light" (Eph. 5: 13). There is no possibility of hiding things away from such light as the Sun of Righteousness shining in our hearts. But thank God He not only reveals but purifies those who yield themselves to be an habitation of God through the Spirit.

But this prophecy has special reference to the time of the Lord's coming, "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be as

* One of whom He said (Matt. 21: 24) "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come," and of whom the angel said to Zacharias, his father, "He shall go before Him (the Lord) in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord" (Luke 1: 17).

stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Without doubt this passage refers to "The revelations of the Lord Jesus from heaven, with all angels of His power, in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God, and to them that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus: who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction from the face of the Lord, and from the glory of His might, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be marvelled at in all them that believed (because our testimony unto you was believed) in that day" (II Thess. 1: 7-10, Revised Version). We have descriptions of the same event in the following Scriptures, as well as many others: Isa. 2: 10-21; 13: 9-13; 24; Jer. 25: 31-33; Zech. 38, 39; Joel 2: 1-11; 30-32; 3: 1-15; Zech. 14; Matt. 24; Mark 13; Luke 21, and a great part of the book of Revelation.

All around us we see signs of the

APPROACH OF THE END.

There are signs in the heavens, there are yet more upon the earth. The Jewish people, which have been God's witnesses often, in spite of themselves, from the time of Abraham, are rising more and more into power; the Gospel is being preached as a witness among all nations. Those whose hearts are set on the things of this world may well tremble; those whose inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names, are doomed to disappointment. "But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings; and ye shall go forth and grow [Revised Version, gambol] as calves of the stall." "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21: 28). The state of the Christian Church now is in many respects very similar to that of the Jews before the first coming of Christ; much outward form, much talking, many divisions; but oh how little laying to heart the state of things! But then, as now, there were those that feared the Lord, who spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. They were a little flock, and, in spite of all the evangelistic work, all missionary enterprise, in spite of the great increase in the number of converted people, the work does not keep pace with the increase of the population, and still the flock is a little flock.

There is one word spoken to Israel which we may nevertheless take home to us: "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." What is the tithe which it is becoming for Christians to bring? A tenth? a fifth? a third? No; *all* we are and all we have, and all the empty vessels of unlimited faith in all His promises, for God is waiting to give us even now, even where all is so unsatisfactory, a blessing which exceeds our capacity, and runs over to others. If we give God His due, and give Him all the place in our lives, in our hearts and in our possessions, He will turn all we are and have into blessing beyond that we can ask or think, and not for ourselves only, but for others also.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

There is a peace Thy people know,
And all the world despise,
Yet sweeter 'tis than aught below,
'Tis pure and satisfies.

It comes from Thee, dear bounteous Lord,
Calm, blessed like Thine own,
It comes to those who trust Thy word,
And lean on Christ alone.

It comes to those Thy Spirit loves,
Whose sins He shows forgiven;
Whose hearts to faith and love He moves,
And seals them heirs of heaven.

It comes, free as the sunbeam's light,
When o'er the world it flies;
Calm, as the summer morning bright,
When earth in beauty lies.

O teach me, Lord, to trust in Thee,
And on Thy Christ to rest;
And give that perfect peace to me,
Shed sweetly through my breast.

—Selected.

Easy work, good pay, read marked advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

Homes Made Beautiful and Attractive at Trifling Cost.

On receipt of \$2.50 I will mail, postage paid, an elegant pair of Nottingham Lace Curtains, each curtain measuring 3½ yds. x 1½ yds. **Order at once!** Only a limited number of these beautiful goods on hand. **R. A. DUTTON, Box 512, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.**

P. S. Read what the Rev. J. J. HALL, of Auburn, Me., says: "We are much pleased with curtains; consider them well worth the money, and take pleasure in commending your promptness in business and the excellent quality of your goods."

Rev. Dr. Talmage
—AND—
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

Imperial photographs of either at 30 cents each, or both for 50 cents, free by mail.

R. GALLOWAY, 779 Broadway, New York.

TAKE IT HOME TO YOUR WIFE.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

A Semi-Monthly Magazine for the Homes of the World. Buy it of your newsdealer, examine it, then subscribe for it. If your newsdealer does not have it, send 10 cents to us for sample copy. **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING** is the best Family Magazine published, and is issued every other week. \$2.50 a year.

CLARK W. BRYAN & CO., Publishers,
N. Y. Office, 111 Broadway, Holyoke, Mass.

TAKE IT HOME TO YOUR WIFE.

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING ANY COLOR

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never fail, 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Prints for any use—only 10 cents a pkge. Druggists sell or we send post-paid.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken.

Address, **J. S. OGLIVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.**

NEW LIGHT ON MORMONISM.

By Mrs. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE LATE THURLOW WEED.

"The book contains," says Mr. Joseph Cook, "much original matter, the publication and presentation of which appear to me to be highly important. Mrs. Dickinson is a relative of Solomon Spaulding, from whose stolen manuscript 'THE BOOK OF MORMON' was constructed. She has availed herself of family papers and other sources of information not heretofore used in histories of Mormonism, and produced a narrative of fascinating interest and great historical value. The facts she narrates cut up by the roots both the Josephite and the Mormonite form of the 'LATTER-DAY SAINTS.' It discusses one of the most burning topics in American current reform. It will aid essentially in eradicating a giant mischief and delusion."

It is a succinct history of this most wonderful, social, political and religious development of modern times, from its inception to the present time. One of its marked features is the particular and trustworthy account of its origin and early history, never before so accurately given. Another is the interviews had with some of the chief actors concerned in the fraudulent obtaining of Spaulding's M.S., from which Joe Smith made the Mormon Bible. These interviews are intensely interesting, and serve to illustrate the spirit of Mormonism in a most vivid light. The author's brief, graphic history does in truth fling "New Light" on this cunningly devised and stupendous system of deception, fraud and iniquity, which, in the full glare of the nineteenth century and in spite of all that legal enactment and Christian protest and influence have done, has firmly entrenched itself in our land, and is gathering proselytes by the thousand from every part of the civilized world, and is spreading its blighting influence into several States and Territories of the Union. The book will be sure to attract many readers and deepen the disgust and horror already existing in the public mind in respect to Mormonism.

12mo, Bound in Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Address **J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.**

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

A GEM OF BEAUTY. An Exquisitely Engraved and Colored Dove floating on the wing, upon a deep, blue sky, which forms the background, and with every feather so carefully drawn as almost to deceive the eye into the belief that it is a **THING OF LIFE.** Upon this background, in choice lettering is the text, "MY **PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU**" etc. Upon the coming light of the morning dawn, which brightens up the background of the picture, in similar letters, is the text, "THE **PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING**," the whole forming a perfect gem of art. Like all fine works its value consists not so much in its size 8x10, as in its beauty of detail, and it possesses the great advantage of needing no frame, being printed with a gold border upon a heavy card plate, so that it can be placed upon the table or mantel if preferred. If you want a choice ornament for your home, or a remembrance to a friend, especially to one who is sick, or troubled, cannot be equalled, either in beauty or price. **REMEMBER IT CAN BE FRAMED OR NOT AS YOU PLEASE.** Safely packed, we send it postage paid on receipt of Twenty-Five Cents.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT PROFIT TO AGENTS.

They can be sold at almost every house, and every Christian person to whom you show them will buy at least one copy. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Good only for thirty days. Send back this advertisement and fifty cents, and we will forward free of any other expense, **three sample copies** for yourself and friends or a trial order of **eight copies for One Dollar.** You take no risk in accepting this last offer as your immediate friends will gladly take these few copies at full price, giving you a profit of one dollar even if you do nothing further. We expect however to receive a larger order as soon as you get the samples.

WM. F. BRECK & CO., 12 Cortlandt Street, New York.

To Dealers, Agents, and Sunday-School Teachers, Fifty Copies for Five Dollars.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS
ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS **PLANTS**

Peter Henderson & Co.

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2½ Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the **NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS**, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

"Nothing Mr. Stevenson has written yet has so strongly impressed us with the versatility of his very original genius."—*London Times.*

Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

By **ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**, author of "The New Arabian Nights," etc. Cloth, fine library edition, gilt top, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

"It is a work of incontestable genius. Nothing, in my judgment, by Edgar Allan Poe, to be generous, is to be compared to it; it has all his weird and eerie power, but combined with a graphic realism that immensely heightens the effect. I read it in a four-wheeled cab the other night, by the help of a reading lamp, as I travelled through miles of snow-bound streets, quite unconscious of the external circumstances of that melancholy journey. What is worth mentioning, because otherwise a good many people will miss it, is that a noble moral underlies the marvellous tale."—**JAMES PAYN**, in the *Independent*.

*** This book for sale by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
745 Broadway, New York.

TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,

CALDWELL, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

EASTER

Poems & Cards
Sample of Poems sent for 10c.
Sample cards & price list 10c.
H. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

"A Capital Book for Social Meetings and Sunday-Schools."

SELECT SONGS.

Compiled by **F. N. PELOUBET, D.D.**

344 Hymns and Tunes, admirably chosen for use where only one book is desired for the Devotional Meetings and the Sunday-School. All who have used Select Songs speak of it in the highest terms.

Firmly bound in Cloth, \$40 per 100 Copies.

READY MARCH 10.

An edition of words only, \$10 per 100 Copies.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.

81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

THE SECURITY
Mutual Benefit Society
OF NEW YORK.

No. 233 Broadway, Gpp. Post Office.

ONLY TWELVE ASSESSMENTS have been levied from 1881 to 1886, averaging three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 40 years, but \$4.40 a year for each \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted.

Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.

NEW STEAM COOKER!

The Best, Simplest and Cheapest.

Only \$1.00. Sent, express paid, any address, for \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
FICKETT STEAM COOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

BLACK SILKS.

James M'Creery & Co.

are selling, notwithstanding the heavy advance in prices made by all manufacturers, their entire importations of rich and reliable black silks at even lower prices than have prevailed during last season.

As it will be impossible to continue to do this after our present contracts expire, we respectfully advise immediate selections.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.



We offer to send the PHILADELPHIA

LADIES' Home Journal
AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

Three Months on receipt of only **10 Cents**

Silver or stamps.

SPLENDID DOMESTIC STORIES

BY

Harriet Prescott Spofford,

Rose Terry Cooke,

Marion Harland,

Mary Abbott Rand,

Charity Snow.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE—How to entertain, &c., by **SOPHIA ORNE JOHNSON** (Daisy Eyebright). **DRESS AND MATERIAL**—How to dress well and economically, with answers to correspondents on Fashions, by **MRS. J. H. LAMBERT.**

Instructive articles on "How to Appear Well in Society," "How to Talk Well, and Improve your Grammar," by **MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.**

THE TEA TABLE—And how to make it attractive, with good and comparatively inexpensive recipes, by **CHRISTINE TERHUNK HERRICK.**

MOTHER'S CORNER—A page devoted exclusively to the care of infants and young children. Filled with interesting letters from subscribers exchanging views and methods of management, and original articles from the best writers.

ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK—A Special Feature: with Special Illustrations, Knitting, Crocheting, and a host of other needlework, edited by an expert. Prizes given for contributions.

BRUSH STUDIES AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATIONS, by **LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON.**

HOME COOKING—With original and tried recipes contributed by subscribers. This is a special feature with us, and is considered the best and most practical department ever published in any household paper.

Prizes given for best recipes and contributions. How to prepare delicacies suitable for afternoon teas, or small evening companies that are not too expensive.

MUSICAL STUDIES—By **MARGARET B. HARVEY.**

FLORAL DEPARTMENT—By **ELEN E. REXFORD.**

The JOURNAL has over **200,000** Circulation and is edited by **MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.**

Address **CURTIS PUB. CO., Philada., Pa.**

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION and PRESERVATION by **CHEMICAL MEANS.**

It is not a nauseous medicine to be taken into the stomach like the numerous extensively advertised cure-alls which fill the advertising columns of the newspapers. On the contrary, it is a mechanical instrument charged with chemicals, and cures sore throat by inhalation. It costs \$8.00 prepaid to any address, but is cheap because it lasts a lifetime and can be used by the entire family. Its chief virtues may be summed up as follows: Cleanliness, Economy, Convenience, Freedom from Injurious Effects on the Stomach, and Perfect Satisfaction in Prompt and Permanent Results.

Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Vocalists, Actors, Lecturers, School Teachers and others who constantly use the voice, find this Wonderful Instrument indispensable and worth a dozen times its cost. The **AMMONIAPHONE** has met with an electrical success in Great Britain and Europe, latest reports of sales exceeding 100,000 per week, and is enthusiastically endorsed by such famous and renowned personages as **Patti, Maria Roze-Mapleson, Rev. Hay M. H. Aitken, Rev. H. R. Haws, and in this country by Prof. Vicalino, N. Y. Conservatory of Music, Rudolph Aronson, H. Le-Caron, M.D., of Chicago, Rev. H. W. Thomas, R. Reig, M.D., and W. Porteous, M.D., of New York** and numerous others of more or less fame. Avoid quack nostrums and save your stomach and general health by using this scientific and common-sense instrument. The results will be happiness and satisfaction. **A FULL HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE WILL BE SENT FREE** on request to those who mention this paper. Address **E. V. VERMONT, 226 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. In postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Vatches Accordions, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing, resses Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. **World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.** books, &c. **FREE**

JAPAN STEEL BROOM HANGER. A novelty, ornamental, ever-lasting. Price saved every broom. Mailed for 25 cents. Agents wanted. **WOOSTER & Co., Tracy, California.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 11.

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1886.

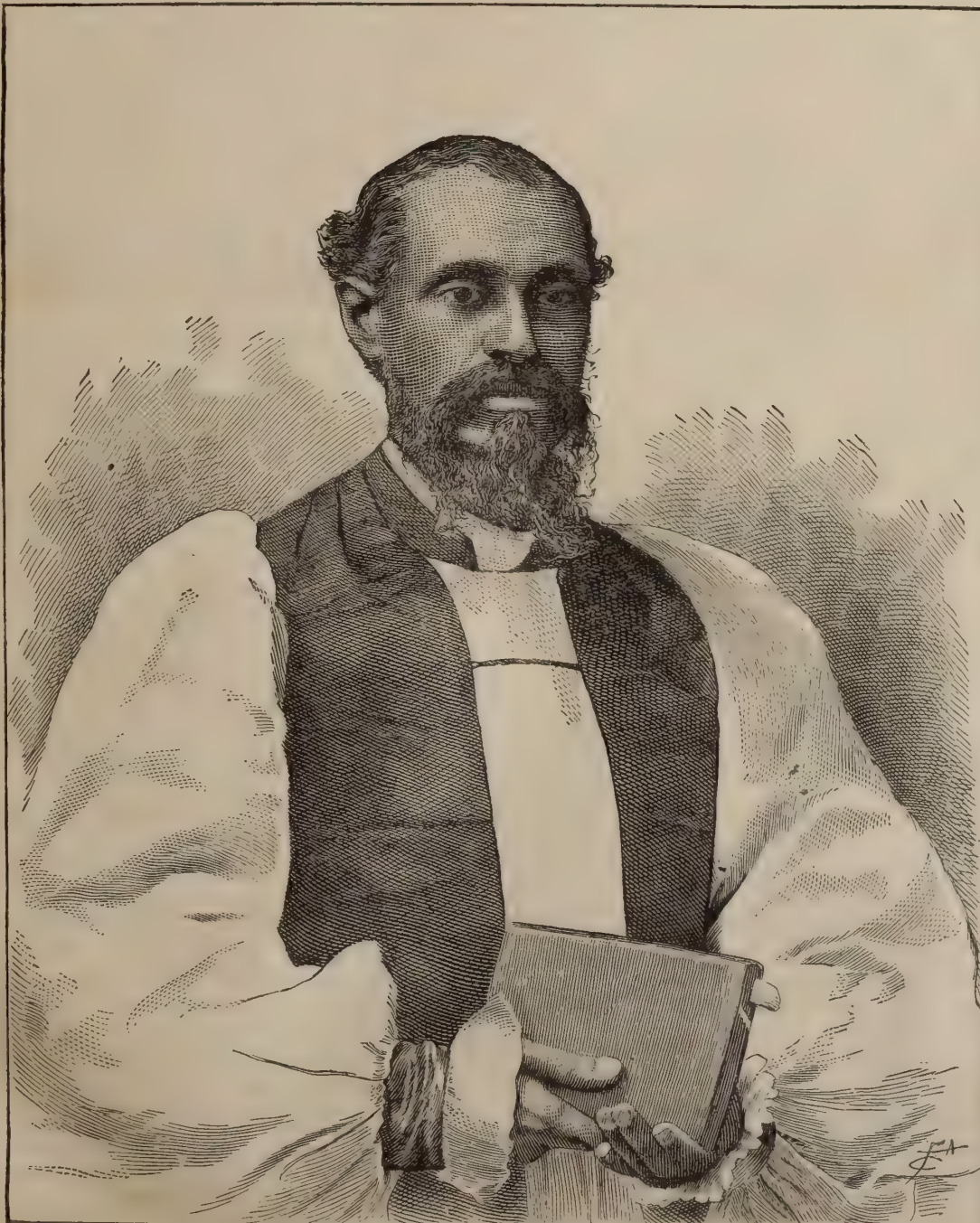
Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE RT. REV. SAMUEL D. FERGUSON, D.D.
SISTERS AND BROTHERS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon
Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.
THE WAITING CHRISTIAN. By Dr. W. J. Erdman—A Missionary Tour in Mexico.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Senate and the Suspensions—The Civil Service Question in the House—Grave Municipal Scandal in New York—The Striking Railroad Employes—Proposed Increase of Postal Rates—A Romance at Castle Garden—Mr. Edison's New Air Telegraph—An Editor's Invitations—Remarkable Memory of a Horse, etc.
PICTURE OF HILLSIDE, MASS., THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. GOUGH.

PLEADING FOR PRAYER. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deema.
ON BOARD THE MORNING STAR.
RECONCILIATION OF INDIAN CHIEFS. (With Illustration.)—Notices of New Books.
A MAGNANIMOUS PLEADER. (Illustrated.)
AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story.
THY WILL BE DONE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



(From a Photograph by Mr. Fredericks, Broadway, New York.)

The Rt. Rev. SAMUEL D. FERGUSON, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Cape Palmas, Liberia.

THE RT. REV. SAMUEL D. FERGUSON, Bishop of Cape Palmas.

His Birth in 1842—Emigrates to Liberia—A Missionary Education—Teaching and Preaching—The Rescue of a Child—Election to the Episcopate—An American Clergyman's Impressions of Him—Testimony of a Fellow Laborer—The Consecration Service—Bishop Lee's Charge—Welcome to Africa—Baptism of a King and Queen.

THE intelligence now received of the hearty welcome tendered by Christians of all denominations to Bishop Ferguson on his arrival in his diocese confirms the good feeling and happy auguries called forth during his stay in America. Doubtless there were some members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who were not delighted to hear of a colored man becoming a member of the House of Bishops. There had been missionary bishops before of the colored race, as Bishop Holly, of Hayti, consecrated in 1874, but this was a different matter, as it gave Bishop Ferguson a seat in the House which Bishop Holly has not. But whatever opposition there may have been it was set aside by the consideration that the Church had need of just such a man in that place, that he was well adapted for the work, and that there was a singular fitness in placing in the hands of a colored man the Episcopal charge of the diocese. If any doubt remained as to the wisdom of the proceeding it is removed by the reception of the bishop on his landing in Liberia.

PERSONAL DETAILS.

Samuel David Ferguson was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1842. He is therefore now forty-four years old. In 1848, when he was only six years of age, he went with his parents to Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, little more than four degrees from the equator. It is a remarkable evidence of his intelligence and his spirituality that the poor and comparatively unknown lad who landed thirty-eight years ago an immigrant among strangers, should now, at the desire of the colony and with the concurrence of the prelates and Church of America, return there a consecrated bishop.

A few years—we think only two—before the arrival of the Fergusons in Africa the Protestant Episcopal Church in America had been deeply moved on the subject of foreign missionary work, and had commenced operations at Liberia. There it opened its first foreign mission. Young Ferguson was sent to the Mission to be educated. Thus his education from its first rudiments was a religious education, and in that important matter he enjoyed an advantage denied to those who are trained in the public schools of his own land. His progress was remarkable both in secular and religious knowledge. In 1862 Bishop Payne, who had oversight of the mission school, appointed him a teacher. His conduct during the three years he held that position was exemplary, and as he continued his theological studies and gave evidence of piety, he was ordained a deacon on December 28th, 1865.

His first sphere of labor was at Harper, where he was assistant to Rev. J. W. C. Duerr. Three years of earnest work in that capacity followed, at the end of which he assumed the position of rector of the parish, being ordained priest on March 15th, 1868. In addition to the ordinary duties of the rectorship he undertook the superintendence of the Cape Palmas School and Orphan Asylum, and also became business agent of the Mission. Thus he has been familiar with the field almost from the commencement of its occupation, and feels for it the intense love of the Christian for his spiritual birthplace. Having grown up there from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, he knows by practical experience the need of every department of labor and can feel as no stranger, however eminent, can feel the sympathy born of personal experience, which is one of the prime essentials of successful work.

RESCUE OF A CHILD.

The character of the work of a clergyman in that part of the world may be inferred from an

incident which occurred at the Mission under Mr. Ferguson's charge. He related it to a friend here, who sent the account to the *Church Mission News*. It relates to a young girl, now in one of our schools in Africa. She is quite young, an orphan, and her life was saved from a dreadful death by a woman travelling all night with her to a Mission station, and begging the Missionary to save the poor girl.

The father of the little girl had died; the family called in the *devil-doctor* to find out why the man died. After some of his heathen ceremonies were performed, he announced the name of one of the man's wives, and said she had by witchcraft caused the man's death. That involved her own death.

The tribe had collected in force to witness the funeral and heathen rites of the devil-doctor. So he prepared a large bowl of strong tea, made from a native wood that was very poisonous. The poor woman was forced to drink the dreadful medicine, and, of course, soon died. Then the people wanted more of the ceremonies. So the devil-doctor said her only child, this little girl, should the next morning drink a bowl of the poison.

They went to sleep expecting the ceremonies to be renewed the next day; but in the night a woman who was very sorry for the child, knowing she was innocent, took her, and, stealing quietly through the woods took her to the Mission station. She was admitted and cared for, and, as the months passed by, the teachers found her very gentle and good in disposition. She has been baptized, and is being taught about our God. The bishop feels great interest in her, and thinks she will be one of the future mission helpers.

Mr. Ferguson's earnestness and zeal in mission work commended him both to the pastors and people; so that when, in 1884, it became necessary to elect a bishop for the see there was no man found possessing in so remarkable degree the confidence of all, as well as necessary qualifications for the office, as the Rector of St. Mark's Parish, Harper. The American House of Bishops recognized the fact, and while fully aware of the innovation they were making, they decided upon electing him to the bishopric. He was elected at the session held in Grace Church on April 24th, 1884, and soon afterward came to America.

How acceptable the action of the bishops was to the Christian laborers in the field over whom he has been given oversight is manifest from the following voluntary testimony rendered by one of them, the Rev. M. P. Keda Valentine, of Cape Palmas:

"We have cause to be thankful above measure as we see the kingdom of God taking root downward, and beginning to bear fruit upward. The election of our dear brother to the Episcopate is one of the Church's upward fruits. No fitter choice of a better qualified man could have been made, nor, in my estimation, was ever made, both in regard to his qualifications in [the management of] pecuniary matters, as well as in his faithfulness in the work which he has been called by the Church and Spirit to do—that of preaching the Cross of Christ among the heathen. In this work he has proved himself a pattern to all his brethren in the ministry, as well as to the catechists and teachers."

During the interval between his arrival in this country and his consecration, Bishop Ferguson was very fully employed in presenting the cause of his Mission before congregations in New York and elsewhere. Besides this, a missionary reception was given him at St. John's School, where there was a great gathering of the friends of the institution and of Africa, whom the bishop-elect and others addressed. One of the appointments met was for the Morning Service at St. John's Clifton, Staten Island, on the Second Sunday after Trinity. The rector, the Rev. Dr. John C. Eccleston, writes of this service: "You will be gratified to hear of the very favorable impression made by the bishop-elect of Liberia this morning, upon a rather critical congregation at my church. A large proportion of

the male members are Southern gentlemen, many of them formerly slave-holders, and not altogether, as yet, 'reconstructed.' There was but one feeling, viz., that the preacher was a thoroughly earnest, godly man, peculiarly fitted for the difficult work to which he has been called. The modesty of his manner, joined with his effective style and natural eloquence, quite won the hearts of all who heard him.

"It is a pity that Dr. Ferguson could not remain six months after his consecration to canvass the churches. I answer for it there would be large results."

The wish expressed by Dr. Eccleston had been urged by members of the Foreign Committee and their secretary; but Bishop Ferguson felt that his place was in Africa, and that he ought not to delay his departure. The first Episcopal act of the new bishop was, however, performed in this country at Norfolk, Va., where, at the request of the bishop of the diocese, he confirmed seven persons.

THE CONSECRATION SERVICE

took place in Grace Church, New York, on June 24th, 1885. The church was filled with a large congregation attracted by the novelty of the occasion. A considerable sprinkling of persons of color was noticeable. The Bishops of New York, Pennsylvania, Northern New Jersey, and Long Island, took part in the service. The sermon was preached by the presiding bishop, the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Delaware. In the course of his sermon Bishop Lee said:

"Enviably is the privilege, my brother, of bearing a part in doing something to help forward and hasten the regeneration of Africa. It was a son of Africa who bore the Saviour's cross on the way to Calvary. Be it yours patiently and lovingly to carry the same hallowed burden for the same dear Master. The task of Simon the Cyrenian is not yet done. We rejoice in the belief that you are here to-day in obedience to a higher call than that of man. Trusting that you will not labor unsustained by the presence, uncheered by the smile of our gracious Saviour, and that with enlarged powers abundant success will crown your efforts, we this day devoutly wish you God speed."

WELCOME TO AFRICA.

The bishop's arrival at the scene of his past and future labors is graphically described in a letter which he wrote for publication in the *Spirit of Missions*, from which the following is an extract: "I have met a warm reception on all sides. The first voices that greeted my ears were those of the inmates of our Orphan Asylum and Girls' School, who, descending the cape on the summit of which the institution is located, and standing on the rocks below, sang out merrily, 'Welcome Home,' as the surf-boat that was bearing me to the shore passed them, and made me forget for awhile that we were entering the bar whose foaming billows were far from being inviting. Nearing the wharf, the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' chanted joyfully by scores of men, women and children, was also heard above the noise of the waters; and, on landing, I found the Sunday-school of St. Mark's assembled there, headed by its superintendent, who made a short address, bidding me welcome. Many of the prominent citizens, including Methodists and Baptists as well as our own Church folk, were also present to receive me.

"A more formal public reception was given four days afterward, under the direction of the officers and teachers of St. Mark's. Nor were the native Christians behind in manifestations of good-will toward me. The Hoffman Institute and High School, with several ladies and gentlemen of Cavalla Station—twelve miles away—came up *en masse*; and after some good singing, their pastor made an address of welcome to me. The Hoffman Station folk also came, and in like manner gave me assurances of their good-will. According to their custom, they brought large bowls of palm-butter and rice (their principal article of diet) which we partook of together in token of affectionate regards.

"In the midst of all this, reflecting on what the wise king of Israel says, 'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof,' and also on what another said to the king of Syria, 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off,' I rejoice with trembling.

"On Monday, the 14th inst., a meeting of Gedebe Christian men, whom I had invited from the different stations to meet me at Cavalla, was held, to settle a matter of difference that had arisen between the Christian men of Hoffman Station and those of Cavalla. After some discussion a compromise was happily effected. I exhorted them all to lay aside everything that would tend to impede the progress of our work; and to unite their hearts and hands in a determined effort to rescue their brethren from heathenism. There is no time for dissension while souls are perishing right at our doors."

BAPTISM OF A KING AND QUEEN.

Bishop Ferguson reports in a recent letter an event most significant and important which it may be hoped, coming at the commencement of his Episcopal career, will encourage him in his work. He says:

"On the 30th of September I received a note from the Rev. O. E. Hemie Shannon, our Deacon at Hoffman Station, informing me that the King of the Cape Palmas Grebo tribe had expressed to him a desire for baptism. With several of the Christian men of Hoffman Station, I went to Bigtown (as the village in which the king resides is called), and met him seated in a house belonging to one of his sons, which for neatness and furniture, as well as general structure, is far in advance of the surrounding dwellings.

"The king is about seventy years of age, and has been an invalid over a year. He said he had for a long time been persuaded of the truth of the Gospel, and desired baptism, but his office made it necessary that he should practice certain heathen customs which the Christian religion does not allow; that now he has resolved to become a Christian, *whatever it might cost him*. I questioned him very closely in order to ascertain whether he was indeed a fit subject for baptism, dwelling particularly on polygamy and other heathen practices, and received satisfactory answers. The Rev. Mr. Shannon had given him the necessary instruction. Then, having explained at some length the nature of the sacrament, I baptized his majesty Yiba Wa, in the name of the Holy Trinity.

"Several of the principal men of the tribe were present to witness the ceremony. They looked on aghast; and one—a very intelligent man who fills the office of prime minister—remarked that but for polygamy he would become a Christian likewise. This is apparently the great barrier that keeps many of them from Christ; but the grace of God can and will overcome this and every other hindrance.

"On last Sunday (October 11th) Bigtown was again the scene of an unusual occurrence. Assembled in an open space in front of the house of the *bodio* (high-priest) were nearly all the Christians from Hoffman Station, themselves rescued from heathenism. On the one side were the state officials, and on the other eminent heathen personages. A large number of young men and naked children made the circle almost complete, while small groups of women, whom heathenism denies a seat in the assemblies of the opposite sex, stood a few yards off, gazing wistfully upon a scene which they had never witnessed before.

"Two persons, seated conspicuously by themselves, were the centre of attraction. One of these is the wife of King Yiba Wa. She is about sixty years of age. Soon after the baptism of her husband, she expressed a desire to become a Christian likewise. She said she had long desired to do so, but the way did not seem open until now. The other candidate was about twenty years of age. He, with another young man, had been down to Lagos in the employment of one of the traders there. Through the

efforts of the missionaries at that place, while seeking earthly treasures, the two young men found the pearl of great price. On their return home, both of them applied to the native pastor for baptism. One of them has, however, gone away again; and we trust that the Holy Spirit, who has begun a good work in him, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

"I preached to the people, explaining the nature of the sacrament which we were about to administer, and urging all, old and young, men and women, to follow the good example of their king and the two candidates. All three of these being representative characters, afforded a good opportunity for me to appeal to the different classes present. Indeed, if care had been taken to select the candidates for such an occasion, with a view to making a desirable impression on the heathen, we could not have found more suitable persons. The one full of youthful vigor, kneeling beside the other in the evening of her life, with the recent baptism of the king fresh in memory, made the occasion a most striking one."

CAPE PALMAS DISTRICT.

of which Dr. Ferguson is bishop, is the most southerly of the three districts of the jurisdiction. The other two are the Sinoe and Bassa district, and the Monrovia, and Cape Mount district. Cape Palmas is the centre of a group of several stations at which much good work has been and is done. The most southerly border of the district lies almost upon the equator. In this district there are now four clergymen (two Liberians and two natives). There are also one lay-reader, twelve teachers (four of whom are women) and five student teachers, occupied with the work of education in the institutions mentioned beyond and in the several vernacular day-schools. There are eight principal stations, viz., those at Harper, Cape Palmas, Hoffman Station, Cavalla, Fishtown (Fair Haven), Half-Graway (Spring Hill), Rockbookah and Kabla. Additional stations, mainly preaching-places, are adjacent to several of these towns, aggregating with them over twenty-three stations and preaching-places.

It is very pleasant to observe that at Cavalla and Hoffman Station, where the devoted Bishops Payne and Auer labored, and those associated with them, there are native congregations with complete parochial organizations and commodious church edifices, each ministered to by its own (native) clergyman. Connected with the former are one hundred and one, and with the latter sixty-four, communicants.

It is a sad feature of the Mission that it is crippled for lack of funds. The whole amount the Board of Missions was able to appropriate to the Mission was \$3600, which will all be absorbed in urgently necessary repairs. There are other stations which might be built at various points where they would be welcome, and would be a power for good, but as the cost would be \$6000 the Board is obliged to let them wait until funds are received for the purpose. There is reason to hope that the evidence the Mission has given of its efficiency in the conversion and education of Bishop Ferguson will encourage God's people here to contribute yet more liberally to its support.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

Nailing the Colors to the Mast.—At a recent meeting a young lady said: "I was led to Jesus many years ago, when I was a child. Some people do not believe that children can be converted, but one night in a Gospel meeting a lady spoke to me of Jesus, and I gave myself to the Lord, and from that night my life ran in a different course. Formerly I thought of nothing but to please self, but since then I have, by divine help, tried to please Him who died for me. And so I went on for many years, but still there was something wanting. I felt I cared a little for the world. I wanted to have both the world and Christ, and so I was not satisfied. I knew in my heart that I was ashamed to speak for Christ, or

to tell others what He had done for me. So about three years ago I resolved to come fully out for the Lord, and give up all for Him, and what a blessing I got in return!"

Prayer at the Door of a Rum-shop.—Mr. Millar observed: "A man who was saved from intemperance with whom I was speaking, told me that some time ago, when working away from his own home, he was strongly tempted to return to his old evil ways. He yielded so far to the temptation as to go right to the door of a public-house, but just as he was about to enter he lifted up his heart to God in prayer, and cried: 'Lord, help me, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Immediately the desire for drink was quenched. God always with the temptation makes a way of escape to all those whose real desire is to be delivered from it, and preserved from sin. If all poor weak and tempted ones would but believe how much more willing God is to give than we are to ask, they would be saved much mischief and misery."

A Disinherited Son.—The Rev. Charles Graham related: "An eminent man of God, Thomas Kelly, whose hymns we frequently sing, was disinherited by his father for preaching the Gospel. After he had given himself to the Lord he went about calling sinners to repentance. His father called him aside one day, and said: 'Thomas, if you do not give over these irregularities I will disinherit you.' Thomas asked permission to wait upon the Lord, after which he said: 'I must obey God rather than my father.' So in bequeathing his property the old man passed over his son, and left all to his grandson, the son of Thomas Kelly. In the mean time a law was passed that a father could be the heir of his son. The child died, and for forty years Thomas Kelly lived in the enjoyment of his large property, which he used for God's service. How strangely God works! How good He is to those who trust Him! 'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.'"

Nearly Down a Coal Pit.—Mr. J. Rae said: "A man one night was wending his way along a lonely road. It was a dark and dreary night, and all at once he discovered that he had lost his way. He struggled along for a short time in the dark, for he had no lamp to guide his steps. The roads were rough and dangerous, so he sat down by the wayside and cried, 'I am lost. I am lost.' He continued his call for aid when a farmer came with a lamp to his assistance, and found the man sitting on the edge of a disused coal-pit. Oh, what a discovery. How barely he was saved! One step more and he would have been in utter destruction. But he believed that he was lost, and therefore was saved from being dashed to pieces. Dear unsaved one, not until you know that you are lost can you be saved, for 'Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.' 'All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, but the Lord hath laid upon Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all.'"

Winding up with a Dance.—Mr. H. F. Bowker said: "It was my privilege on the last day of the year to address a meeting in this country on the subject of 'The Christian Life.' At the close several young men waited to speak to me, and one of them said he would like to call on me next day as he could not wait that night, having to be home at a certain hour. Next day he called, and after telling me about his church connections, and the different offices he held in it, he said: 'And now, next Saturday we have our annual meeting, when we give in our reports for the year, and make any new arrangements.' 'Yes,' I rejoined, 'and a very good custom it is.' 'But,' he continued, 'that is not all. When the reports have been read, and the business part is over, then we have—well, what we call a harmless dance, just to wind up the evening, and after what you said last night, I do not feel that I could ever join in it again.' Brethren, it is *not* the business of the Church to find amusement. It is the business of the Church to preach Christ in all His fulness; not to go hand in hand, but to *come out* from among unconverted worldlings and be separated."

SISTERS AND BROTHERS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, March 14th, 1886.

"And his sister stood afar off to know what would become of him."—EX. 2:4.

The Boat Princess Thermutis Saw—Its Precious Burden—Miriam's Vigil—Her Adroit Proposal—Legends of Moses' Childhood—A Crown Trodden Upon—Hot Coals Preferred to Rubies—His Unique Burial—The World's Obligation to Miriam—Great Men Helped by their Sisters—Their Toilsome Life—How to Help a Brother—The Curse of Teasing—Avoid Jealousy—A Leprous Abomination—The Rothschilds—A Russian Banquet—The Last Fraternal Escort.

PRINCESS THERMUTIS, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing-house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only one passenger, and that a baby boy. But the Mayflower that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny, and Herodotus, and Theophrastus.

MIRIAM'S VIGIL.

"Kill every Hebrew boy when he is born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her son, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister Miriam stood on the bank watching that craft with its precious burden. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank. Miriam the poetess, Miriam the quick-witted, Miriam the faithful, though very human, for in after time she became so mad with that very brother for marrying a woman she did not like, that she made a great family row, and was struck with leprosy.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found there might in a sudden plunge of thirst sink it. Some ravenous water-fowl might swoop, and pick his eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodile or hippopotamus crawling through the rushes might crunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her, holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing-house. When from the lattice she saw that boat she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened, and would not even let the princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother.

AN ADROIT MAIDEN.

Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to pacify the child. Consent is given, she brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incognito, not sure of the court knowing that she was the mother, and when Jochebed arrived the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant, and strategic sister!

"Go home," some one might have said to Miriam. "Why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian; go home!" No; Miriam, the sister, most lovingly watched and bravely defended Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and courage? Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so much involved in the arrival of any ship at any port as in the landing of that papyrus boat caked with bitumen. Its one passenger was to be a non-such

in history: Lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conquerer, deliverer.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that Josephus says, when he was carried along the road, people stopped to gaze at him, and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the king playfully put his crown upon this boy, he threw it off indignantly, and put his foot on it. The king, fearing that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend, the king ordered two bowls to be put before the child, one containing rubies, and the other burning coals. And if he took the coals he was to live, and if he took the rubies he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals, and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer and the Red Sea parted to let two million five hundred thousand people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer and the Red Sea closed on a strangulated host.

UNIQUE BURIAL.

His life was unutterably grand, his burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint, nor archangel have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left His throne in heaven one day, and if the question was asked, "Whither is the King of the Universe going?" the answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear, and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here, the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought; and yonder, the mountains Hermon, and Lebanon, and Gerizim, and hills of Judea; and the village of Bethlehem there, and the city of Jericho yonder, and the vast stretch of landscape that almost took the old lawgiver's breath away as he looked at it.

And then, without a pang, as I learn from the statement that the eye of Moses was undimmed, and his natural force unabated, God touched the great lawgiver's eyes and they closed; and his lungs, and they ceased; and his heart, and it stopped; and commanded, saying: "To the skies, thou immortal spirit!" And then one divine hand was put against the back of Moses, and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave and placed in crypt, and one stroke of the divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies at which God did all the offices of priest, and undertaker, and grave-digger, and mourner were ended.

THE WORLD INDEBTED.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made water-tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation, when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian, and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs; for, Princess Thermutis, of the bathing-house, would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own, this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for faithful sisterhood!

For how many a lawgiver, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer, and how many a saint are the world and the Church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister?

Come up out of the farm-houses, come up out of the inconspicuous homes! Come up from the banks of the Hudson, and the Penobscot, and the Savannah, and the Mobile, and the Mississippi, and all the other Niles of America, and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and medicine and merchandise and art and agriculture and mechanics and religion!

If I should ask all these physicians, and attorneys, and merchants, and ministers of religion and successful men of all professions and trades who are indebted to an elder sister for good influences, and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start, to rise, they would rise by the hundreds. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schooling was paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere, the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

THE ELDER SISTER'S POWER.

Miriam was the oldest of the family, Moses and Aaron, her brothers, are younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back water-fowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle-boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God; and a brighter princess than Thermutis shall lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

HER TOILSOME LIFE.

The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child, and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an ungallant name, but in heaven they call her Miriam.

In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.

HELP TO MAKE MEN.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father laid down to die. Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled

nature. If you, by patience with all his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

TEASING A FAMILY CURSE.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile, and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable, and is only another form of innocent railery, but that which provokes, and irritates, and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife, scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret, or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an "Ahem!" Tease! Tease! Tease! For God's sake quit it. Christ says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when you, by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderess.

BEWARE OF JEALOUSY.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Even Miriam, the heroine of the text, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and not only so but marries a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he had married at all, and next, because he had practised miscegenation, that she is drawn into a frenzy, and then begins to turn white, and gets white as a corpse, and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk; the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer that brings her restoration.

Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy, either to sit or stand. It is a *leprous abomination*. Your brothers' success oh sisters is your success. His victories will be your victories; for, while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam, the sister, with two glittering sheets of brass uplifted and glittering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frightened neigh of pursuing cavalry horse was smothered in the wave, and the last Egyptian helmet went under.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together, and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarrelling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle. Better when you were little children in the nursery that with your playhouse mallets you had accidentally killed each other fighting across your cradle, than that, having come to the age of maturity, and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

If you only knew it your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together, perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die in 1812, he gathered his children about him, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James, and made them promise that they would always be united on "Change. Obeying that injunction they have

been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their sceptre, nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much on a large scale, and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that, instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object, it be doing good and making salutary impression and raising this sunken world, how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part, and brother will do his part. If Miriam will lovingly watch the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprous disasters strike.

THE FAMILY BOND.

When father and mother are gone, and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit, the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unfaltering affection for each other! Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same motherly tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets; and with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity—I charge you, be loving and kind and forgiving. If the sister see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort.

Oh, if the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptations their brother goes in this city life, they would hardly sleep nights in the anxiety for his salvation! And if you would make a holy conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world, and the brother flee off in another direction in dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again at the iron gate of Despair, their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. Alas, that brothers and sisters, though living together for years, very often do not know each other, and that they see only the imperfections and none of the virtues!

A RUSSIAN BANQUET.

General Bauer, of the Russian cavalry, had in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine, he invited a plain miller and his wife, who lived near by, and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago, and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said: "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer, and how warm was the embrace!

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grouchy and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong! That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam." "Miriam, this is Moses." Add seventy-five per cent to your present appreciation of each other, and when you kiss good-morning do not stick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

BE AGREEABLE.

Make yourselves as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of

your own, and into the battle with the world and amid ever-changing vicissitudes, and on paths crossed with graves, and up steps hard to climb, and through shadowy ravines. But oh, my God and Saviour, may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start, namely, at father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom! Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome us home, as we say: "Father and mother, we have come, and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition:

"Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Will meet to part no more."

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and saw it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home!" As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of the storm and a deafening roar overcame him. But after a while he saw in the distance a lantern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him, and for a long time supper had been waiting. So may it be when the night of death comes and our earthly friends cannot go with us, and we dare not go alone; may our Brother, our Elder Brother, our Friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promises, which shall be a lantern to our feet, and then we will go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb!

A Surgical Operation Performed by the operator on his own person is described in the Belleville Ontario. It states that the judge who recently presided at the Belleville Assizes had a terrible experience when he was a young man. He was then intending to be a farmer, and one winter day he went into the woods to fell timber. During the day he felled a tree which lodged. He attempted to fell another on the first one to bring it down, but did not succeed. He went up to one of the leaning trees to attempt to dislodge them, when suddenly the upper tree fell and caught the young man's foot between the two, at the same time throwing him over backward so that his shoulders just touched the snow. He was in great peril, for in the bush his voice could not reach his friends, and, it being a cold day, he must soon perish. But he was a man of strong will, and was equal to the occasion. He took his knife from his pocket and cut the flesh around the bone of the imprisoned leg. As he came to an artery he held it until the cold congealed the blood, and then proceeded. If he felt his strength beginning to fail he bathed his face with snow. When he had the bone bared he reached his axe, and with one blow severed it, and was free. He crawled out of the woods and across a field to the road, where a passing team took him home. It is not likely that he has ever regretted the loss of his foot, seeing that by it his life was saved. There will be men in heaven whose souls have been saved by the loss of something just as precious to them. Christ taught that whatever held men back from eternal life was well sacrificed at any cost (Matt. 18:8).

Volume VIII of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

A GOSPEL TOUR IN MEXICO.

IN the course of a letter to the *Presbyterian Monthly Record* the Rev. T. F. Wallace, who dates from Zacatecas, says: "I have just returned from my second regular missionary tour among the churches of the Laguna district this year. Lerdo and Leocadias I have visited three or four times. The eight congregations and preaching places we visited in this part of our field have the ministration and pastoral care of two licensed and three lay preachers. Only two of them are under thirty years of age. The others are men of considerable experience and good judgment. None of them rank high as popular speakers, but their acquaintance with the Scriptures, high standing as honorable men and as sincere Christians, make them admirably suited for the kind of work this field demands."

"I was accompanied on my late trip by Mr. Amaya. He had advised the people of our coming. Our little congregation at the hacienda of Sacramento, the second place visited after leaving Lerdo, had made arrangements to hold services in a larger and more central house, which had been rented by a woman of the congregation. Our audiences here have seldom numbered over fifty, and that rarely. This time at our first service we had over one hundred. The order and attention were the very best. It was calculated that at least half the number were witnessing Protestant services for the first time. We and our people were rejoicing in the bright prospects, and promising ourselves a more delightful time the following night, when members were to be received and the Lord's Supper administered."

"The next morning, however, the aspect of affairs had changed. The fanatical owner of the hacienda had ordered, through the highest civil officer in the place, the immediate ejection of the woman in whose house services had been held. Mr. Amaya and I called upon the owner, but could not get him to agree to allow the woman to remain in the house, although we offered to hold worship elsewhere, nor was he willing that Protestant worship should be held in the ranch."

"We concluded that the proper person to see was the civil magistrate, and to him we went. He informed us that he had an order from his chief, the mayor of Lerdo, to consult with the owner of the hacienda in regard to everything and be subject to him. He pretended to look for the order, but of course it could not be found. He would not consent to our holding services. Mr. Amaya and several others went later to visit this magistrate and try to have him to put his refusal on paper. He at first consented, then seeing where this might lead him, he pretended to get mad and was on the point of putting Amaya and the others in jail. To avoid any trouble we concluded to obey the unlawful order. But that night our own people, and many who had heard us the night previous for the first time, hunted us up in the humble hut where we were stopping. The room in about ten or fifteen minutes was completely packed, and crowds about the door, all hungry to hear something from God's word and witness our service. There was no formal preaching, yet portions of Scripture were read and expounded. To appreciate the deep interest shown by these people, it must be kept in mind that their conduct might bring them loss of home and means of supporting themselves in that hacienda."

"The following day we left to fill appointments at other places, assuring our brethren that on our return to Lerdo we should see the mayor of Lerdo, and find out whether he could secure to them the rights guaranteed them by the laws. The time of our visit to the mayor some three weeks later could not have been more opportune. While in his room informing him of our treatment at the hands of the owner of the hacienda, and his tool, the civil magistrate, the latter passed by the door and was called in by the mayor, who had us repeat what had occurred between said officer and ourselves. Then followed a most severe reprimand from the mayor, who not only told him that our people

were to be allowed to worship wherever and whenever they pleased in conformity with the laws, but that he was to see to preserving order and keeping them from being molested. The mayor also gave a circular letter to Mr. Amaya that instructs all the authorities in ranches and haciendas under his jurisdiction to see that Mr. Amaya, his assistants and people who wished to receive their preaching, have all the protection necessary."

THE WAITING CHRISTIAN.

His Character Influenced by His Attitude.
By Rev. W. J. Erdman.*

The Ideal of Saints—Virtues Allied with Expectation—A Valuable Influence Neglected—Testimony of Practical Benefit—The Effects of Second Advent Expectation—I. On Faith—II. On Love—III. On Hope—The Holy, Blameless Life.

THE believer in Christ Jesus is not at liberty to become a Christian of any fashion he may choose. Once for all the ideal of saints is portrayed in the divine Word, and to it and to it alone the believer must be conformed; and the one characteristic imparting tone and harmony and a luminous glory to all the features and graces together is the hope and love of the second appearing of the Son of God.

THE INEVITABLE INJURY.

Since every virtue and holy excellence of the Christian is related in the Scripture to this great expectation, it follows that ignorance or disobedience of the express command to watch and wait for the Son of God from heaven, or any substitution for His personal return, must result either in a defective development of the new nature or in an experience not so spiritual and heavenly as it otherwise might have been.

It is not meant that the possession of this one characteristic will make up for the lack of other graces, or that all who are looking for the Lord are more holy and heavenly-minded than those who put far off His return, or substitute other events for it; but rather that any believer, however great his love of the Lord and his devotion to Him may have been up to a given time, will find on the belief of this all-touching truth *from the heart*, his heavenly mindedness increase, his sympathies deepen and broaden according to a fuller knowledge of God's purposes and plans in times past and present and for the ages to come.

ASSURED BENEFIT.

To more than one Christian the reception of this truth was—to use a too-familiar phrase, like a "second conversion," and all life thenceforth took on new form and color; to some it came like a trumpet blast to rouse from spiritual lethargy and death; and for others it cut the last tie of worldliness, and forever dissipated the dream of a permanent improvement of the world in its present form, and of the earth as the abode of everlasting righteousness and enduring peace before the Lord comes; and for all, its invariable tendency is to lift the soul to a height and air of vivid personal relations and converse with the Son of God.

Nor is it the purpose of God since the apostolic day that anything should for motive and for influence take the place of the "blessed hope." His providence of a seeming delay does not set aside His written Word. He has hidden counsels we know not of, but our duty is to work and watch and wait. He is His own interpreter of His own mysteries. Nor can death be made the source of motives of holy life and endeavor.

THE CROWNING EPOCH.

Whatever may be the blessed state of saints between death and the resurrection, it is not the time according to the Scriptures of reward, or of inheritance, or of sovereignty, or of manifested glory. All these and their implied mysteries of holy, reverent, loving fellowship with the Lord and perfected powers of spirit, soul and body for the exercise of royal and priestly ministries belong to "His appearing" and "that day."

The testimony of the Word on this subject

* Part of a paper in "I Come Quickly," Published by S. R. Briggs, Toronto.

may be considered in regard to the faith and love and hope of the Christian.

I. The faith of the Christian as to salvation and service and sufferings is in the earliest and latest apostolic testimony inseparable from the Return of our Lord.

The importance and power of this truth in the mind of the apostle to mature the faith of converts just rescued out of the ignorance and abominations of paganism, may be seen in the allusions and reminders of his epistles, how in his brief sojourn of about three weeks among these Thessalonians he had given them much teaching on this subject; and the cry of the mob that raged through the streets of their city: "These all do contrary to the decree of Caesar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus" (Acts 17:7), is an attesting echo of this important teaching.

In latest epistles is found this same use of the doctrine to keep in ceaseless exercise faith and the sense of a nearness to the unseen things of the great salvation. "For our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Phil. 3:20). "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." (1 Pet. 5:5). "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform (perfect) it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 5:6). "Unto them that look for Him shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9:28).

In brief, the whole Church as one body is seen in the Scriptures while in the exercise and use of all gifts "waiting for the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall also confirm you unto the end that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 1:7-8).

II. The love of the Christian which is the informing spirit of holiness is inseparable from the Return of our Lord.

"The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men even as we do toward you, to the end he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God even our Father at the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints" (1 Thess. 3:12, 13; 5:23; Phil. 1:9-11).

Our love of God and of Christ is drawn forth and illumined by the rays of His coming glory, and is one with the hope that maketh not ashamed. Our confession of love as individual believers now, is linked to His confession of us hereafter at His Coming; and our corporate confession in the Lord's Supper of His love and of our love continues till He come (1 Cor. 11:26). How pertinent then, though startling, that last word of the epistle, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus let him be anathema. Maranatha." (Our Lord Cometh.) (1 Cor. 15:22; Matt. 10:32; Luke 12:38).

Our love of each other as holy ones is bound to the same hope (1 Th. 3:12, 13). Our moderation or courteous compliance which will not always insist upon rights says: "The Lord is at hand" (Phil. 4:5); and so our willingness to be defrauded rather (1 Cor. 6:1-4); and our unwillingness to judge or murmur against each other (Jas. 5:9; Rom. 13:10); in a word, the self-denial of love has its perfect work only in the all-illuminating hope of His appearing. And Paul sums up all holiness, Godward and manward and selfward (1 Pet. 1:13; 4:7) in connection with "the Lord Jesus Christ our hope" (1 Tim. 1:1).

III. The hope of the Christian, with its objects, and their peculiar motives of holy living is inseparable from the Return of our Lord.

There is no fear, no trouble, no anxiety, no sorrow, no pain which is not in some way alleviated or enlightened, if not altogether removed, and the soul made full of courage, peace, and joy by the remembrance of the Father's house and of the promise of the Lord to come again and receive us unto Himself (John 14:1-3).

In this hope believers can afford to sit loosely to the things of this world and confess themselves to be strangers and pilgrims on the earth

with the elder men of faith who knew the promises could not be fulfilled until the city of God had been prepared and their Redeemer appeared in glory (Heb. 11 : 8-16). In this hope the sons of God are serving, being mindful of the kingdom promised to them that love Him (Jas. 2 : 5), and are perfecting a holy character according to the pattern of all lowly, kingly ways the King Himself once set them when He came "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many" (Matt. 20 : 28). In a world that knows them not they walk in strange consciousness of a heavenly country and holy city, princes in training for sovereignty, priests perfecting for an invisible temple (1 John 3 : 1-3; Rev. 1 : 5).

In this hope hallowing and illumining every thought and aspiration of a boundless future they would walk worthy of the calling wherewith they are called, and live holy, blameless lives, not only in remembrance of Him who loved them and gave Himself for them, but also in view of the holy solemnities of the great day of their presentation unto Him before the presence of His glory (1 Th. 2 : 12; Eph. 5 : 22-27; Jude 23-25).

ON BOARD THE MORNING STAR.

THE following extracts from a number of letters published in the Boston *Missionary Herald* show how much the missionaries are helped by the good ship recently placed at their disposal, and which at the time of writing was among the Micronesian Islands, situate on and near the equator to the northeast of Australia.

Captain Bray writes of a visit appropriately made on the anniversary of the ship's launching to two islands utterly sunk in heathenism: "Our vessel is one year old to-day. A year ago we were launched with her into the Kennebec. On this, her first anniversary, she was visiting a new island with the messengers of the Gospel. We reached Pleasant Island at half-past seven in the morning. Seven white traders came on board, and quite a number of native men. Mr. Walkup went on shore and endeavored to persuade some of the native boys to go to his school, but did not succeed.

"Most of our information in regard to the island was obtained from the traders. Pleasant Island well deserves its name. It is fifteen miles in circumference, one hundred or more feet high, well covered with cocoanut and other trees, and has twelve hundred inhabitants, divided into twelve tribes. They are constantly fighting. Some of the interior natives have never ventured to the sea. The men are above the average, both in size and in general appearance, and all were covered with the malo. The women were so much delighted with the appearance of the well-dressed Gilbert Island students that they very unceremoniously began to embrace the blushing young men, proposing a dance with them at once. Both natives and traders seemed favorably disposed to receive a teacher whenever one can be brought."

The other new island visited was Banaba, or Ocean Island. Of this Mr. Walkup writes:

"It is about two hundred feet high, nearly flat on top, and sloping to the sea. It seems to be an elevation of the coral or lime-stone formation. The vegetation is nearly all of a new growth, for the drouth a few years ago destroyed all the trees except a few hundred cocoanuts. The young cocoanuts and pandanus are beginning to bear, while mummy-apples, sugar-cane, melons and pumpkins are in abundance. Bananas grow in sheltered places. There are over two hundred natives, men being entirely nude. Married women have the fringe worn in the Gilbert Islands, while girls and unmarried women wear leaves, generally suspended around the neck. The natives seemed delighted to see so many who could talk with them, for my scholars went ashore with me.

"When told our errand, they said they wanted a teacher, but told us to wait till the king and all the people came. One old man, the most zealous of the number, having got on a woman's fringe, said to me, in broken English, 'You

come, and we go find king.' We passed up the slope by several houses with nice gravelled doorways, until the old man came to his own house, where he put on a shirt, and showed me a pair of trousers and said again in broken English: 'You see I like clothes and missionaries—long time ago me go on whale-ship to Nantucket, and then to New York; no, not New York—Boston.'

"The king's village was on a flat spot about one hundred feet above the beach in a grove of cocoanut trees; beside his house was a playground, reminding one of school-days. The king listened to us, and then asked abruptly: 'What good will it be to us?' When answered he said the other chief and people would be called to decide. I proposed that they assemble in the village on the beach, where most of the people were collected, and there decide. In the public assembly, after much palavering, they admitted four public sins, namely: stealing, quarrelling, drunkenness and adultery. They did not seem to have any appreciation of a future life, or of anything in this life beside beyond getting clear from the above sins. I told them the Bible would tell them how to do this and more, if they would obey its teachings. They accepted a teacher and promised to treat him well and feed him. One man and his wife said they prayed to Jehovah and were Christians, for a man from Apamama had been on the island several months and had a book and taught them."

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 28; Matt. 15 : 1-20; 1 Thess. 4 : 1-12. Hymn: "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

THE DISCOURSE.

Text: "Shall never thirst" (John 4 : 14).

We all know what bodily thirst is. And we all know that there is something in our spirits analogous to this appetite of our bodies.

No man can drink so much water at one time as that he shall not thirst again.

No man can receive so much of this life's good things as that he shall not desire more.

Whatever we have, we desire more of that or else something additional. Men who seem to have all that heart could wish, and who really cannot name another thing, nevertheless *feel* as if there must be something else for them, as they are not *thoroughly* happy. It is an undefined longing.

So far from satisfying, merely earthly enjoyment quickens our *imagination*, and we begin to paint wider and fairer scenes, and long to be in them.

Our Lord, who knows what is in men, says of each stream of earth, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."

Our natural thirst cannot be satisfied. But as fever increases the natural thirst of the body, so sin increases that of the soul. In the former case water does not slake the thirst; the physician must give something which shall remove the disease which creates the thirst.

Our Lord gives us that to drink which shall destroy the cause of the abnormal thirst and satisfy the healthy desires of the soul.

The satisfaction is from *within*; "but the water that I shall give shall be in him a well of water springing up."

No more hunting up or down for streams. No more filling broken cisterns that leak.

A spring! A well!

In me!

Always there!

Always fresh!

Think, my soul, of thy thirst all gone! No more longing. No more dry mouth. No more parched spirit.

Say with the woman at the well, "Lord Jesus, give me this water, that I thirst not."

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held, and the following discourse read:]

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

By Rev. J. W. Cornelius, of Baltimore.

The Apostle Paul (Rom. 12 : 1) says: "I be-

sech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice."

The question to him seems very urgent. The sacrifice is a necessary one. "I beseech you." "As though God did beseech you by us we pray you in Christ's stead." Unless there were great importance to us in the act described, there would not be such emotion in the soul of the Apostle and such vigor in his speech. He can see more fully than we have appreciated, how that God, who has made a perfect sacrifice for us, requires of us a perfect sacrifice to Him. He has done His part; let us do ours. He has fulfilled His part of the covenant by sending His own Son to redeem us, and exalting Him to be our high-priestly Intercessor. We now must humbly imitate His work for us by presenting our bodies living sacrifices, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.

The sacrifice of Christ for us was freely, willingly made, that we might be entirely redeemed for this world and prepared for the next. "God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up freely for us all." And we must, of our own free will and accord, surrender ourselves to Him. The whole purpose of God cannot be attained if there be not a cheerful and complete presentation of our lives to Him. There is no compulsion in Christianity. It is inconsistent with our free agency that God should use any kind of constraint. He deals with us as rational beings, and presents before us the most laudable and essential motives to an immediate and complete sacrifice; but He leaves the matter with us.

It is a grateful task. "I beseech you by the mercies of God." As you remember what great things God has done for your souls, be willing now fully to reciprocate His love. One who cannot be impressed by the love of another has a character lower in infamy than any other that breathes. Let not the least suspicion of such a taint of blackness be upon the Christian.

The sacrifice is the most valuable you can bring—your life. Present your bodies a "living sacrifice." True, of ourselves there is nothing good. We are in body and soul filthy beyond any power of analysis and description. Nothing could more insult God than a worthless or diseased offering. But you have been redeemed. You are made new creatures. You have a new life and capacities purged from all guilt and depravity. Give this new life to God. You who have received His mercies in your recovery from condemnation and evil and your restoration to His image, present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.

[The following poem may be committed to memory by the young people:]

FORSAKE ME NOT.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned—
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the mummy round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
Thy life for which I long.

J. G. WHITTIER.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Dispute Between the President and the Senate occupied a considerable portion of the Senate's time last week. On Tuesday Senator Edmunds made a characteristic speech dealing with the abstract side of the question. He had collected an imposing array of precedents to prove that the Senate had the right, which former Presidents had admitted, to the papers. He also dwelt on the right of the people to explore the official records of their Government. That argument was a bid for public support, but it was neutralized by the fact that the papers are not demanded for public information, but for the use of the Senate only, which jealously keeps them from the public eye. If the people were sure that the Senate's motive in seeking the papers was to use them for the public good the case would be different, but while it maintains secrecy there is ground for the suspicion that the Senate is concerned only to protect its opportunities for bargaining with the President over the offices and selling its confirmations for a consideration consisting of certain nominations to be made by him. As the nominations of Hedden and Rasin were confirmed last week in spite of all that has been said, the suspicion gains in credibility. Senator Pugh's speech against Mr. Edmunds on Wednesday, had the same defect. Senator Kenna did not aim so much to show whether the President was right or wrong as to prove that Mr. Edmunds was inconsistent, and that under Republican Presidents he had not made the claims he does now. The wisest utterance in the whole debate came from Senator Eustis who reminded all concerned that the real question was one apart from the papers, and related only to the wisdom or folly of appointments. Bad nominations would damage the Democratic party, and if the Senate confirmed them it would share in the responsibility. He might have added that the nation is also damaged by bad nominations, but Senators of both parties are more concerned about the welfare of their party than about the efficiency of the public service.

The House Committee on Civil Service Reform brought in a report last week which shows that its members hold sound opinions, opposed to the repeal of the law. The report disclosed that the bill submitted to it instead of either improving or enlarging the scope of the present law, simply provides for its unconditional and absolute repeal. The bill was therefore reported adversely, and the following reasons assigned for doing so: *First*, The principle of divorcing the subordinate offices of the Government from politics and elections, and making the term of office depend, not upon party service, but upon moral and good behavior, is a good one. So far as this principle is sustained by the present law the committee think there should be no change.

Second, The present law has not been on the statute-books long enough to have had a full and complete trial. *Third*, No reason or information has been presented to this committee justifying an unconditional repeal of the present law. It may, perhaps, need improvement, but the remedy is amendment, not total repeal.

A Retrograde Step is Proposed by Senator Wilson, of Iowa, who wants the rate of postage on fourth class mail matter doubled. It is now one cent an ounce and it is a great boon to people who live far away from the offices of express companies, and who yet want to enjoy some of the advantages of those who dwell in cities. Fourth class mail matter consists of samples of dry-goods, seeds, plants and bulbs. The mails have been extensively used of late years for the conveyance of these articles, and it is now proposed to restrict it. The attempt ought to fail; the mails should not be used for the transportation of cumbrous or heavy articles of merchandise, but, in carrying the articles named, facilities are given to a large number of citizens who have a claim on the public service which deserves more consideration than the interests of wealthy express companies.

The Alliance Between Politics and Crime in New York City has long been suspected, and last week allegations were made public which, unless they are disproved, will turn the suspicion into certainty. The incriminated officers will, of course, have an opportunity of defending themselves and for the sake of the character of the city, it may be hoped that they will vindicate themselves. It is charged on affidavit that a lady's house was broken into, and a lot of silverware stolen; that the chief of the burglars is the President of a powerful political association, and the man to whom he sold the plunder, and who promptly melted it down is an alderman of the city; that the lady robbed applied to the detectives and the District Attorney for assistance, and in both cases, when the position of the accused parties was known, obstacles were placed in her way. Finally, the Alderman paid \$1100 to the lady, and he admits paying it. The charges are too serious to be passed over, and the explanation of the Alderman, the Inspector of Detectives, and especially the District Attorney will be eagerly awaited.

An Extensive Labor Struggle Paralyzed Traffic in the Southwest last week. It commenced on the Texas Pacific Line, and extended to the Missouri Pacific, and all the Gould system of the Southwest. The grievance, so far as can be learned, is mainly that the companies have been engaging new men and discharging employes who belong to the Knights of Labor, and have taken a prominent part in labor agitations. On Monday the number of men who voluntarily quit work and who belong to the Knights of Labor numbered ten thousand. Attempts were made by the companies to run freight trains on Wednesday and Thursday, but, as the firemen, switchmen and brakemen were on strike, it was found impossible to send a train over the line. Another attempt was made on Friday to run a train from St. Louis to Kansas City, but it was necessary to employ a policeman to do duty as fireman, and another as brakeman, and only so could the train be got out of St. Louis. The engineers have not joined the strike, but they sympathize with the strikers. The companies appear to have prepared for a long siege, as they have discharged clerks, telegraph operators, and watchman to the number of five thousand. Good order prevailed throughout the week.

Speculation as to Mr. Gladstone's Scheme for the pacification of Ireland, has little material on which to feed. He and those statesmen who are in his confidence maintain complete silence on the subject. It is, however, significant that a newspaper published in the north of England, and supposed to be under the control of Mr. John Morley, the Secretary for Ireland, implies that the scheme will be practically that of Home Rule. It also intimates that the opposition to such a scheme will find few supporters in the Liberal ranks and that the bill will pass the

House of Commons easily. That the House of Lords will reject it is a foregone conclusion. An autumn session of Parliament will then be called and the bill passed a second time. If it is again rejected it will be passed a third time by the House of Commons, and if the Lords throw it out then the Premier will appeal to the people on that issue by holding an election of a new House of Commons. This programme is regarded as authoritative, the paper publishing it being controlled by Mr. Morley, who is in Mr. Gladstone's confidence.

The Determination of Greece to Make War on Turkey appears to be unshaken. The purchase of arms and the mobilization of troops are being pushed forward with unremitting energy. It is believed that the moral effect of the assembling of the foreign fleets in Suda Bay will not be sufficient to coerce Greece, and that further measures will be necessary. Greece has been warned that if she persists in her intention of violating the peace she will be left to suffer punishment at the hands of Turkey. Greece reasserts her claims to Epirus in accordance with the terms of the Berlin Treaty, and declares that hitherto she has only yielded to the combined forces of Europe. She still, though with little apparent reason, believes herself able to cope with Turkey single-handed.

The Sinking of the Oregon, the Magnificent trans-Atlantic steamer of the Cunard Line last Sunday is the most startling of recent maritime disasters. Happily it was not attended by the loss of life which too often constitutes a shocking element in the record of shipwrecks. Though there were eight hundred and forty-six persons on board the vessel, it is stated at the time of writing that every one was saved, but the beautiful steamer is a total wreck. The Oregon, which was the second fastest steamer afloat, left Liverpool on March 6th, and Queenstown at two o'clock the next day. She arrived off Fire Island at half-past four on Sunday morning last. It was dark and cloudy but there was no fog. The Captain was below and the first officer was in charge of the vessel. Suddenly a loud crash like the report of a cannon was heard, and the steamer quivered from stem to stern. The passengers, some of whom were asleep, were alarmed by the shock, and hurried on deck, many of them without waiting to dress. They learned that a heavily laden schooner in trying to cross the Oregon's bows had crashed into her side tearing a hole through which a horse and carriage might have been driven. There was a terrible scene of distress, women shrieking and men running around distracted. They were ordered below while an attempt was made to stop the leak and the pumps were set to work. The captain soon saw that the vessel was doomed. He then made the safety of the passengers his first consideration. The ten boats carried by the steamer were lowered and the passengers were summoned. It was light by that time and there was no wind, and the sea was calm. Before the first boat was filled a pilot boat had seen the Oregon's signals, and had come to her assistance, and shortly afterward a large schooner came up. The passengers' hopes revived at the sight of these vessels and the transfer took place in perfect order. About one o'clock the Bremen steamer Fulda arrived at the scene of the disasters having seen the signals of distress shown by the Oregon. The Fulda took on board all the passengers and crew, and brought them to New York. At twenty minutes to two the Oregon sank beneath the waves. About six hundred bags of mail matter and an unknown quantity of property went down with her, but the fact that no lives were lost though so many were in peril is a matter for so much thankfulness that the money loss is forgotten. The schooner that caused the disaster was not seen after the collision. It is supposed that she must have sunk instantly. The Oregon was built in 1883, and was the first steamer to make the run from New York to Queenstown under seven days. She was originally owned by the Guion Company, but was purchased in 1884, for the Cunard line.

The Will of the Late Mr. John B. Gough was filed for probate on March 4th. The private bequests are to Mrs. Gough, Mr. Herbert D. Gough, the orator's brother, and his four nieces. It also leaves \$1000 each to the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, American Home Missionary Society of New York, American Seaman's Friend Society of New York, Children's Friend Society of Worcester, Trustees of the Memorial Hospital of Worcester, and National Temperance Publication Society of New York. Mrs. Gough is given absolute authority to revoke any bequests contained in the will.

Christian Work Among the Chinese in California is bearing abundant fruit. Since its organization the Chinese church in San Francisco has received on confession of faith one hundred and fifty-eight persons. The Oakland church reports an encouraging attendance at the six weekly services. There is also a Chinese Presbyterian church in connection with the Presbytery of Los Angeles, and mission work is carried on in connection with the Presbyterian churches of Placerville, Sacramento, Napa, San Rafael, Alameda, San Jose, San Buenaventura, Anaheim, Orange, etc.

An Appeal for Assistance Has Been Received from "The Household of Faith Church," of Wilmington, Del. The church is financially straitened through a variety of causes which strongly appeal to the sympathy. The building cost \$14,000, is of brick, in an excellent situation, and in good repair. It holds eight hundred people. There is a debt upon it of \$6600, and the congregation is threatened with foreclosure. The pastor and church ask help from their brethren of the Second Advent faith and Christians of other communions. Contributions may be sent to Rev. George W. Wright, 834 Bennett Street, Wilmington, Del.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Services in Houston, Texas, have been much blessed. Dr. E. D. Junkin, of that city, writes: "The meetings were held in the largest hall in the city, which had been seated to accommodate comfortably about eighteen hundred persons; but after the seats were all filled they still crowded in and found sitting room and standing room on the steps of the platforms, or about the doors, so that the audience must have exceeded two thousand; and then many had to go away. The audiences were composed of all classes, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, white, and colored people and of all conditions. A large platform was arranged on one side of the hall for the accommodation of the colored people, and it was always filled with a very orderly and attentive crowd. For more than two weeks before these brethren came, the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches held union prayer-meetings daily in the different churches, and thus a spirit of expectation was aroused in the hearts of God's people, which prepared them for the services, and which will doubtless lead to blessed results in the future."

The Farewell Services in Connection with the departure of twenty missionaries to join Bishop Taylor's band in Africa, were commenced on Sunday last, in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Lane is pastor. On Saturday the twenty missionaries will start for the interior of Africa. In the morning the Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele preached, the Rev. Dr. J. N. Fitzgerald in the afternoon, and in the evening the Rev. Dr. T. Hanlon. Large audiences were in attendance at all the services, and much interest was manifested in the work of the missions to which the new laborers are going. Dr. Lowrey, in conversation with a reporter, said: "There are now thirty-two missionaries under Bishop Taylor's care. These twenty, soon to go, represent about as many mechanical professions as there are missionaries. There are carpenters, printers, farmers, engineers, etc. Bishop Taylor will meet them at the coast, probably at Cape Palmas, and conduct them to their new field. We have only lost one member of the party I sent a year ago. Bishop Taylor has now re-

quired from every one who joins him a promise that they will take medicine if they are ill. He has been able to settle several stations on the Congo, and one of its tributaries. He has purchased a large tract of land, two thousand acres at one place, for a mission station, about three hundred and fifty miles from the sea. This new party will go still further inland. There are several children in the party, four in one family.

An Editor Sent out Novel Invitations to His wedding recently. His paper is published at Putnam, Conn., and as he is personally popular in the neighborhood the invitations for the interesting ceremony were somewhat numerous. They were in type-writing, on tinted paper, each sheet bearing at its head his professional card. With the invitation was a concise history of the bridegroom, followed by a complete history of the bride, with a few material facts in regard to her family, her brother, who is a journalist in Florida, receiving special mention. The editor did not forget to mention also that the young lady in question had been a successful school teacher, and that "her character was above reproach." At the close of the nuptial card was the time table of the arrival and departure of all trains at Putnam on the important day. The novel invitations were characteristic of a man accustomed to impart all available information on any subject in hand. It may be hoped that his guests found it useful. They could not in any case plead ignorance in these matters as an excuse for absence. Preachers, who are bearers of an invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb, ought to be equally careful that their message is so clear and definite that no honest seeker who hears them shall miss the way (Matt. 22 : 9).

The Memory of a Horse in Louisiana is the subject of comment in the New Orleans *Picayune*. That journal states that a Methodist preacher in North Louisiana has a horse which possesses strong reasoning powers or remarkable memory. On the first and third Sundays in the month the preacher holds service in a town which is reached by taking the left fork of the road, while on the second and fourth Sundays the town in which he preaches is at the termination of the right fork of the road. The horse, without a word or a touch of the bridle, never fails on the first and third Sundays to take the road to the left, and on the second and fourth Sundays that on the right. We admire that horse and still more the regularity of his rider, whose habits his observant steed had committed to memory. Very few horses, even those belonging to Christian people, could be trusted to take them to the right church without the guidance of the reins. The fault, however, is not with the horses, but with the owners, who have fallen into the state of religious vagrancy or neglect of public worship which is a conspicuous evil of these days. Men with all their superiority to brutes, might learn a much-needed lesson from their example of regular habits (Jer. 8 : 7).

A Romance at Castle Garden Ended Happily last week. Among the arrivals from Europe on February 17th was a good-looking, intelligent girl from Basle, in Switzerland. As she had no money nor any means of earning a livelihood, the superintendent at Castle Garden decided to send her back to Europe. The girl, however, pleaded hard to stay, saying that her lover who had sent her here would follow on the next steamer and marry her. The superintendent interrogated her, and arrived at the conclusion that her lover was a bad man who had sent her here to be rid of her and would never follow. The girl's entreaties softened him so far that he allowed her to remain until the next steamer arrived, but, as the superintendent expected, the young man was not on board. But the girl's confidence was unshaken, and she insisted that something must have detained him unexpectedly. She was certain he would come. She got others to plead for her, and the superintendent permitted her to remain, and had her cared for at the expense of the commissioners. Two more steamers arrived, and the girl scanned every face eagerly, but her lover was not among them. Then her

spirits fell, and she went away in tears to assist the matron in the hospital. There would be no other steamer from a Continental port for a week. On March 8th a young man went to Castle Garden and inquired for her. The girl was called, and, with a cry of joy rushed into her lover's arms. The young man had been unable to close up his affairs so soon as he expected, but when he had done so, instead of waiting for a steamer from a Continental port he ran across to England and took passage on the City of Berlin, and so arrived when the girl was not looking for him. They were married immediately by Pastor Berkemeier. The young man's arrival was a surprise to every one but the girl who knew him and loved him. The Church in these days of unbelief has need of such constancy of spirit in looking confidently for the Coming of her Lord (11 Peter 3 : 4, 10).

Forty Hours in a Well Nearly Caused the death of a man in Milwaukee, who was rescued late at night on March 9th. On the morning of the previous day the man descended a well on his farm to repair the tubing. While engaged at his work a portion of the stone curbing at the top fell in. An alarm was at once given, and the neighbors came to his assistance. On looking at the well all hope of saving the man's life was abandoned. A faint cry from the bottom of the well showed that the man was still alive. An effort was then made to rescue him, but it was discovered that the stones had merely caught upon the boards of the bracing in an arch, and the slightest jar would precipitate them on to the man below. The situation was critical. The neighbors went to work with the utmost caution, each stone having to be carefully secured with ropes before it was hauled up. They worked all day, and then got lanterns and worked all night. After forty hours the entombed man was found lying under stones and dirt at the bottom of the well, and was safely raised to the surface. Christian workers are engaged in just such an occupation. They see their unhappy brothers groaning under the ruin sin and selfishness have brought on them, and, not listening to philosophy that bids them leave the lost to their fate, nor Socialism that would bring calamity by rash, ill-considered attempts at rescue, they, like their Master, go down to the lost ones, and by God's blessing raise them to life and happiness (Heb. 12 : 2, 3).

The Air Telegraph, Mr. Edison's Latest In-vention or discovery, has undergone a more severe test on the St. Paul Railroad than it did on the Staten Island Railroad, but with equally satisfactory results. It was proved that messages could be sent to a station from a moving train without the use of any wires attached to the cars or the track. The system is the outcome of the discovery that the induction coil will throw electric currents a foot or two; but Edison found he could throw a strong electric current fifty feet. This discovery was then combined with kindred labors of other scientists, and at length Edison made the current leap five hundred and eighty feet, so that it could easily reach the ordinary wires established on poles along the road-beds of railways. The invention is usually called the railway telegraph, but Edison styles it the air telegraph, since it is the sending of messages anywhere through the atmosphere. He expects to adapt it to ships at sea as well as to moving trains, so that communications of distress, the condition of cargoes, and any other intelligence may be readily sent and received. Mr. Edison fully explains his system in an interesting article in the *North American Review*. The discovery, when perfected, will prove exceedingly valuable by enabling firms to communicate with their agents on their travels, to direct them by later knowledge or to change their destination. It arouses deep interest in the scientific and commercial world. Christians in all ages have enjoyed a privilege of which this is an illustration. Without entering their closet, while going about their ordinary duties, they have looked up to God for light or guidance in unexpected emergencies and have received it (Neh. 2 : 4).

PLEADING FOR PRAYER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judæa; and that my service which I have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints; that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed. Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."—ROMANS 15: 30-33.

Paul's Approaching Ordeal—Why he was Hated—His Esteem for Obscure Friends—An Appeal to Sermon Readers—I. Prayer Asked for—The Kind of Prayer Needed—Agonizing Prayers—Arguments for it—An Absurd Doctrine—The Details of the Desired Prayer—The Answer to the Prayer—Full but Unexpected—The Lord's Side Gales—II. The Blessing Given—From the God of Peace—Trouble One Man Can Cause—The Time Demands Prayer.

THE apostle of the Gentiles held a very useful and glorious office; but he had by no means a smooth path in life. When we read the account of his sufferings, and persecutions, and labors, we wonder how a single individual could have gone through them all. He was a true hero: though a Hebrew of the Hebrews, he stands in the very front of the whole Gentile Church as its founder and teacher under God, and we owe to him what we can never fully estimate. When we consider the struggles of his life, we do not wonder that the apostle was sometimes in great sorrow of heart, and heavily burdened in spirit. He was so at the time when he wrote this Epistle to the Christian friends at Rome.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

It was a great delight to him to have to go to Jerusalem—it was a place which was much revered and loved by him; it was a greater privilege for him to go and exchange salutations with his brother apostles; and it was the most joyous privilege of all to be the bearer of a contribution from the Gentiles to relieve the necessities of the saints at Jerusalem. He rejoiced much more in that gift to Jewish believers than if it had been anything for himself. But he was well aware that there were those in Judea who hated him with deadly hatred, and would seek his life. He had been the rising hope of the Jewish party, and he had become a Christian; therefore the bigoted Jews regarded him as an apostate from the faith of their fathers.

Paul had also the apprehension that he would not be well received even by the brethren at Jerusalem. He knew what a strong conservative feeling there was among the circumcision for the maintenance of the old Jewish law, and how he was a marked man because he had shaken off entirely that yoke of bondage. Thus he had fears as to foes, and doubts about friends. His case was peculiarly hard.

What did Paul do when his spirit was greatly oppressed? He wrote to his brethren to pray for him. He asked the good friends at Rome that they would lift up their hearts earnestly and unitedly to God, that he might be preserved from the double evil which threatened him.

SEEKING HELP.

Does it astonish you that a man so rich in grace as Paul should be asking prayers of these unknown saints? It need not astonish you; for it is the rule with the truly great to think most highly of others. In proportion as a man grows in grace he feels his dependence upon God, and in a certain sense, his dependence upon God's people. He decreases in his own esteem, and his brethren increase in his estimation. Every ministering servant of the Lord Jesus Christ is in much the same condition as Paul; true, we are of a lower grade, and our work is on a smaller scale; but our needs are just as great. We have not all the grace which Paul possessed; but for that very reason we make the more pathetic an appeal to you, our friends and fellow-helps, while we use the apostle's language, and cry, "We beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with us in your prayers to God for us,"

I shall call your attention to this text with the longing in my own heart that I may more abundantly myself live in your prayers. I have to rejoice in the prayers of thousands of holy men and women who love me in the Lord. I am deeply grateful for the affectionate supplications of multitudes whom I have not seen in the flesh, to whom

THE PRINTED SERMONS

go week by week. I am a debtor, not only to the beloved people around me, but to a larger company all over the world. These are my comfort, my riches, my strength.

To such I speak at this time. Beloved, I need your prayers more than ever. I am more and more conscious of their value; do not restrain them. Just now there is to me a *special need of grace* on many accounts, and I hope that some of those who have long borne me up will give me a special portion of aid at this hour. I am not worthy to use the same language as the Apostle Paul, but I know no better, and my necessity is even greater than his: therefore I borrow his words, and say, "I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

In our text there are two things: *prayer asked, and a blessing given*—"Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

I. First, here is

PRAYER ASKED FOR.

First, here is a request to the people of God for prayer in general. He asks it for himself—"That ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." He knew his own weakness, he knew the difficulty of the work to which he had been called, he knew that if he failed in his enterprise it would be a sad failure, injurious through coming ages to the entire Church. He cried, "Agonize for me," because he felt that much depended upon him. It is like a man who is willing to lead the forlorn hope; but he says to his comrades, "You will support me." A man cannot be charged with egotism if he begs for personal support when he is engaged in labors for others, and is not seeking himself but the success of the great cause. Under heavy responsibilities he does well to enlist the sympathies and prayers of those whom he is serving; and he has a right to have them. Beloved friends, if you are with me in the great battle for God and truth, and if you count me worthy to bear the brunt of this war, I beseech you for Christ's sake support me by your importunate wrestlings at the throne of grace. Pray for all ministers and workers, but pray also for me. I am of all men the most miserable if you deny me this.

But observe what kind of prayer he asks for: "That ye strive together"—that ye "*agonize*,"—that is the word. It remains to all that are true brethren in Christ that, when they see a man in agony of heart for Christ's sake and for souls' sake, they should bow the knee side by side with him, and be true brothers to him. When his labors become intense, when his difficulties are multiplied, when his heart begins to sink, and his strength is failing him, then the man must wrestle with his God, then his brethren must wrestle at his side. You see it is earnest prayer which Paul asks for, not the prayer which foams itself away in words; but prayer with force, with energy, with humble boldness, with intensity of desire, with awful earnestness; prayer which, like a deep, hidden torrent, cuts a channel even through a rock. His request was "that ye wrestle with me in your prayers to God for me;" and this is our request this day.

THE ARGUMENTS.

This verse is one of the most intense I ever remember to have read, even in so intense a book as this Holy Scripture. Observe the fervency of the pleading—"Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake." What an argument! That name is full of power with true hearts. But he adds to that another argument—"for the love of the Spirit." If the Spirit of God has indeed loved you and proved it by quickening and sanctifying you, then pray for

His ministers. Brethren, I say the same. Unless our profession is a lie we love each other, and we must therefore show that love by our prayers for one another. Especially if any of you have been brought to the Lord Jesus Christ by the ministry of any man whom God favors with His help, then that man must live forever in your hearts, and be remembered in your prayers. You cannot escape from the obligation of intercession for the man who brought you to Jesus.

A SCEPTICAL WARRIOR.

What is more than this, the apostle believed in the power of the prayers of simple people so to move the mind of God that He would exert His hand in providence and His influence over the hearts of men. Never let us imagine that the doctrine of the fixity of events, or *the supremacy of law*, as the philosophers call it, is at all contrary to the truth that prayer is effectual for its own ends and purposes. In olden times a warrior was going forth to battle for his country, and a certain preacher of the Word said to him: "My prayer is made continually for you that you may be victorious." The warrior, in his philosophic doubt, replied that he saw no use in the promised prayers; for if God had determined to give him victory, he would have it without prayer; and if fate had decreed that he should be defeated, prayers could not prevent it. To which the godly man very properly replied: "Then take off your helmet and your coat of mail, and hang up your sword and buckler. Go not forth to battle at all with your men-at-arms; for, indeed, if the Lord is to conquer your enemies He can do it without your weapons, and if He will not prosper you, it is in vain for you to mount your war-horse."

The argument, when carried out, answers itself: there is, in truth, no force in it. The net result of such reasoning would be absolute inaction. Common sense shows us how absurd it is. *All means are to be used*, notwithstanding the eternal purpose of God; for that purpose includes means and their uses. We declare that among the most potent means in all the world is prayer; and this must not be neglected. There are certain ascertained forces, and among those forces, always to be reckoned with and relied upon, is the force of the cry of God's dear children to their great Father in heaven; in other words, the power of prayer.

PRECISE PRAYER.

In our text there is, in the next place, a statement of the apostle's desires in detail. When we pray, we should make a point of praying for something distinctly. There is a general kind of praying, which fails from want of precision. It is as if a regiment of soldiers should all fire off their guns anyhow; possibly somebody would be killed, but the majority of the enemy would be missed. I believe that at the battle of Waterloo, there were no arms of precision, they had only the old Brown Bess, and though the battle was won, it has been said that it took as much lead to kill a man as the weight of the man's body. This is a figure of the comparative failure of indistinct, generalizing prayer. If you pray anyhow, if it be with sincerity, a measure of blessing results from it; but it will take a great deal of such praying to accomplish much. But if you plead for certain mercies definitely and distinctly, with firm, unstaggering faith, you shall richly succeed.

Our apostle gives his friends three things to pray for: First, he would have them ask that he might be delivered from them that did not believe in Judea. He was delivered, not perhaps in the precise manner which he hoped for; but he was to the letter delivered from the unbelieving Jews. They were also to ask of the Lord that his service which he had for Jerusalem might be accepted of the saints. This also was granted; the brethren did accept Paul's embassy. He met with little difficulty; the contribution was accepted with much gratitude, and we do not hear afterward of those bickerings between the Jewish and the Gentile believers. Oh that we also could be of service to that community of Christians to which we belong! Brethren, pray

that our word may be accepted of our own brethren; for some of these are wandering from the way of truth.

They were to pray next, that he might come unto them with joy by the will of God; and might, with them, be refreshed. That was to be the third prayer. It is to be observed that this petition also was heard, but it was not answered as Paul might have expected or desired. He did come to them according to the will of God rather than by his own will. He may or may not have been on his way to Spain, as he purposed; he certainly was on his way to prison, as he had not purposed. The Roman saints had long looked for the apostle, and he came at last—an ambassador in bonds, a prisoner who must go to the Prætorian guard-room, and there await the emperor's will and pleasure. They had not expected to see him in such case; but they were not ashamed of his chain. They made a considerable journey to meet him, and he was filled with their company, and refreshed by their fellowship, as he had desired.

REST IN PRISON.

Even his imprisonment may have been a rest for him; it could not have involved such wear and tear as his former labors and persecutions. He was not afraid of being stoned while in imperial custody; and probably he was the more at ease because he had not to preach to such as the Corinthians and the Galatians, from whom he had asked no prayers, but had received much grief. He asked the Ephesians and Philippians, the Colossians and the Romans, to pray for him; but from the others he would have received little benefit, for they were very weak in the faith, and troubled with sad disorders. He was in his imprisonment clear of those fickle and quarrelsome folk who had often pained him.

His confinement under guard would not permit of his preaching himself to death, or wearing himself out with watchings: the soldier who kept him would make him reasonable; and so, I have no doubt, by the will of God he received precisely what he had asked his friends to pray for: "that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."

See the efficacy of prayer, then, in Paul's case; though the desire did not seem to be accomplished, yet it was so. When the Lord does not appear to hear His people's prayers He is hearing them none the less, yea, rather He is answering them all the more fully and graciously. When the Lord replies by terrible things in righteousness rather than by sweet, smooth deeds of kindness, He is doubly blessing us. Do not vessels often sail more swiftly with a side wind than they would do with a directly fair wind? The sails are more under the action of a side wind than if it blew directly behind them. The Lord often gives His people side gales, and these turn out to be the best they can have. Let us trust the Divine wisdom, and rest assured that the Lord will do better things for us than we can ask or even think.

II. I have but little time left to notice

THE BLESSING GIVEN,

indeed it occupies but one verse in the text, and that verse is the shortest of the four, and therefore I may give it due consideration in a brief space. See how Paul, with all his anxiety to gain the prayers of his friends, cannot finish the chapter without uttering a benediction upon them. "Now the God of peace." What a blessed name! In the Old Testament Scriptures He is the "Lord of Hosts"; but that is never the style in the New Testament. The "Lord of Hosts" is God as He was revealed under the old dispensation; in the majesty of His power, "the Lord is a man of war, the Lord is His name." But now that our Lord Jesus Christ has further unveiled the Father, we see Him as "the God of peace." Is not this a greater, sweeter and more cheering title? O God of peace, we long for Thy presence with us all!

What does Paul wish for them? "The God of peace be with you," not only "peace be with you," but, better far: "The God of peace," and so the source and fountain of peace. The benediction is,

"The God of peace be with you *all*." Unless all are at peace, none can be perfectly quiet. One brother who is quarrelsome can keep a whole church in trouble. One fellow knocking about the boat, may stop the oarsmen, rend the sails, and run the boat on a rock. Oh that the peace of God may be with *all* the saints in *all* the churches! It is a blessed benediction. Such a benediction we pronounce with all our heart this morning: "Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

TRYING TIMES.

Now we draw to a close, brethren. Prayer is sought most earnestly by me at this moment. I speak, I think, in the name of all those who have to stand prominent as preachers of the Gospel of Christ. We beseech you, our beloved friends and fellow-laborers, that you wrestle together with us with God on our behalf, that our testimony may be with power and with success; for the times are very difficult. The very air is full of unbelief. The solid earth seems well-nigh to tremble with unrest, social and political—a deep and terrible unrest that fills us with dark forebodings of the future. The hope of the world lies, under God, in the Church of Jesus Christ. Therefore we beseech you, brethren, if in other days and softer times you did in a measure restrain prayer, do so no longer, but wrestle for us with God. What is coming no man knoweth.

Men are perishing all around us. Whatever may have been the state of the world in Paul's day—and it was, no doubt, horrible to the last degree—it is not much better now; and the population of the world has so largely increased since those days that all her problems have become more difficult. We are much better aware of the miseries of vast populations than people could have been in apostolic times. Paul knew but little of the world except that portion of it which bordered on the Mediterranean Sea; the whole world then seemed to lie in a nutshell; but now our discoverers and geographers, our steamboats and telegraphs, have brought a greater world close to our doors. We share with the sorrows of India; we groan in the darkness of Africa; the cries of China are at our doors, and Egypt's griefs are our own. Increase of knowledge demands increase of prayer. "The world for Jesus" is our motto; but how the world for Jesus if the Church of Jesus does not wrestle in her prayers?

Dear brethren, do remember that the truth alone, if not enforced by the Spirit of God, will not sink into the hearts of men. They say, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail"; but this is only half the case. If you put truth upon a shelf, and let the dust lie on her record, of what use will it be to men? Truth unknown, how can it enlighten? Truth not felt, how can it renew? There must therefore be the preacher to call attention to truth; but how shall they preach except they be sent? and how shall they be sent aright except in the power of the Holy Ghost? and how can we expect the Holy Ghost if we do not ask for His working? Wherefore, we pray you, wrestle together with us in your prayers, that the Holy Ghost may go forth with the truth and by the truth.

This will be

TO YOUR PROFIT.

No man hears his pastor preach without deriving some benefit from him, if he has earnestly prayed for him. The best hearers, who get the most out of a man, are those who love him best, and pray most for him. God can make us dry wells to you if you offer no prayers for us. He can make us clouds that are full of rain, if you have pleaded with God on our behalf.

But the master argument with which we close is that which Paul mentions—"for Christ's sake." Oh, for God's sake, for His name and glory's sake, if you would honor the Father, if you would let Jesus see of the travail of His soul, wrestle together with us in your prayers for the divine working. It is so, brother, you know it is so, we are wholly dependent upon the Spirit of God. If it be so, that without God's blessing we can do nothing, and that God's blessing is

given if we inquire of God for it, then I need not press you further—you will pray for me and for other preachers of the Word. If your hearts are right, you will each one resolve to offer special, continuous, and fervent prayer in private, and in your families and in our holy convocations, and these shall deepen into an agony before God, and then a blessing shall be given us which we shall scarcely have room enough to receive. Lord, teach us to pray!

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

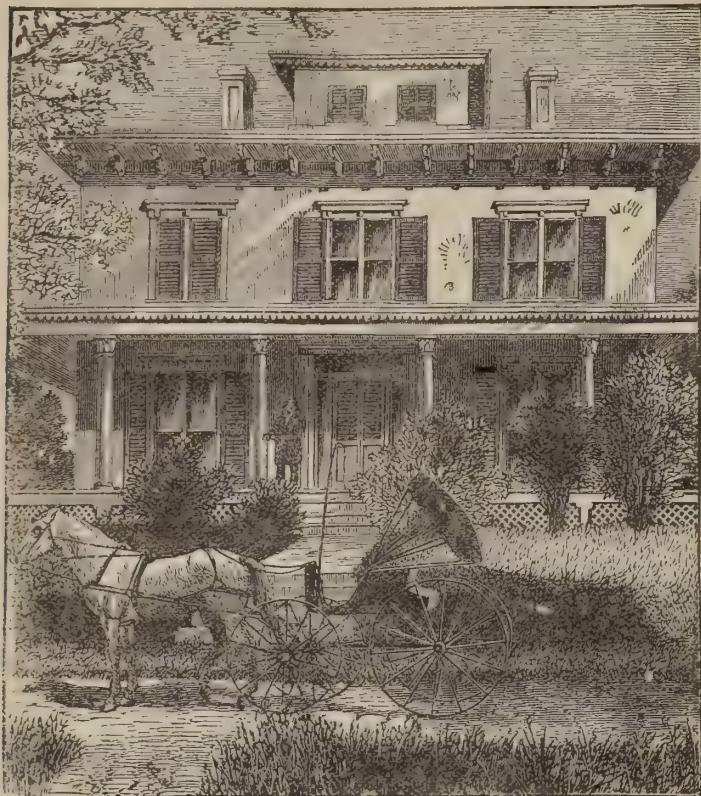
NEW BOOKS.

RIFTED CLOUDS

is the title of a book which contains the record of a life not sad, though its circumstances might produce sadness in one who had not in very large measure the Spirit of Christ. It is mainly an autobiography of Bella Cooke. A few letters from friends add to it the needed touch to complete the picture, telling the reader what the author could not in modesty say of herself. It is a very beautiful life, showing in a most extraordinary degree what power the love of Christ has to support the soul under sorrow, bereavement and physical pain. The portrait prefixed to the volume represents a countenance on which it is easy to read the proof that the Lord keeps those in perfect peace whose heart is stayed upon Him. As the author says, "Not one thing hath failed." Thirty-six years of sorrow and trial, such as few know, passed over her head, yet she kept her confidence unshaken in her God; and her faith, often tried, remained firm, like a rock on which the tides dash and foam but never disturb. Published by *Palmer & Hughes*, 62 Bible House, New York.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

In spite of all that has been written and said in the way of sage counsel about marriage, a very large proportion of married people will not think the author of this book wrong in putting the qualifying "though" into his title. Marriage is a trial to many men and women. Some of them ought never to have been married at all, and others who are not happy might have been "happy though married" if they had been married to some one else. Somehow the wrong halves of the circles are continually getting joined, and the mistake is not found out until it is too late. One partner finds that there is no sympathy or community of taste or thought in the other, and the stronger is always forcing the weaker to do something not agreeable. Two cannot walk together, as the Prophet Amos reminded his contemporaries, unless they be agreed. They can pull each other back, though, and struggle and contend with each other, and that is what often happens. There are two classes of people whom this book will help if they will follow the author's counsels. People who are thinking of getting married, and people who are already married and who wish they were not. The former may be saved from making a fatal mistake which will wreck their lives, by reading about the kind of people who do or do not get on well together. The latter class may learn how the discovery that they have made a mistake may be faced, and the best made of a bad thing. There is generally wisdom in accepting the situation, whatever it may be, and instead of vainly struggling and uselessly kicking against the net, sitting down and considering how it may be made less irksome. "Sorrow," says the author in one passage that may be taken as the keynote of the whole work—"Sorrow may teach us wisdom, and if we study patience in the school of Christ much comfort will from thence be derived. And much hope, too. He is the resurrection and the life." The author has ransacked the whole realm of history



Hillside, Worcester, Mass., Residence of the late Mr. John B. Gough.



A Magnanimous Little Pleader.

and biography for illustrations with which to point his remarks, and they are excellently apt and often amusing. The advice given is thoroughly practical. There are many ways by which through sheer thoughtlessness and inexperience, misery may enter into married life. These are pointed out shrewdly, and forcibly. "Drive gently over the stones" is the title of one chapter full of sound advice. "They had a few words" is the heading of another excellent chapter. They would if heeded save many couples from rushing into the Divorce Court. At the very outset the author lays down one sound rule which ought never to be overlooked: "The husband and wife who never try to serve God will not be likely to serve each other or to gain real happiness from their marriage. . . . Live away from Him, and the happiness you enjoy to-day may become your misery to-morrow." The book may be commended to all for whom marriage has a personal interest, present or future; it will do them good. Pp. 285; price \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A BRIDE'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A SHORT time ago a lady and gentleman went away to a country district for a change of air and scenery. They were earnest Christians. The lady began to take an interest in a young married couple who had come there for their honeymoon, and she noticed with regret that the young lady was very worldly. She used to dress very gaily, and flit about like a butterfly. The Christian lady called upon her. The young lady expressed her gratification in meeting with her. "For," she said, "I have often noticed you and your husband, and you always seemed so happy." "We don't only seem happy," rejoined the other, "but we are happy, and I will tell you the reason: we are Christians." The young lady did not like the turn the conversation was taking, and tried to change it; but the other was not to be daunted in her purpose, and continued to speak about the Christian life. Finally the hostess begged to be excused, saying she had an appointment at a certain hour, which she must keep. The lady took her departure, fully resolved on calling again. Not long after this the newly married lady was laid down by a malign fever. Soon the doctor advised her to send to her friends, because she had not long to

live. She would often say, "Oh, I shall get over it, for I must go to that concert." The hairdresser was sent for to take off the beautiful hair which lay in wavy curls on the pillow. When he began to cut it, she exclaimed, "You are cutting my hair! Oh, I beg of you do not cut my hair, for I cannot go to the concert without my hair." She then begged her miserable father, who was also without Christ and without hope in the world, to take her to the concert; but within two hours she was in eternity, and when the gay concert came round her poor body lay in the grave. Oh, sinner, if ye will hear His will harden not your heart.

A MAGNANIMOUS LITTLE PLEADER.

(See Illustration on this page.)

"I PRESUME we had better go up to the school-house," said Farmer Wright. "The boy must go to school somewhere till he's old enough to go to State's prison; that's where he'll bring up in a few years."

"Don't talk so, Ephraim," said his wife, "it's flyin' in the face of Scripture. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

"Dan ain't likely to depart from it, seein' he's never been in it. He's obstinate as a mule. The more we've tried to get him in the right way the more he's been balky."

"Perhaps we've not trained him right, Ephraim. Mayhap we've been too strict with him."

"Well, you ain't been too strict; you've let him have his head all along. And if we ain't done our duty, though I don't admit it, for I ha'n't spared the rod if you have, teacher ha'n't done any better wi' him. Teacher's given him up for a bad job."

"We musn't do that, Ephraim. We've got to persevere in faith, and pray the Lord to change his heart. There's good points in him. You owned he worked like a man last fall when the barn was on fire. You'll go to the teacher and try to get him taken back. I'll go along."

"Yes, I'll go," said Ephraim; "I'd better be getting my hands in so as to be ready when I have to go to the Governor to get him pardoned out of Penitentiary."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so, Ephraim," said the wife, putting on her bonnet.

"Here you, boy, get your cap and come along to school-house, and ask teacher's pardon," said

Ephraim. "You'll bring your mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave afore you're through."

Dan got his cap, and, looking as sulky a boy as can be imagined, prepared to follow his mother and father to the school from which his bad behavior had effected his expulsion.

"I'm most ashamed to come, Mr. Hall," said Ephraim, when he shook hands with the teacher, "I presume you guess what it's about. We want Dan took back. He's got to beg pardon, and he's got to be well spanked—I've give him a taste to go on wi', but you can give him a full dose, and we hope you'll let him come as usual."

"I don't know, Mr. Wright, whether it can be done," said the teacher. "I am afraid not. I am very sorry for you and his mother, but the other boys must be considered. It is not safe. Dan is so quarrelsome, and he is cowardly, too. The boy he set upon is quite a little fellow, and if I had not happened to see him and come up in time, I believe Dan would have killed him."

"You hear," Ephraim said to his wife, "he'll be hung yet, I know."

"Oh, please Mr. Hall, do try him again! I've talked to him, and I am sure he's sorry. He won't do anything like that again. Will you Dan? Tell the teacher you're sorry."

Dan mumbled something indistinctly about being sorry, but prudently avoided any pledges. The teacher looked at him doubtfully. He was clearly a hard case, not without mental capacity, but with a violent ungoverned temper that hitherto had been proof equally against severity and kindness. The school was more easily managed when he was out of it, but it was hard to resist the mother's pleading. "Walter Brown, come here," Mr. Hall said at last. A bright, intelligent child, poorly clad, but with a clean face that was very pale stepped forward.

"Mrs. Wright, look at this child, Widow Brown's only son. Don't you think it was cruel for a great boy like Dan to beat such a little boy as this? Dan has been very rude to me and very impertinent at times, but I could forgive that. When I saw him ill-using this boy as fiercely as if he wanted to kill him, I concluded it was dangerous to have him here. And I think so still." The teacher put his hand caressingly on the little boy's shoulder, and his waning resolution became solid again.

"Please, sir," said the little fellow, "don't

mind me; let Wright come back. I ain't scared of him, and I guess he is sorry."

Dan advanced a step. He dreaded being forbidden the school, and having to work under his stern father's eye. He could imagine no worse life, and was more concerned about the teacher's decision than he cared to show. Little Walter's plea was unexpected, and, as he knew, quite undeserved. It touched his heart as it had not been touched before. "Thank you, Wal," he said, "if you'll let me come back, Mr. Hall, I'll try to behave."

"You'd better," put in Farmer Wright, with some energy.

"I will take your promise, my boy," said the teacher. "You are on your honor, remember, and don't forget that it is Walter's intercession that saves you. He is giving you good for evil. You may go to your place."

Mrs. Wright stooped, and gave the brave little pleader a kiss and a mother's blessing, and she and her husband returned home.

"Good little fellow that," remarked Ephraim, as they went. "A forgivin' little chap. It was his word that did it."

Mrs. Wright said nothing, but that night a basket was packed with some special dainties for the manufacture of which the farmer's wife was noted, and Mrs. Wright carried it herself to Widow Brown's home, and the two women cried together over the story of the scene of the morning. Dan himself said little about the affair, but little Walter had no reason to regret pleading for him, and the farmer is not quite so sure that Dan will come to wear stripes after all.

THE LATE MR. GOUGH'S HOME.

(See Illustration on page 172.)

ABOUT five miles from the city of Worcester, Mass., is Hillside, the country home of the late Mr. J. B. Gough. The house is a plain, substantial, unpretentious structure. A winding road, well shaded, leads up the hill to the knoll on which the house stands, perhaps one quarter of a mile from the main road. "As I drove up this winding way," observes a visitor, "it seemed to me as though I might be entering the grounds of one of those English country seats of which we often read descriptions; and the substantial elegance, and the air of solid comfort, which pervaded the whole house within and without, and the very scenery as I saw it that summer afternoon from Mr. Gough's front porch, added to the illusion."

"The lawn, five acres, I believe, in grass, slopes down toward a meadow-land that melts into a valley, across which you look upon the rounded wooded hills opposite, not sharp and craggy like those here in my Hudson River home, not cold, naked, and grand, like those in my old home in northern Maine, but smooth and velvety, where the farmer gathers his grass; and rich in wood of varied hues of green, where the axe has not yet gone, or gone only to thin out the underbrush."

"Within, the house speaks in very plain language of much taste and culture, as well as of much attention to the solid comforts of life, and little to its show and pretension. One needs not to be introduced to Mrs. Gough to know that her husband has, what the Bible declares, is a gift from the Lord, but, being introduced, is



Reconciliation of Indian Chiefs.

confirmed in that faith, and finds in even a very short acquaintance that her temperance sympathies are quite as strong as those of her husband, and her literary tastes as carefully cultivated. The home life, as I saw it that day, was a delightful one, and Hillside seemed to me the very ideal of a happy Christian home."

RECONCILIATION OF INDIAN CHIEFS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

WHILE the cry is being heard throughout our land for vengeance on Geronimo and his gang of murderers, and while men everywhere, horrified at the long list of atrocities which it seems impossible to prevent the Apaches committing, are asking whether extermination is not as we have often been told the only course compatible with safety, the Christian can but wish that a really earnest and comprehensive effort could be made to evangelize the Indians. Those who know them best are least sanguine of good results from such an effort, but it will take more facts and arguments than can be adduced to convince a godly man that any man or class of men is beyond the reach of the softening, humanizing influence of the Gospel.

The following incident recently published by an English contemporary, purporting to be related by Judge Conrad, of Canada, affords encouragement to the hope that even an Apache heart may be subdued by the teaching of Christianity:

"It has been alleged by high authority that the Indians cannot be converted; the readiest answer to the impious and profane absurdity is, that they have been converted. A large body of Indians have been converted by the Moravian Missionaries, and settled in the West, where their simplicity, harmlessness, and happiness seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity. During the Revolutionary War, these settlements, named Lichtenau and Gnadenhutzen, being located in the seat of the former Indian contests, were exposed to outrage from both

parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the white people, and having adopted their religion, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness, and destroy them as allies of the whites.

"A party of two hundred hostile Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indian town. The Christian Indians conducted themselves in this trying extremity with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation with refreshments to their approaching foes, and told them that by the Word of God, the universal Father, they were taught to be at peace with all men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection.

"And what replied the savage, fresh from the wilds and panting for blood? Did he answer with his war-whoop, and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could be expected? Yet such was *not* the response of the red warrior. He said he was on a war-party, and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood, but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm. He hoped they would be on better terms, and learn to love one another. 'Obey your teachers,' said he; 'worship your God, and be not at all afraid. No creature shall harm you.'"

Such a speech uttered by one Indian chief to another indicates their susceptibility to Christian influence, without which, instead of their hands being clasped in amity they would have been engaged in deadly conflict.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

Westward Bound.

"OH! is not this glorious—delicious!" exclaimed Juliet Erle, as she came up to her fellow-passenger, Maria Selden, who was seated on a bench by the bulwarks of the good ship Quebec, bound to Canada. "The blue above, and the blue below—and—not exactly silence—but beauty wheresoe'er we go! How delightfully we are speeding over the waves of the broad Atlantic!" she added, as she seated herself by the side of her friend.

For friends they were already; though little more than a week before, neither had known of the other's existence. They shared the same small cabin, with all its manifold discomforts, and always were seated next each other at the cuddy-table. But what had drawn the two most closely together was Maria's sister-like care of her younger companion during the trials of storm and sickness which had made the first three days and nights of the voyage as disagreeable as what remained of it promised to be pleasant. Juliet had never seen before such sympathy and unselfishness as that shown to her by a perfect stranger. They had made a strong impression on her mind, counterbalancing the prejudice she might otherwise have entertained against one "dreadfully religious."

The tossing and the miseries of sea-life appeared now to be over; ladies no longer kept their cabins—and gentlemen who had looked cadaverous made bold onslaughts on the plentiful fare provided. Amusement became the order of the day. The gayer of the passengers even

proposed getting up a scene from an English opera to beguile the tedium of the voyage. Juliet entered with eagerness into every scheme of diversion. She now looked the picture of health and happiness as she gazed on the placid ocean, on which remained hardly a trace of the tumultuous heaving and rolling which had sorely tried the passengers of the Quebec.

"It is very enjoyable," said Miss Selden. "I have been long watching that lovely iceberg afar off, glittering like a jewel in the sun. How it has changed its shape since it first came in view! It was like a castle five minutes ago, with battlemented walls of crystal, now it has split into two—there—there—half of it has sunk under the waves with a splash!"

"You can watch it just as well if you 'come and pace the deck with me;' it is really too cold to sit still," cried Juliet. The two maidens linked their arms together, rather for warmth and companionship than because the motion of the vessel made their steps unsteady, for there was little roughness now. The north breeze was scarcely strong enough to wave the blue veil on Maria's simple straw hat, or to make the curling crimson feather tremble on Juliet's velvet-trimmed felt. The same difference between the taste or the means of the ladies was apparent in the rest of their dress. Over Maria's dark blue serge dress was thrown a gray plaid shawl; Juliet's pretty figure was covered by a luxurious seal-skin jacket; many buttoned was the kid glove that rested on the arm of Maria, and the younger lady's boots were as dainty as any that Regent Street could supply. Both of the girls were attractive in appearance, but of different types of beauty. Juliet's was that of the apple-blossom, the pink-tinged pride of the spring, full of the laughing hope of the future. Maria's was that of the pure, calm white lily, surrounded by the waters of trouble, yet ever rising above them. She looked, with her pale cheek and thoughtful brow, like one who had suffered, yet in suffering had found peace. Maria's smile was less merry than that of Juliet, but the joy which it expressed was deeper.

"I delight in the icebergs just as much as you do," said Juliet. "I am so glad that we have come across their track, for one did not expect it in July. The captain says that they are unusually late this year. I asked him yesterday morning whether we were likely to see any icebergs to-day. 'Yes, more than enough,' he replied. I do not think that we can have more than enough of anything so lovely as that one yonder. I only wish that the captain would take us closer to the beauties; we keep at such a respectful distance."

"The captain has doubtless his own reasons for not being too intimate with the bergs," was Maria's playful reply.

"There might be some coldness between us on nearer acquaintance," laughed Juliet. "But now, Maria (you said I might call you Maria, Miss Selden sounds so stiff!), shall I tell you that I regard the sight of the icebergs as a kind of birthday treat, for—I don't care to tell any one here but you—I am twenty-one years old to-day."

"I am sure that I wish you every best blessing!" said Miss Selden earnestly, looking affectionately at the bright face which was raised toward hers, for she was the taller of the two. "But are you really twenty-one? I should not have guessed you more than eighteen."

"Every one says so," observed Juliet Erle. "You see I've not had many cares to cover my face with wrinkles; I've led an easy comfortable life. I've two sisters—half-sisters, I mean—a great deal older than myself (one of my nieces was presented at Court this year). I divide my time between these sisters. Both of them, of course, spend the season in London (Sir Theodore is an M.P.) but Mrs. Delany has a fine country-seat in Suffolk; and my eldest sister, Lady Gathorne, is always for months either in Brighton or Paris, so between them I see a good deal of life. I am now going to Canada with the Bates's—old friends—for a change, and to recruit

after the season, which thoroughly knocked me up. I was always out six nights in the seven, and what with afternoon concerts, kettle-drums, promenades, and exhibitions, I lived in such a whirl of amusement that I was half dead at the end. I had quite lost my appetite and my spirits; so the doctor ordered a voyage, and now this delicious sea-breeze has set me all right again!"

Miss Selden was silent for a few moments; the two turned round on their quarter-deck walk; then Maria gently asked, "Do you think this gay life a happy one, Miss Erle?"

"Oh, yes!" was Juliet's hesitating reply; "at least as long as one is hearty and well."

"If you could remain hearty and well, would you wish to lead such a life for fifty—for a hundred years more?"

"A hundred!" repeated Juliet, laughing; "you are giving me a pretty long term! Well, one would certainly tire of balls, races, and routs long before a hundred years had run out."

"Then the very best that the world could give would pall before long," said Maria; "and you know that you and I have a whole eternity before us!"

"I don't think much, perhaps not enough, of these things," said Juliet, a little more gravely. "I wonder how you, who are so terribly good, have anything to say to a foolish little creature like me." Then abruptly changing the conversation, she went on, "I'm not going to tell the Bates that this is my birthday; it's no great matter my coming of age, for I am not an heiress; I have only £5000 of my own, scarcely enough for pin-money, less than £200 a year." Another pause of silence ensued, another turn on the deck, as the paddles turned round and round, churning the blue waves into cream, and the vessel spread joyously on, leaving a foaming track in its wake.

Juliet was the first of the ladies to speak. "I wonder what you had in your mind when you wished me every best blessing," she said.

"I wished you the best of hopes, the best of joys, the best of Friends," answered Maria.

"You had a serious meaning; I guessed that. I hope that you won't be dreadfully shocked if I own that I don't want all of your 'best blessings' just now. I should like, I confess, to enjoy myself a little longer. I know that I must become very good, and do a great deal, and give up a great deal before I can go to heaven, but—" Juliet made a very long pause indeed; in fact she did not know how to finish her sentence, so sat down again on the bench.

Miss Selden took her place beside her companion. "I think that you and I look at the same thing from different points of view," observed Maria; "religion seems to you all giving up, to me it appears all receiving."

Juliet looked at her friend with surprise. "You don't mean to say that you do not think it needful to give up a great deal for religion? Why, I heard to-day that you are going to America as a sort of missionary to the Red Indians!" This appeared to the younger lady to be the very *ne plus ultra* of self-sacrifice and devotion.

"Not exactly as a missionary," replied Miss Selden. "My brother, who is one, has lost his wife, and needs some one to look after his five little children. As my dear parents have three other daughters at home, we all felt that I ought to go and help him. I fear that I shall be too busy in the nursery to do more than a very little work among the heathen."

"Have you ever seen these children?" asked Juliet.

"No, they were all born in Canada. I have not seen my brother since his marriage."

"So you are crossing the Atlantic to play nursery governess to a pack of young children who are perfect strangers to you! Why, you don't even know whether you will like them!"

"I mean to love them!" cried Maria, with animation.

"I think it will be a dreadful life; I am quite sorry for you," said Juliet. "Imagine being in

a perpetual racket, with children of all ages romping, or howling, the only variety paying a visit now and then to some hideous squaw, with the chance of being scalped at the end! But then you are one of those very good people who would do anything to win heaven."

"I have not the faintest idea of winning heaven in any such way," said Maria. "I should as soon expect that if I threw my veil on those heaving waters I could use it as a vessel to bear me up, and carry me in safety to the other side of the Atlantic."

"I should be sorry to be your fellow-traveller on such a raft," said Juliet, smiling. "But I really cannot understand what you mean. If a young lady like you leaves her country and home, and devotes her life to work intensely disagreeable, she must, of course, have some motive for doing so. She must expect to be paid in another world for sacrifices in this."

"May I explain myself in parable fashion?" asked Maria. "Suppose that a nobleman should find a poor man languishing in prison, because unable to pay an enormous debt that he owes. The nobleman takes the man out of prison, cures him of a dangerous illness, gives to him all that he needs, in short, treats him as if he were a son. The released debtor says: 'I wish that I had some way of showing my gratitude to such a benefactor!' The nobleman, just to gratify the poor fellow, says: 'Will you look after and weed that little flower-pot in my garden?' The man complies. Now, do you think that however carefully the trifling work be performed, that the released debtor will say, or even think in his heart, 'I was saved from prison on account of my labor in the garden—my friend is indebted to me for my services? I have given up some hours to weeding and watering, and there are really enough of flowers in my plot to make a tolerable nosegay!'"

"How absurd he would be!" said Juliet.

"And so, dear Miss Erle, should I be, if I thought that anything that I do, or give up as you call it, would give me the slightest claim to heaven. Freedom and cleansing, pardon and peace, light and life, have all been freely bestowed upon me; it is just a pleasure to do any trifle to show how grateful and happy I am."

"I should not be happy in your place," said Juliet. "I hate looking after children; and as for having anything to do with Red Indians, I should rather have to do with bears. They are the savages that make head-dresses of feathers, paint and tattoo their faces, torture their enemies, and, I rather think, actually eat them!"

"I never heard of that last part of the business," said Maria, with a smile. "Are you not thinking of the savages in Robinson Crusoe?"

"Oh, all savages are pretty much alike!" said Juliet. "It is all well to read novels about them, but to live among them—horrible! horrible!! horrible!!!"

"Is not this cold horrible?" asked Maria.

Juliet was surprised at the sudden turn in the conversation, the subject of which she was not very sorry to change. "I think the weather just delightful," she said; "so bright, invigorating, bracing! How I do enjoy pacing up and down on the deck!"

"Because you have buoyant health, vigorous life, and are well protected from the cold," observed Maria. "But suppose yourself to be brought here exhausted from your last ball-room, attired in the thinnest gauze, would you enjoy the cold then? Would not this breeze, which is now exhilarating, chill your frame through and through?"

"It would be dreadful!" said Juliet, shivering at the idea; "it is my nice sealskin jacket that makes me defy, and even to enjoy, the cold!"

"And can you not imagine something in spiritual matters that can make one defy, even enjoy, what would otherwise be distressing? The vigorous life, the warm love which enables a Christian to meet the chill of trial with greater pleasure than can ever be found in a ball-room?"

"I own that I cannot imagine it," said Juliet.

"Will you let me use a familiar illustration from Scripture? The Israelites, during their bondage in Egypt, had what products of the earth that fruitful land could supply—emblems of earthly pleasures; but in the barren desert they were more bountifully fed, they had a daily supply of sweet manna—they ate the bread of angels."

"Don't think me quite a heathen for saying it, but I think that one would need be an angel one's self always to relish such food," said Juliet; "I am afraid that I at least—"

The conversation was here interrupted by a stout elderly lady, who came toward the place where the two young ladies were sitting. Mrs. Bates was pressing her sable muff to her face, where the pink-tipped nose showed the effect of the weather.

"Juliet! I really cannot see you sitting there to catch your death of cold looking at icebergs; you know that you are under my care. If you wish to stay on deck you should walk. For my part, I'm going down into the saloon to prevent being turned into an iceberg myself."

"It would be a marvellous transformation," said Juliet to Maria in a mirthful whisper, as the companions arose and resumed their quick walk on the deck.

(To be continued.)

THY WILL BE DONE.

S. S. Lesson for March 28. Rom. 12:2. Golden Text, Ps. 40:8. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Merchant's Submissive Spirit—The Will of God Perfect—Christ's Vocation—His Fear of Failing in the Garden—How to Know God's Will—Not a Mocking Injunction—His Will for the Sinner—For Believers—For Healing—The Renunciation of the Will.

THE devil is *always* at work to make us think the will of God is a hard, difficult, oppressive thing. "Well, my dear, it is God's will," said a merchant to his wife, when the tidings came to hand that a cargo, which represented the third part of his capital, had been lost. When that same man died, and whenever sickness, sorrow or trial occurred in the family, it was their custom to sing the hymn: "Thy will be done." But when anything happy or joyful occurred—when a child was born, when there was a wedding, when the children returned safe and sound from school—no one said anything about the will of God. It was looked upon as something which represented suffering, hardship, trial; something to be endured with the best grace possible, but from which there was no escape. The idea that the will of God was in itself

GOOD AND ACCEPTABLE AND PERFECT could hardly enter into hearts so little acquainted with Him.

In the life of our blessed Lord, His Father's will is seen to be the chief and inspiring motive. "When He cometh into the world, He saith, . . . Lo I come (in the volume of the Book it is written of Me) to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. 10:5-7); and He adds: "I *delight* to do Thy will, O My God: yea, Thy law is within My heart" (Ps. 40:8). It was not only the very purpose of His life, but the delight and joy of our blessed Lord to do His Father's will. To Him it was not irksome but "good and acceptable and perfect;" a joy and not a grief, not like a constraint from without, but a law or power within which possessed Him and held His heart captive. It was also a real physical strength and refreshment to Jesus, "My *meat* is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work" (John 4:34). It was the one thing He sought; "I *seek* not Mine own will but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 5:30). It was His vocation, "I came down from heaven not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 6:38). Even when, for a few moments, He lost the thread of His Father's will, and in dire perplexity and anguish lest He should die without fulfilling His mission of redemption on the cross, He said: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and cried: "Father,

if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me," He yet added: "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done." He *was* heard in that He feared" (Heb. 5:7). He *was* saved from death in Gethsemane, He *was* permitted to endure the cross which He had foretold to His disciples, but even when it seemed to Him as though this redemption work for a ruined world was to be withheld from Him, so persuaded was He that the Father's will was "good, and acceptable, and perfect," that He could say in such a moment, "Not My will but Thine be done."

How is it then that the will of God can be so much dreaded by His creatures? There are numbers who are kept in fear and bondage, in uncertainty and misery, from misapprehension of the will of God. "How are we to know the will of God?" some may say. Surely by His Word. It is His will that we should know it; "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is" (Eph. 5:17). Paul prayed for the Colossians, of whose faith, love and hope he had heard, who "knew the grace of God in truth," and whose "love in the Spirit" had reached his ears, "that they might be filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, that they might walk worthy of the Lord to all pleasing" (Col. 1:9, 10). Epaphras prayed also for this Church that they might "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God" (Col. 4:12). If it were not possible for us to know the will of God, the exhortation in Ephesians would be a mockery, and the prayers in Colossians vain. Our dear Lord says: "If any man

WILL DO HIS WILL

he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17); and this accords with the exhortation of Paul to the Romans: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." It is just as we yield to the will of God that we find it fits us; just as our will yields and we *will* do His will, it opens to us in all its perfection of wisdom; just as we yield our bodies as instruments created, redeemed, preserved, healed to do the will of God, we learn how good, how acceptable, how perfect that will is in every moment, in every circumstance.

But can we prove from Scripture that the will of God is good, perfect, acceptable? Let the Word of God answer. What is

HIS WILL FOR THE SINNER?

"God our Saviour . . . will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. 2:3, 4). "It is not the will of My Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish" (Matt. 18:14). "The Lord is . . . longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that *any* should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (II Pet. 3:9). Go into a company of the most lost and depraved, with the joyous conviction that God wills the salvation of these souls; that the will of an Almighty Saviour is with you, and O how small the difficulties look! With what joy you can tell them of His good, His acceptable, His perfect will for their salvation; that *God* wants to save them more than they want to be saved. Pray with the same conviction for the heathen and you will soon cease to pray a prayer which is only a fervent wish, and you will find yourself saying: "Thy will be done, O God, in their conversion," and your heart will praise Him for a will so good, so acceptable, so perfect. You will pray for your unsaved relations, looking more at God's will to save them than at their will which resists.

What is

HIS WILL FOR BELIEVERS?

How many there are trying, striving, praying, struggling to be holy, and almost ready to blame God for not hearing their prayer, which, they think, deserves an answer. But, all the time, the

real thought in their hearts is, "I am anxious to be holy, but *God* is holding back and not doing all for me which He could do!" What does He say? "*This is the will of God*, even your sanctification." What? *God* wants me to be holy? *God* wants these tempers subdued? *God* wants this jealousy, envy, spite and malice cleansed away! Then what can I say but "Thy will be done." Thy good, acceptable, perfect will be done in my sanctification. I will what Thou wilt? He wants to get us over from our human to His divine side, and then all is changed; we see how our very fervency and earnest struggling presupposed that God had to be overcome, whereas His will was to supply all our need.

How about

HIS WILL FOR HEALING?

The same Lord who wills that all men should be saved, and who is not willing that any should perish, and who therefore bare our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. 2:24), also took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses that He might fulfil that word in healing all that were sick (Matt. 8:16, 17). The same Jesus who receiveth sinners received all the sick who came to Him and healed them. The same Jesus who says: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," says: "Is *any* sick among you, let him" be healed (James 5:14, 15). "Pray one for another that ye may be healed" (v. 16). Thus we can say: "Lord, save this soul *because it is Thy will*; Lord sanctify me, deliver and keep me from sinning *because it is Thy will*; Lord, heal my body *because it is Thy will*; thy good, and acceptable, and perfect will."

But it is only as we renounce our own will that we learn to understand what the will of the Lord is. The living sacrifice is consumed, and retains its proportions, its shape, its color no more; it combines with the element which consumes it. And just as we let ourselves go, and lose ourselves in God, so He takes us up into Himself, and unites our will with His, making us in love with His will so that it becomes to us a delight, and our meat and drink; no longer a doleful dirge, an irresistible but unacceptable necessity. Our dear Lord did not find His Father's will crossing His purposes, because He had no purpose apart from His Father: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, *for so it seemed good in Thy sight*." He trusted His Father's will. Paul tells us that "All things work together for good to them that love God." If this is so, then in everything which occurs, however trying in itself, we may glory in this that it is the good, acceptable, perfect will of God which is making it work together. As long as we do not accept God's will it looks unacceptable, but once accepted by us, He makes it acceptable.

But how can we accept the will of God and yet ask to be delivered from sickness? Just as we accept temptation as permitted by God, and yet ask and accept deliverance from sin. Just as we accept a loss or perplexity as something to be trusted over to God immediately. God would have us at once refer all which happens in our inner or our outer life to Him: stoical endurance savors more of obstinacy and pride than of faith, but a trustful commitment of all to Him who is our Shepherd of soul and body brings about an increasingly fearless and trustful joy in the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, which we pray may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

MATT. 25: 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay.
I did not stop to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
But there was something in his eye
That won my love—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just famishing for want of bread.
I gave him all: he blessed it, brake
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For, while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I found him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone.
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hastening on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er—
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night—the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To welcome him beneath my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed;
I had, myself, a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a felon's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger started from disguise:
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spoke, and my poor name He named:
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be.
Fear not; Thou didst it unto me."
—Montgomery.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

EASY work, good pay, read marked advertisement
in last week's paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Reminiscences and Speeches of the Great Orator.

A memorial pamphlet, with an introductory sketch
and reminiscences of Mr. Gough, by THEODORE L.
CUTLER, D.D., and REV. JOSEPH COOK, his life-
long friends and co-laborers, together with steno-
graphic reports of the speeches of Mr. Gough de-
livered for the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY
and a portrait of the eloquent temperance advocate.
Published by The National Temperance Society
and Publication House, 12mo, price, 10 cents.
Address J. N. STEARNS, Publishing
Agent, 58 Reade St., New York City.

JAPAN STEEL BROOM HANGER.
A novelty, ornamental, everlasting.
Price saved every broom. Mailed for 25 cents.
Agents wanted. WOOSTER & CO., Tracy, California.

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT JESUS,

With Bible Links to Make a Complete and Chronological Life of
Christ for the Young.

Edited by REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

Twenty Beautiful Full-Page Illustrations of Scenes in Bible Lands.

Handsome Cloth Binding, 12mo, Gilt back and side, 400 Pages. Price, \$1.50.

This book contains most interesting talks to boys and girls, not only by the editor, but also by many
other well-known men, such as Dean Stanley—Bishop Coxe—Rev. W. W. Newton—Rev. T. L. Cuyler—
Bishop Clarke—Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.—Rev. B. T. Vincent—John Ruskin—
Josiah Spier—Rev. Clayton Welles—Rev. Richard Cordley—Rev. Alex. MacLeod, D.D.—Rev. E. P.
Hammond—Rev. Wm. B. Right, D.D.—Rev. Guy Mark Pearse—T. B. Bishop—Rev. J. G. Merrill—Rev.
Geo. C. Phipps, and many others.

The purpose of this volume is to provide parents, as well as pastors, Sunday-school teachers and
children, with clear and simple explanations, illustrations, and applications of the lessons on the Life of
Christ, making a pleasant plan of Bible reading with children, by an arrangement of the four Gospels
chronologically—that is, in the order of the events—to explain the readings and make them interesting
and impressive. It will be especially helpful to Sunday-school teachers, and many mothers and children
will find the story of Jesus made clearer and dearer, as they follow it through from the manger to the
cross, by the aid of this book.

It would be a beautiful present to a child, a parent, a teacher or pastor.

Any person ordering this book by mail who is not satisfied with it can return it in exchange
for other books, or the price (less postage) will be refunded.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

GOOD NEWS!

THE POPULAR SERMONS BY
SAM JONES & SAM SMALL,
THE NOTED EVANGELISTS

who are awakening the people by their unparalleled eloquence and words of fire.

These Sermons have just been issued under the title "GOOD NEWS."

12mo, 190 Pages. Paper Cover, 25 cents. Handsomely bound in cloth, price, 50 cents.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

EASTER MUSIC.

"Captivity Captive." A new arrangement
of Scripture Selections
for Easter Tide, interspersed with appropriate hymns,
set to original music, the whole service being emi-
nently fitted for use on Easter Sunday, by young and
old. 16 pp. By REV. ROBERT LOWRY.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Easter Annual No. 10." Issued this sea-
son. Contains
new and original songs by popular composers, fur-
nishing an abundant variety of appropriate material
for Sunday-School Easter Festivals.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Festival Anthems." 64 large octavo page
Anthems, for Easter
and other joyous occasions.
Price, \$3.60 per doz.; 35 cts. each by Mail.

A complete Catalogue of Easter Music, Services,
Carols, Anthems, etc., sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

CHILD'S HEALTH PRIMER. For the youngest
scholars. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 85 cents.

HYGIENE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. For inter-
mediate classes. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 60 cts.

STEELE'S HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. For High
Schools and Academies. 12mo, cloth, illustrated,
\$1.25.

These books have been widely adopted and are
strongly indorsed by a host of educators. Send
for specimen pages or descriptive circulars. Ad-
dress

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,
New York and Chicago.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS. EUREKA RECITATIONS,

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL,

the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five num-
bers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and
handsome lithograph cover. Price, 12 cents
each. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
(P. O. Box 2767) 31 Rose St., New York.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Illustrated Birthday Card sent
to any baby whose mother will send us the
names of two or more younger babies, and their
parents' addresses. Also a handsome Dia-
mond Dye Sample Card to the mother and
much valuable information. Wells,
Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts.
In Postage stamps or silver. The most
complete collection ever issued. Large
Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revol-
vers, Fatcher Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos,
Magic Lanterns Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph In-
struments, Printing Presses Photograph Outfits, rare and
curious novelties. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

Ammoniaphone

For VOICE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION
by CHEMICAL MEANS.

It is not a nauseous medicine to be taken into the
stomach like the numerous extensively advertised
cure-alls which fill the advertising columns of the
newspapers. On the contrary, it is a Mechanical
instrument charged with chemicals, and cures entirely
by inhalation. It costs \$8.00 prepaid to any address,
but is cheap because it lasts a lifetime and can be
used by the entire family. Its chief virtues may be
summed up as follows: Cleanliness, Economy, Con-
venience, Freedom from Injurious Effects on the
Stomach, and Perfect Satisfaction in Prompt and
Permanent Results.

Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Vocal-
ists, Actors, Lecturers, School Teachers
and others who constantly use the voice, find this
Wonderful Instrument indispensable and worth a
dozen times its cost. The AMMONIAPHONE
has met with an electrical success in Great Britain
and Europe, latest reports of sales exceeding 1000 per
week, and is enthusiastically endorsed by such
famous and renowned personages as Patti, Maria
Roze-Mapleson, Rev. Hay M. H. Aitken, Rev. H. R.
Hawes, and in this country by Prof. Vicarino, N. Y.
Conservatory of Music, Rudolph Aronson, H. Le-
Caron, M.D., of Chicago, Rev. H. W. Thomas, R.
Reisig, M.D., and W. Porteous, M.D., of New York,
and numerous others of more or less fame. Avoid
quack nostrums and save your stomach and general
health by using this scientific and common-sense in-
strument. The results will be happiness and satisfac-
tion. A FULL HISTORY OF THE AMMO-
NIAPHONE WILL BE SENT FREE on re-
quest to those who mention this paper. Address
E. V. VERMONT, 226 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Good Agents wanted. Liberal inducements.
Send a once for particulars.

HATCH The CRAIG Fold-
ing Incubator and
Brooder (combined)
will hatch 1,200 to
1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$12
a dozen. No cost or experience to operate.
Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute
success. **CHICKS BY** Perfect in-
cubation; no loss of
lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$200
profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book
on poultry, incuba-
tors, diseases, etc.
F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

it makes no difference where you see them advertised,
or by whom or where they are published or sold,
send your orders to me and I will attend to them
promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guar-
antee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps
received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

EASTER Poems & Cards
Sample of Poems sent for 10c.
Sample cards (& price list) 10c.
H. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

James M'Creery & Co.

are offering very large assortments of
the latest colors in the following qual-
ities of

RICH COLORED DRESS SILKS:
Gros Grains, 20 inches wide, at \$1.00
Satin Merveilleux,
21 inches " " 1.25
Satin Rhadames, 21 inches wide, 1.25
Faille Francaise, " " 1.50
Satin Duchesse, Faille Francaise,
and other new weaves, at very moder-
ate prices.

A personal examination or by sam-
ple is solicited.

Broadway and 11th Street,
NEW YORK.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EX-
PENSIVE system ever devised.

Avoids the high cost of level premiums on the one
hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without
science or security, on the other.
ACTUAL cost of insurance in THE PROVIDENT
SAVINGS during the calendar year 1894, less than \$10
per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling inter-
est, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of
"laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added
the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN AB-
BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$100
to \$200 a month made. No distance no hindrance as we
give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

A new work by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

MY SERMON NOTES.

A Selection from Outlines of Discourses
delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

With Suitable Anecdotes and Illustrations.

(To be completed in four uniform volumes.

Vol. I. GENESIS TO PROVERBS. Now Ready.
"II. ECCLESIASTES TO MALACHI."

"Preachers of every grade will find some fresh sug-
gestion under every head."—Christian World, Lon-
don.

"The thoughts here offered are practical and de-
vout."—Congregationalist.

"Valuable in showing how to proceed to produce
an effective sermon."—National Baptist.

"The briefs are full, embracing all the salient
points in a sermon."—Christian Intelligencer.
12mo, handsome cloth binding, price, \$1.00 per vol.

SPURGEON'S OTHER WORKS:

The Treasury of David (his great
life work). 6 vols. Published price, \$2 each,
\$12 the set. Reduced to \$1.75 each, \$10 the set.
Volumes sold separately if desired.

Hands Full of Honey, and other Ser-
mons preached in 1883.....\$1 00

Return, O Shulamite, and other Ser-
mons preached in 1884.....\$1 00

Celebrated Sermons, 10 vols. Pub-
lished price, \$1.50 each, \$10 the set. Reduced
to \$1 each, \$8.50 the set. Volumes sold separat-
ly if desired.

Talks to Farmers. Containing 19
Sermons to Farmers. A useful work for every
clergyman who has farmers in his congregation.
Price, cloth.....\$1.00

The Present Truth. A new volume
of Sermons.....\$1 00

Types and Emblems (Sermons). \$1 00

Feathers for Arrows. A compilation
of illustrations for teachers and preachers. \$1 00

Morning by Morning.....\$1 00

Evening by Evening.....1 00

Lectures to Students.....1 00

The Saint and the Saviour....1 00

Spurgeon's Gems.....1 00

Gleanings Among the Sheaves
The Clue of the Maze.....75

John Ploughman's Talk.....75
" " Pictures.....75
Talk and Pictures. In one vol. 1 00

* * The above books are handsomely bound in
extra cloth, and will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of
price by addressing

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, - - New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1885, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 12.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF ELIZABETH MOUATT,
AND PICTURE OF THE COLUMBINE.
THE CHILDREN'S PATRIMONY. Dr. Talmage's
Sermon at Fayette, Missouri, Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES AT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. By Dr. A. C. Tris.
CURRENT EVENTS: A Senate Committee and
the Nominations—The Reorganized Civil Service
Commission—The Hostile Apaches—Arrest of a New
York Alderman—Mr. Gladstone's Irish Scheme—
Seven Girls Decoyed—A Colored Man's Purchase
of Himself—An Inebriate at a Revival, etc.

THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING. A New Sermon
by C. H. Spurgeon—Notices of New Books.
PICTURE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.
OUR AMERICAN HEATHEN. By Rev. W. Requa.
"ONE OF US." (With Illustration.)
AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
The Word Made Flesh. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



ELIZABETH MOUATT, the Heroine of the Great Drift from Shetland to Norway—The Columbine.

ELIZABETH MOUATT.

The Heroine of the Drift in the Columbine.

Her Life in Shetland—Hairbreadth Escapes from Death—Setting out in the Columbine on January 30—The Captain Overboard—The Crew Desert the Ship—Imprisoned in the Cabin—Her First Night Alone—The First Meal—Her Prayer of Faith—The Last Biscuit—The Ninth Day—The Columbine on the Rocks—Saved.

AN extraordinary adventure, as the daily journals briefly reported, has occurred in the North Sea. Were the facts not attested by many witnesses and evidence that compels belief, it would be difficult to give them credence; but they are proved beyond the possibility of doubt. That an aged invalid woman should have been left alone on a small vessel in a sea bristling with dangerous rocks, and that she should have sailed without guidance for nine days and nights, and yet be alive to tell the story, seems almost like a miracle; yet that is just what occurred. The heroine of so wonderful an adventure is naturally an object of interest, and so eager was the desire to see her, that a Londoner of the P. T. Barnum type has offered her \$50 a week and board to take a place in his exhibition. It speaks volumes for the woman's modesty and sense that she declined the offer, saying with characteristic point: "Faith, I've travelled enough for the rest of my poor days." Our readers, however, will be interested in the portrait of her and the picture of the ship she was in, which appear on the first page. From the narratives of her voyage, supplied by the European correspondent of the New York Herald and English journals, the following facts are extracted:

THE VOYAGE.

Elizabeth Mouatt is *sixty years old*. She has long been regarded as bearing what is foolishly termed "a charmed life" in the district of Seatness, in the Shetland Isles off the coast of Scotland, where she lived. Eighteen years ago she was accidentally shot in the crown of the head by a sportsman who had not observed her, being in the range of his game. Ten years later, while driving a peat cart, the pony became restive, and she was thrown out. One of the wheels crushed her foot, injuring also her hip. She has never been fully well since.

On January 30th this frail woman embarked at Gruitness, in the Columbine, intending to visit her niece at Lerwick, the chief town of the Shetland Islands. She carried with her forty of the Shetland shawls for which the islands are famous, with which her neighbors, who make them, intrusted her to sell for them. She was the only passenger, and, being seasick, remained in the little cabin. Proceeding to sea with the usual complement of three men, the little vessel had not long been under way before the weather became more boisterous.

ALONE.

Elizabeth Mouatt was below seasick, and was seated near the foot of the cabin steps. She heard the skipper cry out, "The main-sheet has parted!" Looking up through the open hatchway she saw him run to the fore part of the vessel, and the next moment heard another voice cry, "Clear away the boat!" Fearing something alarming had occurred, she endeavored to climb up the steps to look out. In doing so she fell back on the floor. In about ten minutes she rallied, and on again ascending the steps, to her amazement she discovered the crew had left. She felt no doubt that when the skipper went forward the swinging boom had knocked him overboard, and that within ten minutes of her fall the two men had put out in the boat to rescue him, forgetting or regardless of the fact that the poor woman was alone in the ship, and they might not be able to return.

She naturally concluded that the Columbine would speedily become a wreck, and she went below to gather her few poor effects together in case of a rescue. On again attempting to ascend to the deck that, as she said, she "might look death in the face," the ladder fell, and she was quite unable to replace it, so that she was imprisoned below deck, and could only catch

glimpses of the surrounding sea by climbing on a box, that she dragged to the place where the ladder had been. This brought her chin on a level with the deck.

The wind blew with some violence, driving the Columbine rapidly before it to the open sea, leaving the two men in their boat weary with their fruitless efforts to save the captain and unable to overtake the Columbine. The poor woman could see distinctly the sailors in their boat a considerable distance away.

THE FIRST NIGHT

was a terrible one, the vessel rolling heavily. It was pitchy dark and bitterly cold, with the sea washing down the open hatchway, and keeping her drenched to the skin. The only provisions she carried were two biscuits and a bottle of milk, and though a week's rations were in the fore-castle, she was totally unable to leave her prison-chamber to avail herself of it.

Elizabeth Mouatt said: "I could only maintain my sitting posture by keeping firm hold of a rope fastened to the roof, and was in danger every moment of being thrown violently on the floor. The idea of being alone in a little craft on a stormy sea, with the darkness of night coming on, horrified me. A feeling of terror came over me, and I commenced to scream. Then I became calm, knowing my voice could reach no human ear. And then there came to me the thought of the impossibility of people on shore ever being aware of my fate. This was on Saturday night."

When the light of morning came again no land was to be seen, and not even a distant sail. The sea was still rough, but the poor woman's hope began to revive, seeing that the vessel had survived that fearful night. From this time, she said in her subsequent statement, she never despaired, but put her trust in God, fully assured that He would send rescue to her.

The men landed and gave the alarm, and what could be done was done. Vessels sailed on the course the Columbine had last been seen to take, and at a later date the only steamer accessible was despatched from Mid Yell to scour the neighboring sea. All at length returned unsuccessful, and the search from Shetland was abandoned on the two men who had formed her crew expressing their confident belief that the smack had by that time sunk, the boom being so placed that, in the trough of the sea, it would so damage the vessel as to cause her to founder. Nevertheless, as a last resource, the chief proprietor of Mainland caused telegrams to be sent to different stations on the opposite shores of Norway, offering rewards for any intelligence which might aid in recovering the castaway or lead to some tidings regarding her fate.

The pecuniary bribe was unnecessary, for to any one acquainted with the Scandinavian character the mere fact of a woman drifting about in a derelict hulk would be at once the signal for the fishermen from the Naze to the North Cape to be on the alert. Still, the certainty that they would be paid for their lost time would stimulate their alacrity, and, as circumstances proved, not without happy results.

A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

The vessel was rolling at the mercy of the waves in the stormy North Sea, and as the well-known outlines of the islands were quickly left behind the truth of the terrible situation in which she was placed presented itself to the old woman. Being under no sort of control, the helm shifted at every lurch. The waves washed over the deck first from one side and then from the other. Heavy showers of spray were blown down the hatchway. The loosened sail, flapping with the wind, was gradually being reduced to tatters. The boom was swinging, and the ropes with the blocks attached were flying dangerously about from the rigging.

HER FIRST MEAL.

On Sunday, as daylight came, she fancied she heard a distant church bell ring. She prayed, and felt calmer. Now, having tasted nothing since Saturday, she made her first meal on board, which was confined to half a biscuit and

a small quantity of milk. The experience of Sunday was much like that of the previous afternoon. The storm continued unabated in fury. By standing on the chest which she fastened where the ladder had been, she could look out, and every day cast her eyes over the sea in search of land or passing vessels.

Sunday closed dark and stormy, and the prospect of another night of terror was overpowering. On Monday morning she again drew upon her scanty store of biscuit and milk. Snow and hail had given place to rain. Finding a piece of rope, she fastened it to that which hung from the roof, and made a convenient loop in which she could rest one elbow at a time. This helped her to remain seated, and her blistered hands got better.

THE COURSE.

What course or courses the Columbine took can only be guessed at. When last seen from Shetland she was drifting northward; but as the place at which the "winds and waves delivered" her is north-east from the islands, she must have soon altered her direction, and as the distance between the two points is barely *two hundred miles*, whereas she must have sailed nearly *a thousand miles*, the probability is that the smack floated about in an aimless manner. Had the wind been due south she might have been driven to the Polar ice fields, or (if the breeze had blown from the east) either dashed to pieces on the rocks or propelled into the Atlantic. Not improbably, after keeping before the prevailing wind for some distance, she got into the Gulf Stream, which passes along the Norwegian coast, and then slowly came into the peaceful haven where eventually she was found. Still, no matter how we look at the story of this drift, it is full of wonder.

The captain's watch, hanging on a nail in the cabin, had ceased to go at half-past twelve on Monday. When the lonely woman fancied the day had advanced to about that hour she wound it up. This she did daily until her release, when, as she somewhat triumphantly said, the watch was found to be not so far wrong. The presence of the watch, too, was a source of quiet comfort in her loneliness almost, as she added, "like to something in the way of company." Searching around the cabin during the moments when the lurching ceased, she found a stout sailor's jacket, which she put on above her shawl. Thus a sufficient degree of heat was maintained in her body to prevent any serious shivering, which in the night might have been very dangerous.

HER LAST BISCUIT.

Monday night, like the two which had preceded it, closed dark and cheerless. Tuesday morning brought no improvement in the weather and the usual eager gazing over the waters. The same scanty meal was again eaten. Toward the afternoon the weather moderated, and it was possible to sit without holding the rope. The cold in her extremities was the chief cause of the old woman's suffering. On Wednesday the sun was shining brightly, and continued so all day. There was in this a glimmer of comfort, and the poor, lonely creature sat down to her last meal on board, with the last half of her last biscuit and drinking from a bottle of milk, which on the previous Saturday she had herself taken from the cows at her humble home.

She then climbed upon the box and looked out. It was about midday, and the bows were directed toward the sun. Looking behind, to her momentary delight she saw land, which she knew by the sun lay northward, and that the course of the vessel was for the time southerly. She described the land as a range of low hills, with much higher, snow-covered hills in the distance. The course of the vessel soon left them far behind. By Thursday morning the craft had lost every rag of sail, and was drifting stern foremost.

More cheerless hours passed. Early on Friday morning the wind sprang up. The sea was violent, and hunger and horror again oppressed the old woman. Her thirst increased, and she

eagerly licked drops of condensed vapor from the cabin windows. Through Saturday the storm continued, but after midnight—then one hundred and sixty-eight hours having passed—she felt the first indication that either help or destruction was at hand. The vessel began to strike violently on some submerged rocks, and with the rise and fall of the sea she found a bed, now on one inclination and then on another.

The timbers began to creak and strain, and as the vessel struck rock after rock, the noises produced by the bumping, the shifting of the furniture, and the oscillation of the mast, which now began to give way, were to the prisoner most terror striking. It is due to the long-suffering little peasant woman to say that even in these trying hours she maintained her calmness and fortitude. "I knew," she said, "I could do nothing. My only desire was for the return of the light of day."

THE COLUMBINE AGROUND.

When Sunday morning broke, weak and exhausted as she was from starvation and exposure, and notwithstanding that the vessel was still rolling among the rocks, Elizabeth Mouatt contrived to raise herself once more upon the box and to look out. Here at last was land. The vessel was still beating along stern foremost. Every rag of canvas had blown away. Part of the rigging was hanging over the side, and the mast threatened every moment to go overboard. At about eight o'clock the Columbine ran upon a shingly beach, leaned over to one side and remained fast, the mast in the same minute going over into the sea with a loud crash. As the vessel leaned toward shore the water in the hold made its way into the cabin, and soon rose to a foot.

STRANDED ON AN ISLAND.

The place where the Columbine came to land after its erratic voyage across the North Sea was the little island of Lepsoe, on the coast of Norway, twelve miles north of the fishing town of Aalesund. This island is four miles long and two broad, consisting namely of one huge rock sixteen hundred feet high, with, at several places, narrow seaboard boulders. Where the Columbine stranded there is only a very short stretch of shingly beach, and had the vessel struck a few fathoms either to the east or west of the identical spot on which it now lies it could only have been dashed to pieces against the precipitous rocks, and become an irrecoverable wreck, and Elizabeth Mouatt would have been killed.

The solitary passenger was now eagerly looking out from the hatchway which stood breast high to her from her footing on the box beneath. She was able to see young lads who had for some time been watching the smack. She waved her arms, and raised her voice to its loudest pitch. As the poor woman screamed for help the lads shouted in return. Several ran off to the nearest hamlet, called Farstad, for assistance. A number of fishermen arrived, but as the vessel was distant from the beach six yards, and was in a heavy surf, it was evidently going to be a work of considerable difficulty to get on board.

TO THE RESCUE.

One fisherman, with a rope around his waist, walked into the sea, but was several times beaten back. At length, getting hold of part of the sail and a rope hanging from the bow, he climbed on board, and was soon afterward followed by a companion.

Still, however, the distance between the vessel and the land was great. The fishermen put a rope around the woman's waist and threw it to land. They next lifted her over the bow and gave her hold of the rope by which the vessel had been drawn toward the shore, and which was there held taut by willing hands. Suspended in mid-air, this much-tried woman of sixty years actually scrambled hand over hand for a distance of several yards until relieved by two men from the shore, who, standing up to their middle in the water, caught her in their arms. She was carried ashore nearly dead with terror and exhaustion. She recovered with a

rapidity scarcely conceivable in a woman of her years, and was able to make the voyage home, where she arrived on February 24th.

Among the comments made upon this extraordinary deliverance not a few ascribe it to the "surprising luck" for which the woman has long been famous in her native land. That is natural, but the Christian reader has no faith in luck. He would prefer to connect it with the prayers the deserted woman offered continually to the God in whom she trusted. "I put my trust in God," says Miss Mouatt, "and I believed He would send rescue to me." The rescue came, as it has come to many of us in trial, when rescue seemed impossible. He who "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," and has "His agents everywhere," is able and willing to answer prayer, and He does answer it.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT THE EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN SCOTLAND.

A Boy's Head in a Lion's Mouth.—At a recent meeting Mr. Figgis said: "There were a father and mother who were going to send out their son as an apprentice to a place that was right in the midst of temptation; so, before the boy's departure they called a few friends together to have a prayer-meeting in his behalf. One after another engaged in prayer, asking the Lord to keep the lad, and one of them in closing, prayed thus, 'O Lord, O Lord, after having put their son's head into the lion's mouth, we have come to ask Thee not to let the lion bite it off.' How many are there like these foolish parents who go right into sin and expect the Lord to keep them."

Rescued from a Den of Thieves.—Mr. Calder observed: "Among those who came to our meetings in Aberdeen when I was there was a poor sailor who had been led to a den of thieves, and there robbed and afterward cruelly treated. But worse than that, he had turned his back on the God who loved him. But that night he arose and sought his Father. And we know that those who seek in earnest shall find Him. Filled with gratitude to the Saviour who loved him, and who died to redeem him, he took ship back to India, where he now, as a missionary of the cross, tells the poor Indians of this precious Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

Making an Idol of a Pipe.—"Some Time Ago I was speaking to six young men, when I saw that each of them was worshipping a god. I urged them to give them up, telling them that if they did not discontinue to worship their idol they would suffer much in consequence. And only one out of that number, the youngest of them, had the manliness to give it up. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew from it a pipe, and handing it to me, he said frankly: 'Here is mine, sir; I give it up; you may do what you like with it.' 'Are you sure you will not regret this act?' I asked. 'No, I shall never, sir,' was the reply. Much is spoken of the idolatry of the heathen, but I pray God to have mercy on the idolaters of our Christian land, who are daily hearing the Gospel, and will not take the exhortation which Paul gives—'Therefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry' (1 Cor. 10:14).

Insulting an Ambassador.—Mr. J. A. Campbell said: "When I was in Africa, among the Arabs, the natives one day insulted an ambassador of the French Republic. The next day the flag was lowered, and the ambassador had taken his departure for France to tell of the insult he had received from the Africans. Now, to offer an insult to their ambassador was to offer an insult to the French Government. When the ambassador made his report, word was at once telegraphed to Africa, saying: 'We are coming, and if we do not get a sign by the firing of twenty-one guns, to show your allegiance, we shall bombard your city.' So one day we were on the top of a house from which we could see a French fleet nearing the African coast. Fear made the Arabs bow down before the French. The twenty-one guns were fired, not only to show that they had repented of their act, but that they

were doing honor to the French. So, dear friends, if you do not bow down to the Great Ambassador, Jesus, whom God has sent, you will not be left unpunished, for by not doing so you offer an insult to the Great King of heaven."

An Old Offender's Photograph.—"A Magistrate, a man who feared God, told me that two men were brought up before him who were accused of forgery. They persisted in their innocence, and it could not be proved that they were really guilty, so it was a very hard case to deal with. While the magistrate was undecided as to what course he should take, a police officer said: 'I am sure that man,' indicating one of the prisoners, 'is an old offender.' 'Can you prove it?' asked the magistrate. 'If you will give me time I will,' he replied. The men were sent back to prison, and after a few days they were brought into the court again, and still pleaded that they were innocent. But the police officer had found and brought a photograph of that man, whom he had recognized, in his convict's clothes. 'And,' said the magistrate, 'I remember how his face fell when his own photograph was held up before him; he could no longer deny the charge brought against him.' The last thing a soul likes to look at is itself."

A Youth Counseled by two Angels.—Mr. Mather observed: "I heard a parable of a young man who was travelling along a road when he came to a place where it divided, one way leading to the right, and the other to the left. While he stood there, undecided as to which way he should take, two angels appeared; one stood at the top of the path leading to the right, and the other at the top of the other path. The one on the right addressed the young man, who stood there rather perplexed, saying: 'Come this way, and you shall have forgiveness of all your sins, and everlasting peace and joy shall be your portion.' And the other on the left said: 'Come this way, and you shall have all the pleasures that this world can give.' The young man yielded to the last speaker, and turned to the left. He got what he was promised, and enjoyed it for a time, but it was neither satisfying nor lasting; so at last wearied with his journey, he turned to his companion who had led him so far wrong, and said: 'Whither are you leading me?' 'I did not promise to lead you anywhere,' was the rejoinder. 'I only promised to give you.' So on he went, until he came to a precipice, where he stumbled and fell into everlasting darkness. Is not this the state and end of every unsaved soul? 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.'"

Garibaldi in Search of a Lost Sheep.—Mr. Hill related: "On one occasion Garibaldi, the great emancipator of Italy, was marching through a mountainous part of the country with a few of his followers, not far from their encampment, when they were met by a poor shepherd, who seemed to be in great distress. The General stopped, and asked if anything had gone wrong; and the shepherd told him that he had lost a sheep, for which he had been searching, and it was a great loss to him, for he was very poor. The man looked so grieved that Garibaldi was touched, and he commanded his men to go and help the man to find the stray sheep. Over hills and valleys they diligently searched, until night-fall; but failing to find it, they returned to the camp to make known to the General their fruitless search. When all had retired, and the camp was still that night, the great heart of the General went out in pity for the poor peasant, and he rose, and at a late hour of the night went in search of the missing sheep. The General did not make his appearance at the customary hour the following morning, and as this was very unusual they entered his sleeping tent, and found their noble commander rapt in sleep, and the lost sheep, with his military cloak half thrown over it, lying at his feet. What a beautiful illustration this is of the Great Emancipator of the world! How He goes forth on His beneficent mission until He finds 'the lost sheep,' and brings them safely to His feet."

THE CHILDREN'S PATRIMONY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached at Fayette, Mo., last Sunday Morning, March 21st, 1886.

"Whose son art thou, thou young man?"—I SAM. 17: 58.

An Unequal Fight—A Tableau—Transmitted Characteristics—Royal Scoundrels—Above Circumstance—Perversion of the Doctrine—Your Duty—The Old Folks at the Festivity—I. A Christian Pedigree—The Influence of a Departed Mother—A Vast Estate of Prayer—An Unwritten Will—Trustees of Piety—The Voice of an Old Cradle—An Entry in a Diary—A Mother's Answered Prayers—II. An Evil Pedigree—Transmitted Avarice—Inherited Vice Successfully Resisted—The Hero to Put Down the Brakes—The Divine Parentage Offered.

NEVER was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of bragadocio; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much precision and force as now can be hurled shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummets inscribed with the irritating words: "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat.

A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David, that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back, and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming at that uncovered forehead, he crushed it in like an egg-shell. The battle over,

BEHOLD A TABLEAU:

King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more

I BELIEVE IN BLOOD

—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

ROYAL RASCALS.

The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II. and all the other scoundrels of that imperial line.

Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means fervidity, Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish facility for accumulation you may

trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same

FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS.

Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselah. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. Henry and Catharine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, son and Catharine—all remarkable for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I. a toll gatherer. A descendant of Edward III. a door-keeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity entirely independent of social or political condition.

Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of an "untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation?" So that the text comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

"Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents we are bound to be good and we cannot help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage we are bound to be evil and we cannot help ourselves."

TWO INACCURACIES.

As much as if you should say, "the centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the centre, and therefore all things come to the centre. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierpont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence.

YOUR DUTY.

The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show to you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in

the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

There is something in the periodical holidays to bring up

THE OLD FOLKS.

Sometime in the winter holiday, when we are accustomed to gather our families together, old times have come back again, and our thoughts have been set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in regard to your pedigree: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

I. First, I accost all those who are descended of a

CHRISTIAN ANCESTRY.

I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept, and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was

AN UNWRITTEN WILL

that read something like this: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of reunion when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of the God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctifies me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time, witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of

your heart; I shake the dust off it, I ask you will you accept that inheritance, or will you break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a responsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hot-house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed?

THE CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

A father sets his son-up in business. He keeps an account of all the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and He asks you for an account of it.

Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to turn out indifferently.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence?

Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are

THE TRUSTEE OF PIETY

in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible, that cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I own; but I disinherit them, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, March, 1886."

O ye of highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be

AN OLD CRADLE,

or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking-chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful

night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? Is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn over a new leaf for the new year." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and then went home and wrote down these words:

AN ENTRY IN A DIARY.

"Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me, and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall?"

"My mother's prayers! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me. Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instructions as I have? against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers in her heavenly Father's care and grace? She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience! I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek Him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish."

Do you wonder that the next day he arose in a prayer-meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness, forever blessed be His holy name; all I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus, my Saviour and my God?" Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! Hear it!

II. But I turn for a moment to those who had EVIL PARENTAGE,

and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven and the mightiest triumphs and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day had for father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day was born of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions that was

founded by a man who, after he had vast estate sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But

IT MAY BE RESISTED,

it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both ways, and after you have written an angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up! Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate backbone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind, and soul in battle array.

CONQUER YOUR WILL.

I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns on our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of mortality! Take your inheritance!

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

OUR AMERICAN HEATHEN.

By Rev. W. F. Re Qua.

THE American Indian has been the unfortunate subject of much of American whims, mis-legislation, and, in earlier annals, barbarism. Their wrongs are of long standing. They have suffered for centuries at the hands of the white immigrants. Even the Pilgrims, whose glorious memory we cherish with justifiable veneration, were not guiltless in their treatment of the Indians, and Robinson, their beloved pastor, wrote to them from Holland words of delicate but pointed reproof when he received intelligence of the killing of the Indians. He said he wished they had converted some before they killed any.

After the landing of the Pilgrims, on the 11th of December, 1620, a noted Indian, named Samosett, came to Plymouth to offer the strangers and foreigners their *heathen* salutation, saying: "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" and this, too, upon soil the Pilgrims had no scruple about taking possession of outside the limits of the Virginian charter, their intended destination.

The Indians always carried out the spirit of their hospitable greeting, dealing kindly; in turn to receive other than civilized treatment and merited compliments. We venerate our Plymouth fathers for all that is grand and best in them, while we should endanger our own characters if we failed to rue their unblushing faults and all that was disingenuous.

In 1634 the Massachusetts Colony violated a contract made with the Indians; disappointed them in a trade, which somewhat provoked suspicion and displeasure toward the whites; who were not "slow to wrath," but quick to take up arms against their red neighbors; and, without any attempt to conciliate affairs or repair their breach of trade, they resolved to make war against them and exterminate them.

They were too extremely barbarous in their modes of conflict, of which Dr. Mather says: "When the Indian prisoner was executed, his limbs were torn by violence from one another, then burned to ashes." When the Puritan troops moved upon the doomed Pequots, no signal of an attack was given, and Dr. Drake says: "The barking of a dog was the first warning they had of an approaching enemy, and knew not the cause of alarm until met by the cowards of the foe," in which unequal conflict more than six hundred Pequots perished. "Fire was set to the mats that covered the wigwams, which furiously spread, and doleful was the bloody sight to see so many souls lie gasping upon the ground, so thick you could hardly pass along," certifies another witness.

The years that have elapsed since Puritan malversation with the Indians have only served to strengthen and give color to their tribal traditions of the black treatment of the early Pale-faces; as again and again our governmental policy has, upon easy pretexts, arbitrarily dissolved treaties made with the tribes as with sovereign nations, overlooking the importance of keeping trust with the Indians, as with any foreign nation, which would be esteemed no slight offence or cause for redress, even between civilized countries.

But our Indians have not shared the equal clemency and Christian concern of American Christendom with foreign heathen, some of whom were no more susceptible of civilization and gospel impression than the American heathen, judging from the comparatively stunted missionary operations among them and the fruit of the schools founded for Indian education; and it is not unreasonable, only just, to suppose that with the same amount of missionary zeal and outlay of time and means for their Christianization equal results might be secured as among the Fiji and other barbaric nations.

There are about three hundred and fifty thousand American Indians, including those in Alaska, to say nothing of the seven million South American Indians, all of whom have their heathen rites of worship, expressions of crude ideas of God, all intimating that He created their

instincts for Himself as well as ours, and wherever we find these Godward instincts it is Deity's inherent though mute Macedonian call: "*Come over and help us*," and he who shall answer to the call must be loyal to the uppermost correlate convictions of the soul.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

An Awe-Inspiring Subject—Is the Vision of Heaven or Earth?—The Key to the Subject—The Jewish Conception of Grandeur—Coincidences of Prophecy—The Coming Restitution—The Splendor of the City—Unique Building Materials—The Pearls and Jewels—Values and Colors.

THERE are passages in the Holy Scripture so full of sublimity, pathos, and holy awe, that they recall to our mind the august words which Moses heard (Exod. 3:5): "Draw not nigh hither; put off your shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" and among them the twelfth vision found in the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Revelation must be accorded the pre-eminence, as giving to us a description of Jerusalem "the golden," the place where the Lord dwelleth. Like Moses, we may approach to that holy shrine, we may see the bush of glory burning, and hear the words of Jehovah; yet we are obliged to remain at the proper distance in examining things not yet revealed in full to us.

To intrude in those things which are forbidden ground is not our design in writing the following remarks; but, having a command of "reading" (Rev. 1:3), a declaration that "the book is opened" (Rev. 5:5), and "a blessing vouchsafed in keeping the sayings of the prophecy of this book" (Rev. 22:7), we venture to examine its contents.

QUESTION.

The great question which we desire to consider is this: Do we find in this twelfth vision of the Revelation a description of the heavenly state which shall come after the last judgment day? or is it a description of the glorious state of the Church on the earth during the period called the millennial period?—a question worthy our closest scrutiny and devout study.

THE MILLENNIAL DAY.

For many years we would have answered unequivocally that it meant the heavenly state, the end of all things, the full fruition of glory; but by close examination we have been led to the conclusion that the *twelfth vision* of the Revelation, as the renowned Dr. Isaac Da Costa designated it, belongs to this mundane world and to that period called "the fulness of times" (Eph. 1:10)—the great millennial day.

THE KEY.

The key to unlock this vision is found in Rev. 22:6: "And He said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true; and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done." This verse reveals the secret that this vision is mentioned and is written in connection with the writings of the holy prophets. It is brought to the same level as all other sayings of the seers of old who have spoken of those glorious things, although in a dim light, and declared them to belong to *that age* when Israel should be restored in their own land of Canaan (Isa. 43:18-23; 66:20-23).

A TRUE ISRAELITISH VISION.

Our observation is forcibly called to Israel and to the Old Testament dispensation as connected with the Church of God in the new dispensation. It is like a golden thread running through the whole fabric, speaking of a fulness far above our comprehension; it is a picturesque vision of treasures, of grace, and of heavenly enjoyments, and yet, very singular, there is made mention of the existence of an imperfect state at the same time (Rev. 21:8, 27; 22:15); and, indeed, the same statement is found in Isa. 65:17-20. "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. . . . I create Jeru-

salem a rejoicing, and her people a joy; . . . but a sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed" (also in Joel 3:17; Isa. 35:8).

It must not escape our attention that the name of Jerusalem (New) is the leading idea, and the centre of the whole vision in Revelation 21 and 22. In verses 2 and 10 it is called "The holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," and the same idea is brought out in Isa. 52:1; 54:5.

In verse 3 is spoken of a Tabernacle of God with "*the*" men, and that "He will dwell with them." And in verse 24 we read of "Nations (which are saved) who shall walk in the light of the New Jerusalem, and that the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it," corroborating the prophecy of Isaiah, written eight hundred years before John, stating the same words: "Arise, be bright; for thy light hath come, and the honor of the Lord hath risen on thee. . . . Nations have come to the light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (Young, Isa. 60:1-3).

All these solemn declarations must lead an unbiassed mind to the conclusion that the words found in the twelfth vision of Revelation are indeed belonging to this mundane state of existence—to earth, and not to heaven, not to the time "when God shall be all and in all" (1 Cor. 15:28); because at that time no nationality, nor earthly kings, nor royalty, "nor anything defiling or doing abomination or making a lie" (Rev. 21:24-27) can ever be thought of or mentioned in the regions of eternal bliss.

COINCIDENCE.

It must further be noticed that the Greek word found in verses 2 and 10, and translated "descend or come down," means, literal, to come down on the earth. It is used in Matt. 3:16 of "the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Jesus." In Eph. 4:9 is spoken: "That Jesus also descended first into the lower parts of the earth;" and in 1 Thess. 4:16 is emphatically declared, "That the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven" (11 Thess. 1:9; 11 Thess. 2:8). It has a particular meaning that in verse 3 the definite article, "*the* men," is used (Rev. 21:3) as the Greek has it. The Apostle Paul in Heb. 2:5 says: "For unto the angels hath He not put in subjection *the world to come*, whereof we speak?" And also he corroborates the above statement, that "the" men is meant, and that the Tabernacle of God will be in this habitable earth.*

It was a maxim of the ancient Jews that both the Tabernacle and the temple and Jerusalem itself came down from heaven. Rabbi Jeremias said: "The holy blessed God shall renew the world and build Jerusalem, and shall cause it to descend from heaven."

CHRONOLOGY.

Many expositors of the Book of the Revelation suppose that this book is a written history of the Church through the ages past and the ages to come; and taking this view of the twelfth vision, it must be called the last vision in order of the chronology, and must consequently mean the heavenly state and the consummation of all things in glory.

We beg to differ from such an exposition, for the simple reason that the Revelation is not given as a revelation of things which are in heaven, but of things which are on the earth, and also that the division in chapters and verses do not belong originally to the Bible. If we group the last four chapters of the Revelation in one unit, we will find that they are closely connected and interwoven, and that they are like clusters of beautiful flowers all belonging to the same peduncle, but so arranged that each flower is unfolded in its proper time and place. The wife

* [Expositors now are generally of the opinion that the New Jerusalem spoken of in the passage to which Dr. Tris refers is not identical with the earthly city Jerusalem. They believe that the Heavenly Jerusalem will descend from Heaven at the beginning of the millennium, and that it will remain suspended in the air, a dazzling spectacle, during the whole of that period, and will not be actually upon the earth until the close of the thousand years.—Ed.]

and the bride of the Lamb, although different, are closely connected. The marriage supper, and the glory, and the light of the New Jerusalem all centre in the Husband and second Adam (compare Rev. 19 : 7, 8 with Rev. 21 : 2, 9 ; Matt. 25 : 6 ; 1 Cor. 15 : 47-49).

(To be concluded next week.)

PRIVATE SCHOFIELD'S MISTAKE.

AN officer in the British army sends to an English journal the following account of the conversion of a soldier in his regiment :

Looking into my room one afternoon, an officer's servant told me that he thought Private Schofield wished to see me.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I know he hates swearing and that sort of thing, and last night when some one spoke of you as a 'chest-thumper' he at once said he would like to have a talk with you. Shall I send him down?"

"You may. In a few minutes I shall be going as far as the firing-range ; tell him to dress and come with me."

On our way to the range Private Schofield and I talked of matters chiefly connected with soldiering, but when we had reached a secluded spot and were seated, I inquired if he had anything particular he wished to say to me.

"They call you a 'chest-thumper,'" he replied, "and I have been long enough in the regiment to know that 'chest-thumper' is slang for Christian. Now, I am not a Christian, but wish to become one, and it occurred to me that a conversation with you might help me."

"I hope you will not be disappointed, my young friend, though, perhaps, I am not the best 'chest-thumper' you could apply to. But before we proceed, let us kneel down and ask God's guidance."

Here we uncovered, knelt down on the grass, and asked the Great Wisdom-giver to be with us.

"May I ask," I said, after being re-seated, "what has led you to think of becoming a Christian?"

"The explanation is this: I have been well brought up, and the filthy language of the barrack-room is almost more than I can stand. I know that the non-commissioned officer in charge ought to put a stop to it, but, unfortunately, so far as I can see, he enjoys it. Now, I feel that one of two things must take place if I am to remain a soldier: I must either go down to the level of my comrades, and speak and act as they do, or, in order to be able to bear what I complain of, I must become a real Christian."

"Have you made any effort to become a Christian?"

"I have."

"What have you done?"

"I have prayed."

"And has your praying been of service to you?"

"I am afraid not."

"Have you tried anything else?"

"Yes; I have repented."

"And has your repentance helped you at all?"

"Not that I am aware of. Indeed, I seem to be further from the right thing than ever I was."

"It appears, then, that your praying has failed, and that your repentance has failed. Has any other course been suggested?"

"Yes; I was told one night in the Soldiers' Home that I had nothing to do but believe, and I am sure I have done that."

"And has your believing given you any relief?"

"It has not."

"Have you tried anything else?"

"What else is there to try?"

"Were there nothing else, you must see at a glance that your case would be hopeless; for everything you speak of has, according to your own showing, been of no use. Answer me this one question, and think before doing so. Have you ever honestly tried Christ?"

"Have—I—ever—honestly—tried—Christ?"

That question never was put to me before, and I

am inclined to think that I have been trying to pray, and repent, and believe, without any reference to Christ at all."

"Do you believe that when Jesus was on the cross He was thinking of you?"

"Thinking of me?"

"Yes; thinking of you."

"That never struck me before; but as I am one of the sinners for whom He died, He must have been thinking of me. The thought is new to me, but it must be true."

"Well, then, if Jesus has borne the penalty of your sins, why, in view of meeting God, should you be afraid of that penalty? According to Paul, Jesus, takes your sin with its consequences that you may have the benefit of His righteousness, and all that His righteousness merits. Will you promise to ponder over that view of the case?" "I will."

"Then, as I have something to do on the range, you may now go back to the camp, but before we separate let us again kneel down and pray." Again we uncovered and bowed before the Heavenly Father, whose ear was not deaf to our cry.

That night, or rather, I should say, early next morning, Private Schofield was made free. "I pondered," he said, "over Jesus as my Sin-bearer, and as I pondered the light broke in upon me. In my thoughts I was at the cross, and as I looked up I could say with confidence, 'Jesus loved me and gave Himself for me;' and when from the cross I looked forward to the judgment and remembered that the Judge 'loved me, and gave Himself for me,' the fear with which I had been tormented left me. Jesus took my sin, and I get His righteousness. Precious gospel!"

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons : Gen. 32 ; Luke 11 : 1-14 ; Eph. 5 : 1-16.

THE DISCOURSE.

Text : "Yield yourselves unto God" (Rom. 6 : 13).

If we keep ourselves from God, we withdraw ourselves from the circle of all blessedness.

If we yield ourselves to God, we are not surrendering to an enemy who will destroy when He obtains control of us ; we are letting go that which will be our destruction if we cling to it ; we are falling into the powerful and loving hands of One who desires to save us ; losing our hold on a burning rafter and yielding to a Friend who is drawing us away into safety.

Yield to God!

You are a sinner against Him.

He seeks not to destroy, but to save you.

He knows how to save ; you do not know.

Give up your plan of salvation ; yield to His.

Cease listening to the shallow philosophers who talk to you of a way of moral improvement according to reason ; you can be saved only according to God's plan, whether that be according to reason or not ; but who dare say it is not ?

He loves you.

He must tell you how to be saved.

He has come in the flesh to ply you with the wooings of affection, not to drive you by force.

You are blind. All other saviours tell you the way ; this Saviour takes you by the hand.

Yield to Him, and you are saved. Yield to God. You profess to do so, being a member of a Christian church.

Yield wholly.

He is your Teacher. Follow thoroughly all His teaching. Never mind what it brings on you, nor where it lands you. Obey thoroughly His commandments.

Do not try God ; do not experiment to see what the result will be of a partial obedience. It will certainly prove unsatisfactory, and that will discourage all obedience.

Yield to Him ; He is your pilot. He is not responsible—you are not safe—unless you take your hand from off the rudder, and let Him steer ; make Him no suggestions, but gladly, promptly, thoroughly, obey all orders.

AFTERNOON TALK.

FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH.

By Rev. F. H. Reynolds, Philadelphia.

Jesus Himself, we are here told (John 1 : 14), is full of grace and truth ; not a sealed fountain, whose waters have ceased to flow, and is of no use to the weary traveller ; this is not the character of Jesus ; He is a full, ever-flowing fountain, to be used by those in need of grace and those who would be enriched by truth.

How different this is from the truth which Socrates or Plato taught ! they gave the Greeks much moral truth, and yet themselves were always in search of deeper truth, but we never see Jesus thus seeking, for He was the truth Himself.

First note, He was full of grace—that is, unmerited favor, undeserved kindness ; and you will remember that God is spoken of as the God of Grace. This was true of Jesus in His outward state, His whole life being occupied in pouring out grace upon the sons of men ; and also, true in an inward sense ; He was full of spiritual grace.

He was full of saving grace—yea, He is mighty to save, as His name so clearly indicates, and He Himself tells us that He came to seek and to save that which is lost. To the woman He said : "Thy faith hath saved thee," and to us the promise comes, "As many as receive Him, to them gives He power (or the right) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." When we remember that this Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, we may be assured that He yet saves to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

Now, in the second place, notice that His grace is a keeping grace. A grace to keep us from falling in every time of need, and which makes us victorious in our daily warfare with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Some say they can't hold out, which is true ; but then Jesus can and does keep the soul by the very power of God Himself.

But He was full of truth as well. He came to manifest the truth. The types all pointed to Christ from different sides, and when He came we see them all distinctly verified, the substance taking the place of the shadow, He was the true Lamb of God, the true atonement for the sins of a ruined world. Human truth never satisfies ; the more one gets, the deeper grows the longing ; there is, indeed, no satisfaction for sinful man until He finds Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. What a Saviour ! so full of saving, keeping, and enlightening grace ! What in the world is there in comparison to Him ! Finally, let me ask you, What think ye of Christ ? Would you have Him show you all His grace and truth ? "Then ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

[The following poem may be committed to memory by the young people.]

UNDER HIS WING.

Under His wing I sweetly rest,

While balmy peace reigns in my breast,

I never need a foe to dread,

While His bright wing is o'er me spread.

Under His wing ! Under His wing !

Oh, may my heart forever sing !

Amidst all dangers, seen or known,

His guardian wing is o'er me thrown,

It soothes me with its magic power,

And turns to light the darkest hour.

Under His wing ! Under His wing !

Oh, may my heart forever sing !

While tossing on the stormy sea,

His loving wing still spreads o'er me ;

'Mid scenes of conflict and of grief

Its presence gives my soul relief.

Under His wing ! Under His wing !

Oh, may my heart forever sing !

When wasting on the bed of death

I still can sing with dying breath,

For round me I can clearly see

Christ's wing of love o'erarching me.

Under His wing ! Under His wing !

Oh, may my heart forever sing !

EDWARD NEVIN, D.D.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Basis of Agreement for a Part of the Nominations awaiting confirmation in the Senate, appears to have been found. The Chairman of the Committee on Finance stated last week that the committee would report the nominations in its department whenever the Administration would relieve the suspended officers from any imputation against their characters, or, if there were such charges against them, permit an answer to be made in each case. Mr. Beck went to see the President about the matter, and he said that he was ready to give such assurance in cases where no charges were made. The Chairman, Senator Morrill had also called on the President and upon Secretary Manning. This official gave satisfactory assurance that no charges affecting the character of the suspended officials were on file in the Treasury Department. When this information was placed before the Finance Committee it agreed to report favorably the nominations for office covered by the Secretary's letter. It will be well if this basis becomes a precedent, and a general agreement is reached so that the Senate can get on with more important business.

Geronimo and His Band of Hostile Apaches did not surrender as agreed. The report that they had refused to surrender has, however, been contradicted. General Crook reports that at the fight in Mexico which resulted in the death of Captain Crawford, the Indians expressed a willingness to meet him, and gave hostages as an evidence of good faith. After Captain Crawford's death, Lieutenant Maus, who succeeded to the command, proceeded to San Bernardino on the border, to await the arrival of the Indians. Since then four of the principal renegade chiefs arrived at the camp, and others were expected to arrive soon after. General Crook says he will leave Fort Bowie in a day or two for San Bernardino to meet the Indians and arrange for their surrender. The journey will take several days. The delay of the hostiles in reaching the border is explained at the War Department as being caused by the difficulty in collecting the Indians who had scattered among the mountains, and also because of the liberal ideas held by the Indians in regard to time and dates.

The Civil Service Commission was Reconstituted last week. Two vacancies had to be filled. Those of Commissioner Trenholm, who has become Controller of the Currency, and Commissioner Dorman B. Eaton, who resigned. Mr. Cleveland promoted Mr. Charles Lyman to Mr. Eaton's place. He has been chief examiner since the commission was organized. Before that time for many years he had been in the public service. He succeeded Mr. E. O. Graves as the chief examiner of the Civil Service Board during the Grant experiment, and mastered all

the details of the system. He brings to his new duties, as Commissioner, the best kind of qualifications, that of experience in a subordinate capacity, as he has been the principal director of the Civil Service work since it began under the law of 1883. He is an eminently practical man, and in that respect, not less than for his familiarity with the public service, his selection by the President for Commissioner is satisfactory. Mr. Trenholm's successor is John H. Oberly, of Illinois. He has hitherto been more famous for his zeal for his party than for Civil Service Reform. He may, however, have qualifications for the office, not as yet known to the public. It would be unfortunate for the President, the Commissioner, and the public if the Civil Service law should not be observed and faithfully executed in its letter and spirit. In spite of the ridicule cast upon the law by politicians wedded to the old spoils-system, the conviction is growing among the most intelligent citizens that the principle of the law is the one that holds out the best promise for the purification of American politics.

The Resignation of Governor Murray of Utah, tendered to the President last week causes general regret. It has, of course, been expected for a year past, but hopes were entertained that as he had remained in office so long, he would continue through the crisis. The Gentile population of the territory are loud and emphatic in their expressions of disappointment. The Governor's firmness and moderation have inspired them with confidence. The prominent Utah journal, the *Tribune*, declares that "his record for integrity and perfect justice" is unblemished, and will be a crown of honor to his children. The utmost anxiety prevails as to the character of his successor.

An Important Decision in the Grant & Ward affairs was pronounced on March 17th, by the referee in the case. He decided that William S. Warner must pay to the receiver of the defunct firm \$1,395,752, and the \$580,000 in real and personal estate which Ward conveyed to him after the failure. The former amount represents the "profits" with interest of his investments in the Grant & Ward business, or the whole amount he received from the firm less the money invested. The decision will, of course, go to appeal, but it is something to know where some of the money went to, and that there is a possibility of recovering a part of it.

Alderman Jaehne of New York City Against whom the charge of receiving stolen property was made, was arrested last Thursday, and held to bail for accepting a bribe of \$20,000. The grand jury are said to have his case in hand, but the arrest was made on motion of the District Attorney. The evidence against him has not been disclosed in detail, but it is understood that certain statements made by Jaehne himself and overheard by witnesses constitute an important feature of it. There is not much doubt that the Broadway Surface Railroad obtained its franchise by the purchase of votes, and it is for his action in this matter that Alderman Jaehne has been arrested. It may be hoped that, whatever the result of the prosecution may be, measures will be taken to insure the election of a better class of men to the office of alderman. While they are taken from the class to which many of them belong, scandals of this character must ensue.

Miss Cleveland's Remarks on Immodest dress deserve more attention than they are likely to receive. The *Boston Transcript*, of March 17th, publishes a letter Miss Cleveland wrote recently to a friend who had called her attention to certain newspaper strictures on the attire of ladies attending the White House receptions. In the course of her letter, Miss Cleveland said: "I should hardly feel true interest or true respect for a person whom I believed to be . . . using the brief prominence of my position to encourage habits in dress and manners which are subversive of 'whatsoever things are pure, lovely, honest, and of good report.' Such I believe the immodest dress of some few society

women to be, and against such immodesty I have made that silent protest which it is every woman's right and duty to make, by having my own dress-waists cut in a style which, so far as modesty is concerned, I should be quite willing to have all women follow to whom this style of dress is becoming and comfortable. . . . It is wholly false, so far as I have observed, that a 'shocking scarcity of waists and sleeves marks the gowns of society women.' This is sadly and painfully true of a few 'society women,' and it is indeed shocking, nauseating, revolting, and deserving of the utmost denunciation on the score of morality, beauty, health, and many other considerations which good men and women should conspire to preserve and exact. There is need of a very few words on this subject and no argument. Any American woman can wear the waist of her evening dress up to the lobes of her ears if she likes. There is no queen to command her appearance in low corsetage. She can also, alas! so contrive her dress that, by the exposure of her person, all true social ethics, and aesthetics as well, are revolted. Between the two there is an appropriate, beautiful, and modest mean, which all can follow if they will."

Mr. Gladstone's Scheme for the Pacification of Ireland is to be explained to the House of Commons on April 5th. The political atmosphere was thick with rumors of the character of the scheme last week. One of these rumors, which startled the public, was that Mr. Gladstone intended asking for \$750,000,000 to purchase the estates of Irish landlords who might be willing to sell them. Immediately following this announcement came the report that Mr. Chamberlain would resign and oppose the measure in the interests of British taxpayers. That Mr. Gladstone will propose to advance so large a sum of money is by no means certain. There are indications that the astute Premier has allowed the idea to be circulated, in order to find out how it will be received, and will be guided by events. The amount is enormous in the present depressed state of trade, but if it proved to be a species of investment or mortgage, it would not embarrass the treasury. The Parnellites alone appear to be enthusiastic in their support of Mr. Gladstone. The resignation of several members of the Cabinet is talked of, and several prominent supporters of the Premier are said to be implacably opposed to such details of his scheme as have been imparted to them. It is evident that the greatest crisis of this half century in English affairs is impending. If the Premier's scheme will satisfy Ireland, it will eventually pass, though at a heavy cost to England which will be the penalty of long years of misrule.

Socialist Riots are Reported from Belgium. On March 19th a meeting of unemployed Socialists in Liège, the iron manufacturing centre of Belgium, resulted in disorderly demonstration. A mob composed of Socialists and the poorest classes of the people took possession of many of the streets, shouting: "Down with the Capitalists!" and attacked the shops. They wrecked all the cafés and sacked all the shops in the Rue Leopold. The gendarmes finally attacked the mob, and after a severe fight, in which many of the rioters were wounded, succeeded in clearing the streets and restoring order. Several hundred Socialists have been placed under arrest.

Prince Bismarck's Scheme for the Denationalization of Prussian Poland is being earnestly debated throughout Germany. Some support has been won for it in unexpected quarters by the prospect it holds out of checking the tide of emigration to America. If the estates of the Polish landlords are acquired by the State and divided up into small farms, they may be used as a bonus to young German farmers who are to stay in Germany instead of coming here. Bismarck is determined to destroy as far as he can all Polish national feeling. Another of his schemes now introduced provides for the organization of evening schools to teach German to apprentices, attendance being compulsory.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$4.50. From Aylmer, Quebec, Can., \$3; New Durham, N. J., \$1; Denbigh, Ontario, Can., 50 cents.

Mr. William Noble, the Gospel Temperance evangelist, arrived in San Francisco on March 8th. He was announced to hold special temperance evangelistic meetings in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, March 8th, 9th, 10th, and 12th. He expected to sail for Australia, by the ship Mariposa, Saturday, March 13th, stopping at Honolulu, where he will spend a few weeks with the association of that city prior to visiting the Australian Colonies.

Help for the Cape Palmas Diocese is Being received by the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. As was stated in our sketch of the Rt. Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, D.D., bishop of the diocese, last week, there is urgent need for funds. The entire amount appropriated to the three districts under the bishop's jurisdiction at the time of his visit, was \$24,608, and of this \$3658 was needed for repairs and new buildings. Since then \$2000 has been forwarded to the board by Bishop and Mrs. Bedell, of Ohio. Other contributions are expected and will be welcomed.

Lord's Day Observance in England Has Received a blow by a vote in Parliament. On Friday a resolution was passed in the House of Lords by a majority of fourteen, declaring that, "The time has come when, in the interest of religion and education, all national collections should be opened to the public on Sunday as on other days." The vote is a curious indication of the scale of intelligence of British peers. Plausible reasons may be advanced for opening the museums on Sunday, but when the lords aver that they think the step would promote "the interests of religion," we can but wonder whether they are ignorant or hypocritical. One member of the House remarked: "The English Sunday is misspent. It is worse than misspent. It leads people into temptation. This is not a question of the workingman only, for there are plenty of other people who are entitled to consideration. *It is idle and selfish for workingmen to object to being employed on Sunday at places of recreation.*" If the noble lord had to work seven days a week he would probably be of a different opinion.

The Twenty Missionaries Going to Africa to reinforce Bishop Taylor's band sailed from New York on Saturday last by the City of Chester. The missionaries carry with them a small cargo of dry goods, canned food, farming implements, Bibles, tracts, hymn-books, rifles, and shotguns. It will take them nearly three months to reach the Congo. On their arrival they will be met by Bishop Taylor, who will direct them as to their ultimate destination. This, it is expected, will be about five hundred miles into the interior of Africa. They will sail up the Congo as far as navigation will permit, and then go the remainder of the way with teams or on foot. Miss Britain is from a ladies' seminary, and another lady, Mrs. Cliff, was a missionary among the Indians. A colored man in the party named Judson was graduated several months ago from a university. The others are mechanics, farmers, a surveyor, and a school teacher. The Rev. Mr. Shoreland, Dr. and Mrs. Clark Smith and four children, and Surveyor Burr are from Oregon. The Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Cooper are from Wisconsin, Dr. Harrison and Missionaries Cameron, Walker, Steele, and Mr. and Mrs. Elkin are from Ohio. Mr. Baker is from Brooklyn, and Mr. Sarter from Missouri. They will be divided into parties of two or three among the natives, at a distance of one hundred miles from each other, so as to establish a chain of stations across the continent of Africa. Each of these stations will be visited at intervals by the ministers and physicians, and the farmers and mechanics will go to work teaching the

natives how to cultivate the land in a civilized manner, how to read and write, and the principles of the Christian religion.

Seven Girls, the Daughters of Farmers in Pennsylvania, have been enticed from their homes and brought to disreputable houses in New York to lead immoral lives. A dispatch from Reading, Penn., states that on March 14th a respectable farmer near that city appeared before an alderman there and made a complaint of the outrage on behalf of himself and his neighbors. Happily four of the girls have been rescued and returned to their friends. The other three were too much ashamed to return, and remained in the clutches of the men who entrapped them. Those who have returned tell a pitiable story of their trouble and of the lures by which they were led to leave their homes. We commend this fact to the notice of some anonymous correspondents of our own, who have kindly taken the trouble to advise us how to edit the paper. They profess to fear that the facts we published about the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures and kindred matters will "contaminate" the minds of young people. It is better, they think, that girls should not be warned about the dangers that surround them. Wicked men think so, too. They find easy victims in girls who know nothing of these matters. We are of a different opinion, and it is probable that the fathers of those seven girls agree with us. Perhaps our correspondents are not aware that in New York there are houses of ill fame the proprietors of which pay five dollars or more to any man or woman who will bring a country girl there and make her an inmate of the house. Distasteful as the task is, plain words must be used to put innocent girls on their guard. There are times when silence is cruel (Prov. 1 : 17).

A Prisoner Suffering from Good Character is in an uncommon predicament, bad character being usually the complaint that troubles them. A convicted thief, however, in Philadelphia, last week, would have had a lighter sentence if she had borne a worse character. A pretty, well-dressed young woman brought before Judge Biddle, pleaded guilty to seven indictments, charging her with stealing goods. Her counsel pleaded for mercy on the ground that, apart from these thefts she bore an excellent character, was well-educated, was not in need of money, and was exemplary in her private life. The judge refused to entertain the plea, as such a woman as the counsel represented the prisoner to be, knew well what she was doing and was not entitled to so much sympathy as a depraved person educated in criminal society. He passed upon her the severe sentence of five years' imprisonment. Unconverted people who are leading good moral lives and even helping in Christian work, by their contributions, should consider Judge Biddle's remarks. Moral character will not help them in the last judgment (Luke 13 : 26, 27).

A Drunken Man at a Revival Service Caused some ill-timed laughter recently by a claim of comradeship founded on a mistake incident to his drowsy condition. A Brooklyn clergyman states that a man who represented a commercial house in New York City was travelling in the western part of the State, when he happened to be in a city in which an evangelist was holding special services. The drummer while under the influence of liquor strolled into the service, and sitting down in the front seat was soon fast asleep. He slept on until the evangelist, in the authoritative style much in favor among a certain type of his profession, ordered all who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Every one but the sleepy drummer stood up and sat down again. The movement disturbed him, and he recovered a half consciousness in time to hear another invitation to rise. "Now," said the evangelist, "I want all of you who mean to go to hell to stand up." The drummer did not catch the first part of the sentence, but the words "stand up" he did understand, and leaning forward unsteadily he rose from his seat in a dazed kind of way. The young people laughed

outright, while the older ones looked at him in horror. Steadying himself against the rail he looked at the evangelist an instant, and then said: "Well, parson, I don't know just exactly what we're voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority." Unhappily, the minority is the other way. It would not be so if vague wishes which do not affect the life were sufficient to secure a place (Matt. 7 : 13, 14).

The Purchase of His Freedom has Been Completed by a colored man formerly a slave at Norfolk, Va. Previous to the war the man, whose name is John Billups, agreed to purchase his freedom at the cost of \$1300, the price at which he was valued by his owner. At the time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued he had managed, by hard work and economy, to pay \$800 on account. President Lincoln's proclamation might have been expected to close the transaction, but that was not the view of Billups. He continued to work and save, and, dollar by dollar, has accumulated and paid over the \$500 to complete payment. The *Norfolk Ledger* reports the final settlement, and compliments both parties on the qualities of character it indicates. The negro is clearly a man of honesty and sturdy independence, and his late owner must have treated him kindly or the money would not have been paid after it became a voluntary act. Spiritual emancipation can never be so gained, although the attempt is often made. It must be accepted as a free gift, already purchased, and it cannot be won by repentance, reformation of character, money offerings, nor merit of any kind (Eph. 2 : 8, 9).

The Serious Results of a Trifling Injury are described in a Sacramento journal. One of the officials of the State government was in the habit of putting his knee upon the edge of a table in his office in order to reach the gas-burner, but after doing so a number of times he found that the sharp edge of the table was hurting his leg, and afterward he stood upon a chair when lighting up. Recently the leg began to trouble him, growing worse daily. He was at a loss to account for the fact, not remembering that he had received any hurt, until one day the circumstance of the gas-lighting occurred to him, and consultation with a physician resulted in an expression of opinion that the bone had probably been injured. The trouble has now become serious, the pain preventing him getting about. An operation by a surgeon will be necessary to find out the extent of the injury, and an amputation will probably be ordered. Aged men have often related an analogous spiritual experience. The reading of a bad book, the possession of a lewd picture, the formation of a friendship have seemed trivial matters at the time, but after years have passed the injury has been found irreparable (1 Cor. 10 : 31).

Restitution After Twenty Years Has Been made by a man whose letter to the Postmaster-General was acknowledged last week. The letter was post-marked Cheyenne City, Wyoming, and had an inclosure of \$145. The writer states that in 1866 he succeeded in stealing a letter in the post-office, Peru, Neb., which contained \$40, and was addressed to some one in Nebraska City. A little later, while seated in an express car of the Union Pacific Railroad, during the temporary absence of the messenger a man entered and handed him a package containing \$125 for transmission. Of that he stole \$100 and sent the balance forward. No suspicion attached to him in either case, but he now desires to make restitution, and sent the money, with \$5 added, to Mr. Vilas, hoping that the rightful owners might be discovered. Though twenty years have elapsed and the clues were slight, the post-office has been able to trace its share, and the \$40 has been paid. The ownership of the \$100 has not yet been proved. The writer of the letter signs himself "A Christian." He does not say how long he has so written himself, but it may be assumed that it is a less time than twenty years. He thus gives practical proof of the sincerity of his profession (Ezek. 33 : 15).

THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused Him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven."—HEBREWS 12: 24, 25.

The Sinaitic Covenant—Christians not under it—What they have Come to—What the Blood of Sprinkling is—What it Signified—Preservation—Ratification—Purification—Sanctification—Access—I. A Central Manifestation—II. Identical with Jesus—III. The Voice of the New Dispensation—IV. Always Speaking—Better Things than the Blood of Abel—To be Preached and Sung.

We are joyfully reminded by the apostle that we are *not* come to Mount Sinai and its overwhelming manifestations. After Israel had kept the feast of the Passover, God was pleased to give His people a sort of Pentecost, and more fully to manifest Himself and His law to them at Sinai. They were in the wilderness, with the solemn peaks of a desolate mountain as their centre; and from the top thereof, in the midst of fire, and blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and with the sound of a trumpet, God spake with them. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel."

A BETTER COVENANT.

We are not come to the dread and terror of the old covenant, of which our apostle saith in another place, "The covenant from the Mount Sinai gendereth unto bondage" (Gal. 4: 24). Upon the believer's spirit there rests not the slavish fear, the abject terror, the fainting alarm, which swayed the tribes of Israel; for the manifestation of God which He beholds, though not less majestic, is far more full of hope and joy.

Our apostle next tells us what we *are* come to. I suppose He speaks of all the saints after the death and resurrection of our Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost. He refers to the whole church, in the midst of which the Holy Spirit now dwells. We are come to a more joyous sight than Sinai, and the mountain burning with fire. The believer in the Lord Jesus Christ lives in quite another atmosphere. He has not come to a barren crag, but to an inhabited city, Jerusalem above, the metropolis of God. Moreover, he has come "to God the Judge of all," the umpire and rewarder of all the chosen citizens who are enrolled by His command, the ruler and judge of all their enemies. God is not to them a dreadful person who speaks from a distance; but He is their Father and their Friend, in whom they delight themselves, in whose presence there is fulness of joy for them. Brethren, our fellowship is with the Father, our God. We have also come to Jesus, our Saviour, who is all and in all. In Him we live; we are joined unto Him in one spirit; He is the Bridegroom of our souls, the delight of our hearts. We are come to Him as the Mediator of the new covenant.

ITS SIGN.

Then comes the last thing of all, mentioned last, as I shall have to show you, for a purpose. We have come "to the blood of sprinkling." On that first day at Sinai no blood of sprinkling was presented; but afterward it was used by divine order to ratify the national covenant which the tribes made with Jehovah at the foot of the hill. Of that covenant the Lord says, "which My covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them." He never brake His covenant, but *they* brake it; for they failed to keep that condition of obedience without which a covenant founded upon works falls to the ground. We have come to the blood of sprinkling which has fallen upon a covenant which never shall be broken; for the Lord hath made it to endure though rocks and hills remove.

I shall need this morning to occupy all the

time with what I regard as only the first head of my discourse.* *What is it?* "The blood of sprinkling." It will be our duty afterward to consider *where we are*—"we are come unto this blood;" and, thirdly, to remember *what then?* "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

First,

WHAT IS IT?

What is this "blood of sprinkling?" In a few words, "the blood of sprinkling" represents the pains, the sufferings, the humiliation, and the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, which He endured on the behalf of guilty man. Remember that His sufferings and death were not apparent only, but true and real; and that they involved an incalculable degree of pain and anguish. To redeem our souls cost our Lord an exceeding sorrowfulness "even unto death;" it cost Him the bloody sweat, the heart broken with reproach, and specially the agony of being forsaken of His Father, till He cried: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Our Mediator endured death under the worst possible aspects, bereft of those supports which are in all other cases of godly men afforded by the goodness and faithfulness of God. His was not merely a natural death, but a death aggravated by supernatural circumstance, which infinitely intensified its woe. This is what we mean by the blood of Christ, His sufferings, and His death.

WHAT IT SIGNIFIED.

But the text does not merely speak of the blood *shed*, which I have explained to you, but of "the blood of *sprinkling*." This is the atonement applied for divine purposes, and specially applied to our own hearts and consciences by faith. For the explanation of this sprinkling we must look to the types of the Old Testament. In the Old Testament the blood of sprinkling meant a great many things; in fact, I cannot just now tell you all that it signified. We meet with it in the Book of Exodus, at the time when the Lord smote all the first-born of Egypt. Then the blood of sprinkling meant *preservation*. The basin filled with blood was taken, and a bunch of hyssop was dipped into it, and the lintel and the two side-posts of every house tenanted by Israelites were smeared with the blood; and when God saw the blood upon the house of the Israelite, He bade the destroyer pass that family by, and leave their first-born unharmed. The sprinkled blood meant preservation: it was Israel's passover and safeguard.

The sprinkled blood very frequently signified the *confirmation* of a covenant. So it is used in Exodus 24, which I read to you just now. The blood was sprinkled upon the book of the covenant, and also upon the people, to show that the covenant was, as far as it could be, confirmed by the people who promised, "All that the Lord hath said will we do." The blood of bulls and of goats in that case was but a type of the sacrificial blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

PURIFICATION.

In many cases the sprinkling of the blood meant *purification*. If a person had been defiled, he could not come into the sanctuary of God without being sprinkled with blood. There were the ashes of a red heifer laid up, and these were mixed with blood and water, and by their being sprinkled on the unclean, his ceremonial defilement was removed. There were matters incident to domestic life, and accidents of outdoor life, which engendered impurity, and this impurity was put away by the sprinkling of blood. In a higher sense this is the work of the blood of Christ. It preserves us, it ratifies the covenant, and wherever it is applied it makes us pure; for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The sprinkling of the blood meant, also, *sanctification*. Before a man entered upon the priesthood the blood was put upon his right ear, and on the great toe of his right foot, and

* [The other heads were dealt with in a sermon preached at night of the same day, and this we hope to publish next week.—Ed.]

on the thumb of his right hand, signifying that all his powers were thus consecrated to God. The ordination ceremony included the sprinkling of blood upon the altar round about. Even thus hath the Lord Jesus redeemed us unto God by His death, and the sprinkling of His blood hath made us kings and priests unto God forever. He is made of God unto us sanctification, and all else that is needed for the divine service.

ACCESS.

One other signification of the blood of the sacrifice was *acceptation and access*. When the high priest went into the most holy place once a year, it was not without blood, which he sprinkled upon the ark of the covenant, and upon the mercy-seat, which was on the top thereof. All approaches to God were made by blood. There was no hope of a man drawing near to God, even in symbol, apart from the sprinkling of the blood. And now to-day our only way to God is by the precious sacrifice of Christ; the only hope for the success of our prayers, the acceptance of our praises, or the reception of our holy works, is through the ever-abiding merit of the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost bids us enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; there is no other way.

There were other uses beside these, but it may suffice to put down the sprinkling of the blood as having these effects—namely, that of preservation, satisfaction, purification, sanctification, and access to God. This was all typified in the blood of bulls and of goats, but actually fulfilled in the great sacrifice of Christ. With this as an explanation, I desire to come still closer to the text, and view it with great care; for to my mind it is singularly full of teaching.

THE CENTRAL TRUTH.

I. The blood of sprinkling is the centre of the divine manifestation under the Gospel. Observe its innermost place in the passage before us.* You are privileged by almighty grace to come first to Mount Zion, to climb its steep, to stand upon its holy summit, and to enter the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. In those golden streets, surrounding the hallowed shrine, you behold an innumerable company of angels. What a vision of glory! But you must not rest here; for the great general assembly, the festal gathering, the solemn convocation of the enrolled in heaven, is being held, and all are there in glad attire, surrounding their God and Lord. Press onward to the throne itself, where sits the Judge of all, surrounded by those holy spirits who have washed their robes, and, therefore, stand before the throne of God in perfection.

Have you not come a long way? Are you not admitted into the very centre of the whole revelation? Not yet. A step further lands you where stands your Saviour, the Mediator, with the new covenant. Now is

YOUR JOY COMPLETE;

but you have a further object to behold. What is in that innermost shrine? What is that which is hidden away in the holy of holies? What is that which is the most precious and costly thing of all, the last, the ultimatum, God's grandest revelation? The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot—the blood of sprinkling. This comes last; it is the innermost truth of the dispensation of grace under which we live.

The atonement of Jesus is the concentration of the divine glory; all other revelations of God are completed and intensified here. You have not come to the central sun of the great spiritual system of grace till you have come to the blood of sprinkling—to those sufferings of Messiah which are not for Himself, but are intended to bear upon others, even as drops when they are sprinkled exert their influence where they fall. Unless you have learned to rejoice in that blood which taketh away sin, you have not yet caught the key-note of the Gospel dispensation. The

* For this line of thought I am much indebted to a chapter in an admirable book, entitled "Every-day Life," by C. H. Waller.

blood of Christ is the life of the Gospel. Apart from atonement you may know the skin, the rind, the husk of the Gospel; but its inner kernel you have not discovered.

THE GRAMMAR.

II. I next ask you to look at the text and observe that this sprinkling of the blood, as mentioned by the Holy Ghost in this passage, is absolutely identical with Jesus Himself. Read it. "To Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not *Him* that speaketh." He saith it is the blood that speaketh; and then He proceeds to say: "See that ye refuse not *Him* that speaketh." This is a very unexpected turn, which can only be explained upon the supposition that Jesus and the blood are identical in the writer's view. By what we may call a singularity in grammar, in putting *Him* for *it*, the Spirit of God intentionally sets forth the striking truth, that the sacrifice is identical with the Saviour. "We are come to the Saviour, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh; see that ye refuse not *Him*."

Beloved friends, there is no Jesus if there is no blood of sprinkling; there is no Saviour if there is no sacrifice. I put this strongly, because the attempt is being made nowadays to set forth Jesus apart from His cross and atonement. He is held up as a great ethical teacher, a self-sacrificing spirit, who is to lead the way in a grand moral reformation, and by His influence to set up a kingdom of moral influence in the world. It is even hinted that this kingdom has never had prominence enough given to it because it has been overshadowed by His cross. But where is Jesus apart from His sacrifice? He is not there if you have left out the blood of sprinkling, which is the blood of sacrifice.

THE VOICE OF THE BLOOD.

III. Observe that this "blood of sprinkling" is put in close contact with "the new covenant"; it is the voice of the new dispensation. Observe that on Sinai there was "the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; which voice they that heard entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more." You look, therefore, under the new dispensation, for a voice, and you do not come to any till you reach the last object in the list, and there see "the blood of sprinkling that speaketh."

The blood of sprinkling has a voice of instruction to us even as it has a voice of intercession with God. It cries to us, "See the evil of sin! See how God loveth righteousness! See how He loveth men! See how impossible it is for you to escape from the punishment of sin except by this great sacrifice in which the love and the justice of God equally appear! See how Jehovah spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all."

If ever there should come a wretched day when all our pulpits shall be full of modern thought, and the old doctrine of a substitutionary sacrifice shall be exploded, then will there remain no word of comfort for the guilty or hope for the despairing. Hushed will be forever those silver notes which now console the living, and cheer the dying; a dumb spirit will possess this sullen world, and no voice of joy will break the blank silence of despair. The Gospel speaks through the propitiation for sin, and if that be denied, it speaketh no more. Those who preach not the atonement exhibit a dumb and dummy gospel; a mouth it hath, but speaketh not; they that make it are like unto their idol.

ALWAYS SPEAKING.

IV. Further, my brethren, from the text I learn another truth—namely, that this blood is always speaking. The text saith not "the blood of sprinkling that spoke," but "that speaketh." It is always speaking, it always remaineth a plea with God and a testimony to men. It never will be silenced, either one way or the other. The voice of this blood speaks wherever there is a guilty conscience, wherever there is an anxious heart, wherever there is a seeking sinner, wherever there is a believing mind. It speaketh with

sweet, familiar, tender, inviting voice. There is no music like it to the sinner's ear: it charms away his fears. It shall never cease its speaking so long as there is a sinner yet out of Christ; nay, so long as there is one on earth who still needs its cleansing power because of fresh backslidings. Oh, hear ye its voice! Incline your ear and receive its blessed accents: it says, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

ABEL'S BLOOD.

This part of my discourse will not be complete unless I bid you notice that we are expressly told that this precious blood speaks "better things than that of Abel." I do not think that the whole meaning of the passage is exhausted if we say that Abel's blood cries for vengeance, and that Christ's blood speaks for pardon. Dr. Watts puts it:

"Blood has a voice to pierce the skies:
'Revenge!' the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein."

That is quite true; but I conceive that it is not all the sense, and perhaps not even the sense here intended. Revenge is scarcely a good thing; yet Abel's blood spake good things, or we should hardly read that Christ's blood speaks "better things." What does the blood of Abel speak? The blood of Abel speaks to a complete and believing obedience to God. It shows us a man who believes God, and, notwithstanding the enmity of his brother, brings to God the appointed sacrifice of faith, strictly following up, even to the bitter end, his holy obedience to the Most High. That is what the blood of Abel says to me; and the blood of Jesus says the same thing most emphatically.

Our Lord's blood saith "better things than that of Abel;" and what doth it say? It saith, "There is redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace." "He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes we were healed." "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." The voice of the blood is this, "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Now, my brethren, these are better things than Abel's blood could say, and they are what the blood of Jesus speaks to every one upon whom it is sprinkled by faith. It must be applied to each one of us by faith, or it says nothing to us.

ITS USE.

The apostle says that "Ye are come to the blood of sprinkling." Is it so? Has that blood of sprinkling ever been applied to you? Do you feel it? Are you preserved? Are you cleansed? Are you brought nigh to God? Are you sanctified unto God's service by the atoning sacrifice? If so, then go you out, and in firm confidence that never can be shaken, make your glory in the blood of sprinkling. Tell every sinner whom you meet that if the Lord Jesus wash him he shall be whiter than snow. Preach the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God, and then sing of it.

Recollect that wondrous threefold song in the fifth chapter of the Revelation, where, first of all, the elders and living creatures round about the throne, sing a new song, saying: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Then ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of angels take up the strain, and cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Nor is this all; for the apostle tells us, "Every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon

the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." See you not that they all extol the Lord Jesus in His sacrificial character as, the Lamb slain?

Those who refuse the atonement which wisdom devised, which love provided, and which justice has accepted, have signed their own death-warrant, and none can wonder that they perish. The Lord lead us to glory in Christ crucified. Amen.

NEW BOOKS.

EVENTFUL NIGHTS

in Bible History, by Alfred Lee, Bishop of the Protestant-Episcopal Church, in Delaware. It is a remarkable fact that though the Bible has been studied and expounded for centuries no intelligent expositor, even at this late day, touches it without bringing out of it some new beauties not noticed before. The fulness of God's Word seems inexhaustible, and the fact is a conclusive answer to those who would represent it as the work of men. Bishop Lee introduces us in this volume to a novelty of grouping singularly interesting and beautifully consistent. Probably few people have noticed how many eventful nights are mentioned in the Bible record. Dr. Lee's list will surprise them. They are, from the Old Testament: The Promise to Abraham, Jacob's Vision at Bethel, Jacob at Peniel, The Vision of Eliphaz, The Night of the Exodus, The Passage through the Red Sea, The Overthrow of Midian, Samuel in the Tabernacle, Saul at Endor, The Vigil of the Royal Penitent, Solomon's Choice, Destruction of Sennacherib's Host, Belshazzar's Feast, Daniel in the Lion's Den, The King's Sleepless Night. From the New Testament: Gloria in Excelsis, The Flight into Egypt, The Visit of Nicodemus, The Stilling of the Tempest, Martyrdom of John the Baptist, Jesus Walking on the Sea, The Transfiguration, The Midnight Cry, The Night of the Betrayal, Easter Eve, Paul's Escape from Damascus, Peter's Deliverance, The Prison at Philippi, Paul at Troas, Antonia and Antipatris, The Angel Visit in the Storm, No Night There.

To each of these Dr. Lee devotes several pages of earnest, spiritual teaching, setting forth in brief but clear manner the lessons each is fitted to teach. Perhaps the most beautiful as well as useful is the chapter on the Midnight Cry. Bishop Lee rightly perceives that the duty of watchfulness and purity is the paramount need of the Church of this day, and he entertains no visionary hope of the world being evangelized and becoming purer before the Lord's coming. He says: "The Bridegroom, though He seem to tarry, will surely come. . . . It will be when the world is most supine and careless; when the spirit of slumber most pervades the Church; when the silence is profound and even the watcher's eye grows heavy. It will be then that the cry will resound: 'Behold the Bridegroom!'" It is not often that faithful words so earnest, so clear in the perception of the falsity of the optimistic views, now so prevalent, are uttered by a dignitary of the Church. But throughout his book the Bishop shows the same spirit of practical, earnest piety, faithfully doing his duty of a watchman who has oversight, and sees the dangers that threaten individual Christian life and the life of the Church. We earnestly hope that God will bless its circulation to the awakening of His people. Pp. 423; price, \$1.50. Published by Harper & Brothers.

THE WONDERS OF OPTICS,

by F. Marion, is another volume of the excellent Wonders of Science Series. The author deals first with "The Phenomena of Vision," and then with "The Laws of Light." Like the earlier volumes of this series, this is written for unscientific persons, and is intended to explain the wonders of the eye, which, as our readers know, are among the best evidences we have in nature of the infinite wisdom of the Creator. There are thousands of people—even some who are considered well educated—who have no conception of the marvellous beauty of the eye and of the wonderful adaptations by which we are



Trafalgar Square, London, the Scene of the Socialist Demonstration on February 8.

enabled to see. To such people the lucid explanation given in this work will be very welcome. The numerous illustrations render the text comprehensible to the most unlearned reader. Pp. 276; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A MISSION SCHOOL IN INDIA.

THE distribution of prizes to the girls of the Free Church Girls' School in Calcutta took place on January 30th, in the compound of the Mission House. The *Indian Witness* thus comments upon the proceedings, and reports:

The schools for Hindu and other non-Christian girls, and those for native Christian girls, were treated separately. There are four of the former, with more than three hundred girls on the rolls. A good deal is made of the fact that the girls' parents freely allow them to walk up one lane and down another on the way to school. That is not as good as letting them walk along the public street, as they will do in a few years more, but it is much better than insisting upon a closed carriage for their conveyance, as was done ten years ago.

As another instance of advancement, it is noted that even the "Thakurbari" of a Hindu house, the sacred room which faces the outer court, and in which the family idol is set up on the occasion of religious festivals, has been offered rent-free for a mission school-room. Although the girls continue to be withdrawn while they are still children, in order to be married, yet there is an increasing desire, with both the parents and the children, to follow up the school teaching at home. So the schools become every year preparatory to Zanana work.

After all this to cheer, the conclusion of the report is almost pitiful: "Not to speak of India, with its one hundred and twenty million of females, let it be remembered that here, in the town of Calcutta, there are not yet two per cent of Hindu females under instruction, and of Muhammadan females not one per cent. There are

only about four per cent of the former and about one per cent of the latter able to read and write."

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE labor demonstration in London on February 8th, out of which developed the riots described in our issue of March 11th, assembled in Trafalgar Square, the large open space in the heart of London, two sides of which are depicted in our illustration. The pedestal in the centre of the picture is the spot from which the Socialist orators harangued the crowd. From it rises the imposing column on the top of which is the statue of Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. The four bronze lions at its base are the masterpieces of Sir Edwin Landseer.

The building with the dome, on the left of the picture, is the National Gallery, an unsightly edifice on the outside, but well adapted in its interior arrangements for its purpose. In it are exhibited the works of art belonging to the Government. The collection was commenced in 1824 when \$300,000 was expended in the purchase of the pictures belonging to a private collector. Additions have been made from time to time since then, by purchase and by gift and bequest, until now there are about twelve hundred pictures in the gallery. The building was opened to the public in 1838.

The church on the right is St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a title singularly inappropriate now, however it may have been when the building was erected. The other two sides of the square not shown in the picture are occupied by the Royal College of Physicians, and by hotels and club-houses.

"ONE OF US."

(See Illustration on page 189.)

THE late Mr. John B. Gough was on one occasion during his campaign in England addressing a temperance meeting in Newcastle. At the close of the meeting a large number came

forward to sign the pledge. Among them were a man and woman whose miserable appearance indicated that they were victims of the rum traffic. The man's hands twitched nervously, and the woman, clearly much younger than her husband, was clad in garments so tattered and torn that she exposed almost as much of her shoulders as a fashionable lady at the opera. A rope tied around her waist held her rags in place. She was fierce-looking, dirty, and unwomanly in appearance. While they were scrawling their names in illegible characters, the secretary and other gentlemen were busy making out certificates for those who wished to join the society. These certificates were very attractive, fit for framing, being printed in colors; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked dreamily at them, and Mr. Gough said to the gentlemen—

"Please do not say anything to this couple; I wish to see what they will do." After a few moments the poor fellow remarked to his wife—

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit.'"
 "There's sixpence to pay for them things, now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman, pulling him away, "No, I won't," he answered, almost whining; "I won't go 'long o' you; I want a 'stiffkit.' The woman gave a fierce look, and the man was stupidly dogged, and it seemed as though a quarrel were commencing, when a gentleman stepped up and said—"Well, good people, I hope you will sign the pledge." He spoke very kindly, and the man looked up and said quickly, "We have signed the pledge, me and my missus—she's my missus—and we want to get a 'stiffkit to join the society." "Well, why do you not?" "There's sixpence to pay for each of 'em." "That need make no difference," said the gentleman, cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out two certificates, and here is the money."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman

put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach to kindness. The secretary asked their names, as they could not be made out on the pledge. The husband gave his name, and with a pleased expression received the embossed card of membership. When it came to the woman's turn, she stood sulky; her eye grew cold and hard; she returned no answer. Again she was kindly asked to give her name. No reply; but her brows knit and grew dark as if a storm was brewing. She gave a nervous glance around her, but no reply whatever.

The mouth twitched nervously, and her fingers were twisted together. Suddenly she lifted her arm, as if to strike a blow; but no! it was to dash away a tear! Then another—and another—but they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands; she could not, nor did she try to, keep them back. The eyes of those who stood near were dim, but not a word was spoken. At last she hastily let fall her arms, and stood with bowed head. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name, the certificate was handed to her, and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly at each other—the man at his wife and she at him.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said: "Remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us." "Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.' Come away wi' me—'one of us'—the gentleman—'one of us.' And they went out.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him. "Who is it?" he asked. "He is a mechanic; he has been living here some time, and is an active member of our society. He says if I tell you it's 'one of us' you'll know." "Show him up."

A man, clean, tidy and healthy, entered, and shook hands with Mr. Gough. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him, and that he should not have known him; and then asked, "Have you seen the gentleman who said, 'You are one of us?'" "No, sir," replied the man, "you see I don't move in that class of people, and I left the town soon after and got work here; but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. I'll tell him how his good, kind words helped me when I needed help. Ah, Mr. Gough, you ought to see my wife; she's a changed woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in little bits beautiful, that God would bless him. She's a knowing woman. Well, good-by, Mr. Gough,



"Now you are one of us."

good-by; wish ye a safe voyage home; and come back to us again. God bless ye!"

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 175.)

A Contrast.

"I MUST not stay very long on deck," said Juliet, "for we are to have a rehearsal in the saloon for to-morrow's theatricals. But I suppose that you think theatricals wrong."

"I am very glad, dear Miss Erle, that you have yourself introduced the subject. I have been thinking all the morning how I could venture to speak to you of the play. I own that I am sorry that you are to take a part in the acting."

"Now, if any one but you—dearest, kindest creature in the world—said that, I should call it dreadfully Puritanical! There's not a bit of harm in a little amusement that makes us all happy and draws us together. I've a delicious song to sing."

"And at the end of that song you have to kneel down and sing a prayer to the Virgin."

"Oh! the tiniest bit of prayer; there is nothing in it," laughed Juliet.

"To me there would be something—there would be sin," said Maria, in a low tone of voice. The companions intuitively slackened their pace.

"You are so dreadfully particular," observed Juliet.

"Let me propose a simple test by an appeal to your own feelings," said Maria. As if by mutual consent both ladies stood still, and looked toward the wide ocean. "If you knew that we were to be shipwrecked—lost on this voyage—would you still care to prepare for theatricals, would you gaily sing 'Tis to-morrow?'"

"What a shocking idea," said Juliet, and she withdrew her arm from Maria's; "to think of speaking of death to any girl on her birthday!"

"I always think when one of my birthdays comes, it may be my last," said Maria. "I am sorry if what I said vexed you. We look upon death in a different light."

"Light! what a word to use!" cried Juliet. "I associate death with heavy palls and nodding black plumes, the dreadful mutes, and the dismal tolling! It's like a great black curtain hung before one, not to be passed, one hopes, for many and many a year. Who can tell what lies beyond it?"

"To me death seems like a door—black, if you will, but it is the blackness of carved ebony chased with silver. One knows that the other side is of gold, shining gold, studded with jewels; and beyond—oh, the unutterable glory! oh, the unspeakable joy!"

Maria spoke as from an irresistible impulse, with hands intuitively clasped, her large eyes filling with tears.

"That sounds beautiful," said Juliet, rather impressed by the emotion which she saw but could not understand. "But, oh, Miss Selden! just look down at that

water—so awfully deep—the bottom may be thousands of feet below! Do you not shudder at the bare thought of sinking down—down—under these terrible waves?"

"No," said Maria, simply. "I remember reading of a lady to whom it was said after a storm, 'What if you had been drowned!' Her reply was this, 'I should but have fallen into my Father's hand, for it is written *He holdeth the deep in the hollow of His hand.*'"

"I could never feel like that," said Juliet. "But the fact is, that you and I seem to have different natures. I wonder if you ever were gay and thoughtless as I am?"

"Not so outwardly gay perhaps, for I was brought up by parents who lead a different kind of life. But I was—many years ago—sadly thoughtless about religion, which was all the worse in me, because I had heard so much of the Gospel."

"Then I suppose that there came some wonderful time of conversion (I think that's the word), such as one reads of sometimes in books," said Juliet, with a little curiosity to know her companion's antecedents. "Some one was struck dead by your side, or you had a dreadful illness, or you heard one of those exciting preachers who drive people into fits."

"No, there was nothing wonderful in the circumstances attending my change of views," said

Maria, who felt drawn into speaking of what had hitherto been a secret between herself and her God. "I was sitting one Sabbath evening in the twilight; it was too dark to go on with my book. I heard nothing but the nightingale's song far away. I repeated to myself a chant that I had been hearing in church. I had joined in it hundreds of times before, *My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour*. I paused at the little word *my*, such a little, insignificant word; but it seemed to me, as I had never felt it before, the keynote of the whole sacred song. Could I appropriate to myself that little word *my*? Was Christ indeed my very own? Miss Erle, it was as if a gentle hand had been laid on my shoulder, and I turned and looked up, and saw a Face of unutterable love bent upon me, and I cried out in reverential joy, *my Saviour! my Lord!*" The eyes before moist, overflowed.

"And did that mere thought actually change the whole current of your views?" asked Juliet.

"Yes, I have ever since walked in the light of that happy, happy moment," said Maria, hastily dashing away the drops. "Oh! dear Juliet—Miss Erle—I feel as if I must tell you once—this once—on your birthday, what happiness there is in that religion whose very essence is *love*!"

"I believe—I see that you are really happier than I am," said Juliet slowly; "I know so little what it is to love. My parents died when I was little more than a baby; my half-sisters—well, we get on very well together generally, but I have never been needful to either. I have had foolish fancies, and fleeting friendships—but"—again Juliet made a pause so long that Maria had to finish the sentence.

"You are like a harp whose deeper, richer chords have not yet been sounded; there has been a light running over the upper strings, but the instrument has not been struck by a master's hand. The time may come when you will care no more for earth's passing songs of pleasure; the time may come when all your heart's music will be given to the Lord."

"Miss Selden," said Juliet, with a little vexation in her tone, "I wish that you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way, and not try to mar my harmless pleasures by making me think them wrong. I like to have you as a friend, but—but I'm too old to have a governess. I am quite able to judge for myself, and intend to sing what songs I please. Ah! here comes Captain Fincham; I'm wanted for the rehearsal," she cried, as a gentleman wearing an embroidered smoking-cap, with mustache on lip, and gold-rimmed glass on eye, and a roll of music in his hand, came up the companion ladder.

"Why, Miss Erle, we are all waiting for you, disconsolate at the absence of our fair soprano," said Captain Fincham. "Carlisle has proposed a dress rehearsal; he's made such a capital bandit's hat with newspaper and bunches of borrowed ribbons. Could you manage to appear in costume?"

"Oh! I've everything ready!" cried Juliet, to whom it was a relief to escape to company more congenial; "in five minutes you'll see me reappear as a veritable Italian peasant. 'Tis to-morrow, 'tis to-morrow," she sang, as she descended the companion ladder, without looking toward Maria Selden, who was left almost the sole occupant of the deck, except the man at the wheel.

"I see that I have offended her, and yet I am thankful that I have spoken," thought Maria, as she slowly pursued her now solitary walk. "I fear that I have lost a friend by so doing, but words uttered in love and with prayer *may*, at a future time, recur to the mind of this bright young being. Juliet is too sweet, too winsome, to be left unwarned, to give herself up to the world. She seems made to love and be loved. Were she a Christian, what a bright gem she would be! I feel sorry at the thought of parting when we land, for our paths in life are scarcely likely to cross each other again. What a comfort it is that we can pray for those for whom we can do nothing else!"

Maria did not remain much longer on deck;

the hour had come for her little Bible-reading among the emigrants. She descended to fetch her Bible from the cabin which she shared with Juliet. Maria found the latter in a red petticoat (which, with a black jacket, was to pass for an Italian costume), busy in plaiting her long hair. Juliet was a little annoyed at her fellow-passenger's unexpected entrance—and perhaps her face betrayed this, but she took no other notice of Maria. The two were going to pass the next hour in very different ways.

"Why is it so much more difficult to speak on the subject of religion to those of our own class than to the poor?" thought Maria. "It is now a pleasure to me to go among the emigrant women, they listen so readily, and greet one so kindly. One is not afraid of offending them. I am ashamed, however, to remember what an effort it cost me at first to go among the second-class passengers below."

The effort had been made far more painful to Maria by the sympathy she showed to suffering fellow-passengers in a steamer being regarded as so much more strange than if shown to people in a village. It was a kind of matter-of-course thing, even in the eyes of the worldly, that a clergyman's daughter should have to do with Sunday-schools and clothing clubs, and occasionally visit the poor. But actually to descend into the lower parts of a steamer, amidst the bad odors, "crowds of dirty people, squalling babies, and coarse sailors," this, as Captain Fincham had observed, when Maria was near enough to catch some of his words, "showed a low, vulgar taste."

Mrs. Bates had openly remonstrated with Miss Selden. "It is not *the thing* to go wandering after the low emigrants; no one does it," she had said.

"I am certain that my dear parents would allow me to do it."

Mrs. Bates slightly shrugged her shoulders. "I am particular," she said, "and would not for the world let Miss Erle, who is under my charge, go to the second-class rabble below!"

And yet the particular Mrs. Bates did *not* object to her charge, in fancy costume, showing off her pretty person as an actress before the first-class passengers, some of whom chanced to be profligate young men.

Maria did not turn from her labor of love because it brought on her a little contempt. She loved the praise of God better than the praise of her gay companions.

With her gentle heart wounded by Juliet's coldness, what refreshment Maria found in going among the poor! She was already received as a friend. Yet by what trifles she had won her way! A fretful baby soothed to sleep; her own little private store of tea and soft biscuits given to the sick, who could not take the coarse ship fare, or the muddy compound called coffee; a few kind words to the sorrowful; a chapter read aloud to the ignorant—trifles, indeed, they might be deemed, but their motive gave them weight—they had been done as unto the Lord.

As Miss Selden sped on her way, the head and shoulders of a man, so begrimed that but for the white streaks on his face, where the heat-drops had rolled, he could hardly have been recognized as a European, rose from the deep place where the red, roaring furnace is fed. It is the stoker, Ben. Has he come up for a few seconds to breathe the fresh upper air, after his imprisonment in the stifling den below? Rather he has come to have one minute's talk with the "young Miss," who, to his great astonishment, had had a kind word even for him.

"That ere little book you gave me, Miss, is a blessed un," said Ben; "it shows us as there's a clean, bright home even for a poor fellow like me."

"I hope we shall meet there, my friend," said Maria.

Ben paused for a moment to look after her when she had passed. "There's not another of 'em jaunty folk abroad as would have come near enough to have touched me with a pair of tongs," he muttered. "But it's the sunbeams,

I take it, as ain't afeard of getting dirtied, let them go where they will."

While Maria, in her clear, sweet tones, was reading the Gospel to a listening group of emigrants, Juliet, in her ingeniously contrived costume, was laughing, singing, acting, and enjoying the applause which her performances won.

We will take a glimpse of the saloon of the Quebec at about nine o'clock on the evening of Juliet's birthday. The last of the meals, which form principal events in ship life, has been concluded; the tables have been cleared for various games; the swinging lamps have been lighted, and cast a yellow radiance on the various groups. Most of the passengers have come below; though a few, undeterred by cold, prefer the fresher air to be obtained on the deck, among such being Miss Selden. Yonder Mr. and Mrs. Bates and two elderly companions are having a game of whist. Near them are gentlemen engaged in chess, as much absorbed in the knight's check as if the fate of a kingdom depended on the next move. Some ladies are reading—chiefly novels from the library of the Quebec. An elderly dame in spectacles and mob cap is assiduously plying her crochet needle in a very elaborate peacock pattern. A party of younger passengers, Captain Fincham, with gold pencil-case in hand, Madame Lafitte, a lively French Canadian lady, Juliet, and a tall youth of good family, but not of particularly steady character, who is going out as a settler, form the party. They have been diverting themselves with "buried cities," and are now enjoying the amusement of composing rough rhymes, of a somewhat satirical character, descriptive of their fellow-passengers. Every now and then a burst of laughter is heard from this group, of which Juliet is the central figure. Very pretty and animated she looks in her pink silk dinner dress, "just brought to be worn out on board ship and at Canadian hotels," as she had confidentially told Miss Selden, "because, being last year's fashion, I could not possibly wear it in London."

Juliet's afternoon rehearsal has quite swept away from her mind any passing doubt of the desirability of ship theatricals. Her conversation on deck has only left a disagreeable impression; she is somewhat vexed with Maria, and has inwardly resolved to give her fellow-traveller no opportunity of lecturing her again.

"I'll always be sleepy when we are together in our little cabin," Juliet thinks to herself; "and I'll take my walks on deck with Captain Fincham or Madame Lafitte."

Captain Fincham, who considers himself a poet, takes the principal share of the rhyming, and with considerable self-satisfaction reads out his milk-and-water couplet:

"And there comes the fairy, whose eyes are so bright,
We do not need lamps on this midsummer night."

Every eye in the circle glances at Juliet, who can hardly help appropriating to herself the plagiarized compliment, which brings a heightened color to her cheek.

The captain lisps on:

"But the gray owl, solemnly flapping her wing,
Said 'twas shocking to laugh, and most wicked to sing."

"Now, that's too bad, Captain Fincham, too bad!" laughed Juliet; "every one will know whom you mean!"

"If a lady sets herself up for wiser and better than any one else, who so worthy to have Minerva's bird for her emblem?" said the captain. "As for me, I always say—"

A gentleman, who had just left the deck, here came up to the group, and addressing himself to Juliet, said: "Miss Selden thinks that you would like to come on deck, Miss Erle, to see the balls of electric light and the floating ice that is round us."

"Oh, I like to see everything!" cried Juliet, eagerly. "I must run and put on my hat and seal-skin jacket over my dress; don't you wait for me, Madame Lafitte; I will be on deck in two minutes."

Sea-life has such sameness in it, that a very small incident is hailed as a variety. Except the whist and chess-players every occupant of the saloon hastened up the companion ladder. Novel and croquet were deserted, and the captain's poetry was left on the table.

(To be continued.)

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

S. S. Lesson for April 4, John 1:1-18. Golden Text, ver. 14. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Characteristics of the Respective Evangelists—The Descent of the Higher to the Lower Necessary—Christ Bringing Life—Spiritual and Physical—The Light in Him—Its Effect on the Heathen—His Reception—The Grace and Truth—John the Baptist's Testimony.

THERE is a marked difference between the commencement of the Gospel of St. John and that of the other three evangelists. St. Matthew, who represents Christ as the King, commences with His genealogy. Mark, who speaks of Him as the Servant and the Sacrifice, passes over this, as well as the events of His birth, and, after a short account of John the Baptist, tells of His temptation and His ministry. Luke, who speaks of Him as the Man, gives more details of His birth than any of the others, while John, to whom it was committed to tell of Jesus as God, begins far back in the past eternity of God—"In the beginning was the Word."

"THE WORD,"

the expression of God, the translation of God into human thought. Jesus, "the Image of the invisible God" (Col. 1:15); Jesus, "the express Image of His Person" (Heb. 1:3); Jesus, the Word bringing God within the scope of man, so that it might be possible that the Creator and created might be united.

But Jesus was the Word before there were human beings to whom He should make God manifest—"the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God." "I and My Father are One" (John 10:30). Mr. Henry Drummond, in his book "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," very beautifully shows us how, in nature, a lower kingdom cannot cross the boundary which divides it from a higher, until the higher kingdom has come down to it. So that the mineral cannot imbue itself with the life of the vegetable, but the vegetable can reach down into the mineral world and absorb into itself the substance of the soil in which it is planted, and, so bridging the gulf which separates, can lift the dead mineral by that absorption into a kingdom of life. Just so "the Word was made Flesh." Jesus, God from everlasting, reached down into our human nature, our animal life, and "forasmuch . . . as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil."

"IN HIM WAS LIFE."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," and this for soul and body; "He breathed into [man's] nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Gen. 2:7). "He breathed on [His disciples], and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost" (John 20:22). "He is thy Life, and the length of thy days" (Deut. 30:20). And that which is spoken of Him is equally spoken of His written Word, "For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life" (Deut. 32:47). "It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones" (Prov. 3:3). "My words . . . are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh" (Prov. 4:20-22). "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6:63). Now, if this is true, how foolish it is to seek for life, spiritual or physical, elsewhere! "With Thee is the fountain of life" (Ps. 36:9). Yet are not many seeking to obtain spiritual life from their own efforts, or to increase it when they have it by some struggling of their own, instead of coming straight to the Fountain? How many seek physical life and strength at some of the streams

which flow from the Fountain, instead of coming to the Fountain itself! Men seek increased physical life from, not through, mountain air, sea breezes, tonics, or strengthening food. But none of these are the fountain of physical life. "In Him was life." Many believers seek increase of spiritual life from, not through, believers, as though they would draw life from them, instead of going direct to the fountain, to Jesus Himself. He may use these channels, but the supply must come, after all, from the Fountain; the channel is soon exhausted.

And the Life was

THE LIGHT OF MEN.

Just as Jesus dawned upon us all darkness disappears; He becomes the Solution of every problem, the Answer to every question, the Resource in every perplexity. Every thinking mind which has not Jesus for its light is involved in a complication of perplexities about men and things; but once accepting Him in Person to throw light on these questions, He lifts us up into the world of His thoughts, and then what we could not understand while we were on a level with it becomes clear enough as we see it from above on God's level. "In Thy light shall we see light" (Ps. 33:9). Again, Jesus is the Light that reveals us to ourselves. The Samaritan woman had no ground of self-righteousness to stand upon after she had met with Jesus; she said: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did;" she knew herself in knowing Him.

Truly of Jesus can it be said, "That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Thank God, here is a clear declaration that Jesus lighteth every man; that some way or other, by some means or other, or directly by the Holy Ghost, without any apparent means, every man who comes into the world has some light from God, some gleam which reaches him, and which brings God within his reach if he will. This may be some little comfort to us in thinking of the poor heathen; but God forbid we should rest upon it for a moment, as though there were therefore no need of sending the Gospel to the heathen. It is just this fact which makes it possible for a poor heathen who hears of God to lay hold on the truths of the Gospel, and therefore it should be an encouragement to us to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature (Mark 16:15).

HIS RECEPTION.

How did the world receive her Creator? "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own"—became, so to speak, a part of His own creation, a creature among His creatures, and "His own," even His own people, the Jews, "received Him not." But thank God there were, and there are at this day, exceptions. While the mass of the world receive Him not, and will not have this Man to reign over them, there is a little flock who do receive, and God says to them, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke 12:32). "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God"—"As many as received, . . . even to them that believe." Receiving and believing are one and the same thing. The evidence that we believe a thing is whether we receive it and adopt it. The evidence that we believe in a gift is that we give thanks for it, enter into rest about it, and cease to ask for it. And thus the evidence that we believe Jesus is that we give thanks that He is ours—ours as a Saviour, ours as our Wisdom, our Strength, our Sanctification, the Lord our Healer.

He has received us into Himself by becoming flesh and dwelling among us. The higher has come down into the kingdom of the lower, the Divine has taken humanity into Himself. Oh, shall the lower, shall the human refuse to accept the Divine? Shall the creature shrink from receiving the Creator as his all? It is abject slav-

ery for a man to yield himself up absolutely to a mere man, whether priest or mesmerist; but it is the noblest of things to yield ourselves up to God, to do His will and be His instruments, ready to His hand. Thank God, again and again, "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of

GRACE AND TRUTH."

"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (II Cor. 4:6). What was the glory of God in the face of Jesus? Surely, grace and truth. The grace which is "kind to the unthankful and the evil" (Luke 6:35); the grace which "receiveth sinners" (Luke 15:2); which "died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:6); which "though He was rich, yet for your sakes . . . became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich" (II Cor. 8:9); which "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (I Pet. 2:24); which "took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:17); the grace which touched the leper because He was to bear His sickness on the cross; which pronounced the adulterous woman uncondemned, because He would bear her sin shortly on the tree; grace which comes down to the sinner just where he is, to the believer just in the very condition to which he may have come by unbelief. But full as He was, full as He is of grace, Jesus Christ is full of truth, too, full of the revelation of God, and of His purposes and will. But also truth in another sense: He gave no quarter to the hypocrites, He disclosed to the hearts of those who condemned the woman in the temple that they were not without sin, and were in no position to cast a stone at her. He made no excuse for Peter when he had denied Him, but turned His searching gaze upon him, so that His disciple went out and wept bitterly. In Jesus grace and truth are united.

John bare witness of Him, and cried, saying: "This was He of whom I spake, He that cometh after Me is preferred before Me; for He was before Me. And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." It was the custom of John to divert the thoughts of those to whom he spoke away from himself to Jesus; he said later on: "He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30). Thus it was with no air of resignation, but with joy that the forerunner said: "He was preferred before me, and of His fulness have all we received." In our very being we receive of Him, for "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things" (Acts 17:25). And so in things spiritual He is "the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Heb. 12:2). He gives us grace for grace—i.e., grace in order to gifts of grace. The grace of salvation puts us into a position where we may receive sanctification, and sanctification brings us where we can ask and receive more of the grace of God, power for service, understanding of the Scriptures, discerning of spirits, etc. The laws came by Moses (yet from God), "but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "No man hath seen God at any time," except in the face of Jesus Christ. God said to Moses, "Thou canst not see My face: for there shall no man see Me and live" (Ex. 33:20). But "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him;" in Jesus alone can we see and know God.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for March: Mr. Gladstone's New Radical Ministry and the Irish Outlook. The Fated Legislative Separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Predictions by Dr. Tregelles, Dr. Kellsall, and Mr. B. W. Newton, in 1846-49.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's Opinions on the Existing Irish Crisis.

Earthenware Empires.

Recent Prophetic Lectures on the Speedy Second Advent. By the Rev. M. Baxter.

The Midnight Cry: A Prophetic Monograph. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.

The World's Last Battle. By J. Denham Smith.

The Period and Phenomena of the Seventh Vial. (Continued.)

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

ACQUIESCENCE IN THE DIVINE WILL.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

What know I of what is best
O my Father, kind and wise?
Thy great love is manifest,
Let whatever scenes arise,
Health or sickness choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

What know I of what is best?
Who could always bear the light?
In Thy changeless love I rest,
Knowing well Thy ways are right.
Light or darkness choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

What know I of what is best?
Human knowledge is but small.
Trusting Thee, my soul is blest;
Kept by Thee I cannot fall.
Pain or pleasure choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

What know I of what is best?
Thou shalt choose my earthly lot.
Now of endless life possessed,
All is well—I murmur not.
Want or plenty choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

What know I of what is best?
'Tis enough that Thou art nigh.
Since my hand by Thine is prest,
Who can be more safe than I?
Strength or weakness choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

What know I of what is best?
Earth and heaven alike are mine.
Grace can stand the sternest test;
Living dying, I am Thine.
Life or death, Lord, choose for me;
As Thou pleasest, let it be.

New publications handsomely illustrated:
"Through Wonderland with Lieut. Schwatka,"
and "Alice's Adventures in New Wonderland,"
describing the tourist's route to Alaska, the tour-
ists' and sportsman's resorts along the Northern
Pacific Railroad and the Yellowstone National
Park, sent free on application to CHARLES S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

THE MIKADO.

For ten cents
in stamps we
will send a
book contain-
ing: First: the complete words of the Mikado.
Second: the music of all the best songs. Third:
etchings of all the characters in the opera. These
facts make it the best Mikado book published, but
we send with it ten beautiful chromo cards besides,
not defaced by having advertisements printed on
the pictures.

MACK PUBLISHING CO.,
528 and 530 Washington St., N. Y.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts.

In postage stamps or silver. The most
complete collection ever issued. Large
Illustrated Catalogue of Gans, Rifles, Revol-
vers, Watches, Accordions, Organettes, Violins, Banjos,
Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph In-
struments, Printing, roses, Photograph Outfits, rare and
curious novelties. FREE World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

EASTER Poems & Cards

Sample of Poems sent for 10c.
Sample cards & price list 10c.
H. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Charles Scribner's Sons'
NEW BOOKS.

THE LATE MRS. NULL. By Frank R. Stockton.
Grange, "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., etc. 1
vol., 12mo, \$1.50.

"Mr. Stockton's first long work is certain of an en-
thusiastic welcome from the thousands of readers of
his short stories. He has not only written the very
characteristic novel for which every one has looked
from him, but a great deal more; a remarkably pow-
erful, sustained story, in which all these best traits of
his are put at last into a fitting form and into a per-
manent piece of literature.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY. AND THE FURTHER-
ANCE OF COMMERCE. By Hon. Eugene
Schuyler, author of
"Peter the Great," etc., etc. 1 vol., 8vo, \$2.50.

The author's exceptional experience has admirably
fitted him for the preparation of this volume, which
for the first time adequately sets forth the workings
of this important department of our government.

OCEANA; or, England and Her Colonies. By James
Anthony Froude, M.A. Illustrated. 1 vol., crown
8vo, \$2.50.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. By Andrew
Elzevir 12mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

WHAT DOES HISTORY TEACH? By John Stu-
art Blackie.
1 vol., 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"A bright, brave, inspiring book, we heartily com-
mend it to our readers."—*Hartford Courant*.

THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI IN 1861. From the
Journal of Jackson to the Death of Lyon. By
Colonel Thomas L. Snead. 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JIKYLL AND MR.
HYDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson, author of the
"New Arabian Nights," "Treasure Is-
land," etc. Library Edition, \$1.00; paper, 25 cents.

"A work of incontestable genius. . . . What is
worth mentioning, because otherwise many people
will miss it, is that a noble moral underlies the mar-
vellous tale."—*James Payn*, in the *Independent*.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED. Being a
book to Marriage, By a Graduate in the Univer-
sity of Matrimony. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25.

"One of the brightest, wittiest, most sensible and
wholesome books on the subject of matrimony that
we have seen."—*New York Observer*.

Mr. Scribner beg to announce a reissue of the
famous Bible Commentary (known also as the
Scribner's Commentary), in a new edition, at greatly
reduced price. The first two volumes of the new
edition are now ready. Cloth, \$5.00 each, net. Readers
are invited to send for circular note giving all the
details of the republication.

*** These books for sale by all booksellers, or sent,
postpaid, on receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743-745 Broadway, New York.

"A Capital Book for Social Meet-
ings and Sunday-Schools."

SELECT SONGS.
Compiled by F. N. PELOUBET, D.D.

344 Hymns and Tunes, admirably chosen for use
where only one book is desired for the Devotional
Meetings and the Sunday-School. All who have
used Select Songs speak of it in the highest terms.
Firmly bound in Cloth, 40 per 100 Copies.

READY MARCH 10.
An edition of words only, \$10 per 100 Copies.
BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE
SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

CHILD'S HEALTH PRIMER. For the youngest
scholars. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 35 cents.

HYGIENE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. For inter-
mediate classes. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 60 cts.

STEELE'S HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. For High
Schools and Academies. 12mo, cloth, illustrated,
\$1.25.

These books have been widely adopted and are
strongly indorsed by a host of educators. Send
for specimen pages or descriptive circulars. Ad-
dress

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,
New York and Chicago.

STONES FOR THE TEMPLE, etc.
By HARRIET WARNER RE QU.

"Not a few of these poems will be marked for use
by ministers who add the strength of poetical quota-
tions to religious discourse."—*N. Y. Christian Advo-
cate*. "It is long since poetry so sweet, clear and
true has been offered the American public."—*Chris-
tian Herald*. The book places Mrs. Re Qu. at the peer
of our best American poets."—*Prof. J. Robinson,
D.D., Ph.D.* Sent for \$1.25. The Author, Aurora, Ill.

GOOD NEWS

THE POPULAR SERMONS BY
SAM JONES & SAM SMALL

THE NOTED EVANGELISTS

who are awakening the people by their unparalleled eloquence and words of fire
These Sermons have just been issued under the title "GOOD NEWS."

12mo, 190 Pages. Paper Cover, 25 cents. Handsomely bound in cloth, price, 50 cents.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS

ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS Peter Henderson & Co. PLANTS

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every ap-
pliance for the prompt and careful
filling of orders.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations
of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of
6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

Our Green-house Establishment at
Jersey City is the most extensive in
America. Annual Sales, 2 1/2 Million
Plants.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK

A new work on INDOOR and
OUTDOOR painting which is de-
signed to teach people how to DO
THEIR OWN PAINTING and
save the expense of a professional
painter. The most practical and
valuable work of the kind ever is-
sued. Full and plain directions are
given for mixing paints for ALL
PURPOSES. Tells all about
PAPER HANGING, KAL-
SOMINING, STAINING,
VARNISHING, POLISH-
ING, as well as how to RENO-
VATE FURNITURE, so that it
will look as good as new. Tells all
about HOUSE-CLEANING.

Full directions are given for mix-
ing and applying Kalsomine to ceil-
ings and walls. It tells how to make
and use stencils for ornamenting
ceilings. Gives detailed directions
for PAPER HANGING so that
every one can paper a room success-
fully. Tells how to make DA-
MASK WALLS, etc. Tells
how to paint a kitchen or chamber
FLOOR
varnish OIL-CLOTHS, varnish RUSTIC
WORK, restore CHROMOS and oil paintings,
renovate PICTURE FRAMES, CLEAN
MARBLE, etc. Many useful hints on ARTIS-
TIC WORK for HOME DECORATION are
given. Full directions are given for making the
beautiful SPATTER-WORK pictures in which
the ladies are so much interested. Tells how to paint
OUTBUILDINGS, ROOFS, FARM WAG-
ONS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, and CAR-
RIAGES as well as how to polish a PIANO or
ORGAN—how to imitate GROUND GLASS or
make paint for BLACK BOARDS—GRAIN-
ING in oak and black walnut, painting in imitation
of EBONY, MAHOGANY and ROSEWOOD
stain, GILDING, BRONZING and SILVER-
ING. Elegantly printed, handsomely bound in ex-
tra cloth, with ink and gold, contains a large number
of illustrations; will save its cost in a short
time. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price,
\$1.00. Five books for \$4.00. Get four friends to send
with you and thus get your book free. Address,
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for
PLATFORM ECHOES
or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling inter-
est, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of
"laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added
the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN A. BOTT.
1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.60
to \$2.00 a month made. *Give* no hindrance as we
give *Extra Terms and Pay*. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TEACH Any one can become so thorow-
ly posted in three weeks reviewing
with the Common School Question
Book as to successfully pass the
most difficult and technical legal
examinations for teachers' certificates. By its
aid thousands of young people earn an honor-
able and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full
descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent
for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
CALDWELL,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING
WITH DIAMOND DYES, for 10 cts.

They never
fail. 32 fast colors. They are made inks, color photo's,
etc. Send for colored samples and dye book. Gold,
Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10
cents a pk. Give Druggists sell or we send post-paid.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

TABLE DAMASKS.

James M'Creery & Co.

offer for sale this week an assortment
of EXTRA HEAVY DOUBLE DAM-
ASKS, 68, 70 and 72 inches wide
at 65 cents, 75 cents, 85 cents and \$1
per yard, being a reduction of 25 to 50
cents per yard less than former rates.
One lot, 80 inches wide, at \$1.25 per
yard; good value for \$2.

Housekeepers who appreciate value
should order at once, as stock when
sold cannot be duplicated at prices
quoted.

Broadway and 11th Street,
NEW YORK.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever
printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable
for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper
covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken.
Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.

A NEW BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."

THE OPEN SECRET

OR,

The Bible Explaining Itself.

By Hannah Whitall Smith.

That the author of this work has a faculty of pre-
senting the "Secret Things" that are revealed in the
Word of God is apparent to all who have read the
exceedingly popular work, "THE CHRIS-
TIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE,"
and such will not be disappointed in expecting to find
in this new volume a fullness and sweetness in the
unfolding of God's Word, in its application to the
practical and daily duties of Christian living.
The subjects treated may be seen from the follow-
ing list of

CONTENTS:

1. Our Saviour.
2. God is Love.
3. The Law and the Gospel.
4. Assurance of Faith.
5. Keeping Power of God.
6. Rest of Soul.
7. Consecration.
8. Be Careful for Nothing.
9. God as Our Mother.
10. As a Little Child.
11. The Three F's—Fact, Faith, Feel-
ing.
12. Our Relationship to God.
13. Fruit-Bearing.
14. Five Talents or One.
15. God's Ownership.
16. Resurrection Life of the Believer.
17. God's Workmanship.
18. Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.
19. The I Religion versus the Not I
Religion.

320 pages. Rich Cloth, stamped in gold, \$1.00. Sent
post-paid, on receipt of price, by
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 13.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS WORKS.

MATERNITY. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at St. Louis Last Sunday Morning. CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Civil Service Report—Secretary Manning's Illness—The Edmunds Resolutions—The Great Labor Strike in the Southwest—The Belgian Anarchists—The Travels of a Thunderbolt—The Millionaire Tramp's Estate—A Suit to Compel a Marriage, etc.

THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. By Rev. A. C. Tris—Notices of New Books.

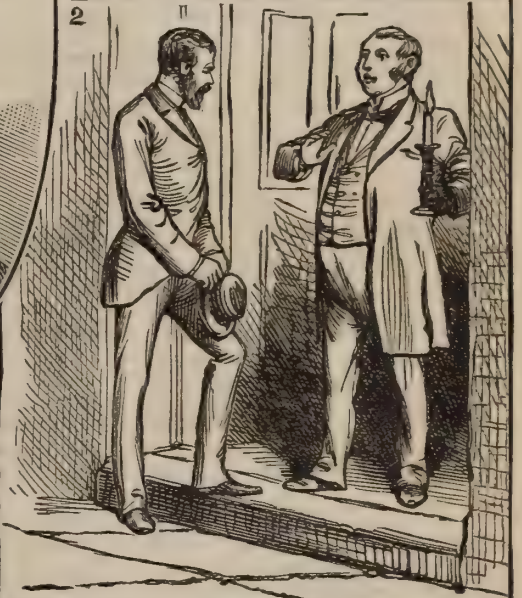
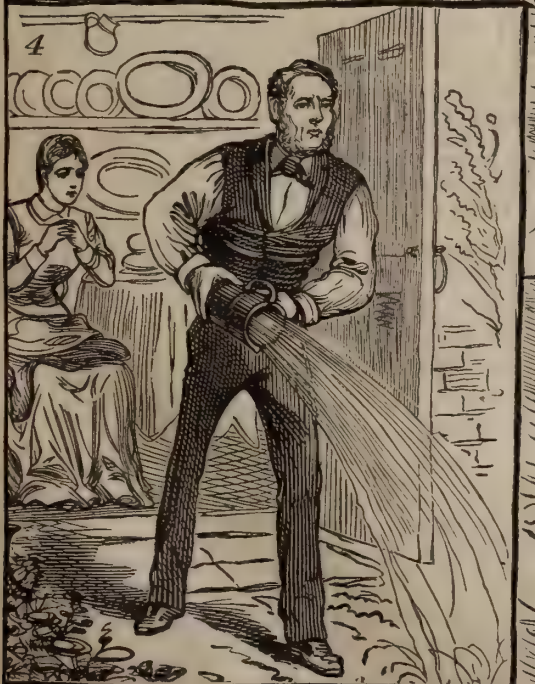
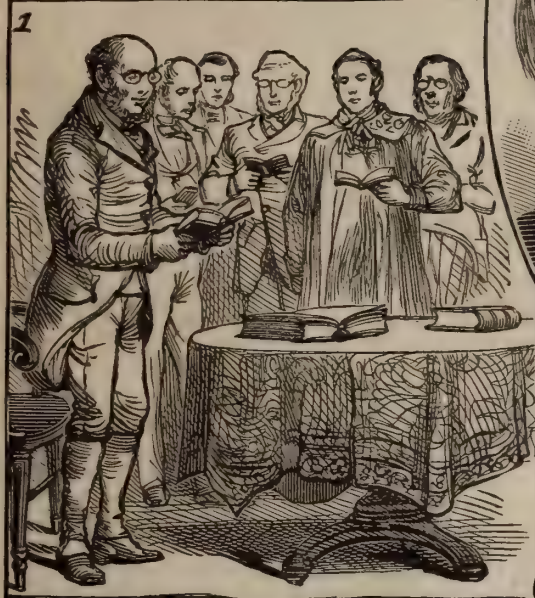
PICTURE OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF IN STATE ATTIRE.

PORTRAIT OF REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. (Continued.)

The First Disciples. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. J. JACKSON WRAY, Pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle—Scenes Illustrating his Works.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY,

Pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle, London.

Born in 1832—Early Life—Entered as a Student at Westminster College—Becomes a Schoolmaster—Conversion—Devotes Himself to the Gospel Ministry—Important Work in Africa—Dissolves his Connection with Methodism—Accepts the Pastorate of George Whitefield's Tabernacle—Quotations from His Works.

THE press has made the name of Jackson Wray familiar beyond the sphere of his personal labors, and it is probable that many of our readers will be glad to know something of the personal life and character of the man whose literary work has pleased them.

J. Jackson Wray was born in the year 1832, at Sancton, England, a small and picturesque village at the foot of the Yorkshire wolds. His father was a village carpenter, and Mr. Wray himself was taught the craft, and practised it for some little time, giving promise of proficiency. Providence, however, clearly indicated another career for young Wray, for which he appeared to have received special natural endowments.

Accordingly, very early in his teens, the brawny, bright-eyed Yorkshire lad was entered as

A STUDENT

at Westminster Normal College, where he devoted himself to study, and received the training which his natural gifts required. At the termination of his college curriculum, and with an ample equipment for the responsible position, he assumed the mastership of some schools at Madeley, in which he was the successor of the venerable and saintly John Fletcher, as he now instructs "children of a larger growth" in the historical chapel which once rang with the stirring words of the apostolic George Whitefield.

Mr. Wray was converted to Christ under the preaching of a Methodist local preacher, and at once, with characteristic resolution, consecrated himself to the work of winning souls for Him who had redeemed them, and whose servant he had now, through Divine favor, become. In a little time he was enrolled in the ranks of the Methodist ministry, and rendered valuable services to the circuits he served. But, again, his qualifications as a *teacher* forcing themselves upon the attention of the denominational authorities, he was selected to the arduous post of instructing native catechists and schoolmasters

AT SIERRA LEONE,

on the dangerous west coast of Africa, the "grave of Europeans," as it has been expressively designated. The deadly climate soon affected even Mr. Wray's robust constitution, and his ill-health compelled him to return home.

It was not long before he was in harness again, and engaged in the regular labors of the itinerant ministry, being appointed first to Crewe, where for three years he held the confidence of the shrewd artisans among whom his lot was cast, and where his success was marked; after which he was appointed to various places in the circuits of Macclesfield, Redruth, Exeter, Kilburn, London, and Wandsworth.

BECOMES A CONGREGATIONALIST.

Seven years ago he severed his connection with the Methodist Church, intending to take a preaching and lecturing tour round the world. The hand of Providence, however, seemed to point definitely and decisively in another direction. He accepted the charge of the Congregational church worshipping in the celebrated building in Tottenham Court Road, built by George Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, where he has gathered a large congregation, and has been enabled to accomplish much good. He entertains a great affection for the church of his youth, and while cordially loyal to the principles of Congregationalism, finds one of his greatest joys in being the servant of all the churches, and readily accepting invitations for occasional service in churches of other denominations.

LITERARY WORK.

As a lecturer Mr. Wray is exceedingly popu-

lar; but it is as an author that he has won his widest fame. Mr. Wray is a novelist, and firmly believes in the beneficial influence of fiction when it is consecrated to Christ's service. Some of our readers, we know, hold an opposite opinion, but there is no necessity for argument on the subject with people who are disciples of Him who spake to the multitude in *parables*, and without a parable spake He not unto them.

Mr. Wray's first published novel is a grouping together of isolated incidents which, in the main, came under his notice while laboring in Yorkshire. It is entitled "*Nestleton Magna*," a story of Yorkshire Methodism. It is usually regarded as his best story, though he himself holds, we believe, that his second production, "*Matthew Mellowdew*," is in every way superior. Besides these he has written "*Paul Meggitt's Delusion*," "*Honest John Stallibrass*," "*Garton Rowley*," and several capital stories for young people. Last year he published a volume of sermons for the crowd, entitled, "*Light from the Old Lamp; or, Homespun Homilies*." These are marked by all the author's peculiarities of style; they are bright, breezy, and bracing. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says of them: "They will hold the reader fast, and must have rivetted the attention of those that heard them. Such vivid description must prevent a single eyelid from dropping." "The Man with the Knapsack" is also a great favorite; and besides these he has written "*Widow Wimpenny's Watchword*," "*John Wyclif*," "*A Noble Vine*," "*Peter Pengelly*," "*A Man Every Inch of Him*," "*Chronicles of Capstan Cabin*," "*Simon Holmes, the Carpenter*," "*The Secret of the Mere*," and also a monthly magazine entitled "*Good Company*," which is much liked by workmen.

The character of these works will be best understood by a few extracts, which are illustrated on the first page.

PICTURE NO. 1

is of an incident in his book entitled "*Nestleton Magna*." It is the episode of Adam Olliver at the class-meeting. "As the clock strikes seven eight or nine members have arrived, and each, having bent the knee in silent prayer, sits silent until the patriarchal leader dons his glasses, opens at a favorite hymn, and says in his Yorkshire dialect: 'Let us commence t' worship ov God be singin' t' hymn on t' fottid payge, common measure.

" 'Jesus the neecame 'igh ower all,
I' hell, or 'arth or sky;
Aingels and men befoore it fall,
An' divvils fear an' fly."

"The first two lines are then given out again, and Jabez Hepton, the village carpenter, starts the tune. A few verses are thus disposed of, two lines at a time, and then the old man leads them at the throne of grace, in a quaintly earnest prayer. Adam always had 'a good time' on these occasions, and two or three of the more enthusiastic members interpolate their 'amens' and 'halleluias,' varying in number and vehemence according to the current character of their own feelings and experiences. Adam pulls off his glasses as the members resume their seats, and folding his hands on the open Book he says: 'Ah's still gannin' on i' t' aud rooad, an' ah bless the Lord 'at ah's nearer salvation noo then when fust ah beleeaved. Ah finnd 'at t' way didn't get 'arder bud ceasier as ah gan' on. Ah used te hev monny a tussle wi' me' neesmsake, t' 'Aud Adam, an' he's often throan ma,' but t' Stranger then he's aboot tonnd him eot, an' ae' feel 'at the Lord's will's mah will mair then ivver it was afoore. Ah's cummin' fast te d' end o' my joona, an' ah's just waitin' at t' Beautiful Gayt o' t' temple till the Lord cums an' lifts ma' up, then ah sall gan in as t' leeam man did, loupin' an' singin' an' praisin' God. Noo, Brother Hepton, hoo is it wi' your sowl te-neet?"

PICTURE NO. 2

represents a pathetic incident in the story of "*Matthew Mellowdew*." It describes the return of a runaway son after many years of absence.

"Passing by a short cut, well remembered and often trod, through the Cathedral close, he crossed into the High Street, where the gilded horn of the pugnacious unicorn still threatened the equally gleaming head of the lion, both of which were glistening in the moonlight over Matthew Mellowdew's door. The shop was closed, of course, but in the upper window, just above the drawing-room, where Susan, his sister, after years of blindness, first saw the light of day, a light was burning, indicating that at least a part of the butcher's household was retiring to rest.

"Little did the traveller know that behind those snow-white curtains a fair young girl was at that very moment kneeling in earnest prayer to her Heavenly Father for a poor, wandering waif who had erred and strayed like a lost sheep, but who, nevertheless, was dearer to her than all the world besides.

"That fair petitioner the young scapegrace at the door regarded as a precious treasure, gone forever, through his own ill doings, from his arms and heart. Summoning all his courage and self-command, he knocked vigorously at the bolted door. In a few moments a light shone through the closed shutters of the shop and a loud and cheery voice was heard, a voice which the listener recognized full well, making the prudential inquiry, 'Who's there?'

"For the life of him the new-comer could make no reply. He placed his arm against the door-jamb, laid his head upon it, and uttered an unsyllabled but exceeding bitter cry. It was a cry of such real distress that tender-hearted Matthew made no further inquiry or pause. His big heart was full of sympathy with sorrow. He drew back the bolts, turned the lock, and opening wide the door, stood with lighted candle in his hand, gazing on a tall, handsome, dark-faceted stranger standing on the step.

"The stranger took off his hat and bowed his head, as he said: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy—'

" 'It's Dan! It's Dan! Oh, dear Lord, it's my Dan!' exclaimed Matthew Mellowdew, and dropping the candle on the floor, the father's love flung wide the arms of welcome, and he fell on his neck and kissed him."

PICTURE NO. 3

illustrates an incident in "*Garton Rowley*," which brings vividly before us the majesty of the sea, and the terrors of the tempest. Mr. Wray thus writes: "Old Dave Consett's prophecy of ugly weather coming up from the south was very soon fulfilled. It began while we were off Cape Horn, and for a full fortnight the question whether we should double the Cape or go down to the bottom seemed to be about as equally balanced as a pair o' scales. The wind blew from the south-east, and seemed to bring with it all the cold out of all the icebergs round the pole! 'It puts it too mildly to call it a wind. It was a reg'lar tearin' hurricane. Just as we thought we were going to be sucked down, up she went again like a rocket, to knock her head against that awful sky. But there! What's the use of seeking to describe it!

" 'I tell you what, I felt just then as though I had gotten a clear grip of God, and that's an anchor, mind you, that never drags. I went to the helm, and I said to Dave Consett, 'Cheer up, messmate! we shall be out o' this in twelve hours!'

"The old fellow smiled, and pointing upward, he said, 'Ay, ay, sir, please God.' My eye followed his finger, and there, just above us, was a break in the iron sky, a real rift of blue! I felt as if it was the smile of God Almighty, and I could not help shouting, 'There He is!' And there He was to me, as clearly as ever man saw the face of a friend!

"I tell you what it is, them that goes down to the sea in ships, and does business in great waters, have need to have faith in God. My dear old mother used to say, 'God's hand is always ready for a dead-lift,' and if ever that hand were stretched to save, it saved Bonnie Bessie in that hurricane off Cape Horn."

PICTURE NO. 4

illustrates a scene in Mr. Wray's novel entitled "Paul Meggitt's Delusion." It is that of Dick Hodgson's mastery over his old enemy, liquor. These are the concluding words: "Heaving a sigh which to Hannah's anxious ear had a good deal of minor music in it, Dick took his seat. As is usual with toppers, he was dreadfully thirsty, and taking up the tankard, he lifted it to his lips, when he encountered the smell of beer. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, and poising it for one moment, he looked at his wife. 'Hannah,' said he, 'will you have it? It'll maybe do you good. You look fagged, my lass.' 'No,' said Hannah; 'I'm all right, and I'd rather have a cup of tea.' 'Then here goes,' said Dick, and going to the door he opened it, and threw the beer far out upon the garden path. 'Thank God,' whispered Hannah, and turned her head away to hide the tears that she felt creeping down her cheeks."

PICTURE NO. 5

refers to an attempt at suicide by a lawless sailor, and his gallant rescue. This is how the story runs in "Honest John Stallibrass." "There was on board the Deucalion an ordinary A. B. sailor of the name of Alexander Muir. He was a man of much ability in his line of life; but he was given to drink, and under its fatal influence he had become sour, morose, and at times guilty of outbreaks of passionate self-will. On one occasion this man was grossly disobedient and disrespectful to a superior officer, who had to rebuke him sharply for his misconduct, and who threatened him with punishment.

"A few days after the same officer caught Sandy Muir doing the same thing for which he had been rebuked before. Again he was smartly rated, and was told that this time the threatened punishment should certainly take effect. 'You shall be put in irons!' said the angry officer. 'Never!' shouted the sailor defiantly. He was in a perfect passion of ungovernable rage. He suddenly put his hand to his side, and immediately struck the officer with all his force upon the breast. The officer felt that he was wounded, and at the same moment he saw the gleam of a knife-blade in the sailor's hand. He sprang forward to seize him, when Muir, who saw the probable fate in store for him, leaped upon the bulwark of the ship, and thence sprang into the sea.

"'Man overboard!' shouted the officer instantly, and flung out a life-buoy to the reckless would-be suicide. Then flinging down his hat and stripping off his jacket, he dived after the victim of his own bad passions, determined to save him if he could. It was a most daring deed. The sea was rough, the ship was moving through the waves, and there seemed little hope of saving either of them from an ocean grave. In another moment a boat was lowered, and a crew of strong men pulled hard toward the spot, and the ship was rounded to as much as possible to wait the result. 'There he is!' said the leader of the crew, and they saw the brave officer holding the drowning man with one hand, while with the other he strove to lessen the distance between them and the ship.

"'Let me drown, I tell you!' said Sandy Muir; 'I'm better dead than living! If you save me you'll put me in irons. Let me drop.' 'No, Muir,' said the officer. 'Fling away your knife into the sea,' for the man had sheathed it in his belt. 'Keep your tongue still about it. I'll save you, that you may live and be a better man!' By this time the boat had reached them, and the two men were pulled into it, and in a little while were safely hauled on board the ship."

PICTURE NO. 6

illustrates a pretty little incident which Mr. Wray describes in his book "The Man with the Knapsack." It runs thus: "One fine morning late in the month of September, when the farmers in and about Burnham were busily engaged in harvest operations, Caleb Goodall, an ardent evangelist, was trudging along the Knutley high road, some half a dozen miles away

from Burnham Mill. As usual, his knapsack was on his back. There was an evident weariness upon him as he plodded along the dusty way. By and by a miller's cart approached him, going in the same direction as himself. Caleb Goodall paused, and seeing that there was not much of a load behind the well-fed horse, he smilingly asked the driver if he would kindly give him a lift. 'Woa, Dobbin! old lass!' said the driver. 'Jump up, sir, you're heartily welcome.'"

As may readily be concluded, the evangelist made the best of his opportunity to speak of the love of the Divine Master whom he was serving, and with the success promised to those who sow the good seed.

By such stories as these, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, Mr. Wray is preaching the Gospel to numbers who, perhaps, could not be induced to attend church or to read a sermon. Stories they will read, and such stories as these leave useful lessons behind them which lead to higher things. We wish Mr. Wray God-speed in his good work.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Victim of Kleptomania.—At a Recent meeting Mr. Clarke said: "On one occasion I was urging a young man in Birmingham to close with Christ, and he said: 'It is no use speaking to me of that; I am a thief, and steal; I must, for I cannot help it. Whenever I see a thing, no matter how trifling, that I can steal without any one seeing me, I take it, for it captivates me, and I have no control over myself; so do not speak to me.' And the man clung to his sin, and rejected Christ, who would have freed him from the bondage of it all. Oh, most miserable man, to prefer sin to Christ!"

"Lady Huntingdon was once conversing with a brother of George Whitefield about the concerns of his soul. She was pressing upon him the great and the immediate need of salvation, when he turned to her and said: 'It is of no use; it's of no use; I tell you that I am lost, I am lost, lost for ever.' 'I thank God for that,' replied the lady, 'for Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost.' Oh, it is a good thing when a sinner becomes aware that he is lost, for Christ must be revealing Himself in that soul. Such it proved to be in this case. He was led through that lady's means to surrender himself to Christ. Oh sinner, if you do not know that you are lost, pray to the Lord that He may show you your awful condition ere it be too late, for 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of God.'"

Hundreds of Years too Late.—"One Night a young man came into a Gospel meeting, earnestly inquiring: 'What must I do to be saved?' 'You are too late,' said a friend to his anxious inquiry. 'Oh, do not say that!' exclaimed the young man, 'for I earnestly desire salvation; I would do anything or go anywhere to obtain it.' 'I cannot help it,' said the other; 'you are too late, for your salvation was completed many hundred years ago in the person of Jesus Christ, and it is a finished work; all you have to do is simply to accept it, for we have done nothing, and can do nothing, to merit salvation. It is a free gift to all who will accept it.' The anxious inquirer understood it all in a minute, and accepted the offered gift, seeing he was not worthy in himself, but trusting in Jesus who can 'save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.'"

A Music-hall Singer's Conversion.—Mr. J. G. Forbes related: "I recollect on one occasion a friend and myself visiting a widow. She was a singer in music-halls and theatres, and had steady employment, and one would think she might have had a comfortable home; but no; she was in the service of Satan, and she got her wages accordingly. Her house was as empty and filthy as it could be. She courteously asked us to be seated, but when we looked there was nothing to sit down upon. She had three little children, and each little white pinched face silently told a

woful tale of its own. After we had been in a few minutes she asked them to sing to us, and those three half-clad, semi-starved children stood up and sang, very sweetly, the hymn beginning with 'Just as I am, without one plea.' After they had finished, we asked them where they had learned it. 'At Sunday-school,' they quietly answered, and we saw that in the midst of all their wretchedness and distress the mother had been endeavoring to bring up those little ones in the right way. We spoke to her of Jesus, and of the love of God for sinners, but she knew the plan of salvation well; and when we asked her if she would not accept Jesus, she sorrowfully shook her head, and said she dare not, for she could not serve God and Satan. 'No,' we replied, 'but you could give up Satan and all his works, and turn to Christ, and He will help you.' 'But,' she argued, 'I have to find food to keep my little ones from starving.' We told her to trust in God, and He would provide the means of living. At length, after a silent conflict within, she said: 'I will trust and not be afraid.' I need hardly tell you that the Lord did provide for that widow and her little ones, which He will do to all those who cast themselves entirely upon Him."

A Puzzle for an Aged Lady.—Mr. Fraser said: "An old maiden lady who lived in a mansion house did not feel at home when the Gospel was preached, and being determined that she would not come under its influence made a vow that no preacher should enter her dwelling. One said he would gain admittance, to the surprise of those who knew how averse the lady was to admit such visitors. Going to the gate of her house, he stood there until the lady came to inquire his errand. 'There is a friend of mine in your house,' he politely said, in answer to her query. 'There is no friend of yours in my house,' she said with surprise. But as he insisted that there was, she threw open the gate, bidding him enter and look for himself. He entered her drawing-room, closely followed by the lady. Going forward he lifted a Bible which lay upon the table, saying, as he did so: 'This is my friend.' And then he quietly opened the Bible, and read: 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' In her momentary surprise the lady had forgotten her vow. 'Are those words in the Bible?' she asked. 'Most assuredly they are,' rejoined the minister; 'read them for yourself.' Taking the offered book from his hand, she gazed upon that verse, which setmed specially directed to herself. There he left her alone with God and her newly awakened conscience. And His message was not in vain."

A Wife's Fruitless Intercession.—A Gentleman remarked: "When I was staying on the banks of the Mersey, there was a case brought up at the Crown Court of a young married man, who was charged with murder. When the morning of the trial arrived the court-house was crowded, as the prisoner, with a pale, haggard face, stood up before the judge. His counsel pleaded for him, and the jury retired. The court-house was still, not a sound was heard; every one was anxious to hear the fate of the young man. In three minutes the jury returned with their decision of 'Guilty, my Lord.' The poor shivering culprit stood before his judge, not daring to open his mouth. A woman rose from the back of the hall with a baby in her arms. She came quickly forward until she stood before the judge. It was the prisoner's wife. 'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, 'can't you forgive him? can't you forgive him? if not for his own sake, for the sake of his poor wife?' The judge was seen to tremble, and the tears gathered in his eyes as he put on the black cap, to condemn him, for he had no power to clear the guilty if the law said he must die. And, unsaved friend, when you come to stand before the judgment bar of God He cannot clear the guilty, but will bring out his sins and set them before him. God cannot clear the guilty. Christ alone is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth on Him and to none besides."

MATERNITY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached at St. Louis, Mo., last Sunday Morning, March 28th, 1886.

"Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."—1 SAMUEL 2:19.

Hannah the Model Christian Mother—The Birth of Samuel—The Annual Gift—I. Hannah an Industrious Mother—A Heathenish Idea—A Society Mother—The Influence of Slatternly Mothers—The Descendants of Good and Bad Mothers—II. An Intelligent Mother—Discriminating Parents—The Rod Not a Complete Compendium—III. A Christian Mother—Not many Prayerless Mothers—A Worldly Mother's Advice—A \$500 Dress that Cost a Soul.—IV. The Rewarded Mother—The Old Christian Mother's Visions.

THE stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever can achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just now named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in the ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come.

THE MODEL CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvellous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet.

As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks, and an ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the temple.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

I. Hannah stands before you, then, in the first place, as

AN INDUSTRIOUS MOTHER.

There was no need for her to work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned.

Hannah might have seated herself with her family, and, with folded arms and dishevelled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment, and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; He would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel.

Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom, and the brightness, and the vivacity of girlhood have given place for the *grandeur dignity*, and usefulness, and industry of motherhood. But there is

A HEATHENISH IDEA

getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls.

From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there has come a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternness and *upside-downniveness* in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake, and heave, and roar, and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the

INFLUENTIAL WOMEN

of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the *dancing-jacks of political parties*, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpins, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches, and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the *very verge of hell*. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's looks, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

II. Again, Hannah stands before you as

AN INTELLIGENT MOTHER.

From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers.

Oh! this work of culture in children for this

world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory *without ever having had their ears boxed*.

Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of

BRINGING UP A CHILD.

If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology there would not be so many curved spines, and cramped chests, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practised more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantages over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of cultivating children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

III. Again, Hannah stands before you as

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woeful-looking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother.

I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers—not many of them. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There were hundreds of mothers who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves: "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian? Lord, help me!" Are there

ANXIOUS MOTHERS,

who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to them Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows, and bright eyes, and soft hands, and innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from

the brow, and quenching the lustre of the eye, and shrivelling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven; or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song, and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements, and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage!

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of a chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press a child down.

A daughter came to

A WORLDLY MOTHER

and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost \$500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress, and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

IV. Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you

THE REWARDED MOTHER.

For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and heroic and earnest.

The story of what you have done, or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always?

Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as "the governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But, oh! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Oh! the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

There she sits,

THE OLD CHRISTIAN MOTHER,

ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs and joys and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete!

NOTES OF FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

The Fiji Jubilee—A Contrast.—The Rev. Thomas Williams, now Missionary Secretary in Australia, writes from Levuka under date December 19th, 1885: "I passed a night at my old and horror-crowded station, Somosomo, where with the brethren Lyth, Hunt, Cross, and Hazlewood, and our noble wives, I endured sufferings of no common kind. But they are passed, and on the ground where once I walked among the slain, among open ovens and devil temples, I have addressed a neatly attired and attentive audience in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of the Wesleyan Mission in Viti. I witnessed strange scenes here from the year 1843 to the year 1849; and those which are daily passing before me, as a member of the deputation, are by contrast equally strange. Jehovah hath confounded the gods of the heathen and gotten to Himself a glorious victory. Hallelujah!"

A Visit to a King.—The Rev. J. A. Alley, of Port Lokkoh, writes: "On our return to Port Lokkoh in January, 1885, we found the Alikali, the late king of Port Lokkoh, had died, and the people were busy making preparations for the coronation of a new king. These were finished, and the governor from Sierra Leone came up on February 27th for the purpose of crowning the new king. Unfortunately we had to be away in Sierra Leone for the ordination when this important event took place. On our return, however, I visited the new king in company with the Rev. J. T. Asgill, from Sierra Leone, and the interpreter, to pay my respects and congratulations. The king gave us a hearty welcome, and said he was very glad to see me return from England, and as this was the first time he had seen me since our return, no doubt I had brought

something good from my own country for the king. I told him I had. I had brought the Word of God, which could give the king true wisdom. If the king would accept of it, I would make him a present of an Arabic Bible, in remembrance of his coronation. This his Mohammedan friends might read to him. The king thanked me, and said he would accept of the Bible, but I must put something nice on the top of it, especially as I had just come from England. I replied the Word of God would give the king understanding, and that is one of the best gifts of God to man. However, to show our good-will to the king, I would send something with the Bible, on the understanding that he must regard the Bible the chief present."

A Chinese Christian Welcome.—The Rev. A. G. Jones, a missionary in China, much used of God, says: "Coming home from the station I had been to one Sunday, I made a detour of a mile or two to see a Christian family I had not visited since I came back to China. I knocked, and a child came. He called his mother, and she asked me in. The old couple I had come to see were out, but were sent for. First came the wife, a woman of over sixty. 'Oh, minister,' she said, 'I am so glad to see you! I heard you had come back,' and then she began to recount all that was uppermost in her mind. 'How good the Heavenly Father has been to you in bringing you back from England! Oh, what a hard-hearted people we are here! How little the people here realize the pains taken to send the heavenly doctrine to them! I exhort the people around me here to repent and believe the truth, that they may be saved; but they sneer at me, and ask me: "Will your minister support us if we become Christians?" "No," I say. "Who supports the missionaries?" "Why, God does, of course, and God will support you. God is supporting you (that is, the people she was exhorting) now, and much more will God support you then." Ah!' she continued, 'they don't know the Scriptures, the precious Scriptures, and they won't believe me. But,' she said, 'I read these Scriptures morning and night. I could not get on without them.' And so she went on for about a quarter of an hour, meantime sending out for this one and that one to come and see me."

Fire at a Mission Station.—The Following are extracts from recent letters from Rev. Harry George Whitley, of Stanley Pool, the Baptist Congo Mission, lately received by his father, Thomas Whitley, Esq., of Enfield: "Twice lately our premises here have been seriously threatened by fire. The dry season being nearly over, the grass is very high, ten to eighteen feet, and numerous fires are breaking out all over the country, and, knowing that sooner or later fires must come to our ground, I commenced clearing the long grass around our houses. One night about 11.30 I woke up with that peculiar feeling that there was something wrong. I listened intently, and heard another sound beside that of the wind and the roar of the falls. I got up and opened the windows, and immediately saw and heard a great fire close to us, marching like a destroying army. In less time than it takes to write, I was into my dressing-gown and boots only, and out of the house, starting my boys off to call up the work-people, whose house is some distance from mine. I put my people on various houses, and, as fast as blazing bunches of grass fell on the roofs or in the yard, we stamped them out. At the end of two hours' very hard work we were hot, begrimed with smoke, and greatly fatigued, but we had conquered, and not a building was lost. I stayed to see the last smouldering embers in the camp put out, while the fire raged on past us, and then returned with a thankful heart to bed; and so God preserved the Mission Station. What does God mean us to do? Are we attempting too much? When we hear of fresh men coming out, it is with a sensation of fear, for the majority of those who have gone on before were new men. Still we will hope on as well as pray, and will do our duty under all circumstances."

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.

(Continued from page 183.)

AFTER having offered a few general remarks, we enter very briefly into matters of detail, in which are involved many questions which have puzzled students of this twelfth vision of the Revelation, always keeping before our mind the solemnity of the subject, and also our own ignorance. With the help and the guidance of the Holy Spirit we will dwell on the same expressions used in the Old Testament dispensation, which plainly speak of the state of redeemed Israel in the latter days—the days of the millennium.

RESTITUTION.

In verse 1 is said: "And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth for the first heaven; and the first earth were passed away" ("gone by," Young), "and there was no more sea," literally, the sea is no longer. And in verse 5 He that sat upon the throne said: "Behold, I make all things new."

Already we have called attention to the fact that Isa. 65: 17, 66: 22 speak of new heavens and a new earth at the restoration of Israel. We have also a parallel in the word "gone by." Bengel says "passed by;" yea, a more emphatic expression we read in II Pet. 3: 6, 7, in which is said "that the world that then was, being overflowed with water, *perished*." That restitution is meant, and *not* annihilation is plain, verse 4: "For the former, or first things, are passed away;" and in Isa. 65: 17: "And the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind" (Acts 3: 19-21).

"The sea was no longer" leads us to Gen. 1: 3: 14, 15. The land whereon the five cities stood were belonging to the gift and property incorporated in the Abrahamic covenant; and although afterward destroyed, they must and will be restored when Abraham shall be the heir of the world (Rom. 4: 13). The Dead Sea shall be no longer. The emblem of death cannot continue where life and immortality reigneth.

"I make all things new," Bengel says. A more ancient reading is: "I make new all things." And by this transposition of the same words, the restitution of all things (Acts 3: 19-21) is plainly stated.

NEW JERUSALEM.

In verses 10-27 is given a description of Jerusalem the Golden—a view of that city so unique and dazzling that it reaches a height and a breadth and a length far surpassing our narrow gaze; no wonder that John felt an ecstasy when he stood on the mountain-top, viewing that holy city descending out of heaven from God! And what shall it be to see Jesus as He is and to be like Him? (I John 3: 2). It will be a sight above all description; it will require an eternity of adoration and joy to fathom that sight and to enjoy that privilege.

The surroundings of the city are marked out. It lieth four square, had a great and high wall, had twelve gates and twelve foundations, a street (market-place), but no temple having the glory of God and of the Lamb to lighten it. The inhabitants are perfectly happy in body, mind, and spirit (verse 4), and the nations and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honor into it.

UNIQUE BUILDING MATERIAL.

Reading about the materials used in the building of the New Jerusalem we are perplexed indeed, and were it not that we find the same or like descriptions in the prophecies of the seers of Israel, we would not go further; but we are encouraged by the word of prophecy to proceed, and therefore we give a short oversight, begging the unbiassed reader to examine the following synopsis:

In both we have "the indwelling" of the "Most High" (Ezek. 43: 1-7; 48: 3; Jer. 3: 17; Zech. 2: 10-13, in connection with Rev. 21: 3, 5, 11; 22: 3). In both is said that "no curse, no tears, no pain nor death shall be known to the holy inhabitants of that city" (Isa. 25: 8; 35: 10; 65: 19; Zech. 14: 11, in connection with Rev. 22: 3). In both is recorded "that the nations and their kings enter through

the gates, and bring their treasures and glory into it" (Isa. 49: 22, 23; 60: 3-11; 66: 12); the same words are found in Rev. 21: 24-26. In both there is made mention "of twelve gates" (Ezek. 48: 31-34; Rev. 21: 12, 13). In both is said "that the city had no need of the sun, and that the glory of God did lighten it" (Isa. 60: 19, 20; Rev. 21: 23). And, most remarkably, both are brought in connection with and in opposition to Babylon of old and to Babylon the Antichristian Hierarchy (Rev. 18: 10-20; Rev. 21: 10).

THE PEARLY GATES.

That we cannot fully explain the rich expressions found in this twelfth vision must be obvious to all who desire to give the true explanation to the word of God; but shall we therefore refrain from contemplating those precious words? We think not. If any of the scientists who lived prior to the nineteenth century had been asked, "Will this age witness the phenomenon that nations will speak by instruments and lines running along the deep caverns of the ocean, and annihilate time and space?" we venture to say not one would or could have solved that question in full. And if this is true in the scientific world, shall we demand an unravelling of deep secrets before we will accept the truth? Rather let us follow the example of the Prophet Daniel and "search the Book" (Dan. 9: 2).

That the Revelation speaks of pearly gates, or gates of pearl—"every gate was of one pearl"—we admit; and yet we do know that pearls, gold, and precious stones have no "real" value in heaven nor for the saintly soul "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ" (I Peter 1: 18, 19). The Greek word translated pearls in general means "precious stones." Michaelis II., p. 1012, and Herodotus, lib. 1, says of Babylon: "And it was adorned as was no other city, where the adornment is the ditch, the wall, and the gates."

Vitringa supposes that the gates should have a pearly color, white and beautiful, and his supposition seems to apply to the other precious metals found in verses 16-21.

We do not desire to cavil with those who foster other ideas; we rather contemplate other passages in Holy Writ where we may get some explanation of the above-mentioned mysterious verses.

The Prophet Isaiah speaks in Isa. 54: 9-12 about Israel's final return and the surety of the Noachian and Abrahamic covenant in the following mysterious words: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." It seems like an echo of the words found in Rev. 21: 16-20.

If we closely examine the texts in which those precious stones are referred to, we will find in many places that a special reference is made not to the value of the stones, but to their color. We quote Rev. 4: 3; Exod. 24: 3; Song 5: 14; Lam. 4: 7; Ezek. 1: 16; Dan. 10: 6; and in Rev. 9: 17, where we read: "And I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire and jacinth."

We also ought to observe that five of those stones are of a green color, three of a blue, two red, one white, and one of a rose-color. The renowned Vitringa, *l. c.*, p. 68, says: "The apostle had more his idea concerning the color than on the intrinsic value of those precious stones." So Grotius and others.

It must also draw our particular attention that in verses 11 and 18 the Greek word like, *resembling*, is used, and that the original text has no verb of *was* or any other word. Verses 19 and 20 read literally: "And the foundations of the wall of the city with all manner of precious stones have been adorned: the first foundation jasper . . . the twelfth amethyst" (Young). It does not say that the foundations of the wall were built of jasper, but says "garnished" (adorned, N. V.). The same Greek word is used in Matt. 12: 44; 23: 29.

To speak about the measurement, the length, the breadth, and the height of the city would require more space than can be allowed in such an article as this. In conclusion, we say that Jerusalem the Golden belongs to our mundane regions, and shall be once the great and holy city, the metropolis of the globe. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. 22: 14).

THE LATE REV. W. E. BOARDMAN.

(See Portrait on page 204.)

THE death of this eminent clergyman, who was well known in America, which we mentioned in our issue of February 11th, has called forth the following remarks from some who loved him dearly, some of which we extract from *Thy Healer*, of March 15th.*

Miss Murray says: "As I am one of those who were permitted to share in the ministries of his last days among us, I write to give a few of the details which you will naturally wish to know."

"On January 27th, after a very blessed Wednesday meeting, in which he had spoken most precious words on becoming 'as little children,' he was during the night struck with paralysis, and entirely lost the use of his right side. After prayer and anointing, he recovered his consciousness, and, in great measure, his speech, and within two hours he was speaking of a book which he had been reading before retiring to rest. During the week he was spared to us; his mind was as vigorous and clear as ever, his interest in all the work at Bethshan was as keen as ever, he kept count of all the meetings held, and whoever came in after a meeting was asked all the details. Very blessed it was to see how deeply his soul was steeped in God, how cloudless and unbroken was the communion—his spiritual being so entirely responsive to Him. The sick room was full of the presence of God. One thing was very remarkable. He never seemed conscious that he was paralyzed, or was in the smallest degree occupied with his physical condition; he never saw his illness, he never saw death, he only saw God and God's faithfulness, and he rested on the certainty that all was for blessing."

"And so on February 4th he passed from among us into the glory which had been so near to him all through his life. Often of late the veil between him and it seemed so thin, we seemed almost to catch its reflection on his face and in his words. To him to live was Christ, and yet to die was gain—gain to him in the glorious possibilities of service within the veil, untrammelled by the limitations of the body, and in the increased capacity for knowing God. And even to us all, so intimately associated with him in his blessed work, and to the Church of God there is gain in this death. We have learned what God is, and what He can do, as never before; and glorious witness has been added to the completeness of the victory we have in Christ over death and the grave, and to the truth of the words, 'If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death.'"

Mrs. Boardman, the deceased minister's beloved wife, speaking the day after the funeral, said: "I must tell you how the Lord has led me from the beginning of these past days in a wonderful way. When my dear one was taken ill, He gave me the hope of his being raised up. I was full of it, and exulted over it. I did not know how much I was exulting in it. The first days it was so sure to me. I never had anything that seemed surer to me than that God had permitted him to be taken down with a disease which two physicians had pronounced fatal, that He might be glorified in healing him. I thought there would be more glory to God in having brought him to death, and then raising him up."

* *Thy Healer: God's Dealings with Soul and Body*, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

And so I went on until I thought Saturday was going to be the day that he would be raised; I thought the Lord showed me Saturday would be the day. I think He permitted me to have this expectation and to be lifted up by it, because He saw that otherwise I might be crushed. I knew He permitted it for good to me. It did keep me up, and prepared me for what should follow. . . .

"I said, 'Lord, I do praise Thee, I will praise Thee, I will accept the praise Thou hast for me, and praise Thee that Thou hast taken him just in the midst of life and health, without anything apparently the matter with him. I will praise Thee because Thou seest that is the right way, because Thou wilt be more glorified by it, than if he had lived longer, because Thou seest how blessed and how glorious will be that death, and Thou hast the right to do it, and I will praise.' And He did fill with me with praise, He has just filled me with praise in Himself. And then He has come into my soul in such a way as I never before knew.

"Just as on February 21st, 1837, He united us, and made us one in heart and soul, and kept us one all the way through, just so He came after my dear one was laid out. He came between him, that body, and myself, and He has put separation from that body, separation now as complete as the union was in 1837; He made it so. And so, dear ones, we can just glorify God for what He has done, and can do. It is really marvellous. Those of you who know the oneness and union there was between us, know what God has done; those of you who know me best know what He has done to His glory, and what He *can* do, what He *will* do for every soul who will trust Him. He will bring them into oneness with Him, that they will choose with Him; whatever gives the greatest sorrow that can come to the soul, when we choose with Him, it becomes a great and glorious manifestation of Himself to take the place of everything. And so He has told me that He will keep me a little while longer to comfort others. So I know my work the remainder of my life is just to comfort others. The Lord enable me to do it."

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

IN an interesting letter from Calcutta, India, to the *Missionary Link*, Miss Marston gives an instance of the unhappy effects of the custom of child marriage, the victim being one of her own pupils. She writes:

I have something to tell you which has been a very great sorrow and trial to me. My dear little Motee has been married. I have had hopes to take her to America and educate her under influences that could develop her Christian life. The dear child was so anxious for this plan of mine to be carried out, and the family even would have given their consent. In the holidays preparations were made for her *marriage with a boy* about fifteen years of age.

On my first visit to the house after the holidays I was informed that the marriage would take place the following week. She shrank from marriage as from something terrible, and clinging to me, she said: "Oh, let me go with you!" I felt very helpless; but the next morning, passing the house, I went in to ask for Motee, and was told the marriage was not to take place. The father of the bridegroom had demanded such an exorbitant marriage dowry that Motee's father refused to give it. I was very thankful.

All things went on very quietly for two weeks more, when another bridegroom was found; a more advantageous match in every way, especially that he was much older, more responsible, and better able to take care of a little wife. The marriage took place between my weekly visits, and must have been a *doleful affair*, for Motee cried all day and through the ceremony, begging them to send for her teacher; but the Babu was only too anxious to get it over without my presence, so I was not sent for.

Her husband is an orthodox Hindoo, and in the course of our lesson I asked her what she

would do if he should insist on her bathing in the Ganges to wash away her sins. "I should tell him," she said, "that the Ganges water could not wash away my sins; that only the blood of Jesus Christ could do that." We can only pray for her that her faith may not be shaken, but I fear sore trial is before her.

A BRIDE OF TWELVE YEARS.

Miss Dutt, a native missionary, in a letter to the same periodical, gives another instance of the same evil. She writes: One of my best scholars was married the other day. If you had seen her how she cried when she was sent off with her husband to his house, you would have felt the oppression of compulsory child marriage. She cannot be more than twelve years old; her parents and others seemed almost at their wits' end because they could not get an eligible person to dispose of their burden. At last an offer came from the family of a young man of the suburbs of this city, who is the possessor of a small estate, but devoid of university education. His family did not demand much, and at once the wedding was arranged. The poor girl being old enough to comprehend that it was a question of life-long misery or happiness, felt dubious and timid. In the afternoon a covered palanquin came for the bride, and a barouche and pair for the bridegroom. The former was dressed in red silk saree and the latter in a brilliant tinsel suit. The bride was carried down by a female relative to be put inside the palanquin, when the bride lifted up her voice and wept. I tried to soothe her, but with no effect. She is one of my most advanced pupils, and well versed in Scripture knowledge.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 31: 1-6; 16-23; John 6: 1-14; Gal. 4: 21-31.

THE DISCOURSE.

[The following or any other short discourse may be read. The reader may enlarge upon any sentence, or introduce other matter. The paragraph divisions and italics will assist.]

Text: "But then, face to face" (1 Cor. 13: 12).

We Christians now see but as by a mirror *darkly or distortedly*. The apostle referred in this passage to the *metallic reflectors* used among the ancients, which, however *prepared and polished*, reflected images *inaccurately*.

All that we now see of *truth and God* is seen that way. Enough is shown to teach us the *direction* in which the reflected object stands, and to enable us to *recognize* it when we see it "face to face."

The three mirrors from which God's truths are reflected on us are: *external nature*, the *moral constitution* of man, and *the Bible*. They are only mirrors; "but then," we shall see "face to face."

What an exciting *anticipation*!

We shall see *the truth*, not as dimly adumbrated in shadows and in types, but *standing out clear*, in the fine, rare atmosphere of the spiritual world.

We shall so see *principles, relationships, spiritual existences, and God*.

Even in natural things, how little we see of Him here! The *air* of the earth is so *gross*, the *refraction* of the rays of light so *great*, our *organs* of intellectual and spiritual vision so *blurred*!

Oh, to have these orbs purged, this air purified, and all things set in the white light of eternity!

Can I see God "face to face?" Moses desired that, and could not obtain the sight. No man in the flesh can see Him out of the flesh and live. But when removed from this human limitation we shall see Him "face to face," and become *ourselves mirrors*. "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John 3: 2).

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

[A service may be held, and the following discourse read:]

THE NEW NAME.

By an English Clergyman.

In Rev. 2: 17 the Lord says: "To him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." The giving of the white stone with the new name is the communication of what God thinks about the man to the man. It is the divine judgment, the solemn holy doom of the righteous man, the "Come, thou blessed," spoken to the individual.

In order to see this, we must first understand what is the idea of a name—that is, what is the perfect notion of a name. For, seeing that the mystical energy of a holy mind here speaks of God as giving something, we must understand that the essential thing, and not any of its accidents or imitations, is intended.

A name of the ordinary kind in this world has nothing essential in it. It is but a label by which one man and a scrap of his external history may be known from another man and a scrap of his history. The only names which have significance are those which the popular judgment or prejudice or humor bestows, either for ridicule or honor, upon a few out of the many. Each of these is founded upon some external characteristic of the man, upon some predominant peculiarity of temper, some excellence or the reverse of character, or something which he does or has done well or ill enough, or, at least, singularly enough, to render him, in the eyes of the people, worthy of such distinction from other men. As far as they go, these are real names, for, in some poor measure, they express individuality.

The true name is one which expresses the character, the nature, the being, the meaning of the person who bears it. It is the man's own symbol—his soul's picture, in a word, the sign which belongs to him and to no one else. Who can give a man this, his own name? God alone. For no one but God sees what the man is, or even, seeing what he is, could express in a name-word the sum and harmony of what he sees. To whom is this name given? To him that overcometh. When is it given? When he has overcome. Does God then not know what a man is going to become? As surely as He sees the oak which He put there lying in the heart of the acorn. Why, then, does He wait till the man has become by overcoming ere He settles what his name shall be? He does not wait; He knows his name from the first. But as—although repentance comes because God pardons—yet the man becomes aware of the pardon only in the repentance; so it is only when the man has become his name that God gives him the stone with the name upon it, for then first can he understand what his name signifies. Such a name cannot be given until the man is the name.

[The following poem may be committed to memory by the young people:]

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than life when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil—
"Not as we will."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Edmunds Resolutions were Adopted by the Senate on Friday. The vote was a party one on all but the last, which pledged the Senate to reject nominations when information is refused concerning the conduct of officers removed to make way for new men in cases when the information is called for by the Senate. On that resolution three Republican Senators disobeyed the caucus, and voted against the resolution. It was, however, carried by a majority of one. The debate was marred by the delivery of a speech by Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, which was unprecedented in the Senate. In attacking independent politicians he used similes so grossly indecent, and language so coarse and vulgar as to disgust every refined reader of his remarks. If the Kansas Legislature knew when they elected Mr. Ingalls, the character of his vocabulary, they certainly had little regard for the dignity of the Senate. The adoption of the resolutions has increased the prominence of Mr. Edmunds in the Republican ranks. There is curious evidence of the fact in an article published in the New York *Tribune* on the same day virulently assailing the Vermont Senator. The attack appearing in a Republican journal was a surprise to all who did not recognize its motive.

The Third Report of the Civil Service Commission was sent to Congress on March 26th, by the President. It is gratifying to notice that those concerned in its working—the President and the Commissioners—alike commend the law. We may hope that further experience will justify its extension to the higher grades of the Service. The President declared in the brief message accompanying the document that the results attained show conclusively that the reform system is "no longer an experiment," and that, on account of the actual working of the law and its "promise of increased usefulness," the "cause is recommended to the liberal care and jealous protection of the Congress." The Commissioners state in their report that they have received the hearty and unflinching support of the President and of the members of the Cabinet, and that there has not been permitted a single appointment in violation of the requirements of the law. The statistics of the report strengthen every favorable inference heretofore made. There have been one hundred and fifty examinations held during the past year, only five of which have been non-competitive. The number who have been examined is about seventy-five hundred, of whom a trifle less than two thirds have passed the minimum limit. The average age of all applicants has been thirty years. Only fourteen per cent of all examined were educated in part in colleges; eighty-six per cent were educated in the common schools or in business schools. The present system would cover the entire fourteen thousand offices to which it ap-

plies in from eight to ten years. During the last year there have been in the departments at Washington three hundred and fifty-eight appointees under the rules whose six months' term of probation expired. Of these only ten failed to give satisfaction as to character and capacity. Of permanent appointments there have been in all in the city of Washington seven hundred and twenty-five. Of this number, fourteen have been removed. This indicates that the methods of the Commissioners have resulted in the appointment of efficient men.

The Prostration of the Secretary of the Treasury on Tuesday, March 23d, by a stroke of apoplexy, has caused general anxiety throughout the country. The attack was very sudden. Mr. Manning attended the Cabinet meeting in the White House in the morning, and made no complaint of ill-health. He walked to the Treasury afterward, and in a few moments after reaching his private office his secretary found him lying prone on the floor. He was able to describe his sensations to Dr. Hamilton, who was summoned, but shortly afterward his utterance became indistinct, and he lost the use of his lower limbs. He was carried to his home, and his family, some members of which reside at a distance, were summoned. During the week his condition varied from day to day, but was at no time very hopeful. The physicians expressed the opinion that if he had no further attack he might recover. It is, however, improbable that he will be able to resume his duties at the Treasury.

The Famous Telephone Suit which has given rise to so much discussion by reason of the Attorney-General being an interested party, was commenced at Columbus, O., on March 23d, by the filing of a bill in equity against the Bell Telephone Company and other companies affiliated with it. The bill alleges that the telephone was not the invention of Professor Bell, and that consequently the patent was illegally and improperly procured. Judge Baxter, who is renowned for his judgments in patent cases, will try the case, and the vast interests involved, as well as the side issues that have been raised by it, will render it a matter of general interest.

The Close of the Great Strike in the Southwest was the welcome intelligence published on Monday morning last. At a conference between Jay Gould and T. V. Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor, which, we notice with regret, occupied nearly all day Sunday, an agreement was concluded under which the *twelve thousand men* who have been idle will resume work. Mr. Gould agreed to submit the points in dispute between the railroad company and the employés to a board of arbitration composed of three members of each side, the six to choose a seventh. Immediately this was conceded Mr. Powderly telegraphed the men an order to go to work. Mr. Gould also telegraphed to Vice-President Hoxie an order, in which he said: "In resuming the movement of trains on the Missouri Pacific, and in the employment of labor in the several departments of the company, you will give preference to our late employés, whether they are members of the Knights of Labor or not, except that you will not employ any person who has injured the company's property during the late strike." An important feature of this settlement is the recognition by Mr. Gould of the Knights of Labor. There is reason to hope that this concession, so long and stubbornly resisted, will tend to facilitate the amicable adjustment of differences in future, and the avoidance of strikes on the roads.

The Intensity of the Excitement in England on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the pacification of Ireland increased last week. The suspense has become painful. Old men who remember the corn law agitation, half a century ago, say that though there were more popular demonstrations then, the general uneasiness did not equal that felt now. It was definitely announced on Thursday that in Mr. Gladstone's forthcoming declaration of his Irish policy the future government of the country would take

precedence over the land question. This change of tactics is doubtless due to the opposition of the Radicals to the idea of expending a large sum in buying out the landlords. They insist that the landlords do not deserve to be bought out, but should be left to the mercy of an Irish Parliament. The tone of the press indicates that in proposing to give Ireland Home Rule to about the extent enjoyed by our individual States, Mr. Gladstone would have the support of his party with few exceptions. Even the Duke of Argyll, who was supposed to be unalterably opposed to Home Rule, is now reported to be in favor of it, providing Ireland is not represented in the Imperial Parliament. The land scheme, as far as it is understood at present, will divide the party, but the desertion of the Radicals may be offset by the support of landlords desirous of being bought out.

The Resignation of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan, from Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, was announced on Saturday last. Rumors have been in circulation for several weeks past that such an event was impending. It is understood that the two officials have resigned because they disapprove of the Premier's scheme for the solution of the Irish problem. Their defection not only weakens the Cabinet but increases public uneasiness. It implies that Mr. Gladstone's scheme must be open to serious objections or men so enthusiastically loyal to him would not take the grave step of resigning in a crisis. Probably Mr. Gladstone proposes to deal tenderly with the Irish landlords. A scheme involving a heavy expenditure would be one most likely to arouse Mr. Chamberlain's opposition. The prospect of passing the bill is now less hopeful than before. It appears to be too Radical to win Conservative support, and too Conservative to please the Radicals. Mr. Chamberlain's successor is Mr. James Stansfeld, a warm-hearted man, who is best known as the friend of the Italian patriot, Joseph Mazzini. It is rumored that Lord Dalhousie will succeed Mr. Trevelyan.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria is Again at issue with Russia. The Czar insists that his term of office as "Governor" of the Bulgarians shall be limited to five years, while he claims that it is a life appointment. The prince is taking steps to convoke a general assembly of the people in the hope that they will confer upon him the title of king. It is believed that the prince has the support of England and Germany in his efforts, and that their countenance and protection will encourage him to defy Russia. The Eastern question is kept open on the other hand by Greece, which still persistently demands an accession of territory.

The Anarchist Disturbances in Belgium have assumed serious proportions. In Charleroi the damage done by the rioters exceeds two million dollars. This is partly borne by employers who are at issue with the men, and private gentlemen whose country houses have been sacked. The strike has extended from the miners and iron workers to other trades, among which the glass-workers are the most numerous. In the majority of cases the advance of wages demanded is twenty-five per cent. The ominous feature of the agitation is that foreign Socialists, principally Germans, have appeared, and are directing the movement. Under their guidance the agitation is assuming a more political form, in which the mere advance of wages is insignificant. The men are being incited to demand a redistribution of property, and to burn and ravage the cities. The gunsmiths' stores have been raided to supply the rioters with arms. Beggars and loafers have been pressed into the service, and arms have been supplied to them. Both Liege and Charleroi were all last week in the hands of the mob, the authorities having no force at their command capable of resisting the rioters. Even in Brussels the rioters held their demonstrations comparatively unmolested. They marched down to the king's palace, and there in a body sang the "Marseillaise." The cable reports say that the people generally do not sympathize with the rioters.

A Searching Inquiry into the Cause of the loss of the Oregon, of the Cunard Line, wrecked off Fire Island on March 14th, is to be made by the English Government. The inquiry will cover the general condition of Atlantic steam navigation. Several members of Parliament have questioned the Cabinet officers on the subject. The President of the Board of Trade, to whose department the inquiry belongs, said that the Oregon carried more boats than the law required, but by measurement they would hold only three hundred and sixty-five persons out of the eight hundred and forty-six on board. He thought the law needed revision, and said the commission of inquiry would consider the practicability of the use of rafts and floats. An opinion prevails that if the steamer was wrecked by a schooner and not by a dynamite explosion, as some contend, there must have been culpable negligence somewhere which the commission will be instructed to discover. It is stated that owners of property lost in the wreck may recover in the English courts from the Cunard Company, which will be reimbursed by the underwriters.

The Visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Jacksonville, Fla. has been greatly blessed. Dr. Stephen Fisk, of that city, writes us that the services were a glorious success, resulting in the awakening of over three hundred souls. People came from all parts of the State to hear the evangelists. There was no audience-room in the city large enough to hold one fourth of them. Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church and Library Hall were both opened and densely crowded. The meetings were very solemn and earnest. The pastors of the various churches in the city co-operated with the evangelists, and will continue the services.

Major Whittle's Work in Kansas has been conducted under some difficulties, but has been remarkably successful. One practical outcome of it of an interesting character is related by a correspondent of Mr. Revell's *Record*. It occurred at Atchison, which has recently accepted the prohibitory law of the State after protracted resistance. One very cold morning Major Whittle suggested that, as the saloons were closed, it might be well to open a warm and comfortable place, with coffee and food for those who might need it. At once money was raised. A room that had been used as a saloon was offered, free of rent, for a week, and the ladies took charge of it. Major Whittle conducted a most interesting gospel temperance meeting there on Saturday evening. The resort was also a blessing to a number of storm-bound passengers in the depot.

Two of the Rescued Passengers of the Oregon related their experience last week at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting. They said that for some time after the collision the prospect of safety was a dark one. They were on a sinking vessel, and death seemed very near. In that solemn experience they found Christ most precious, and His peace so filled their hearts their only wish was that the loved ones at home might know how calmly they faced possible death.

The Wetmore Home for Fallen and Friendless women in New York has just issued its twentieth annual report. During its existence 1635 girls and women whose ages average seventeen years have been rescued from a life of sin and shame through its means. Of these 438 have been restored to their friends, and 503 have been provided with situations. A number of the younger inmates of the Home have been adopted by Christian families. During the past year 121 were admitted to the Home. The capacity of the institution is limited to thirty members at a time, and this is but a very small percentage of those who apply for admission, as there are about ten thousand dissolute young women in this city alone. The managers of the Home suggest to Christian people interested in the rescue work a plan for extending it in a way that their experience satisfies them would be successful. It is that of establishing a home in the country to which women desiring to reform might be sent. More accommodation is urgently needed,

but the cost of establishing a home like that of the Wetmore is \$25,000, while the same amount would secure a better place in the country. If worked in connection with the city homes it would be a valuable agency in the work of reform. The suggestion is excellent, and deserves cordial acceptance.

The Millionaire Tramp's Estate has been Depleted by his habit of hoarding. He died, it will be remembered, on December 23d last year in New York, in a dingy lodging-house in Bleeker Street. For some time after his death neither a will nor any property could be discovered, but ultimately an old trunk full of valuable securities was found, and in it was the will. Among the securities was a certificate of deposit for \$40,000 and a package of bank-notes worth \$12,500 which the miser received from a State bank twenty-five years ago. His executor presented both to the bank last week for redemption. The bank paid the \$40,000 on deposit, but refused to pay the bills on the ground that it became a national bank in 1863, and that its liabilities as a State bank could be collected only within six years of that change. The old man had kept the bills until they were worthless. He would have grieved bitterly had he known the fact in his lifetime. Now, when the discovery is made, he is in a position in which, even if he could know of it, a money loss would seem unimportant to him. He knows now, as he did not know in his lifetime, what constitutes true wealth (Luke 12 : 15).

A Suit to Compel a Marriage was Dismissed by Judge Lawrence on March 23d in New York. A young lady of marriageable age was brought on that day into the Supreme Court Chambers by her father in compliance with a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was sued out by a young man, who claimed that the girl had promised to marry him. She had not fulfilled her promise, and the lover suspected that her failure to do so was caused by her parents, who, he believed, kept their daughter a prisoner in their house. He therefore obtained the writ. To the lover's surprise the young lady stated in court that she remained at home voluntarily, and did not intend to marry him. The complaint against the parents being proved unfounded, the lover prayed the court to enforce the fulfilment of the girl's promise. Judge Lawrence looked up in some surprise, and said that the request showed that the young man had made a mistake as to the court's power. "I cannot," he said, "ask a young woman to accept a young man. That is the lover's part." The suit was accordingly dismissed. The courts leave the young lady free to accept or reject her suitor, though possibly, if appealed to, they might compel her to pay damages for breach of promise. Whether men have the same freedom of acceptance or rejection in spiritual matters has been a fruitful subject of debate by learned theologians, but with barren result. Practically every man is conscious that he may reject the salvation of Christ if he will, and God will hold him responsible for what he does in regard to it (John 5 : 40).

The Fall of a Thunderbolt at Corning, N. Y., on March 20th, caused great damage and imperilled several lives. The thunderstorm was at its height just before dawn. A report which startled the whole village was accompanied by a bolt which fell on the house of a farmer. It demolished the chimney and passed through the roof to a bedroom occupied by two of the farmer's daughters. The fluid followed one of the bed-posts to the floor and scattered the bed and its occupants about the room. From that apartment it descended to a room where the farmer and his wife were in bed. The current seemed to have spread all over the floor, for the carpet was set on fire in several places. At that point it left the house, striking a wire clothes-line in the yard. It followed the line across the yard to a post, which it splintered to pieces, and then spent itself in the ground. Several of the villagers were aroused by the shock, and looking out saw the light of the burning carpets in the farmer's house. The fire-bells were rung, and

villagers hurried to the spot in time to prevent the flames making headway in the house. Every inmate of the house was found unconscious. One of them remained so for two days, and is thought to have been permanently injured. The plaster was torn from the laths in the rooms entered by the lightning as completely as if it had been removed by workmen with tools. The fact that we no longer regard thunder as the voice of God, but have accepted the scientific explanation of it, does not rob it of its terrors. God controls it still, and will use it with terrible effect in the last crises of the world's history (Rev. 16 : 18).

A New and Ingenious Instrument Called the hyalophotype was patented the other day. Its chief feature is a hot pen, with which drawings can be made on glass or glassy substances with a waxy composition, which is solid and somewhat hard at ordinary temperatures. The pen is so contrived that it can be heated either by gas or by an electric current, and the waxy material flows easily from it, setting quickly on the glass. When the writing or drawing is finished the plate is etched with fluorid acid, and it is then ready for use. Every stroke of the pen, which left its tracing in soft wax, stands out clear and firm in hard glass. The plate may be used on the printing-press, or an electrotpe may be taken of it. Young men should remember that every day they are engaged in a similar kind of writing. At the close of life, looking back over the record they have made, the entries are firm and indelible, though at the time they were made they might have seemed to be easy of obliteration (Matt. 12 : 36).

A Buzzard's Mistake about a Drunken Man is described in the *Youth's Companion*. It states that a man in a state of intoxication was sleeping heavily in a fence-corner, when a buzzard in search of food caught sight of him and alighted to take an observation. The man lay motionless, and the bird drew nearer. At length, apparently satisfied that the man was dead, and consequently his lawful prey, the buzzard took a vigorous peck at the drunkard's nose. The man was roused instantly, and putting his hand to his bleeding nose, he looked around for his assailant. The bird was only a short distance away, and the drunkard readily understood the situation. "Look here, you buzzard," he said, "you're a mite too previous, don' cher know? I objec' to be eat up shust now. I hain't dead." The indignation of the man can be understood, but when he declared that he was not dead he failed to realize a spiritual fact. He and others who are living in sin and self-indulgence cannot be said to be really alive. All in them that raises them above the level of the beast is dead (1 Tim. 5 : 6).

Boston Society has been Shocked During the past few weeks by disclosures of private affairs which have been published in the papers. The *Beacon* says that several engagements were announced through the press before they had been mentioned to society. Then hints of scandals and family quarrels appeared in the same manner. Most annoying of all was the betrayal of a money transaction between two ladies, where one, failing to redeem her promise, delivered a diamond star into the other's keeping. Other family and social secrets were laid bare in the same unreserved manner, and as they affected the most exclusive circles of "the modern Athens" there was considerable perturbation and distress there, and a corresponding exultation among outsiders. It has now been discovered that a lady, whose artless, affectionate manner won the confidence of her acquaintances, has been writing a column of gossip for the press for a liberal remuneration. She is to be punished with social ostracism. Few people will pity her, for there is general contempt for the business she has been engaged in. Nevertheless, every one who does things secretly which they would be ashamed to have known should remember that a day is certainly coming when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed (Eccles. 12 : 14).

THE BLOOD OF SPRINKLING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

(Sequel to that published last week.)

"Ye are come . . . to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."—HEB. 12: 24, 25.

Two Practical Questions—The Situation with Reference to the Blood—I. Where are We?—Come to the Hearing of the Gospel—To New Methods of Dealing—The Blood Shed and Sprinkled—Privileges to be Enjoyed—A Legend of a Hebrew Child—II. The Inference—The Blood Refused—By Indifference—By Prejudice or Misapprehension—The Freedom of Choice—The Implied Acceptance.

THIS morning, in preaching upon this passage, the text grew upon me so largely that it was quite impossible to express all its meaning. In as condensed a manner as possible I explained what was meant by "the blood of sprinkling," and I also enlarged upon the high position which this precious blood occupies in the Gospel dispensation; but I was obliged to leave for this second occasion two practical questions which the text is sure to raise if it be carefully thought upon.

Having touched, as with a swallow's wing, the surface of our great theme, I have now to speak with you upon the practical question involved, which is this: *Where are we with reference to this blood of sprinkling?* The text says, "Ye are come." We are not come to Mount Sinai, but we are come to Mount Zion; to angels and their God; to saints and their Mediator, and to the blood of sprinkling. This having had its share of our thoughts, we are to conclude with the question, *What then?* If we have come to this blood of sprinkling, what then? The answer is, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." Let us give to the wondrous truths revealed to us by the sacrifice of Jesus the most earnest heed, that our souls may hear and live.

I. My business under this head of my discourse is to answer the question,

WHERE ARE WE?

I have to explain what is meant by the expression which is found in the twenty-second verse of the chapter, "Ye are come." Link the twenty-second verse with this twenty-fourth, and read, "Ye are come to the blood of sprinkling."

Well, first, ye are come to the hearing of the Gospel of the atoning sacrifice. The Israelites left Egypt, and, having passed the Red Sea, they entered the desert, and at length came to the mount of God, even to Sinai, that terrible mountain. In the valley around that throne of God they were gathered together in their thousands. Israel crouched in the valley below, subdued by the terrible majesty of the scene, and overawed by the trumpet voice which pealed forth from the midst of the thick darkness. The Lord spake with them, but their uncircumcised ears could not bear His glorious voice, and they entreated that Moses might act as mediator, and speak in God's stead.

You and I have not come to such a terrible sight at this hour. Count yourselves happy that you are privileged to hear of the divinely appointed way of reconciliation with God. You are come to hear, not of your sin and its doom, not of the last judgment and the swift destruction of the enemies of God, but of love to the guilty, pity for the miserable, mercy for the wicked, compassion for those who are out of the way. You are come to hear of God's great expedient of wisdom, by which He, by the same act and deed, condemns sin, and lets the sinner live; honors his law, and yet passes by transgression, iniquity, and sin.

SELF-CONDEMNED.

In a better sense, going a little further, we have not only come to the blood of sprinkling by hearing about it, but we have come to it because the great God now deals with us upon methods which are founded and grounded upon the atoning sacrifice of Christ. If God were to deal with us upon the terms laid down at Sinai, He need not be long in finding the "two or

three witnesses" to prove that we have broken His law. We should be ourselves compelled to plead guilty; no witnesses would be required. Truly, He hath not dealt with us after our sins. We are so faulty that we can draw no comfort from the prospect of judgment by law; we appeal to mercy alone; for on any other ground our case is hopeless. "This do, and thou shalt live" is a covenant which brings us no ray of comfort; for its only word to us is that thunderbolt—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yet the Lord does not, under the Gospel dispensation, deal with us according to law. He does not now sit on the throne of judgment, but He looks down upon us from the throne of grace. Not the iron rod, but the silver sceptre, is held over us. The long-suffering of God rules the age, and Jesus the Mediator is the gracious

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF THE DISPENSATION.

Through our Lord Jesus sovereign grace and infinite love find a free way to the most underserving of the race. Through the divine sacrifice the Lord saith, "Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Thus the rebel is treated as a child, and the criminal as a beloved one. Because of yonder death on Calvary's cruel tree, God can invite guilty men to come to Him, and He can receive them to the bosom of His love. Oh, my dear hearers, do remember this! By virtue of the blood of sprinkling the language of boundless love is heard among our apostate race, and we are entreated to acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace.

HOW IT IS SPRINKLED.

Further, there is a far more effectual way of coming to the blood of sprinkling than this—when by faith that blood is sprinkled upon our souls. This is absolutely needed; the blood shed must become to each one of us the blood sprinkled. "How can I know," says one, "that the blood of Christ is upon me?" Dost thou trust thyself with Christ? Dost thou believe that He made an atonement on the cross; and wilt thou venture thy eternal destiny upon that fact, *trusting* in what Jesus did, and in that alone? If thou dost thus trust, thou shalt not trust in vain. Dost thou apply thy heart to the precious blood of Jesus? Then that precious blood is applied to thy heart.

The act of faith, whereby we accept and trust in the Lord Jesus as our Mediator and Sacrifice, is the true and effectual coming to the blood of sprinkling. May none of us forget thus to come! He is the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, and those who come to Him shall be led into full salvation. Have you thus come? If you have not, why do you delay? He saith: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Come to Him, for He is calling you; come to Him, even as you now are, and He will receive you without fail.

ITS EFFECTS.

Further, to come to this blood of sprinkling means thankfully to enjoy all that comes to us through the blood of sprinkling. I have intruded upon this somewhat already. Brothers and sisters, if you have come to the blood of sprinkling, believe in the full pardon which God has given you, and in your consequent peace with God. It is a blessed word in the Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins? I have seen some of the children of God who have believed in Jesus, but it has been with a faith which did not realize the full blessing promised to it; for they were as troubled about their sins as if they had never been forgiven.

I want every child of God in his inmost soul to come to the blood of sprinkling by full assurance of his justification, and then to go on to enjoy constant access to the mercy-seat, and communion with the Lord God. We may now with holy boldness speak with God in prayer, for the mercy-seat is sprinkled with the blood. Oh, pardoned one, be not backward to enjoy thy liberty of fellowship! Thou art clean through

the blood, and therefore thou mayest enter into the closest communion with the divine Father; thou art consecrated by the blood, and therefore thou mayest abound in the service of thy God. Treat thy God as a child should treat a father, and be not so awed by His majesty as to be cast down and distressed because of past sin, seeing it is pardoned. Take the good that God provides thee; enjoy the peace the blood has bought thee; enter into the liberty that thy ransom price has insured thee.

IN THE LIFE.

I think, once more, that this coming to the blood of sprinkling means also that we feel the full effect of it in our lives. The man who knows that Jesus shed His blood for him, and has had that blood applied to his conscience, becomes a sin-hating man, consecrated to Him who has cleansed him. I believe that there is no fruitful source of virtue like faith in the precious blood of Jesus. I hope your conduct will always support me in this assertion. Those who are debtors for salvation to their dying Lord should be the most holy of men. You people who think that you will get to heaven by some other way than by "the blood of sprinkling" have no sure bonds to hold you to holiness. You trust partly to your own works, and partly to what Jesus has done. Well, you do not owe Him much, and therefore you will not love Him much, and therefore you will not feel bound to live strict, holy, gracious lives. But the man who knows that his many sins are all washed away through the blood of Jesus, and that thus he is saved, he is the man who will serve the Lord with all his heart.

Are there not Christians who hold the doctrine of the atoning blood, and yet are no better than others? Alas! it is so. But it is one thing to hold a doctrine, and another thing for that doctrine to take hold upon your heart and influence your life. Oh, if we believed practically what we believe professionally, what manner of persons should we be in all holy conversation and godliness! Hear me, my brother, and answer the appeals I make to thee as in the presence of the Lord. Blood-bought; canst thou live for thyself? Blood-washed; canst thou defile thy garments? Marked with the King's own name, in the King's own blood; how canst thou yield thyself to other rulers? God grant that we may come unto the blood of sprinkling till it shall purify our nature, and fill us with an all-consuming enthusiasm for Him whose heart was pierced for us!

A HEBREW LEGEND.

I ask you, then, to put the question closely home, "Have I come unto this blood of sprinkling? If not, why should I not come at once?" I read the other day an imaginary story, which describes the need of looking well to this great business. Receive it as a parable: A little daughter of the house of Israel had heard the commandment concerning the Passover night, and as she lay ill in her bed she cried: "Father, have you sprinkled the blood upon the lintel and the two side-posts?" Her father answered: "Not yet, my child. It shall be done." The daughter was distressed, and filled with fear. After waiting a little while she again cried: "Father, father, have you sprinkled the blood upon the door?" The father passed over her inquiry; he had been eating of the lamb with his friends, and thought that this was sufficient; he did not care to give too much prominence to the ghastly idea of blood. He was of a liberal mind, and would not believe that a merciful God would smite his household for so small an omission.

Then his daughter arose from her bed, made strong by the God of Israel. Nothing would content her until she had been outside into the street, and seen for herself whether the saving mark was over the door of her father's house. It was almost midnight, but by the light of the moon she looked, and no blood-mark was there! How great was her distress! "Father," she cried, "make haste and bring the basin." There it stood, filled with blood; for the

Paschal Lamb had been slain. The father, at her entreaty, dashed the hyssop into it, struck the lintel and the two side-posts and shut the door, and as he did so the midnight hour arrived. They were saved so as by fire. The daughter's obedient care and reverence of the Lord had warded off the sword of the destroyer. Oh, that the holy anxiety of some one now present would work the like blessing for other households!

II. The last part of our subject is this:

WHAT THEN?

According to our text, the blood of Jesus is the voice of the new dispensation. It is the blood which speaks, and it speaks better things than the blood of Abel. What, then, is our duty? How doth the apostle express our obligation? "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

I would have a quarter of an hour's very quiet talk with you, without excitement or quibbling debate. Lend me your ears, for I speak in all love for your souls. I want, dear friends, that this great truth of atonement which I so often preach may have a fair hearing, and not be left to lie among the lumber of forgotten things.

Do not refuse the voice of Jesus by cold indifference. God was made flesh, and dwelt among men, and in due time He took upon Himself our sin, and suffered for it in His own body on the tree, that sin might be put away by the sacrifice of Himself. By His death upon the cross our Lord made atonement for the sin of man, and those who believe in Him are delivered from evil and its consequences. The main point is that Jesus died for us, the just for the unjust. His atoning blood has a voice: "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." The text says: See to it; look to it; make sure of it; be careful about it. Do not miss the salvation of your Lord through neglect; for he who dies by neglecting the healing medicine will as surely perish as he who stabs himself. Be in earnest to accept the Saviour; I beseech you so to do, for I am afraid that many refuse Him that speaketh, because they never think of Him or of His sacrifice.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

When you resolve to study the doctrine, do not approach it with prejudice through misapprehension. Those that hate the Gospel of Christ are very busy in caricaturing the doctrine of the atonement. They assert that we preach that God was not merciful by nature, but must needs be appeased by the blood of His own Son. They charge us with saying that Jesus by His death made God loving. We distinctly teach the very opposite of that statement. What we do say is this, that God is infinitely loving—that, in fact, God is love; but that love does not cause Him to be unjust or unholy; for *that* in the long run would not be love. God is the Judge of all the earth, and He must do right.

The Lord, as the great moral governor, if He makes a law, and threatens a penalty, must execute that penalty, or else His law will lose its authority. If the penalty threatened be not executed, there is a tacit acknowledgment that it was threatened in error. Could you believe in a fallible God? The Lord has made a law which is perfect, and just, and good. Would you rather be without law? What reasonable person desires anarchy? He has backed up that law with a threatening. What is the use of a law if to break it involves no evil consequences? A government that never punishes offenders is no government at all. God, therefore, as moral ruler, must be just, and must display His indignation against wrong and evil of every kind. It is written on the conscience of men that sin must be punished. Would you have it go unpunished? If you are a just man, you would not.

To meet the case, therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ, by Himself bearing the penalty of death, has honored the divine law. He has shown to all intelligences that God will not wink at sin, that even His infinite mercy must not come in the way of His justice. This is the doctrine; do not listen to those who twist and pervert it.

We do assure you from God's Word that apart from the atonement of our Lord Jesus you can never be saved either from the guilt or power of evil. You will find no peace for your conscience that is worth having, no thorough and deep peace, except by believing in this atoning sacrifice; neither will you meet with a motive strong enough to rescue you from the bonds of iniquity. Therefore, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." Hear, and your soul shall live. Caviel, and you will die in your sins.

THE ONLY WAY.

I cannot help it if you do not like this teaching, although I shall be grieved if you refuse it. I can only tell you the truth, and leave it with your own hearts. Do not wilfully refuse it. When I meet you face to face in that last day, to which we all must come, I shall not be clear of your blood unless I tell you what is assuredly the truth—that in the precious blood of Christ is the only cleansing from sin, and the only acceptance with God. By believing in Jesus, as slain for you, you shall be saved; but do what you may, pray as you may, fast as you may, give alms as you may, you shall not enter heaven by any other road. Look not to any other, for no other is needed, no other is provided, no other can be accepted. Jesus is the sole messenger of the covenant of life and peace. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

"See that ye refuse not." Then there is a choice about it. If you had never heard the Gospel, you could not have refused it; but now that you have heard the message, it lies within your power, and it is an awfully dangerous power, to refuse Him that speaketh. Oh, can you, will you, dare you refuse my bleeding Saviour—refuse the Lord of love? I see Him now. The thorn-crown is about His brow. He is hanging on His cross expiring in unutterable pangs! Can you refuse Him while He presents such a spectacle of sacrifice? His eyes are red with weeping; have you no tears for such sorrow? His cheeks are all distained with the brutal soldiers' spittal; have you no love and homage for Him? His hands are fastened to the wood—His feet the same; and there He hangs to suffer in the sinner's stead. Will you not yield yourselves to Him? I could joyfully bow before that cross-foot to kiss His dear feet distained with blood. What a charm He has for me! And you—do you refuse Him?

A GENTLE VOICE.

When the text says, "See that ye refuse not," it tacitly and pleadingly says, "See that ye accept Him." Dear hearers, I trust you will receive my Lord into your hearts. When we read of refusing, or receiving, we perceive an action of the will. Jesus must be willingly received; He will not force Himself upon any man. Whosoever accepts Jesus is Himself accepted of Jesus. Never was there a heart willing to receive Him to whom Jesus denied Himself. Never! But you must be willing and obedient. Grace works this in you; but in you this must be.

I do not wonder that the Israelites asked that they might no longer hear the voice of thunder from the top of Sinai; it was too terrible for human ear; but you have no such excuse if you refuse Him that speaketh; for Jesus speaks in notes more sweet than music, more tender than a mother's sonnet to her babe. Let me remind you, that He was wont to say: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He declared that all manner of sin and of blasphemy should be forgiven unto men. He stood and cried, on the last day of the feast: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." I am telling you no fables; for Christ, who was born at Bethlehem and died on Calvary, by His own blood which He shed for many, assures you that there is forgiveness for every man of you who, confessing his sin, will come and put his trust in Him.

Thus the blood speaks. Will you not answer, "Lord, we come to Thee, for Thou hast drawn

us. Thy wounds have wounded our hearts. Thy death has killed our enmity. Sprinkle us unto Thyself. Bedew us with Thy blood. Let us be accepted in the Beloved"? Amen. So God may hear us!

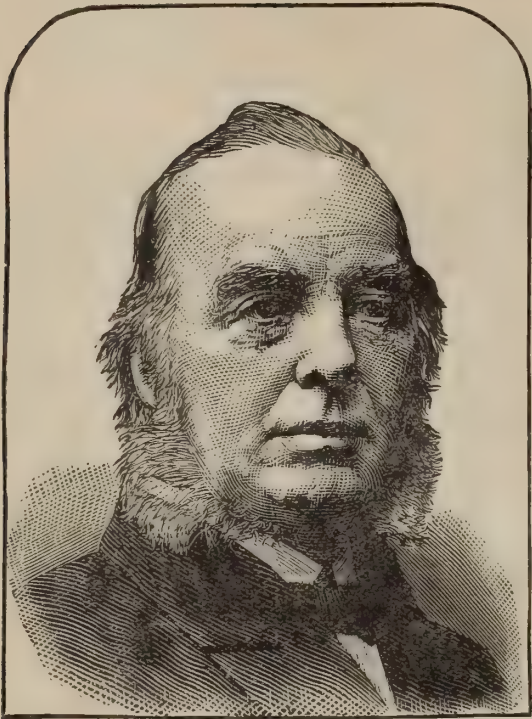
NEW BOOKS.

THE DELIVERANCE OF A HUGUENOT

from the massacre of St. Bartholomew is vividly described in an interesting work compiled by F. Bernard, and translated from the French by Richard Whiteing. It is entitled "Wonderful Escapes," and contains many records of preservation in time of peril, collected from the histories of many countries. Not the least remarkable, as showing how in the very jaws of death God is able to rescue those who trust in Him and preserve them for His service, is the narrative of the escape of Caumont De La Force on that dread night when the blood of the Christians dyed the streets of Paris. Monsieur De La Force and his two sons lived in the Rue de la Seine, and were too well known for their love of the Bible and the Protestant religion to escape the notice of the murderers. Their house was surrounded, and the three men brought out. They would have been slain on the spot, but the old man offered a large ransom. The ransom was seized, and the three were removed to what the executioners said was a place of safety. Other soldiers speedily found them there, and took them to the place of slaughter. There they were set upon by the butchers. The eldest son fell first, pierced by stabs. The father was also struck from behind with a knife, and fell across the body of his son. The blood of the two spurted over the younger son, who felt sick and faint. He fell senseless beside his father and brother, and in the confusion the crowd, seeing his body covered with blood, supposed that he, too, was killed, and left him unhurt. On recovering consciousness, young De La Force lay still, as the murderers were in sight. Presently some robbers came to rob the dead, and one of them, turning him over, saw he was alive. While bending over him the robber asked him if he could be ransomed. The young man said he could, and the robber succeeded in getting him away, and after some days sent him out of Paris to his uncle, who paid the promised ransom. Young Caumont De La Force, now the only survivor of his family, lived to maintain the Huguenot traditions of his house. Another thrilling incident from French history is the escape of Blanche Gamond, a devoted Protestant, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The book contains in all forty-four of these records, all of them veracious. Pp. 308; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PENTATEUCHAL CODES.

The opponents of the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible have in our day concentrated their attacks on the first five books it contains. They contend that not only were they not written by Moses, but that they were not written until centuries after he was dead, and that they are a mere collection of legends compiled and edited by Ezra or some writer contemporary with him. Science and scholarship have been pressed into service in the campaign, and so craftily has it been planned that the believer finds his most effective weapons wrested from his hand, and his most conclusive arguments inoperative. A singularly able work has, however, been prepared by Geerhardus Vos, a Fellow of Princeton College, who meets the assailants on their own ground. The title of his book is "The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuchal Codes." In it he undertakes to show from internal evidence that the Mosaic legislation is a unit, and bears the impress of the Mosaic age. This, too, while rigorously excluding every testimony to which the assailants demur. The value of his argument is far-reaching because his conclusion involves the corollary that the codes were a revelation from God and not the result of development. His reasoning is cogent and ingenious. Every young man whose faith has been disturbed ought to read this book. He will see from it



The Late Rev. W. E. Boardman. (See page 198.)



Sechele, Chief of the Bechuanas, in State Attire.

that, without employing the highest arguments at his disposal, the believer is able to defend his position against the assaults of the foe. Pages 263; price, \$1.50. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, New York.

EPOCHS OF HISTORY.

The two small volumes of this well-known series now issued deal respectively with epochs of ancient and modern history. One of them, by Charles Sankey, M.A., who is joint editor with the Rev. G. W. Cox of the *Ancient History* series, deals with the epoch of the Spartan and Theban supremacies. It covers one of the most important periods in the history of Greece. The other, by Professor Edward E. Morris, deals with the period between 1713 and 1749, and is mainly concerned with events in England. It is entitled the *Early Hanoverians*, and belongs to the *Modern History* section of the series. In both cases, however, the principle of dealing "horizontally" as to time, rather than vertically as to place, which characterizes this work, has been followed.

As we all acknowledge, historical knowledge is necessary to every intelligent man, and as no child's education is complete without it, too much care cannot be given to the character of the historian whose version of events is studied. Hume and Gibbon have done more than we realize to sow bad seed in youthful minds. It is therefore eminently gratifying to find that so excellent a work as this has been produced by Christian men. The sketch in the one volume of Socrates and his disciples, and in the other of Wesley, Whitefield, and Bishop Butler, breathe a true Christian spirit. The student sees in Socrates the highest point which heathen philosophy could reach and in the Wesleys and their contemporaries how the earnestness of consecrated men inspired and revolutionized the religious life of their day. The *Ancient History* section comprises eleven volumes, and the *Modern History* sixteen. Each volume complete in itself and sold separately. Pp. 230; price, \$1 each volume. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

SECHELE'S STATE VISIT.

(See Illustration on this page.)

SECHELE is a chief of the Bechuanas, the South African tribe among whom the renowned missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, labored with success. His government, like that of the other chiefs, is of the nature of a limited monarchy, the extent of the limitations depending on the

character of the chief, and the power and independence of the warriors. When any important question arises a council is summoned, and free speech allowed. In some cases it is a mere form, the chief's wishes being made known, the warriors find it to their interest to agree with him; but in others a few warriors holding together are able to counteract the chief's influence.

The great dread of the Bechuanas, and the chief source of their troubles, is the attitude of their neighbors, the Boers, who are continually encroaching on lands claimed by the Bechuanas. In 1884 they appealed to the British Governor of the Cape for assistance to defend themselves against the Boers, and the British sent Sir Charles Warren out as a special commissioner to investigate. It was soon after Warren's arrival that Sechele went to call upon him and lay before him the list of grievances of himself and his people.

An eye-witness describes the curious appearance of the Bechuana chief and his suite. Sechele, impressed with the importance of the occasion, and desiring to make a good impression on the British official, had drawn lavishly upon the resources of his wardrobe. The old man would have looked noble and picturesque in his native dress, but he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous by appearing in European garb. He wore a white plug hat, in the top of which he had inserted a feather. The suit of clothes, which must have been procured with difficulty, was made of cloth with an immense check upon it, red, black, and green on a gray ground. Altogether, the old chief did not fail in his effort to make an impression by his attire, though it was not admired so much by his hosts as by his own subjects.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(See Illustration on page 205.)

"How long have you been at sea?" asked a Christian lady, a passenger on a transatlantic steamer, of a young sailor whom she had noticed very smart and active in his duties, and with more intelligence than most of his class.

"About seven years, Madam. I am twenty-two now; I started on my first trip when I was fifteen."

"Then you have had plenty of experience of life afloat. Do you like it?"

"Pretty well, Madam. I am used to it now; it was pretty rough at first."

"Why did you take to it?"

"Well, you see, I was a bit wild. I wanted to see the world and be my own master. My father wanted me to be a carpenter like himself, and he used to make me go to church and Sunday-school regular, and I fretted at it. I was the only son, and I thought life was a bit dull at home with the old folks and my sister. I used to slip out and have some fun at night with the village boys, and when I came home I had a scolding and a spanking now and then. I thought it would be a grand thing to be my own master, so I ran away. I went to New York and got a place as cabin-boy first. I got on till now I am an 'able seaman,' and I'll be third mate next voyage."

"And have you succeeded in being your own master?"

"Well, no," said the young man, laughing. "I've had to obey orders all the time, or I should have fared worse than with my father."

"When you are ashore are you your own master?"

"Oh, I do as I like when I'm ashore, only I have to be back on time."

"What do you generally do ashore?"

"Well, I'm rather ashamed to say. You see, a man's cooped up, so to speak, on board ship and kept close to his work. When he gets ashore with some money in his pocket he feels like having a good time."

"Drinking and singing and dancing, I suppose?"

"Yes, Madam, and sometimes pretty bad capers. When we go to sea again I make up my mind I'll do different next time, but I don't. As sure as I go ashore I get drunk, and get rid of the money, and I am sorry to say I've been locked up two or three times for making a disturbance. 'Drunk and disorderly,' they called it. I was regularly ashamed of myself."

"And you did not want to act that way when you left the ship?"

"Oh, no, Madam; I just meant to go around a bit and have some pleasure."

"Then I may take it you are not your own master ashore either, or you would not do things you don't want to do."

"Well, I suppose not; but I'm free to do what I like."

"Did it ever strike you that when you thought yourself free you were not free, but were just serving the devil?"

"No, I never thought so; but now you speak of it, I guess I do serve him."

"Of course you do. You voluntarily serve

him, and he is a bad master, too. You know his wages. You have had some of them already, by your own account. What do you think the end will be?"

"I sometimes think of that, Madam, but never at the right time. I know I am not living right. My father and mother taught me enough to know that. I must turn over a new leaf some time."

"Do you think you can? It will be a dreadful thing if you don't; but you say you always resolve and break your resolution afterward. It looks as if you had not strength enough."

"That's so, Madam; you've just hit it. I haven't strength. I'm as weak as a child when I'm tempted."

"Then what you want to find out is how to get strength to enable you to turn over the new leaf when you decide to do it. Well, you can have the strength; I know how to get it."

"Do you, Madam? How do you mean?"

"When do you mean to try? Life is uncertain. I hope you won't put it off too long. Why not do it right away? The longer you put it off the harder it will be, and perhaps death might come before it is done."

The sailor was called away at this point of the conversation to attend to his duties, and the lady went to her cabin to pray for him. She had not shown much earnestness during the conversation, but her heart had been drawn out toward the young man, and she yearned for his salvation. She feared to press the matter too urgently lest she should repel instead of attracting him to Christ. But alone in her cabin she pleaded with God for this one soul.

All unknown to her, other prayers were at that moment being offered for the same blessing. In a small, poor home in Maine the father, mother and sister of the young sailor were praying, as they had done daily for seven years past, that God would save him. No word in all that time had come from him, but they believed in prayer, and they prayed on. "God will surely hear us," said the old man frequently. "In His own good time He will stretch out His hand and rescue him. I shall meet my boy in heaven if I never see him again on earth."

Time passed, and never a day went by without the sailor's case being presented, in that little home, at the throne of grace. The family were about to retire to rest one night when they heard the outer door opened. Who could be coming in at that time? Some one who knew the way evidently, for the steps came straight to the door of the room in which they always sat. The door was opened, and in rushed the sailor with extended arms. Mother and sister sprang to their feet to welcome the wanderer, but the father fell on his knee with the prayer of aged Simeon on his lips.

It was a glad night in that household. The sailor told how the lady's words had sunk into his heart, and how he had sought her out again and again, and how she had told him of the Saviour's compassion, of His almighty power to help the weak, and how he had been led to trust in Him. He had come straight from his ship without staying in New York, anxious not to



The Wanderer's Return.

lose an hour in bringing them the good news. Together the reunited family offered thanks to God, and rejoiced over one that had been lost and was found.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 191.)

The Wreck.

SUCH a calm, clear, beautiful night it was, with the crescent moon shining on high, and the blue vault studded with stars. Maria was leaning over the bulwark, watching with admiration the little globes of light which glimmered close to the keel.

"Why, we are surrounded with lumps of ice of all sizes and shapes!" cried Juliet. "I did not see one of them at sunset, and now there are hundreds—perhaps thousands," she added, as her eyes wandered through the semi-darkness.

"Yes, we're among the drift ice," observed the second officer, who was watching with some interest the shattered fragments, perhaps, of some broken iceberg.

"How very, very slowly the steamer is going!" observed Juliet; "one hardly feels the motion at all."

"We have been slackening speed very considerably," said the officer.

"You don't think there's danger?" almost gasped Mrs. Daly, the lady who had quitted the crochet. She was of a nervous disposition.

"Danger! no!" was the offhand reply; and the officer turned on his heel and walked quickly away, as if he did not care to be questioned by timorous old ladies.

"He may say there's no danger," observed a stout gentleman in a large, red comforter, who had an oracular manner of delivering his opinion; "for my part, I don't half like the look of affairs." He was addressing the nervous dame, but had other attentive listeners. "You see, our steamer is laden with iron—a very dan-

gerous cargo, very. We've a thousand tons in the fore, a thousand in the aft of the ship. If one of these fragments of ice should knock a hole in the bottom of our vessel, why, down it would go like lead! I should know something about these matters, Mrs. Daly; this is my twentieth voyage."

"Oh dear! oh dear!

I must speak to the captain about it! Where is he?" cried Mrs. Daly, fussily; "I suppose in his cabin—he was not at dinner nor at tea!"

"No, the captain is up there on the lookout on the bridge; he's been there for hours."

"I hear that the captain kept the deck all last night," said Madame Lafitte. "I attempted to speak with him to-day—I merely asked him if it wouldn't be awkward if we came across a big berg in the darkness, and he gave no answer, but something like a growl, as if to say: 'I can't be bothered with your questions.'"

Maria Selden stood slightly apart from the group. Like Juliet, she was watching the multitudinous fragments of ice through which the Quebec was slowly making her way. Maria now raised her eyes to where the two boats hung

suspended by ropes. She was calculating in her mind how many passengers they would contain, should any emergency happen. The emigrants in the steerage she knew to be numerous, and there were about twenty first-class passengers. Maria doubted whether a third of the Quebec's living freight could find a place in the boats.

"Why do you look at the boats, Miss Selden? you don't think there's the least danger?" said Juliet, a little anxiously, laying her hand on the arm of her companion.

"I am ignorant of sea matters," was the reply. "We seem to have a good and careful captain."

"You are not frightened, are you?" said Juliet.

"No, not frightened," was the quiet reply; but its tone did not quite satisfy the mind of the questioner. Juliet thought that to Maria the opening of the ebony door might not be the cause of such terror as it would be to herself. But Juliet was not naturally of a timid temperament, and the comparatively calm sea and the slow movement of the vessel were not as suggestive of alarm as the wild storm which, a few days before, the Quebec had gallantly weathered. Juliet even felt amused at the fussy movements of poor Mrs. Daly, who wandered from one passenger to another with the question, "Are you sure there's not the least danger?" When she came to Juliet herself, the young lady, with malicious playfulness, assumed as solemn a look as she could, and replied: "I suspect that there is." The lively girl rather enjoyed the excitement caused by the possibility, the bare possibility, that there might be a little collision with floating ice, just enough to test the valor of her companions and show off her own. It would be a new sensation, and something to tell of when she should return to England.

"I wonder whether if there were a collision Captain Fincham would drop his eye-glass and flash out into a hero," thought Juliet.

"Ha! what's that!" exclaimed Juliet, as a sudden shock was felt, accompanied by a crashing sound below, near where the huge screw was slowly revolving. The whole framework of the vessel seemed to shudder and tremble; Mrs. Daly shrieked aloud, and her cry was echoed by Madame Lafitte. The captain shouted out something to the helmsman (Juliet did not know the nautical term), then repeated the command at the top of his voice.

"She has struck!" cried the second officer. Juliet caught a glimpse of his face; it looked so white in the moonlight.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Daly; "what can have happened!"

There was a chorus of screams from the steerage. In almost less time than I can trace the words there came a rush of emigrants from below, men, women, and children, terror depicted in every face. There were confused cries of "The water! the water!—it's pouring in; we're lost—we're lost. Oh Lord! have pity upon us!"

A tremendous cloud of steam arose, with a terrible hissing sound, which told its own tale. The water from a huge leak was rushing into the engine-room, and was extinguishing the fire in the furnace!

"Let down the boats!" roared out the captain, springing down from the bridge, instead of making use of the steps which led down to the deck.

"What does it mean—what does it all mean?" cried Madame Lafitte.

"It means that the ship is going down—fast—don't you feel it?" exclaimed Captain Fincham. "The boats! the boats!" he added, rushing toward the place where the excited, shrieking throngs clustered around what they felt to be the last chance of safety.

For the ship was perceptibly lurching over! The sailors worked desperately to launch the boats, knocking aside with violence, rough words, and curses the passengers who in their terror closed around them and impeded their movements. The deck became more and more on a slope, as the weight of water on the side where the leak was overbalanced the other, till the rail on that side was almost on a level with the sea. Opposite it proved impossible to get the boat down; on the sunken side the sailors' frantic efforts met with better success.

Juliet could see nothing distinctly of what was going on round the boat, on account of the dense mass of human beings clustering like bees by the bulwarks, each pushing, elbowing, making violent attempts to get into the centre. She felt—all felt, the horrible sensation caused by the vessel beneath them descending nearer and nearer to the surface of the water. It would be but the work of a few minutes, and the rippling moonlit waves would roll over the deck of the ship Quebec.

Juliet had, like almost every one else, fled toward the place where the boat was being let down, but it was utterly impossible for her to force her way through the crowd. In vain she called out to Captain Fincham—he did not hear her; no one noticed her, helped her, thought of her; the instinct of self-preservation was strong, though husbands were seen clasping their wives, and mothers wildly holding aloft the children for whose safety they cared more than their own. All had been so sudden—so fearfully sudden! there seemed scarcely time even for prayer; though poor Ben the stoker's voice was heard calling on the Lord whom he had so lately found.

Juliet in despair rushed back to the spot where she had left the only being in that ship who really cared whether she died or lived. Maria was kneeling on the deck, a posture not assumed for devotion, though an inarticulate prayer was rising from her heart; her hands were engaged in rapidly lashing together with a rope three of the small perforated wooden frames commonly used in steamers to prevent the feet of passengers from resting on a wet deck.

"You are making a raft!" exclaimed Juliet.

"Help me—we've not a minute to lose," said Maria; but there was no agitation in her voice. The Christian, strengthened by faith, can be calm in imminent danger.

Eagerly, nervously Juliet helped to twist the cords in and out. It was well that the friends were engaged in such a labor, and were thus less fully alive to the horrors of the scene passing so near.

The boat had been safely lowered, and was now floating on the dark waters.

"Women in first!" shouted the captain; like a true sailor, resolved himself to be the last to quit the sinking vessel.

"Women in first!" echoed some of his gallant tars. "Back! back! give place to the women!" But they might as well have called to the waves to keep back! The crush of the crowd was tremendous; it overpowered all resistance. Such numbers, wild with fear, leaped into the boat from the ship whose deck was now terribly near to the surface of the sea, that the overlaid craft was almost instantly swamped! The terrible tale was told by shriller shrieks, more despairing cries; a minute afterward the water which was filling the vessel completed its fatal work. Down, down, hundreds of fathoms down sank the large Atlantic steamer, with its living freight, creating a momentary whirlpool, which sucked down in its vortex floating fragments of ice and struggling human beings.

Some sailors were clinging to the shrouds, but they too, but a few seconds later than the rest, were submerged in their briny grave! All were swept down—the worldly and the pious, Lazarus and Dives, the child and the bearded man! The last jest had been uttered, the last oath sworn by lips now silenced forever.

Juliet felt herself carried down in the whirl beneath the icy cold waves; but before she lost all consciousness she came up again to the surface, partly buoyed up by a piece of ice which happened to be beneath her. Gasping, half suffocated, she rose, and it would have been but to sink again, had not help been near. Juliet caught sight of a loving face, as of an angel's, bent toward her; she saw a white hand stretched out to aid. The two deadly cold dripping hands met in a close, tight grasp; Maria had clung to her little raft, and though borne down for a few seconds, the light wood had soon regained its natural place on the waves. Maria, with all the strength which she could muster, drew up her half-drowned friend to her side, but alas! not out of the water, for the double weight, she saw to her dismay, was more than the tiny raft could sustain.

Maria saw at once that to attempt to save two lives would be to sacrifice both. If the raft were not to sink, one of those clinging to it must perforce let go her hold. An awful choice was before her—life or death! One friend was ready, the other not. *Ye ought to lay down your lives for the brethren* flashed through the mind of the servant of Christ. Then came a thought of home, and loving ones there never again to be met on earth! Maria's cold fingers relaxed their hold on Juliet, and also on the sinking raft. A thick black cloud at that moment passed over the moon, and all was darkness!

Juliet felt that the raft was floating now, and with a violent effort she drew herself upon it. She doubted not that her friend was beside her, although she saw her no more, and felt nothing but the lap of the cold waters on the wet wood to which she clung. She was never again to see the angel-face of Maria; that loving, pitying look, which was never to pass from memory, was the last which Juliet was ever to see of her friend. Where was Maria? low under the pitiless waves? Oh, no! that sinking form is but the fair case that held the fairer jewel. The spirit is passing through the ebony gate to the radiance of the farther side; for her there is no more sea. There remains for the Christian, to use her own words on her last day in the world, only the unutterable glory, only the unspeakable joy!

It was well that the black cloud had shrouded

the moon, that darkness hid from the gaze of the sole survivor among more than three hundred on whom the sun had set sights which might have haunted her spirit to her dying day. Juliet saw not "the strong swimmer in his agony," the struggling forms, and the ghastly faces of drowning men,

"When in an instant, with a bubbling groan, They sank into the deep, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown."

When the moon first silvered the border of her sable veil, then burst forth in radiant brightness, to shine again so serenely on the murderous waves, nothing remained to denote that so many who not an hour before had been full of life and enjoyment had passed to their last account.

Juliet, as soon as moonlight returned, looked on every side for Maria. She saw nothing but water below, studded with the fatal floating ice; nothing but the deep-spangled sky above, with the cold, unfeeling moon. She gazed around in bewilderment and terror; not a trace could she see of her who had saved her; yes, one—only one; whether by accident or not, a gray plaid shawl had caught on one end of the raft—it was that which Maria had worn. Juliet snatched it up, dripping and heavy with sea-water, and pressed it first to her heart, then to her lips; then her wild wail of anguish sounded over the deep, a wail which there was none to hear!

Juliet's senses were so much bewildered by the shock which she had undergone, that it was only by degrees that she realized the full extent of her loss. Miss Selden had died in saving her! And why, and for what, was she saved? For a more terrible death by starvation and cold! Where were those who had flattered her, admired her, those with whom she had laughed so gaily? All gone—gone forever!

"And she with whom I was so angry, she from whom I turned so abruptly, she at whom I laughed with the mockers, she who warned and I would not listen—she has given her life for mine! She grasped my hand—'twas her last farewell; I did not, could not even ask forgiveness." Again there burst from the poor girl's lips that wail, the cry of an almost breaking heart.

A pitiable object would the fair girl have appeared, had there been one near to see her. Juliet's curly auburn hair had escaped from its velvet band, and fell in long dripping strands over the clotted fur of her seal-skin; her hat had fallen back from her head, but was kept by the soaked ribbons, though her crimson feather had floated away. The expression of Juliet's eyes was wild and despairing; in her ears, as if in terrible mockery, some merciless spirit seemed to repeat over and over the strain, "'Tis to-morrow!"—the refrain of the song which she had sung at the theatrical performance, and which had been so often on her lips during that day. To-morrow! what would it bring to the poor castaway? If she even survived the night to look again on the sun, what was before the unhappy girl? The lingering pangs of starvation! "No one," thought Juliet, "will ever know my fate, unless a corpse or a skeleton one day be discovered, and perhaps identified by the clothes on the shrunken form, the rings on the fleshless fingers!"

Of what might lie beyond death Juliet dared not think. Physical suffering perhaps deadened the sense of what might otherwise have been too terrible for reason to sustain. Juliet's drenched garments clung closely to her shivering form. The wind had risen a little, and, changing its course, blew from the warmer south; but though it was melting the ice, to Juliet it appeared to cut like the points of lancets. Oh, how she longed for the morning, which appeared as if it never would come! Even the moon deserted the castaway at last, and sank in a bank of clouds. Juliet could see nothing but a few faint stars; hope itself seemed frozen within her!

At length the sky assumed a paler hue; the stars died out; the wide expanse of sea gradually

became more distinct to the straining eyes of Juliet. Morn was breaking at last, and hope—not quite dead—again revived.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

S. S. Lesson for April 11, John 1: 35-51. Golden Text, ver. 37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

John the Baptist the First Disciple—His Preaching and Testimony—Two Disciples Transferred—Where Jesus Dwells—Andrew's First Concern—Simon's New Name—Philip Called—He Brings Nathanael—Local Prejudice—How to Overcome it—Christ's Greeting.

THE first disciple of Jesus was John the Baptist, His forerunner. A marvellous awakening had taken place under the preaching of this "man sent from God" by the banks of the Jordan, so that the whole country had turned out to go and hear the unusual preacher whose words had the effect of turning his complete audience into one grand inquiry meeting, each one saying, "What shall I do?" The priests and Levites sent by Jews (probably the rulers), who did not themselves go and benefit by the Baptist's teaching, asked him: "Who art thou? . . . What sayest thou of thyself?" John's mission was not to speak of himself, but of Another; he answered: "I am the voice of One crying in the wilderness; . . . but *there standeth One* among you whom ye know not." So completely nothing was John in his own eyes, that he saw himself as though only the voice of his Master. The very next day after bearing this testimony, the faithful servant was rewarded by seeing and knowing his Lord, and he whose cry had been until now, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," now cried aloud and proclaimed to others the new revelation with which God had visited him—

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD

which taketh away the sin of the world." Oh, the joy of John's heart when he said: "This is He of whom I spake, saying, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me!" Although his own ministry would decline and become nothing, yet what was that to John? The Lamb of God, He who actually takes away sin, was there, and his heart said: "No more John, no more self, but Jesus only." He testified: "And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon Him, the same is He which baptiseth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God." Thus this first disciple of Jesus was occupied with Him, rejoiced in Him, testified of Him.

The very next day, in company with two of his own disciples, John saw Jesus as He walked, and saith: "Behold the Lamb of God!" Did he know what would follow? The two disciples heard him speak, and followed Jesus; they needed John no longer. He had led them through repentance for the remission of sins, to look for Jesus Himself; and now it was easy for them to leave John, for they had found Him who "taketh away the sin of the world." They had something more than the forgiveness of their sins, they had Himself who forgives. When we have been able to lead souls to accept Jesus Himself, our ministry to them is in the main accomplished. When a man has found Jesus, received Jesus, possesses Jesus as his Saviour, he has in Him redemption through His blood, even "the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. 1: 7). When a man possesses Jesus as his Sanctification, he finds in Him the holiness which he needs. Our one mission with others is to point them to Jesus, from sin to Jesus, from self to Jesus, from past, present, and future to Jesus.

John lost two disciples by pointing them to Jesus, but all he was and all he had was Christ's, so he was none the loser. At last these disciples had found One who could deal with sin, One who could really take it away from the conscience, the heart, the desires, the will; such a Saviour they wanted, and they followed Him. Jesus soon discovered it—He knows afar off a

heart which follows Him—and He turned and said to them: "What seek ye?" The answer was: "Master, where dwellest Thou?" And He said: "Come and see."

WHERE DOES JESUS DWELL?

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" (Isa. 57: 15). But He dwells also in the hearts of His own, "Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. 3: 16, 17).

Jesus said to John's two disciples which followed Him, "Come and see," and they came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. It was the beginning of a union which is forever. Jesus never repels, never keeps any at a distance except they be hypocrites. To all others He gives the warmest welcome—"Where I am there shall also My servant be" (John 12: 26). He longs to have us abide with Him, be at home with Him, have all in common with Him. What they learned of Jesus during that time they abode in the same house we know not, but no doubt remained in their minds that He was the Christ, and the one burden in their hearts was to make Him known to others. One of the two which heard Jesus speak and followed Him was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. "He first findeth

HIS OWN BROTHER

Simon." First, before eating or drinking, before entering upon any other business, as the thing of primary importance to be done, he findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him: "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus." Oh, it is blessed when conversion work goes on in a family; when one brother brings another. We don't know how far Andrew had to go, whether Simon was at home or out among the fishing boats; any way, Andrew could not bear that an hour should be lost; the news he had to tell him was better than the largest catch of fish he had ever taken. Probably both these brothers had known John's teaching, had been baptized, confessing their sins; there had been a thorough turning to God, but no peace, no consciousness of freedom from their sins, no relief from the burden; but now Andrew had found the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; now he believed that his sins were pardoned; the burden was gone, the old sense of condemnation was done away, and his heart was glad. The brothers had shared together their awakening and conviction; then how could Andrew rest for a moment with his glorious new joy unshared by Simon? He could not, and never rested until he had brought him to Jesus.

Reader, have you an unsaved brother? Have you told him, "I have found the Messiah"? Have you brought him to Jesus? Even if he is out of your reach, or perhaps will not listen to your words, have you by faith put his case into the hands of Jesus, and claimed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ that this member of your house may be saved (Acts 16: 31)? Some go to one extreme, some to another. There are those who are so set upon the conversion of their friends that they set themselves to accomplish it by talking them into it, or praying them into it, and their real expectation is from their own earnestness, and not from God. Others go to the extreme of absolute indifference, and heartlessly say: "Well, if he is to be saved he will be." What is the Scriptural way? God plainly tells us, "He that gathereth not with Me scattereth" (Matt. 12: 30). There is no middle course. What, then, shall we do? God says: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and . . . thy house . . . shall be saved." Believe that when you pray you do receive the answer, and you shall have it (Mark 11: 24); and then be ready, if God wants you, to speak and lead your brother, or sister, or other relation or

friend to Jesus, after you have fairly committed the matter to Him in restful, trustful faith.

No sooner did Jesus see Simon than He sur-named him Peter (a stone or rock). This was Peter's first introduction to Jesus; some months later the same two brethren were busy with their fishing, when Jesus passed by and said to them:

"FOLLOW ME,

and I will make you fishers of men." "And they straightway left their nets and followed Him" (Matt. 4: 18-20). From the first they were ready, and when the call came, without a fear as to how their families were to be maintained, knowing that the Lord Himself became responsible, they left all, and followed Him. There are some who attempt to enter upon a faith life of entire dependence upon God from imitation of others; but their faith does not hold out, and they come to a life of the worst kind of begging; the worst kind, because all the time they call begging by the name of faith.

Andrew and Peter did not keep to themselves the blessed knowledge of Jesus which had dawned upon them. Philip was of the same city, Bethsaida, from whence the two brethren came. It was the morrow after Peter's acquaintance with Jesus that He findeth Philip and saith unto him: "Follow me." There is little doubt that Andrew and Peter had been making known in Bethsaida the presence of the Messiah on earth, and so put Philip in the way of meeting with Him, and He had given Philip a distinct call to become a disciple. Philip, like the others, could not keep for himself the blessed tidings: Philip findeth Nathanael. If men are really converted this is the natural course of things—every one makes haste to bring another. John brought Andrew, Andrew Peter, Andrew and Peter Philip, and Philip Nathanael. If Holy Ghost work is done among our churches this same result will follow. Philip knew that Nathanael was a student of Scripture, and said to him, "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathanael said: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip wisely did not argue the point, but said:

"COME AND SEE."

A good lesson for winners of souls. If it is the Holy Ghost who reveals Jesus, then argument cannot do it; it only fosters pride and is a sore temptation to lose calmness. Philip's "Come and see" is worth all the arguments in the world. Bring a soul into contact with Jesus, and all the arguments fall to pieces. How would such an intellectual doubter as Nathanael be convinced? Jesus was equal to the task: He beheld Nathanael coming to Him, and said: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Nathanael had not expected such a greeting. "Whence knowest Thou me?" he asked. "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." It was enough; the long-cherished desire of Nathanael's heart was gratified; it was the supreme moment of his life; and in the luxuriance of his joy and in the deep Scriptural intelligence of his faith he cried: "Rabbi" (my Master), "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel." But Jesus led him far beyond his conceptions of what the reign of Christ should be: "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." Thus He spoke of His second coming.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 25 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 64 Bible House, New York.

THE DOOR.

"I am the door."—JOHN 10:9.

CHRIST is the door to every blessing,
Beyond him lies our heart's desire;
He is the only one possessing
The peace to which our souls aspire.
He is the door to pathways leading
By waters still, in meadows fair,
Where safe his happy flock are feeding,
All folded in his tender care.

He is the door, yet many, weary,
With bleeding feet and spirit sore,
Turn from the desert, lone and dreary,
And knock in vain upon the door.
And why, when we are oft reminded
To make an open door he died?
O, foolish hearts, by sinning blinded,
The bolts are all upon our side.

Not all the matchless love once given,
The crucifixion of God's Son,
Can open this only door to heaven,
Until our part required is done;
He is the door, his voice is calling,
The lock is fastened by our sin;
We yield our will—the bolts are falling;
O, open door, we enter in.

—Myra Goodwin Plantz.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

"EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" seems a broad term for any one firm to adopt, yet the widely-known seed and plant house of Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt St., New York, supply every want of the cultivator, both for the greenhouse and garden. In their handsome and comprehensive catalogue for 1886 will be found offered, not only "everything for the garden," but all things needful for the farm as well. Our readers will miss it if they fail to send for this catalogue, which may be had of Messrs. Henderson & Co. by sending them six cents (the postage only) in stamps.

Rev. W. N. SLOAN, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Cory, Pa., writing to the Bailey Reflector Co., says: "Reflector gives universal satisfaction. I do not hesitate to say that it is the best reflector I ever saw. It lights our whole audience-room perfectly without the aid of side or wall burners; we do not need one even at the pulpit."

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

THE MIKADO. Forten cents in stamps we will send a book containing: First: the complete words of the Mikado. Second: the music of all the best songs. Third: etchings of all the characters in the opera. These facts make it the best Mikado book published, but we send with it ten beautiful chromo cards besides, not defaced by having advertisements printed on the pictures.

MACK PUBLISHING CO., 528 and 530 Washington St., N. Y.

For \$3.00 I will send free to any address in U. S. a pair of MEN'S Fine Calf IMPROVED WELT SHOES, Last-Stitched, Dong-Kid Tops, But., Bal., Cong., or Oxford (Low Cut) made like custom work, or Seamless Calf Vamp, Kangaroo Tops, for \$4.00. Send measure. J. B. SHAW, 123 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts. in Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Violins, Accordions, Organettes, Banjos, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses, Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. **FREE** World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

Full Mail Electric Association, London.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.

Sent on Trial, Postpaid.

50c.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH.

50c.



Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH. The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts., or both for \$1. They may be returned if not satisfactory. CANYASSING AGENTS WANTED for Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS.

BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc..No risk, quick sales. GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention this publication.

When writing mention this paper.

Just Published:

A New "Silent Comforter."

WORDS OF COMFORT AND CONSOLATION.

A choice selection of Scripture texts in large type, printed on good paper and mounted on roller, exposing one page for each day of the month. Size, 13 1/2 x 21 inches. Price, 75 cents. (Postage free.)

The publisher confidently expects a large sale for this new wall roll. It is handsomely gotten up, the price is moderate, and there is a demand for some new and worthy scroll to succeed "The Silent Comfort" and "Heavenly Sunshine," both of which have been so widely circulated.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED!

One in Each District. Liberal Terms.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

CHILD'S HEALTH PRIMER. For the youngest scholars. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 35 cents.

HYGIENE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. For intermediate classes. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 60 cts.

STEELE'S HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. For High Schools and Academies. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

These books have been widely adopted and are strongly indorsed by a host of educators. Send for specimen pages or descriptive circulars. Address

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers, New York and Chicago.

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, EXODUS, and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures."

Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 2500 pages, \$4.50 (postage or express prepaid). Address The Evangelical Book-Store, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

STONES FOR THE TEMPLE, etc.

By HARRIET WARNER REQUA. "Not a few of these poems will be marked for use by ministers who add the strength of poetical quotations to religious discourse."—N. Y. Christian Advocate. "It is long since poetry so sweet, clear and true has been offered the American public."—Christian Herald. "The book places Mrs. Requa the peer of our best American poets."—Prof. J. Robinson, D.D., Ph.D. Sent for \$1.25. The Author, Aurora, N. Y.

HATCH

The most reliable and profitable business ever offered. 1500 chicks a year, worth \$1.00 each, \$1500.00. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success. CHICKS BY Perfect Imitation of lamps to explode. Ten will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts. for catalogue and book on poultry, incubators, etc. F. D. CRAIG, No. Evanston, Ill.

STEAM

THE PULPIT OF THE CROSS.

Seven Short Sermons Upon the Seven Words on the Cross. By the Rev. J. N. Stansbury, B.D. Paper covers. Price, 12 cents. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price. James Pott & Co., 14 & 16 Astor Place, N. Y.

Ten Days With D. L. Moody.

A Choice Collection of his Sermons, and also the Proceedings of the Christian Convention at Mr. Moody's home in Northfield.

Every one interested in Mr. Moody and his work should read this book. 12mo, 192 pages, paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. Sold by all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. BOX 2767.

31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

READ! READ!! READ!!!

DEMONOLOGY or SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By ELDER E. F. HANSON.

A History of Spiritualism from the early days of Man until the present time. A complete exposition of the POWER BEHIND the scenes.

Startling disclosures: Spiritualism unveiled.

Written by one whose parents were Spiritualists, and who was himself a Spiritualist and attended the Lectures and Seances until he was twenty-three years of age, and witnessed its phenomena in all its phases—from the tiny rap to spirit materialization—from slate-writing to a floating violin in mid-air played by invisible hands—and therefore writes from personal knowledge of the system.

The Church Advocate says: "The style of the book is quite entertaining, chiefly because of the evident sincerity of the author, the vigor of his sentiments, and direct manner in which he sets forth his views. The main thing is that the author should fairly represent Spiritualism, and then sustain his objections by valid logical arguments and well-authenticated evidence. We believe he has done this. We regard the book as one which will be of great service to those who come into conflict with these hurtful doctrines."

The Presbyterian Observer says: "The theory advanced and defended in this book is that the practice of Spiritualism, whether ancient or modern, is devil worship, and that Satan is the founder, inspirer and central force of the whole system. The number and character of the crimes that are shown in this book to be identified with Spiritualism form a most terrific indictment against it. All persons desiring to see the latest, and a most vigorous and forceful exposé of this ruinous delusion, will do well to send for Elder Hanson's book."

Bound in cloth, with portrait of the author, 12 mo, 310 pages, price, \$1.00.

** Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

EASTER MUSIC.

"Captivity Captive." A new arrangement of Scripture Selections for Easter Tide, interspersed with appropriate hymns, set to original music, the whole service being eminently fitted for use on Easter Sunday, by young and old. 16 pp. By Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Easter Annual No. 10." Issued this season. Contains new and original songs by popular composers, furnishing an abundant variety of appropriate material for Sunday-School Easter Festivals. Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Festival Anthems." 64 large octavo page Anthems, for Easter and other joyous occasions. Price, \$3.60 per doz.; 35 cts. each by Mail.

A complete Catalogue of Easter Music, Services, Carols, Anthems, etc., sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y. 81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.



A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS.

EUREKA RECITATIONS. By Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Six numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and nearly one hundred selections, with handsome cover. Price, only 12 cents each; or, the six numbers mailed for 60 cents. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers (P. O. Box 2767), 31 Rose St., New York.

EASTER Poems & Cards

Sample of Poems sent for 10c. Sample cards & price list 10c. H. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

BLACK SILKS.

The various weaves, makes and qualities of BLACK SILKS upon which reliance for DURABILITY IN WEAR can be placed are now offered by us at remarkably low prices.

We are also offering for combinations with above a beautiful assortment of rich novelties in chenille and velvet effects. Early inspection is invited. Orders by mail promptly filled.

James M'Creery & Co., Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenge Criticism as Adopted by the PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised. AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other. ACTUAL cost of insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$1 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, President and Actuary

Send for prospectus or call in person.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 14.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1886.

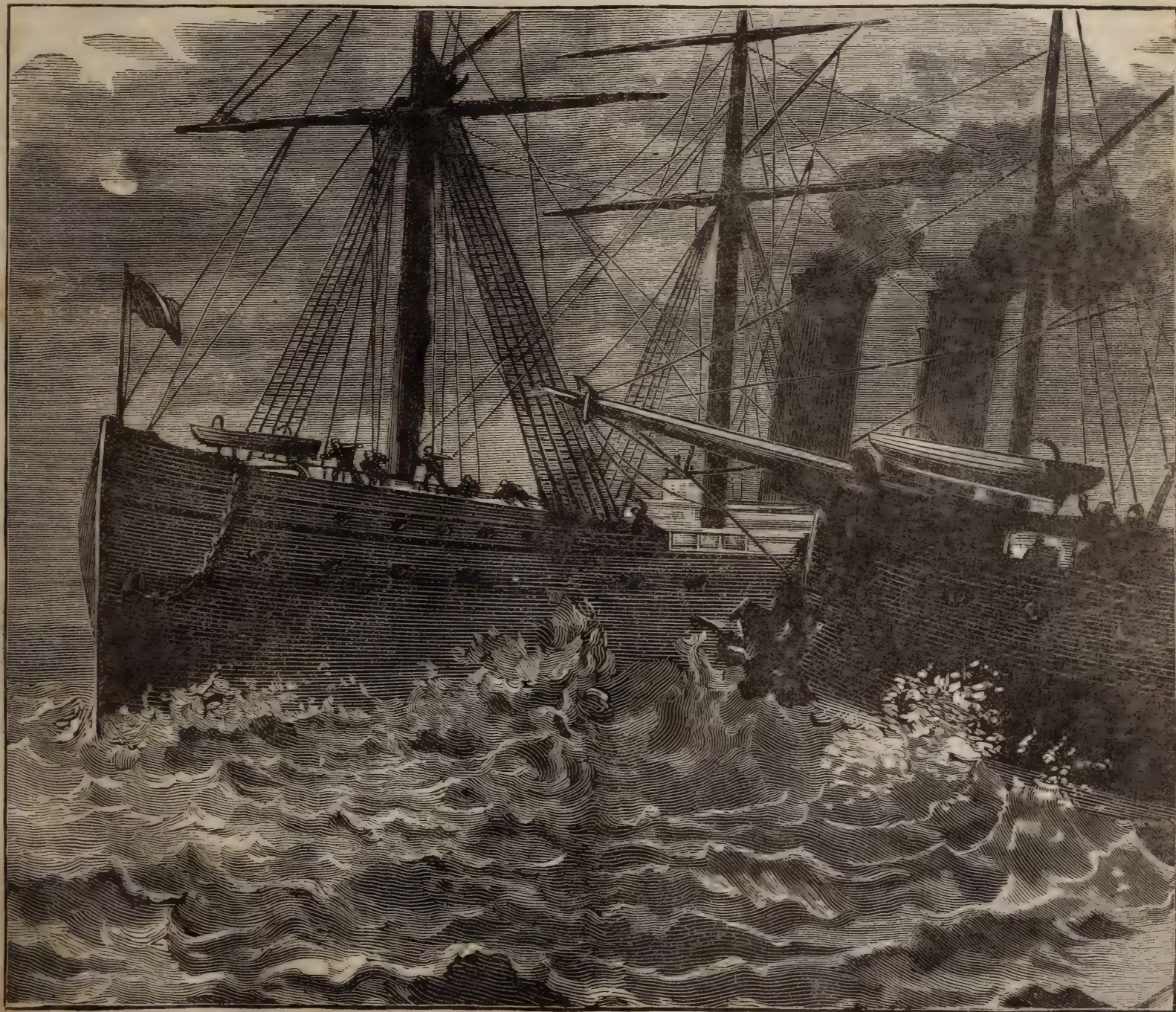
Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PICTURE OF THE WRECKED CUNARD STEAMSHIP OREGON, and Narrative of the Disaster.
TRIALS OF HOUSEKEEPING. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
THE MARTYRED BISHOP.
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. By Dr. Deems.
THE REMEDY FOR LAWLESSNESS.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.
CURRENT EVENTS: The Government Finances—The Senatorial Caucus—The Arbitration Boards—The Railroad Strike in the South-west—The Submerged Districts—Evangelistic Notes—An Evangelist's Renunciation of Tobacco—A Strange Demand on a Physician—Vaccinating under Difficulties—A Collection at an Execution, etc.

OUR LORD'S PETITION. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
THE SHOEBLACK'S CONTRIBUTION. (With Illustration.)—Typographical Aid to Missions.
MARY FLEMING'S SACRIFICE. (With Illustration.)—Notices of New Books.
AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
The First Miracle. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The CUNARD STEAMER OREGON, Wrecked off Fire Island, March 14th, 1886.

THE WRECK OF THE OREGON.

Excitement on Receipt of the News—Description of the Vessel—Reputation for Safety—Captain Cottier's Statement—The Passengers' Accounts—How the Collision Occurred—Saving the Passengers—The Chief Officer's Report—Many Singular Incidents—Instances of Fatal Collision.

ON Monday, March 15th, the public was startled by the news that "the greyhound of the Atlantic," the famous Cunard liner Oregon, had foundered off Fire Island. It was briefly stated that she was run into by an unknown schooner on the port side. With a great crash the schooner stove a hole eight feet in diameter in compartment number three, and the injured steamer began slowly to fill.

The excitement among shipowners and underwriters in America and in British seaports following the receipt of this intelligence was immense, especially as only a few hours previously news had been posted that two other fine steamers—the Saxon and the Corinth—had been lost; the former on a reef during a voyage from New York to Cape Haytien, involving the death of six persons; and the latter, which was a vessel of the Union Line, near Amoy. The Oregon was one of the finest steamers afloat. Built only three years ago by Messrs. John Elder & Co., of Glasgow, for the Guion Line, she was intended to be one of the "greyhounds" of the Atlantic. In every respect, except that of length of days, she fulfilled the expectations of her designers. Six days and ten hours was her usual time for covering the twenty-five hundred miles of ocean that roll between the cliffs of Ireland and the mouth of the Hudson.

A NOBLE SHIP.

The Oregon was in a sense a war ship as well. She was on the list of vessels which the British Government had at its disposal in an emergency that might be taken up for cruisers and armed transports, and during the Russian complications of last year she was temporarily held by the government. She went with the evolutionary squadron to the west of Ireland; and all who saw the fleet admired the vast size and graceful build of the noble vessel, which towered above the ungainly monsters that are the pride of the British Navy, and almost dwarfed the handsome but antiquated ironclad frigates which are now nearly as much out of date as gun-brigs and seventy-fours.

The Cunard owners and captains have a world-wide reputation for working their fleet with safety. It is their proud boast that during all the years in which they have been bridging the Atlantic by steam, they have never lost a passenger. This is mainly due to the excellent discipline maintained on all their vessels, and to their prudence in choosing a special route somewhat apart from the beaten highroad of ocean travelling. It cannot be overlooked, too, that the blessing of God has always been sought most earnestly and with faith in the great enterprise. The wife of Mr. Cunard, who started this line in 1840, made the safety of these ships a subject of earnest prayer, and not a vessel started on her voyage without united prayer by her husband and herself for the safety of ship and passengers. Regular religious services are always held on board every Sunday.

CAPTAIN COTTIER'S STATEMENT:

Captain Cottier, who was in command of the Oregon, has made the following statement:

"We had fine weather all the way across. The weather was clear at half past four o'clock on Sunday morning, with a fresh breeze from the west. A sailing vessel suddenly loomed up. When first noticed she showed no light, but when too close to clear us she showed a white light. The Oregon was running about eighteen miles an hour. The vessel struck us amidships, not far from the engines, and stove a big hole in our side. All the water-tight compartments were closed. The Oregon went down at about 12.45, having floated about eight hours after she was struck. She now lies in about twenty-two fathoms of water, north-half-west, west from

Watch Hill, Long Island. The tops of her masts are alone visible above the waves, the vessel being upright. She went down head first.

"We worked from the moment of the collision as if we expected her to sink; but I did not believe she was going to sink. We took extreme precautions. The pumps were of no use. I might say that we worked them, of course, to their full capacity; but they had no chance against the mass of water which gradually carried her down. The usual watch was on deck at the time of the accident. No time was lost in awakening the passengers, few of whom heard or felt the shock. All were in bed at the time. Soon after the accident occurred a steamer passed us—a National Line boat, I think—but she went on. The vessel running into us must have sunk immediately; when we looked for her she was not in sight. She must have gone down with all on board. When I found that the vessel was sinking, I took the necessary steps to save the passengers. We first sent up rockets as signals of distress."

The captain adds: "There were no scenes on board the Oregon. I never expected to see such an affair go off so easily."

THE PASSENGERS' STORIES

somewhat modify the captain's statement. Doubtless the proceedings were orderly for a shipwreck, inasmuch as some few passengers even slept an hour after the collision; but the first moments of uncertainty are described as frightful. The decks were instantly thronged by the undressed people, who feared to return for their clothes. Very few saved even their hand-bags. All huddled together for warmth, the temperature being near the freezing-point. Fears lest the steamer should founder were the first emotion. Then next, terror came from the immense clouds of steam, caused by the flooding of the furnaces. The passengers and sailors had been up to this time under control, and the women the coolest of all; but the stokers and firemen, when driven from the furnaces, rushed for the boats, regardless of anybody else. The officers fought them with belaying pins; but some escaped into the boats, which they half filled. The number of boats, though fully up to the standard demanded by British and American law, was totally inadequate to meet the exigencies of such a disaster.

Captain Cottier was below at the time when the Oregon was struck, but

THE CHIEF OFFICER, MR. MATTHEWS, was on the bridge. The sea was comparatively smooth. The boats, of which there were ten, were manned and lowered. The pilot boat Phantom just then came along, and also the schooner Fannie Gorham, and the transfer of those on board the sinking vessel to them began, the ladies going first. The two vessels were almost swamped by the number, but providentially at this moment the large German steamer Fulda arrived at the scene of the disaster, and the six hundred and forty-one passengers and the crew of two hundred and five—a total of eight hundred and forty-six—were all taken on board the Fulda, Captain Cottier being the last to leave the steamer.

The Fulda signalled to the Fire Island signal station at 4.30: "Oregon sunk; passengers all aboard." The Fulda's was the first report of the disaster received on shore. The Fulda then steamed to New York, reaching Quarantine after sunset. The Cunard agents sent several tugs down to bring off the passengers. All the luggage was lost, with nearly all the mails, less than one hundred out of six hundred sacks being saved.

Some passengers say the officers and sailors behaved admirably, but that the conduct of the firemen and stokers was scandalous, swarming about the decks, leaping into the boat ahead of the passengers, and preventing the latter with clubs and hatchets from entering.

Mr. Matthews, the first officer, who was on the bridge when the collision occurred, reports that "the Oregon was struck by an unknown schooner at 4.30 A.M. It was not daylight, but

there was a clear view of the horizon. The fourth officer was also on the bridge on the starboard side, while the first officer was on the port side, and there were three look-outs on the promenade deck. Both first and fourth officers saw a sudden flash of a white light which as suddenly disappeared. The look-outs gave no notice of the proximity of a ship, and no side lights were shown, so the first officer concluded the light came from a pilot boat. He had the helm put hard aport, but before the Oregon could answer, the collision took place. He ordered the engines to be stopped, and kept the wheel hard over. His intention was to bout ship and to go to the assistance of the schooner, but the latter, after striking the Oregon twice, disappeared, not a cry being heard. The Oregon was steaming eighteen knots at the time of the disaster. She had two holes made in her port side, near the coal bunkers. A fresh wind west-by-north was blowing when the schooner struck the steamship."

FROM THE FULDA

the scene was a memorable one. Captain Ringk, of that steamer, says: "I had not long to look before I made up my mind that the steamer in the distance was the Oregon. I saw flags flying on her. I wondered what was the matter, and supposed she was taking on a pilot. The pilot boat had no pilot flag up, however, and that puzzled me more than ever. Then I imagined that the Oregon had taken the pilot boat's last pilot, and so I hoisted my pilot signal and went closer to the steamer. All at once, as I proceeded at a good speed, I noticed that the flags on the Oregon were signals of distress, and such signals, too, that indicated a desire for assistance immediately. It was about half-past eleven o'clock when I first saw the pilot boat, and it was just twelve o'clock when I stopped within three hundred feet of the Oregon and saw that her passengers were swarming on the pilot boat and a lumber schooner, and that she was in a sinking condition."

THE PASSENGERS IN PERIL.

"I immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, because I could plainly see that the hundreds of people on the schooner, which was deeply laden, were in danger of being swamped. This was hardly done, however, before a boat from the Oregon came alongside, and Captain Cottier came up the ladder, which was lowered to him, and told me the story of his distress. He asked me if I would assist him—if I would take his passengers aboard, and then tow him ashore. I would have done anything to save those people who were massed together on the small sailing vessels."

"As all the Oregon's boats were overboard I deemed it unnecessary to lower any more of my boats, and manned the Oregon's boats with my fresh crew, laying the ship to all the while. Then began the work of rescue."

"It took us from twelve o'clock noon to three o'clock in the afternoon to transfer all the wrecked people on to my boat. It was a very fortunate circumstance that the sea was smooth, for otherwise all, or at least half, the nine hundred souls from the Oregon would have been washed overboard from the schooner and pilot boat, or dashed to pieces in the life-boats when leaving the sinking ship. As it was, there was not a mishap save a few slight scratches to some of the ladies, one of these catching her finger in the chains of the boat and losing a small tip of skin and flesh. The doctor had nothing to do but administer a little medicine to some of the ladies who were exhausted after the excitement they had experienced."

"As soon as the passengers got aboard the Fulda they were provided with a lunch of cold meats, and coffee and wines where needed, and the poor steerage passengers fared quite as well as the cabin people. Every gentleman on board the Fulda resigned his state-room to make room for the ladies, and by night everybody was as comfortable as though nothing had happened."

THE OREGON GOES DOWN.

"My, though! what a grand sight it was

when the beautiful Oregon went down! When I first came up with her she was down at the head. Gradually she sank lower and lower, and all at once her head plunged out of sight under the sea, and her stern came up like a teeter board. The stern rose so high in the air that you could see her screw wheel. She remained in that duck-like position for a little while, and then by degrees again she settled at the stern and went down as gracefully as though gliding off the cradles at a launch. It was all over in a minute or two, although as we all looked at the lovely creature in her helpless condition it seemed like a much longer time.

A ROARING ERUPTION.

"The collision was made right under the bridge of the Oregon, in one of the coal bunkers, near the engine-room. As the stern went down the air escaped from the stern compartment in volume as great as an exhaust of steam, and while the vessel was slowly but majestically sinking beneath the waves the water was forced up over her with a roar like thunder and the grandeur of a waterspout or volcanic eruption.

"When all was over the three after masts of the sunken steamer were about ten feet above the surface; she lost her foremast in going down. I looked at my chronometer and saw that the waters had closed over the Oregon at exactly twenty minutes to one o'clock P.M. Ordering the lead to be dropped, it was discovered that the Oregon lay in twenty-two fathoms, or one hundred and thirty-two feet of water. Her position was on an even keel, as level as though she were floating at her dock."

MANY SINGULAR INCIDENTS

are reported in connection with the wreck. In some cases mothers sent their children alone to the boats which were to leave first, preferring themselves to remain with their husbands to take such risks as those who waited to the last might be supposed to run. A man named Ezra Kendall lost \$4500, which he carried with him in cash in order to save the cost of exchange. Others lost larger sums, and the total loss of personal property in coupons, notes, etc., is estimated at \$200,000. Diamonds of the value of \$1,000,000 were saved. The agents of the Cunard Company replaced the railway tickets to the West which the immigrants lost, but they have not yet given a positive reply in respect to the loss of their baggage, valuables, etc.

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

The passengers of the Oregon may remember with a shudder that their experience is exceptional. More often than not when a large vessel, crowded with human beings, has been struck amidships, a fearful sacrifice of life has been the almost instantaneous result. When the Spanish steamer *Murillo* ran down the emigrant ship *Northfleet* in the Downs, in January, 1873, the night was clear and the sea smooth; but only eighty-five out of four hundred and twenty-seven passengers reached the shore alive. It is true that on this occasion the calamity was aggravated by the merciless cruelty of the people on the *Murillo*, who steamed on without so much as throwing a rope to the shattered and sinking emigrant ship. This circumstance of horror was wanting when the Prussian ironclad, the *Grosser Kurfurst*, was sunk by her consort, the *Konig Wilhelm*, almost within cable's length of Folkestone beach. Every effort was made by the rest of the fleet to rescue the crew of the disabled vessel, but out of five hundred men nearly three hundred were drowned.

A collision at sea, when one or both ships are large steamers, is, indeed, so sudden and rapid a calamity, that it is sometimes impossible to save lives, even when there is another vessel standing by to give help. In July, 1886, the *Amazon* ran into a screw steamer named the *Osprey* in the English Channel. The sloop stood by to take off passengers and crew; but the *Osprey* went down so fast that only a very few of the men were able to clamber into her bowsprit and forerigging. Most of the passengers, including the women and children, went down with the ship. Neither is the appal-

ling calamity which befell the *Princess Alice* in the river Thames forgotten, when some hundreds of excursionists, at the close of a day of pleasure, were run into and found a watery grave.

Almost immediately after the sinking of the Oregon, a diver was sent from New York, to see whether there was any possibility of again floating her. The great depth at which she lies and the unfavorable weather have so far prevented a complete examination. It is, however, almost certain that she cannot be raised, and the company has been advised to explode the hulk, in the hope of securing the cargo.

A doubt still exists in some minds as to the cause of the disaster. The theory that it was caused by an explosion on board the Oregon herself finds favor with many, but inquiries for missing vessels show that there was near the spot at that time a heavily-laden schooner which might have done the mischief. The Cunard Company is still able to boast that it has never lost a passenger, but if this disaster had occurred far out at sea, there is reason to fear that very few of those on board the Oregon would have been saved.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

(See Portrait on page 220.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S name has been very prominent in the cable despatches for some time past. He is an advanced Radical in politics, and makes no secret of his preference for a Republican over a Monarchical form of government. Since he has been associated in the government under Mr. Gladstone we have had frequent accounts of his opposition to his aristocratic colleagues, and it appeared that in the present cabinet he would be the most influential member. His chief rival, Lord Hartington, was not in it, so it was thought Mr. Chamberlain would have his own way. But it has not been so. He does not approve of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and has left the Cabinet.

Joseph Chamberlain was born in 1836, and is now fifty years old. He was educated at University College School, London. At the early age of sixteen he was put to business, and when he was eighteen he removed with his family to Birmingham, where his father became one of the partners in the great screw manufacturing firm of Nettlefold & Chamberlain, which employs two thousand persons.

In ancestry Mr. Chamberlain comes of an old Non-conformist family, and is, in fact, descended from one of

THE EJECTED MINISTERS OF 1662,

who faced penury and want rather than do violence to their conscientious convictions. This fact was almost unknown until Mr. Chamberlain himself incidentally mentioned it. Speaking at a large meeting at Denbigh on October 20th, 1884, after referring to the non-conformity of Wales, he said: "I boast a descent of which I am as proud as any baron may be of a title which he owes to the smiles of a king or to the favor of a king's mistress, for I can claim descent from one of the two thousand ejected clergymen who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home, and work, and profit, rather than accept the State-made creed which it was sought to force upon them." It cannot be said that Mr. Chamberlain has been unfaithful to the traditions of his ancestors, for in the Cabinet or out, he has steadily supported them upon every favorable occasion.

HIS ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE

was in the municipal affairs of Birmingham, of which enterprising borough he was three times elected mayor, from 1873 to 1876. His business capacity secured for the town the purchase of the private gas companies, by which he reduced the price of gas, and made a large profit to the town.

His first effort to enter Parliament was unsuccessful. In 1874 he contested Sheffield, but was beaten. Two years later, on June 27th, 1876, he was elected by Birmingham, for which important constituency he has sat ever since. He was not long in Parliament before he made his mark, and his maiden speech shortly after the

Session opened in 1877 was very successful. But it was during the last Liberal administration that he made rapid and great advances. When the Liberals were returned to power in 1880 speculation was rife as to the composition of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, and many persons wondered how the great leader would manage

THE MORE RADICAL SECTION OF HIS PARTY.

The announcement that Mr. Chamberlain had been offered the appointment of President of the Board of Trade was recognized by the party generally as wise and suitable.

The reasons of Mr. Chamberlain's success are not far to seek. He possesses remarkable business ability coupled with keen political sagacity, and the power of most effective public speech. He may not be so brilliant a debater as Mr. Gladstone, or so superb an orator as Mr. Bright, but—though he has recently made great advances in these respects—speaking in a fine voice, he sends his clear-cut, crystalline utterances straight home. Whatever his future course may be, he will be an important factor in the conduct of public affairs.

THE MARTYRED BISHOP.

AT a church missionary breakfast, held recently in Oxford, the addresses turned largely on Bishop Hannington, whose portrait appeared in this journal on February 25th, and who is believed to have been murdered by the King of Uganda.

The Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, said: "Fifteen or sixteen years ago they had at St. Mary's Hall one of the most good-natured and loving under-graduates he had ever met with. He was brimful of simple, hearty good-nature, and of genuine honest fun; the only occasion on which, as far as he could remember, that it was his duty to speak to him in a disciplinary kind of way, was when he persisted in letting off too many fireworks in the hall quad. He took his degree and became ordained in the ordinary course, and they heard of him as the incumbent of a pleasant parish in the south of England; but two or three years afterward they were even more surprised than they were delighted, and they were exceedingly surprised and exceedingly delighted to hear that he was at the head of a mission party which was going out into Central Africa. He conducted that mission with so much success that at the end of a comparatively brief time the Church Missionary Society proposed that he should become the bishop of all the newly-formed Christian churches in that vast district which he was exploring. But his health had almost completely broken down. When he came back he told him he had been stricken with fever thirty-seven times in one year. He recruited at home, but the call was too strong for him; the very bishopric was again offered, he accepted, he went out, and he had found that a missionary had to face other perils besides those of the jungle and the swamp, and after living the life of a Christian hero he had died, they had very great reason to believe, the death of a Christian martyr."

Rev. Handley C. G. Moule could not but say a word or two in continuation of what had already been said on the life and death of dear Bishop Hannington. He went out in a spirit of unsurpassable self-devotion, in his opinion. *He went out wholly at his own expense*, taking with him two working-men assistants at his own expense; he went out in the most absolutely unostentatious way. He did not suppose that many scores of people in this country knew of his going at all, or had taken any notice of it. He could not but think of him with feelings of humiliation and stimulus which were not easy to express. He was but fifteen years ago a man more likely to be found on Newmarket race-course than in the class-room; but by the grace of God he became a very different man within these last few years, and he grew so rapidly into such a height of Christian character, and love and strength, that it was for himself a lifelong benefit to have had anything whatever to do with his training for the ministry.

TRIALS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 4, 1886.*

"Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me."—LUKE 10: 40.

The Welcome to Christ—A Division of Labor—The Difference in Sisters—Trouble in the Kitchen—I. The Trial of Non-Appreciation—The Matron's Varied Duties—Assured Sympathy—The God of the Housekeeper—Christ Married—II. The Trial of Severe Economy—Necessary in a Smoker's Home—Prepares them to Enjoy Heaven—III. The Trial of Sickness—The Prose of Married Life—Glorious Self-Sacrifice—A Barbarous Pedagogue—A Christian Housekeeper.

YONDER is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the youngest sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or perturbation. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters.

THE WELCOME TO CHRIST.

They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly apparelled, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always have on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door, and greet Christ. They say: "Good-morning, Master; come in, and be seated."

Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with Him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no anxiety about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good."

DIFFERENCE IN SISTERS.

So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters. There is Martha, hard working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cooking and housekeeping. There is Mary, also, fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha swelters at the fire.

TROUBLE IN THE KITCHEN.

It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and He did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas! me, if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that

ought only to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and perhaps with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?"

Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have His scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get Him something to eat, and so He throws a world of tenderness into His intonation as He seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry; let the dinner go; sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door, I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

NON-APPRECIATION.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the Stock Exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm! She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost.

I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exception. I am speaking this morning of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery, and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing-machine, or a ladle."

A WEARING LIFE.

You think, O man of the world! that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmarketable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready.

Spring weather comes, and there must be a

revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be.

ASSURED SYMPATHY.

If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. Oh, woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that He appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper.

Jesus was never married that He might be the especial friend and *confidante* of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder; Christ was married. The Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell Him of their annoyances and troubles, since by His oath of conjugal fidelity He is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

"The servant by this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes this and the action fine."

Again, there is the trial of

SEVERE ECONOMY.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it—some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make five dollars do the work of seven. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and there is a panic every few weeks! This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economics, this life-long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers.

A PREPARATION.

Oh, my sister, this is a part of the Divine discipline! If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Beside that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that.

It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life, if in this world you had a country-seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage; and if your life on

* Dr. Talmage preached this sermon, which is the thirteenth of the series on the Marriage Ring, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. During his Western trip he lectured in sixteen cities, and addressed the students at the Missouri University and Central College.

earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do! Martha has had no drudgery for eighteen centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there—from the time when they put down the rolling-pin to when they take up the sceptre! If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt Mansion on Fifth Avenue were to be lifted into the celestial city, they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to be going in and out of either of them.

THE TRIAL OF SICKNESS.

III. There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass, who has never had an ache or pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may until ten o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket; but oh, to do the work of life with worn-out constitution, when whooping-cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day—that is not so easy.

Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group now the rest are gone! Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is mother-like to brood both flocks; and one wing she puts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

THE PROSE OF MATRIMONY.

But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

GLORIOUS SELF-SACRIFICE.

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a commander or king, has defeated an army or overthrown an empire. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they intro-

duce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race.

You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others; but how very hard it is for us to cultivate ourselves. When in this city young Dr. Hutchison, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When in the burning hotel at St. Louis a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying: "Mother! where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christ-like spirit—a willingness to suffer for others!

A BARBAROUS PEDAGOGUE.

A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half starved lad, who had offended against the laws of the school, and said: "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again: "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame; he had no undergarment, and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow; whip me; see, he's nothing but a poor chap; don't you hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry.* "Bravo," says every man—"Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people! Beautiful thing to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres we may perform our whole duty—for this struggle will soon be over.

A CHRISTIAN HOUSEKEEPER.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died."

That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of

* [It may be hoped that the savage who administered it received the attention of the Board of Education. A man so grossly unjust should be in the Penitentiary.]

them gone never to come back. At one end of the table my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years' smile—not the smile of inanimation, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

A Remarkable Prayer Offered by the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, on March 22d, was ordered to be printed in the Congressional Record by a vote of the House. In the course of the prayer, the chaplain said: "Rid the land we beseech Thee, of all gamblers, whether they gamble with dice or cards, or chips, or with wheat, or stocks, or corn, or cotton. Deliver us from the influence and power of robbers who, enticing their victims to boards of trade, and stock exchanges, and bucket-shops, name their practices of plunder, 'shearing the lambs.' Enlighten our intelligence with Thy truth, sweeten and deepen our humanity with Thy love, quicken our piety with Thy Spirit, and may Jesus Christ become more and more the master and ruler of our lives and characters and thoughts."

A Courageous Sergeant, the Hero of Twenty-two battles, who served four years in the war, showed that he possessed moral courage also, at Reading, Pa., a few days ago. Ex-Governor Curtin, in the course of an address at a public meeting, humorously said: "Who ever knew an old soldier to refuse commissary whiskey?" To his surprise a tall, gray-bearded man arose, and answered: "Here's one." The old soldier who was not afraid to make known his temperance principles is William H. K. Bush, of Reading. He was a temperance man first, last, and all the time. He organized a temperance society of twenty-eight members in his company, and built it up to sixty-eight members. Once there came an order that every soldier should have two doses of quinine in whiskey every day. Sergeant Bush marched his company up to the surgeon's tent at "sick call," and the surgeon said: "Pour out a big one for the sergeant." But the sergeant answered: "I swore allegiance to Uncle Sam to fight, but not to drink whiskey." The surgeon was inclined to make a fuss, but the Colonel backed up the sergeant and others of his company who refused the whiskey. "When the Governor asked that question," said Mr. Bush, "I thought it my duty to stand up, and up I went."

Saved on the Bank of a Precipice was an incident related by a clergyman at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week. He said that when a young man he was dissipated, and though his father and mother were praying Christians, he remained indifferent to their appeals. One night when he was two hundred miles from home, in company with other young men indulging in revelry, his mother awoke from sleep in great concern about her boy. She got out of bed, and, kneeling down, besought the Lord with tears and prayers to save her son. She was impressed with a feeling that he was in great peril. Her husband was awakened by her sobs, and finding her praying and weeping, asked what was the matter. "Oh, my boy, my boy; he is in danger," was the reply. In danger he most decidedly was. After indulging in the intoxicating cup and losing his self-control, he drove through a dark country road behind a pair of fast horses. Reckless as he had become through the influence of the drink of which he had so freely partaken, he thought not of danger, but his mother's prayers were heard, and the horses were saved by a step from plunging over a precipice. "Had I gone over that precipice it would have been death to my body and to my soul," said the speaker. But God heard the mother's prayer still further, and saved her son in the highest sense.

THE REMEDY FOR LAWLESSNESS.

By G. H. Pember.

Trials Removed at Christ's Coming—The Tide of Human Misery—No Check till Christ Comes—The World to Grow Worse—Its Doom Pronounced—The Overturning—The Worship of Humanity—The Deliverance.

WHEN Christ our Bridegroom ascended into heaven, immediately the children of the bride-chamber began to fast. Nor will the days of their mourning be ended until they see Him again, and by the light of His countenance He changes the shadow of death into the morning. When He shall approach to us in bodily presence He will remove all those trials away, and from that time neither sorrow nor gloom shall assail us—no, not even through the medium of our bodies or of any materialistic surroundings.

Until He come in bodily form the tide of human misery must still flow on, in spite of every effort to check it. The corruption of all flesh must go on—ay, and even innocence be cast alive into the seething pit, a sacrifice to unnatural desire and greed of gain. Acts of Parliament cannot stop this plague in its maddening career; governments cannot put it down. We have recently had some cause to remember the words of the Latin satirist: "Who is to watch the watchers themselves?" Philanthropists, Christian or otherwise, cannot make head against it. I do not disparage their energies if they are put forth in a right spirit; they may do blessed work. But it will only be by plucking brands out of the burning; the great conflagration they can never overpower. No,

THE DOOM OF THIS WORLD

has been pronounced, and we see the sentence beginning to be carried out before our very eyes. Its inhabitants will not retain God in their hearts; therefore it must be again as it was in the days of Noah, and in the days of Lot. All flesh must become corrupt before God; the earth must be filled with violence and bloodshed, and there is but one hope, and one only—the coming of the Son of Man. Why does not the Church raise one universal cry for His coming? Our world is being deluged by the armies from the pit, and there is only one possible Deliverer—He who will soon take to Himself His great power to reign, and destroy those who corrupt the earth.

I will speak of but one of the many evils on earth. How is this mystery of lawlessness—we used to be satisfied with calling it "the mystery of iniquity," but that was when it was not understood; we are beginning to know

WHAT IT MEANS,

and what is the result, and we are driven upon a more literal translation; the *mystery of lawlessness*—how it is developing, and beginning to break forth into view on the right hand and on the left; to be no longer a mystery! Long has authority been vacillating and uncertain, and it seems to be gradually yielding its place to anarchy. Those awful words: "I will overturn," seem to be finding what will probably be their last fulfilment. Will any of the schemes that are being put before us be able to restore social order, and to bring back to us the blessings of firm and stable government? There is little hope of such a beneficent result. The sceptre even now is trembling in the hands of the ruler all over the world. On every side we see men self-willed, determined to have their own way. Order seems to be now quite impracticable.

Consider for one moment

THE POPULAR CREED

of the day. Does it not teach that a man may do whatsoever he will—that he may change times, and laws, and the arrangements of the Lord God Almighty? Does it not teach us that the majority among fallen men must have their way, even though their hearts be set upon unrighteousness? Does it not teach that toward the great God who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters, man may pose as he pleases, and is not to be deprived of a single privilege, even though he dares to defy and insult the Lord God Almighty, his Maker?

God told us twenty-five hundred years ago by the pen of Daniel that the last great rebel should worship the god of forces. Humanitarianism, the popular creed of the day, is being already followed by the abstract worship of humanity. Soon the corollary will appear. Under the influence of these modern teachings, society, which a little before was comparatively calm and still, is now heaving and tossing, and threatening every moment to break up into wild waves out of which there shall presently emerge, at the bidding of the dragon, that awful being, that world deceiver, that man who shall receive the worship of a doomed world—the Antichrist, the Christ of Satan.

In such a case what consolation can we have, whither must we turn for help? Who is able to confront this Leviathan of the world's lawlessness? One, and One only—He whose right it is to reign. "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." He who has gone into a far country to receive for Himself the sovereignty must return to take it; then at last peace and righteousness will follow in His train—He whose approach to our benighted earth will be as the morning, when the sun is risen, as a morning without clouds; He whose presence will clothe the sad earth with joy, even as the verdure that springs out of her bosom from the clear shining after rain; He at the light of whose countenance not only His saints and all they that fear God, both great and small, shall rejoice, but even the sick and groaning creation shall be loosed from her bonds; her restless fever shall be rebuked, and shall flee away; the whole earth shall be quiet and at rest, and break forth into singing. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Old Jamie's Surrender.—At a recent meeting Mr. Jack observed: "Not long ago an old man, close on seventy years of age, surrendered himself to Christ. It was indeed a touching sight to witness the aged man, but a mere babe in Christ, sit down for the first time at the Lord's table soon afterward. He was looking exceedingly happy, and I remarked: 'Well, Jamie, you seem very happy this evening.' 'Aye, I am that,' he rejoined, with the tears running down his face. 'Oh, what a Saviour we have!'"

A Dancer's Dying Confession.—Mr. Clarke, the evangelist, related: "I knew a young lady who was a slave to dancing. She came to die. Her last hour had arrived, and as the end drew near, addressing her mother, who was standing by her death-bed, she said: 'Mother, can't you pray for me?' And then, in a husky voice, she exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, dancing has damned my soul!' These were the last words she uttered upon earth, and she carried them to eternity with her. So dancing had dragged her soul to hell, because she had preferred it to the Lord Jesus Christ."

A Good Position in Society.—Mr. J. A. Campbell said: "The other day I was urging a man to close with Christ, when he said: 'Do you know who I am?' 'No,' I said; 'but that does not alter the case.' 'Well,' he said, 'I hold a very good position, and am much esteemed, and if I become a Christian I will not be so honored in society.' Ah! there it is. How many are there like this man who will not consent to be a follower of the Lord for fear of losing a little honor in the eyes of their fellow-creatures; striving for honor and glory here, and, alas! the end of such is damnation and eternal woe."

Facts Better than Feelings.—A Minister observed: "I heard of a man who went to a Gospel meeting and gave himself to the Lord. He went home and told his family that he had accepted Christ. When they heard of this they said: 'Oh, and how do you feel? for you must be quite changed in your feelings.' 'No,' he said,

'I feel no difference.' 'Then you cannot be a Christian,' they replied, 'or else you would feel differently.' Mark his answer. 'I have something better than feelings to go upon. Jesus says: "Come unto Me." I took Christ at His word; so it is *facts* on which my soul depends; not *feelings*.' Some time after this God filled this man's soul with an overflowing joy. The 'feelings' came because he had trusted Christ without them. Dear friends, you who are waiting for feelings, just take God at His word, and the feelings will come afterward in His own good time and way."

A Weak Woman's Victory.—"The Other night a woman came into our Gospel tent, and at the close of the service she said: 'Mr. McFarlane, I would like to sign the pledge.' I was a little surprised, and said: 'You do not look like a woman that would take strong drink.' 'I have not taken it for some time, but it is my weakness,' she replied. 'Have you taken the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?' I asked. 'Do you believe He was hanged on the cross for you?' 'I have, and do believe,' she replied. 'Well,' I said, 'I am sorry I have no pledge cards to-night, but when you have the Lord on your side you may pass all the saloons and not be afraid, for has He not promised to be thy Keeper?' She went away, and afterward told me that on that particular night, on her way home, she had a strong desire to enter a rum-shop, but after what had been said she was enabled, by God's help, to pass them all, feeling sure that the Lord was by her side. Thus, dear friends, if we would ever remember that God has promised to help us in our weakness we would be saved from many mournful regrets."

A Gambler in a Fix.—Rev. Dr. Wallace said: "Some time ago three young men professing to be Christians came from the country to our city, and connected themselves with a Christian church. I was asked to look after them, which I did, and after the lapse of a few months I saw that there was a great falling away. This went on for some time, their conduct growing more and more unsatisfactory. One night one of them, with a pale and haggard face, entered my dining-room. I saw that the young man was greatly excited, and undergoing a great mental strain. With some hesitation he asked me if I could lend him fifty pounds. 'That is a very large sum,' I said; 'what need have you for so much?' He pleaded with me to give him the amount asked for, saying that his mother, who was a widow, and lived in the country, was in great and immediate need of it. 'Well,' I said, 'it so happens that I intend preaching in that district next Sunday, when I promise you I will call upon your mother, and inquire into this case, and do all I can to relieve her.' But afterward I learned that this story was untrue; that the money was to pay off a gambling debt which he had run heedlessly into, and then had come in his extremity to me. This is just one example of many thousands of young men who are daily being entrapped by gambling saloons and other places of vice."

Why Mary Clung to Her Father.—"One of the London City missionaries said that not long ago, in one of the narrow streets in the east of London, in the middle of the night, a policeman came upon a little girl crouching on a door-step. Going up to her he kindly said: 'My poor child, what are you doing here at this hour?' 'My father is a drunkard,' was the reply, 'and when he came home to-night he turned me out, telling me not to come back.' Here the child burst into a fit of crying, and after a moment continued, 'but I must go back, sir, in the morning.' In the morning the child did go home, but often that little one was turned out of doors by her drunken father. At last the father was touched by the child's persistent clinging to him, and one day he said: 'Mary, how is it that you have always stood by me when every one else has gone from me? Tell me, child.' In a moment both arms were round his neck, and she said: 'Father, before mother died she made me promise that I would never leave you, no matter

what it cost me, and she said you would give up drinking and turn to the Lord yet, for she prayed for you. So now, dear father, I am going to stay by you until that time comes, for I know it will." That little girl had a long time to wait, and many hardships to go through. But it *did* come. Who could doubt it? because her faith was strong in God's power to save. So she had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing that drunken but much loved father, "sitting at Jesus' feet, clothed and in his right mind." Oh, dear friends, pray—pray for your loved ones unceasingly, and untiringly, for the Lord will surely keep His promise. "Whatsoever ye ask in My name, believing, ye shall receive."

TYPOGRAPHICAL AID TO MISSIONS.

ONE of the most formidable difficulties which missionaries to China and Japan have had to encounter has been the peculiarity of the characters of the printed language. An effort to remove this difficulty is being made, and apparently with promise of success. In a communication from Dr. Frank W. Harrell, at Tokio, Japan, published in the *Spirit of Missions*, he says:

"The Roman Letter Society is organized for the advocacy of a reform by which the Japanese language shall be written and printed in Roman letters, instead of in the peculiar characters or 'ideographs' which are now used. It is believed that the establishment of this reform will be of immense importance to Japanese missions and missionaries.

"The difficulties in the way of acquiring the Japanese language can be appreciated only by those who have made an attempt to do it. The Rev. H. D. Page, of the Japan Mission, states these difficulties and the inestimable benefits that will come with the adoption of the change proposed by the Roman Letter Society very clearly, in a letter published recently. As everybody knows, writes Mr. Page, the Japanese use in their books and writing not only their own native symbols of intricate form and style, to the number of several hundred varying forms, but also the Chinese ideographs; in fact, the book language may be said to be written in Chinese characters. Now, as these characters stand each for a separate word, and there are forty thousand of them, often of puzzling and complicated forms, and as every one who wishes to be anything of a scholar at all must learn four or five thousand of these differing characters, it will be seen what an immense task is before the Japanese youth who means to be able to read the books of his native tongue.

"It is computed that this system of writing takes six years out of the intellectual life of every Japanese—that is to say, the boy of fifteen at home has learned to read well enough to be able to possess himself of any treasures of knowledge that may lie stored in the English language; but for the Japanese boy of the same age the knowledge which he seeks lies hid within these thousands of different symbols, and he cannot begin to store his mind with ideas, but he must spend six years in unlocking the door and crossing the threshold of his treasure-house.

"The foreign missionary who wishes to know the Japanese language thoroughly must study these characters, too, and so years of time and strength are given to the task of learning to read over again, when he would be gladly using his mind to know more of what might stimulate his thoughts, kindle his imagination, give him food for meditation, and make him a better preacher to the people to whom he comes with his message.

"It seems now as if all this were soon to be changed. Last year the Roman Letter Society was formed in Tokio for the purpose of substituting in the writing and printing of the language our twenty-six Roman letters for all these thousands of Chinese and Japanese characters. What a reform it will be when it comes to pass, and how the lucky schoolboy will congratulate himself that he was not born so early as his father, and, like him, have to strain his eyes and

make his head ache over Chinese letters! The reform is coming about wonderfully fast. This society has already a membership of fifty-five hundred persons, many of them being leading men in Japan; and now one of the educational departments of the government is going to have all its books printed in Roman letters only, and have them studied by all the schoolboys in the land."

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE.

Suggestions by Dr. Deems for a Home Service.

Lessons: Gen. 40: 1-23; John 8: 46-59; Heb. 9: 11-17.

THE DISCOURSE.

Text: "Walk in love" (Eph. 5: 2).

God is love. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

God was in Christ. Then Christ was the incarnation of love.

"As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John 17: 18). Then Christians are to be the embodiment of love.

Our Master walked in love. So we must walk in love, and thus "be followers of God, as dear children" (Eph. 5: 1). Thus we show forth our Lord, as our lives exhibit love.

"Walk" is equivalent to "live." Our whole intercourse with our fellow-men is to be inspired by love. In social, political, and business life, we are to be animated by love. If we defend ourselves from the attacks of others it must be done lovingly. If we correct a child or a servant, if we prosecute or defend a suit at law, if we punish a culprit, love must reign in us.

This is not easy. There are many people that are very unlovely, very unloving; really hateful, and hating us. How are we to love them? Let us recollect:

1. That we have loved ourselves when we knew ourselves to be false, unclear, under the rule of vile passions, and really hateful;

2. That we were glad to have the love of others even then;

3. That we may be as disagreeable in the sight of God as those others;

4. That Christ has loved us, and there cannot be so great a difference between the worst of men and the best as there is between the best of men and Christ.

Dwell on Christ's love for you until you be inflamed with love for Him.

Then remember that He died for love of those whom you find it so hard to love.

Then, that this love-sacrifice on the part of Christ is delicious to God—a sweet-smelling savor.

[The Lord's Prayer should be used somewhere in each service, and the service may be closed with the "Gloria" or other Doxology.]

AFTERNOON TALK.

THE BRUISED REED.

By Rev. Dr. Maclaren.

Isaiah 42: 3 makes this representation of the servant of the Lord—"He shall not break the bruised reed."

Here is the picture: A slender bulrush growing by the margin of some tarn or pond; its sides crushed and dented in by some outside power—some gust of wind, some sudden blow, the foot of some passing animal. The head is hanging by a thread, but it is not yet snapped or broken off from the stem. It is "bruised," but the bruise is not irreparable. And so there are reeds bruised and "shaken by the wind," but yet not broken. And the tender Christ comes, with His gentle, wise, skilful surgery, to bind these up and to make them strong again.

To whom does this text apply? Who are meant by this metaphor of the bruised reed not yet broken? In a very solemn sense, all mankind. In you and me and all our brethren everywhere, the dints and marks of sin are plainly seen. Our manhood has been crushed and battered out of its right shape, and has received awful wounds from that evil that besets us, and has found entrance within us. Whatsoever be

the strength, beauty, wisdom, nobleness of any man, in the eye of that God whose will is perfection, that man is a bruised reed.

But, blessed be God! there emerges from the metaphor, not only the solemn thought of the bruises by sin that all men bear, but the other blessed one, that there is no man so bruised as that he is broken; none so injured as that restoration is impossible, no depravity so total but that it may be healed, none so far off but that they may be brought nigh. The reeds are all bruised, the reeds are none of them broken. And so the text comes with its great triumphant hopefulness, and gathers into one mass as capable of restoration the most abject, the most worthless, the most ignorant, the most sensuous, the most godless, the most Christ-hating of the race. And He looks on all the tremendous bulk of a world's sins with the confidence that He can move that mountain and cast it into the depths of the sea.

But then the text may be taken in a somewhat narrow sense, applying more directly to a class. In accordance with other metaphors of Scripture, we may think of "the bruised reed" as expressive of the condition of men whose hearts have been crushed by the consciousness of their sins. Did you ever see a gardener dealing with some plant, a spray of which may have been wounded? How delicately and tenderly the big, clumsy hand busies itself about the tiny spray, and by stays and bandages brings it into an erect position, and then gives it water and loving care. Just so does Jesus Christ deal with the conscious and sensitive heart of a man that has begun to find out how bad he is, and has been driven away from all his foolish confidence.

And the words may be looked at from yet another point of view. We may think of them as representing to us the merciful dealing of the Master with the spirits which are beaten and bruised, sore and wounded by sorrows and calamities; to whom the Christ comes in all the tenderness of His sympathy and the sweetness of His gentleness, and lays a hand upon them—the only hand in all the universe that can touch a bleeding heart without hurting it.

The Christ that knows our sins and sorrows will not break the bruised reed. The whole race of man may be represented in that parable that came from His own lips, as fallen among thieves that have robbed him, and left him bruised, but, blessed be God! only "half dead," sorely wounded, indeed, but not so sorely but that he may be restored. And there comes One with the wine and the oil, and pours them into the wounds. "The bruised reed shall He not break."

[The following poem may be committed to memory by the young people:]

FROM LAVATER'S HYMN.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—JOHN 3: 30.

O Jesus Christ, grow in me,
And all else fade away;
My heart be daily nearer Thee!
Remove all sin, I pray.

Grant daily grace and power;
My strength in weakness be;
Thy glorious light disperse my sight,
Thy life from death make free.

In Thy beams of light all glorious,
Earth's delusions disappear;
Let Christ be all victorious,
And self no longer dear.

Make all in me less faulty;
Fill with a Christ-like love,
First to Thee, then my fellow-men,
Pointing to Thee above.

Now to Thee and Thy kingdom
My life shall all be given;
Pride, wandering thoughts, and indolence
Must from my soul be driven.

My own vain self be empty;
Be humbled every day;
Make me Thy earnest, loving child,
To work for Thee, I pray.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement for March. Issued last week, was eagerly examined for indications of the financial position of the Government. It showed a reduction of the public debt of \$14,087,844. The gold balance is about seven millions larger than at the beginning of the month, and the silver balance about the same. Thus the withdrawal of the one and two-dollar notes must have forced about two million silver dollars into circulation, as \$2,600,000 was coined during March. There was an increase in the revenues and a decrease in the expenditures as compared with March, 1885. The total advance in the revenues, as thus compared, is \$3,765,433, of which \$2,181,000 is in customs, and the diminution of expenditures has been \$10,862,955, of which \$3,637,000 has been in ordinary expenses and \$7,371,000 in pensions, there being a slight increase in miscellaneous expenses.

The Edmunds Resolutions on the Confirmation of nominations appear to have failed in their grip on the Senators. At a caucus held last Friday it was found impossible to secure unanimity of action on the line of the resolutions. A large majority of the Senators, prominent among whom was Mr. Hoar, intended to have nominations taken up and passed upon as if the Edmunds resolutions had never been adopted, and this programme will probably be carried out. During the debate in the caucus frequent reference was made to the question of giving publicity to the Senate's consideration of nominations, and many Senators favored opening the doors of executive sessions. That is the best way to disarm suspicion of a bargain between the President and the Senate.

The Arbitration Bill Which Passed the House last week provides a remedy which it may be hoped will be used by railroad companies and their employés to prevent strikes and lock-outs. It provides for the appointment of boards of arbitration, regulates their proceedings, endows them with authority, and permits them to draw money from the public treasury to pay their expenses. The bill does not compel either party to a dispute to submit the question to a board, nor does it make the decision of such a board binding on the parties after it is rendered. It simply arranges for a simple and inexpensive mode of settling disputes which it is optional for the parties to employ. It is thought that a method of settlement being provided by law, it would be more likely to be resorted to than if the matter were left to the spontaneous action of the parties. As passed by the House, the bill provides that each party shall appoint one member of the board, and those two members shall choose a third who must take an oath that he is disinterested. The board is to have power to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers, examine wit-

nesses under oath, employ clerks and stenographers, and charge all expenses under \$1000 to the Government. If the bill becomes law, it ought to be an efficient preventative of strikes.

The Surrender of Geronimo and his Hostile Apaches and their subsequent escape were reported last week. The surrender was made on March 27th, at the San Bernardino Ranch, on the Mexican frontier. They were placed in charge of Lieutenant Maus, with orders to conduct them to Fort Bowie, to which point General Crook preceded them. The prisoners were Geronimo and three other chiefs, twenty-nine warriors, and forty-eight squaws. On the night of March 29th nearly the whole of the Indians made their escape, and at the end of last week had not been recaptured. It is supposed that Geronimo learned in some way that there was little hope of mercy from the Government. General Crook has now been relieved of his command in Arizona at his own request, and he is succeeded by General N. A. Miles, who it is expected will take prompt measures for the capture of the Apaches.

Serious Damage from Floods is Reported from the South and West. The James, the Chattanooga, and the Cumberland have all risen to a dangerous height. In Virginia, Richmond, Danville, and Lynchburg have been the chief sufferers. In Alabama, Birmingham and Montgomery report heavy losses, while Louisville, Ky., and Chattanooga, Tenn., farms are inundated, bridges are swept away, and many families are homeless. At other places there has been much suffering, and it is feared several lives have been lost. A steamer was dispatched from Selma, Ala., to the relief of people who might be in danger in the submerged districts. It returned with about three hundred, principally negroes, picked up from the trees and house-tops. Relief committees are being organized, and efforts made to supply the destitute with clothing and provisions.

The Labor Trouble in the South-west Continued last week in spite of the hopes of a settlement held out on Monday, March 29th. Mr. Powderley, after his conference with Mr. Gould, telegraphed his order for the men to resume work, but later in the day was under the necessity of withdrawing it, owing to a technical difficulty. On Thursday Vice-President Hoxie informed the Knights of Labor that he should not take back the strikers in a body, but only about half of them, and should make selections from any who might apply for work. It was then resolved to resume the strike, and the disappointment of the men rendered their mood a dangerous one. A few trains were run on the Missouri Pacific with new men on Friday, the strikers offering no opposition. They were waiting the action of their National Committee, which was to meet in St. Louis to consider the new phase the difficulty had assumed. The committee, up to the close of the week, was unable to effect an arrangement with Mr. Hoxie. On Saturday morning the first bloodshed occurred. Sheriff Maddox resolved to take a train out of Fort Worth, and he took twenty armed deputies to help him. It was not molested until it arrived two miles out of the city; but there, at the New Orleans crossing, a number of men armed with Winchester rifles were seen near the track awaiting the train. Shots were exchanged in which one deputy sheriff was killed and two seriously wounded. Three of the strikers also are said to be wounded.

The Riotous Belgian Strikers have Accepted a compromise with their employers, and have returned to work with an increase of wages, though not so large as that demanded. On Monday of last week the disturbances reached their culmination in conflicts with the troops in the Charleroi district. Men and women were shot down in the streets, and more than two thousand rioters were taken prisoners and lodged in prison. On Tuesday there was a conference between the miners and their employers which terminated satisfactorily, the men returning to work. The other trades are still menacing, and the Socialists

are trying to stir them to fresh outrages, but with less success than they had the previous week. The *Herald* correspondent, telegraphing from Charleroi, describes the havoc worked by the riots as appalling. He says: "One must go back to the days of the Commune for any approach to a parallel with the reckless violence which has laid waste the great works that were the glory of the industrial enterprise of Belgium. It would have entailed fearful loss to have enforced simply a reign of idleness throughout these districts; but what has been done is far more disastrous—the insanity of idleness passed into the madness of delusion. The cry of 'No more work!' drove willing work people into the streets. Workshops and factories, with all their costly machinery and stores of finished work or work in progress, have been wrecked and their contents have been given up to fire and robbery." The workmen generally were not prominent in the work of destruction. It was done chiefly by Socialists and thieves. This statement is confirmed by a member of the Belgian Government, who said in the Chamber of Deputies that most of the offenders were convicted felons.

A Mass-Meeting to Protest against Granting home rule to Ireland filled the London Guildhall on Friday afternoon. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., the authority on the two subjects of ants and banking, presided. The names of Gladstone and Parnell were heartily hissed by the meeting, and Mr. George Potter, a prominent representative of the workmen, who tried to say a good word for Mr. Gladstone, was hooted down. The meeting is regarded as an indication of the feeling of the middle and upper classes of England on the subject of concession to Ireland. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is usually well informed on political subjects, declares now that the prospects of passing such a measure as will satisfy the Irish are gloomy. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues are pressing him to propose a much more moderate scheme than that he is preparing, but he is resolved to make it comprehensive, even if it results in his own exclusion from office. He has declared that upon this measure he is content to rest his claims to the character of a statesman. *Justin McCarthy*, the historian, who is one of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants in Parliament, referring to Chamberlain, Hartington, Trevelyan, and other Liberals who have deserted Mr. Gladstone on this question, said: "So far as Ireland is concerned, it does not matter much if only Gladstone shall commit himself and the Liberal policy to a genuine home rule measure. That point reached, on the cause must go, the only question being of a session or two."

The Eastern Question Continues a Source of apprehension in European cabinets. The European correspondent of the *New York Times*, who has special information, adheres to the opinion he has held throughout the trouble, that it will not be settled without a great war. He cables as follows to his journal: "Nobody on the continent professes any longer to be confident of peace. It seems to be taken for granted everywhere that war is inevitable. The only question is whether it will be the last despairing stand of the small nationalities against the big empires, or a conflict between the Titans themselves. Greece is not so foolish in all this affair as she seems to be. Her actions all have a method in their madness. She counts on uprisings all over the Turkish Empire which will take up so much of the Turkish Army that she can easily whip the rest, and, moreover, she relies on Russian aid. Meanwhile the Russian papers are openly declaring that the Czar's visit to the Crimea means overt action, the first step of which will be the forcible deposition of Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Even more interesting is the fact that the Berlin press is beginning to show its teeth in defence of the Prince, which is held to mean that Germany is preparing to take an active part in the affair as the protector of Bulgaria." France also has refused to join in the coercion of Greece.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$6. From Warner, Ill., \$1; Delray, Mich., \$1; Dundas, Ont., \$4.

A Successful Evangelistic Mission is in Progress in New Orleans conducted by Mr. E. F. Shorey, of the McAuley Water Street Mission of New York, and Mr. E. W. Bliss, of Boston, Mass. Among those who have been blessed during the services and have made a profession of faith in Christ was a former officer of the famous Confederate cruiser the Alabama. He was on board the ship when she was sunk by the Kearsage, and was one of the few survivors of the battle.

Major George A. Hilton's Gospel Temperance services in Philadelphia have resulted in a remarkable revival of the work in that city. Two services were held each day, and the interest deepened and the audiences increased until the closing services of Sunday. On that day four hundred destitute inebriates were gathered to a breakfast at nine in the morning, and much good was done among them. The afternoon meetings formed an interesting feature of the week's work. Wives and mothers came in large numbers for Bible reading, spiritual advice, and prayer.

The Services Conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Selma, Ala., have been followed already by the addition of one hundred to the membership of the various churches of the city, and many others are expected to unite. The Rev. P. Gowan, of Selma, in the course of a letter to the *Independent*, says the services were held in a large cotton warehouse accommodating about three thousand persons, which was fitted up for the occasion. The first meeting was held on Sunday morning at half past eight, when the building was nearly filled with a congregation eager to see and hear these earnest men whom God had so signally used and blessed in His service. Another service was held at 3.30, and another at 7.30 P.M. At these services the building was filled to overflowing, and many had to go away or stand outside and hear what they could through the open door.

An Evangelist's Renunciation of Tobacco has caused some surprise and gratification among his friends. When Sam Jones and Sam Small went to Chicago recently both used tobacco freely. Sam Small abandoned it soon after his arrival, but Sam Jones smoked and chewed as before. On Sunday, March 28th, however, he made these remarks at the service: "Down in my country I have never been in a soul's way that I know of. In a hundred different instances I have been notified that a habit that you are given to is a stumbling-block to souls in this city, and I want to say to this congregation to-night, from this day till we meet up in heaven, you can tell this world that Sam Jones has got no habit that is a stumbling-block to anybody. For your prayers and for your sympathy I am grateful, and if I don't do any good in Chicago, let Chicago thank God Almighty she has done the poor little pale Southern preacher some good for the balance of his life."

Four Good Reasons for a Large Gift to a Young Men's Christian Association were assigned by a citizen of Minneapolis, Minn. Perhaps if other friends will consider them they may be similarly moved, if not to give so large an amount. In a letter which Mr. Hobart O. Hamlin sent to the Association of Minneapolis inclosing a cheque for \$10,000, he said: "The gift is tendered because I have lived in St. Anthony and Minneapolis more than thirty years, and feel very much interested in the moral surroundings of the thousands of young men who now reside in the same place and are constantly coming. (2) Because I feel that the time has come when a grand effort should be made to secure a permanent home worthy of the cause and the city. (3) Because I feel confident that a subscription for a large amount will act as a stimulus upon others to heartily co-operate

in the enterprise. (4) Because I feel that I can give \$10,000 and still do justice to my creditors and family, and I prefer to give it now rather than by bequest after I am dead."

A Thief's Incriminating Plunder Brought a double indictment on him in New York last week. On March 29th a man paid for some drinks in a saloon on Sixth Avenue with a twenty-dollar bill. After he left the place the saloon keeper discovered that the bill was a counterfeit, and sent a policeman to arrest him at the place where he worked. The policeman showed his prisoner the bill when he arrested him, and the man's employer, who was present, remarked that there must be several of them in circulation, for he had one that he had taken some days before. He was asked to produce it for comparison, but when he went to look for it he found that it was missing. Then the prisoner confessed that it was the missing bill which he had stolen. He was therefore arraigned both for passing counterfeit money and for stealing it. At the last it will be found that all Satan's agents have been similarly deceived. The prizes for which they schemed and sinned help to work their ruin (James 5:1-3).

An Unexpected Fortune was Found in a Bible at Greenville, Mich., on April 2d, after being hidden thirty-one years. In 1850 a man left New York and went West, leaving his two little boys in the care of his mother. Five years later he died, and his effects were sent back to New York. The boys were cared for and educated by the grandmother until they were able to provide for themselves. Recently the grandmother died, and some of her personal property was sent to one of her grandsons who resides at Greenville. Among it was an old chest, the contents of which seemed of little value save as family relics. The man, however, examined it last week, and found in it his father's Bible. On turning over the leaves he discovered his father's will and a bond for \$40,000, to which he and the children of his brother, who is now dead, are heirs. It may be hoped that the discovery will encourage the heirs to look further into the book. They will find that, valuable as the enclosure was, it is trivial when compared with the inheritance to which they are directed in the body of the work (Ps. 19:8-10).

A Collection at an Execution was Taken up by the condemned criminal at Marten, Texas, on March 31st. The criminal was convicted of murder, and the sentence of death was carried out in the presence of five thousand persons. He appeared unconcerned, and sat on his coffin unmoved while being driven to the place of execution. On the scaffold he confessed his guilt, and acknowledged the justice of his doom. After admonishing his large audience to avoid the pitfalls which brought him to the scaffold, he said he wanted his body to be buried in the adjoining county, and passed his hat around for contributions to defray the expense of transporting his body. He gathered \$22, for which he heartily thanked the donors. He took his place on the scaffold, the noose was adjusted, and in a moment the man was launched into eternity. The dispatch is eloquent on the subject of the man's heroism in the face of death. It would seem that he was callous rather than brave. In his situation concern about the destination of his soul not of his body would have been more befitting. But his is a common fault. Thousands of men are careful to secure a plot in a fashionable cemetery for their last resting-place, while they neglect the offer of a mansion in heaven for their souls (Matt. 8:22).

Vaccinating Under Difficulties was the Work done on the Canadian border during the small-pox epidemic by a medical inspector in Maine, who has given a lengthy account of his experience to a reporter of the *Lewiston Journal*. He was ordered to Lowell's Township, where gangs of railroad men are continually passing through. It was a wild place, twenty-eight miles from a railroad station, and no house near. He took with him two powerful men, a formidable Newfoundland mastiff, rifles, and revolvers,

On his arrival he built a log cabin and constructed a gate across the road. "No man," he says, "went through that gate without being vaccinated." One day he vaccinated eighty-five men. "They rebelled against it," the doctor says, "but we made no talk with them, going through them like a flock of sheep. A burly Scotchman vowed he would pass my station without being vaccinated. He was one of a dozen desperate fellows. I had a pitched battle with him at last, and actually vaccinated him with my foot on his windpipe! Meanwhile my assistant kept off the others with his gun. We stuck the quill into every one of them. He used force generally, and never tried to convince his patients that the operation was necessary to their safety. Had he done so, many of them would doubtless have desisted his warnings, as impenitent sinners despite the warnings of preachers who tell them that unless they are born again they cannot inherit eternal life (II Chron. 36:16).

A Lady's Disappointment with a New saccue was tearfully expressed recently in Boston, Mass. The *Record* of that city states that a certain very stylish young lady, who drives a good deal, got into a horse car in the exclusive suburb where she lives the other day wearing her new coachman jacket of rather gay red cloth, trimmed effectively with brass buttons. She was going to make a morning call on a friend only a few streets away, and as she wished to show the young lady her new accoutrements, she wore her gay jacket. Scarcely had she seated herself in the car when an eager-voiced old woman sitting near said sociably: "You belong to the Salvation Army, don't you?" The swell young lady was a little startled, but she said "Naow" coldly, and turned a little away from her neighbor. "But you must," persisted the old lady. "Them's Salvation Army clothes!" But the car had by this time reached the block on which the friend resided, and the gayly attired lady alighted and rushed into her friend's house, not to receive her congratulations, but to have a good cry over the impossibility of wearing a garment which gave rise to a humiliating misconception. Perhaps the young lady may yet gain a clearer view of what is humiliating. If not in this life, then beyond the grave she will learn that it was a better thing to be in the service of Christ, with all its humiliations, than to be a devotee of fashion (Luke 9:23, 26).

A Curious Demand on a Physician was made by a deserted husband in New Jersey last week. It appears that the physician, while attending one of his patients, noticed that the woman who was acting as professional nurse in the case was disfigured by a huge wart on her cheek. Apart from the wart the woman's features were attractive. The physician, in pure kindness, offered to remove the ugly excrescence, and the woman consented on being assured that it could be done without danger and without cost. The operation was done quickly and successfully. Her husband alleges that she immediately grew more careful of her attire. Her modest, sombre hued, plain cut garments were laid aside, and she donned more gaudy and fashionable dresses and wraps. The removal of the wart had wrought a great change, and the plain woman became pretty and vain. From that time she became dissatisfied with her home and sought gay company, and at length deserted her husband. The man was exasperated, and attributing his misfortune to the removal of the wart, abused the physician who did it, and demanded that he should atone for the wrong by aiding him personally and with money to discover the fugitive. The kindness seems to have brought misery all round. The most miserable, because of her guilt, is the woman herself. She has found, as others have done before her, that an apparent evil may be a blessing in disguise. It protected her from temptations which she was not able to resist. Many a man who bemoaned his poverty or obscurity or some other calamity has found, when it was removed, that a worse evil has followed (Prov. 30:8, 9).

OUR LORD'S PETITION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth."—JOHN 17: 17.

Jesus Anticipating His Work—His Intercession—
—I. What He Asked—Dedication—Separation—
—Not to Exceed the Word—What Sanctification Includes—II. For Whom the Prayer was Offered—Not for the World—For the Apostles—
—Holiness Never Perfect—Essential for Service—
—III. To Whom He Prayed—The Work of God Alone—IV. How Sanctification is Wrought—
—By the Truth—Not by Dreams and Voices—
—Pretenders who have Revelations—The Truth and the Life.

OUR Lord Jesus prayed much for His people while He was here on earth. He made Peter the special subject of His intercession when He knew that He was in extraordinary danger. The midnight wrestlings of the Son of man were for His people. In the sacred record, however, much more space is taken up by our Lord's intercessions as He nears the end of His labors. After the closing supper, His public preaching work being ended, and nothing remaining to be done but to die, He gave Himself wholly unto prayer. He was not again to instruct the multitude, nor to heal the sick; and in the interval which remained, before He should lay down His life, He girded Himself for special intercession. He poured out His soul in life before He poured it out unto death.

In this wonderful prayer, our Lord, as our great High Priest, appears to enter upon that perpetual office of intercession which He is now exercising at the right hand of the Father. Our Lord ever seemed, in the eagerness of His love, to be

ANTICIPATING HIS WORK.

Before he was set apart for His life-work, by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon Him, He must needs be about His Father's business; before He finally suffered at the hands of cruel men, He had a baptism to be baptized with, and He was straitened till it was accomplished; before He actually died, He was covered with a bloody sweat, and was exceeding sorrowful even unto death; and in this case, before He in person entered within the veil, He made intercession for us.

This chapter, which ought to be universally known as the Lord's Prayer, may be called the holy of holies of the word of God. Here we are admitted to that secret place where the Son of God speaks with the Father in closest fellowship of love. Here we look into the heart of Jesus, as He sets out in order His desires and requests before His Father on our behalf. Here inspiration lifts her veil, and we behold truth face to face.

I. At the beginning, then, consider

WHAT HE ASKED.

What is this inestimable blessing which our Saviour so earnestly requests at the Father's hand? He first prays: "Holy Father, keep them;" and again: "Keep them from the evil;" but this negative blessing of preservation from evil is not enough; He seeks for them positive holiness, and therefore He cries, "Sanctify them." The word is one of considerable range of meaning; I am not able to follow it through all its shades, but one or two must suffice.

It means, first, dedicate them to Thy service. The prayer means: "Father, consecrate them to Thine own self; let them be temples for Thine indwelling, instruments for Thy use." This is one part of the meaning of our Lord's prayer. He would have each of us consecrated unto the Lord, designated and ordained for divine purposes. We are not the world's, else might we be ambitious; we are not Satan's, else might we be covetous; we are not our own, else might we be selfish. We are bought with a price, and hence we are His by whom the price is paid. We belong to Jesus, and He presents us to His Father, and begs Him to accept us and sanctify us to His own purposes. Do we not most heartily concur in this dedication?

In addition to this, those who belonged to God, and were dedicated to His service, were set apart and separated from others. The Lord would have those who are dedicated to Him to be separated from the rest of mankind. For this purpose He brought Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, and Israel out of Egypt. "The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." The Lord saith of His chosen: "This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise." Before long this secret purpose is followed by the open call: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing; and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters." The Church of Christ is to be a chaste virgin, wholly set apart for the Lord Christ; His own words concerning His people are these: "They are not of the world, even as I am

NOT OF THE WORLD."

Those who are sanctified in this sense have ceased to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers; they have ceased to run with the multitude to do evil; they are not conformed to this present evil world; they are strangers and pilgrims upon the earth. The more assuredly this is true of them the better. There are some, in these apostate days, who think that the Church cannot do better than to come down to the world to learn her ways, follow her maxims, and acquire her "culture." In fact, the notion is that the world is to be conquered by our conformity to it. This is as contrary to Scripture as the light is to the darkness. The more distinct the line between him that feareth God and him that feareth Him not, the better all round.

Put these two things together, dedication to God and separation unto Him, and you are nearing the meaning of the prayer. But, mark you, it is not all separation that is meant; for there are some who "separate themselves," and yet are sensual, not having the Spirit. Separation for separation's sake savors rather of Babel than of Jerusalem. It is one thing to separate from the world, and another thing to be separate from the Church. Where we believe that there is living faith in Jesus, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, we are not called to division, but to unity. For actual and manifest sin we must separate ourselves from offenders; but we err if we carry on this separation where it is not authorized by the Word of God. We are to be faithful to truth; but we are not to be of a contentious spirit, separating ourselves from those who are living members of the one and indivisible body of Christ. To promote the unity of the Church by creating new divisions is not wise.

HOOLINESS.

At the same time, this word "sanctification" means what is commonly understood by it—namely, the making of the people of God holy. "Sanctify them"—that is, work in them a pure and holy character. "Lord, make Thy people holy," should be our daily prayer. I want you to notice that this word here used in the Greek is not that which is rendered "Purify;" but it has another shade of meaning. Had it meant "purify," it would hardly have been used in reference to our Lord as it is in the next verse.

It has a higher meaning than that. Oh, brethren, if you are called Christians, there must be no room for doubt as to the fact that you are purged from the common sins and ordinary transgressions of mankind, else are you manifestly liars unto God, and deceivers of your own souls! They that are not moral, they that are not honest, they that are not kind, they that are not truthful, are far from the kingdom. How can these be the children of God who are not even decent children of men? Thus we judge, and rightly judge, that the life of God cannot be in that man's soul who abides wilfully in any known sin, and takes pleasure therein. No; purification is not all. We will take it for granted that you who profess to be Christians have escaped from the foul pollution of lust and falsehood; if you have not done so, humble yourselves before God, and be ashamed; for you

need the very beginnings of grace. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh."

But sanctification is something more than mere morality and respectability; it is not only deliverance from the common sins of men, but also from the hardness, deadness, and carnality of nature; it is deliverance from that which is of the flesh at its very best, and admittance into that which is spiritual and divine.

Children of God should exhibit the love of God, they should be filled with zeal for His glory, they should live generous, unselfish lives, they should walk with God, and commune with the Most High. Ours should be a purpose and an aim far higher than the best of the unregenerate can understand. We ought to reach unto a life and a kingdom of which the mass of mankind know nothing, and care less.

II. Now I want you to notice, in the second place,

FOR WHOM

this prayer was offered. It was not offered for the world outside. It would not be a suitable prayer for those who are dead in sin. Our Lord referred to the company of men and women who were already saved, of whom He said that they had kept God's Word: "Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me." They were therefore sanctified already in the sense of being consecrated and set apart for holy purposes; and they were also sanctified in a measure already in the sense of being made holy in character; for the immediate disciples of our Lord, with all their errors and deficiencies, were holy men. It was for the apostles that Jesus thus prayed; so that we may be sure that the most eminent saints need still to have this prayer offered for them: "Sanctify them through Thy truth."

WORK OF A LIFETIME.

These chosen ones were sanctified, but only to a degree. Justification is perfect the moment it is received; but sanctification is a matter of growth. He that is justified is justified once for all by the perfect work of Jesus; but he that is sanctified by Christ Jesus must grow up in all things into Him who is the Head. To make us holy is a life work, and for it we should seek the divine operation every hour; for "He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God." We would rise to the utmost pitch of holy living, and never content ourselves with present attainments. Those who are most pure and honorable have yet their shortcomings and errors to mourn over. Oh, ye sanctified ones, it is for you that Jesus prays that the Father may still sanctify you!

I want you to notice more particularly that these believers for whom our Lord prayed were to be the preachers and teachers of their own and succeeding generations. These were the handful of seed-corn out of which would grow the Church of the future, whose harvest would gladden all lands. To prepare them to be sent out as Christ's missionaries they must be sanctified. How shall a holy God send out unholy messengers? An unsanctified minister is an un-sent minister. An unholy missionary is a pest to the tribe he visits; an unholy teacher in a school is an injury rather than a blessing to the class he conducts. Holiness is an essential qualification to a man's fitness for being used of the Lord God for the extension of His kingdom; hence our Lord's prayer for His apostles and other workers: "Holy Father, sanctify them."

Furthermore, our Lord Jesus Christ was about to pray "that they all might be one;" and for this desirable result holiness is needed. Moreover, our Lord finished His most comprehensive prayer by a petition that we might all be with Him—with Him where He is, that we may behold His glory. Full sanctification is essential to this. Shall the unsanctified dwell with Christ in heaven? Shall unholy eyes behold His glory? It cannot be. How can we participate in the splendor and triumphs of the exalted Head if we are not members of His body? and how can a holy head have impure and dishonest members? No, brethren, we must be holy, for Christ is holy.

III. I am compelled by shortness of time to be brief upon each point; but I must dwell for a little upon the third subject of consideration, which is this—

TO WHOM

this prayer is directed. "Sanctify them through Thy truth." No one can sanctify a soul but Almighty God, the great Father of spirits. Beloved, this sanctification is a work of God from its earliest stage. We go astray of ourselves, but we never return to the great Shepherd apart from His divine drawings. Regeneration, in which sanctification begins, is wholly the work of the Spirit of God. Our first discovery of wrong, and our first pang of penitence, are the work of divine grace. Every thought of holiness, and every desire after purity, must come from the Lord alone, for we are by nature wedded to iniquity. See, then, what a great thing sanctification is, and how necessary it is that our Lord should pray unto His Father: "Sanctify them through Thy truth."

NOT BY TRUTH.

The truth alone will not sanctify a man. We may maintain an orthodox creed, and it is highly important that we should do so; but if it does not touch our heart and influence our character, what is the value of our orthodoxy? It is not the doctrine which of itself sanctifies, but the Father sanctifies by means of the doctrine. The truth is the element in which we are made to live in order to holiness. Every work of the Spirit of God upon the new nature aims at the purification, the consecration, the perfecting of those whom God in love has taken to be His own. Yea, more; all the events of Providence around us work toward that one end; for this our joys and our sorrows, for this our pains of body and griefs of heart, for this our losses and our crosses—all these are sacred medicines by which we are cured of the disease of nature, and prepared for the enjoyment of perfect spiritual health. We are being educated for the skies, meetened for the assembly of the perfect.

Thus I have reminded you that the prayer for sanctification is offered to the divine Father, and this leads us to look out of ourselves and wholly to our God. Do not set about the work of sanctification yourselves, as if you could perform it alone. Do not imagine that holiness will necessarily follow because you listen to an earnest preacher, or unite in sacred worship. My brethren, God Himself must work within you; the Holy Ghost must inhabit you; and this can only come to you by faith in the Lord Jesus. Believe in Him for your sanctification, even as you have believed for your pardon and justification. He alone can bestow sanctification upon you; for this is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HOW IT IS WROUGHT.

IV. This is a great subject, and I have but short time; so I have, in the last place, to notice with much brevity how sanctification is to be wrought in believers. "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Beloved, observe how God has joined holiness and truth together. There has been a tendency of late to divide truth of doctrine from truth of precept. Men say that Christianity is a life and not a creed; this is a part truth, and very near akin to a lie. Christianity is a life which grows out of truth. Jesus Christ is the way and the truth as well as the life, and He is not properly received except He is accepted in that threefold character.

No holy life will be produced in us by the belief of falsehood. Sanctification in visible character comes out of edification in the inner faith of the heart, or otherwise it is a mere shell. Good works are the fruit of true faith, and true faith is a sincere belief of the truth. Every truth leads toward holiness; every error of doctrine, directly or indirectly, leads to sin. A twist of the understanding will inevitably bring a contortion of the life sooner or later. Error may puff you up, it may even make you think that you are sanctified; but there is a very serious difference between boasting of sanctifica-

tion and being sanctified, and a very grave difference between setting up to be superior to others and being really accepted before God. Believe me, God works sanctification in us by the truth, and by nothing else.

But what is the truth? There is the point. Is the truth that which I imagine to be revealed to me by some private communication? Am I to fancy that I enjoy some special revelation, and am I to order my life by *voices, dreams, and impressions*? Brethren, fall not into this common delusion. God's Word to us is in Holy Scripture. All the truth that sanctifies men is in God's Word. Do not listen to those who cry: "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" I am plucked by the sleeve almost every day by crazy persons and

PRETENDERS WHO HAVE REVELATIONS.

One man tells me that God has sent a message to me by him; and I reply: "No, sir, *the Lord knows where I dwell*, and He is so near to me that He would not need to send to me by you." Another man announces in God's name a dogma which, on the face of it, is a lie against the Holy Ghost. He says the Spirit of God told him so and so; but we know that the Holy Ghost never contradicts Himself. If your imaginary revelation is not according to this Word, it has no weight with us; and if it is according to this Word, it is no new thing. There will be no more revelations; no more are needed. The canon is fixed and complete, and he that adds to it shall have added to him the plagues that are written in this Book. What need of more when here is enough for every practical purpose? "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth."

Learn, then, my brothers, how earnestly you ought to search the Scriptures! See, my sisters, how studiously you should read this Book of God! If this is the truth, and the truth with which God sanctifies us, let us learn it, hold it, and stand fast in it. To Him that gave us the Book let us pledge ourselves never to depart from His testimonies. To us, at any rate, God's Word is truth. "But they argue differently in the schools!" Let them argue. "But oratory with its flowery speech speaketh otherwise!" Let it speak; words are but air, and tongues but clay. O God, "Thy word is truth." "But philosophers have contradicted it!" Let them contradict it. Who are they? God's Word is truth; we will go no farther while the world stands.

But, then, let us be equally firm in our conviction that we do not know the truth aright unless it makes us holy. We do not hold truth in a true way unless it leads us to a true life. If you use the back of a knife it will not cut; truth hath its handle and its blade; see that you use it properly. You can make pure water kill a man; you must use every good thing aright or it will not be good. The truth, when fully used, will daily destroy sin, nourish grace, suggest noble desires, and urge to holy acts.

INCONSISTENCIES.

The one point of failure to be most deeply regretted would be a failure in the holiness of our church-members. If you yourselves act as others do, what witness do you bear? If your families are not graciously ordered; if your business is not conducted upon principles of the strictest integrity; if your speech is questionable as to purity or truthfulness; if your lives are open to serious rebuke—how can God accept you or send a blessing on the church to which you belong? It is all falsehood and deceit to talk about your being the people of God when even men of the world shame you. Do not come to me with your experiences, and your convictions, and your professions, unless you sanctify the name of God in your lives. Oh, brethren, we had better quit our professions if we do not live up to them!

Nothing is truth to me but this one Book, this infallibly inspired writing of the Spirit of God. It is incumbent upon us to show the hallowed influence of this Book. The vows of God are on us, that by our godly lives we should

show forth His praises who has brought us out of darkness into His marvellous light. This Bible is our treasure. We prize each leaf of it. Let us bind it in the best fashion, in the best morocco of a clear, intelligent faith; then let us put a golden clasp upon it, and gild its edges by a life of love, and truth, and purity, and zeal. Thus shall we commend the volume to those who have never looked within its pages. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

NEW BOOKS.

PULPIT AIDS.

Good speeches, apt illustrations, and suggestive passages from the productions of eminent men are collected in this volume, as an aid to preachers and platform speakers. They are arranged under the headings of: Home Work, Foreign Missions, Bible Distribution, Temperance, and Miscellaneous, and are thus convenient for reference. Turning to any one of these groups something bright and suggestive is found which without plagiarism may be used in the production of speech or sermon. Among the speakers quoted are: Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, Archbishop Tait, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Fleming, Dr. R. W. Dale, Dr. Parker, Dr. Punshon, Canon Tristram, and Newman Hall. Though specially designed as a help to speakers, the volume, full of bright sayings and original thoughts, will be read and enjoyed by Christian people who do not appear on platform or in pulpit. Pp. 286; price, \$1.50. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

in American History, by Henrietta Christian Wright, will be a welcome present to intelligent little boys and girls. It contains sketches of thrilling events in the history of our country which cannot fail to interest them: "Is it true?" the ingenuous child often asks, as he listens to the close of some story, and it is evident that his enjoyment of it is enhanced when he can receive the assurance that it is true. These stories have that merit, and, while they are instructive, and prepare the child's mind for historical study, the style is so sprightly that they arrest and hold the attention like a fairy story. *The Story of the Huguenots* is one of the best of the collection, and it impresses the young reader with the value of a religion for which the brave men and women were ready to make so great sacrifices. Then there is the beautiful story of Pocahontas, and the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Settlement of New England, and the story of Henry Hudson and the Knickerbockers, and many others which are jewels in history, and with which the children ought to be familiar.

The style of the book may be perceived through one extract from the story of the Red Men, in which the author endeavors to explain the Indian myths. It is the story of *The Morning Star*: "The Indian mothers would tell their children the story of Wabun, the East Wind, who brought the morning to the earth, and chased away the darkness with his silver arrows, whose cheeks were crimson with the sunrise, and whose voice awoke the deer and the hunter; and yet, although the birds sang to him, and the flowers sent up their perfume to greet him, and though the forests and rivers sang and shouted at his coming, still he was not happy, for he was alone in heaven. But one morning while the villages were still sleeping, and the fog lay on the rivers, Wabun looking downward saw a beautiful maiden walking all alone in a meadow, gathering water-lilies and rushes. And each day after that the first thing he saw was the maiden's eyes, which looked like two blue lakes among the rushes, and he loved the beautiful maiden, and wooed her with the sunshine of his smile and whispered to



Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., the English Radical Leader.



The Shoeblack's Contribution.

her in the gentle breezes which sang through the trees, and at last he drew her to him and changed her to a star, and then he was no longer sad, but happy, for he was no longer alone in heaven, but with him was his bride, the beautiful Wabun-Annung, the Morning Star." With an education like this it is easy to understand how the little Indian child when he grew up gave quaint poetic names to places which still bear those names.

In this way the author renders her readers familiar with the habits and customs of the people who at successive periods made their homes in our land. In the final chapter with simple eloquence she tells the story of the War for Independence and the causes which led the patriots reluctantly to sever their connection with England and to lay down their lives for freedom. Numerous excellent illustrations add to the value of the book. Pp. 356; price \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN INFIDEL EXPERIMENT

and its results are described in the current number of *Christian Thought*, the excellent bi-monthly magazine edited by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., published at 71 Bible House, New York. The experiment referred to was commenced in 1881 in Barton County, Mo. A party of atheists secured land there and founded a city. They gave it the name of "Liberal," and announced that it would be "a demonstration of what man could do for himself without the superstitions of religion." They proposed to show the world that Christianity was nothing but a fable; that people could live and prosper without it; that churches, and ministers, and Sabbath-days, and religious observances were all a humbug. Five years have passed, and the results may be seen. Perhaps the infidels are satisfied with them, but the principles on which the city was founded do not seem to have worked exactly as we were led to expect. There is no school-house in the city. The children are taught in rented buildings, and in an edifice about the size of and much like a smoke-house, which bears the title of "Universal Mental Liberty Hall." The most imposing building in the city is worth \$3000, and the majority cost less than \$1000. Quarrels and dissensions abound, liquor is sold without stint, profane language is heard everywhere, not only from men, but women, boys, and girls, and the

grossest forms of social immorality prevail. That is the condition of Liberal after five years' experience. Founded in a spirit of bravado and defiance of God, it is like hell upon earth.

Beside this article from which we have quoted, *Christian Thought* contains articles by Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, etc.

THE SHOEBLACK'S CONTRIBUTION.

(See Illustration on this page.)

AN interesting incident is recorded in connection with the first experiment of a Hospital Saturday collection. It occurred in Birmingham, England, the town which has also the honor of establishing Hospital Sunday. Collections were taken up in the various factories, and several young ladies consented to superintend the collections at places frequented by the men where permission was given for a box to be placed. At one of these two shoeblacks presented themselves. The fraternity, like other trades, is not so well paid in England as here. Five cents for a shine and ten cents for an extra fine polish would be considered an imposition across the Atlantic. One penny, value two cents, is the standard price, so the shoeblacks before the box could easily reckon how much time and labor every penny they gave represented.

"I am going to give 'em a penny, Joe," said the elder. "What are you goin' to do?"

"I've got a tanner," said Joe, producing a bright new silver coin worth six pennies, or twelve cents, for which tanner is the slang name. "I'm goin' to give it."

"No; ain't that all you've got?"

"Yes, but I've got plenty of blacking; I sha'n't want to buy any more yet awhile."

"You're silly to give all that. What's the use? There's lots o' folks to give. Give 'em a penny like me. That's enough for us chaps."

"Ah! you ain't been in hospital, Bill. 'Tain't to be expected o' you. Wait till you've been laid up like me, and had the doctor put you right, and the nurses a-waiting on you as if you was a lord, and asking you how you feel, and saying they're sorry for you, and giving you water when you're thirsty, and nice things when you're gettin' well, and reading to you, and all that; you'd feel different then. You'd be ready to give a bob (twenty-five cents) if you'd got it."

The sixpence went into the box, and the boys went away to look after business. The lady who sat listening to the conversation thought of an event that took place centuries before in a city far away, when He who read all hearts and will judge all conduct declared that a widow who dropped two mites into the treasury gave more than the ostentatious rich men who cast in large gifts. Like those two mites, the boy's sixpence was a gift that meant much.

MARY FLEMING'S SACRIFICE.

(See Picture on page 221.)

"Do you know what I have just heard?" asked Mrs. Neely, setting down her water-can beside the well at the head of the village street. She addressed Jamie Miller, an old man, tall and lean, but with alert, bright eyes that showed his mind was still active.

"No," said he; "how can I know that; I cannot guess."

"Well," said Mrs. Neely, "I've been told as Mary Fleming has been 'sent for.'"

"Do you tell me so? Weel, dear, it'll be for good." Jamie Miller's face shone with gentle benevolence, and the words that were oftenest upon his lips were those he had used just now: "It'll be for good."

The conversation took place beside the moss-covered stones that surrounded the old well, in view of the women at their doors, and the children playing, and the lively stir near the corn-mill.

Mrs. Neely was not at all pleased with the way in which she considered what was a piece of bad news was received, and replied somewhat angrily: "An' what for do you be sayin' the like of that, Jamie Miller? Sure Mary's a girl that has aye been useful in the town, an' what for do you say it'll be for good if she goes awa'?"

Just then the rector appeared, turning the corner so quickly that he was close to the well before she had finished speaking. "Who is that that is going away, Mrs. Neely?" he asked, with a smile.

"Mary Fleming, sir, and here's Jamie saying it'll be for good. He don't know how we'll all miss the handiest girl in the village."

"I agree with you both," said the rector. "Mary Fleming will be a very great loss to the village at large. We shall all miss her; her neighbors because she is unselfish and helpful;

I, because she is my best pupil, the best singer in the choir, and an example to all the other young girls in the parish. But I agree with Jamie, too. Mary is God's servant. I hope and believe, therefore, that whatever happens to her will be for good. You know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Mrs. Neely did not care for the turn that the conversation had taken; she could not stop Mr. Stuart as she stopped Jamie, but she dropped him her curtsey, saying, somewhat snappishly, that she must hasten to look after her husband's supper, and was gone.

As Mr. Stuart and Jamie remained talking together by the old well a very pleasant sight suddenly appeared in the street—a comely young girl, clean, with pretty brown hair carefully arranged, and a calico dress, much worn and patched, but washed and ironed by her own hands. This was Mary Fleming, the cause of the foregoing lamentations and eulogiums—Mary, the rector's favorite pupil, the villagers' generous and ready helper, and her mother's right hand and stay. Her approach was greeted by women and children on both sides of the street. "Mary, dear, maybe you'd fetch me a goo' water," pleaded Ellie Brown; "the pains is that bad the night I can hardly move." "To be sure I will, Ellie; give me your can," was the cheerful response.

Smiling more brightly than usual, she at last reached the well. "Good evening, sir," she said. "Good evening, Mary. I hear that you are 'sent for.'" "Ay, sir, my passage money's come, an' I'm to sail on the fifteenth of next month, if I am ready. Our Joe is sending for me; he's in very good work in America, an' he says I needna do a hand's turn unless I like, for he can keep me like a lady." "Why, Mary, that will be a strange life for you, who are always working hard for somebody. Do you enjoy the thought of idleness?" "No indeed, sir; I think I'll have to put my hand to something. The likes of me isn't fit to be a lady;" and she laughed a cheery little laugh, whose musical ripple sounded like the distant chiming of silver bells.

"Well, Mary," said the rector, "we shall all miss you, but we shall be glad if you will be happier there. You will ask the Lord to guide you, and then, as Jamie says, it'll be for good."

With a smile and kind nod Mr. Stuart passed on, and as Mary filled Ellie's water-can, tears coursed quickly down her cheeks. But before she set the table for supper that evening she was as bright as ever. To see the world! To be with her dear brother! The thought of change was delightful to a girl of twenty, strong and energetic as she was. She sang hymns as usual while she mended the children's clothes by the light of her tallow candle, and her heart was running over with joy and gratitude to God.

But it was not unalloyed joy, for Mary learned, now that the time for which she once longed was actually near, that she would be leaving a vacant place behind which would not be easily filled. How many of these poor people would miss her! How they loved her! She did not know it before. Now she saw that her going would bring a shadow on many homes, and would render many a hard lot a little harder.

Mary saw things in a new light. She would



Mary Fleming at the Well.

like to go to America, but what was her duty? Her life would be easier for the change, but could she do as much good in her new sphere? Mary spent a long time in prayer that night, and in the morning she announced her resolve to stay at home. It was a sacrifice of her inclinations that cost a pang, but she entered into a life of consecrated service which, wherever spent, always brings joys attainable by no other course.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 207.)

On the Whaler.

SCARCELY had the first bar of golden light streaked the eastern horizon, when across that bar a dark object was visible on the sea. Juliet sprang up to a standing position on her heaving raft. Yes, instead of the floating ice, which had almost disappeared during the night, Juliet saw more and more distinctly a sail, and a mast above it. Some vessel was on the sea, and not very far off, but much too far for her voice to reach whoever might be on board.

Yet Juliet did call, shriek, implore! Raising herself as high as possible, she waved first her handkerchief, then her hat, hope and fear alternating, till suspense became actual torture. Could the men in the vessel see her? if they saw her, would they turn out of their course to help? Surely the craft, whatever it was, was coming nearer. Juliet could distinguish that it was of a different shape altogether from the passenger steamer in which she had been crossing the Atlantic; it marked the sky with no long line of smoke; it carried more sails, and seemed to be of far more clumsy build than the ill-fated Quebec.

Yes, it was coming nearer; little black objects that must be men stood out distinct against the flushed sky. Juliet cried out till her voice became hoarse with calling, and then faintly said: "Oh, why does the vessel come so slowly; I shall die before it reach me! Surely they are

making preparations to launch a boat! The man on the prow is waving something! Yes, I am saved—I am saved!" a gush of tears came, and with tears something like a burst of thanksgiving.

The castaway had indeed been seen, and the Norwegian fishing-vessel, for such it was, was slowly approaching the raft. The Bergen was an unsightly-looking craft, black in hull, with sails smoke-colored and pitched; in appearance it would not have gained much by comparison with any other kind of vessel, except perhaps a coal-barge. But even a coal-barge would have been welcomed then by the refined young lady as a blessed ark of safety.

The sound of the oars of the boat put out and the rude shout sent across the water by voices anything but harmonious were far pleasanter than any strain of music had ever been to the ear of Juliet Erle. Help came not an hour too early, for endurance had been strained to the utmost. A cold night spent on an open raft, in garments thoroughly soaked, intense anxiety, overpowering anguish, had been almost more than even Juliet's young, vigorous constitution could bear. She was in a nearly fainting state when first taken into the boat, and then from it lifted up the side of the vessel. There was some consciousness, indeed,

that rough, coarse-looking men were about her, with a good deal of hair on their faces, and some on their hard, sunburnt hands; she was sensible that the deck on which she was placed was so dirty that she would not, without necessity, have placed her foot upon it. Then deck, cordage, sails, men—all seemed to swim around her, and she fainted away.

Had Juliet retained her consciousness, she would have understood nothing of the remarks made by the Norwegian fishermen who had picked her up from the sea.

"I say, Karl, here's a strange haul! we was a-looking for grampus, and we've hooked a mermaid!" quoth the captain, a big, bony, broad-shouldered man, with skin burnt almost to the color of mahogany, save the bit of forehead protected by his oil-skin cap. A broad grin was on his coarse features as he spoke.

"What are we to make of our haul? She's a dainty kind of fish, I take it, and not accustomed to a rough shell like this," observed Karl.

"She shall have my cabin to herself," quoth Captain Logbrog. "Poor child! she's wringing wet, and all in a swoon. Karl, just put this gray shawl afore the fire and give it a warming; I must manage to get off this here jacket. Gently, gently;" he drew Juliet's arms from the fur sleeves, and stared in surprise at what appeared to him the very extraordinary dress beneath the jacket—pink silk, with short sleeves, and trimmed with puffings and lace.

"To think of putting to sea in such fancy foolery as that!" he exclaimed. "If we warn't so far from land, I'd guess she'd escaped from some lunatic asylum."

"She's a-dying," said one of the sailors; "she won't trouble us long."

"Dying—not a bit of it; she's merely in a bit of a faint. Just you get a drop of warm grog, while I carry her down to my den; it will bring her round in a twinkling!" and lifting the poor girl in his strong arms, as if she had been a baby, Captain Logbrog carried Juliet down to the

cabin which, with rude gallantry, he had given up to his most unexpected guest.

Jollof, the oldest sailor on board, with a face seamed with wrinkles, shook his face ominously as he observed, "It's unlucky, mighty unlucky; it happens, too, on a Friday; not a seal shall we catch."

"What dost mean, old salt?" asked one of the sailors.

"She's no canny," was the reply; "girls of flesh and blood don't go sailing alone over the salt seas like a nautilus. I don't like the look o' the thing."

"She looks harmless as a drowned lamb," said his messmate, "not a bit like a witch!"

"Dost think she wears for nothing all these gimcracks dangling from her chain—a pair of bellows, and a fish among them! Just mark my words—while she stays aboard not a narwhal or seal will we catch."

When Juliet revived from her swoon, she found herself in a small dark cabin, with a big Norwegian pouring something fiery into her mouth.

The poor girl had been treated with real though rough hospitality; the burly captain of the vessel, having given up his cabin, would have to share the yet narrower quarters of the men. He administered warm grog to the fainting lady as what he himself considered the great specific for every ill. But it was not in Juliet's case so effectual as he had expected. For days she lay prostrated by a violent attack of illness caught by exposure. For a few hours her senses were lost, and she surprised the sailors by wildly singing, "'Tis to-morrow!" ending with hysterical cries. This seemed to old Jollof confirmatory of his suspicions. "She's a-raising the wind," he muttered, and then would relate some of the wild legends of the north, where old superstitions still linger, till some of his more credulous shipmates were half convinced that they had better have left their strange mermaid to float on the sea. Captain Logbrog, however, only laughed at Jollof and his old wives' tales.

When Juliet's fever passed away it left pain, weakness, and depression behind. Her sufferings may be best described in her own words. Juliet had found in the captain's cabin writing materials of a rude kind; an oil-stained, ink-bespattered low shelf had served the honest seaman for a desk, and a dirty ink-bottle had been screwed down into a hole in the wood beyond risk of upsetting by the vessel's rolling. A supply of coarse paper, unlike any that had hitherto been pressed by Juliet's pen, was to her now a real prize. Leave to use these writing materials, asked by signs, was nodded with a good-natured smile, which made the captain's unshaven lips almost extend from ear to ear. Accepting this as permission, she spent much of her time in writing a journal. Here are some of the entries made there:

"I wonder how many days have passed since that fearful, fearful night! I have lost all account of time. I think that I must have been very ill. I have still such weakness and pain that I cannot crawl up the ladder to the deck, though I am almost stifled in this hole. It is not much larger than a dog-kennel, and the thick bull's eye which alone admits the light serves but to make 'darkness visible.' I can scarcely see to guide my pen.

"I hear everything through the partition; the laughing; jesting, sometimes quarrelling, and the boisterous songs at night; but what I hear I cannot understand. Not a word of these men's language do I know, and they know not a word of mine. I have tried—oh, how desperately have I tried!—to make the bull-headed captain understand that I would give one, two, three hundred pounds, half my fortune, to be taken to some English or American port. I have spoken in English, French, Italian—in vain. He only answers by that broad grin which tries my patience, I feel so little disposed to smile. I think that the captain regards me simply as a petulant child.

"Oh, the smells, and then the uncatchable food!

Salt junk, and stale biscuits as hard as a rock, and water whose very scent makes me feel sick, with the nauseous, fiery grog! I think that I shall die of starvation and thirst in this horrible den!

"If that angel—whom I never shall cease to mourn—had been here, could she have been calm and contented? Would she have found even here the sweet manna of which she spoke, or would she have murmured as I murmur, despaired as I now despair? Oh, Maria Selden would never have murmured; she would, through all, have felt the Father's hand, and looked up, and said: 'My Saviour!' How utterly unlike her am I!

"Some say that trials bring us nearer to God; it is not the case with me. I feel a hundred times more wicked than ever I was before—in-deed, I never before thought myself wicked at all. I had a better temper than either of my sisters, was not so fickle as Gertie, was a general favorite with my companions. I thought that I had no very serious faults. But now there has arisen within me such a spirit of fierce rebellion that I am frightened at my own state of mind. I do not feel a gentle hand, but an iron grasp; I am simply crushed beneath it.

"I say in my rebellious heart, Why was Maria taken away, she so good, so pious and gentle, a blessing to so many? Why was she drowned in the sea? And why am I bereft of everything, cast down to the very dust? I do not believe that a God who is really love—O Lord, forgive the wicked thoughts that rise in my soul, and have almost been put down by my pen! Shall I tear up this paper? No, no; the evil lies deeper, in the very roots of my heart. I am a sinful, miserable wretch! God have mercy upon me!

"August 1.—I put down my date by guess-work; I do not know the real time. I managed to climb up the ladder to-day. It was such a relief to breathe the fresh air again, to look at the sun! The sailors, after the first stare, and what I suppose were meant for inquiries after my health, take little notice of me, except one strange wrinkled old man, who watches my movements with suspicion, as if he thought that I might carry off some pulley or bolt. I am able to sit on a greasy coil of rope, the only seat, and look around, and inhale the cool sea-breeze. I wonder whither we are going. Northward, to judge by the position of the sun, and the cold which increases, though the sun is hot in the middle of the day. Certainly we are not going toward England. More vain attempts to make myself understood. At night greatly troubled by rats. I am sure that they swarm in the vessel.

"August 2.—I have managed to learn the names of a few things which I can point to, or touch, such as rope, harpoon, and whale; I think that I must be in a whaling-vessel, so eager were the seamen at the sight of a spouting in the distance; they were keen as sportsmen following the deer. I believe that we have changed our course, and that we are in pursuit of something. I should like to see a whale caught; it would make an exciting break in this intolerably monotonous and irksome life. Our fare to-day has been varied by some fresh fish, a pleasant change from the tough salt junk. The old man (I heard him called Jollof) looks a trifle more gracious.

"August 3.—I do wish that I had a Bible! To-day there was hail, so I could not keep on deck. I was sorely in want of a book. I tried how many verses from Scripture I could remember. I can hardly repeat one correctly. That which comes most readily into my mind is, '*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth*;' I remember it, for it was the text of a sermon preached on my twentieth birthday. I thought it a very hard saying, and so did Gertie; her mother was quite angry with the preacher for his excessively uncharitable views. We were living in pleasure, for nothing but pleasure. Was I dead then? am I dead now? Were I so, should I feel this gnawing pain at my heart?

Oh, if I had but Maria beside me! She had the Bible in her memory, treasured up in her soul. What a help she would have been to me now!

"One of my troubles, and not a light one, is the impossibility of changing my dress. I look with actual aversion on the stained faded finery which I am compelled to wear; it is only fit for a May-queen! Can my feelings at all resemble those of some poor old votary of the world, grown gray in folly, forced to remain in a round of insipid amusements from sheer inability to change the habits of a life; clinging to what disgusts her because *she has nothing besides*! I think of my Maria's question: 'Would you like to lead such a life for a hundred years?' Oh, how wearisome, how almost loathsome all my vanities would be then!

"I remember how eager I was for this very pink dress to come home from the mantua-maker's; how impatient I was, how angry lest it should not be ready for the grand Sunday dinner on my birthday. I sent message after message, and it came, just as I was returning from church, after hearing that terrible sermon. Heartless as I was, I remember the feeling of pain given me by the sight of the pale hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of the young seamstress who brought the dress home. She said that she had sat up all night to finish the work; and I—even I—had a twinge of conscience; I had robbed the sick girl both of her night and her Sunday's rest, and sorely she needed them both. But other thoughts soon drove these regretful thoughts away; it is only now, in my solitude, that I remember my folly, my sin! Will memory thus awake in another world? and if so, what torment it will bring!

"August 4.—We have had an exciting day! Our sailors sighted a herd of walrus, and with what eagerness they prepared for the attack! I had never seen these huge sea-horses before, except in pictures, and watched preparations with curiosity and interest. A boat of peculiar form, bow-shaped at both ends, was rapidly let down into the water; five strong fellows, the captain among them, swung themselves down into her, and then plied their oars with furious energy, rowing toward the herd. All the rest of the men, except the steersman, watched them from the deck or shrouds, like eager spectators at a boat-race. This was a more dangerous affair than any match. I noticed in the boat four or five immense lances, such as are used in this war with the monsters of the deep.

"I could see little but the heads of the walrus above the water; but what strange heads they were, almost like monstrous caricatures of the human face, with thick bristles above the mouth, and enormous tusks pointed downward; formidable weapons they appeared!

"When the herd was reached, oh, what a savage battle ensued! I shall never forget the spearing, thrusting, the apparent efforts of the wounded and desperate animals to board the boat, or swamp it, the splashing in the waves, the loud cries and shouts of the men on deck to encourage their comrades! I know now how spectators must feel who look on at a bull-fight. A sensation of horror mingled with excitement, as the waters around the boat grew reddened with blood! The poor sea-horses, strong and fierce as they were, had a bad chance in their struggle with man. Three walrus were killed, the others dived, and disappeared from my view. The short, sharp battle was over, and loud were the shouts of the sailors!

"Another boat, but of different shape, was let down to help to bring in the prizes, while rapid preparations were made on deck to construct a sort of rough, strong platform, the use of which I did not at first understand. I understood it too soon! The poor walrus has not only to be killed, but skinned, and the blubber removed. The creatures, dragged in by the boats, were hoisted up by a crane to the platform. Two men, clad from head to foot in oil-skin, appeared, armed with large knives. As soon as I saw what work was in hand, down I fled to my cabin, utterly sickened. The ship, which was

in a sufficiently repulsive state before, has become a floating reservoir of blubber; such is the state of the deck that I dread to set foot upon it!

"What a life these hardy fishermen lead! yet to them it is not without its joys. The men are evidently in high spirits at their capture; to them blubber means gold. What a gulf separates one class of human beings from another! But Maria bridged it over with Christian love. She would have taken an interest even in these men. She would have spoken of them as she did of the emigrants on board the Quebec, whom to my astonishment she visited in their gloomy quarters below. "They are my brethren and sisters," she said; "there is not one among them for whom a crown of life may not be prepared. Why should I shrink from the company below of those with whom I may spend eternity above?" I remember shrugging my shoulders, and inwardly wondering at a lady's low tastes. O Maria, Maria, *you* low—you who were as much above me as the white cloud is above the tossing billow!"

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

S. S. Lesson for April 18, John 2: 1-11. Golden Text, ver. 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Mary not an Ascetic—Marriages to which Jesus is Called—Marriages of Expediency—Mary's Impatience—Waiting the Lord's Time—The Opening of the Door—A Safe Rule—The Filled Water-pots—Human Rules Reversed—The Water Brought to God—His Transforming Work—The Purification of the Temple.

THE third day after John had proclaimed Jesus to be the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Some have pictured Mary as an unapproachably holy woman. But who was ever holy as Jesus Himself? and yet who was ever more approachable than He. Mary recognized family claims, and so will all who have the mind of Christ. Those who could not go into society for the sake of their own amusement because life has to them a purpose so much more real, worthy, precious, and even satisfying, can yet with their Lord "rejoice with them that do rejoice," as well as "weep with them that weep" (Rom. 12: 15).

Jesus, as a member of the family in which the marriage took place, and His disciples, as being His friends, were called to the marriage. That is a blessed marriage where Jesus is called, for He alone can truly unite two hearts and two lives. Howsoever unlike husband and wife may be by nature and disposition, however trying they would be to one another if He did not come in and put all the wrong things right, He can make the most real unity where there are the most unlikely elements by making both parties see that He permits what is naturally trying, and therefore taking it from His hand, not directly from the other. Thus the things which are in themselves calculated to separate become closer bonds of union because they are taken to the Lord, and He indeed turns the water into wine. Many

MARRIAGES

are entered into from expediency; some with a view to riches, some with a view to position in society, some with a view to self-gratification or comfort. In all such cases it is not Jesus who is called to the marriage, but wealth, position, comfort; etc. But when two of God's children whom He has brought together enter into marriage "as heirs together of the grace of life" (1 Pet. 3: 7), with the conviction that God will be honored by the mutual help they may be to one another, and the greater usefulness in God's service which their union may bring about, then Jesus is called to the marriage. When a man of God marries an unconverted woman he cannot call Jesus to the marriage, for the command is plain: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (II Cor. 6: 14), and again (I Cor. 7: 39), "only in the Lord."

At the marriage in Cana guests were more plentiful than provisions; the supply of wine ran out, and the mother of Jesus said to Him: "They have no wine." Why should she have said it to Him? Up to this time He had wrought no miracles. But Mary knew that her Son should be called "the Son of God" (Luke 1: 35); she knew that the Holy Ghost had come upon Him, and that therefore the time of His ministry was beginning. But "Jesus saith to her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Jesus was in close communion with His Father; His mother, Mary, was impatient for others to know the things which she had so long kept and pondered in her heart (Luke 2: 19, 51). Our blessed Lord could not be pushed on by human energy; He would not do one hour before the time even what He knew He should do ultimately. O Lord, teach us also this closeness of walk to Thee! Mary then took her true and precious place, and said to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." There was all the time evidently in the mind of Mary a conviction that something was going to happen; but, like so many, she tried to hasten it by her own efforts. There are those who have prayed for a revival, and they become fearful lest their faith should fail if it does not come quickly, and so they try to

HURRY IT ON,

and without waiting until the Lord gives the word, they try to put a pressure on Him, and on the people too, and try to bring about the answer to their prayers. This cannot honor God, and God cannot be a party to it, and for this very reason a great deal of revival work is strained and forced and poor in its results. When God gives the word, great is the company of those that publish it, men and women (Ps. 68: 11). Again, many pray for the revival of primitive Christianity in its primitive power, and then, thinking to help God, get into a spirit of drive in pushing the truths of holiness and Divine healing before unwilling people, forgetting that when God sets before us an open door, no man can shut it (Rev. 3: 8), and no man has power to open the door of God's power; Jesus is He that openeth (Rev. 3: 7). It is our place and our privilege to wait for orders, and then, "whatsoever He saith unto you, do it;" don't think over it, but do it; don't talk about it, but do it. This is a safe rule for our daily life. As we read God's Word, as one and another of the Lord's commands become clear to us, there and then to do, without hesitation or fear, whatsoever He says.

But how are we to know what He says? How are we to get definite and unmistakable guidance from God? How was it on this occasion? As soon as the servants were ready to do His will He told them what to do. There were six water-pots of stone standing there empty, and He said: "Fill the water-pots with water." "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." As we place ourselves voluntarily at God's disposal, He makes known His will to us; He shows us His will, not that we may speculate upon it, but that we may obey it. Again, "If any man

WILL DO HIS WILL,

he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7: 17).

The servants obeyed and filled the water-pots to the brim. Very useless they might have thought; it is wine, not water, which is needed. Then He gave them another command: "Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it." No word had been spoken, nothing done of which the senses of man could take cognizance, yet that water was made wine. And the governor of the feast (quite ignoring Jesus, for only His mother and the servants knew what had been done) called the bridegroom, and said unto him: "Every

man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." He was giving utterance to a great truth. With man the best is always first, and then there is deterioration. The best works of an author are generally his early productions, and then there comes a sameness; so with an artist, a poet, an architect. But God is inexhaustible in all things; with Him the best is always best. He goes on developing His resources, and thus it comes about that in old Christians, just when the natural powers are diminishing, the ripeness and mellowness of the soul, the life "hid with Christ in God" (Col. 3: 2) becomes so remarkable. It is

JESUS ONLY

who can turn water into wine, yes, even the good wine of the kingdom—wine which maketh glad the heart of man. What *we* bring to God is like the water in the water-pots; what He makes of what we bring Him is like the water turned to wine. We bring Him hearts inclined to deceit and crookedness, He comes and takes possession, and dwells within as the very truth itself. We bring to Him loveless hearts, or hearts only possessed with the most selfish of all selfishness, that which men call love, and which is only self-gratification; He comes in and dwells, and brings in His own reign of His own love, which is altogether unselfish, pure, blessed, joyous. We bring Him our utter weakness and inability to do anything for His cause; He takes possession and makes His strength perfect in our weakness. It is only as He, the Divine, takes possession of the human and lives His life out in us, that we can please Him. How futile, then, is our effort to make ourselves to be what He calls and desires us to be! We can no more change ourselves than we can turn water into wine; but we can surrender ourselves to Him who can do it. John and James were surnamed Boanerges, sons of thunder (Mark 3: 17), and they seemed like it when they wanted to command fire to come down from heaven to consume those who did not receive Jesus (Luke 10: 54). Yet this very John became the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who was the apostle of love in his epistles especially. Jesus had turned the water into wine. The woman of Samaria was hard, impure, and unwomanly, but in a few hours she became a humble and zealous witness for Jesus. He had turned the water into wine.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him. They had believed before, but they believed more now. After this Jesus abode for a few days with His mother and His disciples at Capernaum. But the Passover was at hand, and Jesus, as commanded in the laws, went up to Jerusalem. He found in the temple all kinds of merchandise going on. Of course the excuse of the people would have been it was more convenient to buy bullocks and birds for sacrifice in the temple-inclosure than to bring them from a distance. But His Father's house was being made a house of merchandise. How about the temple of our body? Is it our house of prayer, or a house of merchandise? Does nothing within need to be cleansed away? Jesus did many miracles in Jerusalem, and many believed on Him; but He did not commit Himself unto them. He willed that they should recognize Him as fulfilling the Scriptures which had been written of Him. "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of men, for He knew what was in man."

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

"INTO THY HANDS."

Into Thy hands, O, Father! Now at last,
 Weary with struggling and with long unrest,
 Vext by remembrances of conflicts past
 And by a host of present cares oppress,

I come to Thee and cry, Thy will be done!
 Take Thou the burden I have borne too long;
 Into Thy hands, O mighty, loving One,
 My weakness gives its all, for Thou art strong!

For life—for death. I cannot see the way;
 I blindly wander on to meet the night;
 The path grows steeper, and the dying day
 Soon with its shadows will shut out the light.

Hold Thou my hand, O Father! I am tired
 As a young child that wearies of the road;
 And the far heights towards which I once aspired
 Have lost the glory with which erst they glowed.

Take Thou my life, and mold it to Thy will:
 Into Thy hands commit I all my way;
 Fain would I lift each cup that Thou dost fill,
 Nor from its brim my pale lips ever stay.

Take Thou my life! I lay it at Thy feet;
 And in my death my sure support be Thou;
 So shall I sink to slumber sound and sweet,
 And wake at morn before Thy face to bow!

—Mrs. I. C. Dorr.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Published:

A New "Silent Comforter."

WORDS OF COMFORT
AND CONSOLATION.

A choice selection of Scripture texts in large type, printed on good paper and mounted on roller, exposing one page for each day of the month. Size, 13½x21 inches. Price, 75 cents. (Postage free.)

The publisher confidently expects a large sale for this new wall roll. It is handsomely gotten up, the price is moderate, and there is a demand for some new and worthy scroll to succeed "The Silent Comforter" and "Heavenly Sunshine," both of which have been so widely circulated.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED!

One in Each District.

Liberal Terms.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,
 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

PRACTICAL BOOKS.

A List of Ten Books for the Instruction and Entertainment of the Household.

1. **POMPEII AND THE POMPEIANS.** By Marc Monnier. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.00. With many illustrations.

"The book is charmingly written, excellently translated, and beautifully illustrated."—*N. O. Times-Democrat*.

2. **BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL.** By Guillaume Depping. With 70 illustrations. 12mo, \$1.00.

3. **INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS,** with illustrative Anecdotes. From the French of Ernest Menaut. With 54 illustrations. 12mo, \$1.00.

4. **HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH Married:** Being a Handbook to Marriage. By a Graduate in the University of Matrimony. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25.

"One of the brightest, wittiest, most sensible and wholesome books on the subject of matrimony that we have seen."—*New York Observer*.

5. **WONDERS OF HEAT.** By Achille Cazin. With 93 illustrations and a colored Frontispiece. New edition, with additional chapter. 12mo, \$1.00.

6. **WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.** By Camille Flammarion. Translated from the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. With 48 illustrations. 12mo, \$1.00.

7. **THE LATE MRS. NULL.** By Frank R. Stockton, author of "Rudder Grange." "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., etc. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25.

8. **WHAT DOES HISTORY TEACH?** By John Stuart Blackie. 1 vol., 16mo, cloth, 75 cents.

"A bright, brave, inspiring book, we heartily commend it to our readers."—*Hartford Courant*.

9. **MOVEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS Thought in Britain during the Nineteenth Century.** By John Tulloch, D.D. New and cheaper edition. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.00.

10. **AN APACHE CAMPAIGN IN THE Sierra Madre.** An Account of the Expedition in Pursuit of the Hostile Chiricahu in the Spring of 1883. By Capt. John G. Bourke, author of "The Moquis Indians." 1 vol., 12mo, illustrated, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

** Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
 743-745 Broadway, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Favorite Hymns Finely Illustrated.

Forming Beautiful Presentation Volumes.

Handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, with 16 illustrations and memorial sketch of the author. Per volume, 75 cents.

Just As I Am. By Charlotte Elliot.
 Jesus, Lover of My Soul. By Charles Wesley.
 Nearer, My God, to Thee. By Sarah Flower Adams.

Rock of Ages. By Augustus Montague Toplady.

BEAUTIFUL EASTER BOOKS.

Illuminated with much taste and skill. Each page containing an illuminated text, with appropriate hymn. Printed in colors and gold. Ribbon tied.

Gold Bronze Cover, - - 35 Cents.
 Persian Calf Cover, - - \$1.25.

Thoughts for Sunrise.

Thoughts for Sunset.

Thoughts of Heaven, Our Home Above.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, 42 Bleecker St., N. Y.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Anniversary Addresses and Sketches
 of the Great Orator.

A memorial pamphlet, with an introductory sketch and reminiscences of Mr. Gough, by THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., and Rev. JOSEPH COOK, his life-long friends and co-laborers, together with stenographic reports of the speeches of Mr. Gough delivered for the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and a portrait of the eloquent temperance advocate. Published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House. 12mo. Price, 10 cents.

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

58 Reade Street, New York City.

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, LEVITICUS,
 EXODUS, NUMBERS,
 and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures."

Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 2500 pages, \$4.50 (postage or express prepaid).

Address The Evangelical Book-Store,

9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

CHILD'S HEALTH PRIMER. For the youngest scholars. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 35 cents.

HYGIENE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. For intermediate classes. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, 60 cts.

STEELE'S HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY. For High Schools and Academies. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

These books have been widely adopted and are strongly indorsed by a host of educators. Send for specimen pages or descriptive circulars. Address

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,
 New York and Chicago.

TRACTS! TRACTS! TRACTS!

Christian Workers, on application, can have sent them free of charge our New Catalogue and Sample Packet of Gospel Slips, Tracts, Leaflets and Books imported from British publishers.

Gospel Book and Tract Repository,
 ORILLIA, CANADA.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 81 Rose St., N. Y.

ONLY AUTHORIZED AND CORRECT EDITION

THE MARRIAGE RING.

By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

A series of Sermons on Marriage, now in course of delivery in The Tabernacle, Brooklyn, and published in book form about April 10th.

Talmage's Authorization.

"Seeing that there are very loose notions abroad about the conjugal relation, I preached the following sermons on that and kindred subjects. Having been assured that they have already done in fugitive shape, I now commit them to book form, and Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are the only authorized publishers thereof."

"Brooklyn, March 8th, 1886."

CONTENTS:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| I. Choice of a Wife. | IX. Easy Divorce. |
| II. Choice of a Husband. | X. Motherhood. |
| III. Clandestine Marriages. | XI. Heredity. |
| IV. Duties of Husbands to Wives. | XII. Parasitic Woman. |
| V. Duties of Wives to Husbands. | XIII. Influence of Sisters over Brothers. |
| VI. Costumes and Morals. | XIV. The Worried Housekeeper. |
| VII. Boarding-House vs. Home Life. | XV. The Old Folks' Visit. |
| VIII. Plain Talk. | |

12mo, cloth, \$1.00, sent post-paid on receipt of price.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10 and 12 Dey St., New York.

THE MARRIAGE RING

A Series of Thirteen Sermons delivered by

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

IF YOU ARE MARRIED,

or expect to be, or if you have father, mother, brother or sister, you should read this book. The sermons are not only on the relations between husband and wife, but on all the family relations. It shows how, when and whom you should marry, and gives some good advice on all the relations of life. 12mo, 204 pages. Paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

The following is the table of contents: The Choice of a Wife; The Choice of a Husband; On Clandestine Marriage; Matrimonial Harmony or Discord; Marital Duties; Costume and Morals; Duties of Wives to Husbands; Hotels versus Homes; The Domestic Circle; Sisters and Brothers; The Children; Patrimony; Motherhood; Trials of Housekeeping.

Sold by all booksellers, or mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for terms. You can sell 100 copies in your town.

Ten Days With D. L. Moody

A Choice Collection of his Sermons, and also the Proceedings of the Christian Convention at Moody's home in Northfield.

Every one interested in Mr. Moody and his work should read this book. 12mo, 192 pages, paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. Sold by all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. BOX 2767.

31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK

HALF A MILLION GARDENS

ARE ANNUALLY

SEEDS

Peter Henderson & Co.

PLANTS

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2½ Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

"A Capital Book for Social Meetings and Sunday-Schools."

SELECT SONGS.

Compiled by F. N. PELOUBET, D.D.

344 Hymns and Tunes, admirably chosen for use where only one book is desired for the Devotional Meetings and the Sunday-School. All who have used Select Songs speak of it in the highest terms.

Firmly bound in Cloth, 40 per 100 Copies.

READY MARCH 10.

An edition of words only, \$10 per 100 Copies.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.

81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
 CALDWELL,
 Racine Co., Wisconsin.

YOU CAN DYE ANYTHING

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never fail. 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and Dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10 cents a pk'g. Drugists sell or we send post-paid.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts.

In Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever issued. Large illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fatches Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses, Photograph Outfits, rare and curious novelties. Write for circulars to books, &c. FREE World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

BLACK SILKS.

The various weaves, makes and qualities of BLACK SILKS upon which reliance for DURABILITY and WEAR can be placed are now offered by us at remarkably low prices.

We are also offering for combinations with above a beautiful assortment of rich novelties in chenille and velvet effects. Early inspection is invited. Orders by mail promptly filled.

James M'Creery & Co.,

Broadway and 11th Street,
 NEW YORK.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ALBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. 0 distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

STONES FOR THE TEMPLE, etc.

By HARRIET WARNER RE QU.

"Not a few of these poems will be marked for use by ministers who add the strength of poetical quotations to religious discourses."—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*. "It is long since poetry so sweet, clear and true has been offered the American public."—*Christian Herald*. "The book places Mrs. Re Qu. the peer of our best American poets."—*Prof. J. Robinson, D.D., Ph.D.* Sent, for \$1.25. The Author, Aurora, Ill.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 15.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF REV. RAY PALMER, D.D., THE EMINENT AMERICAN POET.
THE TRIALS OF THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
INCIDENTS OF FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS. By Rev. M. Baxter—A Child in a Crevasse.
CURRENT EVENTS: The Silver Debate in the House—Proposed Admission of a State—A Defiant Mormon Manifesto—Rhode Island's Prohibitory Amendment—Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Proposals—A Boy without a Country—A Faithful Swedish Lady—An Appalling Bargain, etc.

ACCEPTANCE FOR THE PERFECT. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.—Notes of New Books.
PICTURE OF M. PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.—In a Leper Asylum.
AN ARISTOCRATIC EVANGELIST. (With Illustration.)
AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Jesus and Nicodemus. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D., of Newark, N. J., Author of the Hymn "My Faith Looks up to Thee," etc.

REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

The Poetic Treasures of the Church—Dr. Palmer's Invaluable Contributions—His Birth and Early Life—Commercial Life in Boston—College Career—School Teaching in New York—His most Famous Hymn—An Incident of the War—Pastoral Work in Maine—A European Tour—Settles at Albany, N. Y.—Secretary of the Congregational Union—Literary Work—Some of His Hymns.

AN eminent theologian in a work famous all over the world, described under the figure of a dream the consternation there would be if God in anger withdrew His Book from the world. He pictured the dismay of the people when they opened their Bibles to find it all blank paper, and when they turned to other books at finding every place where a quotation from the Bible had been, marked by an empty space. Next to that loss, the greatest of which we can conceive, the one which the Church would feel most severely would be the loss of its hymns. There are books, like the "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Anxious Inquirer," and a few others, which could not be spared, but not even the loss of these would be so irreparable and so calamitous as the loss of the hymns which have been used in the service of God from one generation to another. The preacher may be forgotten, the theologian may be known to few, but the man who writes a hymn which expresses the spiritual emotions of men, is a benefactor to the Church throughout the world, and his production is treasured as a precious possession. No man is so certain of undying fame; no man can be so assured that his work will live after he has quitted the world. Such a man is he whose picture appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The works for which the Christian world is indebted to American divines are not few nor lightly valued, but the contribution to Christian literature by Americans which has been most highly valued and most extensively used are the hymns which have come from American pens. A very high place, if not the highest among American hymn-writers, is that occupied by the Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., whose hymn commencing: "*My faith looks up to Thee*," has been translated into more than twenty languages. That is only one of many popular hymns that he has written, but the rapidity with which it seized and held the admiration of Christian people established its author's position in the world of Christian literature.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Ray Palmer was born November 12th, 1808, at Little Compton, R. I. He is therefore now in his seventy-eighth year. It was intended that he should pursue a commercial career. He was therefore sent to Boston, Mass., at the age of thirteen to fill a clerk's position in an extensive business house. It was, however, stipulated that the boy should have opportunities for completing his education. He attended school in Boston in addition to performing his commercial duties, and for two years he led this divided life. Placed in such a position many lads would have given their chief energies to the pursuit which held out the best promises of wealth and worldly success. Study would have been irksome in circumstances which tended to make the boy feel himself a man—a stage beyond the schoolboy status. It was not so with Ray Palmer. Study had charms for him, which could not be found in buying and selling and getting gain. The school encroached on the store, and at the end of two years the receipt of custom knew the future Christian poet no more.

SCHOLASTIC WORK.

From Boston Ray Palmer went to Phillips' Academy, Andover, to prepare for college. He was fifteen at the time; he had seen something of the world, had failed to be drawn into the current of competition for riches, had looked at the prizes which fascinate the hearts of men, and had turned from them unmoved by their attractions. He was three years at Andover, and at the end of that time he proceeded to Yale

College, New Haven. He entered that institution in 1826, and graduated in the class of 1830. His first occupation, after leaving college, was that of teaching. A position was offered him in a private school in New York. It was situated in what was at that time an aristocratic quarter of the city, among the residences of the best families. It was in Fulton Street, west of Broadway, near Church Street, where now vast wholesale business houses crowd each other, and shut the light of day from the narrow thoroughfare. There the young man taught for three hours a day. He had leisure, and, as a countryman in a great city, may naturally be supposed to have had temptations to spend his time in amusement. But he was by this time a child of God, and in quiet reflection and in Christian service he found abundance of occupation.

THE POETIC GENIUS.

Already, unknown almost to every one, the genius of the poet was manifesting itself. In a little book which he carried about with him there were jotted down short poems and single stanzas which were to him the most natural expression of his deepest emotions. One day alone in his chamber, away from outward excitement, and with a deep consciousness of his own needs, the young tutor wrote in his little book, as faithfully as he could, the thoughts that were passing within him. It was a poem of four stanzas, never intended for publication, but a spontaneous expression of feeling. As he wrote the last words he was so moved by the subject of the poem that he covered his face with his hands, and his overwrought soul found relief in abundant tears. These were the words as they still stand as they were written fifty-five years ago in the old morocco-covered memorandum book:

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Cavalry,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

It was remarkable that lines so sweet and so expressive should have been written by one who evidently felt their force and beauty, without awakening a desire to see them in print. It shows the unworldly, retiring spirit of the man that no thought of publication crossed his mind. Ray Palmer kept them hidden in his little book, and went about his daily duties a busy, unambitious man. No one saw them until a year or two afterward, when they were shown to Dr. Lowell Mason in a Boston street. That was a memorable time. A wave of deep religious revival was sweeping over the country, and a new demand had arisen for hymns to be used in the meetings. Dr. Mason, in conjunction with Dr. Hastings, of New York, was preparing a collection of such hymns, and meeting Ray Palmer in Boston told him of his effort, and asked him if he could furnish a contribution. The young poet showed him the stanzas which had so deeply moved himself when he wrote them two years before, and stepping into a store, Dr.

Mason then and there took a copy. On sitting down at home and reading them again he became more and more interested, and finally composed a tune to suit the words. It was "Olivet," the tune to which they have been sung in every time since then thousands of times. "You may live many years, Mr. Palmer," was Dr. Lowell Mason's prediction on meeting the author a few days afterward, "and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of that hymn." That prediction is already verified. In 1840 the hymn was being generally used in England, and since that time, as we have said, it has been translated into more than twenty languages.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Many interesting incidents in which this hymn has figured have been related. One of the most affecting is an incident of the war. It was night. A great battle was impending. In one of the tents eight Christian young men were gathered. They knew well that the coming dawn would be the signal for a sanguinary conflict, from which not all of them could come alive. In that hour they came together for prayer. Before they parted they spoke freely of the improbability of their surviving the morrow, and one of the number suggested that they should draw up a paper expressing the feelings with which they went to stand face to face with death, and all sign it; and that it should be left as a testimony to the friends of such of them as might fall. The suggestion was unanimously adopted, and after consultation it was decided that a copy of "*My faith looks up to Thee*" should be written out, and subscribed by all present, so that father, and mother, and friends should know in what spirit they laid down their lives. They did not all meet again, but one of the survivors saw the arrangement carried out. A multitude of instances are also on record of souls seeking the light who have found it in the same hymn, and of Christians in circumstances of trial and of heart-breaking sorrow who have gained new strength from it.

In the autumn of 1831, Ray Palmer returned to New Haven, and became associated with the eminent Latin scholar, Professor E. A. Andrews, in the foundation of the New Haven Young Ladies' Institute, which was one of the earliest attempts made in America to furnish young ladies with advantages equal to those enjoyed by the other sex.

THE MINISTRY.

Useful as such work was, Ray Palmer had been called to a grander sphere of labor in which he would devote all his time and talents to direct Christian effort. He had, ever since he left Yale, looked longingly toward pastoral work, and been preparing for it by theological study. In 1832 his desire was fulfilled; he was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association of Congregational ministers. Shortly afterward he accepted a call to the Central Congregational Church of Bath, Me., and was ordained there in 1835. He was about the same time united in marriage to Miss Ann H. Waud, daughter of Marmaduke Waud, Esq., of New York.

Fifteen years of earnest practical labor followed, full of abundant tokens of the divine blessing. During that period (in 1847) he crossed the Atlantic, in a brief respite from ministerial labor. He needed rest and change of scene as a recuperation, for, beside ordinary pastoral duties his pen had been in constant requisition, and his services had been sought and rendered as one of the Overseers of Bowdoin College, Brunswick. During his trip he visited England and Scotland, and made a tour of the chief Continental countries.

Soon after his return an urgent call from the First Congregational Church in Albany, N. Y., was tendered to him. This was so presented that he gave it prayerful consideration, and finally was led to accept it. He removed to Albany in 1850, where he remained fifteen years and a half. At the end of that time he was requested by his ministerial brethren to fill the office of Secretary of the Congregational Union.

The duties of that responsible position he performed for twelve years. During his term of office no less than six hundred Congregational churches were built by the aid of the Association.

LITERARY WORK.

While thus actively engaged as a pastor, and in official work, his untiring energy found occupation in the production of numerous works, besides smaller pamphlets and fugitive contributions to religious journals. Among the books published, most of which were republished in London, and ran through several editions as they did in America, were: "Spiritual Improvement; or, Aid to Growth in Grace" (1839); "Closet Hours" (1851); "Remember Me" (1855); "Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions" (1860); "Hymns and Sacred Pieces" (1865); "Hymns of My Holy Hours" (1866); "Home; or, The Unlost Paradise" (1868); "Earnest Words on True Success in Life" (1873); "Complete Poetical Works" (1876); "Voices of Hope and Gladness" (1880). The value of all these was shown by the eagerness with which they were sought, and new editions called for. It is, however, as a poet that the Church delights to think of Dr. Palmer, and is grateful to him for the gems he has added to her treasury of praise. Among the best-known of these is the hymn commencing:

"Fount of everlasting love,"

which appeared in the collection of Dr. Lowell Mason, at the same time as that we have already quoted. Professor Frederic M. Bird in his work on "Hymnology," thus classifies Dr. Palmer's productions:

"Thou who roll'st the year around,"

written 1832, but never printed till 1865, for "The Closing Year." The next four appeared in "Union Hymns," Boston, 1834. The date of composition is appended to each piece in the volume of 1876.

"Away from earth my spirit turns." (1833).

"Stealing from the world away." (1834).

"Before Thy throne with tearful eyes." (1834).

"Wake thee, O Zion, thy mourning is ended." (1834).

"Thine holy day's returning." (1834).

"When downward to the darksome tomb,"

written 1842 and widely used, as is the next:

"And is there, Lord, a rest." (1843).

"O sweetly breathe the lyres above." (1843).

is another general favorite. The "Sabbath Hymn-Book" contains seven contributions from his pen. They were:

"Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts."

"O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord."

"O Bread to pilgrims given."

"Come, Holy Ghost, in love."

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen."

"Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb."

"Thy Father's house! Thine own bright home!"

The first four of these are translations, all beautifully rendered. Dr. Robinson's "Songs for the Sanctuary," published in 1865, contained the next seven of Dr. Palmer's productions. They were:

"Eternal Father, Thou hast said." (1860).

"Jesus, Lamb of God, for me." (1863).

"Take me, O my Father, take me." (1864).

"Wouldst thou eternal life obtain." (1864).

"Thou, Saviour, from Thy throne on high." (1864).

"Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own." (1864).

"Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day." (1864).

All these are well known, and are growing in favor. Since they were published many others have appeared from time to time. It would be impossible to give here even a catalogue of their titles, for in his retirement Dr. Palmer has been led to devote himself more completely to poetry, and has written a very large number of tender and beautiful hymns and poems which are gradually coming to popular recognition. Those already mentioned which will be found in most evangelical hymn-books, will show the character of his work, and may lead our readers to study

Dr. Palmer's volumes for themselves. In his home, at 205 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Newark, N. J., he has been spending the past few years of tranquil old age, still full of mental activity and ever adding new treasures to the literature of the Church.

IN A LEPER ASYLUM.

It would be difficult to find in the annals of missionary work for the past year in any land a more pathetic page than that received last month at the Presbyterian Mission Rooms, 23 Centre Street, New York, containing the report of the Lepers' Asylum at Sabathu. This institution, and the work of peculiar self-sacrifice connected with it, has been principally under the charge of Mr. Rudolph and Mr. and Mrs. Wyckoff. The following sketch, published in the *Foreign Missionary* for April, is from the pen of Mrs. Wyckoff:

"Long, low mud houses plastered with the same material, with flat roofs, each having a veranda in front, are the kind of dwellings that have been provided for these poor lepers. There are about fifteen of these houses perched here and there on the mountain side, facing to all points of the compass, varying in size, each capable of accommodating from six to ten or even twenty persons. The little plots of ground which some of the lepers are able to cultivate add to the attractiveness of their homes, while the food and exercise thus gained is good both for mind and body. Their only attendants are two water-carriers, and a servant or two of the lowest caste, though occasionally a self-sacrificing wife will follow her leprous husband to the asylum and remain with him, ministering to his wants, during all the weary months and years of his suffering."

"On the second Saturday evening after our arrival in Sabathu, the next day being Communion Sabbath, we went into the prayer-room to attend a preparatory service for the Christian lepers. They were all present and sang, apparently with much feeling, 'Jesus is Our Helper,' and afterward listened attentively to words of counsel and advice given them by their devoted friend and pastor, Rev. A. Rudolph."

"At the close of the service a new applicant was presented for admittance into the institution. A young boy about fourteen years of age stood in the doorway, tears fairly raining down his cheeks, while an old man stood behind him, answering questions which Mr. Rudolph put to him about the poor lad. The parents, he said, had no leprosy; neither had any of the family. Only this poor boy has the disease, and no one knows how or why. What wonder tears should fall, when he saw before him such a number of his fellow-creatures in all stages of the foul disease, and knew that in course of time he would probably be as bad as the worst of them? Then, too, having just parted from home and friends to cast in his lot with these poor, suffering strangers, was no small trial to the poor fellow."

"When the holy Sabbath came and the gong was sounded for service, the whole of the little community seemed eager to enter the place of prayer, and were most quiet and attentive throughout the solemn service. One poor woman, unable to walk, was carried on a man's back to the place of prayer, that she might once in her earthly pilgrimage worship with the Lord's people and sit at His table. The elements were first passed to the Christians present who were in health, afterward to the poor diseased members of Christ's body. I could not help thinking of the time when they would be clothed in white, and when even their vile bodies would be redeemed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb. Those among them who are truly followers of the Lord Jesus must greatly rejoice in so glorious a home."

"There have been six baptisms in the asylum during the year, and eleven deaths. The number of inmates has been fluctuating between eighty and ninety. . . . The entire number that have sought the benefit of the institution during the year is one hundred and seven."

"The inmates of the asylum have, as in former years, made a collection every month to support one of their number."

A CHILD IN A CREVASSE.

A REMARKABLE incident is related in a recently published work by the Rev. W. Adamson, D.D. He says: "A Highland widow, bearing her only son, a babe, in her arms, went away to seek assistance from a relative to pay her rent. She was suddenly overtaken, in a wild glen among the mountains, by what was long recalled by her fellow-villagers as 'the first May storm.' After attempting in vain for some time, with her infant in her arms, to buffet whirling eddies, she wrapped her child in her own cloak and laid him carefully down among the heather and ferns in the deep cleft of a rock, with the intention, it is supposed, of making her own way home, through the drifting sleet, and obtaining succor for her little one. She was found by the anxious neighbors, next morning, stretched cold and stiff on a snowy shroud. But the cries of the babe directed them to the crevasse close by where it lay, all unconscious of its danger, and from which it was rescued in safety."

"Many long years afterward that child returned from distant lands a disabled soldier, covered with honorable wounds. The first Sabbath of his home coming he entered the Gaelic Church, Glasgow, to get shelter from a heavy fall of snow. It was on a Communion Sabbath. The subject of the discourse was the Love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that 'love which seeketh not her own,' the preacher narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked: 'If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of the poor tattered cloak which she wrapped round him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet, what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over those memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?'"

"A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see the clergyman. The request was complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face, said: 'You do not, you cannot recognize me. But I know you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my country. I came to the town a few weeks ago in ill-health. Last Sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son'—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried: 'I am that son!' and burst into a flood of tears."

"'Yes,' he continued, 'I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me—a poor, lost sinner. I confess it, I confess it!' he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added: 'It was God that made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!'"

THE TRIALS OF THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 11, 1886.

"Behold a flying roll."—ZECH. 5 : 1.

The Newspaper as an Educator—Its History—The Pioneers—Its Share in the World's Advance—Its Part in Evangelizing the World—Two Kinds of Newspapers—A Vast Growth—Small Sympathy Extended—The Trial of Disenchantment—Inadequate Remuneration—Gratifying a Morbid Public—The Nervous Strain—Alcoholic Temptation—Why Horace Greeley Abstained—Neglected by the Church—Life in Type—An Insane Poet.

THIS winged sheet of the text had on it a prophecy. The flying roll to-day is the newspaper. In calculating the influences that affect society, you can no more afford to ignore it than you can ignore the noonday sun or the Atlantic Ocean.

It is high time that I preach a sermon expressing my appreciation of what the newspaper press has done and is doing. No man, living or dead, is or has been so indebted to it as I am, for it gives me perpetual audience in every city, town, and neighborhood of Christendom, and I take this opportunity before God and this people to thank the editors, and publishers, and compositors the world over, and I give fair notice that I shall take every opportunity of enlarging this field. I have said again and again to the officers of this church, whoever else are crowded, don't let the reporters be crowded. Each responsible and intelligent reporter is ten or fifteen churches built on to this church.

Ninety-five per cent of the newspapers are now my friends, and do me full justice and more than justice, and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them. It was in self-defence that sixteen years ago I employed an official stenographer of my own because of the appalling misrepresentations of myself and church. Since then things have marvelously changed, until now it is just as appalling in the marvellous opportunity opened.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum—all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural, or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing-press.

ITS HISTORY.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly; during the time that Venice was warring against Solymán the Second in Dalmatia, it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the *English Mercury*. Others were styled the *Weekly Discoverer*, the *Secret Owl*, *Heracitus Ridens*, etc. Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial, and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Post*, and the *London Times*? Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and to-day—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspaper are the great educators of the country.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. Four centuries ago, in Germany, in courts of justice, men fought with their fists to see who should have the decision of the court; and if the judge's decision was unsatisfactory, then the judge fought with counsel. Many of the lords could not read the deeds of their own estates. What has made the change?

"Books," you say. No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience, or any other promiscuous assemblage,

and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? How much of Boyle, or De Tocqueville, Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Percival? Not many! In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual!

UNIVERSALLY USED.

Whence, then, this intelligence—this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible the newspaper, swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, hawked through the cars! All read it—white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day.

I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified.

TWO KINDS OF NEWSPAPERS.

There are only two kinds of newspapers—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an undecided character, but after it has been going on for years, everybody finds out just what it is; and it is very good or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth for making the world better. The other paper is a brigand amid moral forces, it is a beslimer of reputation, it is the right arm of death and hell, it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse and battling the cause of God. The one an angel of intelligence and mercy, the other a fiend of darkness.

Between this archangel and this fury is to be fought the great battle which is to decide the fate of the world. If you have any doubt as to which is to be victor, ask the prophecies, ask God; the chief batteries with which He would vindicate the right and thunder down the wrong have not yet been unlimbered. The great Armageddon of the nations is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with lightning perfecting presses; and the Sumters, and the Moultries, and the Pulaskis, and the Giblartars of that conflict will be the editorial and reportorial rooms of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, under God you are to decide whether the human race shall be saved or lost. God has put a more stupendous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons.

VAST GROWTH.

What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Sheffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil, and books were printed on strips of bamboo, and Rev. Jesse Glover originated the first American printing-press, and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered £40 to any printer who would come there and live, and when the Speaker of the House of Parliament in England announced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings, until in this day, when we have in this country about five hundred skilled phonographers, and about thirteen thousand newspapers printing, in one year, two billion five hundred million copies!

The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper: "I'll rake while you bind;" and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest-field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning

newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vast progress since the day when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing-press must go down or the Church of God must go down, to this time when the printing-press and the pulpit are in combination; and a man on the Sabbath-day may preach the Gospel to five hundred people, while on Monday morning, through the secular journals, he may preach that Gospel to millions!

ABUSE NOT SYMPATHY.

Notwithstanding all this that you have gained in position and influence, men of the press, how many words of sympathy do you get during the course of a year? Not ten. How many sermons of practical helpfulness for your profession are preached during the twelve months? Not one. How many words of exhortation, and denunciation, and hypercriticism do you get in that same length of time? About ten thousand. If you are a type-setter, and get the type in the wrong fount, the foreman storms at you. If you are a foreman, and cannot surmount the insurmountable, and get the "forms" ready at just the time, the publisher denounces you. If you are a publisher, and make mismanagement, then the owners of the paper will be hard on you for lack of dividend. If you are an editor, and you announce an unpopular sentiment, all the pens of Christendom are flung at you. If you are a reporter, you shall be held responsible for the indistinctness of public speakers, and for the blunders of type-setters, and for the fact that you cannot work quite so well in the flickering gaslight and after midnight as you do in the noonday. If you are a proof-reader, upon you shall come the united wrath of editor, reporter, and the public, because you do not properly arrange the periods, and the semicolons, and the exclamation points, and the asterisks. Plenty of abuse for you, but no sympathy.

Having been in a position where I could see these things going on from year to year, I have thought that this morning I would preach a sermon on the trials of the newspaper profession, praying that God may bless the sermon to all those to whom this message may come, and leading those not in the profession to a more kindly and lenient bearing toward those who are.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger nails, in mourning because bereft of soap; all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour.

From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man, nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. Since the days of Hazlitt, and Sheridan, and John Milton, and the wallings of Grub Street, London, literary toil, with very few exceptions, has not been properly requited. When Oliver Goldsmith received a friend in his house he, the author,

500 3
13.000 -line

had to sit on the window, because there was only one chair. Linæus sold his splendid work for a ducat. De Foe, the author of two hundred and eighteen volumes, died penniless. The learned Johnson dined behind a screen because his clothes were too shabby to allow him to dine with the gentlemen who, on the other side of the screen, were applauding his works. And so on down to the present time, literary toil is a great struggle for bread.

NON-APPRECIATION.

The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gets his living by his wits; and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil: "You come down here, and shove a plane, and hammer a shoe-last, and break cobblestones, and earn an honest living as I do, instead of sitting there in idleness scribbling!" But God knows that there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper people of this country.

It is not a matter of hard times; it is characteristic of all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the stomach than for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immense financial and intellectual exhaustions of the newspaper press. They grumble because they have to pay five cents a copy, and wish they had only to pay three, or paying three, they wish they had only to pay one. While there are a few exceptions—and some few do make large fortunes—the vast majority of newspaper people in this day have a struggle for livelihood; and if in their hardship and exasperation they sometimes write things they ought not to write, let these facts be an extenuation. Oh, men of the press, it will be a great help to you, if when you come home late at night, fagged out and nervous with your work, you would just kneel down and commend your case to God, who has watched all the fatigue of the day, and who has promised to be your God and the God of your children forever!

SATISFYING MORBID TASTES.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? I go into the meat market of a foreign city, and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any especial care. I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper, and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say: "It is shockingly dull to-night."

I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy, intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say: "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the top, to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it!

Oh, it is only a case of supply and demand! Newspaper men are not fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the Church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest, healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest, and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and the reporters of this country in one great convention, and then ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to pub-

lish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish an elevating paper." So long as there is an iniquitous demand there will be an iniquitous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those that print and those who read.

THE NERVOUS STRAIN.

Another temptation of the newspaper profession is the great allurements that surrounds them. Every occupation and profession has temptations peculiar to itself, and the newspaper profession is not an exception. The great draught, as you know, is on the nervous forces, and the brain is racked. The blundering political speech must read well for the sake of the party, and so the reporter, or the editor has to make it read well, although every sentence was a catastrophe to the English language. The reporter must hear all that an inaudible speaker says, who thinks it is vulgar to speak out, and it must be right the next morning or the next night in the papers, though the night before the whole audience sat with its hand behind its ear, in vain trying to catch it. This man must go through killing nightwork. He must go into heated assemblages and into unventilated audience rooms that are enough to take the life out of him. He must visit court rooms which are almost always disgusting with rum and tobacco. He must expose himself at the fire. He must write in fetid alleyways. Added to all that, he must have hasty mastication and irregular habits.

TEMPTATIONS.

To bear up under this tremendous nervous strain, they are tempted to artificial stimulus, and how many thousands have gone down under that pressure God only knows. They must have something to counteract the wet, they must have something to keep out the chill, and after a scant night's sleep, they must have something to revive them for the morning's work. This is what made *Horace Greeley* such a stout temperance man. He told me that he had seen so many of his comrades go down under that temptation.

Oh, my brother of the newspaper profession, what you cannot do without artificial stimulus, God does not want you to do! There is no halfway ground for our literary people between teetotalism and dissipation. Your professional success, your domestic peace, your eternal salvation, will depend upon your theories in regard to artificial stimulus. I have had so many friends go down under the temptation, their brilliancy quenched, their homes blasted, that I cry out this morning in the words of another: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

NEGLECTED BY THE CHURCH.

Another trial of this profession is the fact that no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up religious proceedings and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they phonograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks upon them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors?

Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the parental roof, whoever regarded or disregarded, they come off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times but tears come into their eyes, and they move around this great, roaring metropolis homesick. Oh, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to put his weary head down on the bosom of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and tired you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests for this world and the next. Oh, men of the newspaper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so hollow and unsatisfying! If there are

any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have Him if only this day you implore His mercy.

A WRECK.

A man was found at the foot of Canal Street. As they picked him up from the water, and brought him to the Morgue, they saw by the contour of his forehead that he had great mental capacity. He had entered the newspaper profession. He had gone down in health. He took to artificial stimulus. He went down further and further, until one summer day, hot and hungry, and sick and in despair, he flung himself off the dock. They found in his pocket a reporter's pad, a lead-pencil, a photograph of some one who had loved him long ago. Death, as sometimes it will, smoothed out all the wrinkles that had gathered prematurely on his brow, and as he lay there his face was as fair as when seven years ago he left his country home, and they bade him good-by for ever. The world looks through the window of the Morgue, and says: "It's nothing but an outcast," but God says it was a gigantic soul that perished, because the world gave him no chance.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing-press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when, at last, standing on the plains of judgment, you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were among the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of heaven. Better than to have sat in editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some dungeoned exile who, by the light of window iron-grated, on scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the hearth, spelled out the story of Him who taketh away the sins of the world. In eternity, Dives is the beggar!

LIFE IN TYPE.

Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing, and printing, and proof-reading, and publishing. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash. Death the period. Eternity the peroration. O God, where will we spend it? Have you heard the news, more startling than any found in the journals of the last six weeks? It is the tidings that man is lost. Have you heard the news, the gladdest that was ever announced, coming this day from the throne of God, lightning couriers leaping from the palace gate? The news! The glorious news! That there is pardon for all guilt, and comfort for all trouble. Set it up in "double-leaded" columns, and direct it to the whole race.

A Scotch poet, insane on everything but religion, wrote this beautiful yet strange rhythm:

"God hath pardoned all my sin,
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness deep within,
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news! That's the news!"

"And now if any one should say:
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, tell him you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news! That's the news!"

FOREIGN MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

A TRIBUTE FROM A PATIENT.

THE Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Women's Union Missionary Society of America mentions the placing of a tablet in the hospital established by the mission in Shanghai, China. It says:

"Miss McKechnie introduces us to 'our first patient in the new hospital. She was an old lady who had been a sufferer for fifty years—a native physician's wife who had journeyed about two hundred miles to consult the 'foreign doctor.' Everything about the place was new and wonderful to her, and she took manifest delight in all she saw. Hung up in her room is one of the picture rolls of the twelve scenes in the life of Christ. Our Bible reader had been reading and explaining the pictures to her, and the next day when I asked her about them I was astonished to find how much she remembered. She was present every morning at prayers, and seemed very attentive during the reading and singing. Our matron, an excellent Christian woman, prayed for her by name, that she might be led to worship the true God. A day or two before she left she brought a tablet to be hung on the wall. On the right, in gold characters, on a delicate pink background, is her husband's name and the country to which she belonged, and the name of the person presenting it. In the centre is an appropriate selection from the Chinese classics, setting forth the doctor's skill. To the left is a brief history of the case, and how she had heard of the doctor and was cured."

AN INVITATION TO TEACH.

Mrs. Pearson, of the same missionary society, writes from Yokohama, Japan:

"There came to me a very urgent invitation to visit a village on the seashore, the women of that region having no teacher and desiring one. They are the wives of naval officers, and have recently become interested in the truth through the instructions of some native evangelists. I was accompanied by a Bible woman and one of our Christian girls. The meeting was held at the residence of a Christian physician, and a more intelligent and interesting company of women I have never met in this country. Many prayers had been offered by native Christians and by foreign friends for God's blessing upon this meeting, which prayers were heard and answered. The morning services, beginning at ten o'clock, were conducted by one of our Bible women, who has much of the blessing and power of the Holy Spirit, and who spoke earnestly and impressively on the sufferings which the Lord Jesus willingly endured on our behalf, and our obligation to present our spirits, souls, and bodies unto Him, as living sacrifices, in token of our love for and gratitude to Him. Another of our Bible women spoke upon 'walking with God,' saying, if Enoch walked with God for three hundred years, in the dim light of the ancient dispensation, might not we, who live under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, walk closely and constantly with our Lord?"

WANTED THE BEST.

Mrs. Viele, who is also at Yokohama, writes: "Only a few days ago a heathen father brought to our school his little daughter of eight years, and said: 'Your religion is good, I am sure of that, and I wish my child to learn about it. I am too old to change my religion, I cannot be troubled with thinking about new things; but my child is young, and she will learn, and I want her to have the best.' This man pays for his child, so we cannot believe he had a mercenary motive."

AN EXCHANGE OF PUPILS.

Miss Arnott, who is laboring in Jaffa, Syria, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Branch of the Women's Union Missionary Society, sends interesting details of her work, which are included in their annual report. She writes: "I must inform you of the change I have made in reference to Jameeleh. When we reopened our

school after the vacation, Jameeleh's mother begged us to let her have Jameeleh at home, as she goes out to work, and wanted her to take care of the little ones. I felt that was only right and reasonable, and Jameeleh has been the principal stay and bread-winner of the family during the winter, for her mother has been in very poor health, and was not able to do much. She begged me to take a younger daughter in Jameeleh's place. [Appears to have approved the result on Jameeleh.] The next in age has been adopted ever since the father's death into a native family here, so I took the third daughter, named Malaki (Queen), who is eight or nine years of age. She is a nice child, and seems to possess more mental capacity than her elder sister, and has improved very much."

FIRST VISIT TO A ZENANA.

The Women's Union Mission was at first called the Zenana Mission, and it deserved the name, for it has done excellent work in the zenanas, though it has not confined itself to that department exclusively. One of the reports which directed its attention to the work, and deeply stirred the hearts of the Christian ladies twenty-five years ago, is an incident reproduced after a quarter of a century. It is of the first visit ever paid to an Indian zenana by a Christian lady. She was the wife of the renowned English missionary, Dr. Mullens. She thus described it:

"In one of the first calls made at a residence not far from my own home, the gentleman could talk a little in English, using a few expressive words. He asked me in to see the ladies of his family, which was what I wanted. They flocked around me, surprised that I could speak in Bengali. I was the first white lady they had ever seen. I asked the Babu why the ladies of his house were not taught to read. He said: 'They no learn, they stupid. You see her,' pointing to his wife, 'she beast, she never learn.' I said: 'Let me try.' 'Very well, you try.' The next day I went again, and if you could have seen the eager eyes of eleven women seated around me, you would have been as excited as I was. On my second visit they flocked around me, caught my hand in theirs, wept, and said: 'You have not forgotten us.' They entreated me to come again, and bring them books, and they would pray to their God to let them study." Another lady engaged in the work writes: "I have known cases where a woman has been *fifty years in a house, and never once outside of it.*"

THE CHARM OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

Miss Christine Belz, who has labored in India uninterruptedly for twenty-two years, recently wrote to a friend in this country respecting her work. The *Foreign Missionary* publishes the following extract from her letter: "In one zenana I was asked to sing, and sang the hymn, 'Wake, awake, the Lord is coming,' translated into Hindustani. When I had sung one verse, a girl in the zenana said to me, with beaming face: 'Oh, I have read of what you are singing in the New Testament!' and she then began to relate the parable of the ten virgins. Almost all my pupils in the zenana, and their aged mothers, nearly every time I visit them request me to sing one of our Christian hymns. I find singing of great use sometimes when speaking in villages. Occasionally it happens that I meet people who are opposed to the Gospel and make light of judgment and eternity, and try to divert the attention of my hearers. I then sing one or two verses from a *bhajan*, or hymn, which have reference to the Word which they have tried to oppose, and my opponents become at once quiet and attentive. I do not know that I ever failed in attaining my object when I sang the *bhajan*, 'Kyün man Chulá hai yih Sansará,' and some women would, when I was singing it, repeat it after me, word for word, with tears in their eyes."

HIDEOUS IDOLS.

The Rev. James Kennedy thus describes the interior of the Golden Temple of Benares, which

he visited recently: "Within the temple, with its gilded dome and graceful colonnades, one encounters nothing but offensive sights and odors horrible. The place is sloppy with the water poured out by the worshippers, and is littered with decaying flowers. Hard by is the famous well so foul as to be poisonous. There, too, are figures of Shiva, the deity, seated upon a bull or a dog. The god is given in all his hideousness, with his three eyes covered with ashes and inflamed with intoxicating herbs. His repulsive partner, Durga, is at his side, with her eight arms and her ferocious look, delighting in blood. Hanuman is seen, the monkey god, with his huge tail; Krishna, engaged in his gambols; Ganesh, the god of wisdom, with his elephant head and protuberant belly, and many others beside. Everything is wild, grotesque, unnatural, forbidding, with nothing to purify and raise the people, with everything to pervert their taste and lower their character, and yet giving a faithful representation of the mythology prepared by their religious leaders."

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

THE following remarks were in substance published in 1873 by the Rev. M. Baxter:

Whatever differences of opinion have existed among expositors as to the more minute details of prophetic interpretation, it is remarkable that more than a hundred of them have foreshown in their books (some of which were written as long as fifty years or a century ago) that the great crisis accompanying the Coming of Christ and commencement of the millennium would most probably take place at some point of time between 1866 and 1900; and that consequently there might be expected about that period unparalleled changes, revolutions, and tribulations throughout the whole earth, and the end of this dispensation prove to be the end of the present nineteenth century, or nearly so.

And now that we have arrived at the threshold of this great crisis, we behold their prophetic anticipations signally verified and confirmed. We see

STARTLING SIGNS

of the times clustering around this period, precisely such as are foretold to be accompaniments of the epoch of the consummation.

We see signs in the political world in the drying up of the Turco-Mohammedan empire "that the way of the Jews may be prepared" (Rev. 16:12), and the increased emigration of the Jews to Palestine, and the enlargement of Jerusalem by new buildings, and the consequently approaching close of the times of the Gentiles;* "the many running to and fro and knowledge being increased," as displayed in the enhanced celerity of transit and intercourse throughout the globe by railways, steam vessels, telegraphs, and the printing-press; and the spread of education and knowledge; and the perfection to which arts, sciences, and manufactures are now brought (Dan. 12:4). A clear prediction of railways in the last days is given in Nah. 2:4: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings."

We also see the energetic and extensive going forth of

THE THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS;

1, From the Dragon Satan—viz., Antichristian Infidelity, especially as developing in Spiritualism and Rationalism; 2, From the ten-horned wild beast, the Roman Empire—viz., Revolutionary Democracy, as manifested in Radical Demagogism, Socialism, Communism, Internationalism; and 3, from the False Prophet of Romanism and Mohammedanism, as shown in Popish Ultramontaniam and Mohammedan crusading fanaticism, leading on toward agitations and so-called Holy Wars. These three spirits are to leave the nations with their influence,

* "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory." Ps. 102:16: "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Therefore the Jewish restoration will show the times of the Gentiles to be just reaching their close (Luke 21:24; Ezek. 38).

and to "gather them to battle" to the tremendous war of Armageddon. (See Rev. 16 : 13, 14.)

We see likewise the progress of the countries of the original Roman Empire toward their predicted latter-day form as the clay-iron toes of Daniel's Prophetic Image, by the growing tendency to introduce into their governments the clay or democratic element—i.e., popular representation and universal suffrage or Republicanism; and we are manifestly living near the close of the history of the four consecutive Gentile empires of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, and Rome, represented by the four parts of Daniel's metallic Image and the four wild beasts, and our present chronological position corresponding with the feet of the image just before the formation of its ten clay-iron toes, upon which Christ, the Messianic Stone, will soon descend to smite and destroy them; after which the Stone Kingdom will become a great mountain, and fill the whole earth during the millennium. (See Dan. 2 : 31-45.)

We see, moreover,

SIGNS IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD,

in the active and enlarged missionary exertions for preaching the Gospel of Christ as a witness to all nations; and in the commenced proclamation of the midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh;" by much more being written and spoken about the speedy coming of Christ than heretofore; and also in the great revivals of religion,* in the United States and the British Empire since 1857, by which the Christian Church has been much quickened, many revival preachers raised up, more prayer-meetings established, and salvation through believing in Jesus widely proclaimed in streets and highways, halls and theatres, as well as in churches and chapels. Thus does the Spirit of the Lord raise up a standard when the enemy is coming in like a flood.

The final great crisis will commence at least eleven or twelve years before the end of this dispensation, and will especially include ten leading events: in considering which let us not forget to lift up our hearts in prayer to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the Holy Spirit to give us a right understanding of these truths. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him" (Jas. 1 : 5).

Firstly, Great

WARS AND REVOLUTIONS,

commencing not later than about eleven or twelve years before the end of this age, and completely transforming by eight or nine years before the end, the now existing twenty-three kingdoms or States within the countries of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into an allied Confederacy of ten kingdoms ruled by ten sovereigns, as represented by the ten horns of Daniel's wild beast (7 : 24).

All standard expositors hold that the Roman Empire of the Cæsars is represented by Daniel's ten-horned wild beast, and also by the ten-toed iron legs of Daniel's metallic human image. The two iron legs corresponded with the Roman Empire's eastern and western divisions, each of which is therefore to become subdivided into exactly five kingdoms in accordance with the five toes upon each leg. And the ten kingdoms must not stand independently apart from each other as at present, but must become allied together in a Confederacy in agreement with the emblem of ten toes united together upon one corporate body, as well as of ten horns united on one head.

The countries of Cæsar's original Roman Empire consist at present (in 1873) of twenty-three kingdoms or States which by great wars and revolutions will be reduced to the number of ten Confederated kingdoms, which will in the main consist of (1) Britain, separated (at least to the extent of their having parliaments of their own) from Ireland and India, and its other colonies which never formed part of Cæsar's Roman

Empire; (2) France enlarged to the Rhine, so as to include Belgium, Luxemburg, Rhenish Prussia, Switzerland, and Tunis, and whatever of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria is not added to Austria; (3) Spain with Portugal, and Northern Morocco; (4) Italy, probably with Tripoli; (5) Austria, losing its provinces north of the Danube, Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, but gaining Bosnia, Herzegovina, and part of Servia—five western kingdoms; and (6) Greece, with Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, and Albania; (7) Turkey, reduced in size to ancient Thrace-with-Bythinia; (8) Syria separated from Turkey; (9) Egypt; (10) Bulgaria and Roumania, and part of Hungary and of Servia—five eastern kingdoms. Montenegro will be added either to Austria or Greece.

This ten-kingdomed alliance can be produced by no less cause than

A MUTUAL COMBINATION

of these ten Roman nations to resist military attacks of Germany, and perhaps also Russia, which never have been Roman nations. All this implies tremendous wars.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A "Twisted" Christian.—At a recent meeting Mr. Hopkins said: "One gentleman recently said to another: 'Is Mr. L—a Christian?' Now, mark the reply. 'Well, yes, Godward he is all right, but manward he is just a little twisted.' Of how many people is this only too true! I entreat you, brethren, be not such one-sided Christians, but let Christ so fill you, that both at home and abroad, in public and in private, ye may show the spirit that was in Him."

"Past Redemption Point."—Mr. J. A. Campbell said: "In the river above the Fall of Niagara there is a point called 'Past Redemption Point,' and the reason why it is so called is because if a vessel goes beyond that point it is lost, and no power can bring it back. And, dear friends, there is a 'Past Redemption Point' in all our lives if we do not turn to Jesus; and if we get beyond that point nothing can bring us back, and consequently, like the vessel, we are lost. But, oh, turn into the secure haven of rest, for 'Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation!'"

A New View of Christ.—"In the Year 1873, thirteen years after I had given my heart to the Lord Jesus, I got a fresh view of Him from one of His blessed promises. A passage in the Word of God changed my whole life. When Christ could keep me while standing, I saw that He was able to lead me step by step. I saw that it was not only a beautiful passage to look at and admire, but could claim it as mine. There I cast myself on God for the deepening of my spiritual life. Just as a sinking man throws himself on a log, and finds that it will carry him, so I trusted wholly to Christ, and I can now rejoice in a deeper knowledge of His love. But how many hindrances come in the way if we want this greater blessing! I remember very well how it was with myself."

A Chained Man.—"I know a Young Gentleman who was brought up in a God-fearing home. He never tasted whiskey or any alcohol until he attained the age of seventeen, and he had never seen it on his father's table. At that age a friend said to him: 'Come and have a drink.' 'No,' he replied, 'I am a total abstainer, I never tasted strong drink.' His companion urged, and the lad yielded; he liked it; he repeated the dose again, and from that time my friend Alick became a drunkard. He held a high position in life; his father left him ten thousand pounds and a college education, and with these he might have been looked up to and respected had it not been for this accursed drink. At one time, after he was married, he was living with me, and one night on entering my bed-room I heard a fumbling noise in my cabinet. On going over to ascertain the cause of it I found poor Alick groping in the darkness, only half

clad, for his wife had locked away his clothing from him to prevent him going out. He was feeling for a bottle which contained a burning fluid made up of turpentine, alcohol, and other ingredients which we used for lamps. He was about to swallow the poisonous compound, when I rushed forward and dashed it from his hand. 'Alick,' I said, 'what is this you are about?' Turning to me with a piteous look, he said: 'Oh, if you only knew the terrible desire I have for drink.' Then I sat down and talked to him, when he said: 'I have a chain wrapped round and round me from which I shall never be freed. I am a bond-slave to drink.' He died shortly afterward, and his last words were: 'Oh, wife, for God's sake give me some more brandy.' Thus my friend Alick passed away."

A Minister Invited to a Dance.—The Rev. Mr. McFarlane related the following incidents:

"One night I was going to attend a lecture in the centre of the town, and not being acquainted with the district I went into the building by the wrong entrance. After climbing one stair, I saw a young man and a young woman standing on the landing, and when I made my appearance the young man took a pipe from his mouth, and asked me for what place I was looking. On being informed, he said: 'It is just a dancing hall that is up-stairs,' and then he invited me to come up with them and have a dance, which was about to begin, and which they were going to attend. I then spoke to that young man of the danger in which he was, and found that he had a soft spot in his heart. Before leaving him he promised me that he would come to our Gospel meeting, where I trust God will meet with him, and that he may be led to see the fearful danger of those dancing halls."

A Man without a Soul.—Mr. Robertson Related: "The other night in a meeting I heard a north country minister tell this story. He said: 'On one occasion, when I was going round the district to call upon my people, I entered a farmhouse. After the family and the servants were gathered in, and I had begun to speak to them, I noticed from the window a man working in one of the farmer's fields. "Who is that?" I inquired of the farmer; "I thought you said they were all gathered in." "Oh, yes," he replied, "that is only Silly John; there is no use bringing him in." "He ought to have been brought in with the others," I said; "send for him at once." The man was accordingly sent for, and brought in, and before leaving I said to him, "Well, John, have you a soul?" "No, I have no soul," he said. "Have you no soul, John?" I said again. "No, sir, I have got no soul, for I gave it Jesus long ago." I turned from the farm-house thinking of that verse in God's Word: "The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein.""

A Cannibal Converted in a Canoe.—The Rev. W. B. Nicolson, M.A., related: "Some years ago in British Columbia there dwelt an Indian chief, fierce, cruel, and vindictive in the extreme, and a cannibal from choice. On one occasion, in a furious passion, he almost took the life of William Duncan, the missionary to those parts. But afterward by God's blessing on his preaching the man became ashamed of his own cruelties and wickedness. He went to live at the mission station, so that he might learn to lead a better life. For a long time all went well, but it was only a moral change. He did not yet know the power of God unto salvation, and his evil passions only slept. One day he told his friend, the missionary, that he was determined to go back to his people and his old habits for a time. The moral restraint to his unrenowned nature was more than he could bear, and next morning he set out in his canoe. But when he was alone on the waters the Holy Spirit of God met him, and strove with him. All he had heard of Christ and His love came home with new power to his heart, and there alone on the bosom of the great lake he gave himself to God. The canoe was instantly turned toward the mission station, and the missionary had the joy of receiving his old pupil a new man in Christ."

* Matt. 24 : 14; 25 : 6; Dan. 12 : 4; Joel 2 : 18; Zech. 10 : 1; Isaiah 59 : 19.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Decisive Vote on the Silver Question was taken in the House on Thursday last. Its evident meaning is the postponement of all legislation on the subject by this Congress. Mr. Bland's proposal for free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars was the matter under consideration. Before it came to a vote an amendment was offered suspending the coinage of silver dollars altogether. That was defeated by a vote of 201 to 84. Mr. Bland's bill was then submitted to a vote, and that also was negated by 163 to 126. The result, therefore, is that no change is made, and the Government is still required to coin two million silver dollars every month. Neither political party goes on record as a party by this vote. Of the 163 votes cast against the bill, 70 were cast by Democrats and 93 by Republicans. Of the 126 votes cast for the bill, 97 were cast by Democrats and 29 by Republicans. Classified by States there is little change to be noted in the attitude of the sections. Of the 84 members who voted for suspension, 30 were from New York, 20 from Pennsylvania, 5 from New Jersey, 5 from Maryland, 18 from New England, 2 from South Carolina, 1 from Kentucky, 2 from Illinois, and 1 from Minnesota.

The Admission of Washington Territory as a State was agreed to by the Senate, on April 10th, by a vote of thirty to thirteen. An effort was made to transfer the power in such matters from the President to Congress. Mr. Morgan moved that the Constitution of the new State should be approved by Congress preliminary to admission. This provision was to take the place of the section in the bill that a proclamation by the President, after the Territory had complied with the provisions of the bill, should place Washington in the roll of States. Mr. Morgan's argument was that this power to admit or keep out a State would be dangerous in the hands of a President, whose re-election might depend upon his action. The proposal was rejected. It is expected that the House will veto the Senate's action.

A Defiant Letter was Read at the Mormon General Conference held at Provo, U. T., on April 6th, from the two leaders who have absconded—John Taylor, the President of the Church, and George Q. Cannon, recently the Utah Delegate to Congress. Both are in hiding to avoid arrest for polygamy, and Cannon has forfeited his bail. The letter exhorts to a continuance of polygamy, and protests against persecution. In the course of their denunciations the leaders say: "Those bringing the persecutions would deny us rights as citizens. We were born free men and women, and owe it to ourselves and the people of this land to maintain those principles and transmit them unimpaired to posterity. We demand freedom, not beg it,

under our rights as citizens dwelling under the flag of the Republic. The present crusade is nothing but religious persecution, and will yet be so recognized by the world." The writers appear to forget that they are treated only as other polygamists and all convicted criminals are treated in the States. Though all are born free men and women, their freedom is taken from them when they break the laws. They are simply criminals trying to pose as martyrs.

More Bloodshed in Connection with the Great railroad strike is reported. The companies two weeks ago advertised for "men of grit" to go to St. Louis and act as deputy sheriffs. They received plenty of applicants in response, and accepted a large number. These they armed with Winchester rifles and Colt's revolvers. On Friday they were set to guard the Louisville and Nashville yards in East St. Louis. There was a large crowd of strikers present with a number of spectators, but no attempt was made to interfere with the trains. The mob, however, jeered the gang of ruffians imported from Texas, Tennessee, and other States to act as deputy sheriffs, and after a time some mischievous boys began throwing stones. The armed officers then deliberately levelled their rifles and fired several volleys into the crowd, *killing five men and one woman*, and wounding two men and a child. There was but one striker among the killed. The outrage drove the strikers to frenzy, and that night the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad freight depot at East St. Louis was set on fire, and property valued at \$150,000 was destroyed.

Rhode Island Declared for Prohibition by constitutional amendment on April 7th. It elected the whole of the Republican State ticket with the exception of the Republican candidate for Attorney-General. The Prohibitionists indorsed Colonel Metcalf, the Democratic candidate for that office, and he was elected. The exact figures of the majority in favor of the prohibition amendment have not been published at the time of going to press, but they are said to be overwhelming. A great jubilee meeting was held at Providence on Thursday night. One hundred guns were fired in honor of the passage of the prohibition amendment, and the largest hall in the city was packed by a jubilant audience, who listened to speeches of thanksgiving that Rhode Island had been the fourth in the sisterhood of States to put prohibition into the fundamental law. A Law and Order League was formed at the close of the meeting.

A Shocking Railroad Disaster Occurred near Deerfield, Mass., on April 7th. The eastern express, which passes that point about six o'clock in the evening, was running along the edge of the embankment, which is two hundred feet above the Deerfield River, when the track settled under it and the cars rolled down the embankment. Some halted on the edge of the river, and others rolled into the water. They caught fire from the overturned stoves, and immediately piercing shrieks told the sad tale of suffering going on within. There were about fifty people in the train, of whom ten were killed and thirty severely injured. How any escaped alive is a mystery. Some of the cars turned over five times in the descent. They were, of course, broken up when they reached the bottom, thus enabling passengers who were able to move to climb out and avoid death by drowning or burning.

Mr. Gladstone's Scheme for the Pacification of Ireland was presented to the British Parliament on April 8th. The following are its principal features: An Irish Parliament to be established in Ireland to legislate for the whole country except in matters appertaining to the crown, the national defence, and foreign affairs. The Parliament to consist of three classes. The first, twenty-eight peers who now sit in the British House of Lords, and who will have seats for life in the Irish Parliament; the second class to be seventy-five members, who must be worth \$20,000 each, to be elected for ten years by voters who pay a rent of over \$125 a year; the

third class two hundred and six members elected for that Parliament only, by household suffrage. That will give a house of three hundred and nine members, who will sit and vote together, or, if they prefer, separate into two houses, of which the first and second classes will constitute one house and the third class the other, and either house can veto the work of the other. There will still be a viceroy, who will be appointed by the Queen. England will control the police, and the Irish Government will pay for them. England will also regulate the tariff and the excise, and collect the proceeds. The Irish Parliament must not establish or endow a national church. Ireland must contribute toward the interest on the national debt and the expenses of the imperial government. Her share will be one fifteenth of the whole. Her present income would pay that tribute and \$2,020,000 over, which the Irish Parliament could dispose of. Ireland would not be allowed to send representatives to the British Parliament.

The Principle Underlying Mr. Gladstone's scheme is one that has already been adopted in governing Canada and Australia. It is that the people governed must choose the men to legislate for them. They have confidence in the justice and beneficence of laws enacted by men who know the country and whom they have elected. At present the Irish people know that English and Scotch statesmen have far more to do with making laws for Ireland than have Irishmen. They consequently distrust even good laws. If they are misgoverned when they have a Parliament of their own, their discontent will naturally show itself by electing another Parliament to take its place, and there will be no need to send dynamite to Westminster. They may even become loyal like the Canadians, who, since they obtained their own Legislature, love the Queen better than people in England do, who see more of her. Whether under such a scheme Ireland would be better governed than she is now, may be doubted. The way Irishmen govern in New York does not make us hopeful. The concession of self-government, however, is undoubtedly just. In these days it would be disgraceful to govern her, as Russia governs Poland, by the sword, and in the present attitude of the Irish there is no alternative between that and self-government. Under English government the people are poor and miserable. Perhaps, being priest-ridden, they would be poor and miserable under any government; but when they say, as they did by their votes in overwhelming majority, "Let us try if we can do better for ourselves than you English have done for us," justice demands that they be allowed to try. This scheme gives them practically as much autonomy as our Territories have. After a time England may try the Federal system for the whole empire, and then Ireland, with Canada and Australia, will attain the autonomy of our States.

Students of Prophecy Should not Fail to mark Mr. Gladstone's proposal. It is one of the most conspicuous signs of our times. For many years expositors have told us that Ireland must be legislatively separate from England in the days that immediately precede the final tribulation. As far back as 1866—twenty years ago—the Rev. M. Baxter, writing of the condition of the world in the period of coming trouble, said: "Great Britain will be governmentally separated from Ireland on account of the latter being *outside* the Roman Empire—at least to the extent of a separate legislature being granted to Ireland, so that it will be practically governed by an *Irish Parliament*, even if a nominal connection with Britain is still maintained." This measure may be rejected, but the fact that the Premier of England—the most powerful statesman in Great Britain—deliberately proposes to establish an Irish Parliament indicates that the prophecy is near fulfilment. It cannot be long delayed, and the practical lesson it teaches is the near approach of the days which such an event heralds (Heb. 10: 25).

A Farewell Meeting to a Party of Missionaries about to proceed to Ceylon under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions was held in New York on April 8th. The party consists of the Rev. Samuel W. Howland and wife, his sister, Miss Susan Howland, and Miss Hetty Houston, of Denmark, Iowa. The Howland family are not new to the work, having been in Ceylon on the mission for twelve years. During the past year they have been in this country collecting funds. At the ladies' meeting Mrs. Howland made an address, and the Rev. Mr. Howland spoke at the gentlemen's meeting, as did also the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers. The party sailed on Saturday in the Umbria.

At a Union Meeting Held in New York on April 5th, of the New York Conference, the New York East Conference, and the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, there were present about seven hundred and fifty ministers, a larger number, it was said, than were ever present at the General Triennial Methodist Conference of the United States, and representing in their united conferences 138,135 members of the Church. Bishop Hurst, in delivering an address of welcome, gave a sketch of early Methodist history, showing a growth from one pastor, Rev. Thomas Rankin, in 1773, in New York, and ten in the Colonies, to *eleven thousand* in 1886, in the United States. The reports of growth from all the States represented were encouraging.

The Mission in Chicago, Conducted by Sam Jones and Sam Small, closed on April 4th. At the concluding service the Casino Rink was crowded to excess. It is estimated that nine thousand persons were present, and over ten thousand were unable to gain admission. The collections for the afternoon and evening amounted to \$1250. It is estimated that two hundred and sixty thousand persons have attended the revival services. Mr. Jones goes thence to Columbus, Miss., and thence to Baltimore. It is expected that Mr. Small and he will return to Chicago next September. The *Interior* of that city says of the services: "These brethren have been abundant in their labors and untiring in their efforts to sow the good seed of the Word of God. While great good has been done through the meetings led by them, still the time, we judge, has not yet come to estimate the full value of their preaching."

A Novel Church Organization has Been formed in St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn. It is known as the Neaniskoi, the word which is used in 1 John 2:14: "I have written unto you young men, because ye are strong," etc. It includes members of the young men's Bible class and the oldest boys in the Sunday-school of the parish. The objects are to band together young men for effective and systematic church work, to promote habits and principles of soberness, purity, and reverence, and to extend knowledge of religious and church principles. About fifty young men have joined the society, and solemnly took the obligation one by one after the rector, the Rev. George R. Van De Water. The vow prohibits drinking in public bar-rooms and saloons, and frequenting immoral places; and it enjoins temperance, purity, reverence, and abstinence from indecent and profane language.

The Services Held in Charleston by Messrs. Moody and Sankey stirred that city to an unprecedented degree. The pastors of the city prepared for the visit of the evangelists by holding special services and daily prayer-meetings in the principal churches. On the day appointed for the first service the train by which Mr. Moody travelled from Jacksonville, Fla., was delayed, and at the request of the pastors the service was conducted by Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the young Englishman, who has been holding services in our colleges and who, with his wife, had arrived the night before from Richmond. After the preliminary exercises Mr. Studd, in a simple, earnest manner, related the incident connected with his own and his brother's being brought under Mr. Moody's influence, and the

steps which led to his brother consecrating himself to the work in China. Mr. Moody arrived before the conclusion of the service, and though he had been travelling all night and had not had time to go to his hotel, he delivered an earnest address. Dense crowds gathered at each of the services. Mr. Moody solved the colored question by preaching once every day in a colored church.

The Record of an Appalling Bargain was found in the room of a suicide in Omaha, Neb., on April 6th. A dispatch from that city says that a young and beautiful woman, refined and well educated, drifted there in a state of degradation, in which she continued to sink rapidly. It was learned that she had deserted a home in which she might have enjoyed every comfort of life. On Tuesday of last week she was found in her room dead from a heavy dose of morphine. In searching her apartment a memorandum was found written in blood, apparently taken from her own arm. It ran: "I—hereby sell my soul to the devil, in consideration of which he agrees to give me wealth, beauty, and the power to overcome all my enemies." It is probable that the woman was demented when she wrote the memorandum. It is unconceivable that any one in their sober senses would make such a bargain and put it on record. There are, however, many people who act on the same principle, serving the devil for wealth and worldly advancement; but they generally cherish the hope that they will escape the penalty by a death-bed repentance. Christ's method is the only safe one (Matt. 4:8-10).

A Boy without a Country has recently been accepted by the United States as a future citizen. He was born, two years ago, on the high seas, while his parents were travelling from New York to France. His father was a naturalized German-American, and his mother an Italian. The mother died a few days after her arrival on French soil, and the father also died shortly afterward. The French Government refused to administer the father's estate or to appoint a guardian for the friendless infant, because neither of the parents was a French citizen. The father had abjured his allegiance to the Emperor of Germany, so the German minister would not interfere; and as the child was born at sea, and not on an American ship, the American Consul had no right to claim him as an American subject. He was, however, interested from benevolent motives, and now, after two years' correspondence, he has been permitted to take charge of the little national outcast. It may be hoped that the boy, when he grows up, will be satisfied with the citizenship conferred upon him. A matter of still greater moment to him will be that of becoming a member of the kingdom of heaven. Happily that citizenship has been secured for him if he will avail himself of its privileges (Eph. 2:19).

A Touching Story of a Dog's Fidelity Comes from California. The *Stockton Mail* states that a German traveller named Vosguards was a passenger, on February 2d, by steamer from that city to San Francisco. The traveller had a small dog, of which he seemed to be very fond. At Black Slough landing the man went ashore for a few minutes, and when he returned to the steamer the dog missed him, and was left behind. He leaped into the water, and followed in the boat's wake, but could not overtake the steamer. Vosguards went into tears, and begged the captain to stop or let him ashore, but the boat kept on her way. A man who happened to be standing on the levee four miles below Black Slough caught sight of the dog, which was steadily swimming on after the steamer—although the latter was out of the dog's sight—called the canine ashore, and took him to a landing. The persistent doggie was taken to Stockton the next day by the incoming steamer, and a telegram was wired to Vosguards. That the dog should have continued swimming after his master after he could no longer see him is proof of his yearning attachment. There come times in the Christian's experience when the dog's ex-

ample would be useful. While living in the world the world's cares, temptations, and sin cause him to lose sight momentarily of his Lord, but if he follows in His footsteps and earnestly seeks His face he comes into His presence again (Isa. 54:8).

Help was Refused by a Shipwrecked Crew recently. Captain C. A. Todd, who arrived at Baltimore last week from Galway, reports that on his voyage he sighted the French brigantine *Dix Frères*. She was dismayed and in a sinking condition. Captain Todd sent his boat to take off her crew, but only four men would leave the ship. The captain and the other sailors acted in a strange manner, and declared they would remain. Warnings and entreaties were useless, and finally the infatuated men went below, leaving no one on deck. The four men who were saved say that there was a large quantity of rum on board, and that the captain and his men were drinking heavily. As the sea was very rough and a high wind blowing nothing could be done, and they were left to their fate. Deliverance was offered and refused; what more could be done for them? Thousands of men are going down to eternal death all around us, of whom the like may be said (Prov. 1:24-27).

A Treasure was Found in a Field Last Week in South Carolina. A dispatch to the *Times* from Batesburg, S. C., says that a well-known farmer near that city, while ploughing his field across the Saluda River, was astonished to see the ploughshare turn up a quaint looking old earthen pot. Continuing his row, the farmer paid no attention to the pot, but on the return trip he stopped to examine it, and found that it contained gold coin of some kind. Gathering his new-found treasure, he wended his way to a Batesburg bank, and after the cashier had carefully examined the "find," it was pronounced to be worth \$12,000. News of the discovery soon spread over the county, and in a half dozen hours a whole crowd of people were examining the field in search of other hidden treasure. The coin is old and quaint, and bears evidence of having come from different nationalities. How it found its way into the field or when it was deposited is not conjectured. It is evident that no time was lost by the people who heard of the find in looking for something like it for themselves. It is a pity that the same eagerness is not displayed by people who hear that a neighbor has found that greater treasure to which the Saviour likened a treasure hid in a field (Matt. 13:44).

A Faithful Swedish Lady was Married in Kansas City, Mo., recently. She arrived in New York eight months ago seeking her lover. About a year before she was living in Stockholm with her father, who was a toy manufacturer of some wealth. One of her father's employes, named Hanson, loved her, and sought her in marriage, but the father refused his consent, because Hanson, though respectable and industrious, was poor. Hanson then emigrated to America, promising to return and marry her when he had made his fortune. He did not make a fortune—in fact, was scarcely able to keep himself from starvation. Becoming discouraged he ceased to write to the girl he loved. Her father died eight months after Hanson left, and then the girl, refusing all offers for her hand, sailed for America to find her lover. She was cheated and robbed in New York of all the money she had with her, and had to work as a domestic servant. She never relinquished her search however, and finally, two weeks ago, she received intelligence that Hanson had found work in Kansas City. She set out for that place immediately, and the Missouri journals now chronicle the marriage of the happy pair. We can imagine how the husband, if he is a true man, must love the wife to whose untiring effort he owes his happiness. In that higher relation, of which marriage is a type, the conditions were reversed. How much ought Christ to be loved, having endured humiliation and suffering to win His bride, whom He redeemed with His blood (Eph. 5:25-27)?

ACCEPTANCE FOR THE PERFECT.

A Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"It shall be perfect to be accepted: there shall be no blemish therein."—LEVITICUS 22: 21.

The Requirements of the Law—Carefulness before God—Blood Everywhere—I. The Rule Given—Offerings Must be Perfect—Self Righteousness Excluded—The Hereditary Taint—The Actual Blemishes—Priestly Performances Futile—II. The Perfect Sacrifice of Christ—In Nature—In Life—The Proportion of the Offering to the Debt.

THE ceremonial law, as ordained by the hand of Moses and Aaron, called the worshippers of God to great carefulness before Him. Before their minds that solemn truth was ever made visible, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." Nothing might be done thoughtlessly. Due heed was the first requisite in a man who would draw near unto the thrice-holy God, whose perfections demand lowly and considerate reverence from all those who are round about Him. The spirit must be awake, and on the stretch, if it would please the great Father of spirits. There were little points—I may truthfully call them *minutiae*—upon which everything would depend as to

RIGHT WORSHIP.

and its acceptance with the Lord. Of every ceremony, it might be said: "It must be perfect to be accepted." There was the rule, and the rule must be followed with the most careful exactness. God must have the minds and thoughts of men, or He counts that they are no worshippers.

This is no easy lesson to learn, dear friends; for I am afraid that in our usual worship we are not always as thoughtful as we ought to be. Mark well our singing. Do we join in it with the heartiness, the solemnity, and the correctness which are due to Him who hears our psalms and hymns? I may not judge, but I have my suspicions. Look at the way we pray. Is it not to be feared that at times we rush into God's presence and utter the first words that come to hand? Are not liturgies repeated with minds half asleep? Are not extempore prayers uttered in the most formal manner? I refer both to public and private prayer. Moreover, see the style in which some will even preach. With facility of language they will deliver themselves of their own thoughts, without seeking the anointing from on high, and the power of the Spirit of God. I do not say that any of you ever go into your Sunday-school classes without thought; I do not say that any of you ever take your tract district, and go from door to door without seeking a blessing; I will not say that any of you ever come to the communion-table without examining yourselves, and discerning the Lord's body; but, if I do not say it, I may think it, and possibly that thought may be true. Oh, my brethren, let conscience sit in judgment, and decide this matter!

BLOOD EVERYWHERE.

Under the law of Moses, the guilt of sin and the need of atonement were always most vividly brought before the mind of the worshipping Israelite. If you stepped within the holy place, everywhere you saw the marks of blood. Our very delicate-minded friends, who raise the silly objection that they cannot bear the sound of the word "blood"—what would they have done if they had gone into the Jewish tabernacle, and had seen the floor, and the curtain, and every article stained, like a shambles? How would they have endured to worship where the blood was poured in bowls upon the floor, and sprinkled on almost every holy thing? How would they have borne with the continual bespattering of blood—all indicating that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin? Truly, there can be no approach to a thrice-holy God without the remission of sin, and that remission of sin must be obtained through the atoning blood.

The Israelite, if he thought rightly, must have been deeply aware that he served a God who was terrible out of His holy places, who

hated sin, and would by no means spare the guilty, or pardon man without atonement. All the more would this be sealed home upon the mind of the Israelite by the knowledge that in every case the sacrifice must be unblemished. As he looked on the blood of the victim, he would remember the sacred rule, "it shall be perfect to be accepted." He saw in the necessity for a perfect sacrifice a declaration of the holiness of God. He must have felt that sin was not a trifle—not a thing to be committed, winked at, and blotted out, but a thing for which there must be life given, and blood shed, before it could be removed; and that life and blood must be the life and blood of a perfect and unblemished offering.

In this text we have law and gospel too; there is the law which tells us that the sacrifice must be perfect to be accepted; and behind it there is the blessed hint that there is such an unblemished sacrifice which is accepted, which we may by faith bring to God without fear of being rejected. Oh, for grace to learn both law and gospel at this time!

I. First, then,

THE RULE

of our text, "It shall be perfect to be accepted," may be used to shut out all those faulty offerings whereon so many place their confidence. It most effectually judges, and casts forth as vile, all self-righteousness, although this is the great deceit wherewith thousands are buoyed up with false hopes. Alas! this is the destroyer of myriads. If you can come up to this rule you shall be saved by your righteousness; but if you cannot reach this mark, if you come short in any degree whatever, you must fail of acceptance. It is not said: "It shall be partially good to be accepted;" or "it shall be hopefully good." No. "It shall be perfect to be accepted." It is not written, "It shall have no great and grievous blemish;" but "There shall be no blemish therein." See you not the height of the standard, the absolute completeness of the model set before you?

Why, look ye, sirs, ye that hope to be saved by your own doings, your nature at the very first is tainted! God's Word assures you that it is so. There is evil in your heart from the very beginning; so that you are not perfect, and are not without blemish. This sad fact spoils all at the very beginning. You are yourself blemished and imperfect. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one. If the fountain be tainted, shall the streams be pure? Do you think it possible that you, who are a fallen man in your very parentage, in whom there is a bias toward evil, can possibly render perfect service unto God?

TAINTED SERVICE.

Look again; for I feel sure that there must have been a blemish somewhere as matter of fact. As yet you are not conscious of a blemish, or of a fault; and possibly there is some justification for this unconsciousness. Looking upon you, I feel inclined to love you, as Jesus loved that young man who could say of the commandments, "All these have I kept from my youth up." But I must beg you to answer this question—Has there not been a blemish in your motives? What have you been doing all these good things for? "Why, that I might be saved!" Precisely so. Therefore, selfishness has been the motive which has ruled your life. Every self-righteous man is a selfish man. I am sure he is. At the bottom, that is the motive of the best life that is ever lived which is not actuated by faith in Jesus Christ. The law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." But you have loved yourself, and lived for yourself; how then can you have kept the first precept of the law?

Moreover, it is not only your nature and your motive which are imperfect. My dear friend, you certainly must have erred somewhere or other, in some act of your life. If you can say that you have served God and man without fault throughout all your days, you can say much

more than I would venture to do. The Scripture also is dead against you when it says, "there is none righteous; no, not one." If you can say that in no one action of your life, select what you may, was there anything blameworthy, anything that fell short, anything that could be censured, you say very much more than the best of men have ever claimed for themselves.

ABSOLUTE PERFECTION.

It must be perfect to be accepted; there must be no blemish in it. This is a death-blow for your self-confidence; for there was a time, some day or other in your life, in which you did wrong. What! have you no hasty temper? Have no quick words escaped you, which you would wish to recall? What! have you never murmured against God, or complained of His providence? Have you never been slothful when you ought to have been diligent? Have you never been careless when you ought to have been prayerful? Have you always spoken the truth? Has a falsehood never fallen from your lips? Can you say that your heart has never desired evil—never imagined impurity? Recollect, the thought of evil is sin; even a wanton desire is a blemish in the life, and an unchaste imagination is a stain upon the character in the sight of God, though not in the sight of man. "It shall be perfect to be accepted."

Have you never gone to live in an old house which looked like new? You had

FRESH PAINT,

and varnish, and paper in superabundance; and you thought yourself dwelling in one of the sweetest of places, till, one day, it happened that a board was taken up, and you saw under the floor. What a gathering of every foul thing! You could not have lived in that house at peace for a minute had you known what had been covered up. Rottenness had been hidden, decay had been doctored, death had been decorated. That is just like our humanity. We put on fresh paper and varnish and paint, and we look very respectable; and yet from below an abomination of the sewer-gas of sin comes steaming up, enough to kill everything that is like goodness within us; while all manner of creeping lusts and venomous passions swarm in the secret corners of our nature. When lusts are quiet, they are all there. As surely as the chief of sinners are unaccepted, so surely are you; for a righteousness must be perfect to be accepted. There must be no blemish in it; and that is no case with your righteousness. You know it is not.

"Well," says one, "this is very hard doctrine." I mean it to be so; for I love you too well to deceive you. When a door has to be shut to save life, there is no use in half-shutting it. If a person may be killed by going through it, you had better board it up, or brick it up. I want to brick up the dangerous opening of self-confidence, for it leads to deception, disappointment, and despair. The way to heaven by works is only possible to a man who is absolutely perfect; and none of you are in that condition. Do not pretend to it, or you will be arant liars. I put no fine face upon it—you are not perfect, no, not one of you; for "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

FUTILE MUMMERY.

Thus, then, our text shuts out all self-righteousness. It also shuts out all priestly performances. There is a notion among some people that the priest is to save them, *alias* the minister, for men easily in these charitable days make even Dissenting ministers into priests. I have heard people say: "Just as I employ a lawyer to attend to my temporal business, and I do not bother my head any more about it; so I employ my priest or my clergyman to attend to my spiritual business, and there is an end of it." This is evil talk, and ruinous to the man who indulges in it.

I will speak of this priestcraft very plainly. Recollect, "it shall be perfect to be accepted;" therefore all that this gentleman does for you must be perfect. I do not know what it is that he does, I am sure. I never could make out

what a priest of the Roman or Anglican order can be supposed to do in his highest function of the mass. I have seen him walk this way, and I have seen him walk that way; and I have seen him turn his back, and it has been decorated with crosses and other embellishments; and I have seen him turn his face; and I have seen him bow; and I have seen him drink wine and water; and I have seen him munch wafers; and I have seen him perform many genuflections and prostrations; but what the performance meant I have not been able to gather. To me it seemed

A MEANINGLESS DISPLAY.

I should not like to risk my soul on it.

Everything, you know, depends upon the intention of the priest. If a good intention be not there, according to the dictates of his own Church, it is all good for nothing, so that your souls all hang upon the intention of a poor mortal in a certain dress. Perhaps he has not after all been rightly anointed, and is not in the apostolical succession! Perhaps there is no apostolical succession! Perhaps the man himself is living in mortal sin! Ah, me! there are many dangers about your confidence. Are you going to hang your soul on that man's orders or disorders? Mine is too heavy to hang upon so slender a nail, driven into such rotten wood.

This text makes a clean sweep of all other kinds of human confidences. Some are deceived in this sort: "Well," they say, "I do not trust in my works; but I am a religious person, and I attend the sacrament, and I go to my place of worship pretty regularly. I feel that I must certainly be right. I have faith in Jesus Christ and in myself." In various ways men thus compose an image whose feet are part of iron and part of clay. With that kind of mangle-mangle, many unconsciously are contenting themselves. But hear ye this word, "it shall be perfect to be accepted; there shall be no blemish therein." If we trust Christ and nothing else, that will be perfect; but if you are trusting Christ up to fifteen ounces in the pound, and yourself for the last ounce of the sixteen, you will be a lost man; for that last ounce is an ounce of imperfection, and therefore you cannot be accepted of God.

II. This brings me to note, with great delight of heart, that as this rule shuts out all other confidences, so this rule shuts us up to

THE SACRIFICE OF JESUS.

O beloved, if I had the tongues of men and of angels, I could never fitly tell you of Him who offered Himself without spot unto God, for He is absolutely perfect; there is no blemish in Him!

He is perfect in His *nature* as God and man. No stain defiled His birth, no pollution touched His body or His soul. The prince of this world himself, with keenest eyes, came and searched the Saviour, but He found nothing in Him. "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." There was not the possibility of sinning about the Saviour—no tendency that way, no desire that way. Nothing that could be construed into evil ever came upon His character. Our perfect sacrifice is without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Look at His *life of obedience*, and see how perfect that was. Which commandment did He ever break? Which duty of relationship did He ever forget? He honored the law of God, and loved the souls of men. He gave the character of God perfect reflection in His human life. You can see what God is as you see what Christ is. He is perfect, even as His Father who is in heaven is perfect. There is no redundancy, or excess, or superfluity in His character, even as there is no coming short in any point.

Look at the perfection of His *sacrifice*. He gave His body to be tortured, and His mind to be crushed and broken, even unto the death-agony. He gave Himself for us a perfect sacrifice. All that the law could ask was in Him. Stretch the measure to its utmost length, and still Christ goes beyond, rather than falls short of the measure of the requirements of justice. He has given to His Father double for all our

sins. My heart rejoices as I think of Gethsemane and Calvary and of Him who by one offering hath perfectly sanctified all who put their trust in Him. "It is finished," said He, and finished it is forever. Our Lord has presented a perfect sacrifice. "It shall be perfect to be accepted;" and it is perfect. "There shall be no blemish therein;" and there is no blemish in it. Glory be to God Most High!

THE PASSOVER BLOOD.

That delightful passage in Exodus came flashing up to my mind just now, where the Israelite sprinkled the blood on the lintel and the two side-posts. Then he shut the door. He was inside; he did not see the blood any more. The blood was outside upon the posts, and he could not see it himself; but was he safe? Yes, because it is written, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." It is God's sight of the blood of His dear Son that is the everlasting safeguard of all who are in Christ. Though it is most precious and sweet to me to look at that blood once shed for many for the remission of sins, and I do look at it; yet, if ever there should come a dark night to me in which I cannot see it, still God will see it, and I am safe.

THE THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

Well, now, as is too often the case, I have run on so much upon the first points that I have not time enough for much more; but I was going to finish up by saying that I address myself for a minute or two to Christians only. Listen, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that know the Lord! You are saved. You have not, therefore, to bring any sacrifice by way of a sin-offering, but you have to bring sacrifices of thanksgiving. It is your reasonable service that you offer your bodies a living sacrifice unto God. If you do this you cannot bring an absolutely perfect sacrifice, but you must labor to let it be perfect in what is often the biblical sense of perfection.

Beloved brethren, you must take care that what you bring is not blind, for the blind were not to be offered. You must serve God with a single eye to the glory of God. If you attend a prayer-meeting, or teach a class, or preach a sermon, you must not do it with a view to your own selves in any way, or it cannot be accepted. The sacrifice must see; it must be intelligent, reasonable service, having for its object the glory of God. It must in that sense be perfect to be accepted.

NO BROKEN BITS.

And as it must not be blind, so it must not be broken. Whenever we serve God, we must do it with the whole of our being, for if we try to serve God with a bit of our nature, and leave the rest unconsecrated, we shall not be accepted. Certain professors prefer one class of Christian duties, and they neglect others; this must not be. Christ gave "Himself" for you, and you must give your whole self to Him. To be acceptable the life must be entire; there must be complete consecration of every faculty. How is it with you? Have you brought to the Lord a divided sacrifice? If so, He claims the whole.

Would God that the best of our lives, the best hours of the morning, the best skill of our hands, the best thoughts of our minds, the very cream of our being, were given to our God! But, alas! Christ's cause is sent round to the back door to get the broken meat; and, "Mind you do not leave too much meat on the bone," is the kind of instruction that is given to her who hands it out. Christ Jesus is sent to the dust-heap for the odds and ends. Cheese-parings, and candle-ends are given to the Missionary Society. Perhaps the statement is too liberal: it would be well if they were. To God's altar we ought to bring the best bullock from the stall, and the best sheep from the fold. I leave you to yourselves to judge whether it be not so. If you are not over head and ears in debt to the mercy of God in Christ, then it is not so; but if you are debtors to divine mercy beyond all compute, you shall each one reckon up for himself—"How much owest thou unto my Lord?" If it be a debt you can never calculate, then give

the Lord from this day forth the fulness of your being. May God grant that you and your offerings may be accepted in Christ Jesus! Amen and amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Indian Monkey Temple.*

ON the way to Calcutta I stopped for a day at the holy city of Benares, the Hindoo Mecca, and the headquarters of Brahminism. We drove to the Monkey Temple, situated just outside the native town. Along the road leading to the temple there were monkeys chasing each other up and down, sitting on the stone walls, and climbing about the trees, their numbers increasing until we reached the temple itself. So far as its architecture is concerned, this temple amounts to almost nothing. In the centre of a paved yard stands a small stone pagoda, no larger than a sentry-box, in which is a stone image of a hideous black goddess (Doorga), hung with wreaths of marigolds, beside which a stuffed monkey would be beautiful. Surrounding this open yard is a high stone wall like the walls of a house, furnished all around with shelves and niches for the accommodation of the monkeys. Adjoining this enclosure is a fine tank; a widespreading banyan overshadows the place, and that is all there is of this venerated monkey temple.

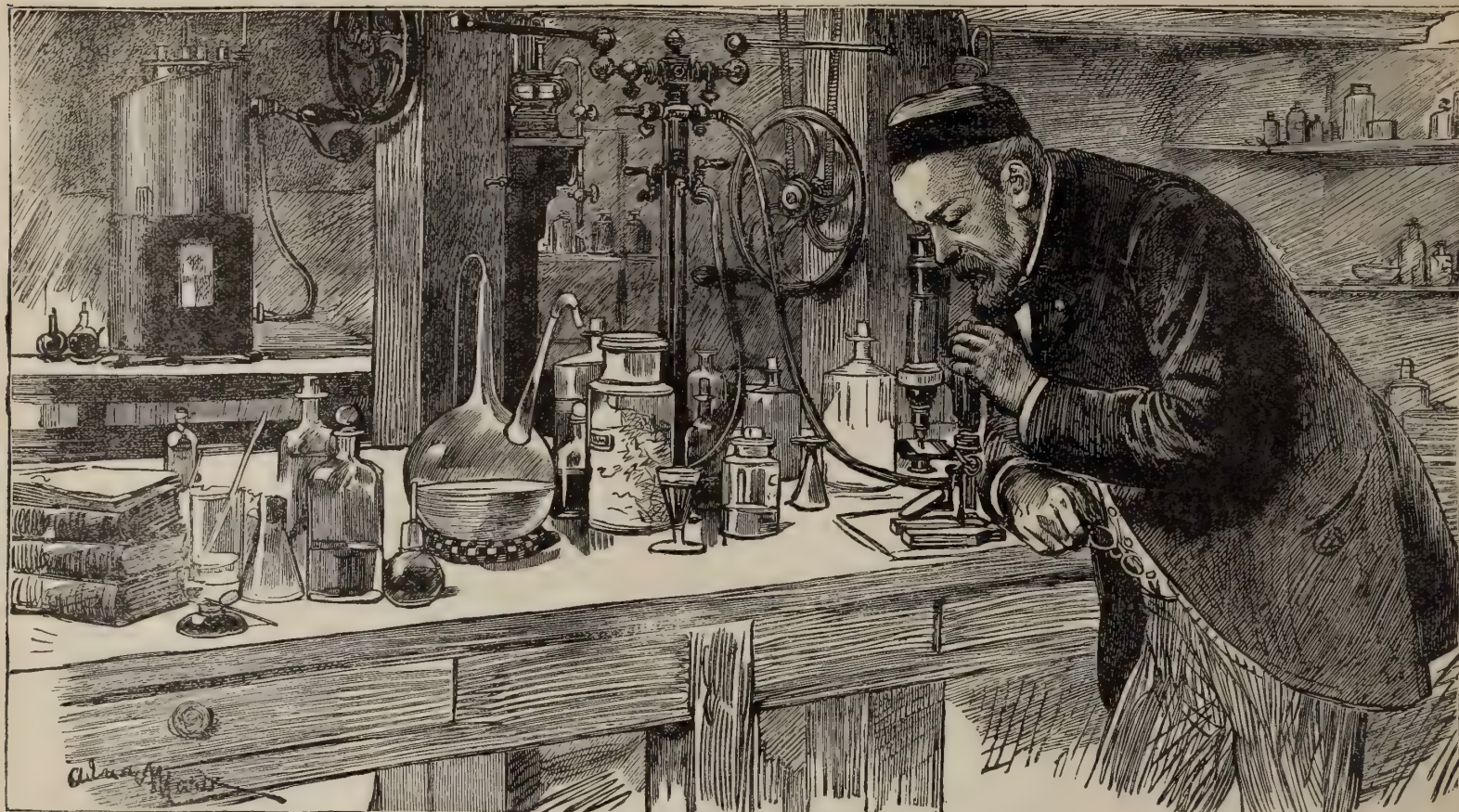
Buying half a gallon of gram from a priest at the entrance, we stepped within the enclosure, and then another priest, who was with us, cried out: "Ah! ah! ah!" Directly there was a grand rush through the doorways, over the walls and from the top of the banyan, as about a hundred and fifty monkeys of all ages, sizes, and degrees of fatness came crowding around us to be fed. Some impudent rascals snatched handfuls of gram and scampered off, cramming it into their cheeks as they ran; some took the food timidly and with suspicion; but when we threw handfuls of it on the floor there ensued a vigorous game of "Grab-and-Snatch-it." So long as the gram held out we were the centre of attraction, and each pair of watchful brown eyes was fixed upon us. Some fat old fellows sat and gravely looked at us, others made wry faces, some winked, and some grinned from ear to ear. A few were quarrelsome, and there was continual biting and squealing, while after the feeding was over others busied themselves in examining each other's bodies for vermin, just as I remember seeing people do in the streets of Naples more than once.

These monkeys are all *very sacred*—next to the Brahmin bull, in fact—because [the people are taught that] they are descendants of Hunuman, the famous monkey-god of Southern India, who aided Rama in the conquest of Ceylon, by forming a bridge of rocks opposite Menaar. The figure of Hunuman is often found in Hindoo temples in the guise of a man, with a black monkey face and a long tail. . . . Some Anglo-Indians have assured me that at Benares any one killing a monkey would be almost torn in pieces by the natives. In the bazaar we met

A SACRED BRAHMIN BULL,

stalking along the narrow street, crowding the people right and left, and sticking his nose into one basket of grain after another as freely as if he owned the whole city. And is he not monarch of all he surveys? These brutes become so accustomed to servile reverence that they are bold and insolent, and whoever does not make way for them will very likely get trampled upon if not knocked down. The most daring European never ventures to strike a Brahmin bull in this city, nor will the most profane dare to swear at one if natives are within hearing. Any Hindoo would *rather kill ten Christians* than one Brahmin bull, and it would no doubt be safer for a Christian to kill ten natives than one of these brutes, provided he escaped the British authorities. We also met in Benares specimens of another venerated creature—

* From "Two Years in the Jungle," by William T. Hornaday. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Pp. 512; price, \$4.



The French Chemist, M. Pasteur, in his Laboratory.

THE FAKIR.

I shall never forget an apparition I encountered suddenly one day in the bazaar while on a shopping expedition. My baboo and I were standing at a grain stall buying some rice, when there suddenly appeared at my elbow a man entirely naked except a very small and very dirty rag around his loins, and a staff in his hand. He was tall, lank, and bony; his beard was tangled, full of dirt, and came far down his hairy breast. His long matted hair hung around his shoulders like a bundle of untwisted hemp ropes. His body was mangy and caked with dirt of a year's standing, apparently, his claws were long and dirty, and he was certainly the most disgusting object I ever saw in human form. . . . This was one of the fakirs, called "holy men" (there are nearly ninety thousand of them, it is said), whose feet and garments are kissed by men and women, and who are, in popular estimation, saints!

FIXING A WEATHER-VANE ON A CHURCH TOWER.

Two or three years ago a handsome church that was being built in one of the smaller Belgian towns was fast approaching completion. One thing, however, was still lacking—the gilded vane that was to crown the summit of the tower. But owing to some mistake, the scaffolding was found not to have been carried high enough up to enable the workmen to fix this weather-vane. At this juncture two of the men came forward, and offered to get over the difficulty by the one of them standing on the broad shoulders of his companion.

The broad-shouldered man planted his feet firmly on the last narrow plank raised high in air, and grasping a projecting pole to steady himself, he bent forward while his slighter-built comrade sprang nimbly upon his shoulders; and this done, handed him the colossal vane, the brazier full of molten lead, and the necessary tools. Meanwhile a large crowd had gathered in the market-place below, and had flocked to every window whence they could catch a glimpse of the proceeding.

The operation of fixing and soldering the

weathervane occupied only a few minutes, but each minute seemed to be long hours to the anxious spectators. At last the dangerous job was completed, and with a sigh of relief the multitude breathed freely once more, and exclaimed aloud: "Thank God!"

Impatient to congratulate their brave fellow-citizens, the people wondered why the broad-shouldered man tarried so long on his lofty perch, and why, when he at last began to descend, his usually elastic step was slow and tottering. Fearing something was amiss, they hastened to the foot of the scaffolding, just in time to see him sink powerless to the ground. The sad cause of his weakness was soon apparent, for his shoulders, arms, and breast were found to be covered with burns. Little had the gazing crowd guessed of the awful agony that noble fellow had endured; for all the time he had been supporting his companion on his shoulders, the latter in his eagerness over his work had unwittingly allowed the molten lead to drop down upon him. Yet he stood all the while as steadfast and immovable as a rock, never betraying the torture he was in by the slightest outward sign, or even allowing a groan to escape his lips, remembering that the life of his comrade had been confided to his charge, and knowing well that the least movement on his part would have hurled his friend down to instant death.

The wounded hero was conveyed to the hospital, where, after a long period of severe suffering, he at length recovered. The tale of the martyr-like fortitude displayed by this workman on behalf of his fellow soon spread, not only over the whole of Belgium, but was carried beyond its borders, and from far and near tributes of admiration were showered upon the man who had so nobly placed his own life in jeopardy for the sake of his friend.

M. PASTEUR AND HIS PATIENTS.

(See Picture on this page.)

THE distinguished French chemist to whom the children were sent who were bitten recently by a mad dog at Newark, N. J., is now famous the world over. The fact that the children felt no evil consequences from the bite, while the

Newark pound-keeper, who was also bitten, has died in fearful agony from hydrophobia, is an evidence of the efficacy of M. Pasteur's methods.

His discovery is one of the most remarkable of our time. It consists in inoculation analogous to that used as a preventive to small-pox. He obtains virus from an animal afflicted with rabies, and with that inoculates another animal, and obtains from the latter virus more attenuated in force. With that virus he inoculates another animal, and again collects the virus, with which he inoculates a fourth, and so on until he obtains virus of a very weak form. With this he inoculates the human sufferer from the bite of a rabid animal. After a few days he uses the virus next in potency, going backward through the series until the patient is inoculated with the virus taken from the first animal operated upon. Then the sufferer is pronounced safe.

A newspaper correspondent, who visited M. Pasteur recently, says: "I was ushered into the office, and received by a short, fat gentleman of a benevolent countenance, and very wrinkled face. His manner is simple, affable, and yet dignified. There is no air of condescension, not a trace of anything to suggest the suspicion of his being a quack. This is M. Pasteur. He was busy when I entered answering the questions of fashionable ladies, patronesses doubtless of his proposed institute. One of them was a Russian princess.

The most severe test to which his system has yet been subjected is its application to persons bitten by a rabid wolf. Vulpine hydrophobia is much more serious than the canine form of the malady. The correspondent was present when nineteen Russian Mujiks arrived for treatment. Some of them were torn and lacerated to a frightful degree.

A PEASANT'S FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

"One of the finest men I ever saw," says the correspondent, "was one of these Mujiks, a coachman in the prime of life, who, to save a woman from the jaws of the wolf, engaged in an epic struggle with the rabid animal. He saw the wolf on the woman, and went up to seize it by the scruff of the neck, knowing that if he did so it would relax its hold to turn on him. He

meant to hold it in such a way that it could not bite him until he or somebody else could kill the brute, but it was too quick for him, and caught him by the left arm. He seized the neck with the right hand, and, getting astride on the wolf, pressed it down with all his weight on the ground, and then got a knee firmly on its loins. When the brave Mujik coachman, with his left arm all the time in the mad wolf's maw, was kneeling on the animal, he saw a hatchet, and called to the owner to give it to him; but the owner, an avaricious man, refused, saying: 'No, no; if I do, the skin will be spoiled.' The unconscious hero then stretched out his right hand to seize the implement, in doing which he had to relax the pressure of his knee, which enabled the wolf to seize the other arm. His left arm was nearly useless from injuries inflicted on the muscles, but he resolved that either he or his rabid adversary should perish. Making a supreme effort, he got it between his knees, with which he held the body tight, threw himself forward, clutched the hatchet, half raised himself, and with the left hand inflicted such a blow on the neck and shoulders as to cleave the body in twain. What was remarkable in him was that he did not seem to know that he was worthy of any sort of admiration." He was inoculated, and at last accounts no symptom of the dread malady had appeared. The doctor is now collecting subscriptions to found and support an institute for the treatment of rabies.



A Scotch Laird Among Fishermen.

AN ARISTOCRATIC EVANGELIST.

(See Picture on this page.)

THE village of Arndilly, in Scotland, is principally inhabited by fishermen. They are not a very promising class to work among by the evangelist. Their lives are hard, and their livelihood precarious. Good work may be done in their midst, but the men whom God has used in the work most successfully have been men of consecrated lives, full of patience and love. One of the most earnest of these, a man who might be seen almost every day, in all weathers, going from house to house, reading and praying with the sick, talking to the men as they mended their nets and ready for any good work, was Hay Macdowall Grant, or, as his tenants loved to call him, "the Laird of Arndilly." His sister was the wife of the Rev. Robert Aitken, the father of the eminent evangelist so blessed recently in New York, the Rev. W. Hay Aitken.

In conversations with his distinguished nephew, the Laird of Arndilly, at various times, related the history of his commencing evangelistic work. Mr. Aitken says that his uncle was converted under the ministry of Rev. Robert Hall, having been previously deeply solemnized by the sudden death of two near relatives. Some years afterward he came into possession of the Arndilly estates, and became a neighbor of his sister and her devoted husband.

One Sunday afternoon in February, 1856, Mr. Robert Aitken said to his wife: "I wish you would take the two children and go down to Arndilly." He pressed the matter so much that she at last consented. When they had reached Garthland, Mrs. Aitken was taken so alarmingly ill that her children wrote for their father to come to her. He hurried down, but his wife soon so far recovered as to be able to proceed with her husband and children to Arndilly. The morning after their arrival, Mr. Aitken characteristically said to his brother-in-law: "I cannot be idle; you must find me some work to do." Meetings were arranged for in the neighboring barns, and the churches of the nearest town—Roths—were thrown open for evangelistic

services. Several were converted, and a good work began. Before Mr. Aitken left, a deputation of earnest Christians living on the estate called to beg him to persuade the laird to carry on the meetings. Mr. Aitken urged it, but the laird shrank from the cross. When he was left alone, however, and he found the people had arranged a meeting, and had no one else to address them, he tremblingly began, and, of course "found God greatly helping him." After an absence of three weeks, during which time he says he gave "the enemy time to choke or steal the good seed sown," he found the people as much in earnest as ever.

Mr. Brownlow North, a personal friend of the laird, had begun to preach about a year previous to this time; and when, after one of his meetings, his friend came to him anxiously inquiring: "I say, North, tell me the meaning of all this," he affectionately urged Mr. Grant himself to set about doing something for God; for unless he did, "what mark had he of being a Christian at all?" It was to Mr. North that he communicated the joyful intelligence—how joyful only those who have had a similar experience of working and watching can realize—"I have got my first soul."

One evening, as he was returning from preaching in a church fifteen miles away from his home, he saw on the roadside a woman weeping bitterly. He was passing on when she called out: "Oh, Mr. Grant, do not go by without giving me a word; do stop and speak to me!" She had heard him preach, and the arrow of conviction had entered her soul. They talked and prayed together till her sorrow was turned into peace through believing. "Arndilly" was now fairly enlisted in the blessed service, and clad in his tartan shooting-suit he was to be seen continually at work for God among the people, the Holy Spirit owning and blessing his labors.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 223.)

Land at Last.

THE foregoing extracts from Juliet's journal show that she was making spiritual progress.

So much had been achieved in Juliet's soul. She saw conduct in a new light. Not yet had she realized Christ as her own Saviour, nor indeed did she know her need of a Saviour. She was, however, a very different girl from the gay, pleasure-loving maiden of delicate and fastidious taste, who took her part in the amateur theatricals on board the Quebec not many days before. Then wickedness was not the most shocking thing she could imagine. A good person who blundered in grammar, who was not refined in manner, was more repulsive to her than an irreligious person who was well-dressed, well-educated, and faultless in behavior. But since then she had learned much. The girl whom she had heard ridiculed on that fatal night, and had herself laughed at, was the girl to whom she owed her life. Her gay friends had done nothing for her; she was sure that not one of them, situated as Maria was, would have acted as she did. Not one of them would voluntarily have died in her place. It was a noble deed that Maria did that night, and gradually Juliet was coming to the realization of its grandeur and the motives that prompted it.

Juliet had abundant opportunity for reflection now. The men were very kind to her in their rough way, but with them she could have no communication. They supplied her wants, and she smiled her gratitude, but not even her thanks were

understood. Much of her time she spent in the cabin appropriated to her use, thinking and writing in her journal. The latter occupation was a necessary vent to her over-burdened soul. Slowly and painfully she was travelling mentally over a road new to her, and was as utterly without guidance as she would have been if she herself had been navigating the Bergen. That her past life had been a wasted one she knew. With all her education and refinement, such self-sacrifice as that Maria Selden had shown would have been impossible to her. Was it, she often asked herself, religion which gave that grandeur of character? She did not know, but she would read and learn if ever she got out of this dreary ship. Meanwhile she continued her record of each day's events.

"August 5.—A large flight of white sea-birds. I hope that we are not far from land. I had such a strange dream last night. I thought that I was again struggling in the dreadful, dreadful waves, and that a white lovely hand was held out. I knew it to be Maria's; but it was not cold or wet, but warm—warm with life and love. Maria drew me out of the water, but not to the desolate raft; she spread out large white wings like the sea-bird's, and up we soared together into the air! I shall never, never soar! She smiled so joyously in my dream; I never gave her cause to smile! What misery it is to remember how I spent the few last hours that might have been passed by her side! Alone and sad on the deck, Maria must have heard the sound of our laughing and singing below, and have felt how useless her loving warning had been! I can never bring back those hours! My tears are dropping on the paper; I can hardly see to write."

It will be evident from these few extracts from a journal prolonged through several weeks how constantly the thoughts of Juliet Erle recurred to the friend who had died for her sake. One of the most soothing thoughts to the poor girl was her intention, should she ever return to England, of raising a beautiful white marble monument to the memory of Maria Selden. Miss Erle regarded her gray plaid shawl almost as a sacred relic. Juliet's repentance for the past was not the repentance of life-giving faith;

she mourned not for her sins as committed against God. While she half idolized the memory of the friend to whom she owed her preservation from death, Juliet thought little of the Friend who had done and suffered for her a thousand times more. The idea crossed not her mind that she herself, in a new and holier life, would be the noblest monument to Maria, and that she would best fulfil the last prayers of that friend by—in a spiritual sense—taking up the mantle which Maria had left behind her.

With one more extract, which closed the journal written on board the Bergen, we will end this story of the voyage.

"September 5.—Joy! joy! land in sight, land and buildings upon it! I am half wild with delight! The captain roused me early this morning with a broader smile than usual on his face, and made me come upon deck! Oh, the bliss of seeing something different from icebergs or waves upon the horizon, something even like a little simple church, with pine trees growing beside it! I could have shouted and danced for joy. We were sailing toward the land. Oh, for more speed, for lightning speed! I tried to ask the name of the tiny settlement; it does not look like a town. The captain said 'Nannock Igloe,' or something like it. When I looked puzzled he growled like a bear, then laughed at his own joke, and his men laughed heartily too. The captain repeated 'Nannock' two or three times, then pointed to the skin of a white bear which he wears as a jacket.

"What is that sound which faintly reaches my ear? The tinkle of a church bell across the sea! I shall be among Christians and civilized people again! I almost fear that I am in a dream! I must rush up again on deck, and have the witness of my eyes as well as my ears that this frightful voyage is ending at last."

Yes, the voyage was ending at last! The boat was let down to convey the rescued girl to the shore, and rocked on the heaving waves. There was no luggage to get ready; poor Juliet had literally nothing but what she wore, and the journal stuck into her waist-band, for her hands must be free to help her in descending the rough rope ladder, never intended for lady's feet. Juliet, eager as she was to escape from her floating prison, could not quit it without some expression of gratitude to the rough Norsemen whose hospitality she had experienced, but not enjoyed.

Standing on the deck in her dress, once so gay and now so faded, Juliet drew from her neck her gold chain with her pretty little watch and half a dozen fanciful charms suspended to it, and tried to place them in the broad hairy hand of Captain Logbrog. But the Norseman drew back, shook his shaggy head, and gave his characteristic grin. He would not rob the poor child of her baubles, he said.

Juliet understood the gesture and broad smile, though not the words that were spoken. The young lady glanced at the men who clustered round; Logbrog again shook his head, and motioned to his guest to return watch and chain to their former places. Then the captain held out his strong hand; Juliet could not but place hers within it, though the grip which she had to sustain reminded her of that of a bear.

Then over the vessel's side she went, and down the rope ladder, the men below helping her in their rough, kindly way; for the boat was tossing on the surf, and she had some difficulty in reaching her seat. Then the sailors bent to their oars, the men above looking over the side to watch the departure of their little mermaid, for by that name Miss Erle was spoken of among them. They cheered her as the boat pushed off from the vessel.

"Right glad will the little mermaid be to stand on dry ground again!" said the captain, as he waved his farewell. "She never took kindly to fishing or blubber, and looked among us much as a coral necklace might look round the gullet of a porpoise."

"But e'en old Jollof can't say as she brought us bad luck," observed Karl.

With intense interest Juliet from the boat surveyed the shore to which each stroke of the oars brought her nearer. Beside the church she saw a neat, rather formal-looking little house, chiefly constructed of wood, from one of the chimneys of which a little column of smoke was rising.

A strange-looking group of people, unlike any whom she had ever seen before, were watching for her landing on the pebbly beach, on which the foamy billows were rolling. Short, squat, broad-shouldered people they were. Juliet could scarcely distinguish whether they were men or women, for not a skirt was to be seen among them. All were clad in thick trousers, and thick, clumsy seal-skin boots. But the long carefully braided black hair of the shorter members of the group, the strings of glass beads, or foxes' teeth twined round the waist as a girdle, and perhaps their smaller features, gave an impression that some of the party must belong to the sex called fair. Fair here was hardly an appropriate word, as the complexions of all were brown.

A few of the dames had lines tattooed on their broad, flat, good-natured faces. All doubt as to one being a woman was removed by a brown baby's little round head protruding from the large hood which its mother wore as an appendage to her jacket, another woman had her tiny infant cradled in her huge down-lined boot.

But Juliet's eager gaze did not rest long on the Esquimaux, who were, in her eyes, simply a set of uncouth barbarians. From the deck of the Bergen she had with joy detected two Europeans among the group. These were simply clothed in garments unlike those of the people around them, with fur caps on their heads, for the season was not yet far enough advanced to make thick-flapped hoods indispensable articles of dress. Juliet saw that the shorter European looked elderly; in any costume he would have been recognized as a pastor. The younger man, of very prepossessing appearance, seemed in the prime of manhood; he wore a well-trimmed beard and mustache of a light brown color.

"How astonished these good people will be to see a civilized lady dropping as it were from the skies!" thought Juliet; "not that I look much like a lady, in this dreadful costume." Her hat had been crushed out of shape, its ribbons were a faded wisp; her dainty boots, never intended for immersion in salt water, were threatening to part company with their soles; one of their wearer's feet was distressingly visible under the kid. Nothing seemed uninjured save the plaid, which remained as a memorial of Maria.

"Oh! I do hope that these gentlemen, if gentlemen they be, will speak in some comprehensible tongue!" thought Juliet to herself. "They are certainly not French or Italian; I should hardly think them English. They must be extraordinary persons to dwell among such people, such horrid savages, and in such a desolate place! I only see one house fit for Christians to live in; the other dwellings are low, round-shaped, and so funny, fit homes for these strange little dwarfs! Where on earth am I landing now!"

Juliet had not much time for speculation, for the boat's keel was grating on the pebbles, and a wave that had been chasing after it overtook it at the moment of landing, and, with a shower of salt spray, gave the sea's good-by to her who so long had been its unwilling guest. Juliet could not help laughing at her own wretched plight, as, drenched and dripping, she was helped to land by the two Europeans. Doubtless they were much surprised at the most unexpected apparition of a lady on that wild, desolate coast, but they were too courteous to show such surprise. The younger man, Fritz Edelstein, handed Juliet out of the rude boat as he might have done out of an elegant carriage; and the elder, with both his hands, shook hers in kindly greeting. "Welcome, sister," he said; "welcome to Eshcol, in the name of the Lord!"

The sound of the English tongue, and the delight of springing on shore, were too much for

the over-strained nerves of Juliet. From laughing she burst into hysterical weeping, which made the Esquimaux entertain doubts whether this strange new specimen of humanity could be in her senses.

With intuitive delicacy Fritz Edelstein said that he must give the good news of a guest's arrival to Sister Anna, and hurried off to the house, first saying a few words in their own language to the staring Esquimaux, which had the effect of making them move off. Brother Wilhelm Stillstrom waited quietly till Juliet had regained her self-possession, and then offered her his arm. They proceeded a few steps in silence, till the rough pebbles accomplished the work of taking off the sole of one of Juliet's kid boots. "I am so sorry—it is rough walking," said the kindly stranger; "will you wait till I send to my wife for a pair of her shoes?"

It was such a comfort to Juliet to know that she should find one of her own sex at the station, that she made light of her little misfortune, and though at the cost of some pain, stumbled on slowly over the pebbles, glad that the younger European was not present to see her awkward gait. "Do tell me where I am," she said to the pastor, on whose arm she was leaning.

"At the Moravian settlement of Eshcol, on the Labrador coast," was the reply.

"I thought that the captain said something about Nannock, when he pointed toward this place."

"Oh! that is the old Esquimaux name. But we, as the Lord's servants, chose another name more suitable to remind us of His great love."

"Is Eshcol suitable?" said Juliet, glancing at the gloomy pines, which seemed to be the only trees that would grow in the place. "Eshcol makes one think of vines—was it not famed for some huge cluster of grapes?"

"And we have our grapes rich and luscious to eat with our manna," said the gray-haired Moravian. "My child, the grapes which feasted the Israelites in the desert did not grow in the desert; they were brought from the Land of Promise, an earnest of the future inheritance in a country flowing with milk and honey. So we in our pilgrim life have rich promises to feed on, to rejoice in even in our desert, and in memory of what cheered God's people, we have called our settlement Eshcol."

The Moravian's tone was cheerful, nor was there the slightest trace of sadness in the glance which he gave to the little home which the two were slowly approaching.

"You must wonder to see me here," said Juliet Erle. "I am the sole survivor, alas! of the passengers who started from Liverpool in the large steamer Quebec, which sank somewhere off the coast of Newfoundland. I was picked up by a fishing-vessel, and have been for weeks—I know not how many—cruising about these cold seas."

"Praised be God for so wonderful a preservation!" cried Wilhelm.

"And now—oh! tell me how I can get back to England again!" exclaimed Juliet.

"It seems to our short-sightedness very unfortunate that our missionary ship, the Harmony, should have left this station but yesterday on her homeward voyage," said the sympathizing Moravian. "I grieve that you came not a little earlier. Your only chance of returning home before the visit of the Harmony next summer, will be if some whaling vessel chance to touch here. I think that the Bergen, which brought you here, may be on her way back to Norway."

"Oh! I could not go in that or in any other fishing-vessel again!" exclaimed Juliet, with almost a shudder.

"Then we shall have the pleasure of keeping you here as our guest," said the Moravian missionary kindly. "And here comes my good wife, to take her share in bidding you welcome."

And a cordial welcome it was from the gentle, pleasant-looking woman, who came forth from the little dwelling to meet them.

Sister Anna was some way past forty, yet

scarcely a silver thread appeared in the hair, smooth as satin, braided over the broad placid brow on which not a wrinkle was seen. A spotless cap formed a suitable frame, as it were, to a face on which were seen kindness and calm common sense. So neat were the darns and the patches in the Moravian's slate-colored dress, that Juliet Erle, at first sight, did not notice that there were any.

What a delight it was to Juliet to enter through the porch, secured from cold by double doors, into a pretty little parlor, spotlessly clean, with framed pictures and illuminated texts hanging on the walls, and even small elegancies in china on carved brackets in the corners.

"It looks so bright—so pretty—so home-like!" she cried, fresh from the miseries of a voyage in the Bergen.

"Fritz has a great taste for carving," observed Sister Anna, with a little innocent pride in her home; "and we are often sent pretty things by kind friends far away. But let me show you your room."

Juliet followed into a smaller apartment, also exceedingly neat; it was made bright by a gay coverlet hastily produced from Anna's stores, and placed on the bed prepared for the stranger. Juliet did not know that the younger missionary, like the Norwegian captain, had given up his own room to the guest, for the little dwelling held but two sleeping apartments.

"What is to become of you, Brother Fritz?" asked Pastor Wilhelm, the two being alone in the parlor together.

"Oh! I can be stowed away anywhere!" was the cheerful reply. "I'll roll myself up in a blanket, and if Sister Anna will grant me a corner in the kitchen, I'll promise not to avail myself of the opportunity of making a foray on her cranberry stores."

(To be continued.)

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

S. S. Lesson for April 25th, John 3: 1-18. Golden Text, ver. 7. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

What Nicodemus Did not Know—Christ's Direct Teaching—The Standpoint of Nicodemus—The Signification of the Water—The Entrance of Spiritual Life Perceptible—A Cardinal Principle Unfolded—The Perfect Remedy—Its Rejection the Fatal Sin.

NICODEMUS had, perhaps, long been interested in Jesus. And yet, coming as an inquirer, he needed the cover of night lest his compeers should discover that he, who professed to know so much, was willing to admit his ignorance, and learn of One whom they despised. His first words to Jesus were "Rabbi, we know." The Apostle Paul teaches us that "if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know" (1 Cor. 8: 2). Jesus took Nicodemus out of his depth, and immediately showed him what he did not know. Nicodemus, judging Jesus by what he saw, said: "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God." Jesus' answer was, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus said: "We know." Jesus said: "I say unto thee," for with Jesus every interview must be a personal one, something definite between Himself and ourselves. This is the word which He speaks to every human soul,

"I SAY UNTO THEE," Except thou be born again, thou canst not see the kingdom of God. It is not simply that we cannot enter the kingdom. We have no power so much as to perceive there is a kingdom of God, until we ourselves have to do with it. A man born blind can have no conception of what it is to see, nor a man born deaf, what it is to hear, and equally so the unspiritual man—the man not yet born again cannot conceive what spiritual life is. Nicodemus very naturally asked, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" All his ideas were from the standpoint which he occupied. He was of the earth, earthly, and nothing spirit-

ual had, as yet, developed in him. He could reason, but he could not perceive spiritual things. "The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God . . . the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2: 11-14). The answer of Jesus to His last question was as follows: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

"Born again" is in the Greek "born from above," and the Spirit of God is from above. No doubt the term "water" here would signify "the washing of water by the Word" (Eph. 5: 26), and "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever" (1 Pet. 1: 23). By the Word and by the Spirit of God

SPIRITUAL LIFE

enters into the man—a life which is not of human origin. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1: 12, 13). "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." It is this which the natural man cannot comprehend. He can reason, he can argue, he can aspire, he can pray, but all this is on the human plane. He needs to have something of God in order to understand God. The spiritual world is utterly distinct from the natural world, as much so as the animal kingdom is separate from the mineral kingdom. If Nicodemus would receive Christ, believe on His name, and yield himself up to Him, then Nicodemus would become spiritual; otherwise he remained without the new birth, without the spiritual life. Jesus continued: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born from above. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof"—there is evidence of its presence, no one can doubt the wind is there; but, "thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." No human eye can see the incoming of the Spirit of God; no human perception, however keen, can mark whence He cometh and whither He goeth, and yet the presence of the Spirit of God in any man is as manifest as the sun in the sky or the daylight upon the earth. None who know God's Spirit can fail to perceive when spiritual life enters into another. He recognizes something which he himself has known and experienced. "We speak

THAT WE DO KNOW,

and testify that we have seen." "Nicodemus answered, and said unto Him: 'How can these things be?' Jesus answered, and said unto him: 'Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things?'" (R. V.).

Israel was God's witness in the world to spiritual life. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, and all the prophets had been spiritual men. They knew the things of God; they talked with God; they heard Him speak; they had practically to do with Him. And here in the very presence of the Son of God was a teacher of Israel, who did not so much as know the very elements of the life of God! "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?" A man without spiritual life is out of the range of heavenly things.

A CARDINAL PRINCIPLE.

Our Lord now unfolds a principle which Nicodemus, up to this time, had totally ignored. "No man hath ascended up to heaven." The first step toward oneness with God must come from above—from His side. If Jesus had never come down to earth, man could never have reached up to heaven. "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven." Because Jesus came down, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, it is possible for man to rise up to sit with Christ in

heavenly places, and to dwell forever with the Lord. But our blessed Lord explained to Nicodemus the first steps toward God. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Christ's allusion to the serpent in the wilderness, presupposed that all men had come under the power of the serpent. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." All need healing and life, but "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Just as the brazen serpent was within reach of the eye of every bitten Israelite—he had not so much as to lift his hand, he had not so much as to make an effort, he had not so much as to utter a prayer but only to turn his eye toward the serpent, and immediately he lived; just so the sinner has but one thing to do, and that is to turn toward Jesus. No effort on his part, no struggling, wrestling prayer, no gigantic efforts to free himself from the power of evil habits, or the chains of sin which may have bound him—none of these things can save the soul. But receiving Jesus, accepting the gift which God has given, owning the only begotten Son of God as his personal Saviour, this can save any man and every man, whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. The world has been sinful enough. "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually" (Gen. 6: 5). "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17: 9). "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3: 23). Yet "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world."

THE PERFECT REMEDY.

Fully conscious of all the sin which existed, yet God sent His Son with a remedy, not with a condemnation, "not to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Oh, how this disproves the accusations against God which we hear on many hands from those who are inclined to be sceptical, that God creates man with an evil heart, and then condemns him for the evil of that heart! God does not condemn us for what we are by nature, but that when He offers us His own Son to save us and to take possession, dwell within us and live out His own holy life, we are unwilling to receive Him. God has provided a perfect remedy for sin, its punishment, its power, its consequences, its influence, and because man will not take the remedy man is condemned. He is not condemned for an evil heart which he cannot help, but he is condemned for not submitting that evil heart to Him who can cleanse and take possession of it. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

God is no tyrant, He could not, and would not condemn us unjustly, but, having created us with free will, with the power to choose life and we yet refuse, how can He do other than condemn? But it is with sorrow, "O that they were wise that, they understood this, that they would consider their latter end" (Deut. 32: 29). "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life" (John 5: 40). But oh, how blessed it is that our beloved Lord does not come to us with words of condemnation, but with arms outstretched to save whosoever will!

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles are contained in the number for April:

Addresses delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference at Mildmay Park, London, on The Word of Prophecy: Its Place and Value; The Coming of Christ: the Hope of the Church; The Signs of the Times; The Coming of the Lord Personal to Spiritual; The Millennial Reign, etc., by Earl Cavan, Canon Stewart, J. Denham Smith, J. Herbert Tritton, Rev. Clarmont Skrine, Canon Fausset, Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson, G. H. Pember, Esq., M.A., Rev. F. A. C. Lillingston, Rev. J. Wilkinson, Rev. Dr. Anderson, etc.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price \$1.

THE GRACE THAT TRIUMPHS.

By REV. RAY PALMER, D.D.

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. 12: 9.

Thy pledge, dear Lord, was it not meant for me?
Else were Thy words unmeaning to my ear;
For I am weak and helpless without Thee,
Then only strong when I can feel Thee near.

Thou givest strength when, weary of the way,
In spirit chafed with care, and dark and sad,
I lift to Thee my tearful eyes, and say,
"Thou only, Lord, canst make me strong and glad."

"Lo! I am with thee." Ah! Thy gracious voice
Wakes quicker throbbings in this fainting heart,
Rekindles hope, and bids my soul rejoice,
And firmer grows my step, and fears depart.

With Thee what sorrows can I not endure?
What ills can daunt while Thou art by my side?
Strong in Thy strength, at every step secure,
Thy peace shall in my tranquil soul abide.

From each sore cross Thy grace new joy can bring,
Can make each wearying toil-yield sweeter rest;
Mid deepest gloom can bid my spirit sing
With the sweet rapture of one fully blest.

Upon Thine arm, O Strong One, let me lean;
Then shall I triumph by Thy love and might;
For Thou art ever with me, though unseen,
And Thou at last shalt change my faith to sight.
—From "Voices of Hope and Gladness."

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

A volume of 15 Sermons on Marriage, Family Duties and Ties, just delivered to immense audiences
By T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

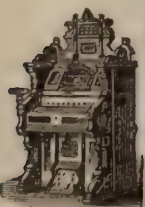
12mo, cloth, beautifully bound.....\$1.00

CONTENTS: Choice of a Wife—Choice of a Husband—Clandestine Marriages—Duties of Husbands to Wives—Duties of Wives to Husbands—Costumes and Morals—Boarding-Houses vs. Home Life—Plain Talk—Easy Divorce—Motherhood—Hereditary—Paradisiac Women—Influence of Sisters over Brothers—Martyrs of the Kitchen—The Old Folks' Visit.

Beware of a book under this title (but printed from newspaper reports, and containing only a portion of these celebrated sermons), which is issued without the authorization or wish of Dr. Talmage.

This is the only correct, authorized edition.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10-12 Dey Street, New York.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(excluding Agents & Dealers)—and send this Beautiful 5 Octave Solid Walnut BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70

for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Copley, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matchless in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877.

A Student of Union Theological Seminary desires employment of any kind during the summer. Teaching preferred. Address EMIL LEWY, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

DR. TALMAGE'S AND MR. BEECHER'S SERMONS UNDER ONE COVER.

The only Authorized, Revised, and Verbatim Reports of the Sermons of

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

AND

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

WILL HEREAFTER BE PUBLISHED IN

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE.

The sermons, printed in full as delivered, will be specially reported by the private stenographers of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Beecher are published only after personal revision and correction of the preachers, and are under their direct authority and supervision. They are printed in a large, clear type, and in a manner to specially adapt them for preservation in book form if desired.

No other publication of these sermons in America receive, the personal revision of Dr. Talmage and Mr. Beecher.

Besides the sermons by these famous preachers, each number of THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE will contain over 50 pages of the brightest current literature by the best-known American writers, thus offering three magazines for the price of one, and over 1500 pages of standard current literature for

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR; Single Copies, 20 cents.

April number now ready, with 8 sermons, 50 pages of interesting literature, and a notable discussion of the question

WHEN SHALL OUR YOUNG WOMEN MARRY?

by 15 prominent American women.

Sample copy sent upon receipt of 20 cents, if CHRISTIAN HERALD is mentioned.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE, 7 Murray Street, New York.

The Latest Work of Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer.

Voices of Hope and Gladness.

By Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.

A Choice Collection of his Poems and Lyrics. Bound in rich cloth, bevelled boards and gilt stamp on side, and gilt edges. 12mo, price, \$1.50.

"This elegant volume from our foremost Christian lyric is a thing of beauty to the eye as well as a melody of 'Hope and Gladness' to the heart. Its elegant binding, gilt edges, tinted and stiff paper with several delightful illustrations, form a rich setting for the gems of holy song and sacred meditation which shine throughout its pages.

"In these various forms of devotional literature, the fruit of Dr. Palmer's later years, one perceives the same lofty, cheerful Christian sentiment, the same profound religious experience and spiritual fervor which characterize his precious hymns, such as 'My faith looks up to Thee,' 'O Jesus! Sweet the tears I shed,' 'Why should these eyes be tearful,' etc., the first of which he wrote fifty years ago.

"There is here much genuine rhythmical structure, true poetic sensibility, felicitous versification and expression, but the sweetest charm of these lyrics is the fact that they are Christ-songs, outpourings of the heart to its 'Best Beloved.' This it is also that makes them 'Voices of Hope and Gladness,' a title so expressive and so typical of the general tone which pervades all that the author writes, the tone of trustfulness, of brightness, of cheerfulness which Christian faith alone can inspire, and which will make these radiant pages a blessed solace to contrite hearts as well as a medium of 'quickening and helpful spiritual power.' It is in every way one of those books that will make the careful reader purer and stronger and happier."—Lutheran Quarterly.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

A GEM OF BEAUTY. An Exquisitely Engraved and Colored Dove floating on the wing, upon a deep, blue sky, which forms the background, and with every feather so carefully drawn as almost to deceive the eye into the belief that it is a **THING OF LIFE**. Upon this background, in choice lettering is the text, "MY **PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU**" etc. Upon the coming light of the morning dawn which brightens up the foreground of the picture in similar letters, is the text, "THE **PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING**," the whole forming a portable gem of art. Like all fine works its value consists not so much in its size and its beauty of detail, and it possesses the great advantage of needing no name, being printed with a gold border upon a heavy card plate, so that it can be placed upon the table or mantle if preferred. If you want a choice ornament for your home, or a remembrance to a friend, especially to one in sickness or trouble, cannot be equalled, either in beauty or price. **REMEMBER IT CAN BE FRAMED OR NOT AS YOU PLEASE.** Safely packed, we send it postage paid on receipt of Twenty-Five Cents.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT PROFIT TO AGENTS.

They can be sold at almost every house, and every Christian person to whom you show them will buy at least one copy. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Good only for thirty days. Send back this advertisement and fifty cents, and we will forward free of any other expense, three sample copies for yourself and friends or a trial order of eight copies for one dollar. You take no risk in accepting this last offer as your immediate friends will gladly take these few copies at full price, giving you a profit of one dollar even if you do nothing further. We expect however to receive a larger order as soon as you get the samples.
WM. P. BRECK & CO., 12 Cortlandt Street, New York.

To Dealers, Agents, and Sunday-School Teachers, Fifty Copies for Five Dollars.

Ten Days With D. L. Moody.

A Choice Collection of his Sermons, and also the Proceedings of the Christian Convention at Mr. Moody's home in Northfield.

Every one interested in Mr. Moody and his work should read this book. 12mo, 192 pages, paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. Sold by all dealers, or mailed on receipt of price by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. BOX 2767.

31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is void in science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1894, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

NOTICE TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

Pastors, Evangelists, Sunday-School Teachers and Y. M. C. A. Workers on application can have forwarded them, post free, our NEW CATALOGUE of Books and Tracts imported from leading evangelical British publishers.

Gospel Book and Tract Repository,
OSILLIA, Canada.

ELEGANT patent silver-plated elastic GEM

pin. Best fancy dress pin. Bouquet and pencil holder. The little USE IT. Sample and circular. 10 cts.; 4 pins for 30 cts. Agents wanted. E. W. KILBOURNE, 17 3d Ave., New York.

HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 1,200 to 1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$12 per dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success.

of CHICKS BY Perfect incubation. No eggs to explode. Ten hens will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

BAILEY'S COMPOUND

Light-Spreading Silver-Plated CORRUGATED GLASS REFLECTORS! A wonderful invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS.

EUREKA RECITATIONS,

By Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Six numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and nearly one hundred selections, with handsome cover. Price, only 12 cents each; or, the six numbers mailed for 60 cents. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers (P. O. Box 2767), 31 Rose St., New York.

James M'Creery & Co.

Exhibit this week their spring importations in BLACK AND COLORED SILKS, VELVETS, etc., with the latest selected designs in Rich Novelties to match for combination. They also offer several hundred pieces Fancy Silks in Glace Checks, Louisiennes, Foulards, Tricotine, Impres, etc., at greatly reduced prices. Also 5000 yards of Rich Silk and Velvet Novelties in various designs at about half their cost to import.

Orders by mail promptly filled. Address

Broadway cor. 11th Street,
NEW YORK.

Favorite Hymns Finely Illustrated

Forming Beautiful Presentation Volumes

Handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, with 16 illustrations and memorial sketch of the author. Per volume, 75 cents.

Just As I Am. By Charlotte Elliot.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul. By Charles Wesley.

Nearer, My God, to Thee. By Sarah Flower Adams.

Rock of Ages. By Augustus Montague Toplady.

BEAUTIFUL EASTER BOOKS.

Illuminated with much taste and skill. Each page containing an illuminated text, with appropriate hymn. Printed in colors and gold. Ribbon tied.

Gold Bronze Cover, - - 35 Cents.

Persian Calf Cover, - - \$1.25.

Thoughts for Sunrise.

Thoughts for Sunset.

Thoughts of Heaven, Our Home Above.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, 42 Bleeker St., N. Y.

EASTER MUSIC

"Captivity Captive." A new arrangement for Easter Tide, interspersed with appropriate hymns set to original music, the whole service being eminently fitted for use on Easter Sunday, by young and old. 16 pp. By Rev. ROBERT LEWRY.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Easter Annual No. 10." Issued this season. Contains new and original songs by popular composers, furnishing an abundant variety of appropriate material for Sunday-School Easter Festivals.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

"Festival Anthems." 64 large octavo pages of Anthems, for Easter and other joyous occasions.
Price, \$3.60 per doz.; 35 cts. each by Mail.

A complete Catalogue of Easter Music, Service Carols, Anthems, etc., sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.

81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

The Wedding Ring.

Thirteen Sermons by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage on the relations of Husbands and Wives and the Family Circle. 12mo, 204 pages, paper cover, 25 cents; plain cloth, 50 cents; cloth, gilt edges, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of price. Agents Wanted, whom we offer big pay. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

31 Rose Street, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it add the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN A. BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$10 to \$200 a month made. 0.7 Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and many valuable information. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1500 ALBUM VERSES for only 10 cts.

In Postage stamps or silver. The most complete collection ever published. Includes 1500 verses, Watches, Accordeons, Organettes, Violins, Banjos, Magic Lanterns, Indian Scout Telescopes, Telegraph Instruments, Printing Presses, Photograph Outfits, and all curious novelties. World Mfg. Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y. books, &c. FREE

For \$3.00 I will send free to any address

in U. S. a pair of MEN'S Fine Calf IMPROVED WELT SHOES. Lock-Stitched, Donga-Ki Tops, But., Bal., Cong., or Oxford (Globe Cut) made like custom work, or Semple Cut vamp. Kangaroo Tops for \$4.00. Send measure. J. B. SHAW, 133 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 16.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, and Picture of the March-Past on his Eighty-ninth Birthday.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE BIBLE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Secret Sessions—Senator Sherman's Amendment—The New Judge—The Tornado in Minnesota—The Railroad Strike—Twelve New York Aldermen Arrested—Mr. Gladstone's Laud Scheme—Cholera in Italy—The Oregon Inquiry, etc.

WHY THEY LEAVE US. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon—Notices of New Books.

An Infidel Overcome—A Cure for Bad Temper—Women in Morocco—Gospel Dawn in India.

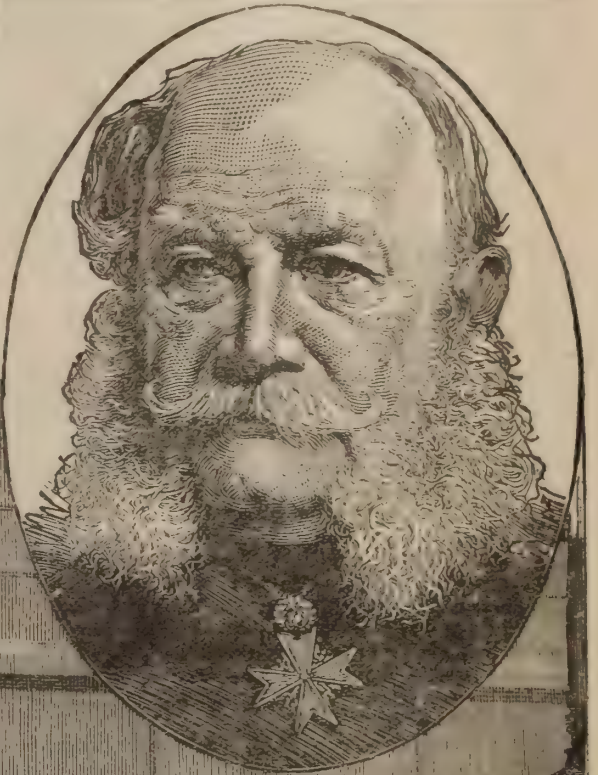
TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS: THE RISE OF ANTICHRIST. By Rev. M. Baxter.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE REV. JAMES INGLE.

PICTURE OF FRANKLIN HELPING THE WIDOW.

LOUISE GRANTLY'S TEMPTATION. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Jesus at the Well. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



WILLIAM I., Emperor of Germany—Rejoicings on his Eighty-ninth Birthday.

GERMANY'S NONAGENARIAN EMPEROR.

The Birthday Celebrations—A Memorable Scene Eighty Years Ago—His Good Mother—The Boy Soldier—An Entry in a Diary—The War of Liberation—First Meeting with Louis Napoleon—Political Troubles—The Revolution of 1848—Becomes Regent—Crowns Himself—The Last Twenty Years—The Universal King.

ON March 22d, this year, the venerable Emperor of Germany completed his eighty-ninth year. He entered his ninth decade well, hearty, and happy. Long before he had left his couch thousands of Berliners had assembled outside the palace, watching for his *appearance at the historic window*. The roads were in anything but a pleasant state for walking, for the thaw had replaced the snow and ice by thick mud and slush. The crowd, however, paid no heed to such trifles, and when at last the old hero, having got through the ordeal of receiving the official greetings, showed himself, the air was rent with deafening cheers.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The first person who entered the Kaiser's study that day was the Kaiserin. The meeting of the aged couple was very affecting. Hardly had they embraced when the ushers tapped at the door and introduced the Court Marshal, Count von Pückler, who, being blind and decrepit, had to be led to his master to congratulate him. Soon after a long array of distinguished arrivals drove up to the palace, including the Crown Prince and Princess, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, and the Prince and Princess William, with their three little sons, each carrying a bouquet in his hand, which he presented to his great-grandfather with a pretty speech learned for the occasion. Berlin was in *fête* on the occasion. The most touching incident of the day was a pilgrimage of the Imperial family to a *little oak cradle* in which the future Emperor lay just eighty-nine years ago. It is still as good as new, and lately did service for the Kaiser's great-grandchildren, the sons of Prince William.

Eighty years ago, on a dull, gloomy day late in October, 1806, a beautiful and distinguished lady with a few attendants entered Schwedt, a small town on the banks of the Oder, in the province of Brandenburg. She was flying through Prussia to the Russian frontier. Her first business on her arrival at Schwedt was to seek out another party which had preceded her. It was composed of a tutor and two boys. She found them, and the two boys were wrapped in their mother's arms while she caressed them and wept over them. The lady was Queen Louise, the wife of Frederick William III., King of Prussia. The younger of the two boys, then nine years old, is still living. He is the potentate whose portrait appears on the first page—William, Emperor of Germany. The battle of Jena had been fought a few days before that meeting at Schwedt, and it was the news that in that battle Napoleon had defeated her husband and the Prussian army which sent

THE FUGITIVE QUEEN

with her two sons toward the frontier. "In the future," said the beautiful Queen, addressing her sons, "In the future, when your mother no longer lives, call this unhappy hour up in your memories. Shed tears over your mother's memory, as I now weep over the prostration of my country. But do not be satisfied with tears. Act; develop your powers. . . . Strive to reconquer from France the glory of your fathers. Let yourselves not be carried away by the degeneration of this age. Be men and strive for the name of soldiers and heroes." Not long afterward Queen Louise died broken-hearted, but her words lived in the heart of her younger son. If her sight had been prophetic, even that hour of darkness would have been illumined by a vision that would have consoled her. Could she have looked across an interval of sixty-four years she would have seen the boy she was then caressing, a white-haired, stalwart soldier-king, returning in triumph to his capital with a Napoleon a captive in his train. Her solemn adjuration to her

boy in 1806 was realized in 1870, and the disaster of Jena retrieved in the victory of Sedan.

Young as William was when the tears of his mother fell upon his brow, it is probable that her influence was a power in the formation of his character. She was no ordinary woman. While still a mere girl she had been brought from Mecklenburg to become the wife of the Crown Prince, and had been introduced into a court that was a perfect cesspool of debauchery. The King, her husband's father, was an abandoned, vicious man, whose rule in court and State was directed by a bevy of fat mistresses, and whose life was made up of disgusting orgies. His example was followed by his nobles, and the whole court was vicious and corrupt. The young girl in the midst of this debauchery was preserved by God from contamination, and the home of the heir to the throne was, under her influence, the one bright and pure spot in the reeking mass of moral filth. There the present Emperor of Germany was born on March 22d, 1797, and was trained for the duties of his high station. He is now in his ninetieth year, and his character still shows the marks of his mother's influence.

THE BOY SOLDIER.

On January 1st, 1807, being then not ten years old, he was appointed an officer in the Prussian Army by his father, King Frederick William III. He was then the youngest member of the army, as now he is the oldest. He accompanied his father in the two campaigns of the War of Liberation, and near Mannheim took part in a battle with the French. Soon afterward, at the battle of La Fère Champenoise, he bore through the terrific storm of artillery the order to advance, and won by his gallantry his *first military decoration*, the Russian order of St. George.

LIFE PRINCIPLES.

After the war he resumed his interrupted studies, and though he was not a brilliant, he was a thoughtful, student. In a diary which he kept in those days is an entry which shows that in his eighteenth year he entertained right views of his responsibilities. He wrote: "I take pleasure in my high station, not on account of the distinction which it gives me among men, but because in it I can work the better and accomplish the more. My rank ought always to remind me of the great duties which it imposes upon me, the great exertions which it requires of me, and the great temptations against which I have to battle. I will never forget that a prince is also a man, and before God only a man sharing with the meanest of his people the weakness and the wants of human nature; that the laws which control others are written likewise for him, and that he, like them, will one day be judged according to his conduct."

IN FRANCE.

It was in 1813 that the young man was called from his studies to take his share in the horrors of war. With his father he crossed the Rhine on New Year's eve, and for the first time put his foot on French soil. During that campaign he looked down on Paris from the blood-stained Heights of Belleville, while as yet Mortier and Marmont were fighting furiously against the impending German occupation of the capital. While William and his father were quartering in the Hotel Villeroi in the Rue Bourbon, Napoleon I. was sullenly protesting against fate in that Cabinet of Fontainebleau where Macdonald found the fallen master of Europe seated in motionless dejection "in a small arm-chair before the fireplace, in a dressing-gown of dingy white dimity, and wearing his slippers without stockings." His wife, poor repudiated Josephine, was fretting and dressing at Malmaison; for companion her daughter Hortense, with her two little boys. William never saw the great Napoleon, but in Hortense's boy, whose head he patted when, visiting at Malmaison, he saw a child with whom later he was to have momentous relations. That child lived to be the Napoleon III. whose guest William was to be first at Compiegne and afterward in the Tuileries, and whom he was to see for the last time on that

eventful morrow of Sedan, when the two clasped hands finally on the threshold of the Château Bellevue.

POLITICAL TROUBLES.

From 1815 to 1864 no great war disturbed the course of Prussia. But the interval was not uneventful. While Frederick William III. was engaged in the struggle with Napoleon, his appeals to his people for support were accompanied by solemn pledges that, when once peace was restored, he would voluntarily surrender his prerogatives as an autocrat and introduce representative institutions. The promise was never fulfilled. But the people were generous to a king so old, and whose life had been so full of trouble. He died June 7th, 1840, having reigned forty-two years, and left the despotic power intact to his eldest son, the brother of the present Emperor. Then the people clamored for the concession solemnly promised them by the late King. Some unimportant concessions were made in the direction of a Constitution, but they were insincere, and the end of 1847 found Prussia with only the semblance of Constitutional Government and an avowal by the King that he would never be "bound by a sheet of paper." Finally, on February 12th, 1848, a bill was introduced in the Baden Chamber to summon a German Parliament. That was the signal for revolution.

Popular meetings were held throughout Germany, and everywhere there were conflicts between the military and the people. On March 21st, after a fight in the streets of Berlin, in which two hundred and sixteen men were killed fighting behind barricades, the King surrendered. He sent away his troops, sent his brother, the present Emperor, to London, he being unpopular with the people, and summoned a Constitutional Convention, which assembled in Berlin on May 22d, 1848. A period of anarchy followed, in which arsenals were plundered and popular disturbances frequent. On December 5th the Constitutional Convention was dissolved, and the King and his ministers framed a Constitution to suit themselves.

Prince William was immediately recalled from London and was heartily welcomed by the people. He was the most unpopular man in Prussia when he went away, but the people were sick of anarchy and disgusted with the incapacity of the Convention. They wanted order just then more than they did a Constitution, and they believed that the King's brother was a man who could secure order. He was put at the head of the army, and at once entered upon the task of crushing the insurrection in Baden and the Palatinate. He accomplished it in six weeks, and afterward was appointed Military Governor of Westphalia. Still, in spite of his vigor, the Prussian patriots had confidence in him, for he sternly refused to adopt the policy of reaction which was being urged by his brother's ministers now that the suppression of the popular revolt was accomplished. He declared for confirmation of the concessions his brother had made, and insisted on their being observed.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

In 1858 the King was seized with mental illness, and he having no children William was made Regent. Three years later the King died, and on January 2d, 1861, William succeeded him. The coronation took place at Königsberg, on October 18th. That he was not a convert to Constitutional doctrines was clearly proved at the time. Though it had been necessary to make concessions to the people, and though he was too honest a man to fail in his promise, William still held the stupid doctrine of the "divine right of kings," and considered himself King by God's will and not by the will of the people. At the coronation he seized the crown and put it upon his own head as a sign that it belonged to him, and was not given to him. Since then he has repeatedly avowed this belief in public, and no doubt the old man still retains it in his creed.

The most momentous step William ever took, and one that has colored every event of his reign

and has changed the history of Europe, was taken in 1862. He took Otto von Bismarck from a diplomatic post and made him his chief adviser. Since that time Bismarck has been the virtual ruler of the country, and William has loyally supported and in a sense obeyed him. The events of the past twenty years are fresh in the recollection of the public, and only require brief mention.

In June, 1866, war was declared against Austria, and after a short campaign, in which William I. and the royal princes took part, Austria was compelled to make a humiliating peace. The powerful effects of the needle gun created quite a panic in the Austrian army, and her generals found it would be useless to prolong the struggle. In 1867 the King of Prussia became the head of the North German Confederation, comprising twenty-two States, representing a population of twenty-nine millions.

The terrible Franco-German War of 1870-71 followed, the ultimate result of which was the complete realization of Prince Bismarck's idea of a united Germany, and on January 18th, 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, within the Hall of Mirrors, in the Palace of the French Kings at Versailles, in the presence of the German princes, under the standards of the army before Paris, and surrounded by representatives of the regiments.

TWO ATTEMPTS AT ASSASSINATION.

On May 11th, 1871, an attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor in Berlin. The crime was committed by a young Socialist tinker, named Emil Hoedel, of Leipzig. He fired two shots from a revolver, but neither of them hit the Emperor, who stood up in his carriage and asked whether they were aimed at him. A second attempt upon his life was made on June 2d, 1878. His Majesty was driving in the magnificent leafy avenue called Unter den Linden to the Zoological Gardens, when two shots were fired at him from the window of a house, and he was wounded in several places, but not seriously. The would-be assassin was a Dr. Nobiling, who afterward died of wounds he had inflicted upon himself.

William I. married on June 11th, 1829, the Princess Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Weimar. Their eldest child and only son, Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Germany, married the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, on January 25th, 1858. They have several children, the eldest of whom, Prince William, is the father of three sons, born in 1882. The Emperor has therefore looked on the faces of his great-grandchildren.

THE UNIVERSAL KING.

Imperial and Royal personages, their relations and concerns naturally appear to the citizens of a great republic to occupy an inordinately large place in the thoughts of European society; but it must be remembered that old associations, such as those of courts and rulers, and of the days when kings were really the leaders of the people, are slow to die. There are many indications that they are dying, for in the most enlightened European nation the monarch has been stripped of all but the semblance of power, and in others his power has been curtailed. The social position accorded them is still imposing, but as people grow more intelligent and thoughtful they are less than ever inclined to intrust legislative or executive power to one family, to descend from father to son, taking the risk whether that son may be a wise man or a fool.

The real difficulty—and thinking men of all ages have been puzzled by it—is, how to get the wisest and best of the nation to rule it. We know well enough that even our own system of election, probably the best and most successful the world has ever seen, does not always secure that end. History tells us how every other system has failed. The world will yet see in the rule of the Prince of Peace the problem gloriously solved. When He comes, whose "right it is to reign," who is wisdom and righteousness incarnate, He will rule until all enemies are put

under His feet, and even those who now contend most earnestly for the rule of the chosen of the people will be satisfied, for "To Him every knee will bow" . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord" (Phil. 2:11). So the ascription will be universal, "To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen" (Jude 25).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Quite Safe in Deep Water.—At a recent meeting Mr. Hopkins said: "A steamer was going through a narrow and rocky channel, where navigation was very dangerous. A gentleman went up to the captain, and accosted him thus: 'I suppose you know all the rocks and the dangers along this channel?' 'No, indeed, I do not,' he rejoined; 'they are quite unknown to me.' 'Well, how are you going to get along in safety?' 'I know where the deep water is,' was the reply. Ah, friends, how safe he was; how free from danger! Can you say, although you know not the dangers that lie before you, you know where the Deep Water is? If so, how secure and safe you are!"

A Terrible Unmasking.—Mr. Wright remarked: "I knew a lady who had every appearance of being a devoted Christian. She taught in a Sunday-school, went about distributing tracts, and performed many works of charity, and it could have been truly said of her, 'she went about doing good.' Last December she fell ill, and was laid aside from all her good work, for in a few days she was on her death-bed. The night on which she died her friends were gathered around her bed. Half an hour after they thought she was gone, she suddenly started up in bed, and with thrilling distinctness she cried, 'I am lost. I have been in hell and to hell I return.' With these words she fell back upon her pillow—dead. Dear friends, that is a real case that happened only last December. This lady had trusted to her good works and not to Christ for salvation."

A Man Thrown Out of Window.—"There is a soldier in the barracks just now who formerly delighted in all that was bad, but sixteen months ago he came to the loving Saviour, and that man has suffered much, and is still suffering, for Christ's sake. When he first came out for Christ, he returned to the barracks, and that night before retiring to rest he knelt down before thirty of his comrades. They immediately began to pelt him with anything they could get their hands upon, saying as they did so, that they would knock this religion out of him. But they did not rest there; they opened the window and threw him out. That man has fought several battles while he was in Satan's service, and now he is no less courageous in fighting a more fearful battle, with his hand clasped firmly in Christ's, because he feels he was plucked as a brand from the burning."

The Best Swimmer of the Crew.—Mr. Mackenzie remarked: "When I was in the North some time ago I witnessed a scene which I shall not soon forget. Three or four Norwegian vessels were anchored when a severe storm swept over the north-east coast, and one of the vessels struck on the sands, and in a short time all on board were struggling for life. One after another sank beneath the waves in view of the pitying throng which stood gazing, yet unable to lend a helping hand to rescue the poor perishing ones, who were soon to be plunged in a watery grave. At last only two remained grasping to a part of the vessel still above water. Oh, how eager those poor fellows were to be saved! Their eyes were looking imploringly toward the shore, when a huge billow came rolling down carrying the two men with it. But here a brave fellow plunged into the surging water, and brought to shore one of them, the captain, and the only one saved of the whole crew. As soon as he regained consciousness he asked for one man, and when told that he was drowned, the strong fellow wept like a child for

his companion, who, he said, was the best swimmer in the crew. He missed one stroke, and lost his life. Sinner, adrift on the ocean of time, struggling for eternal life, do not miss a stroke, lest your frail bark prove a wreck on the shores of eternity. Commit thyself to His keeping, for the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

"\$500 to Anyone Who Will Save Him!"—Mr. Campbell White related: "I heard recently of the terrible wreck of an American vessel. When the life-boats were being lowered to save the perishing crew, the brave hearts of some of the men trembled to venture in, for the water was exceedingly rough. One after another of the crew was swept from the deck and seen no more. A piercing cry of distress was heard from the crowd that stood on the shore, and a man's voice was heard above the storm to cry, as a poor young fellow was swept from the deck, 'Five hundred dollars to the man who will save that poor fellow.' 'Why give so much for one,' was asked, 'when so many are perishing?' 'Because he is my brother,' was the reply. Dear fellow-workers, are those poor creatures whom we see perishing all around us not all our brothers and sisters? And are we not commanded to stretch forth our hands and do what we can to save them, and it is only through love for them and love for our Saviour that we will succeed."

A Scare for Bill's Infidelity.—Mr. Mather, who was with the British troops recently in the Soudan said: "I heard of an infidel who went about from place to place lecturing, trying to bring man down to the level of beasts, telling them to eat, drink, and die, for there was no hereafter. He went to a mining village, and there got a few ignorant colliers to believe his message. There was one man among them who professed to believe what this infidel lecturer had said, and one day, when working in the mine, he was vigorously asserting his new views when a large piece of coal came rumbling down and struck him. He was fearfully wounded, and lay groaning at the bottom of the pit, and his cry was, 'O God, help me.' 'There is no God,' said his comrades. 'Yes, there is a God,' replied the wounded man, 'and if He does not come to my help now I shall go to hell.' 'But, Bill,' continued his comrades, 'you have just told us that there is no God, no heaven, and no hell, and why need you fear?' But this accident scared all the infidelity out of poor Bill, and he was a changed man in Christ Jesus from that time. 'The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.'"

Groping in the Dark.—The Rev. Mr. Edgar related: "I was acquainted with a young man who was once reading the last chapter of the Book of Revelation. He stopped in his reading, and putting his thoughts into words, he said: 'Ah, I read here that nothing but the pure and holy can enter heaven, and nothing that defileth or maketh a lie can enter therein; and if that be the case I shall never be in heaven, for heaven is a holy place, and I am not holy, and so can never expect to be there.' So he gave up in despair. He continued to grope in this darkness for some time, and at length the thought came to him, as if it were sent by the Lord Himself: 'If ever I am to enter heaven it must be by the influence of another, for it cannot be anything in myself, for I am utterly unworthy.' Some time afterward he was listening to a preacher who was relating 'the old, old story of Jesus and His love.' As the young man listened, his heart was filled with tender thoughts of Him who poured out His life on Calvary for sinners. His head dropped on the bookboard as new thoughts came rushing like a flood upon his mind, for he now saw that this Holy Child Jesus came down and opened up a way that by Him he could enter heaven. But still a feeling of unfitness kept him back, and while he was in this undecided state, he seemed to hear the voice of Jesus saying: 'Now, young man, I have invited you, and if you still refuse to come unto Me, I can do without you, but you cannot do without Me.' These words were enough."

THE LAUGHTER OF THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 18, 1886.

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter."—PSALM 126 : 2.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."—PSALM 2 : 4.

Bible References to Laughter—I. Sarah's Laugh—The Laugh Sceptical—Natural Laws, God's Habits—Professors on the Fence—Biblical Expurgation—A Gigantic Burglary—II. David's Laugh—The Laugh Exultant—Theodosius on the Rack—III. The Fool's Laugh—The Laugh Idiotic—Laughing at Indecent Stories—At Other People's Afflictions—A Brooklyn Hospital Incident—IV. God's Laugh—The Laugh Condemnatory—Tweed's Scheme—Rome's Power in Derision—The Smile of Blessing—V. Heaven's Laugh—The Laugh Triumphant—Congratulatory on Eternal Recovery—The Initial on the Gate.

THIRTY-EIGHT times does the Bible make reference to this configuration of the features and quick expulsion of breath which we call laughter. Sometimes it is born of the sunshine, and sometimes of the midnight. Sometimes it stirs the sympathy of angels, and sometimes the cachination of devils. All healthy people laugh; whether it pleases the Lord or displeases Him, that depends upon when we laugh and at what we laugh. My theme this morning is the laughter of the Bible—namely, Sarah's laugh, or *that of scepticism*; David's laugh, or *that of spiritual exultation*; the fool's laugh, or *that of sinful merriment*; God's laugh, or *that of infinite condemnation*; heaven's laugh, or *that of eternal triumph*.

SARAH'S LAUGH.

I. Scene: an Oriental tent; the occupants, old Abraham and Sarah, perhaps wrinkled and decrepit. Their three guests are three angels, the Lord Almighty one of them. In return for the hospitality shown by the old people, God promises Sarah that she shall become the ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ. Sarah laughs in the face of God; she does not believe it. She is affrighted at what she has done. She denies it. She says: "I didn't laugh." Then God retorted, with an emphasis that silenced all dispute: "But thou didst laugh." My friends, the laugh of scepticism in all the ages is only the echo of Sarah's laughter.

God says He will accomplish a thing, and men say it cannot be done. A great multitude laugh at the miracles. They say they are contrary to the laws of nature. What is a law of nature? It is God's way of doing a thing. You ordinarily cross the river by the Bridge; to-morrow you change for one day, and you go across Wall Street Ferry. You made the rule; have you not a right to change it? I ordinarily come in at that door (pointing to a side entrance) of the church. Suppose next Sabbath I should come in at the other door? It is a habit I have. Have I not a right to change my habit? A law of nature is

GOD'S HABIT—

his way of doing things. If He makes the law, has He not a right to change it at any time He wants to change it? Alas for the folly of those who laugh at God when He says: "I will do a thing," they responding: "You can't do it." God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs. Herbert Spencer laughs. John Stuart Mill laughs. All great German universities laugh. Harvard laughs—softly! A great many of the learned institutions of this country, with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly. They say: "We didn't laugh." That was Sarah's trick. God thunders from the heavens: "But thou didst laugh!"

The Garden of Eden was only a fable. There never was any ark built; or, if it was built, it was too small to hold two of every kind. The pillar of fire by night is only the northern lights. The ten plagues of Egypt only a brilliant specimen of jugglery. The sea parted because the wind blew violently a great while from one direction.

The sun and moon did not put themselves out of the way for Joshua. Jacob's ladder was only horizontal and picturesque clouds. The destroying angel smiting the firstborn in Egypt was only cholera infantum become epidemic. The gullet of the whale, by positive measurement, is too small to swallow a prophet. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the halt cured by mere human surgery. The resurrection of Christ's friend only a beautiful tableau, Christ and Lazarus and Mary and Martha acting their parts well. My friends, there is not a doctrine or statement of God's Holy Word that has not been derided by the scepticism of this day.

I take up this Book of King James's translation. I consider it a perfect Bible, but here are sceptics who want it torn to pieces, and now with this Bible in my hand, let me tear out all those portions which the scepticism of this day demands shall be torn out.

WHAT SHALL GO FIRST?

"Well," says some one in the audience, "take out all that about the creation, and about the first settlement of the world." Away goes Genesis. "Now," says some one, "take out all that about the miraculous guidance of the children of Israel in the wilderness." Away goes Exodus. "Now," says some one else in the audience, "there are things in Deuteronomy and Kings that are not fit to be read." Away go Deuteronomy and the Kings. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Job is a drama; that ought to come out." Away goes the Book of Job. "Now," says some one, "those passages in the New Testament which imply the divinity of Jesus Christ ought to come out." Away go the evangelists. "Now," says some one, "the Book of Revelation—how preposterous; it represents a man with the moon under his feet and a sharp sword in his hand." Away goes the Book of Revelation. Now there are a few pieces left. What shall we do with them? "Oh," says some man in the audience, "I don't believe a word of the Bible from one end to the other." Well, it is all gone. Now, you have put out

THE LAST LIGHT FOR THE NATIONS.

Now it is the pitch darkness of eternal midnight. How do you like it?

But I think, my friends, we had better keep the Bible a little longer intact. It has done pretty well for a good many years. There are old people who find it a comfort to have it on their laps, and children like the stories in it. Let us keep it for a curiosity anyhow. If the Bible is to be thrown out of the school, and out of the court-room, so men no more swear by it, and it is to be put in a dark corridor of the city library, the Koran on one side, and the writings of Confucius on the other, then let us each one keep a copy for himself; for *we might have trouble*, and we would want to be under the delusions of its consolation; and we might die, and we would want the delusion of the exalted residence at God's right hand which it mentions.

Oh, what an awful thing it is to laugh in God's face, and hurl His revelation back at Him! After a while the day will come when they will say they did not laugh. Then all the hypercriticisms, all the caricatures, and all the learned sneers in the *Quarterly Review* will be brought to judgment, and amid the rocking of everything beneath, and amid the flaming of everything above, God will thunder: "But thou didst laugh!" I think

THE MOST FASCINATING LAUGHTER

at Christianity I ever remember was Theodore Parker's. He made the Word of God seem ridiculous, and he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die, and then he said: "My life has been a failure; a failure domestically, I have no children; a failure socially, for I am treated in the streets like a pirate; a failure professionally, because I know but one minister that has adopted my sentiments." For a quarter of a century he laughed at Christianity, and ever since Christianity has been laughing at him. Now, it is a mean thing to go into a man's house and steal his goods; but I tell you the most gigantic burglary ever enacted is the prop-

osition to steal these treasures of our holy religion. The meanest laughter ever uttered is the laughter of the sceptic.

II. The next laughter mentioned in this Bible is

DAVID'S LAUGHTER,

or the expression of spiritual exultation. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter." He got very much down sometimes, but there are other chapters where for four or five times he calls up the people to praise and exult. It was not a mere twitch of the lips; it was a demonstration that took hold of his whole physical nature. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter."

My friends, this world will never be converted to God until Christians cry less and laugh and sing more. The horrors are a poor bait. If people are to be persuaded to adopt our holy religion, it will be because they have made up their mind it is a happy religion, and they do not like an *ultra-bilious Christianity*. I know there are morbid people who enjoy a funeral. They come early to see the friends take leave of the corpse, and they steal a ride to the cemetery; but all healthy people enjoy a wedding better than they do a burial. Now, you make the religion of Christ sepulchral and hearse-like, and you make it repulsive.

I say plant the rose of Sharon along the church walks, and columbine to clamber over the church wall; and have a smile on the lip, and have the mouth filled with holy laughter. There is no man in the world except the Christian that has a right to feel an untrammelled glee. He is promised everything is to be for the best here, and he is on the way to a delight which will take all the procession with palm branches, and all the orchestra harped and cymballed and trumpeted to express. "Oh," you say, "I have so much trouble!" Have you more trouble than Paul had? What does he say? "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making many rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things."

THE MERRIEST LAUGH I EVER HEARD

has been in the sick-room of God's dear children. When Theodosius was put upon the rack, he suffered very great torture at the first. Somebody asked him how he endured all that pain on the rack. He replied: "When I was first put upon the rack, I suffered a great deal; but very soon a young man in white stood by my side, and with a soft and comfortable handkerchief he wiped the sweat from my brow, and my pains were relieved; it was a punishment for me to get from the rack, because when the pain was all gone, the angel was gone." Oh, rejoice evermore!

You know how it is in the army—an army in encampment. If to-day news comes that our side has had a defeat, and to-morrow another portion of the tidings comes, saying: "We have had another defeat," it demoralizes all the host. But if the news come of victory to-day and victory to-morrow, the whole army is impassioned for the contest. Now, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, report fewer defeats; tell us the victories; victory over sin and death and hell. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice.

III. The next laughter mentioned in the Bible that I shall speak of is

THE FOOL'S LAUGHTER,

or the expression of sinful merriment. Solomon was very quick at simile; when he makes a comparison we all catch it. What is the laughter of a fool like? He says: "It is the crackling of thorns under a pot." The kettle is swung, a bunch of brambles is put under it, and the torch is applied to it, and there is a great noise and a big blaze, and a sputter, and a quick extinguishment. Then it is darker than it was before. Fool's laughter! The most miserable thing on earth is a bad man's fun. There they are, ten men in a bar-room. They have at home wives, mothers, daughters. The impure jest starts at one corner of the bar-room, and crackle, crackle, crackle it goes all around. In five hundred such guffaws there is not one item of happiness.

They all feel bemeaned, if they have any conscience left. Have nothing to do with men or women who tell immoral stories. I have no confidence either in their Christian character or their morality.

So all merriment that springs out of the defects of others—caricature of a lame foot, or a curved spine, or a blind eye, or a deaf ear—will be met with the judgments of God, either upon you or your children. Twenty years ago, in this city of Brooklyn, I knew a man who was particularly skilful in imitating the lameness of a neighbor. Not long ago, a son of the skilful mimic had his leg amputated for the very defect which his father had mimicked years before. I do not say it was a judgment of God. I leave you to make your own inference. So all merriment

BORN OF DISSIPATION—

that which starts at the counter of the drinking restaurant, or from the wine-glass in the home circle—the maudlin simper, the meaningless joke, the saturnalian gibberish, the paroxysm of mirth about nothing, that you sometimes see in the fashionable club-room or the exquisite parlor at twelve o'clock at night, are the crackling of thorns under a pot. Such laughter and such sins ends in death.

When I was a lad a book came out entitled "*Don Jour's Patent Sermons*;" it made a great stir, a very wide laugh all over the country, that book did. It was a caricature of the Christian ministry, and of the Word of God, and of the day of judgment. Oh, we had a great laugh! The commentary on the whole thing is that, not long ago, the author of that book died in poverty, shame, debauchery, kicked out of society, and cursed of Almighty God. The laughter of such men is the echo of their own damnation.

IV. The next laughter that I shall mention as being in the Bible is *the laughter of God's condemnation*. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Again,

"THE LORD WILL LAUGH

at him." Again: "I will laugh at his calamity." With such demonstration will God greet every kind of great sin and wickedness. Bad men build up villainies higher and higher. Good men almost pity God because He is so schemed against by men. Suddenly a pin drops out of the machinery of wickedness, or a secret is revealed, the foundation begins to rock; finally, the whole thing is demolished. What is the matter? I will tell you what is the matter. That crash of ruin is only the reverberation of God's laughter.

On Wall Street there are a great many good men and a great many fraudulent men. A fraudulent man says: "I mean to have my million." He goes to work reckless of honesty, and he gets his first \$100,000. He gets after a while his \$200,000. After a while he gets his \$500,000. "Now," he says, "I have only one more move to make, and I shall have my million." He gathers up all his resources; he makes that last grand move, he fails and loses all, and he has not enough money of his own left to pay the cost of the car to his home. People cannot understand this spasmodic revolution. Some said it was a turn in Erie Railroad stock, or in Western Union, or in Illinois Central; some said it was Jay Gould; some said it was one speculator, some another. They all guessed wrong. I will tell you what it was: "He that sitteth in the heavens laughed."

A man in New York said he would be the richest man in the city. He left his honest work of chair-making, and got into the city councils some way, and in ten years stole fifteen million dollars from the city government. *Fifteen million dollars!* He held the Legislature of the State of New York in the grip of his right hand. Suspicions were aroused. The Grand Jury presented indictments. The whole land stood aghast. The man who expected to put half the city in his vest-pocket goes to Blackwell's Island; goes to Ludlow Street Jail; breaks prison, and goes across the sea; is re-arrested and brought back, and again remanded to jail.

Why? "He that sitteth in the heavens laughs."

Rome was a great empire; she had Horace and Virgil among her poets; she had Augustus and Constantine among her emperors. But what mean the defaced Pantheon, and the Forum turned into a cattle-market, and the broken-walled Coliseum, and the architectural skeleton of her great aqueducts? What was that thunder? "Oh," you say, "that was the roar of the battering-rams against her walls." No. What was that quiver? "Oh," you say, "that was the tramp of hostile legions." No. The quiver and the roar were the outburst of omnipotent laughter from the defied and insulted heavens. Rome defied God and He laughed her down. Thebes defied God and He laughed her down. Nineveh defied God and He laughed her down. Babylon defied God and He laughed her down.

There is an immense difference between God's laugh and His smile. His smile is eternal beatitude. He smiled when David sang, and Miriam clapped the cymbals, and Hannah made garments for her son, and Paul preached, and John kindled with apocalyptic vision, and when any man has anything to do and does it well.

HIS SMILE!

Why, it is the apple orchards in full bloom. It is morning breaking on a rippling sea. It is heaven at high noon, all the bells beating the marriage peal. But His laughter—may it never fall on us! It is a condemnation for our sin. It is a wasting away. We may let the satirist laugh at us, and all our companions laugh at us, and we be made the target for the merriment of earth and hell; but God forbid that we should ever come to the fulfilment of the prophecy against the rejectors of the truth: "I will laugh at your calamity." But, my friends, all of us who reject the pardon of the Gospel are to come under that tremendous bombardment.

God wants us all to repent; He counsels, He coaxes, He importunes, He begs us. He comes down out of heaven. He puts all the world's sin on one shoulder, He puts all the world's sorrow on the other shoulder, and then, with that Alps on one side and that Himalaya on the other, He starts up the hill back of Jerusalem to achieve our salvation. He puts the palm of His right hand on one long spike, and He puts the palm of His left hand on another long spike, and then, with his hands spotted with His own blood, He gesticulates, saying: "Look! look! and live! With the crimson veil of My sacrifice I will cover all your sins. With my dying groan I will swallow up all your groans. Look! live!"

But a thousand of you this morning turn your back to that. And then this voice of invitation turns to a tone divinely ominous, that sobs like a simoon or an equinox through the first chapter of Proverbs: "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof, *I also will laugh at your calamity.*" Oh, what a laugh that is! A deep laugh. A long, reverberating laugh. An overwhelming laugh. God grant we may never hear it. But in this day of merciful visitation yield your heart to Christ, that you may spend all your life on earth under His smile and escape forever the thunder of the laugh of God's indignation.

V. The other laughter mentioned in the Bible, the only one I shall speak of, is

HEAVEN'S LAUGHTER,

or *the expression of eternal triumph*. Christ said to His disciples: "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." That makes me know positively that we are not to spend four days in heaven singing long-metre songs. The formalistic and stiff notions of heaven that some people have would make me miserable. I am glad to know that the heaven of the Bible is not only a place of holy worship, but of magnificent sociality. "What," say you, "will the ringing laugh go around the circles of the saved?" I say, yes; pure laughter, cheering laughter, holy laughter. It will be a *laugh of congratulation*.

When we meet a friend who has suddenly come to a fortune, or who has got over some dire sickness, do we not shake hands, do we not laugh with him? And when we get to heaven and see our friends there, some of them having come up out of great tribulation, why, we will say to one of them: "The last time I saw you, you had been suffering for six weeks under a low intermittent fever;" or to another we will say: "You for ten years were limping with the rheumatism, and you were full of complaints when we saw you last. I congratulate you on your eternal recovery." Ye shall laugh. Yes, we shall congratulate all those who have come up out of great financial embarrassments in this world, because they have become

MILLIONAIRES IN HEAVEN.

Ye shall laugh, it will be a laugh of reassociation. It is as natural for us to laugh when we meet those we haven't seen for ten years, as anything is possible to be natural. And when we meet our friends, over whose departure we lamented ten, twenty, thirty years before, will it not be with infinite congratulation? our perceptions quickened, our knowledge improved? We will know each other at a flash, and have to talk over all that happened since we have been separated, the one that has been ten years in heaven telling us of all that has happened in the ten years of his heavenly residence, and we telling him in return what has happened during the ten years of his absence from earth.

Ye shall laugh. I think George Whitefield and John Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly collisions, and that Toplady and Charles Wesley will have a laugh of contempt for their earthly misunderstandings, and the two farmers who were in a lawsuit all their days will have a laugh of contempt over their earthly disturbance about a line fence. Exemption from all annoyance. Immersion in all gladness. Ye shall laugh.

Yes; it will be a laugh of triumph. Oh, what a blessed thing it will be to stand on the wall of heaven, and look down at Satan, and hurl at him defiance, and see him shake his chains, and we free from his clutches! Yes; it will be

A LAUGH OF ROYAL GREETING;

a laugh of royal greeting. You know how the Frenchmen cheered when Napoleon came back from Elba. You know how the English cheered when Wellington came back from Waterloo. You know how the Americans cheered when Kossuth arrived from Hungary. You remember how the Romans cheered when Pompey came back victor over nine hundred cities. Every cheer was a laugh. But oh, the mightier greeting, the gladder greeting, when the snow-white cavalry troops of heaven shall go through the streets; according to Revelation, Christ, in the red, the crimson coat, seated on a white horse, and all the armies of heaven flying on white horses; but when we see and hear that galloping cavalcade, we shall cheer, we shall laugh.

Does not your heart beat and cry this morning at the thought of that great jubilee upon which we are soon to enter? I pray God that when we get through with this world and are going out of it, we may have the same vision that a Christian had when he said he saw written all over the clouds of the sky

THE LETTER W,

and they asked him, standing by his side, what he thought that letter W meant. Oh, he says, that stands for Welcome. So may it be when we quit this world. W on the gate, W on the door of the mansion, W on the throne. Welcome, Welcome, Welcome.

I have preached this sermon with five prayerful wishes: That you might see what a mean thing is the laughter of scepticism, what a bright thing is the laugh of spiritual exultation; what a hollow thing is the laugh of sinful merriment; what an awful thing is the laugh of condemnation; what a radiant, rubicund thing is the laughter of eternal triumph. Avoid the ill, choose the right; be comforted, be comforted. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh—ye shall laugh!

AN INFIDEL OVERCOME.

MR. HAMMOND'S work among children in London has been frequently mentioned in the secular press, and some of the reports were discussed at an atheistic club recently. The idea of conversion, and especially of the conversion of children, was ridiculed. The club was of opinion that the conversions were merely mental excitement, which could be produced as easily by an unbeliever as by a Christian. They therefore delegated one of their number to attend Mr. Hammond's meetings, to mingle in the inquiry meetings, and to convert some child "just as the Christians pretended to do."

The person delegated, therefore, went to the meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall at Finsbury Park, and when the inquiry meeting began he went among those who remained, and finding quite a small boy he began to talk with him. The boy began to cry as he spoke to him, evidently having before been brought under deep conviction of sin. The infidel could not understand this, and when the little boy (supposing that he was a Christian man like the others, trying to help the children to trust in Christ) asked him to pray with him, the infidel, to carry out his arranged project, kneeled down, but the hand of God rested upon him. He dared not mock God. He could not pray, and he remained on his knees, dumbfounded for several minutes, himself a convicted sinner. He rose from his knees and ran out of the hall, as if pursued by an invisible agent, resolving never to go again; but the unseen hand drew him back. For three days he was in great distress about his soul. He remained to the inquiry meetings.

The gentleman who narrated this incident at Mr. Hammond's meeting afterward, talked with him, and said: "I found him under deep conviction of sin, and pointed him to Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour."

He took back all his books and badges to the infidel club, and told them that these meetings were no sham, that children could be converted, and that he had seen them converted while trying to prove the falsity of the work, had been convinced of the reality, and he begged his old companions to follow his example.

MAGIC WATER.

THE perversity of the world in refusing the living water freely offered by Christ (John 4: 10-14), which has been found by all who have taken it the unfailing remedy for spiritual malady, is brought into strong light by contrast with the conduct of some people in North Carolina. They are going in crowds to a newly-discovered mineral spring of "magic water," as the colored people call it, to try it for the cure of physical disorders. A dispatch to the New York *Times* says:

"A curious spring has been discovered in Ashe County, N. C. A woodcutter recently working some distance from his home told the lad who accompanied him to search the neighborhood for a spring, as the water carried from their home was too warm to be refreshing. Following the stream by the roadside, the boy reached a point where it again came out by the roadside. This spot was a tangled mass of briars and overhanging shrubs, but the boy penetrated the thicket and, following the curve, found near the edge of the stream, but literally in its bed, a spring.

"He cleaned out the dead leaves, twigs, and other rubbish, and put the spring in 'running order.' In so doing he had to thrust his arm almost to the elbow into the water. This arm was in a swollen and inflamed condition from poison oak, and had been so for some time. The next morning it was noticed that as much of the arm as had been in the water was improved. The change had been so sudden that its relief was attributed to its having been so long in the water on the preceding day. The boy determined to try a second application of his new remedy, and on the next morning his arm was well. The boy's father then tried the efficacy of the water upon sores which had annoyed him for many weeks, and in a marvellously short time was entirely relieved.

"He then concluded to keep secret the locality of the spring, allowing no one to go to it but himself, but always keeping a supply of water at his house. The neighbors swarmed to his house to try the magic water. Many were healed of various maladies, and all were eager to know where the spring was situated. The old man kept his secret, however, going under cover of night to fetch the water. Finally he was followed to his life-giving fountain. In less than twenty-four hours every briar and bramble for many a yard around had been beaten down by the feet of men and hoofs of horses, so great was the throng coming and going. From that day people came from far and near, driving sometimes thirty or forty miles in a wagon and waiting several days for a chance to fill their barrels. "Only a partial analysis of the water has as yet been made. A New Orleans chemist says its specific gravity is 1.001, and that it is largely charged with carbonic acid. It contains iron, the sulphates, chlorides and carbonates of calcium and magnesia."

A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

AT the close of a meeting at which the subject of besetting sins had been spoken of, a gentleman accosted one of the speakers with the words: "I should like to tell you my case," and added: "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sadly tried by my boys. Being, as I trust I am, a converted man, and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonoring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them.

"I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin, and sought strength to overcome it, but all in vain. I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of the reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outbursts of temper broke over all such barriers. Again and again I confessed and wept over my sad and sinful habit. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair as regarded this matter that one night I fell upon my knees, and cried unto the Lord and said: 'It is no use, Lord; I give it up; undertake for me.'

"It is now five years ago since this happened. The Lord *did* undertake for me; He *did* for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so."

GOSPEL DAWN IN INDIA.

AT the anniversary of the Calcutta Bible Society celebrated in that city on February 25th, the Lieutenant-Governor, in the course of his speech, referred to an incident which recently took place at Pooree, the famous shrine of the idol Juggernaut and one of the most sacred shrines in all India. Vast multitudes of pilgrims still make painful journeys to the place, but the temple priests are no longer able to extort money as in former days. A wealthy rajah not long since visited the temple, and after performing the customary rites sent to the head Brahmin to know how much he should pay for the privileges enjoyed? The answer was a prompt demand for 25,000 rupees (\$9450), whereupon the rajah coolly walked off without giving anything.

Another amusing illustration of the decline of reverence for the shrine was given by His Honor. At the annual airing given to the idols, the ponderous car was dragged out several miles with the utmost difficulty, but enough willing hands could not be found to drag it back again. The priests were for a time in the utmost consternation. If the car was not taken back within seven days, it would be illegal, according to the traditions, to move it again for five years. In this emergency they had recourse to the Collector,

who weakly yielded to their importunity, and gave them assistance in getting the great idol back to his temple. For this unwarranted meddling he received a gentle wiggling, but the incident shows how rapidly old-time Hinduism is losing its hold on the people. Not many years ago the people were so eager in their efforts to lend a hand in dragging the car that they threw one another down, and often those thus prostrated were crushed beneath the wheels.

WOMEN IN MOROCCO.

THE Mission to the Kabyles and other Berber races is actively engaged in teaching Gospel truth to the women in Tangier and other cities in Morocco. One of the missionaries gives the following incidents illustrating the condition of the female population in that country:

"In the houses of the Moorish women a terrible state of things exists. They are considered to have no souls, consequently no provision is made for their spiritual needs. There are the mosques, which are attended five times a day, but by men only, the women being debarred this privilege. Neither are they able to read, so that their life is pitiable indeed. They therefore gladly welcome the visits of the lady missionaries, and attentively listen to the Word of God.

"Their condition is illustrated by the following incident: An Eastern prince, on returning from a visit to Europe, astonished his sister by describing what he had seen, and the manner in which women were treated there, but she replied, 'It cannot be so; thou art mad.' He went on to say that women in Europe were even taught to read. 'Ah, my poor brother, now I know thou art mad,' was the reply, and she declared it was useless for him to attempt to teach her to read. Shortly afterward she saw him in the courtyard with a book, apparently attempting to teach a donkey to read. With tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, 'Oh, my brother, thou art indeed mad! Who but a madman would try to teach his donkey to read?' 'Then,' he replied, 'thou art no better than this donkey. It is useless for me to try and teach him to read, and thou sayest it is useless to try and teach thee!' She acknowledged the force of this argument, learned to read, and became an educated and intelligent woman.

A YOUNG LAZARUS.

DR. T. J. BARNARDO, whose rescue work among the slums of London is well known, thus describes one of his protégés:

"Among the candidates for admission at an 'out of work' dinner, I came across one poor fellow whose ragged dress was a real curiosity, suggesting several conjectures. First, could he be colder if divested of it than he was when he wore it? Second, how ever could he contrive to get it off? Third, having once got it off, how ever could he get it on again? It was indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, like, as one who was present said on beholding it, 'nothing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'

"The lad was a beggar by profession and by compulsion; the compulsion arising out of his necessities, and the profession simply, as it were, the fine art of the thing, so that, having to do it, he *did* it. Just so. The lad's story was more wonderful even than his dress. The latter could be cut off and burned, as I had the satisfaction of seeing done next day; but the story! ah me! will he ever get *that* out of his heart and life?

"He was thrust out upon the streets at eleven years of age, where for eight years he had lived a jack-o'-lantern kind of life—flitting hither and thither, often pursued, but seldom caught. What that boy suffered on his way to manhood would fill as many pages as I can only give it lines; but there he stood before me, without one friend on God's earth, a piece of social drift. Yet, spite of all, he had a *good* face—a face which when feeling the reality of your sympathy as you talked with him, cast aside its professional-beggar expression of feature, and reflected a mind capable of higher thoughts.

He had not fared so well as a beggar that he was enamored of the streets; and, as may be guessed, the late severe weather was one too many for him. So he jumped in a moment, as a hungry carp would at a fat caddis, at the prospect of a home for which he would have to work hard. Do not ask me to give his real name. Call him Lazarus, if you will, for he had many sores and often lay at Dives' gate. There was this difference, however, between him and his biblical namesake: he was often so hungry that he was more like to devour any dogs that came in his way than to allow them to perform in quietness any beneficent offices toward him. But his homeless wanderings are, I trust, at length over; and it will be the poor lad's own fault if ever from this hour he lacks a friend, a home, or a meal. And it will be *our* fault if he does not learn while with us of the better Friend and the fairer home beyond, the knowledge of which has been to so many other 'waifs' like himself the stimulus to a nobler life."

A RUNAWAY BOARDER.

It was prophesied of Christ that He would open the prison to them that were bound (Isa. 61: 1). There are many, however, who are held captive by Satan who will not avail themselves of the victory the Saviour won over their tyrant. Even though they know that liberty may be had, they will not recover themselves out of the snare (II Tim. 2: 26). They do not show the audacity that a prisoner captured in our war displayed, and who was taxed with it, much to his confusion, recently. The St. Louis *Republican* relates the incident:

"A few days ago, while an old gray-haired man was sitting in one of our hotels, a stranger got off a train which had just arrived and passed through the waiting-room. He eyed the old man closely, and over the face of the latter there flashed a look of recognition.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "your face has a familiar look to me, yet I cannot place you! Perhaps I'm mistaken."

"Oh, no," answered the elderly gentleman, "I know you are not mistaken. I know you. You used to board with me."

"Is it possible?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir; and you left without paying your board."

"That, sir, cannot be," said the new-comer, very much confused.

"Oh, but it can. I say you left without paying your board, and you left in the night."

"By this time the stranger was furious. He grew red with anger, and intimated that only the gray hairs of the tormentor saved him from violent treatment.

"You need not get mad," said the old man, coolly, and enjoying immensely the stranger's discomfiture. "You did all these things and left your baggage behind you."

"See here, old man, who are you, any way, and where are you from?"

"I am Captain Jack Warner, and you are Quartermaster Murphy, and you escaped from the prison at Libby while I was commissary of that institution."

"The stranger warmly clasped the hand of the old ex-rebel, 'are you, indeed, the old commissary? Well, you are right. I did board with you; and I gave you the slip, too,' he continued, laughing.

Quartermaster Murphy belonged to a New York regiment and was captured and sent to Libby. It was the practice of the Confederates to allow those persons who were practitioners of medicine to attend the sick in the prison hospital. They were allowed the freedom of the grounds, to go and come at will. One day a green sentry would not allow the men to pass, when he was sharply reprimanded by Captain Gibbs, and told that those men who wore red ribbons on their coat lapels (this was the insignia of the doctors) should pass unmolested. Murphy overheard this and profited by it. In the inside of his vest he had some red flannel, and, tearing off a strip, he pinned it to his coat, and, watch-

ing his opportunity, he got past the guard and reached the Union lines in safety.

"The meeting described is the first since those days when, as captor and captive, they dwelt within the walls of the famous Southern prison."

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

(Continued from page 231.)

SECOND EVENT: THE RISE OF ANTICHRIST.

Where he will Appear—The Time—His Conquests—Become Federal Head of the Ten Kingdoms—His Description in Prophecy—The Portrait of a Napoleon—Jerome Napoleon's Characteristics—The Fatal Number in his Name—A Revival of the Second Headship—The Way for an Alliance with a Pope Prepared—Lucien Bonaparte a Candidate for the Papal Chair.

As shown in the preceding chapter, the old Roman Empire will in the last days of this dispensation be reconstituted in ten kingdoms, which will eventually become Republics united federally for offence and defence. The executive head of this federation will be the being known in prophecy as Antichrist. He will arise eight or nine years before the End, as an Eleventh Little Sovereign among the Ten Sovereigns—The Little Horn of Daniel 7: 24 and 8: 8-25—who shall at first rule over some little kingdom partitioned out of one of the four Græco-Macedonian Horn-kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, or Thracian Turkey. He will be a Sovereign "of fierce countenance, understanding dark sentences, and of crafty policy, destroying many by peace."

Antichrist shall then presently, according to Daniel 11: 21-42; 9: 27; 8: 9, "stand up in the place of the King of the North (Syria), and obtain the kingdom of Syria by flatteries," and make a seven years' covenant with the Jews seven years before the End, and "wax exceeding great toward the South, and toward the East, and toward the pleasant land" (Judæa), and subsequently wage three wars against Egypt, and then about two and a half years after the covenant he will advance from being merely King of Syria to be Head of France, and afterward of all the Ten Nations, then Red-Republics, as represented by the scarlet wild-beast (Rev. 17). He will subsequently be the Imperial Antichrist during the final three and one half years (Rev. 13: 1-8). The Antichrist

WILL BE A NAPOLEON.

For (1) his personal proper name must be etymologically in the Greek tongue *Apollyon*—in the Greek aorist *Apoleon* (Rev. 9, 11). And (2) "the number of his name" must be 666, in other words, the numerical value of the letters of his name in the dative inscription form, must altogether amount to 666 (Rev. 13: 18); and this is the case with the Greek word *Ναπολεωντι*, each letter of which in the Greek alphabet has the following numerical value:

Ν α π ο λ ε ο ν τ ι } = 666
50, 1, 80, 70, 30, 5, 70, 50, 300, 10

And (3) the Antichrist must be a representative of the Napoleon dynasty "healed of its deadly wound inflicted by the sword" of war at Waterloo and Sedan, so that "all the world shall wonder" when they behold the Napoleon empire "that was and is not and yet is," *i.e.*, that was existent, non-existent, and re-existent (Rev. 13: 3-14; 17: 8). He will however first be King of Syria for two or three years before reviving the Napoleon dynasty over France and Europe.

More than fifty clergymen and fifty laymen have shown in their treatises that the Napoleon dynasty became in 1806 the seventh governmental leadership of the Roman empire—"the seventh head that continued but a short space," until 1815, when it was "wounded to death by the sword at Waterloo;" but it yet shall be healed and re-established over France and Europe, and become more powerful than even in the time of the first Napoleon, and again possess military occupation of Rome and restore the temporal power of the Pope (Rev. 17: 10).

It seemed a few years ago that if any Napoleon rose to imperial power it would be the young Prince Louis, who was the head of the Bonaparte family. But physically and mentally he was not the man so graphically described in prophecy. Prince Louis Napoleon* was born in 1856, the lineal successor of his father, the late ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon III. (who died in January, 1873). But (it was remarked in the pamphlet, "The Coming Napoleon," published in March, 1873), "though he has the number 666 contained in his name, yet he is lacking in the characteristics of being a king of fierce countenance, understanding dark sentences, and a despised person (Daniel 8: 23; 11: 21). It will remain to be seen whether some Napoleon who is more of a fierce countenance and a vile person does not after some time take his place."

Prince Jerome Napoleon, the cousin of the late emperor, who was born in 1823, seems the most likely of the Bonapartes to become the Personal Antichrist. He alone, of all of them, is a man "of fierce countenance, understanding dark sentences"—*i.e.*, of defiant aspect, and of great sagacity, and also "a vile person," notoriously ridiculed and vilified, and a Voltairian Infidel and Democrat, all of which the Antichrist is predicted to be in Daniel 8: 23; 11: 21, 36, 37. He has also been nicknamed in France, the Red Prince, because of his Red-Republican political views.

The Antichrist's ten-kingdomed confederacy is in its advanced stage represented as a scarlet-colored, or red-republicanized ten-horned wild beast in Revelation 17, when Bonapartism, Red-Republicanism, and Romanism will coalesce.

This Prince Paul Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte's face is the very image of the first Napoleon Bonaparte's, and the fatal number 666 is discovered in the Greek nominative for *P. Jerome Napoleon*; thus:

Π ι ε ρ ο μ ε Ν α π ο λ ε ο ν

80, 10, 5, 100, 70, 40, 5, 50, 1, 80, 70, 30, 5, 70, 50 = 666

Also, 666 is the sum total of the letters of the name *P. Jerome Bonaparte*, in Hebrew.

It is remarkable that *Lucien Bonaparte*, who at his ordination in 1858 was pointed to by the Rev. R. A. Purdon as likely to be Pope in the future, is now a Cardinal, and therefore eligible to be elected Pope some day. Should that event take place the way would be prepared for the alliance between Antichrist and the Papacy. A Napoleonic Pope would be the natural ally of the Napoleonic Antichrist.

(To be continued.)

* (Note added in 1880.) Since this paragraph was printed here in 1873, Prince Louis Napoleon was killed in the Zulu war, in June, 1879, and thus Prince Jerome Napoleon has become the head of the Napoleon dynasty as here predicted.

† There will be three successive forms of the ten-kingdomed confederacy, or ten-horned wild beast—1. When it primarily appears as the result of extraordinary conquests of France over Germany and other nations, before the eleventh little horn arises and subdues three of the ten horns, and consequently before the seven years' covenant. Later on, two years after the date of the covenant, there will distinctly exist ten horns at the time of the first-fruits' ascension of watchful Christians—the catching up of the man-child, for the ten-horned dragon is to watch to devour it (Rev. 12: 3-5). 2. When it comes scarlet-colored or red republican with the Scarlet Woman seated upon it—*i.e.*, the then Papal Mohammedan Hierarchy seated in temporal power, upon the ten nations as their State Church, drunk with the blood of saints (Rev. 17: 3-8) during an interval of several months immediately preceding the final three and a half years. In this red republican sanguinary form it will be under its seventh Napoleonic headship revived, although as yet uncrowned, as Military Dictator over ten new military governors of the ten nations. 3. When it becomes leopard-colored—*i.e.*, monarchical with ten-crowned horns under the Antichrist as Emperor for the final three and a half years (Rev. 13: 5). And then the Romish-Mohammedan Apostasy will no longer be seated on it, but as a two-horned satellite accompanying it. In this form it at last perishes (Rev. 19: 19).



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Compromise on the Vexed Question of the Senate's Secret executive sessions has been suggested and appears likely to be adopted. It was evident in the debate on the subject last week that the number of senators in favor of open sessions is increasing. There are not yet, however, sufficient votes to affect the change. The strong opinion in the country in favor of publicity will in the end have its effect on some waverers. It is therefore proposed, as a concession which may postpone the reform Senators Edmunds, Blair and Ingalls, so much dislike, that the journal of executive sessions be published. This will simply record the motions and resolutions offered in executive session, but will not give the speeches of individual senators. A large number of nominations were acted upon last week so the deadlock appears to be broken.

The Nomination of Senator Jackson, of Tennessee, to succeed the late Judge Baxter, as Circuit Judge, has given general satisfaction. He is everywhere spoken of both by Republicans and Democrats as a man of broad views, strict integrity, and profound legal knowledge. The Senate confirmed the nomination without reference to a committee. This appointment is of unusual importance at this time, because it was in Judge Baxter's court that the Bell Telephone suit was to be tried. There is some suggestion about removing it to another court now, because the new judge has a personal quarrel with Senator Harris, who has a large pecuniary interest in the suit. It is, however, believed that Judge Jackson is the kind of man who would try the case on its merits without regard to personal feeling.

An Amendment to the Arbitration Bill has been proposed by Senator Sherman. It completely changes its character and aim. The Senator proposes that an Arbitration Commission be appointed consisting of twelve members, of whom two shall be selected from the Senate, and three from the House. The Commission to "investigate all the controversies that have arisen or are likely to arise between employers and the employed," and to make its report to Congress. How long it would take any commission to investigate past controversies, without exercising its prophetic powers, may be imagined. If the Commission ever lived to complete its labors, which is improbable, the amendment provides a pitfall for its report, where it would be safe from producing any practical result. Why the report should be sent to Congress instead of dropping it into the sea or burning it, does not appear. The end would be practically the same, and the way of getting rid of the report would be less expensive. It may be hoped that General Logan or some other Senator who has the interest of the people at heart, will expose the true character of this

amendment, and advocate the enactment of the House bill, in which there is some real promise of good.

The Strike in the Southwest was Maintained throughout last week. Voluntary subscriptions at the rate of \$3000 a day are acknowledged by the Knights as received to aid them in their struggle. Their prospects are, however, far worse than a week ago. Since the companies obtained military assistance they have been able to move their freight. Under the protection of the bayonets freight trains have been dispatched with some approach to regularity, and the new employés are getting accustomed to their work. The Knights are still anxious for arbitration. Mr. Powderly has made another appeal to Mr. Gould to end the strike, and avoid a long and expensive litigation in the courts. There has been a reply published from Mr. Gould. The reading of the two letters leads disinterested persons to abandon hope of a peaceable settlement, and to wish that some tribunal existed for the arbitration of this and similar disputes. When abuse and recrimination take the place of sober argument, a decision from an authority both parties were bound to respect would be a public benefit.

Eleven New York Aldermen and ex-Aldermen were arrested on April 13th, and a twelfth was captured the next day. The charge against them is of taking a bribe of \$20,000 each for their votes, granting the franchise to the Broadway surface railroad. The Board which voted the franchise consisted of twenty-four members, of whom two voted against the steal. Of the other twenty-two, two are dead, one is an informer in custody, three have absconded, and sixteen have been arrested and admitted to bail. Three of the arrested men and one of those who have fled are members of the present Board of Aldermen. We notice that the arrest is spoken of in the press as a disgrace to the city. That is not quite so. The arrest is creditable; it was the election of such men that was a disgrace.

The Tornado Which Passed Through Minnesota on April 14th, was one of the most destructive of recent times. The three towns of St. Cloud, Sauk Rapids, and Rice's Station, which lay in its path, became scenes of devastation and death. A telegram from St. Cloud draws a graphic picture of the phenomenon. It states that the first warning of the approach of the tornado was the rolling of the clouds which hung low, and a noise like the crackling of fire. The funnel-shaped cloud was then near at hand, its tail dragging along the ground. Every one with presence of mind at once rushed to the cellars. In a few minutes the storm struck the city destroying everything in its path. Even the earth was ploughed up by it to the width of six hundred feet. In the track of the tornado stood the Manitoba freight-house and cars filled with freight. The whirlwind lifted the heavy cars from the tracks, and cast them to pieces in a shapeless mass. The iron rails were torn from the ties and twisted like the smallest wires. Fifteen cars were demolished. *Seventy-four persons were killed* in the three towns, and over two hundred severely injured. Among the killed were ten members of a wedding party, and included the bridegroom, the bride's mother, and the officiating clergyman.

Mr. Gladstone's Scheme for the Settlement of the Land Question in Ireland, which he explained in the House of Commons on Friday last, is of an extremely intricate character. In its present form it deals only with the smaller holdings. Mr. Gladstone proposes to buy these from any owners wishing to sell, and re-sell them to occupiers on easy terms. The money to pay for the land he proposes to raise by the issue of Government stock, at three per cent, amounting to \$250,000,000. Of this, fifty millions will be issued next year, and one hundred millions each in 1888 and 1889. The maximum rate of purchase will be on the basis of twenty years' rental, but Mr. Gladstone expects that much will be bought at a lower price. This, with other pro-

visions contained in the bill, suggests the suspicion that the Land bill is framed to draw support to the Home Rule scheme. An Irish landowner may be induced to vote for Home Rule if he sees a prospect of selling his estate to the Government for a lump sum equivalent to twenty years' rent. The bill is evidently objectionable to the Irish members who think the terms far too liberal to the landowners. They would prefer leaving the land question to be settled by an Irish Parliament. They may, however, discover that the only way to obtain Home Rule is to allow the British Parliament to purchase the consent of the landowners by some such scheme as this.

A Most Significant Feature of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Land Question was that he made admissions which have never before come from the lips of a British Premier. He said: "The history of Ireland was one long indictment against its landowners. Agrarian crime had originated and increased under the absenteeism of landlords and raising of rents, as their expenses while away from Ireland increased. Oppression married to misery had a hideous progeny. Crime had been endowed with vitality to perpetuate itself and hand down its miserable inheritance from generation to generation. England was not clear of responsibility, for the deeds of Irish landlords were English deeds. With the power in our hands we have looked on and done nothing. After the union, absenteeism became general. National sentiment ceased to have a beneficial influence on the relations between landlord and tenant. The union itself was obtained against the sense and wish of every class by wholesale bribery and unblushing intimidation." This is what Irishmen have been declaring for many years, but British statesmen have denied it. Mr. Chamberlain's opposition appears to be based on the admissions Mr. Gladstone thus made. The clumsy cable report of his speech means this if it means anything. He appears to think that if the landowners have behaved so badly and have wrought so much trouble for the empire they do not deserve to be so liberally dealt with.

The Sudden Appearance of Cholera in Italy is reported. The European correspondent of the New York Herald cabled to that journal on April 15th that rumors of seizures had been prevalent for some days, and added: "To-day I have information that there have been sixty-two undoubted cases, with several deaths, of which three are undoubtedly from Asiatic cholera. There are also some cases in the country immediately around Brindisi, but it is difficult to get at the precise facts on account of the reticence of the local authorities. Cases of cholera are reported from Trieste. The outbreak of the disease in Italy is said to be more serious than was at first stated. The authorities there, it is alleged, are hiding the truth regarding the ravages of the disease. The Austrian authorities have again established a cordon on the Italian frontier, and every precaution will be taken to prevent the spread of the epidemic."

The Official Inquiry into the Wreck of the Oregon has been commenced. An important witness was the Superintendent of the Cunard Line, who testified that he examined personally the condition of the bulkheads and compartments of the Oregon before sailing her last trip, and thought these and the doors were satisfactory. He explained the failure of the doors to close by the presence of some foreign body washed into the door grooves of the compartments during the collision. He also testified that the Oregon's boats were in excess of the requirements of the English statutes. A diver who examined the vessel on Tuesday of last week states that she is broken in two by a rent eighteen feet wide; this was doubtless done when she struck the bottom. The hole from which the vessel sank was also examined. The sides were bulged inward, which fact disproves the dynamite theory. There were also marks on the Oregon's side showing where the colliding vessel had scraped the paint off.

The Appeal on Behalf of Burmah to Sunday-school children made by the Rev. Edward Judson, of New York, son of the famous missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson, has received a liberal response. Mr. Judson asked the Baptist Sunday-schools of the country for ten cents from each scholar to enable the Baptist Missionary Union to send missionaries into Northern Burmah, which has recently been made accessible by its annexation to the British Crown. He has already received \$15,000.

A Converted Hebrew Lady was Baptized by Mr. Freshman at the Hebrew Christian Church in New York on March 21st. She ascribed her conversion to the blessing of God on Mr. Freshman's teaching. In the course of an interesting letter which was read at the ordinance, she said: "I gained the information which led to my finding all proofs necessary for me in the Book of Isaiah, I being at the time of my conversion almost a stranger to the New Testament. Jesus has given me a new heart. A Hebrew once receiving the blessed Spirit of God cannot mistake Him for any other."

Ben Hogan, the Converted Pugilist, is now laboring on the Pacific Coast, having finished a six months' mission tour in Nebraska. In a recent letter to the *Witness* he thus sketches his arrangements: "I have been the instrument of saving, through the grace of God, a great many human souls since I came here. I stop in Laramie the first week, in Utah the next week; Nevada for some time; California about a month; Victoria and different points in that section whatever time is profitable."

An Infamous Traffic has been Discovered by the Canadian authorities. A telegram from Quebec dated April 17th says that wholesale trading in young and innocent girls for purposes of prostitution has come to the notice of the authorities. Disreputable houses in Chicago, New York, Boston, and other cities in the United States have agents here who ingratiate themselves with young women and induce them to go to the States, where they are drawn into a life of infamy. Their trade has been carried on to an alarming extent, sometimes fifteen females being shipped in a week. The prices paid to the agents are in accordance with the looks of the girls, varying from \$20 to \$200. The police, Government authorities, and clergy held a consultation to-day over the abduction of two young women to Chicago by a female who intends to dispose of them for immoral purposes. The poor girls left by the Grand Trunk Railway on Monday night, and every attempt has been made to arrest the culprit within the Canadian line. The American Consul has been consulted, and an important letter has been drafted for the British Consul at Washington. It is stated that over fifty girls have been sent to one Chicago house within a year.

The Liquor-Dealers in Rhode Island are endeavoring to reverse the decision of the people at the recent election. It appears that in some places there has been a technical informality in the election. All the ward and town clerks in the State have been called upon to provide certified copies of the voting lists, and the clerks are to make a certified copy of the registry lists, showing the time each person registered, and when and by whom his tax was paid. This is being done at the request of prominent lawyers, who, it is understood, are to carry before the Supreme Court the question as to whether a vote cast by a registered voter whose tax was paid by other persons than himself is legal or illegal, and the certified lists referred to are to be used in discriminating between the registry voters, providing the courts decide in the negative. This is done, undoubtedly, in the hope of quashing the vote on the prohibitory amendment. It is illegal to pay taxes for others, but the practice has prevailed in Rhode Island for years. We learn, through the kindness of a subscriber, that the telegraphic report on which our paragraph on the election was based contained an error. Colonel Metcalf, the successful candidate for Attorney-General, was not the

Democratic candidate, but the regular Prohibition nomination, which the Democratic Convention indorsed.

A Cherry-tree Valued at Nine Hundred Dollars was recently cut down to make room for a railroad. The tree stood in the way of the Southern Pacific narrow gauge railway extension that is being pushed at Almaden, and the owner asked about \$900 for the tree. Experts were appointed, and he then showed that it had for years yielded him crops each of which sold for sums equivalent to the interest on the amount named. They finally agreed to award him \$600, and the tree had to go. Probably the man who planted it had little idea of the value to which it would attain. It is so with much of the work we do. A good book written, a word spoken in season may be blessed of God to the conversion of some man whose whole after life will be fruitful in beneficent service (Eccles. 11:6).

A Man with Only One Object in Life was recently met in Mexico by an American traveler, who says that one of his fellow-passengers was a German. "He was a man of prepossessing appearance, always ready to engage in conversation, but he had no eye for the scenery which delighted me so much." By profession he pretended to be a musical composer, and his whole discourse was of pianos. His journey through the country was for the purpose of tuning pianos, and his heart was certainly in his work. "When I travels," said he, "I care nothing for scenery, or anything—only pianos. One time in Central America I see a volcano with fire come out of it, but I wouldn't look at it. I had no time for such things. I think only of pianos. When I go into a place, and find no pianos there, I go me right out again, quick, always." That man is likely to be successful in his business. It is a pity that the same singleness of purpose so seldom characterizes Christians, who have infinitely better reason to forget everything but their Master's commission (1 Cor. 2:2).

An Appropriate Stone for a Monument was presented to a family for erection in Greenwood Cemetery last week. The rapid increase in the traffic over the Brooklyn Bridge has rendered better terminal facilities necessary. In making them the trustees had to remove the granite block at the end of the southern roadway at the New York terminus. It appears that this block was the first stone set in the construction of the structure which is now the wonder of the world. The trustees have therefore resolved that "in memory of the public services rendered by the late William C. Kingsley in the history of this bridge, hereby authorize the President to tender to the family of Mr. Kingsley the pedestal referred to, to be used as a monument over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, and to be inscribed under their directions." A more appropriate disposition of the stone could not have been made, as it identifies the man with his work. What a wonderful sight our cemeteries would be, if every grave were so identified! Some graves would be unmarked as a sign of a life wasted, while for others no monument would be so suitable as a stone from a ruined home. Too many forget that their life makes such an imperishable record with which they will one day be confronted (1 Cor. 3:13).

A Man Who Wants to Know His own Name applied to the officials at Castle Garden, New York, last week for assistance. He is about twenty-four years of age, and is an intelligent man of distinguished appearance. He said that his earliest recollection was of a voyage across the ocean, and he thought that at the time he must have been about four years old. He was in charge of an Italian who was cruel to him. In New York he was taken to a house somewhere in the neighborhood of Rose Street, and the Italian taught him to play the violin. He was beaten, starved and subjected to much hardship. He was sent out into the streets to beg, and remembers various places where he stood playing his violin and picking up pennies thrown to him. As soon as he was able he ran away, and

going into the country found kind people, who helped him to maintain himself by honest work. Close observance of himself and searching of his memory lead him to believe that he is the son of refined and aristocratic parents, from whom the padrone stole him in his infancy. He wanted the Castle Garden records searched for the record of the padrone's arrival twenty years ago. There is some confirmation of his suspicion in the fact that about that time inquiries were made from Italy for a child that had been stolen from the noble Colvello family. The Castle Garden officials are at work upon the clue. Something analogous to these traces of a higher nature which the Italian discovered in himself exists in all the human race. It confirms the revelation of the Bible that ours is a fallen race which has lost its sonship, and can recover it only through Christ (Rom. 5:18).

An Attempt to Set a Broken Neck has been made by some hospital surgeons on a patient at Elizabeth, N. J. Three years ago a young man who was exercising in a gymnasium, fell from a horizontal bar and was taken up unconscious. The doctors said he had broken his neck, and would not live many hours. He was taken home, and there recovered consciousness. He continued to live, but could not move a muscle below his neck. He lay in a helpless condition for two years, affectionately nursed by his family. A year ago the surgeons thought that his vitality was sufficiently established to bear an operation. An incision was made over the spine, and the vertebrae were exposed. It was found that splinters of bone had been crushed into the spinal column pressing on the nerves and checking the operation of the spinal cord. They were removed, and an effort made to restore connection between the uninjured parts. But there was a space of four inches which could not be bridged over. The heart and the brain were thus separated, and the operation was a failure. The patient recovered from its effects, but was never able to move a limb. He died on April 14th last, about a year after the operation. His motionless condition was that of existence rather than life. It resembled the condition in which many Christians are spiritually. While they are not dead they are not active in God's service. Only those who are in Christ, deriving their life and strength direct from Him in a constant uninterrupted stream, can do real service in His cause (John 15:5).

The Heroism of a Little Girl Twelve Years old saved the lives of two children in Virginia during the recent heavy snow-storm. The Evanston *Chieftain* states that a farmer and his wife, being called to that city by the sudden illness of a daughter, left at home four children, the eldest of whom was Minnie, only twelve years of age. The parents were unable to return that night, and the younger children became lonely and scared. Minnie did her best to calm them, but at last, finding their alarm serious, yielded to their entreaties to take them to a ranch three and a half miles away where they had friends. The children plodded through the soft snow until they became tired and sleepy. Minnie carried the youngest until she, too, was worn out. Finally, when half way between the two places, it was found impossible to go farther. Then the brave girl took the cloak from her shoulders and made a bed in a sheltered spot on which she placed the three children. She took off her dress and warm skirt and wrapped around them. Leaving them there she ran, all thinly clad as she was, to the top of a bank and cried loudly for help. Happily her cries were heard, and a man on horseback rode to their succor. One child died from the effects of the exposure, and little Minnie's life was in the balance for several days. Eventually she and the other two were saved. When those children grow up they will be very ungrateful if they forget the noble girl who perilled her life that winter night to save them from death; yet how few people, comparatively, there are who give their love to One who actually laid down His life to save them from eternal death (11 Cor. 8:9).

WHY THEY LEAVE US.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

(Suggested by the death of CHARLES STANFORD, D.D.)

"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—JOHN 17: 24.

The Last Step of Our Lord's Petition—A Long Step—Its New Tone—The Line of Graves—Who Holds the Magnet—The Answer to the Riddle of Death—I. The Home-Word—The Dear Relationship—The Father's House—The Place for Home-Gathering—II. The Home Impetus—A Testamentary Appointment—III. The Home Character—IV. The Home Companionship—The Occupation—V. The Home Atmosphere—The Celestial Conscript.

THE prayer of the Saviour rises as it proceeds. He asked for His people that they might be preserved from the world, then that they might be sanctified, and then that they might be made manifestly one; and now he reaches His crowning point—that they may be with Him where He is, and behold His glory. It is well when in prayer the spirit takes to itself wings. The prayer that swings to and fro like a door upon its hinges may admit to fellowship; but that prayer is more after the divine pattern which, like a ladder, rises round by round, until it loses itself in heaven.

This last step of our Lord's prayer is not only above all the rest, but it is a *longer step* than any of the others. He here ascends, not from one blessing which may be enjoyed on earth, to another of higher degree; but He mounts right away from all that is of this present state into that which is reserved for the eternal future. He quits the highest peaks of grace, and at a single stride His prayer sets its foot in glory: "That they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am."

IN ANTICIPATION.

There is this to be noticed also concerning this divine prayer, that not only does it rise as to its subject, but it even ascends as to the place which the Intercessor appears to occupy. Has it not been so with yourselves in prayer at times, that you have hardly known where you were? You might have cried with Paul, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." Do not these words of our Lord Jesus remind you of this? Was He not carried away by the fervor of His devotion?

Where was He when He uttered the words of our text? If I follow the language I might conclude that our Lord was already in heaven. He says, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory." Does He not mean that they should be in heaven with Him? Of course He does; yet He was not in heaven; He was still in the midst of His apostles, in the body upon earth; and He had yet Gethsemane and Golgotha before Him ere He could enter His glory. He had prayed Himself into such an exaltation of feeling that His prayer was in heaven, and He Himself was there in spirit. What a hint this gives to us! How readily may we quit the field of battle and the place of agony, and rise into such fellowship with God that we may think, and speak, and act, as if we were already in possession of our eternal joy! By the ardor of prayer and the confidence of faith we may be caught up into Paradise, and there utter words which are beyond the latitude of earth, and are dated "from the Delectable Mountains."

THE NEW TONE.

Nor is this all; for still the prayer rises, not only as to its matter and place, but in a very singular way it also takes to itself a higher style. Before, our Lord had asked and pleaded; but now He uses a firmer word: He says, "Father, I will." I would not force that word so as to make it bear an imperious or commanding meaning, for the Saviour speaketh not so to the Father; but still it has a more elevated tone about it than asking. Our Lord here useth the royal manner rather than the tone of His humilia-

tion. He speaketh like unto the Son of God; He addresses the great Father as one who counteth it not robbery to be equal with Him, but exercises the prerogative of His Eternal Sonship. He saith, "I will."

There ought to be much for our edification in a text like this, which in subject, place, and style rises to such an elevation. It is the apex of this wonderful pyramid of prayer; the last round of the ladder of light. O Spirit of the Lord, instruct us while we behold it!

THE LINE OF GRAVES.

I have taken this text because it has taken hold on me. Our beloved brother, Charles Stanford, has just been taken from us. I seem to be standing as one of a company of disciples, and my brethren are melting away. My brethren, my comrades, my delights, are leaving me for the better land. We have enjoyed holy and happy fellowship in days of peace, and we have stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle of the Lord; but we are melting away. One has gone; another has gone; before we look round another will have departed. We see them for a moment, and they vanish from our gaze. It is true they do not rise into the air like the Divine Master from Olivet; yet do they rise, I am persuaded of that; only the poor body descends, and that descent is for a very little while. They rise, to be forever with the Lord. The grief is to us who are left behind.

What a gap is left where stood Hugh Stowell Brown! Who is to fill it? What a gap is left where stood Charles Stanford! Who is to fill it? Who among us will go next? We stand like men amazed. Some of us stood next in the rank with those who have been taken. Why this constant thinning of our ranks while the warfare is so stern? Why this removal of the very best when we so much need the noblest examples? The Master is gathering the ripest of His fruit, and well doth He deserve them. His own dear hand is putting His apples of gold into His baskets of silver; and as we see that it is the Lord, we are

BEWILDERED NO LONGER.

His word, as it comes before us in the text, calms and quiets our spirits. It dries our tears, and calls us to rejoicing as we hear our heavenly Bridegroom praying, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with Me where I am." We understand why the dearest and best are going. We see in whose hand is held the magnet which attracts them to the skies. One by one they must depart from this lowland country to dwell above, in the palace of the King, for Jesus is drawing them to Himself. Our dear babes go home because "He gathered the lambs with His arm and carrieth them in His bosom;" and our ripe saints go home because the Beloved is come into His garden to gather lilies. These words of our Lord Jesus explain the continual home-going; they are the answer to the riddle which we call death.

I. Let us begin as our text begins, and thus the first thought about the continual gathering to the house above will be

THE HOME-WORD,

the rallying word: "Father." Observe, our Lord had said, "Holy Father," and toward the close of the prayer He said, "O righteous Father;" but in commencing this particular petition He uses the word "Father" by itself alone; this relationship is in itself so dear that it agrees best with the loftiest petition. I like to think of that name "Father," as used in this connection. Is it not the centre of living unity? If there is to be a family gathering and reunion, where should it be but in the Father's house? Who is at the head of the table but the Father? All the interests of the children unite in the parent, and he feels for them all.

The whole of this sermon through, I want to show you that it is right that we should part with our brethren and joyfully permit of their going home; and surely I may at once ask you—What can be more right than that children should go home to their Father? From Him they came, to Him they owe their life; should

they not always tend toward Him, and should not this be the goal of their being, that they should at last dwell in His presence? Wherefore, whenever we think of heaven let us chiefly think of the Father; for it is in our Father's house that there are many mansions, and it is to the Father that our Lord has gone, that He may prepare a place for us.

"FATHER!" why, it is a bell that rings us home. He who hath the spirit of adoption feels that the Father draws him home, and he would fain run after Him. How intensely did Jesus turn to the Father! He cannot speak of the glory wherein He is to be without coupling His Father with it. This is the consummation which the First-born looks for, and to which all of us who are like Him are aspiring also—namely, that God may be all in all; that the great Father may be had in honor, and may be worshipped in every place. Since, then, we are from Him, and of Him, and to Him, and for Him, this word "Father" calls us to gather at His feet. Shall any one of us lament the process? No; we dare not complain that our choicest brethren are taken up to gladden the great Father's house.

II. Secondly, I want your thoughts upon

THE HOME IMPETUS.

The force which draws us home lies in the word, "I will." How shall the chosen get home to the Father? Chariots are provided. Here are the chariots of fire and horses of fire in this prayer. "I will," saith Jesus, "that they be with Me;" and with Him they must be. Examine the energy of this "I will" for a moment, and you will see, first, that it hath the force of an intercessory prayer. If He asks that we may be with Him where He is, He must assuredly have His request. More than intercession is found in the expression "I will." It suggests the idea of a *testamentary bequest* and appointment. The Lord Jesus is making

HIS LAST WILL

and testament, and He writes, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given Me, be with Me." No man who makes his will likes to have it frustrated. When I read in our Lord's testament the words, "Father, I will that they be with Me," I ask, "Who is to hold them back?"

Now read my text: "I will that they be with Me;" the Son of God wills it. How are the saints to be hindered from what the Lord wills? They must rise from their beds of dust and silent clay; they must rise to be with Jesus where He is, for Jesus wills it. By your anxious care you may seek to detain them; you may sit about their bed and nurse them both night and day, but they must quit these dark abodes when Jesus gives the signal. You may clutch them with affectionate eagerness, and even cry in despair, "They shall not go, we cannot bear to part with them;" but go they must when Jesus calls. Would you cross His will? Would you set at naught His testament? You could not if you would; you would not if you could. Rather be inclined to go with them than think to resist the heavenly attraction which upraises them. If Jesus saith, "I will," then it is yours to say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt. They were never so much mine as they are Thine. I never had so much right to them as Thou hast who hast bought them. They never so truly could be at home with me as they will be at home with Thee in Thine own bosom; so my will dissolves itself into Thy will, and I say with steadfast resignation, 'Let them go.'"

III. But now I want to conduct you farther into the text. We have had the home-word and the home-bringing impetus, and now let us carefully note

THE HOME CHARACTER.

"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." The description is: "They also, whom Thou hast given Me." The Greek is somewhat difficult to translate. The translators of the Revised Version were, no doubt, excellent Greek scholars, and if they had known a little more English, they might have come a little nearer to a perfect

translation; but they do not always appear to think the common English reader to be worthy of their consideration. This is their translation in the present instance: "Father, that which Thou hast given Me, I will that, where I am they also may be with Me." This, to speak plainly, sounds very like nonsense. It is the translation which a boy would present to his tutor at school, but it is of small use to the general reader. It is literal, no doubt; but literalisms are often another proof that the letter killeth. Translators into the English tongue might have contrived to have given us words with a meaning in them.

ALL TO BE THERE.

I merely quote the version to show you that there is here a something in the singular as well as persons in the plural. "Father, I will concerning that which Thou hast given Me, that they may be with Me where I am." Our Lord looked upon those whom the Father gave Him as one—one body, one Church, one bride; He willed that as a whole the Church should be with Him where He is. Then He looked again and saw each of the many individuals of whom the one Church is composed, and He prayed that each, that all of these, might be with Him and behold His glory.

We in our creature love lift up our hands, and cry, "My Lord, my Master, let me have this dear one with me a little longer. I need the companionship of one so sweet, or life will be misery to me." But if Jesus looks us in the face, and says, "Is thy right better than Mine?" we draw back at once. He has a greater part in His saints than we can have. O Jesus, Thy Father gave them to Thee of old; they are His reward for the travail of Thy soul; and far be it from us to deny Thee. Though blinded by our tears, we can yet see the rights of Jesus, and we loyally admit them. We cry concerning our best beloved, "The Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Does not the text sweetly comfort us in the taking away of one and another, since it shows how they belong to Christ?

IV. And now, advancing another step, Christ reveals to us something concerning

THE HOME COMPANIONSHIP

in the glory land. Those who are taken away, where are they gone? The text saith, "I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory." By this language we are impressed with the nearness of the saints to Christ in glory—"that they may be with Me." Think for a moment: when our Lord used these words, and John took them down, the disciples were with Him. They had left the supper-table where they had feasted together. The Master had said, "Arise, let us go hence;" and it was in the very midst of them that the Lord Jesus offered this choice prayer. Learn, then, that in heaven the saints will be nearer to Christ than the apostles were when they sat at the table with Him, or heard Him pray. That was a nearness which might consist only in place, and their minds might still be, as they often were, far away from Him; but up in heaven we shall be one with Him in sympathy, in spirit, in conscious fellowship.

Yet do not drop the thought of place, lest you refine away the essence of the prayer. Let us see the spiritual clearly, but let us not, on that account, make the sense less real, less matter of fact. To the prayer that His saints may be with Him our Lord added the words, "May be with Me where I am." Our bodies will rise from the dust, and they must occupy a place; that place will be where Jesus is. Even spirits must be somewhere, and that somewhere with us is to be where Jesus is. We are to be, not metaphorically and fancifully, but really, truly, literally with Jesus. Who would be so cruel as to keep a saint from such a fair country? I would desire all good for my children, my relatives, my friends; and what good is better than to be where Jesus is?

Notice the *occupation* of those who are with Jesus; "That they may behold My glory." I

do not wonder that Jesus wants His dear ones to be with Him for this purpose, since love always pines for a partner in its joys. When I have been abroad, and have been specially charmed with glorious scenery, I have a hundred times felt myself saying, almost involuntarily, "How I wish that my dear wife could be here! I should enjoy this a hundred times as much if she could but see it!" It is an instinct of affection to seek fellowship in joy. The Lord Jesus is truly human, and He feels this unselfish desire of every loving human heart, and therefore says, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory." Who would not go to this heaven? Who would keep a brother out of it an hour?

V. I must end by speaking of THE HOME ATMOSPHERE.

None of us can wish our departed friends back from their thrones. Since they have gone to be where Jesus is, and to enter so fully into the most blissful fellowship with Him and the Father, we would not have them return even for an instant to this poor country. We only wish that our turn for migration may come soon. We would not be too long divided from our fellows. If some of the birds have gone to the sunny land, let us plume our wings to follow them. There will be only a little interval between our parting and our everlasting meeting. Look at the many who died before we came into the world. Some of them have been in heaven together now for thousands of years. To them it must seem that they were only divided by a moment's interval; their continents of fellowship have made the channel of death seem but a streak of sea. Soon we shall take the same view of things.

Breathe the home atmosphere. Jesus tells us that the atmosphere of His home is *love*: "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Love wraps up the whole in its

CLOTH OF GOLD.

Love is both the source and the channel, and the end of the divine acting. Let our saintly ones go home, beloved, if that is the design of their going. Since all comes of divine love, and all sets forth divine love, let them go to Him who loves them—let divine love fulfil its purpose of bringing many sons unto glory. Since the Father once made our Lord perfect by His sufferings, let Him now be made perfectly glorious by the coming up of His redeemed from the purifying bath of His atonement. I see them rise like sheep from the washing, all of them gathering with delight at the feet of that great Shepherd of the sheep.

Beloved, I am lost in the subject now. I breathe that heavenly air. Love surrounds all, and conquers grief. I will not cause the temperature to fall by uttering any other words but this: Hold your friends lovingly, but be ready to yield them to Jesus. Detain them not from Him to whom they belong. When they are sick, fast and pray; but when they are departed, do much as David did, who washed his face, and ate, and drank. You cannot bring them back again; you will go to them, they cannot return to you. Comfort yourselves with the double thought of their joy in Christ and Christ's joy in them; add the triple thought of the Father's joy in Christ and in them. Let us watch

THE MASTER'S CALL.

Let us not dread the question—who next, and who next? Let none of us start back as though we hoped to linger longer than others. Let us even desire to see our names in the *celestial conscription*. Let us be willing to be dealt with just as our Lord pleases. Let no doubt intervene; let no gloom encompass us. Dying is but going home; indeed, there is no dying for the saints.

O brethren, we shall soon know more of heaven than all the divines can tell us. Let us go home now to our own dwellings; but let us pledge ourselves that we will meet again. But where shall we appoint the trysting place? It would be idle to appoint any spot of earth, for this assembly will never come together again in this world. We will meet with Jesus, where He

is, where we shall behold His glory. Some of you cannot do this. Turn from your evil ways. Turn to the right, where stands that cross, and keep straight on, and you will come to Jesus in glory. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Mission to the Nestorians.*

THE mission to the Nestorians of Oroomiah and the adjacent mountains was opened by the American Board in 1834. . . . The Nestorians are known as a Christian sect, and not as a race of people. It has been impossible to determine whether they are of the Chaldaean, the Syrian, or some other stock. Dr. Grant attempted to establish their identity with the *lost tribes of Israel*, but it is conceded that the argument fails since it rests upon characteristics common to Orientals.

The written and spoken language of the Nestorians is Syriac. It is probable that at the first the so-called nation was a mixture of Chaldaeans and Syrians, and other people who were Christians of the Syriac Church, and speaking the Syriac language. In the persecutions which were inflicted on all who adopted the doctrines of Nestorius these people fled to Persia, where they found protection. . . . The heresy of Nestorius was that he taught the union of two natures in Christ in opposition to the then prevalent doctrine of one divine nature. He was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, A.D. 431, and banished.

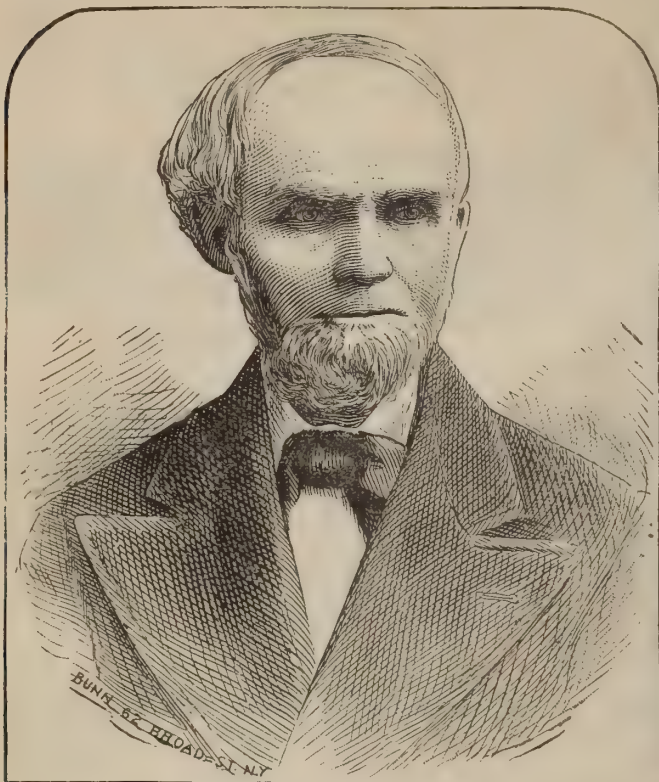
The Nestorian Church has no written standard of doctrinal belief. If we except the heresy which separated them from the parent church, it may be said that their ecclesiastical organization and ritual is the chief feature to which they owe their perpetuity. There are many practices and superstitions prevalent among the people, by which they are distinguished from other Oriental churches. All orders of the clergy are celibates. By a singular law the succession to the Patriarchate is inherited by the nephew of the Patriarch, the son of a brother. The people know little or nothing of Nestorius, and do not attribute their origin to him, except as they have been instructed by foreigners. They profess to be the spiritual progeny of SS. Thomas and Thaddeus. They are commonly known among Mohammedans by the name Nasara, or Nazarenes.

The progress of the mission is indicated by the statistics for the year 1871. In the report there is specified one station, that of Oroomiah, forty-eight out-stations, nine pastors, fifty-two preachers, forty-six teachers, one thousand and twelve pupils in different schools, nine organized churches, and over seven hundred communicants. The pupils and communicants are wholly from the Nestorians, as are the teachers and preachers and the attendants of the congregations.

PERSIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The laws regulating marriage are dependent upon the religious faith of the parties contracting. The non-Mohammedan races are permitted to adhere to the religious laws of the sect to which they belong. Mohammedans are governed by Mohammedan law. By that law there are two kinds of marriage. One is called *Ahdah*, meaning covenanted, and the other is termed *Sekah*, or contracted. A Mohammedan may possess four wives of the first class and any number of the second class. Wives of the first class

* From Persia, the Land of the Imams. A Narrative of Travel and Residence, by James Bassett, Missionary of the Presbyterian Board. Pp. 343, price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



The Late Rev. James Ingle.

have priority of right, and their children inherit the property of their father. But all married women agree to a divorce, on receipt of a price agreed upon at the time of marriage. The Sekah wives contract for a limited period of time. The children of such marriages belong to the father if the mother is put away. This arrangement of marriage is the source of great corruption. The nuptial ceremonies of the second class are very brief, and consist in the repetition of a formula by a mullah which sanctifies the transient relation.

THE LATE REV. JAMES INGLE.

(See Portrait on this page.)

AN active life of toil and unremitting exertion in the cause of Christ closed a few weeks ago when this devoted Christian minister heard his Master's voice calling him from the scene of his labors.

James Ingle, though an American in Christian life and service, was an Englishman by birth. He was born at Sommersham, Huntingdon County, England, on May 12th, 1813. He was, therefore, in his seventy-third year when he died, on January 16th, 1886. He came to America with his parents when a boy. A pious mother's teaching and prayers led him in his youth to the Saviour, and at a camp-meeting of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at the age of sixteen, he publicly declared himself on the Lord's side. He soon afterward commenced study for the ministry, and at the age of nineteen became pastor of the Cumberland Church at Boonville, Ind. Ten years later he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. As an itinerant minister he served in three whole counties—two in Indiana and one across the Ohio in Kentucky. It was new ground, and his labors were arduous and difficult; but his heart was in the work, and, giving to it all his energies, he was abundantly blessed.

The last years of his life were spent at the home of his only surviving son in Philadelphia. He paid him a visit in 1876, and the affectionate son noticing the debilitated physical condition of his father and mother, persuaded the aged couple to make their home with him, so that their last days might be gladdened by the devotion of filial affection. They removed there, and their declining years were thus relieved of anxiety and care. Mr. Ingle, while in Philadelphia, delighted to continue his service for Christ.



Benjamin Franklin Helping the Widow.

When no longer able to preach he distributed tracts, and visited the poor and sick. It was his delight to collect from subscribers copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other religious journals which they had read, and carry them to homes where religious literature was needed. Thus in many ways he continued to serve under the banner he had followed more actively in his younger days. Long after he was too infirm to leave his home, people came to him for comfort and advice, and he would sit on summer days at his window, and, beckoning a passer-by, would put a tract in his hand with a word of prayer or suggestive thought.

After his death, among his papers was found a brief memorandum which we have seen, and which will be a treasured possession for his aged widow and devoted son. "To all my Relatives," it was inscribed. "My time on earth is nearly up. I have been learning for years that Jesus is God; He is here with me now, and He gives me all the evidence I want that I am His. All may know that He is God and need have no fears. He loves to give the Spirit to all who want it. Glory to Jesus! I shall soon be beyond all sin." It was in that spirit of joy and peace that the good old man left the field of his labors and entered into rest.

FRANKLIN'S GIFT.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE well-known incident of Benjamin Franklin's kindness to the poor widow is illustrated in the accompanying picture. It is known to every schoolboy in the country which holds Franklin's name in reverence, but it is so good and so characteristic of the man that it will bear repetition. This is how he himself narrated it:

"I shall be particular in my description of my first entry into the city of Philadelphia, that you may compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working-dress, and was dirty from my being so long in the boat, and knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with rowing, walking, and want of sleep, I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a single dollar, and about one shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatman for my passage.

"I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about me, till I met a boy with bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went immediately

to the baker's he directed me to. Not knowing the prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepence worth of any sort. He accordingly gave me three puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and began eating the other one. Then I turned and went down another street, and coming round, found myself against the wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of water, and being completely filled with my roll, I gave the other two to a widow and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to continue their journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a Quaker's meeting-house."

LOUISE GRANTLY'S TEMPTATION.

(See Illustration on page 253.)

MRS. GRANTLY sat at her solitary breakfast-table in her luxuriantly furnished home. She was only two years married, but her meals were generally taken alone now. Time was, and that not long ago, when her husband could not have enough of her society, but now she saw but little of him. He would come down from his chamber in three hours' time with aching head and bloodshot eyes, and make a feeble pretence of eating a mid-day breakfast, and afterward would saunter off to his club, or to some gathering of gay friends, from which he would go to opera or theatre, and thence to some place where high play could be had, coming home long after midnight.

The days and evenings were very dreary to her, for her husband did not ask her to accompany him, and she had no lady friends near her. Time hung heavily on her hands, and when one day Mr. Grantly brought an old college friend of his own to his house, and Louise found him intelligent and refined, she welcomed his acquaintance. He admired and pitied her, and many a dreary hour was afterward brightened by his visits. He brought her books and music, and would stay and chat for an hour, until Louise in her loneliness grew to anticipate his coming with eager pleasure. She had no thought of evil until one day, in an unguarded moment, her friend dared to breathe words

which were an insult to a faithful wife. Then she resolved she would never receive him to her home again, and kept her resolution. The suffering it cost her to keep it, revealed to her the treachery of her own heart, and showed her that unconsciously she had allowed an impure affection to enter there. But she suffered bravely, and for the first time in her life she prayed earnestly to her mother's God for strength to do right. At last she heard that her dangerous friend had left the city, and she rejoiced that temptation was farther away from her. But she missed him sorely, and the battle was hard to fight.

This morning as she sat alone at breakfast she opened the daily paper and looked at it almost mechanically. She scarcely noticed what she read until her attention was arrested by the sight of her own name in the personal column. "Would Louise G. call at the office of the paper for an important letter from R. S. H.?" She knew in a moment that the request was addressed to her, and who it was that had adopted this mode of communication. She determined she would never apply for that letter, but her resolution failed her. That evening she dressed hurriedly and went to the office. She hesitated even then, and had she known who would answer her inquiry she would never have asked for the letter. But at last she plucked up her courage and went to the little window, and in a low, timid voice, and with downcast eyes asked for the letter. The aged clerk gave her a scrutinizing glance, but she did not raise her eyes to his face. He took down a package of letters from a pigeon-hole, and selecting one from the number held it hesitatingly between finger and thumb. Louise saw the address and held her hand out for it.

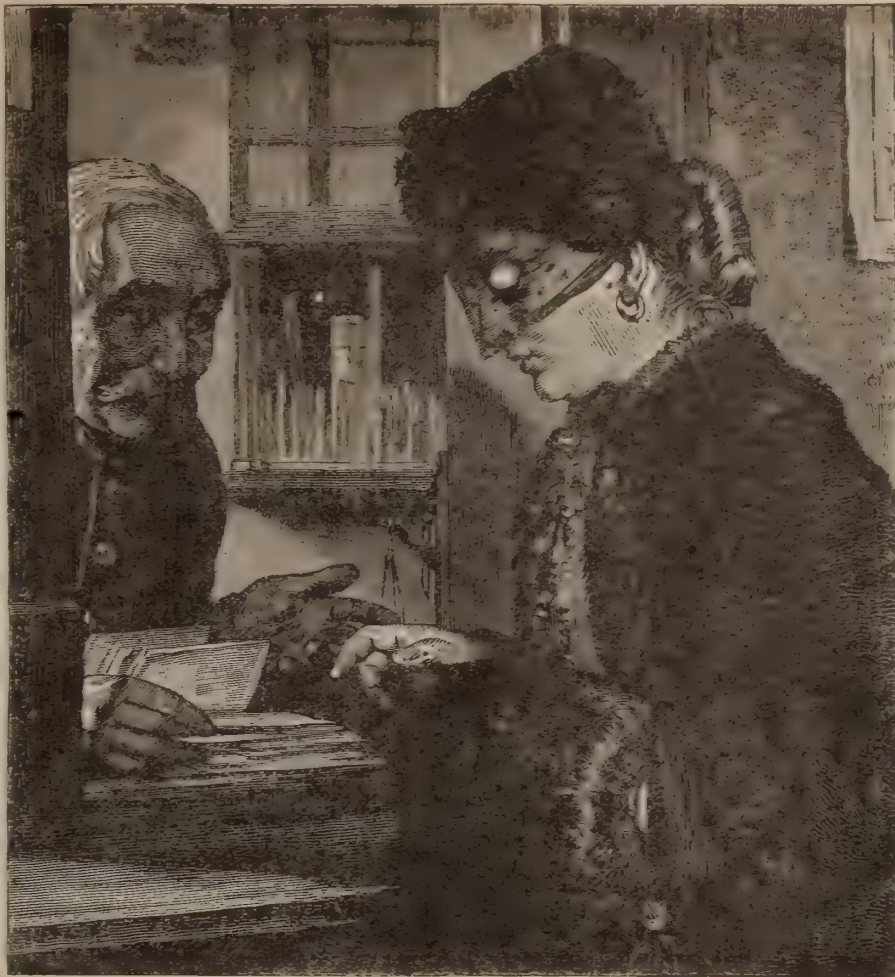
"Pardon an old man, Mrs. Grantly," said the clerk, "a man who knew and loved your father, but I would much rather put this in the fire than give it to you."

Louise looked up then. "Oh, Major Harding," she said, "I did not know you were here." Then dropping her eyes again, she said: "I will take the letter, if you please; it is only from a friend."

"My dear madam, I cannot withhold it, as you ask for it; but, believe me, the writer is not worthy to be your friend or he would not stoop to clandestine correspondence which compromises you. As an old friend of your father, will you let me call upon you in the morning and bring you the letter? Perhaps you have no Christian friend to advise you. I should be thankful to serve you in that capacity." The old man was so evidently in earnest and so sympathetic in manner that Louise yielded.

On her return home she was surprised to see signs of unwonted excitement in the house. Lights were being carried from room to room, and a carriage stood at the door. She entered, and anxiously inquired what the matter was. She learned that her husband was stricken down with sudden illness, and that his life hung by a thread. The physician, whose carriage was at the door, gave her little hope of his recovery, and as she entered the sick-room her own gaze at the sufferer told her that he was right. She spent the night by her husband's side sorrowfully, almost remorsefully, waiting upon him.

Major Harding found her in a softened mood the next morning when he called with the letter,



Louise Grantly Applies for a Letter.

and she willingly consented to its being burned unread. The old man took advantage of the opportunity to speak solemnly and earnestly to her, telling her that he had known her as a child and took a fatherly interest in her. Louise, sadly in need of a friend, clung to the aged Christian and begged him to visit her again. He came frequently after that, and was permitted to see the sick man, who, knowing that death was very near him, listened attentively to his earnest appeals.

To both husband and wife that season of trial was the beginning of a new life. Under Major Harding's guidance both were led to Christ for salvation, and when, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Grantly rose from his bed a wreck of the man he had been, he had learned that in Christ were joys that the world could never give. Louise, grateful for her escape from peril, and for the renewal of her husband's affection, found life no longer a burden, but a trust to be joyfully expended in service for Christ.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 239.)

Life at School.

JULIET was wondering how she could ask for clothes, but the thoughtful kindness of Sister Anna anticipated the request.

After leaving her guest for a few minutes, the good woman soon reappeared with an alpaca dress, surmounting a parcel of the whitest linen, and with a pair of boots in her hand.

"You will not mind putting this on," said Sister Anna, with a smile; "it was my wedding-dress many, many years ago, but I have only worn it on particular occasions, such as birthdays and feast days. Alpaca is too cold for this climate, but it will do till we can get your nice new brown rep ready." Again disappearing for a time, while Juliet changed her garments, Anna returned to her own room, and extracting from the bottom of her box a heavy piece of the

warmest woollen cloth, proceeded to carry it, through the parlor, to the apartment, of Juliet.

Wilhelm and Fritz were still in the parlor.

"What's this?" cried the former. "What is my good wife going to do with the famous brown dress sent by our friends to keep her warm when the thermometer goes down to less than nothing?"

"That poor girl will want it," said Anna.

"But, my dear, can you spare it?" cried Wilhelm. "How we rejoiced over that piece of thick rep—and blessed the giver, and measured it out—and were delighted to find that there is enough of the stuff for a hood as well as a dress." The good man thought of his partner's liability to rheumatism, he thought of her rather threadbare gown, and the terrible winter before them, and he repeated in a somewhat regretful tone, with his hand on the rep, "Can you spare it?"

"We can spare whatever the Lord hath need of," said Anna, cheerfully; "hath He not sent this poor desolate girl to our care?" And so the new dress and the new pair of boots from England, and a good many other things besides, were freely bestowed on a stranger whose only claim was her destitution. Anna never even thought that it was a sacrifice that she was making, it was

such pleasure to make another happy.

"I must see whether I cannot manage to get Anna a fur-lined cape," said the good pastor, thinking aloud, as he not unfrequently did.

Fritz made no remark, but resolved that he would do his best to bring home the hide of a fox or of a bear.

Though delighted to cast off her hateful pink dress, the fashionable Miss Erle was not altogether pleased with her borrowed costume. Sister Anna's wedding-dress was decidedly antiquated in style; did not touch the ground by nearly three inches, and was almost as much too wide in the band. Still, when Juliet had reduced her tangled tresses into order, using Sister Anna's brushes and comb, and glanced at herself in a mirror about four inches square, which she found in her neat little room, she was not dissatisfied with the reflection. "I shall not have to face such critics as Dora and Cecilia," she thought to herself; "Gertie is not here to laugh at my toilette; I shall look quite fashionable enough for the White Bear's Den." In better spirits than she had known for many a wearisome day, Juliet passed into the parlor, where hot breakfast, served in by Sister Anna herself, was awaiting the guest's appearance.

After her fare in the Bergen, everything on table was delicious to Juliet; the very sight of a white damask cloth was appetizing. Pretty stoneware after dirty pewter, hot rolls instead of stale biscuits, a tin of preserved butter and another of chocolate, opened to do honor to the guest, made the meal appear a luxurious feast. Juliet ate and praised, and ate again, nor noticed that the chief delicacies were untouched by Sister Anna, who was silently calculating whether, with an extra hungry mouth introduced into the little circle, her husband would be able to enjoy his much-needed comforts through the long coming winter.

One thing Juliet did notice, that her hostess seemed to do things as much by feeling as sight, and that whenever he could afford assistance,

Fritz Edelstein helped her. He brought the hissing kettle and poured out the steaming water, stirred the fire, and threw on the log, and went to the press for more sugar. Juliet soon perceived that Sister Anna's sight was sadly failing, and the gentle Moravian soon alluded to this, but in no repining tone.

"I think that the snow-glare has injured my eyes," she observed. "I have tried the strongest glasses, but in vain. Perhaps, when Fritz is away, you will kindly thread my needles," she added, turning to Juliet.

"I shall be so glad to have something to do. I wish I could learn a new language. I used to be thought clever at languages, but I was stupid on board the Bergen. I suspect that the sailors' vocabulary consisted of nothing but the names of fish, and the weapons used in catching them. I don't believe that they had words to express any intellectual idea."

"What say you to attacking the Esquimaux tongue?" asked Brother Fritz, with a smile.

"If it match the appearance of those who speak it, I should say that it is singularly unpoetical," said Juliet, laughing at the remembrance of the baby's round head peeping out of the hood.

"I have heard beautiful thoughts expressed in the Esquimaux tongue," observed Fritz.

"And I delight in our Esquimaux hymns," said good Pastor Wilhelm, who thought more of their meaning than of their sound.

"Esquimaux would be a curious language to learn; it would make one quite *unique* as a linguist," said Juliet, gaily. "But who would teach me? did I see any learned professor in that graceful group on the shore?"

"I would gladly teach you," said Sister Anna, "were it not for my eyes. But as the days shorten, I fear that I should not distinguish one letter from another."

"Fritz is our best teacher," said Pastor Wilhelm; "he speaks the tongue like a native."

"Am I not a native?" said Fritz; "am I not a missionary's son, born—though not brought up—in this north-west land?"

"That does not make you an Esquimaux," observed Juliet; and the contrast which the fair, tall Moravian exhibited to the squat denizens of the White Bear's Den struck her as so ludicrous, that she burst into a silvery laugh.

"But—seriously—what say you to learning the language?" said Fritz, gently pressing his point. His anxiety arose from no wish to perfect Juliet's education, but his desire to enlist some feminine helper for Sister Anna, whose failing health and increasing blindness would render it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for her to do missionary work in the terrible winter. In the bright, intelligent girl, so very unexpectedly landed among them, Fritz hoped that he saw a Heaven-sent assistant to his suffering friend.

"I suppose you could not spare time to teach me?" said Juliet.

"I will teach you with pleasure," said Fritz, eagerly. Juliet felt a little gratified at the young man's readiness; she would have been less so had she penetrated its cause.

It was arranged that, except when engaged in expeditions into the interior, Fritz was to give an hour's instruction every day to Miss Erle. Juliet looked upon the lesson merely as a break in time that might otherwise be tedious; the language was to her as an ingenious puzzle to exercise her powers and show off her skill. She determined to work hard, and she kept her resolve. The hour passed with Fritz by the fire in the little parlor, while Anna moved slowly about her household avocations, and the Pastor visited his Esquimaux flock, was to Juliet the most pleasant part of the day. Many hours were spent in preparation for the lesson, and both master and pupil were surprised and pleased at the rapid progress made.

We will extract from Juliet's journal:

"October 15.—What a strange new chapter in my life! I have now been in the White Bear's Den for a month. All is becoming so familiar. One day is so like every other! There is the

morning service for the Esquimaux (I have only attended it once, the scent of rancid oil sickened me), and our own evening service in English, which the good old Pastor conducts. The meals are regular as clock-work. I know every picture on the walls and in the photo-albums by heart. I have read every English book in the house; there is not a lively one among them. I have had as yet a good deal of occupation to prevent dying of *ennui*; but the long dreary winter is before us! Already the snow king has showered down his flaky treasures, and the gloomy pines are rimmed with white. Icicles hang from our eaves. Every herb in the little garden has withered. We have nothing left but mosses and lichens; save that reminiscences of summer remain in the bilberries, cranberries, and bog-berries which skilful Sister Anna has preserved for our winter use.

"The sun's daily visits are rapidly shortening, though happily we are not far enough north ever to lose his presence altogether. Flocks of birds have left for the south; would that I could fly away with them; how I envy them their wings! We have lost the black guillemot, with its silky hair-like feathers. We see no more the funny plump little puffins, or the elegant nuns in their black and white costumes. Fritz has taught me their names. Still the gulls sweep over the billows, but even they seem to me to be bending their course toward summer climes.

"I have seen reindeer, with their branching antlers and huge divided hoofs, but only when some wandering Esquimaux passed through our settlement, bringing their animals with them. The people here keep none. Yet one is constantly reminded of this being the land of the reindeer. Much of the people's clothing here is made of its skin, which the Pastor says is impervious to cold. Sister Anna has quite a store of pemmican, which, she tells me, is made by pouring one third of melted fat over pounded reindeer venison. It is not so distasteful as I expected.

"I have performed a great feat—actually made a dress for myself; I never before in my life attempted to do such a thing. Sister Anna is so blind that she could have given but little assistance, and as she seemed to take it for granted that if I had the materials I could make up a dress, I was ashamed to confess my ignorance. I own that my garment would astonish Madame Legrand, and make Gertie hold up her hands in horror. It has not much more shape than a sacque, and is of the dullest brown tint; nevertheless, I am vastly proud of it, and the warmth is delicious! I fear that poor Sister Anna made no small sacrifice in giving me her new piece of rep. Her own dress is becoming quite thin, though neat, as is everything that she wears. I shall send her out the thickest, handsomest, warmest stuff to be found in London when I get back. But it will not reach her, alas! till two of these cruel long winters are passed.

"My principal occupation—amusement—is learning the language. Fritz is surprised at my memory, and the quickness with which I catch the accent of the not altogether unmusical tongue. He said to me to-day (looking quite pleased), 'You will soon be able, Miss Erle, to take a Sunday class.' The idea of my teaching Esquimaux urchins is really too absurd. 'There is something else that I will take before a Sunday class,' quoth I. 'What may that something be?' asked Fritz. 'My leave of the White Bear's Den.' I like to tease Fritz a little; I should not have ventured on so saucy a speech to the saintly Wilhelm, or his dear good sensible wife. None of the Moravians approve of the use of the old name for their school, so to Fritz I call it by no other.

"October 20.—The ground is all frozen over. Fritz has gone on an expedition in a dog-sledge. The Esquimaux here keep dogs—savage, horrible, wolf-like creatures, that are quite enough, had I no other reasons, to keep me from visiting the native huts. It quite frightened me to see Fritz start to-day in a sledge! Talk of skill in driving a four-in-hand, I should like to see

one of our fast young nobles, so proud of handling the ribbons, attempt to drive a dozen of these savage brutes, who tear up their food with wolfish voracity, and seem ready, with or without provocation, to fly at each other's throats! If one were thrown out of a sledge by accident, one would be afraid of being made a meal of at once! Fritz has a whip with a tremendously long lash, with which he can touch up even the leaders. He is evidently master of the situation; but I should almost as lief be drawn by tigers as by these Esquimaux dogs.

"October 22.—Life in the White Bear's Den has become terribly dull. I am quite tired of the Pastor's endless Esquimaux stories, which he tells with such a placid expectation that they will be as interesting to others as to himself. Sister Anna complains—no, she never complains, but she suffers much from rheumatic pains. Yet day by day I see her starting for her school in the native quarters, and her brown basket containing physic, or salve, or nourishing soup for the sick. What a life of wonderful self-denial she leads! But to these good Moravians all seems to come as a matter of course.

"October 30.—Fritz has returned. He has had preaching among some scattered Esquimaux hunters in the interior. He has brought back a prize—two skins, lovely, soft, silvery white skins of the Arctic fox. I do not know why I took it into my silly head that they were meant as a present for me; perhaps my wish was father to the thought. I was quickly undeceived. 'Sister Anna, these are to line your winter cape,' said Fritz, and was not the dear woman pleased! Fritz treats Sister Anna with such gentle respect, as if she were his own mother. I have offered to make up the skins; I only hope that I will not spoil the cape by my clumsy work.

"November 1.—Very hard at lessons again. I had made good progress in my tutor's absence; I wished to surprise him, and I succeeded.

"You have been most industrious," said Fritz.

"This was too much like encouragement given to some good little child; praise not accorded to talent, but commonplace perseverance. 'It was my only way of killing time,' I said, lightly; 'one would rather blow bubbles than do nothing at all. If there were Italian books here, would you not take to learning Italian?'

"Hardly," was Fritz's reply; 'I cannot afford to make paper boats of bank notes.'

"So he considers his time as bank notes, and mine only fit to be twisted into paper ships and thrown on the sea! I have never made any other use of it. Heigh ho! sometimes I fancy that an aimless life is a kind of treadmill, only we paint and gild it, and deck it with flowers. We seem always mounting and mounting, and only succeed in turning round a wheel; nothing comes of it all. I look from mine on these steady earnest Moravians, always pressing on, with a definite aim, at each step nearer to their goal. I have never had any aim but my own enjoyment, and the perpetual treading of my mill has not brought it nearer.

"What a trial her blindness must be to Sister Anna!" I observed to Fritz, when our friend had gone into the kitchen for some culinary work.

"She has had many trials," he said. "The graves of two of her children are in our little 'God's Acre,' and the other two are being educated in England. Unless they adopt a missionary life, their mother is hardly likely to see them again in this world."

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed. "I cannot imagine how a woman, a loving woman, can endure such separations! Then this frightful climate, with the thousand and one privations which it entails! I do not know what can make Sister Anna face, and so uncomplainingly, so serenely, the hardships of such a life!"

"Do you not know of the love of Christ that constraineth?" said Fritz, in a very low tone. It was the first time that he had addressed to me anything like a reproof, though I have had many a little sermon from the Pastor. This from Fritz brought the color to my cheeks, and the tears to my eyes. I did not choose that he should see

that he had touched me, so I said, in as indifferent a manner as I could, 'I suppose that you have had to leave some one behind.'

"A dear father," replied Fritz. "He was for a few years a missionary, but it was found that to remain in such a climate as this would for him be certain death. A superintendent was needed at home for a training school, and to that post my father was appointed. He now prepares others for the work which he unwillingly quitted himself. He has sent his only son as his unworthy substitute here."

"And you can exchange letters only once in the year!" said I.

"We exchange books," replied Fritz, smiling.

"Each keeps a kind of journal; so that everything that interests the one interests also the other."

"I should like amazingly to have a sight of Fritz's journal. I wonder what description he has given of me; I fear one to mortify my vanity, could I see it. And yet I think that he takes a great interest in me. I should not like to think that it is exactly the same kind of interest that he would take in an unconverted Esquimaux! It was rather sadly that he asked that searching question, 'Do you not know of the love of Christ that constraineth?' Perhaps I do not know it. If I did, life would hardly be such a weary blank.

(To be continued.)

JESUS AT THE WELL.

S. S. Lesson for May 2, John 4:5-26. Golden Text, ver. 24. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Temptations Peculiar to Fatigue—How Jesus Met them—Speaks to a Stranger—The Woman's Surprise at His Condescension—What Jesus Could Give her—The Universal Need of Living Water—The Materialistic Idea—Deliverance from Sin the First Step—Conviction—Recognition of Christ's Authority—Her Call to her Friends.

JESUS was weary. "In all things made like unto His brethren" (Heb. 2:17); "in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb. 4:15), Jesus knew what physical weariness was. There are temptations peculiar to fatigue. It induces fretfulness, self-occupation, self-pity, especially where it is accompanied with sharp nerve-pain. But how did Jesus deal with fatigue? He did not urge Himself on to needless exertion, but when His disciples went away into the city to buy meat, He quietly took the opportunity to rest upon the well. Yet no sooner did something come before Him, which His Father permitted, than He accepted it at His hands, without question. There was a soul to be won.

A woman of Samaria came to draw water, and Jesus said to her, "Give Me to drink." It was a simple request from a tired stranger. The law of God was: "Love ye therefore the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt" (Deut. 10:19). But Jesus met with a rebuff—a heartless, unnecessary, unwomanly rebuff: "How is it that Thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" It was true that Jews had no dealings with Samaritans, but it was also true that kindness and sympathy for those in need always overstep national distinctions. The woman did not know to whom she was speaking. The world's Master and Creator was before her, who had said: "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 50:12). She did not know that He had more to give her than she could have to give Him; but He "said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God (John 3:16), and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee

LIVING WATER."

Oh, how the world faints for want of the living water—"the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive" (John 7:39)! How many prayers are dead, powerless prayers, for want of the Holy Ghost! how many Christians even lead lives which are a mere drag of wearying effort to keep right for want of the Holy Ghost to dwell

in them and reveal Jesus in them! Our blessed Lord knew that He alone could reveal to this sinful woman her own state and her deep need. The woman said: "Sir, Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." Oh, what a revelation was that to her, and to all who receive His truth—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." This was something of which she had no conception; but oh, how true this is of the Holy Ghost! Water finds its own level. When we yield ourselves up to the Holy Ghost to be taught the truth about ourselves and about Jesus, He comes in and puts a new and heavenly light upon everything; He makes it easy to us to see ourselves in the wrong and to acknowledge it; He makes us see how blessedly Jesus atones for and cleanses us from sin; He makes us understand that we have no power, but at the same time how Jesus, dwelling in us, when we have received Him, is the very "Power of God" within us to do His will. He shows us that we do not need to go and slake our thirst at some earthly source, but that Jesus Himself is God's everlasting life within us: "He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5:12).

HER MATERIALISM.

The Samaritan woman "saith unto Him, Sir, give me this water." It was in deep ignorance; her conceptions were all earthly; her only idea was "that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw" (R.V.). She wanted to be saved trouble and fatigue, and would thus make use of Jesus to serve her purpose. Oh, how many there are who would like the joy and peace of Christians while still clinging to their sins; they would like to have as much religion as would serve their purpose and minister to their own selfish life! How many would like to be healed by the Lord just to go on and live in their own way and dispose of themselves as much as ever! But Jesus came to give us happiness by taking away the sin which causes all our misery. He did not come to indulge us—as a foolish parent will minister to a child's selfishness by indulging all his senseless whims—but to separate us from sin and conform us to Himself, that we might bend to Him, not He to us, and that we might be made partakers of His very life, His very Spirit, and so be one with His interests.

"Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither." There was something—yes, much, in this woman's life which needed rectifying. Jesus could not and would not slur over sin; the evil must be brought to light, judged and put away, or no acquaintance with Him could be maintained. "The woman answered and said, I have no husband." Then the Searcher of all hearts replied: "Thou hast well said, I have no husband: for thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly." She was found out, and her sin was set before her face. Now was the moment of decision. When a sinner is brought face to face with his sin he must do one of two things: either justify, ignore, or excuse his sin, or else frankly acknowledge it. The woman said: "Sir, I perceive that Thou art a prophet." It was as much as to say: "Thou hast read my heart and life; it is all true."

Like many others when fairly awakened, she fell back on all the religion she had; it was nothing but a flimsy bit of controversy as to the place where God was to be worshipped. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." Jesus brought her back from this miserable bit of controversy to the Person of God: "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what" ("they feared the Lord, and served their own gods, . . . their graven images"—II Kings 17:33, 41); "we

know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Here was the need for the living water; here the inquirer was brought face to face with her own powerlessness. If what the Stranger had said was true, then all her past religion counted for nothing; she must begin again on a new foundation. In her self-despair she looked round for some rope to cling to; there was one, but it was in the future. "I know that Messiah cometh, which is called Christ: when He is come, He will tell us all things." It had been a doctrine, but now Christ's coming was a reality of which she felt the need. But her words were general, not personal—"He will tell us all things." "Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He," or, rather, "I am that speak unto thee." Jesus was personal. He did not deal in generalities; He was after that one soul.

The woman, though so sinful, was intelligent, and understood allusions to Scriptures. She could recognize that the great I AM who appeared to Moses in the burning bush stood now before her as

THE PROMISED MESSIAH,

and a revolution was produced in her whole soul. The hard, captious, controversial spirit of half an hour ago was gone, and she "left her water pot, and went her way," a well of living water, to say to the men of the city, her former partners in sin, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Her testimony was one to abase self but to honor Jesus. She did not say: "See what a change has come over me," but, "Come, see a man," "Come, and see Jesus." All she said of herself was to her own disadvantage. "He told me all things that ever I did." Her character was well enough known in the city for men to know that the revelations had not been flattering to her; yet, instead of hiding up the fact and making the best of it, she made use of this very thing as a proof of His Messiahship.

Beloved readers, if we would worship God in spirit and in truth, we too must be willing for Him to lay His finger upon anything and everything in our spirit and in our life which is not of Him. If we would be wells of living water springing up uninterruptedly to fertilize ourselves and others, we must be ever drinking the water which Christ gives us. It is a blessed thing to be brought to a definite point in receiving the Holy Ghost to take entire possession of us, and to rule our whole life and conduct. But this definite blessing does not make us independent of God, but always more and more dependent. Just as in breathing it must be moment by moment, so in receiving the Holy Ghost there needs to be a continuous drinking in, as well as flowing out. Jesus said: "As . . . I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." Eating and drinking—i. e., continuous reception, alone can make us and keep us wells of living water. But that same Jesus who gave the living water to the Samaritan woman gives still to all to ask Him. He is speaking to us every moment—this moment; and with Him it is but a moment's work to change a heart as fully as He changed this poor woman's.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles are contained in the number for April:

Addresses delivered at the Recent Prophetic Conference at Mildmay Park, London, on The Word of Prophecy: Its Place and Value; The Coming of Christ: the Hope of the Church; The Signs of the Times; The Coming of the Lord Personal not Spiritual; The Millennial Reign, etc., by Earl Cavan, Canon Stewart, J. Denham Smith, J. Herbert Tritton, Rev. Clarmont Skrine, Canon Fausset, Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson, G. H. Pember, Esq., M.A., Rev. F. A. C. Lillingston, Rev. J. Wilkinson, Rev. Dr. Anderson, etc.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price \$1.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 17.

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF ARCHBISHOPS TRENCH AND PLUNKET, AND PICTURES OF DUBLIN.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

EASTERTIDE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

A Missionary's Reminiscences—A Kiss that Saved Lives—Clergymen Avenged—A Successful Strike—Recovery from Cancer—A Raid on a Dairy.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS. By Rev. M. Baxter.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Labor Message—Senators Discussing Silver—The Car-Drivers' Strike in New York—Proposed Chinese Indemnity—The Irish Prospects—A Distressing Suicide—An Express Train Saved by a Farmer, etc.

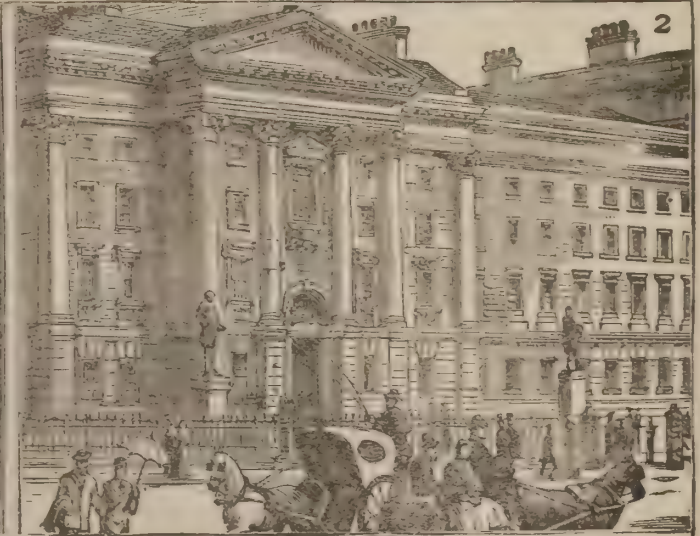
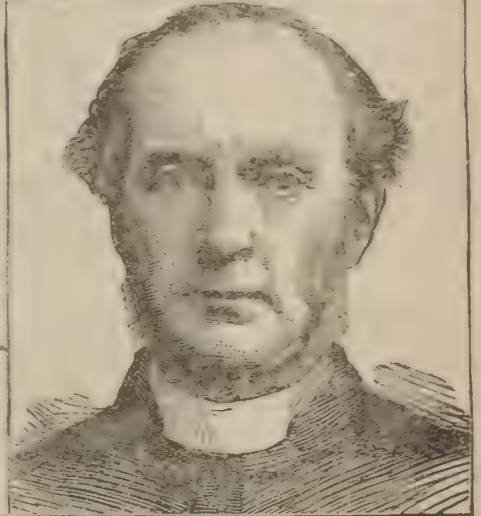
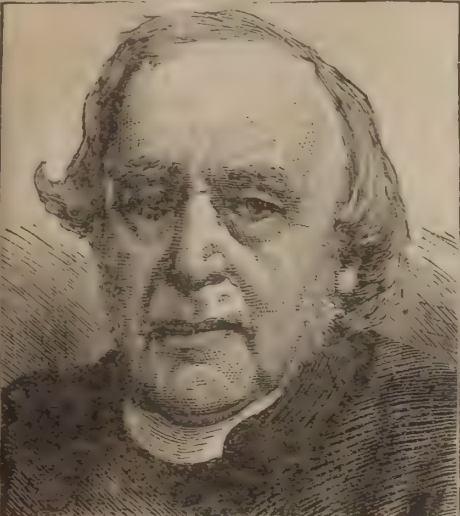
THE TWO APPEARINGS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon. Notices of New Books—Picture of a Sailor Evangelist.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MR. JOHN S. CREED, OF NEW YORK.

WALTER'S LEORD. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

Sowing and Reaping. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Dr. TRENCH and LORD PLUNKET, Archbishops of Dublin—No. 1. St. Patrick's Cathedral—2. Trinity College—3. The Custom House from the Liffey.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

A Famous Work—American Appreciation—Birth and Early Life—Friendship of Dr. Wilberforce—Appearance as a Poet—Becomes Dean of Westminster—Appointed Archbishop of Dublin—The Crisis of Disestablishment—Trench's Wisdom and Liberality—His Resignation and Death—Extracts from his Poems.

It was not in his character as an archbishop nor, indeed, in his clerical character at all that we in America knew the distinguished prelate who died on March 28th. Asked who was Trench, nine out of ten Americans would have answered, the author of "The Study of Words." Though essentially a school-book, that volume is one of the very few school-books which delight a man who is supposed to have finished his education. It is widely circulated in this country, and its charm and usefulness acknowledged by Americans, who are proud of the fact that the English language is spoken here with more purity even than in the mother-country. In this work "the pedigree of our vocabulary is so traced as to make the reader appreciate the delight of following the history of an ancient and romantic family, and a subject which, in the case of most writers, is dry, is enlivened with poetic feeling, anecdote, and a charming style." So it has happened, especially in this country, that the archbishop is forgotten in the philologist, just as in another case—that of Colenso—the bishop is overlooked in the arithmetician. Nevertheless, Dr. Trench was an eminent divine, and those who have made his acquaintance through his famous book will welcome further knowledge of his character.

Richard Chevenix Trench was born on September 9th, 1807; he was therefore in his seventy-ninth year when he died. He was the second son of Richard Trench, brother of the Irish nobleman, the first Lord Ashtown. His mother was the granddaughter and heiress of Richard Chevenix, Bishop of Waterford. Hence his first and second names. He married in 1832 his cousin, the Hon. Frances Mary Trench, the daughter of Lord Ashtown.

He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829. He was ordained in 1832, and became curate of Hadleigh, a small parish in the south-east of England. He was subsequently appointed incumbent of Curdridge, another rural parish. While there, a modest volume of poetry from his pen appeared and set the world of letters talking about young Trench. It was entitled "The Story of Justin Martyr, and Other Poems." A learned critic of the day spoke of it as a delightful little volume, and observed that while it breathed throughout an earnest spirit of religion, it also bore the indisputable impress of genius. It was succeeded in 1838 by "Sabbation, Honor Neale, and Other Poems," which gave the author rank "among the foremost of the young poets" of his day.

AN INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP.

Not long after the appearance of this book Mr. Trench formed an acquaintance which was destined to have an important influence on his future life. It was that of Samuel Wilberforce, afterward successively Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. The two men were naturally drawn to each other, and acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship so close that Mr. Trench resigned his living to become Dr. Wilberforce's curate. From this time forward the two men were intimately associated, and the archdeacon received from his curate much valuable literary and other aid. Writing to a friend about Mr. Trench, Dr. Wilberforce said: "He is delightful, and it always does me good to visit him. He is full of thought, patient and laborious in study, and of a highly refined mind; a zealous Churchman, and yet a man of deep and earnest personal piety. There are few with whom I value personal intercourse more highly."

Mr. Trench continued in the active discharge of his duties at Alverstoke until 1845, when Wilberforce was promoted to the Deanery of Westminster, and Trench was presented to the Rectory of Itchen Stoke. In 1845 and 1846 Dr.

Trench was Lecturer at Cambridge, and for a short time one of the select preachers. In 1841 he had published his "Notes on the Parables of our Lord," and shortly afterward appeared another volume of verse, entitled "Elegiac Poems." This was followed by "Poems from Eastern Sources," partly the result of personal travel in the East. Some of these poems are of much beauty, whose music lingers in the memory, and refuses to be forgotten. After this volume there came in rapid succession from Dr. Trench's pen "Genoveva, and Other Poems," "Five Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge in 1843," "Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount," "The Fitness of Holy Scripture for Unfolding the Spiritual Life of Men," being the Hulsean Lectures for 1845; "Christ the Desire of all Nations; or, The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom," being the Hulsean Lectures for 1846; "Sacred Poems for Mourners," "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," "Sacred Latin Poetry," and "The Star of the Wise Men," a commentary on the second chapter of St. Matthew.

When Dr. Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford he appointed his friend Trench his examining chaplain; and a short time later Dr. Trench became Theological Professor and Examiner at King's College, London. This appointment he continued to hold until he was preferred to the Deanery of Westminster, on the death of Dr. Buckland, in 1856. He held this appointment until 1863, when he was made Archbishop of Dublin.

A CRISIS.

Five years later Mr. Gladstone commenced the series of measures for the pacification of Ireland, the latest of which is now engaging the attention of the whole civilized world. The first of the series touched Archbishop Trench closely. It was the proposal to disestablish and disendow the Irish Protestant-Episcopal Church. As in duty bound by his position, Dr. Trench defended the Church from his place in the British House of Lords, but the measure was enacted, and then the archbishop devoted all his attention to the reconstruction and new adaptation of the Church to its altered circumstances. His far-sighted sagacity and his broad and liberal mind enabled him to steer the course of the Church wisely in that trying crisis. Nor did he give advice only. Many of the revenues of the Church, being much reduced by the new law, the archbishop gave \$5000 a year—nearly half his income—toward making up the deficiency. In that difficult time, as an eminent clergyman, who was present at the discussion, said afterward, his Grace was throughout animated by a noble sincerity of conviction, an honest directness of purpose, and by an uniform spirit of gentleness, graciousness, and courtesy.

In 1884 ill-health compelled Dr. Trench's retirement. He had ruled his diocese during twenty-one years, had guided it through the most severe crisis of its history, and seeing it in a peaceful and flourishing condition he resigned his high office, refusing even to accept the pension to which he was entitled. When his resignation was presented a member of the Synod said that during the period of his archbishopric Dr. Trench had so borne himself in his high office that he was about to leave them, carrying with him from one and all of them a sentiment of veneration, of honor, of esteem, and absolutely of love. After his resignation Dr. Trench resided in London, where he died on March 28th. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Dr. Livingstone, on April 2d.

Beside the works previously mentioned the late Dr. Trench was the author of several volumes of sermons, also of "Notes on the Parables and Miracles of our Lord," "Synonyms of the New Testament," "Commentary on the Epistles of the Seven Churches of Asia." His most famous work, "The Study of Words," was first published in 1851. Many of his shorter poems are very frequently quoted; they might be termed "household words in the household of faith." His

EXQUISITE SONNET ON "PRAYER"

is known already to two generations, who have been encouraged by its sweet words to pour out their hearts before God; and as long as the English language lasts it will continue to stimulate troubled souls to "pray and not to faint."

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make;
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear:
We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong:
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?"

Many other passages might be quoted as indications of the poetic genius, as well as the deep spirituality of the author. The following isolated couplets will perhaps show best the character of his work; they are taken almost at random from his

"CENTURY OF COUPLETS."

"Would'st thou go forth to bless, be sure of thine
own ground:
Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles
round."

"Before the eyes of men let duly shine thy light,
But ever let thy life's best part be out of sight."

"What thing thou lovest most, thou mak'st its nature
thine:

Earthly, if that be earth—if that be God, Divine."

"All nature has a voice, and this the sunflower's word:
I look unto the light; look thou unto the Lord."

"Mark how there still has run, enwoven from above,
Through thy life's darkest woof the golden thread
of love."

"What is our work when God a blessing would impart?
To bring the empty vessel of a needy heart."

"The tasks, the joys of earth, the same in heaven
will be;
Only the little brook has widened to a sea."

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET.

ON the resignation of Archbishop Trench in 1884, the Synod elected as his successor in the Arch-Episcopate of Dublin Lord William Conyngham Plunket, then Bishop of Meath. His portrait accompanies that of his eminent predecessor on the first page.

Baron Plunket is fifty-eight years old, having been born in 1828. He succeeded to the title upon the death of his father in 1871. He was for some time Treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a picture of which appears on our frontispiece, and for many years acted as chaplain to his uncle, the Bishop of Tuam. He was elected Bishop of Meath in October, 1876, in succession to the late Dr. Butler. In 1863 he married Anne Lee, only daughter of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, of Ashford, M.P. He is deeply interested in all social and philanthropic work, and is much beloved by all for his geniality of disposition and untiring generosity.

DUBLIN FROM THE LIFFEY

is the subject of the picture on the lower portion of the frontispiece.

Carlisle Bridge is the first from the sea over the great river of the city. On either side of the bridge are wide and very handsome streets, filled with lofty houses, and lined with splendid stores. Of the two thoroughfares direct from the bridge, Sackville Street, on the north side of the Liffey, is the grandest. There is, indeed, no wider, or in point of vista, no more beautiful street in Europe. It has sometimes been compared with Broadway of New York, but the exceeding width of the street rids the traveller of the ideas of crowding or of that overwhelming ponderous business activity he gets in other great cities. It is the grace of the place that is its charm.

On the right hand side of the view is a representation of the frontage of

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

It is a colossal and beautiful structure, having four fronts built of Irish granite and Portland stone, with handsome balustrades running along the summits. In the centre is a lofty dome, on the cone of which is a figure of Hope.

TRINITY COLLEGE

is also shown on our front page. It owes its origin to a former Archbishop of Dublin, Adam Loftus, who persuaded the citizens to utilize for a college the lands of the Priory of All Hallows, which Henry VIII. seized and turned over to them. They agreed, and in 1591 the king granted a charter for Trinity College. The college began its existence unostentatiously with Adam Loftus as Provost and three Fellows, James Fulerton, James Hamilton, and James Ussher, afterward one of the greatest ornaments of the Church in Ireland. In some years which followed it was so poor that examinations for scholarships could not be held; at other times all educational work had to be suspended on account of the tide of war flowing through the city. When James II. was assembling his forces in Dublin for his unfortunate campaign in the north, Trinity College became his arsenal, and was placed in a condition of defence. The chapel of that period became a magazine, and the library and chambers of the students were broken up and used as lodgings for the troops, or as cells for the confinement of prisoners. In 1798, and again in 1803, the building bristled with cannon, and soldiers occupied it. It is, indeed, the eventful character of her history, as well as the brilliant lustre of her more distinguished scholars which have made "Old Trinity" a title to be mentioned only with pride by Irishmen.

The three Fellows who sat round the old Provost to advise him in Elizabethan days have since developed into a Senate, which comprises seven Senior and twenty-six Junior Fellows, all of whom, unlike their colleagues at Oxford and Cambridge, are allowed to marry, and are permitted to hold their Fellowship till they die. They are thirty-one Professorships, including chairs for oratory, music, and the development of the Irish language, and all, save those for Divinity, are now open to candidates of every religious denomination.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

This cathedral (*Illustration No. 1 on first page*) owes its origin to John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, who, in 1190, is said to have selected the site because there was here in ancient days a well, and some say a church, which had been used by St. Patrick. The cathedral has had as eventful history. It has been used for the courts of law, and over and over again for a military barrack and a prison. The principal monuments in the cathedral are those to the memory of Swift and Stella; the great Earl of Cork; Curran, the orator; Charles Wolfe, Archbishop Whately, Lord Mayo, Governor General of India, and other distinguished men. In 1865 the edifice was completely restored at a cost of \$750,000, through the munificence of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the famous brewer.

Royal Nepotism is Causing Disaffection in England. The Prince of Battenberg, who recently married the Queen's youngest daughter, has been made a commandant in the British army over the heads of veteran officers. An effort is now being made to have the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen's second son, placed in command of the whole navy. This scheme is being denounced by the Radicals, and is disliked by the people, first because the Duke is personally unpopular, and secondly because it is regarded as preparatory to another scheme of a like kind. It is understood that the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, will shortly resign his office as commander-in-chief of the army, to make way for the promotion of the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son, to that position. The disaffection is said to be now more pronounced than it has been before in two centuries.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Child's Cry for Whiskey.—At a Recent Gospel Temperance meeting Dr. Robertson said: "Some little time ago I was called to attend a child whom I was told was seriously ill. I hastened to the spot and found the child and its mother suffering from sea-sickness. The mother had taken whiskey, thinking this would relieve her, and she thought what was good for her could not be bad for the baby, and gave it to her little daughter only four years of age. Immediately the child recovered, the baby lips opened and lisped out 'Whiskey.' Could such a mother, I ask, reproach that child if in after years it became a drunkard? which in all likelihood it would, when she with her hand put the poisonous liquid to its lips?"

Grannie's Prayer for a Young Man.—Mr. Calder said: "A young man who was addicted to strong drink had a tract put into his hand lately, which caused him much thought. Not being much of a scholar, he went to a devoted old Christian woman who lived alone with her little grandchild, and asked her help in reading this tract; but she, too, had not sufficient education, and could not help him; then the little child came to his assistance, and slowly read the tract for him. When she had done, he exclaimed: 'Oh, grannie, will you pray for them?' And there and then old woman, the young man, and the little child knelt in prayer, while the old aged Christian besought the Lord to save the young man who was earnestly seeking the way of life. That young man is now sitting at Jesus' feet, for He who is the hearer and answerer of prayer has said: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out.'"

A Soldier's Dying Song.—"He Sung that 'ere hymn till he died." Such was the testimony of the sentry of a barrack in Ireland with reference to a young soldier who was buried a short time ago. The hymn was Cowper's celebrated one, "There is a fountain filled with blood." The poor lad, for he was little more, was taken with a sudden illness, and was in deep gloom and anxiety until the visitor repeated the first verse of the hymn, which it appeared the soldier had been in the habit of singing after his conversion some years before. As he repeated:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away,"

peace and rest in the Saviour he had wandered from came back to him; and resting upon the finished work of Christ, he was able to sing even at the entrance into the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil, for the Saviour was with him to cheer him.

A Mighty Infatuation.—The Rev. Mr. Paton observed: "A young married woman became a communicant in my church. After joining, she did not come forward to the communion, and I thought this was very remarkable, for, to all outward appearance, she seemed a sincere Christian. Thinking that there must have been something on her conscience and a feeling of unfitness to join so solemn a company, I called. The door was opened by herself, and I saw that she had all the appearance of one under the influence of drink. I was greatly grieved to find her in this condition, and told her so. With repenting tears streaming down her face, she said she was sorry she had failed to keep her promise, but that the temptation of the drink had been too strong for her. We knelt in prayer. I asked the Lord to be her Helper. After rising from our knees, she earnestly made this promise—that she would not taste drink or cross the threshold for two days, until I should return. Now, this will show you the power of this fearful vice. Ten minutes after I had left her house, to my utter amazement this woman dashed past me and entered a saloon right before me. In the impulse of the moment I rushed in after her, but I was too late; she had swallowed a glass of whiskey. Addressing the bar-

tender, I said: 'You are not to give this woman any more drink; she is already mad with it.' 'If I do not give it her some one else will,' was the reply."

The Last Bible Reading.—In One of the Coal-mines of Durham a youth about fifteen years of age was working by the side of his father, who was a devoted Christian man, and governed and educated his family according to the Word of God. The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible, and the son, who had received one at the Sabbath school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever enjoying a season of rest from labor he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly-opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool, when the arch above suddenly fell between them, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran toward the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal. "My son," cried the father, "are you living?" "Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock." "Where is your lamp, my son?" "It is still burning, father." "What are you doing, my dear son?" "I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me." These were the last words of that Sabbath-school scholar before he was suffocated by the deadly gases.

Buying a Bride.—In Gwambia, Africa, is a small village, where Josepha, a native evangelist, labors for Christ. He is helped by a native Christian, Eliab, whose family consists of himself, wife, and four daughters. A Pagan presented himself as a suitor for Fazana, the second daughter, desiring to purchase her for so many head of cattle, according to rule. The father consented, and the lover soon brought three beasts on account. Josepha felt this was not quite in accordance with Christianity, yet he did not know how to meet the case. In his embarrassment he determined to wait until his brother Yakobo, who also was a native evangelist, arrived. It should be stated that the missionaries forbid Christians to sell their daughters. When Yakobo arrived, Josepha brought Eliab and stated the facts. Yakobo explained the practice among Christians, but did not feel himself competent to pronounce upon the present case. "However," he added, "when Christ made us free, He made our children free also." This convinced Eliab, and he declared he would not sell his daughter, and would return the cattle. But just as he came to this resolution the three beasts died. He, however, replaced them from his own stock, and though this was a severe loss, he remained faithful and put Christ before every other consideration.

Only a Boy's Kite-String Broken.—One of the associates of the late William C. Bryant, the poet editor, tells the following story: "One morning many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, Bryant turned to me, and remarked: 'I cannot get along at all this morning.' 'Why not?' I asked? 'Oh,' he replied, 'I have done wrong. When on my way here, a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite, but I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him.' This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the kindly, noble, honorable, and honored man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land. How many there are who have wronged others, and know that it is within their power to correct their wrongs and make them right, and yet neglect to do it. By and by will come a time when the opportunity which they have neglected will have gone. Happy are they who, before that day comes, right every wrong in the fear of God, and thus prepare to stand guiltless and accepted in the presence of the great King, 'who shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'"

EASTERTIDE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, April 25, 1886.

[THE Brooklyn Tabernacle was elaborately decorated, both in platform and galleries. Within the church a scene of rare beauty was presented, the platform being covered with flowers arranged in various devices and breathing forth a delicate aroma. The building was so crowded that the doors were held open by the pressure, and many persons were turned away, being unable to get farther than the iron gates on the street.]

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—I COR. 15: 20.

The Voices of the Flowers—The Risen Christ a Prophecy of our Own Resurrection—Death the Great Conqueror—The Doctrine of the Resurrection Surrounded with Mysteries—A Sound that Penetrates through the World—The Resurrection in Cemeteries—In Solitary Places—In the Sea—The Resurrection Body—I. A Glorious Body—All Physical Defects Removed—The Face Unveiled—II. An Immortal Body—Free from Disease and Pain—III. A Powerful Body—No more Weariness—A Shipwrecked Father and his Son.

ON this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you *Christian salutation*. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail! Easter morning.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!

All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Why, if a rainbow this morning had fallen and struck the galleries and struck the platform, the scene could not have been more radiant. Oh, how bright and how beautiful the flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and His religion, that brightens everything it touches, brightens our life, brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the Church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance pretending you are better than I am because of your

LUGUBRIOUSNESS,

you cannot cheat me. You old hypocrite! I know you. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be more than conqueror. It is not religion that makes you gloomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a wedding as in a burial, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear. Those gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lend money, for I never see them again! The women came to the Saviour's tomb and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb and they

hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we close with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting—waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

Six years ago the night before Easter, I received an Easter card on which there was a representation of that exquisite flower, the trumpet creeper, and under it the words: "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." There was especial reason why at that time I should have that card sent me, and I present the same consolation to-day to all in this house; and who has escaped?

My friends, this morning, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of

OUR OWN RESURRECTION,

my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen so His people will rise. He the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the Gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and, while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ the first-fruits of them that slept."

If I should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chalons, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is

THE CONQUEROR DEATH.

He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship ploughing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. *He is a monarch* as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first-fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many

MYSTERIES.

You come to me this morning, and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this, and how is that? and you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things *you believe* that you are not able to *explain*. You would be a very foolish man to say: "I won't believe anything I can't understand."

Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why,

putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference—why the oak-leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of His omnipotence on a rose-leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about every-day life you cannot answer.

A SURE PROMISE.

I find my strength in this passage: "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in Brooklyn; when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in Greenwood; in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable, men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on, and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

THE TRUMPET.

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection, that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption, surrender them now in incorruption. Hundreds of spirits hovering about the crags of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, *waiting for the reunion of body and soul*. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveller died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the Pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel, or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across the mountain and sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend

and Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and lift up their wet locks above the billow; and all the land and all the sea become *one moving mass of life*—all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, Christ 'the first-fruits of them that slept,' Christ rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all His people, can you tell us something about

THE RESURRECTED BODY?"

I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

I. In the first place, I remark in regard to your resurrected body: *it will be a glorious body*. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist, and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, and batter and bruise it here and there, and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years—the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations; but in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto, as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms.

REJUVENATED.

There you will see the perfect eye, after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand, after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic, after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body.

In this world, the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face; but that face is veiled with the griefs of a thousand years; but in the resurrection morn *that veil will be taken away* from the face, and the noon-day sun is dull and dim and stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day! O glorious, resurrected body!

II. But I remark also in regard to that body, which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be

AN IMMORTAL BODY.

These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blood-vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their prey under the teneament, or to push us off the embankment of the grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulence, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision; but health, immortal health! O ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning—O ye who are never well—O ye who are lacerated with physical distresses, let me tell you of the resurrected body, *free from all disease*. Immortal! Immortal!

III. I go further, and say in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be

A POWERFUL BODY.

We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run, or fly, or climb, or dodge because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours vigorously, and then we are weary; but in the resurrection we are to have a body that *never gets tired*. Is it not a glorious thought?

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year, at noonday, is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth His children. *Plenty to do, but no fatigue*. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

NO FATIGUE.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep, or take any recreation, or to rest, or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired.

It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that after a while, after the service of God, we are going to have a body that will never get weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at Thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That was a splendid resurrection hymn that was sung at my father's burial:

"So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade."

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers. While you tell of a risen Christ, tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

A SHIPWRECKED FATHER AND SON.

I heard of a father and son who, among others, were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold in the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state, and laid in a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness, and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy. Oh my friends! what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us? coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do His will; and let this brilliant scene of the morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. This august assemblage is nothing compared with it. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we,

after a while, to join the multitude. Blessed anticipation.

"Blest are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their wonders splendid and sublime."

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there."

WALTER'S RECORD.

(See Illustration on page 269.)

A SUCCESSFUL effort to inculcate a Gospel lesson on a boy is related by a Christian father. The boy was thoughtless and careless, but there were traits of character recognizable in his conduct which convinced the father that he might be impressed.

"Walter," he said one day, "you were a very naughty boy yesterday. I was sorry to have to punish you. Why do you behave so badly?"

"I don't know, papa; I guess I was not feeling good. I'm sorry. You've forgiven me now, though, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I want you to do better. I am going to keep a record of these naughty times of yours, so you can see how often they occur."

A few days later Walter saw a blackboard suspended high on the wall of his father's room with the record upon it, "Walter disobedient," and the date. He said nothing about it for some days, though he was evidently much depressed by the conspicuous record. His conduct was irreproachable, and an act of real kindness to a little sister won some praise from his father. That night Walter went into the room where his father sat reading to say good-night.

"Father," he said, pointing to the blackboard, "won't you rub that out now?"

"Why, Walter? It is true, is it not?"

"Yes, it is true, but I thought when you were pleased about Annie's ball that perhaps you would rub it off now."

"You don't like to see it there, eh, Walter?"

"No; and when I don't see it I seem to know it is there. I wish you would rub it out; please do, papa."

"You mean that confession and a good action entitle you to have the board cleared. Ah! Walter, you are making a mistake that has undone many much older than you. That record is a fact—quite true, you know. The only way I see is to hang up another board with an entry of the good act upon it."

"I would rather have that rubbed out, papa."

"And call the account square, eh? Yes, that is the common idea, but it is not reasonable."

"What else can I do, papa?"

"Nothing, my boy, and that is where the difficulty lies. Our sins go on the record, and though we might never sin but once in our lives, and, if that were possible, live perfectly ever after, we could not undo the evil. We should still need the mercy of God, and He has solemnly warned us that the soul that sins shall die."

"But God does forgive, doesn't He, papa?"

"Yes, but it cost His Son a life of sorrow and a dreadful death to wipe out the world's sin. He suffered and died in our place, and God was pleased to accept Him instead of us. That is what the Bible means when it says, 'His blood cleanses from all sin.'"

"Then God doesn't keep a record now, does He?"

"Oh, yes; there are some people who do not care, and others who are trying to get the record cleansed, as you thought to do, by good actions. It is a hopeless task, and beside it insults God, because it is just as if people thought they knew better than He how to put themselves right. Don't forget this, my boy, and ask God to forgive you for Jesus' sake. It is the only way. Now, I am going to take that board down, and we will put it away out of sight."

Walter went to his father and kissed him. "Thank you, papa," he said, "I'll not forget."

A PRAYER OVERHEARD.

A DUTCH pastor was one evening holding a Bible-meeting in a town where he was a stranger. While he was preaching the Gospel, and earnestly endeavoring to press home on the hearts of his hearers the truth of Christ crucified, a police officer thrust himself into the assembly, stopped the preacher, and commanded him to leave the town. The preacher could not help himself, and so obeyed. It was a very dark night, and being thus thrust out of the town, he wandered about, lonely, but not comfortless, for he stayed himself on that word of his Master, "Lo, I am with you always."

The good man had been long in the school of Christ, and had learned to watch for the least token of his Master's will, and to trust Him to guide his every footstep. While he was wandering on then in the dark, he suddenly perceived a light at some little distance. "There," thought he, "perhaps the Lord has prepared some shelter for me;" so, in child-like confidence, he went up to the light. As he drew near to the house in which the light shone, he heard a voice within, and became aware that it was some one praying. In joyful hope that he had found the home of a brother in the Lord, he stood still a moment, to hear what was the subject of such an earnest petition. And this was what he heard: "Oh, Lord Jesus, they have driven Thy servant out of the city, and now perhaps he is wandering about not knowing whither he goes; oh, let him find my house, that he may get shelter and refreshments here!" When the pastor heard these words he slipped quietly in at the door, and as his petitioner uttered his Amen, and looked up, behold! already his prayer was answered. Both of them now gladly fell on their knees, and praised the Lord.

A SUCCESSFUL STRIKE.

It is not often that a strike wins so prompt and complete a success as that achieved by a strike, in a small way, described in the *New York Times*, which occurred recently. The capitalist mentioned must have deeply regretted his conduct. There are many others who are similarly tyrannical who forget the warning of the apostle, "Behold, the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out: and the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth" (James 5:4):

A Boston man moved down to New York not long ago to extend his business and get richer. He has done well and piled up a good many dollars, but success has not wiped the avarice out of him. He employs a dozen errand boys at his place of business, and plate-glass is in his windows. One of his boys and one of his window-panes came into collision by an accident a few days ago, and the glass went to smash. This was on Saturday, just before the hour for "paying off." The Boston man summoned the offending lad before him, and told him that the pane of glass he had broken cost \$3, and as that was the amount of his week's wages the damage would be collected forthwith by appropriating all of his salary.

The little fellow was in tears. He had no father, he explained, and his widowed mother was depending on the \$3 to pay some bills which had to be met. She worked all the time at washing and ironing, but without the help of her son's small wages she would find it impossible to escape distress. The boy, though, did not ask to have the damage he had done overlooked; all he asked was to have the chance to pay the bill in instalments. The lad had been working for this man for some months; he had always been faithful; this was the first fault that he had ever been found guilty of. But the gentleman from Boston would not listen to the little fellow's request, and sent him in tears from the private office.

Just then a customer came in—a man whose name is well known in this town. The lad was in the centre of a group of his comrades, and the proprietor was looking out of his private office

door to note the effects of his "discipline." "I'll tell you, boys, I'll give Johnny a quarter out of my wages," said one of the boys. "And so'll I," chorused two or three others. The customer dropped over to the group. Johnny wasn't willing to tell what the trouble was—evidently fearing discharge. But one manly little fellow in the crowd was freer in his confidences. He went right to the point, and the words that the customer heard—and the words that the listening proprietor heard—were very easy to understand.

"Keep your quarters for yourselves, boys," said the customer. "I'll pay Johnny his wages. And now I want you all to do just as I tell you." He led them to the private office, and they faced the proprietor. "We are going to strike," said the customer then; "we—these boys and myself—are going to strike unless you advance their wages a dollar a week."

There was a little bluster, but the customer was a merchant whose firm commands millions, and it did not take long for his plain words to make terms. The boys had to be given the dollar, or else a vast deal of patronage would have been lost—the patronage of this customer's big firm and of every firm that he could influence. Dictation was submitted to. The boys were triumphant.

A KISS THAT SAVED LIVES.

WHEN Dr. Cocker, subsequently of Michigan University, returned from the South Sea Islands, and described his narrow escape from the cannibals, his experience instead of deterring others from going there, actually stimulated Christians to undertake the work. Moved by love, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, a clergyman and his wife decided to go out as missionaries to that very island. Embarking on a merchant-vessel, they succeeded in inducing the captain to put them ashore when none of the inhabitants were visible. What followed is thus described in the current number of the *Spirit of Missions*.

Seating themselves on a box that contained all their earthly possessions, the devoted Christian family watched the ship spread its white wings and disappear below the horizon. When the savages, accompanied by their chief and his daughter, came on the scene, they felt the limbs of the missionary, and evidently thought that in him was material for a good dinner. The daughter ran her fingers through the long, silky hair of the lady, who, impelled by Christian love, drew the girl to her and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. That natural act won the heart of the daughter. For three days the debate on eating the unexpected guests went on, and at last was decided in the negative by the pleading eloquence of the chief's favorite child.

The missionaries lived long enough to see the people of that island converted to Christ, and sending out missionaries to other islands still in heathen darkness. Thus that little act of love was the means, through God, of saving many precious souls.

A RAID ON A DAIRY.

THE history of a triumphant struggle with the rum habit was recently told to a reporter of the *Sun* by a citizen of Angelica, N. Y., who ten years ago was a confirmed soaker; who, though he never went "on a tear," had not been absolutely sober for years. One day, however, a halt was called, and this is the way he tells of it:

"I was on my way to the barn when I saw a small snake in my path. I kicked it with my boot and it turned to a bit of crooked twig which I snapped in my hand and threw away. I thought nothing more of the matter until I reached the barn, when, directly before me, a second snake twisted across the boards. With a quick spring I seized it and it proved to be a whiplash. A sudden horrible fear made me faint and weak. I sat down on the lower rung of the ladder leading to the loft and wiped the cold sweat from my forehead.

"Snakes!" I exclaimed, 'that means business.' Time is called, Jim,' I said; 'whiskey

and you part company to-day;' and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

"There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't held water, and I thought I'd go it alone for awhile. I got up in the morning after a terrible night, with the thirst of a chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, slipped a straw into the edge of a cream-covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tackled another and another, until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?"

"I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

"The road from my house to my shop lay by the groggery. When I left my gate in the morning I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk, or even take to the sidewalk for months. The cure was slow. I keep all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but you can bet that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me."

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed.

"Jim, dear," she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine—'Jim, dear, I knew it all the time.'"

THE CLERGYMEN AVENGED.

AN amusing incident related in the *Youth's Companion* shows how practical jokers sometimes reap the fruit of their silly tricks. There are many people who annoy others for pure fun, and some who deliberately plot against their enemies in malice, who would do well to remember the words of the wise King: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein; and he that rolleth a stone it will return upon him" (Prov. 26:27):

As Colonel Stuart was about to be married, a party of bachelor friends gave him a dinner in Aberdeen as a send-off. The young soldier appeared in his wedding suit, and had a merry evening. There were a number of clergymen belonging to the Presbytery of Aberdeen assembled in session in the room below that in which the dinner was held, and the young men, being hilarious, thought it would be good fun to play "the Cayenne Pepper trick" upon them. It was done with effect. Colonel Stuart may tell the rest of the story:

"After the dinner I left Aberdeen and went to England to be married. My father-in-law was so well known in the town in which he lived that the roads to the church were crowded on the day of the ceremony, and the church itself was crammed.

"I took my place with my intended bride by the altar, and the ceremony proceeded. The clergyman had got about half through, when, having occasion to use my pocket-handkerchief, I put my hand into my pocket, pulled it out, and applied it to my nose. You can judge what my sensations were when I felt my eyes full of cayenne pepper, the irritation of which was almost intolerable!

"On the night of the dinner at Aberdeen I had placed the paper of cayenne, with which we had committed the atrocities on the reverend gentlemen, into the pocket of my dress-coat, and had thought no more about it. On the morning of my marriage I put a clean silk handkerchief in that pocket, not remembering what I had placed there before. The cayenne had got loose from the paper, and, consequently, when I applied the handkerchief to my nose the miserable stuff

flew into my eyes, and for a few moments caused most excruciating torments.

"Water ran down my cheeks in streams, and I dared not apply the handkerchief again, for fear of getting another dose. Meantime, the whole audience was staring at me, and I heard whispers:

"Poor young man, how affected he is!" and other sympathetic remarks to the same effect.

"I thought the ceremony would never be over, and when it was finished the clergyman who married me came up, and, shaking my hand, said:

"My young friend, I am sorry to see you so affected on this joyous occasion."

"Forgetting everything except my agony, I replied: 'Affected? not a bit! it's the cayenne pepper that I had in my pocket!'

"I may as well add that I suffered for two or three days in a way I cannot describe, leaving some bitter recollections connected with the happiest day of my life, and as a punishment, I suppose, for our trick upon the unoffending clergymen."

RECOVERY FROM CANCER.

In *Thy Healer* of April 15th is the following simple direct testimony given by a lady at Bethshan, London:

Mrs. Jameson said: "I desire to praise God. About six months ago I underwent an operation for cancer in the breast. I was very ill in hospital for some months, and for some weeks I had my right arm bound to my side. I have known Christ from my childhood, but I have never had much time to study the Scriptures. I was much struck in reading that Christ healed every one who came to Him. I was going on very well until I had a very serious relapse, and no one thought I should get over it. A friend came to see me, and brought me a book containing an address of Mr. Boardman's, where he speaks of Christ touching us, and our touching Christ, and what virtue there is in Him. I read, and prayed God I might touch Him, and then I thought, 'If Christ would touch me, that would be better,' and I prayed that He would touch me. From His Word I learned that when I ask I must receive, and I received Christ's touch. He touched me, and from that day I began to get better. I remember, the next morning, the doctor saying: 'Well, this wound is very much better.' So it went on, from day to day, better and better, for a month, until I left the hospital. I thought, when I realized the touch of Jesus, 'I must go to Bethshan to bear testimony.' Satan said: 'You are a coward, you will not do that.' Christ has continued to heal, and is still making me stronger, day by day. I desire to praise His holy name."

A MISSIONARY'S REMINISCENCES.

THE report of an enthusiastic jubilee service, in Natal, is published in this month's *Missionary Herald*. It was to commemorate the landing in 1835 of the Rev. Aldin Grout, the Rev. George Champion, and Newton Adams, M.D., who then constituted the Maritime Mission to Southern Africa. The following reminiscences of his early experience, as a missionary to the Zulus, were related by the first-named missionary, Rev. Aldin Grout:

"We made the journey to see Dingaan, the chief of the Zulus, who lived some hundred and fifty miles from our place of landing. We found Dingaan, the chief, living in a hut made of sticks and grass, like the huts of his people, only it was larger and constructed in the most expensive way the Zulus knew of, being some twenty feet in diameter, with the top supported by some twenty posts, all of which were covered with strings of different colored beads, put on in stripes. We found the chief sitting outside of his hut, in an arm-chair carved out of a solid block of wood, with a spear in his hand. The chair was an imitation of those made by civilized people. Dingaan invited us into his hut, and at once asked if we had ever seen so large and nice a house. The hut was built on an inclined

piece of ground, and on the lower side of it was an opening just large enough for one to crawl into on all fours. The floor was made of hard earth pounded down and rubbed with cobblestones till it had a polish like glass. In order to keep it in that state, the custom was for all to move on their knees; but the chief, in order to show us it was the biggest house we had ever seen, called on us to stand on our feet and see if we could touch the roof with our hands. We were at once questioned as to the greatness of our king, and how he would compare with him, and how many people our nation was composed of. He told us that if his warriors should all be collected, they would cover the country as far as we could see.

"Dingaan did not want missionaries; Umpande, his successor, did not want missionaries; Cetywayo, Umpande's successor, did not want missionaries; but we hear recently that Udinizulu, son and successor of Cetywayo, in the Zulu country, has sent to the Natal Colony, requesting that missionaries may be sent to him. It has taken four generations of chiefs to secure the toleration of Christianity in Zululand. During these years the stations of the American Board's Zulu Mission have all been within the Natal Colony, where natives are perfectly free, but have the protection of the English Government.

I settled twice, and in the first instance I was driven out by Dingaan, my goods were all stolen or destroyed, and my house burned down. Then, under Umpande, an army was sent to my station in the night, several of the natives who had been friendly to me were killed, and my wife and I barely got out of the country with our lives.

"That kind of trouble continued for ten years, and seemed so disheartening that our committee recalled us, and I came as far as Cape Town on my way home, when Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor of the Cape Colony, picked me up, made me 'missionary to her Majesty Queen Victoria,' and sent me back to Natal. This saved the mission."

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 247.)

EVENTS THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE.

Third Event: Proclamation of the Midnight Cry—Revived Interest in the Prophetic Scriptures—The Final Travail of the Sun-Clothed Woman—Fourth Event: The Seven Year Covenant—The Setting up of the Image—Fifth Event: Revival of Levitical Sacrifices—The Time Marked by the Cleansing of the Sanctuary.

THIRD EVENT.

A GREAT stir, excitement, and inquiry into these prophecies will agitate Christian people's minds when they behold the startling phenomenon of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy and the wars just preceding it, and still more when the Napoleonic star rises in the East, and he becomes King of Syria, and makes a covenant with the Jews. The midnight cry: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him," will be so loudly proclaimed by the extensive preaching of Second Advent truth, that all the Virgins or Christians are predicted to arise and awake from their present darkness, coldness, and slumber in relation to Christ's Second Coming; and a very great revival of religion will ensue (Matt. 25: 5-9). This will commence about three years before the covenant, and last until two years after it. This mighty religious movement is also prefigured by the final travail of the sun-clothed woman, the Christian Church, in Rev. 12: 2, just before the birth and translation of her manchild (the company of watchful Christians) to God and His throne at Christ's Second Advent.

FOURTH EVENT.

The making of a seven years' covenant between many of the Jews and the before-mentioned Napoleonic sovereign (probably to pro-

mote their restoration and guarantee them civil and religious liberty in Judea) is most distinctly foretold in the concluding verse of the ninth chapter of Daniel, to take place about seven years before the Consummation or End of this dispensation; and in the midst of these seven years, he is predicted to break the covenant by causing the daily sacrifice and oblation to cease which the Jews will have restored in their re-established temple—and then, during the three and a half years, the abomination of desolation, his idol image, will be set up in the temple, even until the consummation, when the determined retribution shall be poured upon the imperial desolator. The exact translation of this last verse of Dan. 9 is:

"And he (namely the prince that shall come of the Roman people, referred to in the previous verse) shall confirm a covenant with many (of the Jews) for one week (a week of years, that is seven years), and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate even unto the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolator."

Thus it will be impossible for us to avoid knowing when we have arrived within about seven years of the end of this dispensation and the beginning of the millennium, because that point of time will be so clearly marked by the Napoleonic Judaic covenant.

The convention of a Jewish Sanhedrim was once effected (in March, 1807) by the first Napoleon, who granted them important rights and privileges, which evoked their utmost gratitude and praise, and caused some of them to regard him almost as their Messiah. Another similar convention may precede the anticipated Seven Years' Covenant.

FIFTH EVENT.

The recommencement of the Jewish daily sacrifices in Jerusalem, about 250 days or eight months and ten days after the date of the covenant, because at the distance of 2300 literal days (that is, six years, four months, and twenty days) before the cleansing of the sanctuary, is predicted in Dan. 8, verse 11 to 14 (which is seven years and thirty days after the covenant).*

"And by him (the Little Horn) the daily sacrifice was taken away, and the place of the sanctuary was cast down. . . . And another said unto that certain saint which spake, How long shall be the vision concerning the daily sacrifice, and the transgression of desolation, to give both the sanctuary and the host to be trodden under foot? And he said unto me, Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed" (Dan. 8: 11, 14).

Now, as the cleansing of the Jewish sanctuary from the abomination of desolation is at the end of the 1290 days—i.e., thirty days after the end of the seven years of the above-mentioned covenant week, it results that the Jewish sacrifices, commencing 2300 days before the cleansing of the sanctuary, will begin about eight months and ten days after those seven years begin, because eight months and ten days added to six years, four months, and twenty days, are equal to seven years and thirty days.

(To be continued.)

* Although in general terms the seven years' covenant will be made about seven years before the Consummation or End, yet, strictly speaking, it will be made just seven years and two and a half months before the end; because in the last chapter of Daniel an additional 75 days is mentioned—being the excess or prolongation of the 1335 days beyond the 1260 days or three and a half times—Dan. 12: 7, 11, 12. The three and a half times is the latter three and a half years of the seven years of the covenant week, and is the period of Antichrist's persecuting power and world-wide dominion and the additional 75 days are the interval for the destruction of Antichrist's power. All the three periods of the 1260, 1290, and 1335 days in Dan. 12: 7-12 begin on the same day, in the midst of the week of seven years; and the two latter are slight prolongations of the first. His image, the abomination of desolation, stands in the place of the daily sacrifice in the sanctuary during the 1290 days, and is then cast down and removed, and the sanctuary cleansed—thus leaving 45 days more to elapse until the end of the 1335 days, when full blessedness is brought in by Christ's descent and Antichrist's destruction. Both the 2300 days and the 1290 days end with the cleansing of the sanctuary (Dan. 12: 11). The 2300 days are mentioned in Dan. 8: 13, 14, as the whole period of the vision concerning the renewed sacrifices and the subsequent desolation and the ultimate cleansing of the sanctuary.

* Republished, with notes, from articles issued in 1873.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senate is now Taking up the Silver question on which the House has practically decided not to legislate. It has two bills before it, of which one is by Senator Sherman. It directs the Government to purchase from two to four million ounces of silver per month, paying for it in silver certificates, which it must redeem in gold coin when required. The second is by Senator Allison. It proposes that "hereafter any holder of silver coins of full legal-tender value may, at his option, present them, in sums of \$50, or any multiple thereof, at the Treasury, or at the Sub-Treasury in the city of New York, and receive therefor in exchange a like amount of gold coin or United States notes," and gold coin may be exchanged "in like manner." The two bills are similar in principle, though the latter is the more simple and direct method. Either of them would assist in bringing the question to a crisis as the stock of gold at the disposal of the Treasury would in a short time be exhausted. But it is quite right that if the value of silver is depreciated, the loss should fall on the Government and not on individual holders.

The President's Message to Congress on the subject of strikes, which was sent to that body on Thursday last, distinctly marks his attitude with reference to the proposed Board of Arbitration. After calling attention to the urgent need for some effort being made to remedy the existing troubles, and referring to the constitutional difficulties involved in legislating on the subject, he said: "I am satisfied, however, that something may be done under Federal authority to prevent the disturbances which so often arise from disputes between employers and the employed, and which at times seriously threaten the business interests of the country, and in my opinion the proper theory upon which to proceed is that of voluntary arbitration as the means of settling these difficulties. But I suggest that instead of arbitrators chosen in the heat of conflicting claims, and after each dispute shall arise, there be created a Commission of Labor, consisting of three members, who shall be regular officers of the Government, charged among other duties with the consideration and settlement, when possible, of all controversies between labor and capital. . . . If such a commission were fairly organized the risk of a loss of popular support and sympathy resulting from a refusal to submit to so peaceful an instrumentality would constrain both parties to such disputes to invoke its interference and abide by its decisions. There would also be good reason to hope that the very existence of such an agency would invite application to it for advice and counsel, frequently resulting in the avoidance of contention and misunderstanding. . . . Power should also be distinctly conferred upon this

bureau to investigate the causes of all disputes as they occur, whether submitted for arbitration or not, so that information may always be at hand to aid legislation on the subject when necessary and desirable." If Congress can spare time from its exhausting labor of deciding whether this or that man shall have the Post-Office, to which he has been nominated, it will take this important suggestion into consideration.

A Proposal to Indemnify the Chinese Sufferers by the Rock Springs riots in September last, made its appearance in the Senate on Thursday. It was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations. It authorizes the President to designate three officers of the United States to investigate and take the testimony of witnesses. They are required to report the estimate of the damages sustained by each person and the testimony to the Secretary of State within six months, which time may be extended six months by the order of the President, and the same shall be examined by the Secretary of State, and thereupon the President shall award to each person injured the sum that he shall consider to be just. The aggregate amount so awarded by the President, not exceeding \$150,000, shall be paid by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Chinese Minister.

The Rumors of the President's Approaching marriage which have been current for some time, received confirmation last week from several quarters apparently reliable. The authorities quoted for the news are the Rev. William Cleveland, the President's brother, and Colonel J. B. Folsom, the lady's grandfather. Miss Frances Folsom, the lady in question, is twenty-two years old, having been born in 1864. She is the daughter of the late Oscar Folsom, who was killed in 1875, by being thrown from a buggy, in a runaway accident on Grand Island. Miss Folsom is reported to possess considerable personal attractions. She was educated at the Central High School in Buffalo, after which she took a four years' course at Wells College, at Aurora, and graduated last year.

Ex-President Arthur's Serious Illness was the subject of public comment last week. In deference to the wishes of his family it had not been reported before, though he has been in imminent danger of death for some time past. His vigorous constitution and his indomitable will helped him to pass several crises safely, but it is noticed now that his physical strength is rapidly declining, and his disease is making correspondingly rapid progress. General Arthur is suffering from Bright's disease. The alarming feature of his case is that the disease is now complicated by the heart and stomach troubles, which generally accompany Bright's disease when it is approaching a fatal termination.

A Strike of Car-Drivers and Conductors on the Third Avenue Surface Railroad of New York kept the city in agitation all last week. On Monday, owing to a suspicion that other railroads were assisting the Third Avenue Company, the car-drivers and conductors—to the number of nine thousand—were ordered off several lines, and no surface-cars were running except on the west side of the city. But the following day the companies having given a promise not to assist the Third Avenue, traffic was resumed on all the other lines. The Third Avenue Company attempted to run a few cars with new men and a few old ones who did not join in the strike. At the close of the week the company and their employés were still unable to agree upon terms, though several conferences had been held, and a Railroad Commission from Albany had endeavored to mediate. A very bitter feeling prevailed on both sides, and several riotous demonstrations were made. It became necessary to place a policeman armed with a formidable night club, on each platform of every car and to have the avenue patrolled by the police. On Saturday another attempt to mediate was made by the Rev. James J. Dougherty in whose parish many of the strikers live. The attempt was not successful, but the

clergyman promises to renew it this week. He deserves our hearty good wishes, but his prospects at present are not hopeful. Neither the employers nor the employés act on the principle of the Golden Rule in our day. Men are not paid according to the money they earn for their employers, nor according to their necessities, but at the lowest rate at which competition compels them to work. The principle that men have a right to buy in the cheapest market, which, when applied to labor is an inhuman principle, has taken a firm hold of the minds of many employers, and strikes are simply an effort to "corner" the market. The men have learned it from the capitalists. Each party has taken advantage of the necessities of the other, and as the company is compelled by law to run its cars whether there is a strike or not, the men by striking are trying to force the company to yield to save its charter, just as the company forced the men to work sixteen hours a day rather than starve. Until Christian principles govern the world's business this antagonism will continue and grow worse.

The Attempt to Coerce Greece is Attended with difficulties. France positively refuses to take part in it, and Russia shows extreme reluctance. There is general astonishment that Mr. Gladstone's government should be taking the lead in the movement, as his sympathy with Greek aspirations has not been concealed. The explanation is that an attack by Greece on Turkey would probably precipitate a general European war. The fact is so well understood that even France gives to Greece the friendly advice to disarm. The collective note of the European Powers demanding her immediate disarmament was to be presented on Monday last. If that note is disregarded a naval demonstration is expected to be made in Greek waters.

The Oregon Inquiry has Terminated in a verdict in favor of the Cunard Company. The court, however, appeared to think that the officers of the steamer were not wholly blameless. In speaking of the conduct of the chief officer who was in command when the vessel was wrecked, the court said: "It seemed to the court that some blame must under the circumstances attach to the chief officer, and in our opinion, in the absence of the second officer, it was more necessary for the chief officer to be vigilant, but he had given his evidence in an admirable way, and we could not deprive a gentleman of his character of his certificate." It is thought that these remarks will be made a basis for a suit by the passengers to recover damages.

The Question of Home Rule for Ireland was last week vigorously discussed throughout Great Britain. Members of Parliament, during the recess, had an opportunity of meeting the men who elected them. It was observed that while in London, public opinion is decisively against Mr. Gladstone's scheme, the country towns approve it. There is a still larger class, especially in the large cities, who express no opinion on the bill, but believe in Mr. Gladstone, and wish their representatives to vote for any great measure he proposes. It was a significant hint that Birmingham gave to Mr. Chamberlain in passing a vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone. A still more significant circumstance is that an expression dropped in Parliament by Mr. Healy is attracting the attention it deserves from the people, though it passed comparatively unnoticed in the House. He said: "You cannot have federation until you have got the Legislatures to federate with." A few enlightened men are now talking of Legislatures sitting in Birmingham, Edinburgh, Carnarvon, and Dublin, dealing respectively with English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish affairs, with a grand national Council at Westminster, in which those countries, with Canada and Australia, would all be represented. There is not the least doubt that such a system would be the true solution of the constitutional problem, and would firmly bind the British Empire together in loyal union. It would, however, Americanize British institutions, a calamity which John Bull dreads.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey Held Services recently at the University of Virginia. Six services were held in two days, and large crowds were attracted. A correspondent of the *Observer* states that the singing had a wonderful effect on the audience and was much blessed. Mr. Moody's first sermon dealt with that class of persons who would reject some parts of the Bible and accept others; and he held strenuously to the doctrine that all of the Bible is to be believed, whether it can be understood or not. His last sermon answered the excuses popularly made for not accepting and embracing religion.

A Town in Need of Prayer was Mentioned at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting last week. The secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association in an Illinois town writes: "We request an interest in your prayers for our city, because here for near a half century infidelity and intemperance have reigned in every part of our organic being: judges, lawyers, physicians, councilmen, school-directors, school-teachers, etc., from the highest to the lowest stratum. Our town is thoroughly saturated, and our four Protestant churches are poor, and are not gaining ground. Pray mightily that the dear Lord of the harvest may send us a great shower of blessing."

The Camp-Meeting at Mountain Lake Park, Md., will be held this year on July 10th, and close on July 19th. We give this early intimation because we believe large numbers of our readers hope to attend it, and will like to make arrangements beforehand. The blessing which was experienced last year will cause every one who was there to go this year if possible. There was such an outpouring of the Spirit's influence as will never be forgotten, and it had its after effect very noticeable on life and work. The meetings will be conducted by Revs. Dugan Clark, M.D., and David B. Updegraff, and other ministers are expected to take part. A neat little pamphlet of fifty pages, giving full particulars of the coming meetings and some account of the services last year, has been prepared by Rev. John Thompson, 2002 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia. It may be obtained from him free on application, by inclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham are Following Messrs. Moody and Sankey in the work at Norfolk, Va. They assisted in the mammoth services conducted by the renowned evangelists which closed on April 18th, and have now, at the special invitation of the pastors of the city, consented to remain for a time and continue the work. Two services are held each day, and some remarkable conversions have taken place. At one of the meetings there was a pathetic scene when a gentleman came forward to confess Christ in public. It appeared that he had a Christian wife who had been for many years praying for his conversion. She did not know that her prayers were answered until he rose in the meeting and in an agitated voice declared himself a believer. The lady was overcome, and running up the aisle to where he stood flung her arms around his neck, exclaiming: "Oh, my dear, dear husband!" The whole audience was moved to tears by the scene.

The Florence Night Mission in New York, the valuable character of which has frequently been mentioned in these columns, celebrated its third anniversary on April 18th. The cost of the work for the year was \$4167. The receipts were less than \$800, but the mission is not to be burdened by a debt. Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the philanthropic treasurer, wrote his cheque for the deficiency. The noble, self-sacrificing superintendent, Mr. H. B. Gibbud, who may be seen at all hours of the night laboring in the most degraded localities for the recovery of the lost, explained the methods of work. Its primary object, he said, was to reclaim fallen women, but it includes gamblers, libertines, keepers of disreputable houses, and the like. Women are sought on the street and in the dance-houses, their acquaintance is made, and they are then persuaded to leave their evil ways and lead respectable lives. Three hundred and

thirty-three women were admitted to the home during the year, of whom 127 were sent to other homes, 107 were supplied with situations, 29 were sent to hospitals, and 37 were returned to friends. The number of conversions was 108.

A Will Signed by a Dead Man was Offered for probate in the Surrogate's Court, of Brooklyn, last week. It was presented by the executor, who was a brother of the deceased, and the surrogate asked him, in the course of his formal examination, if his brother had, after signing the will, declared it to be his last will and testament. The surrogate was astonished when the man said: "No, he was dead when he signed it." "That was impossible," said the surrogate. "But I know he was dead. You see, the pen was put between his fingers and a friend moved his hand and did not stop until the whole name was written, when it was found that my brother was dead." Under the circumstances the surrogate declined to admit the will to probate until inquiries had been made, and it is probable that the document will be set aside and the estate administered according to the law for the estate of persons dying intestate. It is sad to know that there are many who cling to the hope that a more important matter still may be arranged after death, and therefore defer attending to it until too late. It is to the living only that God's mercy is offered in His Word (Eccles. 11: 3).

A Distressing Suicide which Took Place in Milwaukee, Wis., last week, deserves mention as a warning to young men who are tempted to enter upon a dissolute career. It appears that some years ago a young man entered the service of a Chicago firm, and by his energy and diligence gained the confidence of his employers. They paid him a salary of nine thousand dollars a year. He married an amiable and refined lady, and the union was blessed with several children whom he loved dearly. In the course of business last year the young man met a fascinating lady of immoral character. He became deeply infatuated, and lavished large sums of money upon her. The week before last he spent a thousand dollars in presents for her. He still continued to reside with his family, but made frequent trips to Milwaukee, where his new acquaintance resided, but succeeded in keeping secret his double life. Remorse, however, was making him miserable, but the chains of his sin had grown too strong to be broken. On April 21st, while on one of his immoral visits to Milwaukee, he sat down and wrote to his wife, making a full confession, and then shot himself. The tenor of his letter showed that he had succumbed to temptation until, though he loathed himself for his depravity, he had not the moral strength to sever his shameful connection. His mental suffering and tragic death are a solemn warning to all who are playing with temptation (Prov. 5: 7-13).

School-Boys on Strike Disturbed a District of Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. On Saturday, April 10th, a meeting of the pupils of Public School No. 34 was held in a candy-store, to take into consideration certain grievances. At the meeting it was decided that there ought to be a half-hour's recess every day, and a half holiday on Friday, and a strike was ordered to commence on Monday, and to continue until the demand was granted. The principal and teachers have always advised the pupils to read the newspapers, and it would appear that the advice has been taken. The strike was conducted on the approved principles. The strikers assembled near the school-gates and closed them after the janitor had opened them. They jammed wooden wedges into the spring lock to prevent the gates being reopened. Non-strikers were met on their way to school and warned not to present themselves under threat of "having to have it"—"it" being personal and condign punishment. There were about a hundred of the strikers and intimidated boys absent. They were congregated in a vacant lot near at hand giving addresses, distributing candy, and generally keeping up each other's courage. The strike collapsed in

an untimely manner owing to the action of the principal of the school, who appealed to the parents of the boys. Home coercion being applied individually, the collective courage of the strikers weakened, and all joined their classes next day. The incident is amusing, but it suggests a serious lesson. No man's actions end with himself; his example for good or ill is having its influence on others, and he is exercising a power on the future of the world (Rom. 14: 7, 19).

A Sufficient Reason for Declining a Ride was given recently by a boy in Connecticut. A gentleman was driving on the Waterbury road when he saw a boy lagging along slowly in the same direction. Being a kind-hearted man, he stopped and invited the boy to get up and ride with him. To his surprise the youngster declined, and as he thought the refusal might be due to modesty or shyness, he pressed the lad and insisted on knowing the reason. Then the boy confessed that he knew he should get a whipping when he arrived at home, and consequently he was "in no hurry." The same consciousness accounts for the contrast between the serenity of the Christian and the terror of the wicked man when both see, in the decline of their bodily powers, that they are nearing the end of their earthly journey (Ps. 37: 37, 38).

An Express Train on the New York and New England Railroad was saved from wreck recently by the energy of a farmer. On April 16th, while going around his farm, he saw that there was a rock-slide in a cut near Pomperaug Valley. He went and examined it. It was an immense slide, completely filling up the cut. Later, when men came to dig it out, they found it two hundred feet long and twenty-five feet deep. The farmer knew that an express train would be along in a short time; he therefore hurriedly hitched up his horse and drove to the nearest station, which is called Sandy Hook, arriving just in time to stop the train. So desperate had been the pace necessary to get to Sandy Hook before the train got there that the farmer's horse dropped dead after accomplishing the journey. The exertion, however, was well worth making, for a little less promptitude in starting and a little more time consumed on the journey would have cost many lives. The farmer was aware of this, so he used his utmost efforts to avert the disaster. Christian men fail to realize the terrific character of the disaster to which the lives of so many of their fellow-men are tending, or we should witness similar earnestness in Christian effort where now we see so much apathy (II Cor. 5: 11).

A Mystery has been Solved in Illinois by a sad discovery. During the past seven months two families have been plunged in distress by the disappearance of three boys. They were two brothers, aged respectively twelve and seven years, and a playmate, aged ten years. On September 4th, 1885, the three children suddenly disappeared from their homes, and their parents made search for them in vain, and then offered rewards for their discovery. It was the general opinion that the children had been stolen by river pirates, and advertisements were inserted in several papers south of Quincy, but no trace of them was found. On April 20th a man hauling sand for a foundry was loading his wagon near the river bank, and was horrified on finding the decomposed bodies of the three missing boys. It is thought that the boys were digging a chamber in the side of the sand bank, when it caved in and buried them alive. It seems that the river pirates were unjustly suspected in this case; the children accomplished their own destruction through their ignorance of the dangerous character of their amusement. There are multitudes of boys in our great cities who have been sent there from the country to learn a business who are similarly engaged in bringing down on their own heads a worse catastrophe. Their parents will say that Satan has stolen them, but if they could see them leaving the theatre or the saloons they would understand that they were working their own ruin (Prov. 7: 22, 23).

THE TWO APPEARINGS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—TITUS 2: 11-14.

Paul's Belief in a Divine Saviour—In a Great Redemption—From Sin—Not from its Punishment Only—I. Our Position—Between Two Appearances—The Past Era—The Greater Anno Domini—The Present Age—The Second Coming Imminent—II. The Instruction Given—Grace has Discipline—Three Results—Denying, Living, Looking—III. Our Encouragements—Tokens of Christ's Near Advent—Ambulance Work in the Church.

UPON reading this text one sees at a glance that Paul believed in a Divine Saviour. He did not preach a Saviour who was a mere man. He believed the Lord Jesus Christ to be truly man, but he also believed Him to be God over all, and he therefore uses the striking words, "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Paul believed in Jesus as "the great God and our Saviour." It was his high delight to extol the Lord who once was crucified in weakness. He calls Him here, "the great God," thus specially dwelling upon His power, dominion, and glory; and this is the more remarkable because he immediately goes on to say, "who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity." O brothers, if you take away the Deity of Christ what in the Gospel is left that is worth the preaching? None but the great God is equal to the work of being our Saviour.

SAVED FROM SIN.

We learn also at first sight that Paul believed in a great redemption. "Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity." That word "redemption" sounds in my ears like a silver bell. We are ransomed, purchased back from slavery, and this at an immeasurable price; not merely by the obedience of Christ, nor the suffering of Christ, nor even the death of Christ, but by Christ's giving Himself for us. Paul looks upon recovery from sin as being a wonderful proof of divine grace. He does not talk about a kind of grace that would leave men in sin, and yet save them from its punishment. No; his salvation is *salvation from sin*. He does not talk about a free grace which winks at iniquity, and makes nothing of transgression; but of a greater grace by far, which denounces the iniquity and condemns the transgression, and then delivers the victim of it from the habit which has brought him into bondage. To each one of us, whether rich or poor, prominent or obscure, the Gospel has come, and its design is that we may be delivered by it from all ungodliness and worldly lusts.

I. First of all, the apostle in this text describes OUR POSITION.

The people of God stand between two appearances. In the eleventh verse he tells us that "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men;" and then he says, in the thirteenth verse, "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." We live in an age which is an interval between two appearances of the Lord from heaven. Believers in Jesus are shut off from the old economy by the first coming of our Lord. We date from the birth of the Virgin's Son: we begin with *Anno Domini*. All the rest of time is before Christ, and is marked off from the Christian era. Bethlehem's manger is our beginning. The chief landmark in all time to us is the wondrous life of Him who is the light of the world. We look to the appearing of the grace of God in the form of the lowly One of Nazareth, for our trust is there.

Brethren, we look forward to a second appearing. Our outlook for the close of this present

era is another appearing—an appearing of glory rather than of grace. After our Master rose from the brow of Olivet His disciples remained for awhile in mute astonishment; but soon an angelic messenger reminded them of prophecy and promise by saying: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." We believe that our Lord in the fulness of time will descend from heaven with a shout, with the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

"The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light."

This is the terminus of the present age. We look from Anno Domini, in which He came the first time, to that greater Anno Domini, or year of our Lord, in which He shall come a second time, in all the splendor of His power, to reign in righteousness, and break the evil powers as with a rod of iron.

TRUST AND HOPE.

See, then, where we are: we are compassed about, behind and before, with the appearances of our Lord. Behind us is our trust; before us is our hope. Behind us is the Son of God in humiliation; before us is the great God our Saviour in His glory. To use an ecclesiastical term, we stand between two Epiphanies: the first is the manifestation of the Son of God in human flesh in dishonor and weakness; the second is the manifestation of the same Son of God in all His power and glory. In what a position, then, do the saints stand! They have an era all to themselves which begins and ends with the Lord's appearing.

Our position is further described in the text, if you look at it, as being in this present world, or age. We are living in the age which lies *between the two blazing beacons* of the divine appearances; and we are called to hasten from one to the other. We are to keep ourselves as loose as we can from this country through which we make our pilgrim-way; for we are strangers and foreigners, and here we have no continuing city. We hurry through this Vanity Fair: before us lies the Celestial City and the coming of the Lord who is the King thereof. As voyagers cross the Atlantic, and so pass from shore to shore, so do we speed over the waves of this ever-changing world to the glory-land of the bright appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

You stand between two mornings, between which there is no evening. The glory of the Lord has risen upon you once in the incarnation and atonement of your Lord: that light is shining more and more, and soon there will come the perfect day, which shall be ushered in by the second advent. The sun shall no more go down, but it shall unveil itself, and shed an indescribable splendor upon all hearts that look for it. "Put on therefore the armor of light." What a grand expression! Helmet of light, breastplate of light, shoes of light—everything of light. What a knight must he be who is clad, not in steel, but in light, light which shall flash confusion on his foes! There ought to be a holy light about you, O believer in Jesus, for there is the appearing of grace behind you, and the appearing of glory before you. That is the position of the righteous according to my text, and it furnishes a loud call to holiness.

II. Secondly, I have to call your attention to THE INSTRUCTION

which is given to us by the grace of God which has appeared unto all men. Our translation runs thus: "The grace of God hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." A better translation would be: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, disciplining us in order that we may deny ungodliness and worldly lusts." Those of you who know a little Greek will note that the word

which in our version is rendered "teaching" is a scholastic term, and has to do with the education of children; not merely the teaching, but the training and bringing of them up. The grace of God has come to be a schoolmaster to us, to teach us, to train us, to prepare us for a more developed state.

So then, first of all,

GRACE HAS A DISCIPLINE.

We generally think of law when we talk about schoolmasters and discipline; but grace itself has a discipline and a wonderful training power too. The manifestation of grace is preparing us for the manifestation of glory. What the law could not do, grace is doing. As soon as we come under the conscious enjoyment of the free grace of God, we find it to be a holy rule, a fatherly government, a heavenly training. We find, not self-indulgence, much less licentiousness; but on the contrary, the grace of God both restrains and constrains us; it makes us free to holiness, and delivers us from the law of sin and death by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

The discipline of grace, according to the apostle, has three results—denying, living, looking. You see the three words before you. The first is "denying." When a young man comes to college he usually has much to unlearn. If his education has been neglected, a sort of instinctive ignorance covers his mind with briars and brambles. If he has gone to some faulty school where the teaching is flimsy, his tutor has first of all to fetch out of him what he has been badly taught. The most difficult part of the training of young men is not to put the right thing into them, but to get the wrong thing out of them. A man proposes to teach a language in six months, and in the end a great thing is done if one of his pupils is able to *forget all his nonsense* in six years. When the Holy Spirit comes into the heart, He finds that we know so much already of what it were well to leave unknown; we are self-conceited, we are puffed up. We have learned lessons of worldly wisdom and carnal policy, and these we need to unlearn and deny. The Holy Spirit works this denying in us by the discipline of grace.

WHAT HAVE WE TO DENY?

First, we have to deny ungodliness. That is a lesson which many of you have great need to learn. Listen to working-men. "Oh," they say, "we have to work hard, we cannot think about God or religion!" This is ungodliness! The grace of God teaches us to deny this; we come to loathe such atheism. Others are prospering in the world, and they cry: "If you had as much business to look after as I have, you would have no time to think about your soul or another world. Trying to battle with the competition of the times leaves me no opportunity for prayer or Bible-reading; I have enough to do with my day-book and ledger." This also is ungodliness! The grace of God leads us to deny this; we abhor such forgetfulness of God.

We next deny "worldly lusts"—that is, the lusts of the present world or age, which I described to you just now as coming in between the two appearances. Wherever the grace of God comes effectually, it makes the loose liver deny the desires of the flesh; it causes the man who lusted after gold to conquer his greediness; it brings the proud man away from his ambitions; it trains the idler to diligence; and it sobers the wanton mind which cared only for the frivolities of life. Not only do we leave these lusts, but we deny them. We desire to be crucified to the world and the world to us. This was a great thing for grace to do among the degraded sensualists of Paul's day, and it is not a less glorious achievement in these times.

But then, brethren, you cannot be complete with a merely negative religion; you must have something positive; and so the next word is *living*—that "we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." Observe, brethren, that the Holy Ghost expects us to live in this present world, and therefore we

are not to exclude ourselves from it. This age is the battle-field in which the soldier of Christ is to fight. Society is the place in which Christianity is to exhibit the graces of Christ. If it were possible for these good sisters to retire into a large house, and live secluded from the world, they would be shirking their duty rather than fulfilling it. If all the good men and true were to form a select colony, and do nothing else but pray and hear sermons, they would simply be refusing to serve God in His own appointed way. No; you have to live soberly, godly, righteously in this world, such as it is at present. It is of no use for you to scheme to escape from it. You are bound to breast this torrent, and buffet all its waves. You are to shine in the darkness like a light.

HOW TO LIVE.

This life is described in a three-fold way. You are, first, to live "*soberly*"—that is, for yourself. "*Soberly*" in all your eating and your drinking, and in the indulgence of all bodily appetites—that goes without saying. Drunkards and gluttons, fornicators and adulterers, cannot inherit the kingdom of God. You are to live soberly in all your thinking, all your speaking, all your acting. There is to be sobriety in all your worldly pursuits. You are to have yourself well in hand: you are to be self-restrained. The man who is disciplined by the grace of God becomes thoughtful, considerate, self-contained; and He is no longer tossed about by passion, or swayed by prejudice.

As to his fellow-men the believer lives "*righteously*." I cannot understand that Christian who can do a dirty thing in business. Craft, cunning, over-reaching, misrepresentation, and deceit are no instruments for the hand of godly men. I am told that my principles are too angelic for business life—that a man cannot be a match for his fellow-men in trade, if he is too Puritanic. Others are up to tricks, and he will be ruined if he cannot trick them in return. Oh, my dear hearers, do not talk in this way! If you mean to go the way of the devil, say so, and take the consequences; but if you profess to be servants of God, deny all partnership with unrighteousness.

Once more, there is *looking*, as well as living. One work of the grace of God is to cause us to be "looking for that blessed hope of the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." What is that "blessed hope?" Why, first, that when He comes we shall rise from the dead, if we have fallen asleep; and that, if we are alive and remain, we shall be changed at His appearing. Our hope is that we shall be approved of Him, and shall hear Him say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." The Lord cometh, and in the coming of the Lord lies the great hope of the believer, his great stimulus to overcome evil, his main incentive to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. Oh, to be found blameless in the day of the manifestation of our Lord! God grant us this! Do you not see, brethren, how the discipline of the doctrine of grace runs toward the separating of us from sin, and the making us to live unto God?

III. Lastly, and briefly, the text sets forth certain of

OUR ENCOURAGEMENTS.

I will only briefly hint at them. In this great battle for right, and truth, and holiness, what could we do, my brethren and my sisters, if we were left alone? But our first encouragement is that grace has come to our rescue; for in the day when the Lord Jesus Christ appeared among men, He brought for us the grace of God to help us to overcome all iniquity. He that struggleth now against inbred sin has the Holy Spirit within him to help him. He that goes forth to fight against evil in other men by preaching the Gospel has that same Holy Ghost going with the truth to make it like a fire and like a hammer. I would ground my weapons, and retreat from a fight so hopeless, were it not that the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

A second encouragement is that another appearing is coming. He who bowed His head in weakness, and died in the moment of victory, is coming in all the glory of His endless life. Do not question it; the world is not going to darken into an eternal night: the morning cometh as well as the night, and though sin and corruption abound, and the love of many waxeth cold, these are but the tokens of

HIS NEAR ADVENT

who said that it would be so before His appearing. The right with the might and the might with the right shall be; as surely as God lives, it shall be so. We are not fighting a losing battle. The Lord must triumph.

Another encouragement is that we are serving a glorious Master. The Christ whom we follow is not a dead prophet like Mahomet. Truly we preach Christ crucified; but we also believe in Christ risen from the dead, in Christ gone up on high, in Christ soon to come a second time.

Then come the tender thoughts with which I finish the memories of what the Lord has done for us to make us holy: "Who gave Himself for us." Special redemption, redemption with a wondrous price—"who gave Himself for us." Put away that trumpet and that drum; take down the harp and gently touch its sweetest strings. Tell how the Lord Jesus loved us, and gave Himself for us. Oh, sirs, if nothing else can touch our hearts this must: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

And He gave Himself for us with these two objects: first, redemption, that He might redeem us from all iniquity; that He might break the bonds of sin asunder, and cast the cords of depravity far from us. He died—forget not that—died that your sins might die, died that every lust might be dragged into captivity at His chariot wheels. He gave Himself for you that you might give yourselves for Him.

PURITY.

Again, He died that He might purify us—purify us unto Himself. How clean we must be if we are to be clean unto Him! We are purified unto Himself, as the Hebrew would put it, to be His *segullah*, His peculiar possession. The translation "peculiar people" is unfortunate, because "peculiar" has come to mean odd, strange, singular. The passage really means that believers are Christ's own people, His choice and select portion. He desires that you, who are being disciplined by His grace, should know that you are altogether His. You are Christ's men. You are each one to feel, "I do not belong to the world; I do not belong to myself; I belong only to Christ. I am set aside by Him for Himself only, and His I will be." The silver and the gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are His; but He makes small account of them; "the Lord's portion is His people."

The apostle finishes up by saying that we are to be a people "zealous of good works." Would to God that all Christian men and women were disciplined by divine grace till they became zealous for good works! In holiness zeal is sobriety. We are not only to approve of good works, and speak for good works, but we are to be red-hot for them. We are to be on fire for everything that is right and true. We may not be content to be quiet and inoffensive, but we are to be zealous of good works. Oh, that my Lord's grace would set us on fire in this way! There is plenty of fuel in the Church; what is wanted is fire. A great many very respectable people are, in their sleepy way, doing as little as they can for any good cause. This will never do. We must wake up.

Oh, the quantity of ambulance work that Christ's soldiers have to do! One half of Christ's army has to carry the other half. Oh, that our brethren could get off the sick-list! Oh, that all of us were ardent, fervent, vigorous, zealous! Come, Holy Spirit, and quicken us! We may not go about to get this by our own efforts and energies, but God will work it by His grace. Grace given us in Christ is the fountain-head of all holy impulse. O heavenly grace,

come like a flood at this time and bear us right away!

Oh, that those of you who have never felt the grace of God may be enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as to His first appearing! Then, trusting in His death upon the cross, you will learn to look for His second coming upon the throne, and you will rejoice therein. Unto His great name be glory forever and ever! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Two Hopeless Letters.*

SOME years ago a godly minister, who had taken a special interest in the spiritual welfare of the young men of his flock, happened to be in London. Passing along Cheapside one day, he took refuge from a shower of rain in the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor was sitting in court. On the following morning, while calling at the office of a friend, a letter was handed to him, which had been thrust in under the door. The letter was as follows:

"DEAR SIR: As I was walking up Ludgate Hill this morning you passed me. It is ten years since I saw you, but I knew you instantly, and I forward this line to tell you I am glad to see you looking so well, and that the sight of your familiar face induced a number of pleasing reflections in connection with bygone scenes, but of agonizing remorse at the maddening recollection that, from the neglect of those principles you endeavored to inculcate, I find myself a young man stripped of fortune, friends, character, and hope of the world to come—a mere wreck, a waif on the restless waves of life, that sway to and fro in this desert city! What would I not give to recall the past! The text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,' thunders in my conscience constantly. I find it true in temporal affairs as well as spiritual. The next you hear of me will be in the list of those who seek to bury their sorrows in the waters of the Thames. I thought these feelings I had smothered forever; but conscience will be heard despite all. I wilfully silenced her, and now I can trace the retributive hand of Providence in the results of every false step. I saw you again at the Mansion House in the afternoon. I hope you will refrain from making inquiries as to my name, as it would be labor thrown away. All I ask is an interest in your prayers."

You can well believe that the perusal of this letter awakened a painful interest in the mind of the minister. Intensely desirous to meet with the writer, yet having no clue, he seemed to have a hopeless task before him. However, he determined to try. The following advertisement was inserted next morning in the personal column of the *Times*:

"A young man who, on the 23d inst., addressed a note to R. E. M., which was left in an office in Gresham Street, is earnestly requested to send his name and address to the said R. E. M., 336 Post-Office B—, who will be rejoiced to relieve him."

Little was expected from this, but it was a bow drawn at a venture. It was not long before a letter, addressed as above, reached the minister by mail. I give it you word for word:

"DEAR SIR: I see that time that destroys all things has not altered your character—ever kind, generous, and anxious to succor the distressed. Accept my best and heartfelt thanks for your kind communication in the *Times*; but I regret that you should have been at the trouble and expense of insertion, as it is impossible for me to avail myself of it at the present. The past, the present, and the future equally forbid a disclosure of my private history; and yet you are the only person to whom I could, I think, unbosom myself, or from whom I could seek advice; but not now. Do not waste another thought upon one totally unworthy of every-

* From an excellent work by Rev. J. Thain Davidson, D.D., entitled "Forewarned—Forearmed," full of valuable counsel to young men, cautioning them against the snares of city life, with thrilling incidents from the writer's experience. Pp. 286. Price, 7s. 25. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Co., 714 Broadway, New York.



The Late Mr. John S. Creed.



The Sailor Evangelist at Work.

thing but contempt and derision from all good men. Could I persuade myself that there was no hereafter, how gladly would I seek annihilation! But it is a hopeless task; the instincts of my better part are unfortunately too true to be deluded by a lie. What an awful reality is life, and what a dream mine has been! Commencing with novel-reading, and ending in vice, misery, and disease—such are a few of the least evils I am now reaping.

"I remain, dear sir, yours gratefully, —."

This is but one of hundreds—ay, of thousands of such cases which occur every year in this metropolis, many of which never come to light, but end in some dark lodging in the slums, or in the poor-house, or asylum, or banishment.

GOSPEL WORK ON SHIPBOARD.

(See Picture on this page.)

THE characteristic most prominent in the Christian work of our day is the systematic organization of effort. No sooner is attention directed to a neglected class than some special provision is made for reaching that class. Too often the attempt languishes after the novelty is worn off, but in some cases an energetic, persevering Christian among the band of workers concentrates his efforts upon that particular sphere of labor and keeps it in operation. Our illustration represents an incident in one of these special organizations—the work among sailors.

No sooner had the steamer Esk been safely moored at her dock when the evangelist—a plain, honest man, himself once a sailor, with a jolly face and cheery manner that made friends with every sailor—went on board. The crew were too busy to listen to him then, so he slipped quietly below, and going from berth to berth left a tract in each. Turning from the last one he saw the mate at his elbow and two sailors curiously watching his movements. A cordial greeting to the mate was well received, and the evangelist proceeded to explain what he was doing, and his fervent hope that the silent messengers might awaken the readers to a realization of the guilt and consequences of sin.

"Ah, sir," said the mate, "that's what has been troubling me for a long time." The evan-

gelist told him he was glad to hear that, and told him of the remedy. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." "He exclaimed, 'Ah, that's it, that's it, now I see it!'"

JOHN S. CREED.

(See Portrait on this page.)

A Remarkable Business Career—Early Struggles—A New Start—Prayer on Every Transaction—Led to a Customer—A Money Crisis—The Strange History of \$410—A Beneficent Life.

How many Christian business men are there in the whole world who actually and literally obey the injunction of the wise king: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3:5, 6). Doubtless the majority of Christian men do ask in a general way for the guidance of God, but in business trials and perplexities they depend largely on their own understanding. Few would consider it prudent to conduct their business wholly as God might lead them. But that course has been adopted, and that, too by a man known to many of our readers. John S. Creed, whose portrait appears on this page, and who died a year ago, was a man who believed in the promise with all his heart and acted upon his faith. His business career was one of the most remarkable on record, and will well repay study.

Mr. Creed was a well-known lumber merchant. A few words suffice to describe his early life. He was born in 1853. When his education was completed he secured employment in the lumber business. He was faithful in his service, and when the firm he served relinquished business he succeeded them. He was at that time a sceptic. His pious mother grieved over his unbelief, but she would not argue with him. "No, John," she said, "I will not argue; but I want you to know that there is not a day that I do not pray God to show you that His Word is true."

He conducted his business on the approved methods, and when business men came to New York there was no one more ready than Creed to cement the connection by taking them around the city to show them its dissolute side. But he did not prosper, and eventually failed. In

his poverty and distress he was drawn to his mother's God and became an earnest Christian.

He afterward commenced in a small way on his own account. He made the third chapter of Proverbs his chart, and every transaction was made the subject of prayer. Henceforth God was to be the ruling Partner in the business, and one tenth, at least, of the proceeds, was to be set scrupulously aside for His service.

His office showed the character of the man. Over the clock was the motto: "Thou God seest me," and many a profane man, impatient at some delay and looking up at the time, saw the motto and checked his profanity. Over his safe was another motto: "My help cometh from the Lord," and many a time it must have encouraged him when the safe held but little material for encouragement.

It was not an easy task that he had undertaken. The young dealer without capital had many crises. But each one was taken to God in prayer, and he survived them all. We have seen a journal in which his difficulties and deliverances were recorded. It is full of such triumphs. Out of hundreds we select a few: On one Monday morning, when three cargoes of lumber were consigned to him, the market already glutted, and no prospect of disposing of them to be seen, he wrote, after stating the circumstances, "By the grace of God I will hold on and wait His time and way of delivering me, for I expect nothing short of complete deliverance." It came. A few pages further on is the record of a journey in which he was moved to leave the train before it arrived at his destination. He found near the spot a lumber-yard, the proprietors of which were in need, at that particular hour, of the very description of lumber he was trying to sell.

Another entry records a crisis in which it was very important to his credit that he should make an advance on some lumber before he sold it. He saw the importance, but he sought no human help, told no one, but simply laid the matter before God and went homeward in peace. On board the ferryboat a friend whom he had not seen in some weeks accosted him and voluntarily, without any hint from Creed, offered him the loan of \$5000, which was the exact amount

needed for the morrow. At another time a friend consulted him about a pressing need for \$300. Creed said he, too, was in urgent want of money, about \$1500. The consultation terminated, as all consultations with Creed were sure to terminate, not in application to a bank or a money-lender, but in prayer. Together they knelt in Creed's office in Water Street and laid their need before the Lord, and then went their way at rest, feeling sure that God would see to it. The very next day a lawyer called and informed Creed that one of his debtors was anxious, for reasons of his own, to settle a claim that Creed had long regarded as a bad debt. He paid down \$2000, and the \$1800, for which the two friends had asked the Lord, was thus provided on time. Shortly afterward Mr. Creed needed \$800 for a business purpose. As usual, he went to God about it. The next day the friend to whom he had lent the \$300 before mentioned, came in and said: "John, I have brought you that \$300 you loaned me. Are you in any special need of money? if so I have \$500 more that I shall not want for a month; you are welcome to it, if it will be of any service." Thus again the need was supplied.

THE HISTORY OF \$410.

He had a large Bible-class in the Sunday-school, composed of grown men collected from the neighborhood. It increased in number until better accommodation was necessary. He applied to the governing body of the church for permission to erect a gallery. It would cost \$400, but Mr. Creed, with his customary "audacity," assured them that God would provide the money. They thought, however, that it would be prudent to postpone the work until the money was in hand. To John Creed's mind the money was as good as in hand then, for there was no doubt with him that God would send it. He was a little hurt that his friends would not trust God for the sum. He and a friend thereupon agreed to become responsible for the \$400, trusting that God would so help them in business that they would be able to meet this extra obligation. They met in New York and prayed about it.

An hour or two later one of Mr. Creed's business rivals came in with a request that Mr. Creed would help him in a difficulty. He was overstocked, and would be glad if Mr. Creed would take a cargo of lumber off his hands. He would sell it below market price if Mr. Creed would buy it. It was contrary to his usual practice to buy lumber, as he had, up to that time, limited his operations to the broker's business of disposing of cargoes consigned to him for sale by Eastern men. But perhaps this was the way God was going to supply the needed money. Creed bought it and sold it at a price which left him a profit equal to his share of the cost of the gallery. A little later his friend came to him with a similar story of an operation outside his ordinary business which had yielded to him, too, his share. The money was put together and amounted to \$410. "It is all the Lord's money," said Creed; "what shall we do with the surplus \$10? Let us give it to the Lord;" and it was sent to one of God's faithful servants,



Walter's Record. (See page 261.)

a well-known worker in Brooklyn, who has a large family of God's children whose wants God enables him to supply.

It is a remarkable fact that the Christian worker in question was, at the moment he received the \$10, in urgent need of that exact amount, which had to be paid that day to relieve a family in sore distress. He had said no word to any man on the subject, but when the demand came unexpectedly upon him he had looked to his pocketbook, had found it empty, but feeling sure that God would provide it, had promised to pay it. Mr. Creed's cheque for the surplus \$10, which the Lord had sent over and above what had been asked for, thus found its way to the place where the Lord's servant was quietly waiting to receive it.

"A curious coincidence if true!" It is quite true—an actual fact vouched for by the writer, who knows the persons and circumstances, and there is nothing curious about it. Is it surprising that God Almighty keeps His promise? "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Ps. 50: 15).

Mr. Creed's life was full of such interpositions. He expected them, he counted upon them, planted his feet firmly on the promise, and quietly waited for the salvation. His business grew rapidly. In 1879 money to the amount of \$124,000 passed through his hands; it increased year by year until in 1884 the amount for that year was \$479,000. People wondered, but it was not a mystery to Mr. Creed. To all he told the same story: "The Lord hath helped me." Shippers down East who sent him lumber to sell for them were astounded to receive his letters. A business communication which attributed the sale of a cargo to the goodness of God was a

came to show their respect for his memory, will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 255.)

Failures.

JULIET had reason to speak of her life as "a dreary blank." The words recorded in her journal were not an exaggeration. How could a young lady accustomed to the gay life of the city find the quiet life of self-sacrifice and labor for Christ which was lived by the devoted missionaries other than monotonous? She did not know "the love of Christ that constraineth," and therefore could not appreciate the motive which compelled the lives of those about her. She saw enough, however, of the loveliness of the Christian character to admire, if not to covet it. The next entry in her journal showed it, though in a distorted way. She wrote:

"Yet I am beginning to see that there is something nobler and better. Oh, that I could speak as Maria spoke on that last day of her beautiful life—of freedom and hope, pardon and peace, light and love, all freely bestowed upon me! I think that I will turn over a new leaf to-morrow; I will begin a different life. I will read the Bible daily in private, do good works, and try to gather up some of the heavenly manna. Then I shall see again that bright encouraging smile on the face of Fritz."

"November 11.—All a failure—an utter failure! Yet I thought that I made so good a beginning. As poor Sister Anna cannot rise to-day (we fear she has injured her back), I, with the help of Fritz, prepared the breakfast merrily, washed up the tea-things and all. (We do not allow the Esquimaux to do more than is abso-

lutely needed—their oily garments leave such a sickening scent behind them, and their boots show marks on the floor.)

"Said the pastor, as he sipped his cocoa, 'My wife specially grieves over not being able to visit our sick Lena, for we fear that she is not long for this world, and is not yet prepared for another. I myself go daily to pray beside her,' continued the dear old pastor, 'but the poor thing is silent and shy, and cannot open her heart to a man. Anna always knows what to say and what to do, and every one in Eschol loves her.' The good man has unlimited confidence in and admiration for his wife.

"'Shall I visit the sick woman?' I said, being in an unusually courageous mood, and buoyed up by good resolutions. I did not glance at Fritz, but I fancied that I heard a little expression of satisfaction from his lips. I have noticed how eager he is to draw me into any good work. Why should I care for pleasing him? I suppose that I have had lately so little of the sugar of praise, that a very little goes a long way.

"I will take you with me an hour hence," said the pastor. 'I should not like you to go alone,' he added, kindly; 'the dogs might be troublesome to you.'

"In high good humor with myself, I went to Sister Anna, whom I found placid as usual, though in evident pain. I offered to read the Bible to her, as another good work.

"I should be so thankful, dear," she said. 'The days are growing so dark, or perhaps it is that my eyes are growing so dim, that I can hardly manage to read even the largest print.'

"I made up the fire with logs, then took the Bible and read, Sister Anna listening with folded hands, and a look of placid peace.

"When I had closed the book and returned it to its proper place (everything here has its proper place), I sat down again by Anna, and said: 'I am going with Pastor Wilhelm to visit sick Lena.'

"That is well, my child," said Anna; 'but can you already read to her in her own tongue?'

"Would you like to hear what advance I have made?" I asked. I was in truth proud of my rapid progress, and with much self-satisfaction read a few verses aloud. Anna corrected me two or three times, but added the qualified praise, 'I think that the people may understand you.'

"I feel," she continued, 'that what with my increasing blindness, my rheumatism, and my weakness, I am not equal to the charge of the girl's school, and the readings with the women. Please God, I will do what I can, while the Lord keeps me on earth, but I shall be thankful when Fritz's bride comes next year to take the principal charge.'

"Fritz's bride!" I exclaimed, in surprise; 'I never knew that he was engaged!' the announcement was so sudden, it seemed to take away my breath. 'How long has the attachment lasted?' I inquired.

"I hope that it will last forever," said Anna; 'but the couple have not yet seen one another.'

"I dropped the log which I was about to place on the fire, I felt so surprised and so angry, I scarcely knew why. 'Do you mean that Fritz lets others choose for him, dictate to him, and that in a matter which concerns all his happiness in life? I did not think him so mean-spirited a man!'

"Anna looked a little surprised at my indignation. 'Dear Fritz lets the Lord choose for him,' she said, 'as He chose a partner for Isaac. Our happiness is safest when we leave it in the hands of the Lord. You see, my child,' she added, 'Brother Fritz could not go home without leaving his station for nearly a year, and letting all the winter work rest on the shoulders of my dear husband, who is not as strong as he was last summer.'

"Anna's explanation was, I suppose, satisfactory to herself, but not at all satisfactory to me. An ice sheet, such as is forming on our coast, seemed to be freezing in my heart. 'Suppose

that this—this bride—be ugly, disagreeable, low-minded—what then!' I exclaimed. I seemed to have made up my mind that she will be something of the sort.

"Our friends at home act with discretion, and always with prayer," said Anna. 'Fritz's father is probably well acquainted with the future bride of his son.'

"Sister Juliet, are you ready?" cried the pastor's voice at the door. 'I have come to escort you to the *igloes*.' This means a hut in the Esquimaux tongue.

"I had lost all inclination to go, and felt inclined to defer my visit, but did not like to shrink from my engagement, as no excuse rose to my mind. 'I am perfectly ready,' I said.

"Why, child, you are forgetting your shawl, your hood, your fur gloves. You will be frost-bitten if you have nothing warm besides that seal-skin jacket!" cried Anna.

"I went to my room, and fortified myself against the biting cold without, but not against a chilly feeling within.

"I do not care to describe the *igloe*; of course it was full of smoke, which made one see everything as through a dense fog. I knocked my head on entering against what I suppose was the winter supply of fish, dry and perhaps frozen. I made out that there was a bundle of what seemed like old clothes in a corner; this, I was told, was the sick person whom I had come to visit. The women gathered around me to stare, vulgar savages that they are! One put out her dirty hand to stroke my fur, and a child wanted to finger my charms! I hate being touched by their unwashed paws! I did not attempt to speak, and could scarcely endure waiting in that stifling atmosphere till the pastor had finished his long prayer. Fritz's bride has no rose-strewn path before her!

"Now you will give her a word?" said Brother Wilhelm, turning toward me.

"A word! I could not have spoken in Esquimaux at that moment to save my life. 'I have nothing to say, I want to go home,' I cried, and hurriedly made my way to the door, followed by the astonished pastor.

"When we came out we found Fritz waiting at the low door.

"What did you think of your visit?" he asked, with his bright smile. It provoked me, I felt so thoroughly out of temper with myself and with all the world.

"A disgusting hovel!" I cried; 'I could not bear the smoke and the smells!'

"You will kindly make allowance for people who necessarily can rarely change their skin-made garments, and remember that ablutions become difficult in water from which you have to break a thick coating of ice. Did you notice my pretty little favorite Ruth?"

"I saw nothing pretty," I said.

"Oh, the place was dark; you must see the baby!" cried Fritz, and bending his tall form, he managed, I do not know how, to get through the door which even the Esquimaux could hardly enter erect. Fritz quickly emerged again, with a little fur-clad baby, laughing and crowing in his arm. He is wonderfully fond of babies.

"What say you to my little brown cherub?" cried he.

"A bear's cub, a little horror!" I said, and hurried away, but not so quickly that I did not see Fritz's look of pained disappointment.

"I hastened back to the house, entered my room, and flinging myself on the bed, gave way to a passionate burst of tears. I have not wept so bitterly since the dreadful night when I lost Maria.

"I hardly know the cause of my utter misery. Perhaps it is partly my disappointment at finding that, however I may resolve to improve, I am as bad, nay, much worse than ever. It seems to me that I have not a friend in the world. If my sisters ever felt my supposed death, they will by this time be quite reconciled to my loss. Here I only give trouble and annoyance, and lessen the comforts of others.

"Fritz thinks me a selfish, heartless girl. I am certain that he is disappointed in me. He is hoping that his bride will be utterly unlike the proud society lady. Oh, this weary, weary world! and yet I dare not wish to quit it. I shrink from passing through the ebony door; to me there is no brightness beyond. Very true is that proverb which I met with somewhere: 'I like it makes a bad finger-post.' I have always gone where it pointed, and whither has it brought me at last?"

While Juliet was sobbing in her little chamber, a cloud of very real trouble was overshadowing her Moravian friends. Pastor Wilhelm had found an Esquimaux messenger from another station awaiting his return, the bearer of tidings which fell on him with the force of an unexpected blow. He went at once to the partner of all his joys and sorrows, and before the pastor uttered a word she saw from his face that he had brought bad news.

"What has happened?" asked Anna.

Pastor Wilhelm sat down beside her, and a deep sigh broke from his lips before he replied: "A messenger has just come from Bethabara. He brings us tidings almost as heavy as those which came to Job. The small-pox is raging in the station; every day brings a death. Brother Johanan," again he sighed, "has been called to his rest."

Sister Anna's placid face grew very pale. She saw that her husband paused, that not the whole tale of woe had been told; more sorrow, she felt sure, was behind. "Let me know all," she said, faintly.

"Our poor Brother Hans has lost his dear wife."

Then the eyes of Anna overflowed, for she had lost one who was to her as a sister; but all the words that she uttered were: "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. She was ready for the blessed, blessed change."

"Now you see, my dear wife," said Wilhelm, "that both Fritz and I are needed, sorely needed. Brother Hans is in great grief; there are three funerals to be seen to and sick folk to be nursed."

"I see, I see," said poor Sister Anna. "Fritz can do much, but he cannot do all; and as poor Hans loves you as a brother, none on earth can comfort him like you." Sister Anna was very much inclined to burst out crying, but she did not give way to the inclination.

"Will you part with me?" said the husband, tenderly laying his hand on that of his suffering wife.

"If the Lord calls you, I cannot say nay," replied Anna; "He will guide you through the danger, and guard you—". The poor wife could not finish this sentence, she was thinking of the terrible cold, frost-bites, wolves, bears, and infection.

"There is just one thing that troubles me, and makes me hesitate," said the pastor, looking anxiously at his partner. "You are ill, you cannot so much as rise; how can I leave you here all alone?"

"You forget Juliet," said Anna, trying to smile. Pastor Wilhelm looked graver than before.

"That young woman is a sorrow to me," he said; "I fear that she has neither the fear of God nor the love of His saints. She is quite of the world."

"We must not be hard on the child," said Anna.

"I would be hard on no one," said the pastor; "but I cannot but entertain fears regarding her state. Here is Juliet Erle, rescued from the sea like Jonah almost by a miracle as he was, and she thinks of nothing but her worldly goods. She despises our poor native brethren; she looks upon them as if they were vermin." It was evident that Juliet's conduct on that day had touched the Moravian pastor on a very sensitive point.

"We must make all allowance for one brought up to a gay city life," observed Anna. "I

never despair of Juliet; I know that she has a kind heart." Pastor Wilhelm shook his head with an expression of doubt. "She has done many a little act of kindness for me," pursued Anna, "and perhaps the Lord will make use of my blindness and helplessness in your absence, dear Wilhelm, as a means of blessing to this poor dear child, whom I love from my heart."

There was no time to say more on the subject, for dinner must be prepared and then eaten at once, for the journey would be tedious, and the moon would set before midnight.

(To be continued.)

SOWING AND REAPING.

S. S. Lesson for May 9, John 4:27-42. Golden Text, ver. 37. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

A Common Mistake—The Example of Constant Guidance—The Disciples' Urgency—An Answer Misunderstood—Puzzled Christians—The First Trophy of a Class—The Call to Reap—The Harvest Field Extended—The Cost of Liquor and Gospel Work—The Power of Intercession—The Samaritan Woman Reaping.

OUR precious Lord saw more in His talk with the Samaritan woman than any one else could have seen. He knew that a soul had passed from death unto life. The disciples, who had gone into the city to buy food, marvelled on their return, that He was talking with the woman; He had been so weary that they, in His place, would have found a good excuse for remaining silent. There are many of God's children who look upon

EVERY CALL FOR WORK

which comes from man, and every apparent opening which offers, as though it were a distinct call from God. But this is a grand mistake. One of Satan's most successful devices is to get really earnest Christian workers into this snare, to make them work beyond the strength which God has given them, and so to take them out of the work. On the other hand, he tempts some workers to think that every bit of weariness, every feeling of disinclination, is to be yielded to, and so, in fact, that the physical feelings of the body are to override all the work to which God calls us. Our blessed Lord says, "Follow Me." He accepted the moment-by-moment guidance of His Heavenly Father. "The Lord God hath opened Mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back" (Isa. 50:5). "As My Father hath taught Me, I speak these things" (John 8:28, 29). "I do always those things which please Him." He did not act upon His own judgment, but upon His Father's; and thus went forward to do, not His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him (John 6:38), leaving all the responsibility with His Father. It is neither safe to act under pressure from others, nor yet on our own judgment of our physical or spiritual capacity. If we will to know His will, He will make it known to us (John 7:17). If we yield ourselves to God as living sacrifices, we shall "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God" (Rom. 12:1, 2). Perhaps also the disciples may have marvelled because they had some idea of the character of the woman with whom He talked, and they did not yet understand how He was "come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19:10). But they did not question Him; it was impossible to doubt that the Saviour was in some way occupied with His work of salvation.

The disciples, remembering in what a state of fatigue and exhaustion they had left Him when they went into the city, "prayed Him, saying, Master, eat." Oh, how little they understood His answer, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of!" He was rejoicing in the birth of a soul to be a channel of the Holy Ghost, a light-bearer in a world of darkness, and His heart was up in heaven, glorying in the joy of God. The disciples were altogether on earth, and their thoughts rose no higher; they said one to another, "Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?" Our loving Lord was not impatient at the question; He expected nothing impossible

from those who were not yet filled with the Holy Ghost. He said,

"MY MEAT IS

to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." It was a spiritual and physical strength to Him to do the will of His Father. And as we come to understand how good, and acceptable, and perfect the will of God is, we also experience a real strength and health in our whole being in doing that will. Oh, how many there are whose nerves are worn out in a perpetual worry to discover the will of God! Their minds are always on the work. "Is it this?" or "Is it that?" and the more they think and reflect the more puzzled they become. So would any child who, instead of coming frankly up to his father, and listening to his directions, should try to puzzle out in his own not very comprehensive mind what the will of his father would probably be. God is a Father, and He *wants* His children to know His will; but He can only make it known as we are still before Him, ceasing from our own works in trying to find it out because we are so sure that He will find some way to make us understand. Often we are too impatient to give God a chance to speak to us; we think we must know it in a moment; and if God does not make it clear, then we fall back upon our own judgment, rather than wait for His—so did not Jesus. He said once to His brethren, "My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready" (John 7:6). Jesus would neither be before nor after the exact time His Father had appointed for all the work which He had to do.

THE FIRST TROPHY.

He continued, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you. Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Could it be that the conversion of this one lost woman should mean so much, that Jesus saw the fields white to the harvest? Yes; for this woman was the first abandoned woman rescued by the Gospel; the law could do nothing for such; stoning was all the provision which the law had made, "but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ; He came not to condemn but to save." This was the first instalment of the many outcasts by man, whom Jesus has yet saved, and by whom He earned the scornful reproof of the Pharisees, "This man receiveth sinners." Jesus knew, too, that this woman's heart was won, and His heart went with her in her frank appeal to the men of the city, "Come, see a Man, which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

"And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal" (Jesus was getting His wages in the exquisite joy of that woman's salvation), "that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." The one great Sower is Jesus Himself, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man" (Matt. 13:37). Yet He permits us, as laborers together with Him (1 Cor. 3:9), to be also sowers of the Word, knowing that God alone can give the increase; and His Word declares, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters" (Isa. 32:20). Yet the distinctive call of Christ to those who believe on Him, is to be reapers rather than sowers. The Holy Ghost is He who convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment (John 16:8), and the Holy Ghost alone can apply the Word of God to the heart of the unsaved. But there is a blessed work of reaping which God gives to the faith of His children who count on Him.

"I SENT YOU TO REAP

that whereon ye bestowed no labor;" there is a blessed gathering of fruit unto life eternal which He permits to His children—nay, lays upon them, when He says: "He that gathereth not with Me scattereth." Jesus calls us to a participation now in the very joy which He had when this woman "passed from death unto life." "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few," said our blessed Lord, when He saw the multitudes, "and was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were

scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." And, again, when He sent forth the seventy to go "into every city and place whither He Himself would come," He said the same thing, and on both occasions added: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." The harvest is greater now than it was then; the population of the world is vastly increased, and by so much the souls to be saved or lost are increased. How much does the Christian Church labor in the harvest? While the expenditure of Great Britain in intoxicating liquors *only* is

\$680,000,000 A YEAR,

the yearly revenue of Home and Foreign Missions is only \$5,000,000. So that if the drink bill of Britain were converted into the treasury of God, \$675,000,000 more might be spent in preparing and maintaining Home and Foreign Missions, and in doing good to our fellow creatures! What kind of prayer that God will send laborers into His harvest can that be which has resulted in so little being really done for the salvation of souls? "Take heed, and beware of covetousness," said our blessed Lord. That Spirit which says, "I must keep up my house, I must have all that I have been accustomed to, my business will suffer if I attempt to retrench, so I cannot afford to give to God's work," is surely guilty of covetousness. Jesus has made us each our brother's keeper; we are each, in a measure, responsible for those around us. It is no accident that we are placed side by side in business, family, or church life with those who know not God. He has given to all of us who know Him a power and right to intercede for others, and to be, as He makes the opportunity, sowers and reapers in His harvest. "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Jesus never contemplated such a thing as a soul saved simply for its own ease and gratification. He saves us that we may be the light of the world, "rivers of living water," "the salt of the earth," gatherers with Christ, instruments of righteousness, fellow-laborers with God. True, "one soweth and another reapeth," but only that "he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

When the newly-saved woman went with her testimony into the city, those to whom she spoke "went out of the city, and came to Him." "And many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did." Thus this new reaper gathered many souls the first day of her conversion, perhaps as a first-fruits of the greater work done in the city of Samaria, through Philip, after the death of Stephen, when "the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. . . . And there was great joy in that city" (Acts 8:6, 8). The Samaritans who came out to Jesus "besought Him that He would tarry with them." A Jew would have no dealings with Samaritans lest he should lose caste. But this could never hinder Jesus; he did nothing from policy; He abode with them two days; and a blessed work was done. "Many more believed because of His own Word; and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY REV. I. M. DRAKE.

I shall be satisfied when I awake
In the full brightness of the coming day;
When all the shadows that life's sorrows make
Like morning mists shall rise and flee away.

I shall be satisfied when I am done
With sowing tear-steeped seed on barren soil,
And I shall see the nobler life begun,
Where weariness is not, nor work is toil.

I shall be satisfied when I awake
From fevered slumber and from mocking
dreams,
And through the clouds the endless morn shall
break

Across the fadeless fields and living streams.

Yet more than all, I shall be satisfied
When I shall waken in His likeness there,
In heart and life as wholly purified,
Freed from this heavy weight of sin and care.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. *Sold only in tins.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

CRAYON PORTRAITS.

See Advertisement in CHRISTIAN HERALD,
March 4th, 1886.

Offer Renewed Until May 31st.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Hoosick Falls, N. Y., April 7th, 1886.

Robert Galloway, New York:
My Dear Sir: The crayon of myself, ordered
two weeks ago by my wife, was received in good
order to-day. I must say that both the portrait and
the large bronze frame give entire satisfaction.
They are all a marvel of cheapness. I have not a
word of fault to find. I have also had some of my
parishioners who are artists examine them, and they
have spoken very highly of the work. I shall order
crayon of my wife next week and fac-simile frame.

Yours truly, G. R. ROBINS,
Pastor The First Baptist Church, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the
PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EX-
PENSIVE system ever devised.
AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one
hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without
science or security, on the other.
ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT
SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10
per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for
PLATFORM ECHOES
OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling inter-
est, humor and pathos. Bright, pure and good. Full of
"laughter and tears," it is *light as air*. To it is added
the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN AB-
BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.00
to \$2.00 a month made. *Cost instance no business as we
give Extra Terms and Pay Freights.* Write for circulars to
A. B. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

DON'T GO to bed to-night until you have
written to M. T. Richardson,
Publisher, 21, 23, 25 and 27 New
Chambers Street, New York, for
terms on his new book, "Economic Housekeeping."
Elegantly Illustrated. Old agents particularly wanted.

Alden's RECENT BOOKS.

Illustrated Catalogue, 132
pages, may be had for 4 cents; condensed
catalogue, free.

RAMBAUD'S RUSSIA.

RAMBAUD'S Illustrated Hist. of Russia
from the Earliest Times to 1877. Translated by
L. B. LANG. Complete in two large 12mo
volumes. Long Primer type, with numerous fine
illustrations and maps. Fine cloth, gilt tops,
Library style. \$1.75.

The cheapest edition heretofore obtainable has
cost \$6.00 (less than two years ago it cost \$18.00); this
new edition, which is really the *BEST* that has
been published for popular use at *any price*,
therefore places this magnificent work for the first
time within reach of the masses.

"Rambaud's is doubtless the best history of
Russia in any language. M. Rambaud is admitted
to stand at the head of European authorities on his
chosen subject, is familiar with the whole mass of
documentary and official materials, has a large
acquaintance with Russian literature, and has skill-
fully assimilated vast stores of information into an
orderly and vigorous narrative. Russian history
begins almost in myth, proceeds into a wilderness
of conflicting traditions, and emerges into a clear
light only in comparatively recent times. It is
studied with imposing personalities and darkened
by hideous crimes; striking events make it dramatic;
the sufferings of a great people lend it pathos; the
unrest of the present hour and the uncertain out-
look for to-morrow invest it with deep interest. M.
Rambaud puts the reader's mind fully in train to
consider the situation of the hour. Altogether, this
is a work that may be read uniformly with profit
and often with interest; an authority that may be
consulted with confidence; filling an important
place on the historical shelf."—*The Literary*
World, Boston.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Beautiful Homes. The Art of Beautifying
Suburban Home Grounds. By FRANK J. SCOTT,
finely illustrated. \$3.00.

*Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Liter-
ature*, Parts I. to VII., each 15 cts.; Vols.
I. and II., each 60 cts.

Froude's Historical Essays, 50 cts.

Allerton's Poems of the Prairies, 70 cts.

Peyton's The Glasse of Time, 50 cts.

Life of Washington Irving. By RICHARD
HENRY STODDARD, 30 cts.

Guizot's History of France, new edition, 8
vols., 12mo, 427 fine illustrations, \$6.00.

Obiter Dicta. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, 50
cts.

Classic Comedies. By GOLDSMITH, SHERRIDAN
and JOHNSON, fine cloth, gilt tops, 60 cts.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. The handsomest
edition published in America, 50 cts.

Taylor's Self-Cure of Hernia, 90 cts.

Rawlinson's Ancient Religions, 75
cts.

Rawlinson's Egypt and Babylon, 75
cts.

Classic Greenwood's Home Folks Stories,
60 cts.

Holyoake's Manual of Co-operation, 35 cts.

Maurice Thompson's By-Ways and Bird
Notes, 75 cts.

Bricks from Babel. By J. McNAIR WRIGHT,
60 cts.

What Tommy Did. By EMILY HUNTINGTON
MILLER, illustrated, 50 cts.

Complete Works of John Ruskin. The
best American edition, 14 vols., \$18.00.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 1227. 393 Pearl St., New York.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoiding Agents & Dealers)—and
this Beautiful & Octavo Solid Walnut
BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70
for Trial in your own Home before you
buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four
Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matchless
in Sweetness, Beauty and Power.
Circulars giving thousands of Refer-
ences and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877.

The Wedding Ring.

Thirteen Sermons by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage
on the relations of Husbands and Wives and the Family
Circle. 12mo, 204 pages, paper cover, 25 cents; plain
cloth, 50 cents; cloth, gilt edges, \$1.00. Sent by mail,
postpaid, on receipt of price. Agents Wanted, to
whom we offer big pay. Address

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
31 Rose Street, New York.

FOR GAS. **BAILEY'S** **FOR OIL.**

REFLECTOR **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

BAILEY'S **REFLECTOR** **BAILEY'S** **REFLECTOR**

THE NEWEST SONGS!

READY IN APRIL.

THE GLAD REFRAIN.

Messrs. LOWRY and Doane's New Book of
Sunday-School Songs. It is fully equal to any of
their former popular works.

This New Song Book embraces a number of
New features, and is gotten up on an entirely
New plan, in a new shape, and is printed from
beautiful New type. It is sure to please, and will
create a New interest in the Song Service. It will
be sold at a New price.

\$25 PER 100 COPIES, IN BOARDS.

Single copy sent as soon as published, on receipt
of price. Specimen pages sent free on request.

AN EDITION IN AIKIN'S CHARACTER NOTES,
AT SAME PRICE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

A Student of Union Theological Seminary desires
employment of any kind during the summer. Teach-
ing preferred. Address EMIL LEWY, Union Theo-
logical Seminary, New York.

BLACK SILKS.

James McCreery & Co.

offer their friends and customers in City and
Country the following makes and qualities of Black
Dress Silks at specially attractive prices, viz.:

100 Pieces Black Imported Surahs at \$1.00,
regular \$1.25 quality.

100 Pieces Black Satin Rhadames at \$1.00;
marked down from \$1.25.

150 Pieces of Black Rhadames and Tricotines
at \$1.25; good value for \$1.65.

75 Pieces of Black Satin Damasses, 24-inch,
at 85 cents; reduced from \$1.25.

Rich Novelties in Watered Silks, Moire,
Francaise, Satin and Moire Pekins, Cluny, Stripes,
Crochet Figures, etc., suitable for Combinations
and Wraps, at very low prices.

An examination is invited. Orders by mail care-
fully filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th Street, New York.



HALF A MILLION GARDENS
ARE ANNUALLY *Peter Henderson & Co.* SUPPLIED WITH
SEEDS **PLANTS**
Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in
New York, are fitted up with every ap-
pliance for the prompt and careful
filling of orders.
Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations
of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of
6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.
PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St.,
NEW YORK.

A NEW BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."

THE OPEN SECRET

OR,
The Bible Explaining Itself.

By Hannah Whitall Smith.

That the author of this work has a faculty of pre-
serving the "Secret Things" that are revealed in the
Word of God is apparent to all who have read the
exceedingly popular work, "THE CHRIS-
TIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE,"
and such will not be disappointed in expecting to find
in this new volume a fullness and sweetness in the
unfolding of God's Word, in its application to the
practical and daily duties of Christian living.

The subjects treated may be seen from the follow-
ing list of

CONTENTS:

1. Our Saviour.
2. God is Love.
3. The Law and the Gospel.
4. Assurance of Faith.
5. Keeping Power of God.
6. Rest of Soul.
7. Consecration.
8. Be Careful for Nothing.
9. God as Our Mother.
10. As a Little Child.
11. The Three P's—Fact, Faith, Feel-
ing.
12. Our Relationship to God.
13. Fruit-Bearing.
14. Five Talents or One.
15. God's Ownership.
16. Resurrection Life of the Believer.
17. God's Workmanship.
18. Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.
19. The I Religion versus the Not I
Religion.

320 pages. Rich Cloth, stamped in gold, \$1.00. Sent,
post-paid, on receipt of price, by

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

HATCH

The CRAIG Fold-
ing Incubator and
Brooder (combined)
will hatch 1,200 to
1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$12
a dozen. No cost or experience to operate.
Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute
success.

CHICKS BY
The hen. No
trouble to hatch. Ten hens will pay \$200
profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book
on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

NEW STEAM COOKER!

The Best, Simplest and Cheapest. Only \$1.00.
Sent, express paid, any address, for \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
FICKETT STEAM COOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Now is the Time to Paint.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK

A new work on INDOOR and
OUTDOOR painting which is
signed to teach people how to DO
THEIR OWN PAINTING and
save the expense of a professional
painter. The most practical and
valuable work of the kind ever issued.
Full and plain directions are
given for mixing paints for ALL
PURPOSES. Tells all about
PAPER HANGING, KAL-
SOMINING, STAINING,
VARNISHING, POLISH-
ING, as well as how to RE-
NOVATE FURNITURE, so that it
will look as good as new. Tells all
about HOUSE-CLEANING.

Full directions are given for mix-
ing and applying Kalsomine to ceil-
ings and walls. It tells how to make
and use stencils for ornamenting
ceilings. Gives detailed directions
for PAPER HANGING so that
every one can paper a room success-
fully. Tells how to make DA-
MASK WALLS, etc.

Tells how to paint a Kitchen or chamber FLOOR
varnish OIL-CLOTHS, varnish RUSTIC
WORK, restore CHROMOS and oil paintings,
renovate PICTURE FRAMES, CLEAN
MARBLE, etc. Many useful hints on ARTIS-
TIC WORK for HOME DECORATION are
given. Full directions are given for making the
beautiful SPATTER-WORK pictures in which
the ladies are so much interested. Tells how to paint
OUTDOOR BUILDINGS, ROSES, FARM WA-
GONS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, and CAR-
RIAGES as well as how to polish a PIANO or
ORGAN—how to imitate GROUND GLASS or
make paint for BLACK BOARDS—GRAIN-
ING in oak and black walnut, painting in imitation
of EBONY—MAHOGANY and ROSEWOOD
stain, GILDING, BRONZING and SILVER-
ING. Elegantly printed, handsomely bound in ex-
tra cloth, with ink and gold, contains a large number
of illustrations; will save its cost in a short
time. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price,
\$1.00. Five books for \$4.00. Get four friends to send
with you and thus get your book free. Address,

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent
to any baby whose mother will send us the
names of two or more other babies, and their
parents' addresses. Also a handsome Dia-
mond Dye Sample Card to the mother and
much valuable information. Wells,
Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised,
or by whom or where they are published or sold,
send your orders to me and I will attend to them
promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guar-
antee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps
received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 18.

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF THE SPEAKER OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND PICTURE OF MR. GLADSTONE INTRODUCING THE HOME RULE BILL.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Proposed New Department—The Attempt to Check Log-Rolling—An Effort to Help the Mormons—The Ovation to Jefferson Davis—The Great Strike in Chicago—European Notes—A Senator's Escape from an Alligator—Attaching a Corpse in New Jersey—Death of the Silent Lady etc.

AROHIE'S OFFERING. (With Illustration.)

LOVE IN THREE POSTURES. A New Sermon by O. H. Spurgeon.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. SAM JONES.

Chinese Women at Home—A Last Game at Cards—An Hereditary Disease Cured—Having His Own Way—A Search in Paris for a Bible—Crazy Abel's Heroism.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS. By Rev. M. Baxter.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

PICTURE OF THE CAPTURE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.

Gems from New Books.

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

The Nobleman's Son. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rt. Hon. A. W. PEEL, Speaker of the British House of Commons—The Premier Proposing Home Rule.

MR. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL.

(See Portrait on preceding page.)

THE gentleman whose portrait as Speaker of the British House of Commons accompanies the picture of the memorable scene of April 8th in that assembly is the youngest son of the great Sir Robert Peel. He was born in August, 1829, and is therefore now in his fifty-seventh year. He was elected member of Parliament in 1865 by the little town of Warwick, and has been re-elected at every subsequent election, though on every occasion an effort has been made to wrest the honor from him. The constituency has recently been enlarged by adding to it an adjacent town; but the new constituency at the last election confirmed the choice of the old borough.

On his entering Parliament he was cordially received by Mr. Gladstone, who was warmly attached to his father and took a friendly interest in the son. Sir Robert Peel, the eldest son of the great statesman, is a man whom Mr. Gladstone for the same reason was disposed to befriend, but unhappily he proved unworthy of his name. Utterly frivolous and eccentric, he showed incapacity in every position in which he was placed by the Liberal party, and has now sunk out of public notice. Mr. Arthur Peel, on the contrary, has grown in public favor. Mr. Gladstone appointed him successively to several minor offices, the most important of which was the Under Secretaryship of the Home Office. In all of them he displayed marked ability, modesty, and painstaking industry.

ELECTED SPEAKER.

The dignified and responsible office of Speaker of the House of Commons fell vacant two years ago by the resignation of Mr. Brand, who was raised to the peerage. When the question of a successor was discussed Mr. Gladstone proposed the election of Mr. Arthur W. Peel, and as the followers of Mr. Gladstone were in a majority in the House his candidate was elected. The salary attached to the office is \$25,000 a year and a magnificent residence in the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Peel was too modest a man to mistake the motive which had prompted his nomination and election. Speaking from the chair of the House for the first time, he said: "I know very well how much I am indebted above all things—it would be unnatural in me if I did not avow it in the face of this House of Commons—for the favor which the House has thus far shown me, to the fact that I am the son of a statesman whose history and whose labors are identified with the story and the debates of this House, whose public services are indelibly written in the records of his country, and whose name is warmly cherished in a multitude of British homes."

It is by no means an easy task to preside over an assembly in which party feeling runs high, and in which there are inevitably questions of order to be decided of an abstruse character. It is a high testimony to Mr. Peel's character that his conduct in the chair during two years gave satisfaction to the members of both political parties. When the new Parliament was elected, at the close of last year, the first duty of the House of Commons was to elect a Speaker, Mr. Peel's occupancy of the chair having terminated, according to the constitution, with the House that elected him. On January 13th, 1886, the first day of the session, a Conservative member proposed the re-election of Mr. Peel, who, by the way, is a thorough Liberal, and a Liberal member (Mr. John Bright) seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously.

That both parties, after two years of experience of his rulings, should thus unite in re-electing him must have been a compliment very gratifying to Mr. Peel, and it was rendered still more effective by the observation of a Conservative member, who, addressing him on his installation in the chair, said, with a magnanimity rare in a political opponent: "When, nearly two years ago, you succeeded in that chair you were reminded by the right honorable gentleman opposite that much was expected from you. I will venture to say that this expectation has been

more than fulfilled. If at that time the name of Sir Robert Peel had any influence in determining the choice of that House, though that name can never be forgotten, yet to-day we choose you on account of the proved merits of the son."

Many quaint customs, relics of the days of the Tudor kings, were observed at the time of Mr. Peel's election. Among them was the custom of asking the Queen's approval of the choice of the House. Though this was done with punctilious regard for the ancient forms, the Commons showed how little importance they attached to the question whether Her Majesty approved or disapproved of Mr. Peel as their Speaker by seating him in the chair and going on with their business without waiting for royal indorsement. But when the Royal Commission turned up in the House of Lords Mr. Peel duly went to receive the Queen's message. In accordance with the old custom, he said: "Her Majesty's most faithful Commons have, in the exercise of their undoubted rights and privileges, proceeded to the election of a Speaker, and that their choice has fallen upon myself, and I now present myself at your bar and humbly submit myself for Her Majesty's gracious approbation." That having been accorded, Mr. Peel added, also according to old formula: "It is my duty on behalf of the Commons of the United Kingdom, to lay claim by humble petition to Her Majesty to all their undoubted rights and privileges, especially to freedom of speech in debate, to freedom from arrest of their persons and servants, and particularly to free access to Her Majesty whenever occasion shall require, and that the most favorable construction shall be put upon all their proceedings." That also was promised, and the Speaker went back to the House of Commons to resume his duties.

A MEMORABLE SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

THE illustration on the preceding page represents the scene on April 8th when Mr. Gladstone proposed in the House of Commons to grant to Ireland the boon which her representatives have been so long demanding—the right to legislate for herself. Never in the recollection of this generation of Englishmen has the excitement of that night been equalled. As the building does not contain seats for all the members of the House of Commons, there was a rush to secure them early in the day. Though the House would not commence proceedings before half past four in the evening, one member put in an appearance at five o'clock in the morning and secured a seat by putting his hat upon it, after which he spent the intervening hours in the library and restaurant. By seven o'clock there were thirty members who had similarly taken care that they should have a good place in the evening, and after that there was a continuous stream of arrivals.

The galleries reserved for spectators more or less distinguished were crowded as soon as they were opened, the United States Minister, Mr. Phelps, being conspicuous in the gallery reserved for eminent personages, seated beside the Queen's son-in-law, Prince Christian. Every square foot of space held a human being. The Prince of Wales, his son, Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke of Cambridge also occupied seats in the front row. The ladies' gallery is screened from a too open view from the main floor by a delicate fretwork in wood; but behind this lattice could be seen the Princess of Wales and the Princess Beatrice. There also were the Countesses Roseberry and Spencer, Lady Cavendish, widow of the Phoenix Park victim; Mrs. Gladstone and her bride daughter, Mrs. Drew.

The reception of Mr. Gladstone outside of the House of Commons was most impressive. Dense crowds stood for hours in a pouring rain waiting for him to come. It has been many years since the Queen has heard such cheers as thundered all the way from his residence to the House. As he rode beside his wife, bareheaded, bowing his thanks from an open carriage, and

holding an umbrella, the crowd became so enthusiastic that it forced its way past the police and filled the palace yard after him, cheering fervently.

AN OVATION.

He found the House densely crowded when he arrived. The members were amusing themselves by cheering distinguished men as they entered and in conversing in animated tones with each other. During a momentary lull in the confusion of cheers the House was suddenly startled by a wild cry. It came from the throats of those who were first to catch sight of Mr. Gladstone gliding toward his seat from behind the Speaker's chair. The Irish members sprang to their feet as one man, and for several minutes the uproar of enthusiastic applause continued.

It was 4.35 o'clock when the Speaker called upon Mr. Gladstone to take the floor. Mr. Gladstone rose and met with the most prolonged outburst of cheering ever heard in the House of Commons. He was evidently deeply impressed by the reception. When he was finally permitted to speak his first words were inaudible to the reporters. His voice, it was feared, was not equal to the great task before him. But it was not that. Mr. Gladstone was in a state of amazement, caused, no doubt, by the unexpected character of his welcome. This, however, quickly disappeared, and when he had spoken a few sentences he "found his voice." Until then the serious and settled melancholy characteristic of the man's appearance, his age, and his undoubted physical weakness, tended to give a very much exaggerated idea of the hoarseness of his voice, and the hearers' sympathies being with the venerable orator, the voice grated on the ear. But as soon as Mr. Gladstone steadied himself to his task, his voice grew even, clear, strong, and eventually penetrating, ringing, sonorous, and captivating.

THE VETERAN.

Listening to him without seeing or knowing him in the middle of his speech, a stranger would easily suppose the voice was that of a sound, impassioned man in the full vigor of the prime of life. Even the natural stiffness of old age—Mr. Gladstone is seventy-six—gradually gave way to a flexibility in movement, an animation in manner, an energy and fire of utterance that were amazing in themselves but which did not strike the auditor as anything but matters of course, so gradually and imperceptibly did the fires of the "Grand Old Man's" eloquence light him up.

Every sentence had been evidently carefully considered. He spoke of law presenting itself to Ireland in a foreign garb, and repeated this sentiment more than once, each time amid vociferous Irish cheers. He argued that England makes her own laws and the Scotch theirs, but Ireland was not allowed to do so. Then he proceeded to develop his plan, stating that the problem was how to reconcile the imperial interests with the diversity of legislatures. He contended that Ireland had Parliaments for hundreds of years without separation. He showed that the colonies have independent legislatures without involving separation, and also drew analogies from Sweden and Norway and Austria-Hungary.

He then said outright, amid deep silence, that his proposal was to set up a Parliament in Dublin under the authority of the Imperial Parliament. As he made this momentous declaration the crowd might have heard a pin drop all over the House. He declared that the unity of empire must not be placed in jeopardy, and the political equality of the whole country must be maintained. His gestures were very animated, and once something occurred which any superstitious person present might regard as an omen of ill. By accident, instead of thumping the box before him, he struck the mace, which is the symbol of the authority of the House, and nearly upset it, poised as it was on a balance. His followers cast frightened looks upon him, when he patted it gently, as if to assure it that he meant no harm, and continued his speech.

He went on with wonderful elaboration and skill to describe the composition of the proposed legislature, which is to consist of two orders sitting in the same chamber, one possessing a property qualification, the other elected on a popular basis; the legislature not to touch anything affecting the crown or its inheritance, or to have any power over the forces of defence or any interference with foreign and colonial relations. All this was worked out with great minuteness of detail. At this point the orator showed symptoms of weakness, which was also felt by the audience, although the members kept fast in their places. The Prince of Wales and his eldest son never budged, and only two or three persons went out. After taking some of the yellow mixture which he always carries to the House with him when he intends to make a long speech, and which is supposed to be composed of the yolk of eggs, the orator gave his peroration, which he partly read, every division of his subject being packed in different wrappers. As he finished one he put it back into a little box and took out another.

His conclusion was delivered with much emphasis and solemnity, and he sat down amid tremendous cheers. He spoke for three hours and twenty-five minutes. As the speech was *cabled verbatim* to New York, and was printed the next morning in all our great cities, our readers are doubtless familiar with all its details, a summary of which appeared in this journal on April 15th.

THE FUTURE.

Whether the proposal will be enacted it is impossible to predict. It is certain that not only by Mr. Gladstone's opponents, but by a large and influential section of his own party, it is vigorously opposed. In its present form it is not wholly acceptable to the Irish members themselves, though they clearly recognize how large is the boon it proposes to confer on their country. They see, however, that it is better not to have Home Rule at all than to have it hampered by restrictions which would cause its failure. It is understood that they will vote for the bill and endeavor to remove the obnoxious restrictions when it is examined clause by clause in its later stage. There are indications, too, that if it passes the House of Commons it will be rejected by the Lords, whose consent is necessary to the enactment of every law. If, however, it passes the Commons by a decisive majority, it will be sent to the Upper House a second time should they reject it at first, and as they are too prudent to obstinately oppose the will of the Lower House, they may be expected to yield eventually, if they do make a wry face at the bitter dose.

As we know from prophecy, and as has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns, the ultimate separation of Ireland from England may be looked for in the near future. Cæsar's Roman Empire is to be re-established in its form of a federation of ten kingdoms, and as England belonged to that empire, and Ireland never did, we cannot but conclude that England will not drag Ireland with her into the federation. The time of the setting up of that ten-kingdomed confederation is evidently near at hand, and this proposal of separation between Great Britain and Ireland is only one of many signs of its approach.

The Reduction of Foreign Postage Rates is a project favored by Lord Wolverton, the British Postmaster-General. Some time ago Mr. Heaton, a member of Parliament, introduced a motion in the House of Commons urging the British Government to negotiate with foreign governments with a view of securing a universal rate of two cents for every letter not exceeding half an ounce in weight. The motion was defeated in the House of Commons, but he has been informed by Baron Wolverton that he has a similar scheme, although it does not go to the extent of Mr. Heaton's project. The present rate is five cents, the half ounce to all countries included in the Latin Union.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Crippled, but Still Singing.—Sergeant Mather who fought in the Soudan campaign, said: "After a bloody battle I saw a man sitting on the ground, with his arm blown away, and notwithstanding his excruciating suffering, was singing: 'My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine.' A doctor approached him, and was about to bind up his wounds, when he said: 'Do not mind me, doctor, the Lord Jesus and I are friends, and there are many dying on this battle-field who cannot say that: go and attend to them for the sake of their perishing souls.' After some delay the poor, unselfish fellow got his wounds dressed, and was lifted into the ambulance wagon. When placed there, he said: 'I am dying, rejoicing in Jesus my Lord.'"

From a Military Hospital to Heaven.—"I recollect once going into a military hospital where two young soldier lads lay. I saw that fever was doing its awful work, and that the hand of death was upon them. 'My boy, you are suffering greatly,' I said to one of them, laying my hand on his burning forehead. 'Yes, sir; but I am happy, very happy,' he said. 'What makes you happy?' I asked. 'Jesus is mine, and I am His,' he said. Turning to the other, I asked, 'And are you also happy?' 'I am,' he said. 'And does your happiness spring from the same source?' 'From the same source,' he repeated. Must there not be something in this Gospel after all when these two young men, lying in a foreign hospital and dying of a painful malady, without friends or any one to cheer their last hours, both declaring that they were happy because they could say, 'Jesus is mine.'"

A Merchant's Estimate of Life.—A Remarkable instance of devotion to secular business was mentioned in our hearing lately. It was that of a merchant who was overtaken by a succession of grievous misfortunes, beneath which most men would have utterly given way. His business failed, and he became bankrupt. Just then his wife died, and he himself was stricken with paralysis. His state was such that his doctor said, "If you entirely leave business for a year you may live, but not otherwise." He replied, "Life is not worth living if I cannot attend to business," and he had himself carried in a chair to his office, from which he did not absent himself for a single day. Such indomitable perseverance naturally had its reward. He lived, got through his difficulties, and regained prosperity. The zealous Christian may adopt the saying of this man, with one alteration. He may say, "Life is not worth living if I cannot attend to my Father's business," and if he acts in the spirit of that saying he will be sure not to live in vain (1 Cor. 11:58).

Singular Pilgrimage of a Hindoo.—"In India at one time I was marching my company between Allahabad and Benares, when I could see by the gray morning light the company before me suddenly divide, and when coming to the same spot with my company I ascertained the cause—a man lying stretched upon the ground, face downward. We passed on, but in a few moments the bugle sounded a halt, and I, Scotch-like, turned back to ask the man why he lay there. 'I am going to Benares,' he replied. 'What are you going to do there?' I asked. 'I am going to see my god,' was the reply. 'Where have you come from?' I then asked. 'From Allahabad, and I am going to Benares to see my god.' 'And have you travelled all that way?' I asked, for it was about one hundred and thirty miles. He raised himself from his lying posture, marking as he did so, with a small stick, his length upon the ground, again laying himself down, putting his toes to the mark which he had made, and then went on to explain that he had not come on foot, but that he had travelled from Allahabad in the position in which we found him, by measuring his length on the dusty road, and that he was going to Benares in this manner, a distance of between four and five hundred miles. That man was working for salvation, and oh, I can now look back with deep regret that I could

not point that poor Hindoo to Him who has said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' for I did not then know the power of God unto salvation. But, dear friends, if you still turn a deaf ear to all entreaties to accept Christ, that poor heathen will rise up in the judgment against you."

A Human Bog.—"The Other Day I Was reading about a lady of whom it was doubtful if she were really a Christian. Two friends were talking of her on one occasion, when one of them asked if she, the lady of whom they were speaking, were a Christian. 'Oh, yes,' said the other, 'but she is what we call a bog. Perhaps you will not understand me, but as a bog is a piece of marshy ground that takes in all it can get, but never gives out, so this wet swamp becomes very unwholesome, and a very ugly, boggy place, because it retains all it gets but gives out nothing. So our friend is like this marshy bog. She goes to church, to meetings, to lectures, and to any other place where she thinks she may derive any good, but she never has been known to give out any of what she has received.' And, dear friends, I fear she does not stand alone. There are many such Christians, always getting but never giving, who act out the words of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

A Mother's Character.—Coming Home from years of study abroad a young man, one evening, in conversation with his only surviving parent, shocked him with a sneer against the religion of Christ. Not a word of reproach came from the lips of the grieved father. He took his little lamp and went to his chamber. All night that young sceptic heard the tramp of the feet of his sleepless father, and the sound was a knell of sorrow, the cause of which he well knew. In the morning the father brought to his son the well-known Bible of a sainted mother, and desired him to read and compare its teachings with the memories of her life. He read, and found a tear-stained and deeply underscored verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Conviction seized him. The beauty of his mother's character, the patience, purity, and fidelity she had shown, were convincing evidences of the unspeakable superiority of Christian character over the hollow fruits of scepticism. He cast away the toils of the tempter, knelt in lowly prayer, and consecrated his life and his splendid talents to Christ, and has since been instrumental in leading many to the same all-sufficient and ever-gracious Saviour.

"There is Something in It!"—The Rev. Mr. Calder said: "At one time, on my way to Aberdeen, I sat in the same compartment with a man and his wife. On entering into conversation with him I learned that he did not believe in God and emphatically declared he had no faith in Christ. I drew from my travelling bag a few tracts, and handed one to him and one to his wife. The man glanced carelessly at it and then threw it out of the window. His wife read hers in silence, and then said: 'There is something here for me.' 'Something for you?' repeated her husband; 'what do you mean?' 'Yes,' continued his wife, 'it tells me that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son that I should not perish.' 'Give it up,' demanded her husband, stretching out his hand for the tract. 'No,' she said, 'I am going to read it again.' He became curious, thinking it must be something else. With the promise that he would return it, she gave him the tract. After reading it carefully over two or three times he handed it back, saying: 'Well, there is something in that.' I tried once more to open up the conversation, but he would not be drawn into it, so we finished our journey in silence. About a year after this I had occasion again to be in Aberdeen, and while there, in a meeting one night, this man came in, and coming up to me he said: 'Yes, there was something in it, 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I now know the joy of having passed from death unto life.'"

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 2, 1886.*

"It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."—II CHRON. 5:13.

The Diamond Necklace of the Earth—The Grandest Musical Festival—Where Music was Born—A Lunatic's Song—God's Love of Music—I. The Importance of Music—Its Value in War—Tunes with Ancestral Associations—Singing to a Scotch Soldier—A Spanish King Exorcised—II. Obstacles to its Progress—Superstition—Fear of Criticism—A Fourth School of Music—A Burning Question—Praising by Proxy—Quarrelling Choirs—Music in the Family—National Songs.

THE temple was done. It was the very chorus of all magnificence and pomp. Splendor crowded against splendor. It was the diamond necklace of the earth. From the huge pillars crowned with leaves of flowers and rows of pomegranate wrought out in burnished metal, down even to the tongs and snuffers made out of pure gold, everything was as complete as the God-directed architect could make it. It seemed as if a vision from heaven had alighted on the mountains.

A GRAND FESTIVAL OF MUSIC.

The day for dedication came. Tradition says that there were in and around about the temple on that day two hundred thousands silver trumpets, forty thousand harps, forty thousand timbrels, and two hundred thousand singers; so that all modern demonstrations at Düsseldorf or Boston seem nothing compared with that. As this great sound surged up amid the precious stones of the temple, it must have seemed like the River of Life, dashing against the amethyst of the wall of heaven. The sound arose, and God, as if to show that He was well pleased with the music which His children make in all ages, dropped into the midst of the temple a cloud of glory so overpowering that the officiating priests were obliged to stop in the midst of the services.

There has been much discussion as to WHERE MUSIC WAS BORN.

I think that at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the birthplace of song. The stars that glitter at night are only so many keys of celestial pearl on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insect humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music.

While visiting Blackwell's Island I heard coming from a window of the lunatic asylum a very sweet song. It was sung by one who had lost her reason, and I have come to believe that even the deranged and disordered elements of nature would make music to our ear, if we only had acuteness enough to listen. I suppose that even the sounds in nature that are discordant and repulsive make harmony in God's ear. You know that you may come so near to an orchestra that the sounds are painful instead of pleasurable, and I think that we stand so near devastating storm and frightful whirlwind we cannot hear that which makes to God's ear and the ear of the spirits above us a music as complete as it is tremendous. The Day of Judgment, which will be a day of uproar and tumult, I suppose will bring no dissonance to the ears of those who can calmly listen; although it will be as when some great performer is executing a boisterous piece of music, he sometimes breaks down the instrument on which he plays; so it may be on that last day that the grand march of God,

played by the fingers of thunder, and earthquake, and conflagration may break down the world upon which the music is executed.

Not only is inanimate nature full of music but God has wonderfully organized the human voice, so that in the plainest throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles which can make over sixteen thousand different sounds! Now, there are thirty indirect muscles which can make, it has been estimated, more than one hundred and seventy-three millions of sounds. Now, I say, when God has so constructed the human voice, and when He has filled the whole earth with harmony, and when He recognized it in the ancient temple, I have a right to come to the conclusion that God loves music.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC.

I propose this morning to speak about sacred music, first showing you its importance, and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement. I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul He tells us to admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; through David He cries out: "Sing ye to God all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name, proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray. God not only asks for the human voice but for the instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal and the harp and the trumpet. And I suppose that, in the last days of the Church, the harp, the lute, the trumpet, and all the instruments of music that have given their chief aid to the theatre and bacchanal, will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ, and then sounded in the Church's triumph on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise Him with your voices. Praise Him with stringed instruments and with organs.

INSPIRING SOLDIERS.

I draw another argument for the importance of this exercise from the impressiveness of the exercise. You know something of what secular music has achieved. You know it has made its impression upon governments, upon laws, upon literature, upon whole generations. One inspiring national air is worth thirty thousand men in a standing army. There comes a time in the battle when one bugle is worth a thousand muskets. In the earlier part of our Civil War, the Government proposed to economize in bands of music, and many of them were sent home; but the generals in the army sent word to Washington: "You are making a very great mistake. We are falling back and falling back. We have not enough music." Then the Government changed its mind; more bands of music were sent to the field, and the day of shameful defeat terminated. I have to tell you that no nation or church can afford to severely economize in music.

ANCESTRAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Why should we rob the programme of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody, which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls how they used to sing! When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative then the meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmonds." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the Church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. What God hath joined together let no man

put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony, and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

Many of you are illustrations of what sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the warning and the argument of the pulpit, but when in the sweet words of Charles Wesley, or John Newton, or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, then you surrendered, as armed castle that could not be taken by a host, lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill.

SINGING TO A SCOTCH SOLDIER.

There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said: "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He sung it to the tune of "Dundee," and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister: "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power! Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages, and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that those who hear me to-day would take these songs of salvation as messages from heaven; for, just as certainly as the birds brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith, so these winged harmonies God sent are flying to your soul with the bread of life. Open your mouth and take it, O hungry Elijah!

ITS SOOTHING INFLUENCE.

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to soothe perturbation. You may have come in here with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet perhaps in the singing of the first hymn you lost all those worriments and anxieties. You have read in the Bible of Saul, and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Farinelli came and discoursed music for three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up, and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do, the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. Do you not know that a singing church is always a triumphant church? If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the Church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there

* Reported by Dr. Talmage's own stenographer, and revised by Dr. Talmage, who authorizes its publication in this journal.

would be a thousand. "How was it in olden time? Cajetan said: "Luther conquered us by his songs."

OBSTACLES TO PROGRESS.

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music; and the first is, that it has been impressed into the service of superstition. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized and lawfully so. The drawing-room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the production of harmless amusement, and the improvement of talent have become very forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey Gardens as it has to pray in St. Paul's. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fiffing of the wind as well as the long metre psalm of the thunder. But, while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art which God intended for the improvement of the ear and the voice and the head and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of error. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument, and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the Church and applied to purposes of sin.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then, if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time, he will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voices. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale, or come in at the close a bar behind.

A FOURTH SCHOOL.

There are three schools of singing I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance, when the heart is wanting. I know it is easier to preach on this than it is to practice; but I sing for two reasons—first, because I like it, and next because I want to encourage those who do not know how. I have but very little faculty in that direction, and no culture at all, yet I am resolved to sing though every note should go off like a Chinese gong. God has commanded it, and I dare not be silent. He calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons to praise Him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

OPPOSING TASTES.

Another obstacle that has been in the way of the advancement of this holy art has been so much angry discussion on the subject of music. There are those who would have this exercise conducted by musical instruments. In the same church there are those who do not like musical instruments, and so it is organ and no organ, and there is a fight. In another church it is a question whether the music shall be conducted by a precentor or by a drilled choir. Some want a drilled choir, and some want a precentor, and there is a fight. Then there are those who would like in the church to have the organ played in a dull, lifeless, droning way, while there are others who would have it wreathed into fantasies, branching out in jets and spangles of sound, rolling and tossing in marvellous convolutions, as when in pyrotechnic display you think a piece is exhausted it breaks out in wheels, rockets, blue lights and serpentine demonstrations.

Some would have the organ played in almost inaudible sweetness, and others would have it full of staccato passages that make the audience

jump with great eyes and hair on end as though by a vision of the witch of Endor; and he who tries to please all will succeed in nothing. Nevertheless, you are to admit the fact that this contest which is going on in hundreds of the churches of the United States to-day, is a mighty hindrance to the advancement of this art. In this way scores and scores of churches are entirely crippled as to all influence, and the music is a damage rather than a praise.

PRaise BY PROXY.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by a delegation. Churches have said: "Oh, what an easy time we shall have. The minister will do the preaching, and the choir will do the singing, and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land, where the people are not expected to sing. The whole work is done by delegation of four, or six, or ten persons, and the audience is silent. In such a church in Syracuse, an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the squire if he would not stop. You know that in a great multitude of churches the choir are expected, and do all the singing, and the great masses of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. There they stand, the four, with opera-glass dangling at their side, singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," with the same spirit that the night before on the stage they took their part in the "Grand Duchess" or "Don Giovanni."

Now, in this church, we have resolved upon the plan of conducting the music by a precentor. We do it for two reasons, one is that by throwing the whole responsibility upon the mass of the people, making the great multitude the choir, we might rouse more heartiness. The congregation coming on the Sabbath day feel that they cannot delegate this part of the great service to any one else, and so they themselves assume it. We have glorious congregational singing here. People have come many miles to hear it. They are not sure about the preaching, but they can always depend on the singing. We have heard the sound coming up like "the voice of many waters," but it will be done at a better rate after a while, when we shall realize the height, and the depth, and the immensity of this privilege.

QUARRELLING CHOIRS.

Another reason why we adopted this plan. We do not want any choir quarrels. You know very well that in scores of the churches there has been perpetual contention in that direction. The only church fight that ever occurred under my ministry, was over a melodeon in my first settlement. Have you never been in church on the Sabbath day and heard the choir sing, and you said: "That is splendid music." The next Sabbath you were in the church, and there was no choir at all. Why? The leader was mad, or his assistants were mad, or they were all mad together. Some of the choirs are made up of our best Christian people! Some of the warmest friends I have ever had have stood up in them, Sabbath after Sabbath, conscientiously and successfully leading the praises of God. But the majority of the choirs throughout the land are not made up of Christian people, and three fourths of the church fights originate in the organ-loft. I take that back and say nine tenths. Many of our churches are dying of choirs. Let us, as a church, give still more attention to the music. If a man, with voice enough to sing, keep silent during this exercise, he commits a crime against God and insults the Almighty.

Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity! There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three

fourths closed and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During my recent absence I preached to a large audience, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age, or weakness, or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when, upright, we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

We want to rouse all our families upon this subject. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing-school. Childish petulance, obduracy, and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on Sabbath-day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river, and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families in my church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought, until our families sing as they ought.

There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by His Spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into music, and when the conductor takes his place on the Sabbath day, there will be a great host of voices rushing into the harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in heaven, where they all sing and sing forever? Let me prophecy in regard to any one here who has no delight in the worship of heaven, if you do not sing the praises of God on earth, I do not believe you will ever sing them in glory. I would that our singing to-day might be like the Saturday night rehearsal for the Sabbath morning in the skies, and might begin now by the strength and by the help of God to discharge a duty which none of us have fully performed.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly king
Should speak their joys abroad."

Come now, clear your throats, and get ready for this duty or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman singing the "Marseillaise Hymn" on the Champs Elysées, Paris, just after the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since, as he sang that national air. Oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever, in an English assemblage, heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long metre doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion joined in the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory!

CHINESE WOMEN AT HOME.

MISS LANCASTER, of the China Inland Mission, writes: "Chinese women are grave and patient. Of all in the world, there are none to whom a knowledge of the way of salvation would be a more blessed boon, and none more capable of appreciating and using the gift. The homes of the Chinese, the homes of a third of the human race, are windowless, floorless, and ceilingless. They are very hot in summer, very cold in winter, dank and dark all the year round. They are small because of poverty; low, for safety from typhoons; unventilated, because openings would give ingress to the long hooks of thieves; densely crowded together for mutual protection; opening only on tiny courts and narrow streets, where all filth fumes because every iota must be saved for fertilizing the rice-fields. Villages so made up and surrounded by walls to keep out marauders are but a few minutes' walk from each other, all over the land. From such a home, to such a home, a woman is brought and married to a man she has never seen before, to serve a mother-in-law who is kind to her in proportion to her diligence in rearing pigs, and her aptness in bearing sons. The greater portion of the women have seen only the village in which they were born, and that into which they are married. All the world outside is as unknown to them as is the planet Mars. Toward the life to come they look blankly, hoping only that their male descendants will feed their wandering spirits after death with earthly food. As hardly any Chinese women know how to read, as the old women rarely leave their villages, and the young women seldom leave their own houses, the only way to carry the Gospel to 'every creature' among them is to take it by a living voice into their homes. Native sentiment and custom, which is doubtless correct, forbid the doing of this work by men. Women, and women only, may do it effectively. Native social customs permit elderly women to go from house to house, and from village to village, and there is no limit to the number of women who may be reached by such. The selection, training, and superintending native Christian women who do this work, is probably the way in which the foreign missionary lady can effect most in the work of evangelizing Asia.

A SEARCH IN PARIS FOR A BIBLE.

AN interesting letter from the Rev. S. R. Brown is published in the *American McAll Record*, describing the work being done in the French capital by the McAll missions. In the course of the letter an incident is narrated which shows how dense is the spiritual darkness of even the upper classes in France.

In January, 1885, a wealthy country gentleman went to Paris to enjoy the season. Every night he attended the theatre, or the opera, or a concert. He had been educated at a Jesuit college, but what he had seen and heard had produced in his mind disgust for the priests and their religion. Walking out one evening during his stay in Paris, he passed the Baltimore Hall of the McAll Mission, and, being invited, in he entered. Mr. Brown says:

"At the close of the meeting he gave me his card, and I promised to call upon him. He said: 'You read from a large book. I never heard those words before. What was it?' 'A Bible,' I said. 'A Bible? and would you lend it to me?' I gave him a Gospel. The next week he brought it back. He had sought for the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah in John's Gospel, and could not find it. He said: 'When I heard you read, I wondered what book it could be. I had never heard such words before, so I determined to buy one. I went to three booksellers in Batignolles, and they had none, nor could they tell me where to find one. So thinking my wife would succeed where I had failed, I got her to go and seek a Bible. She came back saying: 'I cannot get one. It is a bad book, or a forbidden one, or else it is a secret book only used by the ministers.' So he had failed; neither he nor his wife could procure for money

in the month of April, 1885, a Bible in Paris. What was to be done? On Tuesday he was at the meeting, and asked me to buy him a Bible. At once I placed one in his hand as a gift. Twice a week he came to the meetings, and walked to the train with me, asking questions. 'Strange!' he said, 'I never heard these things before. I never saw this book before. None of my friends have a copy in their libraries. I am now reading it, weighing every word; and I have learned more from your meetings than from nine years of philosophy taught me by a Jesuit professor.'"

Subsequently at his invitation Mr. Brown visited him at his country mansion, and had the joy of seeing him converted to Christ. Mr. Brown also spoke to large numbers of neighbors whom the hospitable gentleman invited to his house to hear the word, and a work of grace was commenced which bore much fruit.

HAVING HIS OWN WAY.

READERS who have at some time been annoyed by the clamor of badly trained children will appreciate an incident which occurred recently on a Western railroad. It may also suggest a useful reflection to parents who are over-indulgent to their children. A child allowed to have everything he wants is badly prepared for life in a world where he is likely to want many things he cannot have, and has much need of patience. Experienced Christians, looking back over their lives, perceive that their Heavenly Father has not so dealt with them. They see His love and wisdom sometimes most clearly in His keeping from them things they earnestly desired and prayed for (II Cor. 12: 8, 9).

A Boston journal says: "Among the passengers on the St. Louis Express yesterday was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

"The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams, and his viciousness toward the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

"Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness, the mother would chide her sharply.

"Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

"The nurse caught his hand, and said, coaxingly:

"Harry mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!"

"Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

"The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out, sharply:

"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

"Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp, and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

"The mother awoke again.

"Mary!" she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat, and said, confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am!"

HIS LAST GAME AT CARDS.

THE following incident is related in the current number of the *Sword and the Trowel*:

"Two Christian men, who were employed in a large shop in the south of London, sought to live for Christ among their fellow-workmen. They agreed together to stay at the shop every Thursday night after the men had gone to pray for one of them who had ridiculed them. They did so for some months.

"At last, one Thursday evening, just as they were going on their knees, they happened to look across the shop, and saw their opponent watching them attentively. They paused awk-

wardly, as he approached, and asked what they were doing. 'Why don't you go home,' said he, 'and look after your wives and families?' They were so taken aback that they could not immediately answer. 'Look here,' continued he, 'you can't deceive me. I know what you are about, you are going to pray for me; but do you think your prayers will ever do me any good? Then taking a pack of cards from his pocket, he said: 'Do you see these cards? I am going to such-and-such a place,' mentioning a gambling saloon, 'to spend the evening in smoking, swearing, drinking, and card-playing, and you are going to pray for me, like two great fools.' After he left, the two Christians looked at each other, feeling quite crushed. It was a time of great trial to them; nevertheless, they fell on their knees, and wrestled with God for the conversion of this man, who seemed worse than ever.

"The man, true to his word, went to the saloon and commenced the evening's amusement; but after playing a few games, feeling very uncomfortable, he packed away his cards, and walked up Newington Butts. As he was passing Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, he heard singing, and he went up the steps, and listened near the door. Some one said: 'Come inside, there's plenty of room; Mr. Spurgeon is going to preach.' He accepted the invitation, listened attentively to the word; and on leaving the building he was a new man in Christ Jesus."

CRAZY ABEL'S HEROISM.

AN incident related by Mr. Halston in the *New York Times* shows that love and gratitude may nerve even a nature almost destitute of intelligence to self-sacrifice of a heroic character. That a man should voluntarily give himself to die that one whom he loved might live excites wonder and admiration in all who hear of it, even in those who hear unmoved how the Redeemer died for His enemies (Rom. 5: 7, 8). The essence of the story, as given to Mr. Halston by an old army officer, is as follows:

In the days of the gold fever of '49, in a regiment which was holding the Mexicans in check, was a man known as "Crazy Abel." He had once been smart and bright, but a fever which had prostrated him a short time before left him an intellectual wreck. He was, however, quite harmless, and was useful in doing odd work about the camp. He went about with a chronic smile on his face, and though rather idiotic was kind and gentle. One day a coarse brute of a man, who came to the camp, in a drunken rage attacked Abel, and ill-used him severely. Abel bore it patiently and did not attempt to defend himself, but an officer who witnessed the assault pulled the brute off Crazy Abel and taught him a good deal about the virtues of a leather strap as an instrument of discipline.

Some time afterward the officer was sent to a distant station with a despatch, and Crazy Abel, who, ever since the officer had protected him, had followed him about with dog-like devotion, went with him. It was not considered a dangerous mission, so the officer took no precautions. Suddenly in a wild part of the road there was an ambush, and the officer and Crazy Abel were captured. The captors were the brute, whom the officer had punished for abusing Abel, and a companion as desperate as himself. The two prisoners were carried to the top of a high rock, and there the officer was bound while the two captors exulted with demoniac glee over the tortures they meant to inflict upon him. Crazy Abel seemed regardless of what went on. His chronic smile did not leave his countenance; he seemed quite as content as though at the camp mess table. He was held loosely by one of the men while the other sneered and taunted the officer. At last the brute raised his rifle and pointed it at the officer's breast. In an instant Crazy Abel shook himself free and hurled the man who was holding him over the rocky precipice. Then with a rush that seemed like the flash of a sunstreak through the air Crazy Abel threw himself upon the body of that man who

but one moment ago had terrible vengeance within his very reach. It was a vain effort that he made to withstand the assault. He toppled and fell. Crazy Abel's arms were about him. Clapsed together the two went down the precipice together and were dashed to pieces. Crazy Abel had given his life for his friend. It was afterward found that the name of the devoted fellow was Abel Anderson, a New Yorker, who had spent his childhood and youth on the Catskills.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

In a letter written recently by the Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis, to a friend in England, he refers to the political agitation now disturbing that country, and says:

"The one comfort about it is that these are the predicted signs which precede and usher in the Coming of our Lord. Even now we find everywhere upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. It is no better on our side of the sea than on yours. There are now nine thousand railroad men in this State on a 'strike,' and the wheels of commerce are completely blocked over an immense territory. A morning paper, which now lies on my table, says that there are fifty-one thousand laboring men at this moment on strike throughout the country, and their ranks are increasing every hour. The sky over here is as dark as it is in England, and when your countrymen, who imagine that a Democratic form of government is a panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir, shall have tried the experiment, they will probably discover that they have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. There is but one possible solution of the difficult problem, and that is the Coming of our Lord."

The doctor might have added that the troubles in this country, like those in England, are the natural and direct result of misconduct. God works always by law, and neither here nor in England is there ground for complaint. God has fulfilled His promise: "*The curse causeless shall not come*" (Prov. 26:2). We have stood aside and allowed capitalists to oppress the working-men. Some of the railroad-men have for years had to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. If we had interposed to protect them from oppression, all would have been well. We failed in our duty, and now when they combine to defend themselves they do it clumsily, violently, and with infinite inconvenience to the public. In England the Parliament stood aside for generations, and allowed landowners to oppress their tenants; now the agitation threatens to dismember the empire.

A HEREDITARY DISEASE CURED.

The following facts, in connection with a Christian worker well known in New York, show how, without the use of means, God honors the faith of those who take their sicknesses to Him for healing:

Mrs. Clara S. Whitney was some years ago afflicted with an incurable disease inherited from her mother. She consulted physicians at Hartford, Conn., where she resided, and afterward she came to New York to consult other physicians here. They were in both places of the same opinion, that the disease was constitutional and could not be eradicated. She had some conversation with Mrs. Boardman, the wife of the late Rev. W. E. Boardman, who urged her to go to the Lord for healing. She prayed about it for some three weeks with her friend, but there was no improvement. Then she prayed for submission to the Lord's will, and became resigned to die or to live and suffer, as He thought best.

She was afterward led to decide on going to Boston to see Dr. Cullis and ask him to pray for her healing. She was so weak and ill on the morning when the journey to Boston was to be taken that her husband was opposed to her going, and urged her to abandon it. She per-

severed, however, but as the time drew near she became so much worse that it seemed as if she would die. She lost consciousness for a time, and she herself thought she was dying. On coming to herself she was conscious of a strange change in her condition. Her fingers, which had become numbed and discolored, resumed their natural appearance, and new life seemed to be running through her body from head to foot. "Oh, I am healed—I am well!" she exclaimed. "There is no need to go to Boston now. The Lord has healed me." It was so, and she immediately ate a hearty meal, which before she had been unable to do, and the disease left her never to reappear.

A life of faith and Christian service commenced from that day. Mrs. Whitney sold all she had and distributed to the poor. Subsequently she came to New York, and has been a means of blessing in many ways in the city. In visiting the sick and praying with them, in laboring for the rescue of fallen women, and in teaching and evangelizing she has spent her time, depending on the Lord for her support, which has always been supplied.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 263.)

EVENTS SIX, SEVEN, AND EIGHT.

VI. Rapture of Living and Resurrection of Dead Believers—Sixty Nine Weeks After the Order to Rebuild Jerusalem—The First-fruits and the Harvest—VII. The Pentecostal Outpouring—VIII. Wars, Woes, and Plagues—Satan's Brief Predominance.

SIXTH EVENT.

THE coming of Christ peacefully in its first stage to raise to life deceased Christians, and to take them up together with watchful living Christians to meet Him in the heavens—constituting the first-fruits ascension—is clearly fore-shown in the prophecies to occur shortly previous to the three and a half years of great tribulation and anti-Christian persecution, which is the latter three and a half years of the covenant seven years.

This is an undoubted article of faith with many expositors; and some conclude from a very minute inspection and careful comparison of the prophecies that this first stage of

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT

will occur about five years and two months before the end; or, more exactly, two years and from one to three weeks after the date of the seven years' covenant.† To this point of time, therefore, Christians may look with peculiar interest, at the same time maintaining unslumbering watchfulness in the interim.

There is much reason to believe that "a commandment to restore and rebuild Jerusalem" will be promulgated 69 weeks of days—i.e., 483 literal days before this second advent of the

* Reprinted from articles published in 1873.

† As the ascension of Christ (the personal man-child) occurred in 36 to 38 A.D., about 1862 years before the end (which will be between 1898 and 1900), and also the year-day fulfilment of the Seals (including the 1260 years of the Papal and Mohammedan Antichrists) began then; so the ascension of the watchful Christians or Wise Virgins (the mystical Man-child) will occur about 1862 days before the end, and the literal day fulfilment of the Seals (including the 1260 days of the personal infidel antichrist), and of the prophesying of the Two Witnesses, and the 5 months of the demon locust scorpion woe, and the 13 months of the demon horsemen woe, will also begin then (Rev. 12:5, 6, 9, 11).

Now 1862 days (or about 5 years and 9 weeks) before the end will of course be 733 days (or about 2 years and 2 weeks) after the date of the seven years' covenant, because the whole period from the date of the covenant to the end will be exactly 7 years and 73 days—i.e., 2595 days (Dan. 9:27; 12:11, 12), which is 1862 + 733 days—hence the ascension of watchful Christians will be about 2 years and 2 weeks after the Covenant, or allowing a margin of a week on each side of that point of time, in order to avoid too minute precision, we may safely affirm it to be 2 years and between 1 to 3 weeks after the Covenant.

The ensuing 5 years (in general terms) from this Ascension until the end is also typified by Joseph manifesting himself to his brethren 5 years before the end of the 7 years' famine (Gen. 45), and by Moses being mysteriously removed to heaven 5 years before the Israelites fully inherited the promised land (Deut. 34; Num. 14:30-33; Josh. 19:7-10). The number of 5 wise and 5 foolish virgins may also convey a further hidden intimation of 5 years of abundant blessing during the raising of the Midnight Cry by the wise virgins, followed by 5 years of spiritual famine during the shutting out of the foolish virgins from Christ's presence between His advent in the air and on the earth. The 7 good kine and ears and 7 lean kine and ears denoted 7 years of abundance followed by 7 years of famine (Gen. 41:26, 27).

Messiah in the air, according to the reduplicated literal day fulfilment of Dan. 9:25. "From the going forth of the commandment to restore and rebuild Jerusalem unto Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks." The first stage of Christ's coming is specially described in the two following texts:

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then (*epeita*, afterward) we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord."

"Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trump shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

TWO STAGES.

These two passages might convey at first sight the impression that all living Christians will be changed to incorruption, and caught up to meet their coming Lord at exactly one and the same moment; but further explanatory details in Revelation show that they will be caught up in two distinct ingatherings or companies—an earlier first-fruits ingathering of 144,000 Watchful Christians,* and then, after an interval of considerably more than three and a half years, a later harvest ingathering of an innumerable great multitude of Laodicean Christians,† and this interval of more than three and a half years between the two ingatherings is the whole period of the Lord's Second Coming, which is thus one continuous, progressive event, including in its development a variety of subordinate events.

SEVENTH EVENT.

An earnest and world-wide preaching of the Gospel of the kingdom to all nations, accompanied by a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit, fulfilling the First Angel Message and First Seal in Rev. 14:6; 5:2; Joel 2:28-32, will follow the First-Fruits Ascension of 144,000 Watchful Christians to heaven (who may then return to assist in the preaching) and will continue for several months or more, and be succeeded by two Angel Messages (Rev. 14:8, 9).

EIGHTH EVENT.

Universal and sanguinary war will then rage during the second Seal for several months further on, just before the three and a half years' Great Tribulation, and the ten kingdoms will become Papal Red-republics, as described in Revelation 17. The Seven Trumpets, as well as the Seven Seals,‡ commencing in their literal fulfilment about this time, will inflict dreadful woes and plagues and sore judgments on the nations until the end of the three and a half years' Tribulation (see Rev. 6 to 17). One cause of these dreadful wars on earth will be the war in heaven by Michael against Satan, and the casting down of Satan and his angels to this earth; whereupon, after several months' raging, he will energize Antichrist to persecute Christians for a time and times, and half a time—that is, the final three and a half years. The fearful warning is then given:

"Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the devil has come down unto you, having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" (Rev. 12:7-14).

Most of the Christians left after the translation of the Wise Virgins on earth will be miraculously removed to and hidden and fed in a wilderness; but any subsequent converts, who will not thus escape, will be slain by Antichrist during the three and a half years. (Read Rev. 12.)

(To be continued.)

* Rev. 14:4; 12:5; 3:10; 4:5; Matt. 25:10; 24:38-41; Luke 17:28-30; 21:36; 1 Thess. 5:3-5. The fourteenth chapter 144,000 are a company of Christians translated to the celestial Mount Zion, and seen in heaven before the three and a half years' tribulation, which is then described in the rest of the chapter, Rev. 14:8-29. But the seventh chapter 144,000 are an entirely different and distinct company of Jews found on earth, and sealed and converted after the three and a half years' tribulation, which is previously described under the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th seals.

† Rev. 14:15; 7:9; 3:19; 11:18; Matt. 24:30.
‡ The exact relative positions of the 7 seals, 7 trumpets, and 7 vials are very fully explained in the book "Forty Coming Wonders," by Rev. M. Baxter.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

NOTICE.

DR. TALMAGE'S sermons, published week by week in this journal, are verbatim reports taken by Dr. Talmage's own reporter, and are authorized and revised by Dr. Talmage for publication in our columns. It is necessary to repeat this statement, because we are informed that some of our readers have been misled by an advertisement, which has appeared in a large number of journals, so worded, by accident or design, as to imply that no reports of the sermons are authorized by Dr. Talmage, but those which appear in the pages of a local monthly periodical.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Proposal to Establish a Department of Labor was made last week, in a bill introduced in the House by Mr. Springer. The business assigned to the department in the bill would be to collect and diffuse information on the subject of labor in relation to capital, the hours of labor, earnings of men and women, and the means of promoting the material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity of the working-classes. It proposes, also, that within the department shall be such a commission as the President recommended in his recent message. One Commissioner, with two assistants, to be appointed by the President, to be charged with the duty of considering and settling by arbitration, when possible, all disputes between capital and labor. It is to investigate such disputes, whether invited to do so or not by parties to the dispute.

The River and Harbor Bill Under Discussion this year, appropriates \$15,120,700. Every year this bill is a worthy subject for minute examination. There is no question that more than fifteen millions might be wisely expended on the rivers and harbors, but this bill is a fair specimen of the wisdom which has been exercised upon it. Classified by States and Territories as nearly as practicable by assigning a proportionate share of certain items to each of several States covered by some items like those for the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri rivers, the distribution of the items in the bill is as follows: Maine, \$149,000; New Hampshire, \$8000; Vermont, \$15,000; Massachusetts, \$164,000; Rhode Island, \$94,000; Connecticut, \$151,000; New York, \$875,000; New Jersey, \$240,000; Pennsylvania, \$385,600; Delaware, \$117,500; Maryland, \$132,500; Virginia, \$416,500; North Carolina, \$206,500; South Carolina, \$341,000; Georgia, \$355,500; Florida, \$375,500; Alabama, \$668,500; West Virginia, \$256,100; Ohio, \$478,000; Indiana, \$207,500; Illinois, \$640,000; Michigan, \$918,500; Wisconsin, \$435,500; Minnesota, \$550,000; California, \$362,500; Oregon, \$702,000; Mississippi, \$500,500; Louisiana, \$595,500; Texas, \$950,000; Kentucky, \$1,170,500; Arkansas, \$578,500; Ten-

nessee, \$526,000; Missouri, \$1,065,000; Montana, \$25,000; Washington Territory, \$14,500; Dakota, \$2000; Kansas, \$100,000; Iowa, \$295,000, and Nebraska, \$35,000. The committee which is responsible for the bill, consists of fifteen members. The fifteen States they represent get ten millions of the fifteen it is proposed to appropriate.

The Constitutional Change Allowing the President to veto portions of a bill without vetoing the whole has been unfavorably reported by the House Judiciary Committee. The object of the proposed change was to prevent the practice known as log-rolling, which has been fruitful in increasing public expenditure. It is managed by an agreement between legislators for mutual support, one promising to vote for an appropriation of which he does not approve, on condition that some one else votes for an appropriation which he does want to have passed. The Committee's report indicates that its members are cognizant of the evil, but think that it would not be remedied by the proposed Constitutional amendment.

An Effort to Help the Mormons by Having the Edmunds act declared unconstitutional, was made last week in the United States Supreme Court, by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis. He appeared for Lorenzo Snow, who has been convicted of polygamy under the Edmunds act, by the Territorial Courts, and has now appealed to the United States Court for redress. There appears to be no contention on the merits of the case. Under the Edmunds law, Snow has, it is admitted, been justly convicted; the only escape for him, therefore, is in the possibility of the Supreme Court declaring the law unconstitutional. Mr. Curtis gave a history of the Mormon Church from its foundation, and declared that it was because the Mormons were not known or understood that the American people wanted to stamp out what is termed this monstrous evil. Popular belief is the exact opposite of this contention. The case is being watched with intense interest.

An Ovation to Jefferson Davis of a Very enthusiastic character was tendered by Alabama citizens last week. Mr. Davis went to Montgomery to lay the corner-stone of the monument to the Confederate dead. It is twenty-five years since, in the same city, he took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States, and in the hearty welcome he received that fact was not forgotten. The city was gayly decorated, and the Stars and Stripes floated from every flagstaff. Cannons were fired in salute, and an immense concourse of citizens assembled to do honor to their old leader. The speeches made by Mr. Davis were naturally in defence of secession, and, of course, produced one or two demonstrations of indignation in the North when they were published by the press. It was, however, generally regarded as a significant fact, bearing evidence of the stability of the Government that the demonstration and the speeches could be made with perfect freedom. There was, too, abundant proof in spite of the affectionate admiration manifested toward Mr. Davis, of loyalty to the Union and pride in our common country. In no other land on earth could such an event have been celebrated without apprehension of trouble.

The General Strike for Eight Hours as a day's labor commenced in Chicago on May 1st. On that day it was estimated that at least forty thousand workmen were on strike in that city alone. So extensive a strike paralyzes many industries, and all business will be seriously crippled by the inability of the railroads to handle freight. Of the forty thousand strikers, twelve thousand are lumbermen, and it is an ominous feature of the movement that anarchists are directing their efforts to these men. They openly urged them to burn the lumber-yards, if their demands were not granted. The agitation extended to St. Louis and other cities, but it is in Chicago that excesses are to be looked for. The employers of the lumbermen have agreed together to resist the demands of the men, but

in other trades a more conciliatory disposition has been manifested, and in some few cases the demand of eight hours has been granted. A monster mass-meeting was held in New York on Saturday night, to express sympathy with the Chicago strikers. Fully sixteen thousand persons were present.

The Strike on the Third Avenue Railroad of New York was not settled last week. Both the company and the men maintained their uncompromising attitude. The company succeeded in running a few of its cars, by employing green hands, and importing drivers and conductors from other cities. The strikers did not interfere with the former, but when a driver or conductor showed that he was accustomed to the work, an effort, which was generally successful, was made to induce him to leave his work and join the strikers. The company promised the public to run its cars during the evening and night according to custom, but the promise was not kept. It had not sufficient drivers, and the two policemen who are sent on each car involved too heavy a drain on the force for night work. The cars, therefore, ceased running at six o'clock each night. Five members of the Executive Board of the Drivers' and Conductors' Union have been indicted for conspiracy in organizing the strike. This proceeding has tended to embitter the struggle.

Wholesale Conflagrations, the Work of Incendiaries, are reported from the Austrian provinces. The town of Friedland, in Moravia, has been almost totally destroyed by fire, during the progress of which ten persons were killed. The towns of Dobrowlany, Bojaniec, and Chyrow have been completely destroyed, and the town of Sanok has been greatly damaged. At Chyrow a man was caught in the act of setting fire to a building. The discontent of the peasantry is general. One European correspondent says: "The West Galician peasants also have cause for disaffection. They have for centuries past been wretched and down-trodden, but, being little better than animals, their Polish rulers have managed to keep them under their heel. They earn barely enough to exist, and they are scarcely represented, even indirectly, in the local Diet. Seventy-five per cent of them can neither read nor write, and most of them are repulsively filthy." Nihilistic and Socialistic agents have for some time been busy among them, and they find in the ignorant, desperate men, the material best adapted for their purposes. In the mines and the petroleum wells the workmen are ripe for a rebellion. They have been oppressed and cheated out of their earnings.

The Opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme for Ireland is apparently to be led by the Marquis of Hartington, the Premier's former colleague. He will, of course, be supported by Conservative votes in the House of Commons, but the Conservatives shrewdly prefer that the leader of the opposition to the scheme should be a conspicuous Liberal. Lord Hartington has promised to oppose the bill on its principle, instead of attacking its details. In the course of a speech delivered in Lancashire on April 26th, he said, "That no alterations would remove the objections to the Irish scheme. He did not wish to coalesce with the Tories, but hoped, with the assistance of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry James, Mr. Bright, Earl Selbourne, Earl Derby and the Duke of Argyll, to create an independent party or to induce the withdrawal of the measure." He was addressing the men who elected him to Parliament, and he had an intimation of their opinion at the close of the meeting when, after listening to his speech, explaining why he opposed Mr. Gladstone, his constituents passed a vote of confidence in that statesman. On analysis of the House of Commons it appears that 248 members are definitely committed in favor of the bill, 307 are pledged to oppose it, and 114 have not stated their intentions. The political prophets predict that the bill will pass its second reading by a majority of not less than twenty and not more than thirty.

Mr. Gladstone's Manifesto. Published on Monday last in the English journals, is an eloquent, almost a pathetic appeal to the public for a fair and unbiassed consideration of his Home Rule scheme. Mr. Gladstone gratefully acknowledges the encouragement he has received from Washington, Boston, Quebec, and other cities on this side the Atlantic. He describes his effort as an attempt to solve, "once for all, the long-vexed and troubled relations between Great Britain and Ireland, which exhibits to us the one and only conspicuous failure of the political genius of our race to confront and master difficulty and to obtain in a reasonable degree the main ends of civilized life." He shows that he understands the character of the opposition to his scheme in a trenchant paragraph. It is, he believes, in the main the opposition of the rich landowners and their connections. That is "the point at which the dividing lines are drawn. On the side adverse to the Government are found, as I sorrowfully admit, in profuse abundance, station, title, wealth, social influence, and the professions, or the large majority of them—in a word, the spirit and power of class. These are the main body of the opposing host. Nor is this all. As the knights of old had squires, so in the great army of class each enrolled soldier has a rôle of dependents. The adverse host, then, consists of class, and the dependents of class." Realizing that fact, it is probable that if Mr. Gladstone is defeated in Parliament he will dismiss the present House and ask the people to send him a House in which station, title, wealth, and social influence are not so largely represented as they are now. The lords and even the throne itself have reason to dread what such a House might do. Mr. Gladstone's letter will win for him unstinted public admiration on this side the Atlantic. On the other side it will probably be denounced as an effort to set class against class.

An Interesting Struggle in Telegraph Monopoly is being fought. Until recently all the cable companies had combined to keep up the rates of cable messages, and absorb competitors. They fixed the rate at sixty cents a word. When the Mackay-Bennett cable was laid, that line charged forty cents a word. The combined companies, failing in their attempt to force the new line to amalgamate with them, are now trying to freeze it out by charging a rate of twelve cents a word. The reason of the reduction is so obvious that the Mackay-Bennett people have refused to compete at a loss, and, relying on the public understanding the situation, have reduced their rates to twenty-five cents a word only. The striking workmen may find amusement in watching a conflict of capitalists with capitalists.

The Death of the Rev. Charles F. Robertson, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, occurred on May 1st. He was stricken with apoplexy, two months ago, and was never afterward able to rise from his bed. He was fifty-one years old, having been born in New York City, March 2d, 1835. He was graduated from Yale in the Class of '51. He was ordained in 1862, and assumed charge of the parish at Malone, N. Y. In 1868 he was assigned to Batavia, and on September 5th of the same year was chosen Bishop of Missouri.

A New Church Home has Been Acquired by the congregation of which the Rev. A. B. Simpson is pastor. The building in Twenty-third Street, New York, known as The Gospel Tabernacle, where the recent Conference on Faith-Healing was held, and which the church has hitherto occupied, has grown too strait for it, and was in some respects unfitted for its use. The church to which the congregation removed last Sunday is on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. It is the building which became painfully notorious through the country last year by the long struggle waged there between Dr. J. P. Newman and the officers and members of the church. Dr. Newman's resignation was at length secured, but it became necessary to sell the building owing to the painful feelings which the long conflict had engen-

dered among the members. Mr. Simpson's friends have purchased the edifice for \$126,000, of which sum \$26,000 has been subscribed, and \$100,000 remains on mortgage.

A Dead Body was Attached in Jersey City, N. J., on April 27th. On the previous day a man who resided in Stapleton, S. I., went to visit a friend in Jersey City, and spent the day with him. He was returning home late in the evening, when, it is supposed, he was seized with sudden illness, which terminated fatally. His dead body was found on the outskirts of the city the next morning. A Stapleton undertaker received instructions to fetch the body and have it decently interred, but on going to the Morgue for it, he found that it had been attached for a debt of fifty-four dollars which the man had contracted some years ago. The undertaker consequently could not get it. As the man had no property of any kind, it may be presumed that the creditors will have to rest content with the body in satisfaction of their claim unless his friends redeem it. The expectation of their doing so was probably the motive in issuing the attachment. That is of little importance to the man himself. The only matter that concerns him now is whether during his life he had availed himself of the redemption of his soul which Christ achieved for him (Gal. 4 : 4, 5).

A Vow of Silence was Kept for Seven Years by a lady who died recently in St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco. The *Chronicle* of that city, which records the death, states that the vow had its origin in the rupture of a marriage engagement. In 1879 the lady, who was young and beautiful, became engaged to a young sea-captain. The match was opposed by her family, who intercepted the correspondence between the young people and succeeded in estranging them. The young lady discovered the plot and became violently incensed against her relatives. She bitterly upbraided them for what they had done, and in a paroxysm of rage she vowed that she never would again open her lips in speech. For over seven years she kept her vow, and even on her death-bed the efforts of her friends to induce her to break her silence were futile. As her relatives gathered around her death-bed, her sister, with tears in her eyes, implored her to break her vow, if only to say good-by. The two brothers added their entreaties, but to all appeals she was obdurate. When her brother attempted to smooth her pillows she strongly dissented, but allowed a nurse to do it, and seemed grateful. A few moments after she breathed her last, having carried her resentment to the bitter end. How much pain she must have endured in keeping her sinful vow none can tell, but probably quite as much as she inflicted on her relatives. The indulgence of a vindictive spirit, like other forms of sin, works its own punishment (Prov. 8 : 36).

A Senator's Escape from an Alligator is Reported in the *Baltimore Herald*. It states that Senator Camden, of West Virginia, who is staying in Baltimore, has been enjoying a tour in Florida, where he came near losing his life. He had passed a day in hunting and had secured a considerable bag of game, when, being hungry, he halted by the side of a creek and seated himself on a friendly log to enjoy a lunch of cold chicken which he had taken with him. When he had finished his repast he took the long pocket-knife he had used to carve the chicken and drove it into the log, intending to let it rest there while he got his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his hands. The next instant the Senator was several yards away lying almost senseless on the ground, while on the bank of the creek was an alligator twenty-eight feet long, its eyes glaring and its teeth grinding savagely. In its back the Senator could see his knife still sticking, and he realized instantly what had happened. It was a sleeping alligator and not a log on which he had been sitting, and his present condition was due to a blow from the creature's tail when he awoke it by driving his knife into its back. Happily for the Senator, the alligator seized the bag of game and, content with that,

backed into the creek, leaving him to make good his escape. His horror as he thought of how he had sat on the creature's back resting and eating all unconscious of his peril, made him sick as well as thankful for his escape. It is such a feeling of horror and thankfulness combined that the Christian has when he thinks of the time when he lived in sin unconcerned, yet liable at any moment to sink into the jaws of hell (Ps. 124 : 6, 7).

A Dog Saved a Child's Life in Cincinnati on April 22d. The *Commercial Gazette* of that city reports that as it was growing dusk a horse-car came rapidly along Sixth Street, and was crossing Plum Street when the driver and a number of bystanders were horrified at seeing a little child fall and roll over upon the track immediately in front of the wheels. The driver used every effort to stop the car, but it was impossible to stop in time to save the child then. But just as the wheel was about to touch the child a dog leaped forward, and, catching the child by its clothing, pulled it off the track. How the animal could have understood the child's danger and his own power of saving it cannot be explained, but the act showed a high degree of intelligence in the dog. If there were more of that spirit in human beings there would be large numbers of young people snatched from a fate worse than death, but they are left to perish while the world looks on indifferent about their danger (Ps. 142 : 4).

The United States as a Penal Colony are growing in favor in Europe. Last week information was received in New York from our consul at Barmen, in Germany, that an habitual criminal had been shipped to this port. The consul learned that the man's expenses on the voyage had been paid, and provision made to pay him two hundred marks on his landing. Two burgomasters had contributed to the fund. Their motive was not one of kindness to the man, but to their country, which would be well rid of him. He has been imprisoned, with few intervals of liberty, since 1863, and whenever he was released he immediately commenced a career of crime which lasted until he was behind the bars again. He has been convicted, at different times and imprisoned for burglary, arson, criminal assault, and highway robbery, and there is good reason for suspecting his guilt of other crimes not brought home to him. The information was timely, and the man was promptly sent back to Germany by the ship in which he came. There is no country on earth that would welcome a man with such a record. He has, however, the supreme consolation that by the infinite mercy of God not even his record would exclude him from the kingdom of heaven if he seek entrance through Christ (1 Cor. 6 : 9-11).

A Judge Proved a Valuable Witness Recently in a suit that was being tried before him in Georgia. The suit was brought to decide the ownership of certain lands in Echols County, to which there were two sets of deeds. They were traced back to a certain deed executed in 1840 by the man to whom the land was originally granted. There was a second deed for the plot of land purporting to be executed by the same man. One of the two deeds, therefore, must be a forgery, and there was a long argument on the question by counsel on both sides. Experts on handwriting were there also as witnesses, and the case seemed likely to be long and difficult. Finally Judge Hansell, who was trying the case, asked to look at the two deeds. As he examined them a peculiar smile spread over his face, and he said: "Gentlemen," holding up one set of deeds, "here are the genuine deeds to this land. I was a young lawyer in those days, and I drew this title myself for the grantor. This other title purporting to have been made by him is a forgery." Amid all the disputes which have agitated the world these many years as to the authenticity of the Scriptures the Christian is unmoved. He knows that at the last great day his confidence will be vindicated by their Author and the Judge of all the earth (Rom. 2 : 16).

LOVE IN THREE POSTURES.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

Texts : Isaiah 43 : 1-4 ; 43 : 22-24 ; 44 : 21-23.

Addresses on Heavenly Telegrams—Love in Three Texts—I. Love Abounding—Declared Amid Wrath—Shown in Consolation—In Recalling Past Mercies—In Claiming Possession—In Declaring what He Means to do—II. Love Lamenting—Little Worship—Little Fellowship—Not on Speaking Terms with God—III. Love Abiding—Retaining the Double Name—The Precept of Gladness.

WHEN two Christians met together who were sitting under a very lean and starving ministry, one of them comforted his fellow concerning the miserable discourse by saying : "Never mind, my friend, there is not much in the sermon, but the text is a feast by itself." So this morning, if my words should seem to be very poor and powerless, what fulness there is in these three texts ! Here you have a dainty meal of three courses. You ought to be well nourished this morning, for I have set before you in these passages of Scripture quite as much as the largest capacity will be able to mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Here is good pasture for the flock, wherein they may not only feed, but lie down.

Did you say, "too much text" ? Possibly you might, on other occasions, reproach me with having too little of God's Word, and too much of my own ; but there can be no fault the other way—the more of the Word of the Lord the better. What is man's word compared with God's word ? It is as chaff to the wheat at worst, and as mere gold-leaf to solid bullion at best. Indeed, my word is of no value at all, except as it is made up of the essence of the divine Word. Far better than our best exposition is the Word itself ; this is the pure light of the sun, ours is but a poor candle ; of the Scripture itself we cannot have too much. If you derive no other profit from this assembling of yourselves together but to have your earnest attention directed to this precious part of Holy Writ, if the Spirit of God be with you, your meditations will make this a profitable hour.

THE NAMES IN FULL.

Notice concerning these three texts, that they are very much alike in this respect—that they are each addressed to God's people under the names of Jacob and Israel. The first text begins : "The Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel." And the second is like unto it : "Thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob ; but thou hast been weary of Me, O Israel." And so is the third : "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel ; for thou art My servant." The Lord mentions both the natural and the spiritual names of His servants ; and this He does out of love to them. To make sure that the people should know to whom He spake, the Lord calls them both Jacob and Israel. We are so apt to set the promise aside for some one else, that it is well to have the full address placed at the head of these heavenly telegrams.

These texts are also like each other, again, from their being each one overflowing with love. Their manner and their matter differ, but their spirit is one. I do not know where the Lord's love is best seen, when He declares it and tells of what He has done and is doing for His people, or when He laments over their want of love in return, or when He promises to blot out their past sin, and invites them to return to Him and enjoy His restoring grace.

I have to set before you divine love in three postures. The first text represents *love abounding* ; the second text, *love lamenting* ; and the third text represents *love abiding*—remaining constant to its object notwithstanding all the provocations which have grieved it.

I. First, we have in our first text, from the first to the fourth verses,

LOVE ABOUNDING.

You will notice, first, the time when that love is declared. The first verse begins : "But now, thus saith the Lord." And when was

that ? It was a time of special sin, and of amazing hardness of heart. "It burned him, yet he laid it not to heart." When a man begins to burn, he generally feels and cries out ; he must be far gone in deadly apathy when he is touched with fire and yet lays it not to heart. Yet so the text describes the nation. Notwithstanding this, however, though His people had so provoked Him, and though they were so unfeeling under His chastisement, yet the Lord interposes in tones of grace with a word of infinite compassion. Though He may smite us again and again to drive us from our iniquities, yet even then His gracious heart overflows with love, and He lets fall a word of

PITY FOR MOURNERS.

Notice, next, that the Lord shows His abounding love in these verses by the sweetness of His consolations. "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not." "Fear not" is a little word measured by space and letters ; but it is an abyss of consolation if we remember who it is that saith it, and what a wide sweep the comfort takes. Fear hath torment, and the Lord would cast it out. Fear keeps us away from Him, and so He would chase it quite away. "Fear not," saith He. As much as to say—I smite thee, but fear not that I will destroy thee. I chasten thee for thy sin, but fear not that I will disown thee, for thou art Mine. You that are the people of God may at this hour be smarting, and crying, and sighing. But oh, the love of God to you ! He hears your cries, and His compassions are moved toward you. Nothing touches Him like the groans of His children. Perhaps you have brought this evil upon yourself by your own fault, and you know it ; but the Lord is ready to put away your sin, and make the bones which He has broken to rejoice.

Again, notice that the fulness of God's love is to be seen in the way in which He dwells with evident satisfaction upon His past dealings with His people. When we love some favored one, we like to think of all our love passages in years gone by ; and the Lord so loves His people, that even when they are under His chastening hand, He still delights to remember His former loving-kindnesses. We may forget the wonders of His grace, but He doth not forget. The Lord thinks upon you as His dear people, and remembers how He created you, and how He new-created you ; how by His infinite grace He made you new creatures in Christ Jesus, and how He has gone on by His Spirit to fashion you, and mould you to His will, so that you are becoming more and more like His dear Son. The Lord mentions this to show His exceeding love ; He hath respect unto the work of His own hands. He that has made you with so much care will not break you.

FOR THE REDEEMED.

Then the Lord passes on to speak of His redemption of His people, saying : "I have redeemed thee." Oh, the fulness of divine love which led the Lord to redeem His people, and then to speak of that deed with pleasure ! He brought them out of Egypt, redeemed by the blood of the Paschal Lamb ; and in our case He has brought us out of sin and death, by the blood of the Only Begotten. The Lord doth not repent that He paid such a price for such poor worthless things, but He glories in it. "I have redeemed thee." Our Lord Jesus remembers the pangs we cost Him. He cannot leave those to perish in their sins, whom He hath ransomed with His own life. O poor backslider ! the broad arrow of the King is on thee, He cannot let His enemy rob Him of His purchase.

Moreover, He adds : "I have called thee by thy name." He did so to that nation ; but we will dwell rather at this time upon His having personally called us to Himself. Oh, the love which shines in our effectual calling ; it must burn on forever ! There was a day, and we can never forget it, when the Gospel of God came to us with a pointed and personal power, such as we never felt before. Like as Mary Magdalene did not know the Saviour until He said unto

her : "Mary," so we did not know the Lord until He called us by our name. As the Lord of old said to little Samuel : "Samuel, Samuel," and he answered : "Here am I," so hath God said to some of us, as clearly as if we had heard it with our ears : "Come to Me," and we have come to Him. He is pleased to remember that He hath called us by our name, and this shows that He does not repent of having called us.

OWNERSHIP.

Observe, also, how He dwells upon His possession of His people : "Thou art Mine," saith He. The Lord God was not ashamed to own His Israel ; and now Jesus is not ashamed to call us brethren ; the Father is not ashamed to call us children ; and the Spirit of God is not ashamed to call our bodies His temples. "I have called thee by thy name ; thou art Mine." Have you forgotten that you are the Lord's ? Yet does He not forget that you are His. You may be false to your covenant and steal yourself from God ; but He has set His mark upon you, and you never can obliterate it. Does not this bring the tears to your eyes ?

If you desire to see the overflows of God's love in another form, notice in the next verse how He declares what He means to do. He says : "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." His love casts its eye upon your future. The Lord does not promise you that you shall never go through the waters, nor pass through the fires. He loves you too well to make your way to heaven free from adversity and tribulation, for these things work your lasting good. You will have to go through fire and through water on your way to glory. But He does promise you this : that the deepest waters shall not overflow you, and the fiercest torrents shall not drown you, for this one all-sufficient reason, that He will be with you. He hath said : "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Come life, come death, come temptation, come poverty, come sickness, come assault of Satan, come whatever may, from heaven, or earth, or hell, the Lord has promised that He will bear you through, and preserve you to His kingdom and glory.

Thus, in a very sorry way, I have skimmed the surface of this great sea of love ; I beg you now to follow me while we listen to love as it speaks in quite another tone.

II. Our second text is in the minor key ; it is

LOVE LAMENTING :

"But thou hast not called upon me, O Israel" (verse 22). Observe the contrast ; for it runs all through, and may be seen in every sentence : I have called thee by thy name ; but thou hast not called upon Me, O Israel. I have called thee Mine ; but thou hast been weary of Me. I have redeemed thee with a matchless price ; but thou hast bought Me no sweet cane with money. You can work out the contrast yourself, and you will find it most remarkable ; I cannot tarry to go into detail.

Israel rendered *little worship* to God. She gave the Lord little prayer and little praise. Come, brothers and sisters, I will bring no accusations against you, but I will make confession of sin for myself. When we think of God's delight in us, and His love to us, is it not shameful that we should have been so seldom engaged in devotion toward Him ? Oh, how slack we have often been in private prayer ! How hurried, how superficial ! How little of praise have we brought ! It takes a world of trouble to drive some of God's children to their Father ; they live without Him, and are tolerably comfortable ; and even when darkness lowers they are slow to run to Him. Alas ! they hasten to some human friend, instead of returning at once to Him who has dealt so bountifully with them. I am not going to dwell upon this, because tender hearts will only need a hint.

Notice, next, that there has been *little fellowship* ; for the Lord goes on to say : "Thou hast been weary of Me, O Israel." If He had been

weary of us we need not have wondered; but we ought to blush and be silent for shame, because we have wearied of Him. Brothers, are we tired of our God? If not, how is it that we do not walk with Him from day to day? Really spiritual worship is not much cared for in these days, even by professing Christians. Many will go to a place of worship if they can be entertained with fine music, or grand oratory; but if communion with God is the only attraction, they are not drawn thereby. They can spend many an evening where all sorts of levity and nonsense waste the hour; but when do they spend an evening with their God? Can any of you say: "I did once spend a night with God"? Is it not, then, true: "Thou hast been weary of Me"? Alas! some of my hearers have never spoken with God in all their lives; they are *not on speaking terms with Him*; they do not know Him. Small wonder is it that you do not believe in Him; he alone truly believes in God who has come to know Him.

SELF-DENIAL.

Again, the Lord mentions that His people have brought Him little sacrifice: "Thou hast not brought Me the small cattle of thy burnt offerings; thou hast bought Me no sweet cane with money; neither hast thou filled Me with the fat of thy sacrifices." Saints of those times denied themselves luxuries that they might have the high joy of contributing to the worship of the Lord whom they loved. Some saints do this now, and find great delight in it, even as Mary delighted to pour the ointment very precious from her alabaster box upon the head of the Well-beloved. Alas! how little have some done in this direction. I will not dwell upon it; for, as I have already said, a hint is all that is needed by a loving heart. Yet is it not sadly true that many offer to the Lord only that which costs them nothing? If it comes to making sacrifices for the truth's sake they will hear nothing of it.

Once more, it is said that we have been very slack in our consideration of our God. The Lord says: "I have not caused thee to serve with an offering, nor wearied thee with incense; but thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins; thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities." The Lord is thoughtful of us, but we are not thoughtful toward Him. He considers our feelings, but we treat Him with

HEARTLESS BRUTISHNESS.

Many treat the Lord as if it was most fit that He should be forgotten; they profess to believe in Him, and yet live atheistical lives, unmindful of His presence, regardless of His law. Doubtless many come into His courts unwashed and defiled, having forgotten to seek cleansing through the atonement of His dear Son. They dare to stand before a holy God in their wilful unholiness. Beloved, is it not so?

I must not fail to remind you that I commenced by declaring that in each of the three voices of the Lord the tone was always that of love. If the Lord did not love us very much He would not care so much about our love toward Himself. True love alone knows how to burn with jealousy. How greatly God must love me since I see that He desires to have my whole heart! What condescending tenderness that the Lord of glory should complain: "Thou hast bought Me no sweet cane with money"! It is the plaint of love. Remember, the Lord does not need our sweet canes nor our money. "The silver and the gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." He says to His enemy: "If I were hungry I would not tell thee." He needs nothing at our hands. But when He chides us for withholding our love-tokens, it is because He values our love, and is grieved when it grows cold.

VALUED GIFTS.

Yonder father does not need anything of his child, and yet when his birthday comes round, and there are whisperings over the house and little contributions, that something may be given to dear father, he is greatly pleased; he is more charmed with the little ones' trifling gift than

with the gold he wins on the Exchange. It is sweet to live in the thoughts of those we love. You that are blessed with happy domestic life, you know that in these matters you do not look for bare duty, but the free suggestions of love bear the palm. It is because the Lord loves us so much that He bemoans our lack of grateful affection, and sadly mourns: "Thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob; thou hast been weary of Me, O Israel." What hath the Lord done that we should treat Him so? O brothers, let us mend our ways!

III. I have now to finish with my third text, which I felt bound to take, lest I should conclude with mourning and lamentation. Our third text exhibits

LOVE ABIDING.

Notice, in the twenty-first verse of the forty-fourth chapter, how the Lord still calls His people by the same name: "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel." Still are the names of His elect like music in the ears of God. One would have feared that He would have dropped the "Israel," that honorable name, which came of prevailing prayer, since they had not called upon Him. Why call him a prevailing prince who had grown weary of his God? We should not have marvelled if the Lord had only called them by their natural and carnal name of Jacob. But no, He harps upon the double title; He loves to think of His beloved as what they were, and what His grace made them. O heir of heaven, God loves you still!

Notice in the text how the Lord claims His servants: "Thou art My servant; I have formed thee; thou art My servant." He has not discharged us, though He has had cause enough for so doing. How often have I prayed: "Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord," when I have seen the faultiness of my obedience! I dwell with supreme pleasure upon that sweet assurance: "Thou art My servant; thou art My servant." He has not turned us out of doors, nor given us our wages and said: "Be packing, I shall never make My money's worth of you." I am sure He will never part with us now; for if He meant to do so, He would have done it long ago. When we grow old and gray-headed He will not send us off, as so many firms have lately done with old servants who had given them their youth and their manhood. No, the Lord will not cast off His people. Even to hoar hairs He is the same. This should bind us to Him. This should quicken our pace in His service. This should make us eager and earnest to show forth His praise.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Notice with delight the triumph of love, how still He pardons: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." I have seen the clouds come hurrying up, driven by the wind. They were black as night in the distance, and for awhile they spread darkness around us. Anon, drops of rain have fallen, for an April shower has come; and the clouds, where were they? Not a vestige remained. The clouds were blotted out, the sky was blue, and all things glittered in the sunlight as if hung with pearls. Thus our God beholds our sins gathering like clouds. He cannot endure them; He sweeps them away; no trace is left. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Child of God, thy Lord forgives thee. If thou art ashamed and confounded for all thy shortcomings, He has put them all away. Therefore return unto thy God; return to thy first love; return to all thy former joy, and rise to a still higher joy.

See how our text closes with the Lord's own precept to be glad: "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel." Out of all dejection arise! Out of all sorrow soar aloft! There is more cause for gladness than for sorrow. What you have done should cause distress of heart; but what

the Lord has done is cause for rapture. Oh for a well-tuned harp! Oh to be taught some flaming sonnet of pure spirits who are before the throne! Wait awhile, and be not weary. Love the Lord here, and so prepare for beholding Him above. Live after the manner which the whole theme suggests. What manner of persons ought we to be who are so supremely loved! To the glorious name of Jehovah, the God of love, be glory forever and ever! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

"THAT GREAT CITY."

THE following is a vivid description* of the past magnificence and present desolation of Babylon, the city against which the wrath of God went forth:

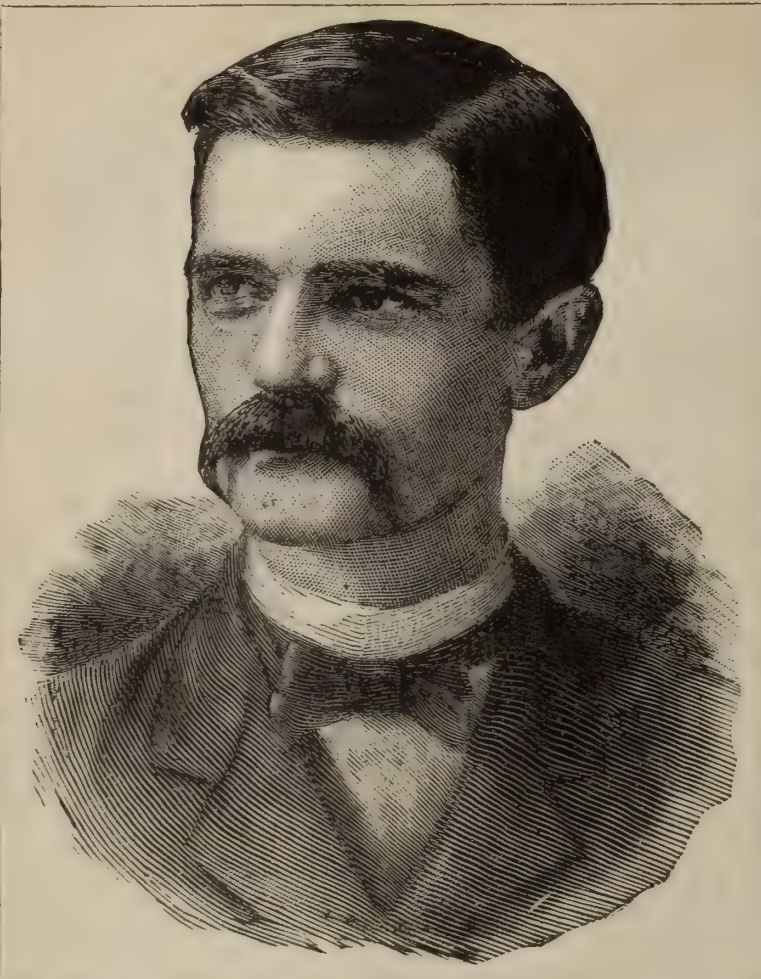
"Babylon was like another Nineveh. Enormous masses of brickwork covered with pictures in enamel; vast halls ornamented with bassi-relievi, and covered to the ceiling with cuneiform inscriptions relative to contemporary events; houses of three and four stories; fifty streets parallel to or at right angles to the Euphrates, and fields sufficiently large to produce food for the inhabitants in time of siege—all this magnificence overtopped by the temple of Belus, the hanging gardens, and the ramparts—such was Babylon.

"The walls of this gigantic city were three hundred and ninety-eight feet high and ninety-eight feet thick, and were flanked by two rows of towers—one inside and the other outside the wall. Between the towers there was sufficient room for a four-horse chariot to turn easily. A ditch wide and deep, banked with bricks and filled with water, surrounded the whole city. Twenty-six gates of massive brass gave ingress and egress on each of the four walls. The tower of the great temple of Belus was among the most remarkable monuments of Babylon. Eight gradually diminishing stories gave it the look of a pyramid, with enormous gradients. Upon the summit stood the temple, surmounted by a platform where the priests assiduously devoted themselves to the study of the celestial bodies. A bridge which Quintus Curtius ranks among the wonders of the East united the two portions of the city on the respective banks of the Euphrates; and immense reservoirs received and turned aside the surplus waters during the time of floods. Finally all antiquity has celebrated the praises of the hanging gardens, piled terrace above terrace, and supported by twenty large-ramparts crossed by conduits of water, and crowned by trees that gave them the appearance of a wooded hill.

"At the present day the plain of Babylon is covered to the extent of eighteen leagues with débris, mounds, aqueducts, canals, and rubbish heaps. All these have been so intermingled, that it is difficult to recognize the sites or the dimensions of even the largest buildings. Desolation bears undisputed reign around. Not a house, not a field, nor a tree in leaf. The scene is completely deserted both by man and nature. Tigers, jackals, and serpents have taken up their abode in the ruins, and frequently the traveller is terrified by scenting the lion."

This description shows that the prophecy uttered when Babylon was at the summit of her greatness has been accurately fulfilled—"The Arabian shall not pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and ostriches shall dwell there; and satyrs shall

* From "Wonders of Architecture," a beautifully illustrated work translated from the French of Lefevre. Pp. 264. Price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



Rev. Sam Jones.

dance there; and wolves shall cry in their castles; and jackals in the pleasant palaces" (Isa. 13: 20).

THE REV. SAM JONES.

(See Portrait on this page.)

REFERENCE has frequently been made in these columns to the revivals which have taken place in the South and West under the preaching of the evangelist whose portrait we now publish. Sam Jones has been marvellously blessed of God in many of the places he has visited, and in several of them the work of grace has been wide and deep beyond any ever experienced there. God is not limited in His use of instruments, and when a particular work needs to be done He raises up an instrument specially adapted for its performance. This fact is very noticeable in Sam Jones's career, as it is in the work of the Salvation Army and other instrumentalities. Cities which have been unmoved by preaching earnest, evangelical and cultured, have been stirred to their centre by Sam Jones's exhortations, while other cities which have usually been quick to respond to special effort have remained unimpressed under his appeals.

Sam Jones was born in Chambers County, Ala., on October 16th, 1847. He is, therefore, in his thirty-ninth year. His father was a lawyer, and his grandfather, who is still living, is a clergyman. While Sam was still a child the Jones family removed to Georgia. He received a good English education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He became dissipated, and was travelling fast along the road to ruin when the death of his father arrested his steps. In the chamber in which death was waiting to seize its victim, Sam threw himself on the floor, crying in an agony: "I'll quit; I'll quit. God be merciful to me a sinner." The prayer was heard, and Sam Jones became a new man. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and studied for the ministry. His first nine years of ministerial life were spent in the moun-

tains of Northern Georgia, but latterly he has devoted himself entirely to evangelistic work. He has labored in all the Southern States with much success, and at St. Louis, Cincinnati, and recently at Chicago, the results of his work have been extraordinary. He also conducted services for a short time in Dr. Talmage's church.

The characteristics of Sam Jones's preaching are terse, vigorous, incisive criticism of prevailing inconsistencies of Christian life; withering denunciation of shams of all kinds, and trenchant admonition on the folly and wickedness of rejecting the Gospel message. Mr. Jones never aims at refinement of language; he calls things by their common names, and chooses his words for their vigor rather than for their elegance. He believes with a great preacher of the last generation that "*whatever is to penetrate must be pointed,*" and he takes care that every utterance shall have a very sharp point. No one can mistake his meaning, and no one who is addicted to bad habits or sinful practices can sit comfortably under his sermons.

The following extracts give an idea of his style of preaching:

"There are thousands who do not go to church for one reason or another, and yet are seeking to lead better lives. I am going to try to reach these people and tell them just what they are seeking for. I don't fight the bar-keeper of the saloon, but I fight the barrels and the bottles; I don't fight the gambler, but I fight gambling; I don't fight the poor fallen woman who has lost her place in the world, but I fight the houses of prostitution which encourage such things. And when I fight I don't strike puny blows on the body, but I strike right straight out from the shoulder, and hit between the eyes."

"God pity the Christian man that consults public opinion on any question of conscience or conviction."

"There is but one soil in the universe of God that infidelity would grow in, the soil that's



Archie's Offering.

littered by the unfaithful lives of professing Christians."

"We say we believe in old-fashioned heart religion. Brother, if I can't have religion in but one particular niche of my person, I want it right here in my right hand, that I can do something for God and humanity. You hear that?"

ARCHIE'S OFFERING.

(See Illustration on this page.)

It was only a bunch of common flowers—none of them very valuable—but they represented a good deal to Archie. His own particular plot of garden-ground on which so much labor had been expended, and which had been praised by his friends, as a triumph of juvenile gardening, looked very bare when that large nosegay was made up. The early morning hours when bed is so pleasant to a growing boy, had been given to the garden; every plant had been carefully watched and tended, every bud hailed with delight, but they were all cut ruthlessly for that big bouquet, and not a vestige of bright color could be seen where yesterday was a blaze of horticultural beauty. That was Archie's offering to the hospitals on the flower festival, and it was a glad and a willing offering.

When he and his sister Marion set out for the church, where many other bouquets would soon bear it company, Archie looked his nosegay over tenderly. "I am glad they were all out to-day, Marion," he said. "A week later I should not have had near so many."

"Are you sure you won't be sorry to-morrow when you see the garden so bare, Archie?"

"Oh, no, I would rather the flowers were doing some good; and the poor people in the hospitals will be so pleased with them. Perhaps some one will get them who used to live in the country, and has not seen many flowers in the city. They will help him to think of his home."

"Ah, Miss Marion, I am pleased to see you," said a gray-haired clergyman, who met them as they neared the church, "and Archie, too,

What a beautiful nose-gay! I am afraid you have robbed your garden for that, Miss Marion."

"Not at all, Doctor; they are Archie's own gift. He has become quite skilful as a gardener, and this is the result of his season's work."

"And a very creditable result, too. It is beautiful in more senses than one. The spirit that can make the sacrifice is more beautiful than the flowers themselves. Did you ever read of two little coins that grew more precious than gold, Archie?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"There was once an offertory-box placed at the door of a famous place of worship, and rich people who passed put large sums of money in it. A poor widow came along also, and she was so poor that she had only two little coins left. It seemed more fitting that she should have something out of the box rather than that she put something in, but when she came to it, she dropped in those two coins—all she had in the world. It was said of her that she gave more than all others, for she gave all she had. There never were coins seen worth so much before or since. How much are your flowers worth, Archie?"

"I do not know, sir; I never bought any."

"Well, they are worth the work you gave to produce them, are they not?"

"Yes, sir, I think they are worth that; I am well satisfied."

"Then we will say you give a season's work to the Lord. I hope you will give many more seasons to Him. I am an old man now, and when I look back over my life I see that the time I have given Him is the time that it is most pleasant to think of."

"The flowers are for the hospital, sir."

"Yes, I know; but the poor and the suffering are the Lord's representatives here. That makes anything we can do for them doubly pleasant to do. We can help them because we are humane and pity them, but none enjoy the luxury of giving like those who give because they love Jesus. I am glad to see you are learning how noble self-sacrifice is. Get a step higher and you will find there is no happiness in the world that compares with it. Now, come and make your offering, and we will pray that your life may be fruitful in many others. As an old man I envy you your opportunity. God grant you may have wisdom to make the best of it."

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFREYS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE infamy earned by George, Lord Jeffreys renders his name a by-word for judicial villainy in every land where the English language is spoken. He was a protégé of King James II., the most despicable king of a despicable family. The worst of all the Stuarts found in Jeffreys a fit instrument for his purposes, and in 1684 made him Lord Chief-Justice of England. He had little legal learning, but an abundance of impu-



The Capture of Judge Jeffreys.

dence, and was coarse and brutal in mind and body. His violence was dreaded when he was sober, which was very seldom, but when he was drunk, as he generally was when he was on the bench, he was a terror to lawyers, prosecutors, and prisoners.

The eminent Richard Baxter was once placed on trial before him, and Jeffreys, who boasted that he "could deal with saints as well as sinners," exhausted his vocabulary of abuse on the great and good man who stood before him. Before the jury gave their verdict, Jeffreys called him "a dog, a factious knave, an old rogue, and a hypocritical villain, who ought to be whipped at the cart's tail." Three eminent lawyers appeared in Baxter's defence, but Jeffreys silenced them successively by a torrent of vituperation, and would not even allow the prisoner to speak for himself or a witness to speak for him.

Jeffreys was the hero of "the Bloody Assize," in which he went from town to town holding his court, and condemning men to death wholesale. In one circuit he sentenced three hundred and twenty men, at least (some historians say seven hundred), to the gallows, and nearly a thousand were sent to the West Indies to a fate worse than death. None of them had a fair trial. In after years King James, with his customary cowardice and duplicity, asserted his own innocence in the matter of this Bloody Assize, but in recent times documents have been found in his own handwriting, proving that Jeffreys simply executed the king's orders. When he returned to London he should have been promptly hanged, but the king, instead, rewarded him, "for his eminent and faithful services," by making him Lord High Chancellor.

place secure in the history of his time. He will never be forgotten while the world lasts.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 271.)

Another Effort.

THE calmness and patience of these simple Moravian Christians was an evidence of the completeness of that perfect peace in which God keeps those who put their trust in Him (Isa. 26:3). The two men were going into the midst of an epidemic in which two of their friends had already lost their lives, but they had no fear for themselves. They were leaving unprotected one whom they loved dearly, and who was lying in bed helpless and suffering. Themselves and their loved one they committed to God, and were at rest from distress. The only inmate of the mission who was restless and miserable was the one who had least external cause for distress. But Juliet as yet knew nothing of that peace, and therefore knew no rest.

Fritz was busy about the dogs; it was no easy matter to collect and harness the savage beasts to the sledge, and the sledge itself required some repairs, which Fritz had himself to execute. Anna could not help lamenting in her heart the impossibility of her getting about to see to her good man's travelling comforts. Deborah, the awkward Esquimaux, had to be called in to work, which she was willing enough to do; but she broke one of Anna's best dishes, and let half the soup be overturned on the fire, which it nearly extinguished.

Pastor Wilhelm called Juliet to come to dinner; but the young lady, who knew nothing of

what had happened, did not choose to show herself with eyes red and swollen by weeping. Juliet merely opened the door about half an inch wide to say that she had a headache, and wanted no dinner. The poor pastor shook his head, and exchanged glances with Fritz. Neither of the missionaries was at all easy at having to leave Sister Anna to the care of one in whose sense, thoughtfulness, and kindness they had so little confidence.

The hasty meal has been taken, the husband's farewell embrace has been given, both Wilhelm and Anna have hearts too full for speech. But when Fritz comes and grasps the hand of his suffering friend, the poor wife finds voice to say: "I commend him to your care, dear Fritz, and to the mercy of the Lord."

Another minute and Fritz, in bear-skin coat and fur-flapped cap, springs into the sledge, takes the long reins in one gloved hand and the whip in another, and is ready for a start over the snow. Pastor Wilhelm more slowly follows, and wistfully looks at the little dwelling in which he has left his best earthly treasure, with a feeling that he may never behold it again. His lips form a silent prayer. Then Fritz cracks the whip, and his wild team starts.

Away, away, over the dreary waste, away over the trackless snow, the sun will soon set and the stars be their guide. The wind feels like the icy breath of the destroyers, freezing the very blood in the veins. There are heroic deeds which no historian describes, sacrifices unrecorded except in heaven. It needed no weak faith and no faltering courage to go forth as these two Moravians went forth, to perform an act of love and mercy at the peril of limb or life.

The sound of the departure brought Juliet out of her room, for the sledge never departed without considerable noise, the yelling of the dogs, the crack of the long whip, and the animating voice of the driver. Juliet emerged from her apartment just in time to see the sledge whirled along over the snow which covered the landscape. Deborah was sadly looking forth from the door. "They won't come back to Nannock Igloo!" she said in the Esquimaux tongue.

The words filled Juliet with undefined fear; she asked for an explanation which she did not understand. A practical care occupied the attention of Deborah. She exerted all her strength to close the heavy door, and so shut out the wind from without, which made the house feel like an ice-pit; the cold was freezing the water left in the cups, the soup which remained in the tureens.

"Fritz braves all weather, but what can take the pastor out in an open sledge on such a day as this?" thought Juliet. She hurried to Anna's room for an explanation, and found her engaged in earnest prayer, with her face buried in her hands, and the drops trickling from between her fingers.

Juliet waited in anxious suspense till the prayer was ended, and Sister Anna raised her head. Juliet then asked the reason of the hurried departure, of which no notice whatever had been given at breakfast.

"Sickness—small-pox—at Bethabara," said Anna, sadly; "two Moravians and an Esquimaux have died. My husband and Fritz have gone to bury the dead and to help the survivors."

"Small-pox! so many deaths! oh, how terrible!" exclaimed Juliet. "What if they, too, should take the infection!"

"They are going whither God calls them; they are trusting in Him," answered the Moravian wife.

"But they may be long away; how dreadful for you, with your poor eyes, your bruises, your pain, and at this horrible season!"

"Juliet, you will help me," said Anna.

"I should like to be eyes, hands, feet to you!" exclaimed Juliet, all her more generous feelings roused by the sight of such patient suffering, such forgetfulness of self.

"Then will you first read to me something

from the blessed Book, just where my husband was reading; you will see his marker in the place."

This was the easiest of all the duties which Juliet was volunteering to take on herself. The marker was at the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers. Juliet read of the murmurings of the Israelites in the desert, and the fearful visitation which came upon them in the form of fiery serpents.

"It seemed a terrible punishment, merely for murmuring," observed Juliet, looking very grave.

"My child, the sin of the people of Israel had sore aggravations," said Anna; "it showed such ingratitude for past mercies, such want of faith in His power and love. Think of all that the Lord had done for His people; how He had fed them, protected, and guided. Think how He had rescued them from death, and was leading them on to the land of promise."

"God has done more than all this for me," thought Juliet, "so I deserve His anger more than the Israelites did." "It is a terrible story," she said aloud, as she closed the sacred volume.

"To me it is a story so full of comfort," said Anna. "Think of the simple means of cure which God Himself provided; just a *look* on an object raised on high."

"I wish that our heart wounds could be as easily cured," sighed Juliet.

"They are, dear child, they are. The brazen serpent was but a type, the reality is before us. One look of faith at the crucified Saviour, and the wounds made by sin are healed at once; we stand even in God's sight perfectly whole."

"Yes, perhaps after we have conquered our temper, got rid of our selfishness, given up our follies," said Juliet.

"Do not mix up works with free grace," cried Anna. "The one direction was *look and live*. The bitten Israelite did not set to work to build an altar, to hew wood, or to pile up stones; he may have done this when his strength was restored, but at first he had nothing to do but look."

"How is one to look, what is one to look at? Oh, I know nothing, nothing of these things!" exclaimed Juliet.

"We must simply look to the Lord Jesus Christ, as a little child looks to its parent for all that it needs; we must look to Him for forgiveness and healing, joy and peace; He has bought them all for us with His blood."

"Still I do not quite understand this looking," said Juliet. "I want to know what I ought to do. I am such a silly, worldly girl, I can never be anything else."

"Just go into your room, shut the door, kneel down, and say: 'Lord, I am a silly, worldly girl, but I wish to give myself unto Thee. Take me just as I am, and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be.'"

"Must I not promise to give up all my sin?" asked Juliet, surprised at the extreme simplicity of this *looking unto Jesus*.

"Make no promises now; as you are you could not keep them. The Lord must take you into His own hands, to fashion you as He will. All your part now is to trust Him, and to give yourself humbly to Him."

Juliet was silent for a few moments, with her eyes bent on the floor. Then she arose, and put the Bible into its place. "I should like to go back to my room and be alone for a little while," she said.

"Go, and may the Lord meet you!" said Anna.

Maria Selden's awakening to new life had come on a sweet summer's eve, while the night-ingale warbled her lay, and the fragrance of blossoms loaded the soft warm breeze; Juliet Erle's came on a November night, when the piercing cold made even breathing painful, and the wolf's distant howl sounded across the earth's white shroud of spotless snow. The one maiden, nurtured in a pious home, familiar with Scripture, accustomed to prayer, early gave her

heart's affections to God, as it were offering the spring violets and primroses on which earth's dust had never fallen; the other girl had but a broken and soiled flower, dropped from the world's wreath-crowned chariot, a flower over which the crushing wheel had passed; Juliet thought it quite unworthy to lay at the Master's feet. Yet who can say that the one offering was not as truly acceptable as the other?

Maria's deep experience of religion had come with a thrill of joy; she had felt, as it were, the pressure of a loving hand, and had looked up to bask in the light of a smile; Juliet had been weary, disappointed, and sad, and to her the hand was as one stretched out to chastise. Juliet hardly yet felt the smile, scarcely realized aught of the joy; but on that, to her, memorable November night old things had passed away, and she gave herself in conscious weakness and worthlessness to Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, nor despiseth a broken and contrite heart.

Juliet awoke on the following morning with a calm and sober spirit; the first thought in her mind, as consciousness returned, was, "I am not my own;" the next resolved itself into a prayer: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Very commonplace work was before Juliet Erle. Deborah, in her noisy, clumsy way, had cleared some snow from the door, replenished with logs the fires which were never now suffered to die out, and filled the kettle with lumps of ice. Juliet then dismissed the Esquimaux woman; she knew that Anna would prefer her own gentle ministrations and noiseless step. Juliet had learned much from watching Anna; she knew how to make things neat, and prepare such food as Labrador afforded. Bread there was none, vegetables none; this was not the season for sea-birds' eggs; preserved fruit or butter were dainties not to be lavishly expended. The luxury of cocoa, imported from England in the Harmony's annual cargo, must not be enjoyed every day. Of coffee there was a larger supply. There was still an abundance of meal in the barrel, pemmican and dried fish in the stores, and Juliet tried her hand, with fair success, at making some small unleavened rolls.

She carried to Anna the hot breakfast which her own hands had prepared, and the two took their simple meal together. Much they thought and talked of the travellers; Anna had been awake half the night in prayer; now she thanked God that the wind had gone down.

Then came the soothing Bible-reading, from the New Testament in the morning, as in the evening from the Old. Juliet attended to the little comforts of Sister Anna, remembering with pleasure the fine line quoted by Fritz: "And raise I reign into I serve." She had just been reading of the Lord of glory washing the disciple's feet on His knees.

The sun had now risen; even in Labrador he shed his enlivening rays for a few hours in the day, but they seemed to have no power to warm. No glistening tear-drop hung at the end of the icicle, the white blocks at the side of the road were firm, as if made of marble. Juliet had returned to the parlor, and now looked out from the little window so crusted with crystals, that it was only by a dull red glow that she could tell of the presence of the sun. A little struggle was going on in Juliet's mind—should she venture forth or not. She remembered Lena, deprived of the pastor's daily care, probably dying, and yet not prepared to die. "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" was the question again silently asked. The answer was: "Take up the cross." Juliet went to the little chamber, and put on her hood and every wrap on which she could lay her hands. A thick veil covered her face, Anna's fur-lined gloves her hands, and resolutely opening the outer door, then carefully closing it behind her, the lady ventured forth into the cold. The air was perfectly still; the igloos scarce fifty yards distant. Juliet soon found herself at the low door of the sick woman's house.

Most unlike was the round rude hut to the pretty cottages of other lands, with the thatched roof, the honeysuckle-covered porch, the diamond-paned windows under the deep-browed eaves in which the swallows build and twitter. The place was almost painfully still, for the dogs had gone with the sledge, and not even Esquimaux children dared to play out of doors in the deadly cold of November. Juliet knocked, but her knock was apparently unheard. She opened the unfastened door, which faced to the south, and then passed through a low oblique passage before she entered the smoky room, almost oppressively warm, both from the fire in the middle and the breath of inmates, some of whom never left it day or night. Juliet had heard of snow-huts, but had never seen one; the igloos at White Bear's Den were constructed of earth, stones, and driftwood, interstices rendered more impervious to air by layers of moss.

On Juliet's former visit she had seen but a motionless form stretched on a low bed, even the face covered up from view. But this was not the case now. Lena was half sitting up, supported in the arms of another Esquimaux woman. The invalid was breathing with extreme difficulty, gasping and trembling, and fixed her eyes with a wistful, entreating look on the stranger who entered.

Juliet sat on a log beside Lena's bed. How we learn, in the presence of suffering and spiritual need, to forget differences in rank and in race! It was the first time that Juliet had ever opened a Bible to read to one more ignorant than herself, and now she had to read in a strange and unfamiliar tongue. Juliet felt the work to be a solemn one. Never had she in church or cathedral sat with such a sense of awe, as when by the dim fire-light, rather than that which struggled in through a few horn panes, she tried to make out the letters before her.

It was well that Fritz had made his pupil go over and over some passages in the Esquimaux language till she almost knew them by heart; this knowledge now stood her in good stead, for she had to trust to her memory as much as to her eyes. Could it be that seed sown in such utter weakness ever could grow?

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

S. S. Lesson for May 16, John 4:43-54. Golden Text, Ex. 15:26. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The First Recorded Healing—Jesus Avoiding Honor—His Steps Directed—The Nobleman's Petition—His Own Plan Arranged—A Dear Mother's Mistake—The Natural and the Divine Ways—A Dear Child's Faith—The Confirmation of Faith.

WE have seen, in the course of our lessons from St. John, who gives us many details of the early ministry of our blessed Lord, something of His first disciples; His first miracle; His opening to Nicodemus the first principles of His doctrine; in His talk with the Samaritan woman, the first lost woman rescued; and now we are about to consider His first recorded healing.

After the two days of His ministry in Sychar, following on the steps of the newly converted Samaritan woman, Jesus "went forth from thence into Galilee. For Jesus Himself testified, that a prophet hath no honor in his own country" (R. V.). What then? Was Jesus bent upon

AVOIDING HONOR?

Yes, absolutely. He declared: "I receive not honor from men" (John 5:41), and He acted on this principle all His life through. The people of Sychar said: "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world;" the people of Nazareth, where He was brought up, said: "Is not this Joseph's son" (Luke 4:22)? "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and of Joseph, and of Judas, and Simon? and are not His sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him" (Mark 6:3). Yet Jesus did not remain in Samaria, where He was recognized, but went into Galilee among His own, who received Him not. But this was not

from any morose, misanthropical spirit, which made Him gloomy and moody; but He would not give Himself into the hands of men, or let His Messiahship be made known by these Samaritans, who had but a partial knowledge of Him. He left His Father to work out all His will, and according to that will went into Galilee.

A change had come over the Galileans; they had seen Him in a new character. The young carpenter of Nazareth had publicly rebuked those who bought and sold in the temple, and no man had forbidden Him. He had spoken with the elders of the Jews, and in Jerusalem "many believed in His name, when they saw the miracles which He did" (John 2:23). He had gained such an influence over the people during the few days of the feast, that His name was in every mouth. And so it was now to the interest of the Galileans to know and own Him whom they had not marked before. "The Galileans received Him, having seen all the things that He did at Jerusalem at the feast: for they also went unto the feast." His were

DIRECTED STEPS;

He went nowhere by His own will. "So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where He made the water wine." Many who have considerable wisdom about political economy want to introduce the same principle into their work for God. Such would have said in Jesus' place: "I have manifested forth my glory in Cana, and I have to make myself known all over the land; it will be a waste of time and energy to go there again; I will go to some new place." But Jesus knew that His Father had a plan of His own, and thus He did not attempt to make one for Himself. If all of us believed in God's having a plan for every one of us, infinitely wise and infinitely loving, and if we were willing to trust our God fully with the government of every day, every hour, every circumstance, all the worry and care would go out of all our lives, and we should be blest beyond anything we can conceive.

The Father knew that there was "a nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum." This man must have heard of Jesus either from some who had been up to Jerusalem, or from some who had seen the water turned into wine; so he went in person to Jesus "and besought Him that He would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death." It may be that he thought he was conferring a favor on the carpenter of Nazareth in calling Him in to exercise His power on such an august personage as the son of such an aristocratic family. He was very unlike the centurion, who said: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof" (Matt. 8:8); for he stipulated that the cure should be performed *his way*—"come down and heal my son." To his great surprise Jesus answered him: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." The great Healer of soul and body saw in the nobleman a disease more deadly and more enduring than that which was fast sapping the life of his son. He saw that his faith needed healing.

A DEAR MOTHER

wrote, some time back, to some of God's children to entreat prayer for her only son, nearly insane, and for many years a complete wreck in mind and body. Answer was sent that if *she would join in praying and accepting* the healing they would unite with her in prayer. She had imagined that in answer to *their* prayer a miracle was to be performed. But God was dealing with *her*. Finally she agreed to ask and receive, and, thank God, that son is now in work as a solicitor in London; the wreck has been made a man again by the touch of Jesus. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." It is very natural (but it is not at all *divine*) for us to make a picture in our own minds as to how a prayer is to be answered, and if the answer does not come in that way to judge God as unfaithful, and to complain that He has not answered at all. It stands to reason that the great, All-wise God cannot come into our thoughts and work second to us; yet, in point of fact, this is what we often expect. In His love

to us He seeks to bring us out of our imperfect, short-sighted thoughts into His perfect and holy thoughts. "My thoughts are not your thoughts . . . saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are . . . My thoughts than your thoughts" (Isa. 55:8, 9). What, then, is the ground for our belief? The character of God. We believe in Him in measure as we appreciate His character and take Him to be what He really is.

The nobleman in his impatience, feeling that every moment was of importance to his dying son, said: "Sir, come down ere my child die." To him it seemed cruelty both to the young man and to himself that any time should be spent in words, when every breath might be the last. It would seem to him that any sermonizing might well be left to another opportunity; but Jesus saw that was the exact moment; at no other time could his faith be tested as now. He only answered: "Go thy way; thy son liveth." He saw no sign or wonder; he had no proof but the word of Jesus, whom probably he had never seen before. There were no telegraphs or telephones in those days, so that he could satisfy himself that it was as Jesus said. Yet the man believed, and so fully that, although it was only one o'clock in the day, he spent the night in Cana, and did not return home until the morrow. This is faith. Had he doubted the word of Jesus he would have hastened home that day (the journey being a short one), that he might assure himself that his son was healed. But if his son were well, what need to hurry? So he did not hurry. Some years ago

A DEAR CHILD

of God in Switzerland gave her mother a deadly poison in mistake for a dose of medicine, and only discovered her mistake too late. She was kept calm, called a friend into another room, and told her what had occurred, saying: "My dear mother can only live a few hours unless God undertakes; but Jesus said: 'If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them' (Mark 16:18); let us claim this promise for my mother." They did, and at that moment the church bell rang for service. She said: "If we believe God, we shall go to church; if not, we shall stay at home and watch." They went to church, leaving God to watch. He was true to His Word; the poison did *not* hurt her, and He honored the faith which really trusted Him.

The nobleman on his way home met some of his servants, who told him that his son lived. Faith in God had been his meat for some twenty-four hours; he asked them the hour when he *began to amend*. The answer was a glorious confirmation of his faith—"Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him." There was no gradual abatement of the fever and amendment of the patient. God sent His word and healed him, and he was delivered from his destruction (Ps. 107:20). Life and health had already entered his house, but the father bore a message which was to bring living faith to every member of it. *Now* he understood why there seemed on the part of Jesus such a needless delay; *now* he saw the heart of Jesus and the power of Jesus in the healing of his son, "and himself believed, and his whole house." Jesus was now a personal acquaintance, a known and tried friend of the family, and yet only one had ever seen Him; and each one had learned that He had as much power by His word as by His presence. The Lord teach us to trust that word of power which creates (John 1:3), upholds (Heb. 1:3), directs (II Chron. 20:6), converts (Ps. 19:7), without looking either to what we see or what we feel as a confirmation of it.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

GOD CARES FOR ME.

From the German of BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
Translated by Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

God cares for me! should I be caring?
He's my Father, I'm his child;
He cares to-day, to-morrow, sharing
My pathway on to heav'n beguiled,
Alone or wretched can I be?
He knows His own: God cares for me!

God cares for me! In Him confiding.
I do not fear my coming lot,
For, were it mine, each day's deciding,
He still should shape it to His thought.
I'm ready now, eternally;
He well provides: God cares for me!

Body and soul for me He's caring!
His word to soul the living bread.
Whate'er my earthly toil or faring,
Still from His hand I'm daily fed.
Well may I trust confidently,
For all is well: God cares for me!

God cares for me, and for my dearest!
The flesh and blood that here are mine:
Unchanging sun! by light Thou cheerest,
When hope, extinguished, gives no sign.
Thy footsteps on before they see,
My dearest ones: God cares for me!

God cares for me in my distresses!
The cross that He upon me lays
As His own child my soul addresses,
And future glory round it plays.
The strokes that fall are fatherly,
And for my good: God cares for me!

God cares for me when life is waning!
Who holds and leads me, loves me well:
He hears my sighings and complainings,
And all my weaknesses can tell.
Protector tender, always He!
He's still the same: God cares for me!

God cares for me when I am dying!
And death is but sweet sleep to me:
Beyond earth's curse and woe and crying,
Asleep in Jesus I shall be—
To rest and reign eternally.
I go to Him: God cares for me!

God cares for me where I am sleeping,
In some cool spot, my dust to dust!
His angels o'er me ward are keeping—
I know, I know in whom I trust,
And soul and body yet shall be
Made one in Christ: God cares for me!

Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to learn that Mr. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" is now completed, the last volume being ready for delivery, as will be seen by advertisement in another column. Orders for any of Mr. Spurgeon's or Dr. Talmage's works will be sent postpaid by return mail, by sending your orders to Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York, who will furnish any books desired at the publishers' lowest prices, and guarantee that all books reach you safely.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

NEW TABERNAACLE SERMONS

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Nearly 400 pp., large 12mo, cloth,

ONLY \$1.00, POST PAID.

Send for our circulars descriptive of the complete works of Drs. DEEMS and TALMAGE, which we furnish at the lowest prices. A fine imperial photograph of Dr. Talmage mailed to any address for 30 cents in stamps. The only approved picture.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher,
71 Bible House, New York.

PREACHERS, STUDENTS, BIBLE READERS all want a complete

Cruden's Concordance.

WARNE'S EDITION is the Best.

\$2.00. F. WARNE & Co., 20 Lafayette Place, N.Y.

Volume Seventh (and last) Now Ready.

SPURGEON'S GREAT LIFE WORK.

The Treasury of David!

Published in seven octavo volumes of about 470 pages each, uniformly bound, and making a library of 3,300 pages, in handy form for reading and reference.

Contains the exact matter of the English Edition, which sells at \$4.00 per volume—\$28.00 for the work; while our edition is in every way preferable, and is furnished at LESS THAN ONE-HALF THE PRICE OF THE ENGLISH EDITION.

From the large number of hearty commendations of this important work, we give the following to indicate the value set upon the same by

EMINENT THEOLOGICALS AND SCHOLARS.

Phillip Schaff, D.D., the Eminent Commentator and the President of the American Bible Revision Committee, says: "The most important and practical work of the age on the Psalter is 'The Treasury of David,' by Charles H. Spurgeon. It is full of the force and genius of this celebrated preacher, and rich in selections from the entire range of literature."

John Hall, D.D., New York, says: "There are two questions that must interest every expositor of the Divine Word. What does a particular passage mean, and to what use is it to be applied in public teaching? In the department of the latter Mr. Spurgeon's great work on the Psalms is without an equal. Eminently practical in his own teaching, he has collected in these volumes the best thoughts of the best minds on the Psalter, and especially of that great body loosely grouped together as the Puritan divines. I wish the highest success to the enterprise."

W. H. Van Doren, D.D., the author of the "Suggestive Commentary," says: "A life work of the Christ for 1900 years has drawn and held such a number of hearers so long. If the secret of his power is here revealed, it will be a TREASURY, priceless in value, for centuries to come."

William Orymiston, D.D., New York, says: "I consider 'THE TREASURY OF DAVID' a work of surpass-

ing excellence, of inestimable value to every student of the Psalter. It will prove a standard work on the Psalms for all time. The instructive introductions, the racy original expositions, the numerous quaint illustrations gathered from wide and varied fields, and the suggestive sermonic hints, render the volumes invaluable to all preachers and indispensable to every minister's library. All who delight in reading the Psalms—and what Christian does not?—will prize this work. It is a rich cyclopedia of the literature of these ancient odes."

William M. Taylor, D.D., New York, says: "In the exposition of the heart 'THE TREASURY OF DAVID' is sui generis, rich in experience, and preeminently devotional. The exposition is always fresh. To the preacher it is especially suggestive."

Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D., Brooklyn, says: "I have used Mr. Spurgeon's 'TREASURY OF DAVID' for three years, and found it worthy of its name."

Jesse B. Thomas, D.D., Brooklyn, says: "I have the highest conception of the sterling worth of all Mr. Spurgeon's publications, and I incline to regard his 'TREASURY OF DAVID' as having received more of his loving labor than any other. I regard its publication at a lower price as a great service to American Bible Students."

Vol. I., Psalms 1-26. Vol. III., Psalms 53-68. Vol. VI., Psalms 119-124.
Vol. II., Psalms 27-52. Vol. IV., Psalms 69-103. Vol. VII., Psalms 125-150.
Vol. V., Psalms 104-118.

Handsome 8vo, cloth, published price, \$2.00 per volume, \$14.00 for the seven volumes. Reduced to \$1.75 each, or \$11.00 for the seven volumes. In sheep binding (black), published price, \$2.75 per volume; our price, \$2.25 per volume, or \$15.00 for the set of seven volumes.

Volumes sold separately if desired. Sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS

ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS PLANTS

Peter Henderson & Co.

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Green-house Establishment at Jersey City is the most extensive in America. Annual Sales, 2 1/2 Million Plants.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK

The Newest and Best SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG BOOK FOR THIS YEAR.

THE GLAD REFRAIN.

By Messrs. LOWRY & DOANE.

It is fully equal to any of their former popular works.

This New Song Book embraces a number of New features, and is gotten up on an entirely New plan, in a New shape, and is printed from beautiful New type. It is sure to please, and will create a New interest in the Song Service. It will be sold at a New price.

\$25 PER 100 COPIES, IN BOARDS.

Single copy sent as soon as published, on receipt of price. Specimen pages sent free on request.

AN EDITION IN AIKIN'S CHARACTER NO. 1, AT SAME PRICE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th St., New York.
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

The Wedding Ring.

Thirteen Sermons by Rev. Dr. Talmage on the relations of Husband and Wife and the Family Circle. 12mo, 204 pages, cloth, 25 cents; plain cloth, 50 cents; cloth, gilt edges, \$1.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Agents Wanted, to whom we offer big pay.

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
81 Rose Street, New York.

YOU CAN DYE ANY COLOR

With Diamond Dyes, for 10 cts. They never fade. 32 fast colors. They also make inks, color photo's, etc. Send for colored samples and dye book. Gold, Silver, Copper and Bronze Paints for any use—only 10 cents a piece. Druggists sell or we send post-paid.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Floral Praise No. 4.

A Beautiful Musical Service for Children's Day & Flower Sunday.

By HUBERT P. MAIN.

Price, \$1 per 100 copies; 5 cts. each by mail.

Previous issues furnished at same price.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.

81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

TEACH Any one can become so thorough ly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
CALDWELL,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

PRICE

\$193

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits are an expense double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7 1/2 octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years for \$193! We send it with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

By MISS HAVERGAL.

Royal Grace and Loyal Gifts.

Containing Royal Bounty, Royal Commandments, My King, Royal Invitation, Loyal Responses, Kept for the Master's Use. All in one volume large type, beautiful cloth binding, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, New York.

SILKS.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO. ARE NOW DISPOSING OF THEIR SPRING IMPORTATIONS OF LOUISIENNES, FOULARDS, FIGURED TRICOTINES, STRIPED AND CHECKED SILKS, SURAHs, AND OTHER TEXTILES SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT SEASON, AT A VERY MARKED REDUCTION IN PRICE.

James M'Creery & Co.,

Importers and Manufacturers,

Broadway & 11th St.,

New York.

Alden's RECENT BOOKS.

Illustrated Catalogue, 132 pages, may be had for 4 cents; condensed catalogue, free.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The GLASSE of TIME, in the First and Second Age. Divinely Handled by THOMAS PEYTON, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seen and Allowed. London: Printed by BERNARD ALBOP for LAWRENCE CHAPMAN, and are to be sold at his Shop over against Staple Inne, 1620.

Now Reprinted in a neat volume. Long Primer type. Fine cloth, gilt top, bevelled boards, 50 cts.

"A genuine literary curiosity. Is an extremely rare poem, written in 1620, and supposed to have been the source of Milton's conception of 'Paradise Lost.' It is an odd book and certainly has the charm of novelty."—*The Interior*, Chicago, Ill.

"Apart from its value as a literary curiosity, is interesting as having in all probability suggested some ideas, and even certain special passages in Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"—*Christian Union*, New York City.

"'The Glasse of Time' in the British Museum was purchased at a noted sale of old books in 1819, by Baron Bolland, who notes upon a blank leaf that it cost him 21l. 17s. 6d. (about \$110.00). Some years ago a gentleman of Virginia, Mr. J. L. Peyton, sprung from the old English family of that name, made an accurate transcript of the copy in the British Museum, preserving even the quaint spelling, punctuation, capitalizing, and italicizing of the original. The present edition is printed without alteration."—*Christian Cynosure*, Chicago, Ill.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Beautiful Homes. The Art of Beautifying Suburban Home Grounds. By FRANK J. SCOTT, finely illustrated, \$3.00.

Alden's Cyclopaedia of Universal Literature. Parts I. to VII., each, 15 cts.; Vols. I. and II., each, 60 cts.

Froude's Historical Essays. 50 cts.

Rambaud's History of Russia. illustrated, 2 vols., fine cloth, gilt tops, per set, \$1.75.

Allerton's Poems of the Prairies. 70 cts.

Life of Washington Irving. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, 30 cts.

Guizot's History of France. new edition, 8 vols., 12mo, 427 fine illustrations, \$6.00.

Obiter Dicta. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, 50 cts.

Classic Comedies. By GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN and JOHNSON, fine cloth, gilt tops, 60 cts.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. The handsomest edition published in America, 50 cts.

Taylor's Self-Cure of Hernia. 90 cts.

Rawlinson's Ancient Religions. 75 cts.

Rawlinson's Egypt and Babylon. 75 cts.

Grace Greenwood's Home Folks Stories. 60 cts.

Holyoake's Manual of Co-operation. 35 cts.

Maurice Thompson's By-Ways and Bird Notes. 75 cts.

Bricks from Babel. By J. MCNAIR WRIGHT, 60 cts.

What Tommy Did. By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, illustrated, 50 cts.

Complete Works of John Ruskin. The best American edition, 14 vols., \$18.00.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,

P. O. Box 1227. 393 Pearl St., New York

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES

OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

NEW STEAM COOKER!

The Best, Simplest and Cheapest. Only \$1.00.

Sent, express paid, any address, for \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

FICKETT STEAM COOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, — J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 81 Rose St., N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 19.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF JOSEPH ARCH, M.P., LEADER OF THE FARM LABORERS.

RETURN FROM THE CHASE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The River and Harbor Bill—Proposed Change of Inauguration Day—Dynamite in Chicago—The Labor Troubles—Prohibition Defeated at Albany—A Royal Pageant in London—The Threatened War with Greece—Evangelistic Notes—A Blurred Page in a Bible—An Extraordinary Family—Singular Experience of a Soldier, etc.

THE THREE HOURS' DARKNESS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS. By Rev. M. Baxter.

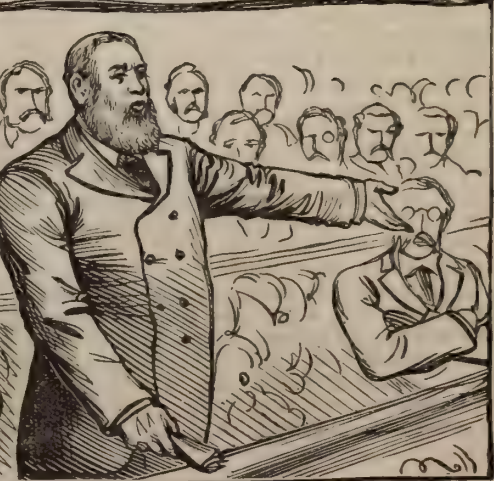
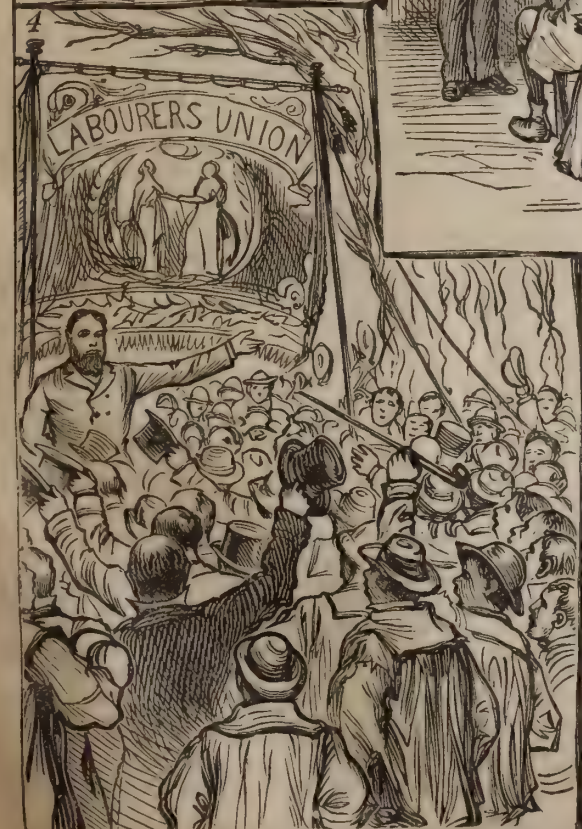
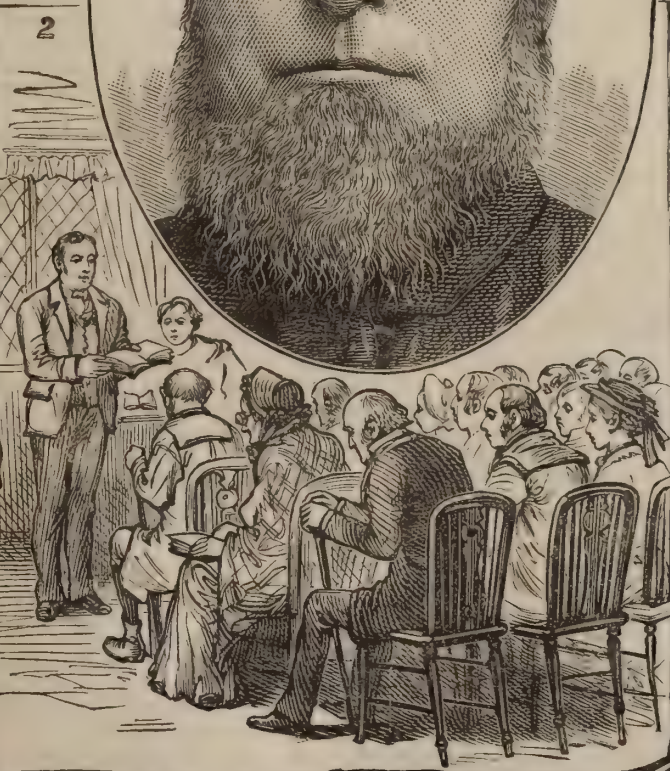
PICTURE OF A FAMINE SCENE IN IRELAND. Bishop Hannington's Martyrdom—A Providential Guest—The Opium Curse in China—Three Cripples Healed—An African Priest Converted—A Soldier's Lost Diary.

PORTRAIT OF EVANGELIST SAM SMALL.

A Missionary's Night Among Lions.

HARVEY'S NARROW ESCAPE. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Jesus at Bethesda. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



JOSEPH ARCH, M.P., the Leader of Farm Laborers—Scenes in his Life.

JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.,

The Moses of the Agricultural Laborers.

Mistakes about Trades Unions—An English Village Fifteen Years Ago—Arch's Early Life—A Champion Hedger—Local Preaching—A Student—The First Laborers' Meeting—The Union Formed—Arch Boycotted—His Tramp through the Country—The Great Lockout—Sympathy of the Workers—Arch in Parliament—Interviewed at Home—His Great Speech.

NOT a few people in our great cities during the past few weeks have felt inclined to add to their Litany the petition, "from all trades-unions, strikes and lockouts, good Lord deliver us." They cause inconvenience to the public, they lead to angry feeling, and have a tendency to cause breaches of the peace. We can go about our business with more facility, and have more comfort generally when there is no strike. Doubtless many people, a little more than a century ago, similarly deprecated, and would have been glad to prevent, if they could have done so, our forefathers going on their

GLORIOUS STRIKE

against the domination of the English king and his ministers. It caused much distress, a great deal of bloodshed, and much loss of property when they declared they would work for King George no longer, pitched the tea into Boston Harbor, and went on strike, carrying their lives in their hands. They were called rebels and other opprobrious names, but they went on with their strike in spite of the king's hired soldiers, and his friends in this country who sympathized with him, and we are now enjoying the freedom they won at the peril of their lives. The fact is that when men are oppressed and when "on the side of the oppressors there is power," there is no way to freedom but for the oppressed to combine together for resistance. They are too weak to resist as individuals, but when they combine with a man like *George Washington to lead the strike*, it goes hard with the tyrant.

Unhappily there is too little discrimination used by the public in this matter. Trades-unions are mighty engines, and the fact is recognized by a lot of thieves and murderers whom Europe has cast upon our shores. They come here, and try, sometimes successfully, to use the unions for their own nefarious purposes. Workingmen, smarting under their wrongs, are not sufficiently careful about the character of the men who offer to help them. They accept foreign help, and the foreigners, like the Poles, Germans and Irish, who threw the bombs last week in Chicago, bring discredit on the cause of labor. But intelligent people, and especially Christian people, who are bound by their faith to sympathize with the poor, should not make the mistake of confusing the evil with the good, and condemning indiscriminately the honest laborer with the cut-throats who have used him for their villainous purposes. It is in the hope of clearing away some of the rubbish which interested people have thrown around this subject to deceive the public that we give this week the portrait, and relate the history of the brave man who has recently led the most successful labor organization of modern times. Fifteen years ago

A LABORER'S HOME

in an English village was a sad sight. In the village might be seen children of seven and eight years old sent into the fields to do such work as a child could do. Young men were there following the plough, or acting as wagoners or shepherds. Men of thirty, with wives and families, laboring from sunrise to sunset, and, living among them, old people of seventy wholly or partially supported out of the poor-rate levied on the parish. Speak to them and you would find that their fathers and grandfathers had lived so in the same village their lives of dull labor. Men from twenty to forty received \$2 a week. Below twenty the wage rose from twenty-five cents a week, year by year to two dollars; after forty it gradually declined. There was no hope of saving anything during the sunny period of twenty to forty, and they must, as they knew, be dependent on charity in their old age.

"How do you live?" the writer once asked a stalwart specimen of the class who was receiving \$2 a week, and had a wife and six children. "Well," he said, "like the others. Here is the cottage I live in. It has two rooms. We spend the day in the one when we are not at work, and the night in the other." "What, all eight of you sleep in this one little room?" "Yes, we have nowhere else." We live chiefly on bread and water. Sometimes we get a little tea or coffee, and about Christmas when the pig is killed, we get a bit of meat for a week or two. We must have clothes, you know, and we must have the doctor in when any of us are sick." The rent of the cottage was \$10 a year. The villages were full of sexual immorality of the most repulsive kind. There was no education, incest was common, and misery universal. This is not a fancy picture, nor an exceptional one. The writer saw it in hundreds of villages in England, when he was there fifteen years ago.

Could nothing be done to help these people? Their condition made the heart of any thinking man who saw it heavy with sorrow.

ARCH WAS THE CHAMPION

who took up their cause. He was one of them. He was born in the little village of Barford, near Warwick, in 1826. His life was like the others. When he was six years old he was sent into the fields at daybreak to scare the birds from the growing wheat (*see Illustration No. 1 on first page*). He ought to have been at school; but what could his father do? He was earning \$2 a week. He had a wife and family to support, and he was often sick. His wife used to go out and do chores, but for a week's work she received only fifty cents. So young Joe must earn his quarter, too, to help the family.

Joe grew up, and proved a smart lad. His mother, an earnest, pious Methodist, taught him to read and write, and as soon as he began to earn a man's wages he lived on dry bread to buy books. He married early a pious, intelligent girl, who is now a bright-eyed, handsome old lady, was converted, and became a Sunday-school teacher and a local preacher among the Methodists (*see Illustration No. 2*). He pondered deeply over the condition of his brethren, and, like Moses, he heard God's voice calling him to their deliverance. He did not give all his time to thought, however. Wherever he worked Arch was the best man on the farm. Member of Parliament though he is now, there is no man in England able to reduce an overgrown hedge to order and tidiness so quickly or so well as Arch. Many a day has he spent at that work (*see Illustration No. 3*).

At night after his work was done he read in the books he starved himself to buy, how men had combined together to improve their condition, and he determined to try what could be done. In 1872 he consulted a few of his more intelligent fellow-workmen, and they bravely resolved to make a move toward forming a union. They had no money to pay for posters or to hire a hall, but they had children who were sent around to tell the men that on a certain night there would be a meeting held

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE,

on the green of the village of Wellesbourne, which is about two miles from Arch's home. Arch finished his day's hedging, washed himself, put on his best white flannel jacket, and walked over to the meeting. He was the chief speaker. He told the men, who all knew him well, what other trades had done through their unions, and advised them to unite. They agreed with him, and the first branch of the union was formed there and then with Arch as leader.

There was no hope of his getting any work after that. He was stirring up rebellion, and every farmer boycotted him. The men subscribed each four cents a week out of their earnings, and from that fund Arch received \$2 a week. As he had no work, and could not get any, he devoted himself wholly to his mission. He tramped through England, from village to village, holding meetings and forming branches of the union, until soon the union numbered its

members by thousands. Of course, there was a struggle. The farmers refused to employ union men, and turned them all away from their work, but by this time the newspapers had taken notice of the affair, and philanthropic men had come to the aid of the union. Other workmen sympathized, and voluntarily taxed themselves to support the discharged laborers. The engineers, miners, bricklayers, carpenters all sent money, and the treasurer of the Agricultural Laborers' Union soon had one hundred thousand dollars in his hands to continue the struggle.

The farmers eventually surrendered, and took the men back at advanced wages. The union flourished, and had its branches in every county and district. It has now become so strong that at the last election it was able to get Arch elected Member of Parliament, and to give him an income sufficient to maintain his position there.

ARCH AT HOME.

A leading society journal gave the following sketch of this "Celebrity at Home," on January 20th. It said: "Mr. Arch lives at Barford, on a bend of the willow-fringed Avon. The front door of Mr. Arch's cottage opens directly on the living-room. As you enter, your head almost touches the ceiling, and you must stoop to pass the oak beam across its centre. A screen covered with paper shuts out the draught from a broad chimney-corner, which fills nearly one side of the apartment. The rough flags on the floor are covered with striped druggist matting, and a long Warwickshire press of black polished oak is placed beneath the windows, with the cheerful red merino curtains. Twenty years ago Joseph Arch made a little book-case, but

HIS LIBRARY

has long since outgrown its capacity, and so Mrs. Arch has appropriated it for her best china tea-service, and her husband has lined the wall opposite the broad fireplace with substantial shelves. Here are to be found all his favorite works: Bright's and Cobden's speeches; Green's 'History of the English People'; 'Pulpit Aids'; Wesley's 'Commentaries,' and Spurgeon's 'Sermons,' are to be seen side by side; for theology, as well as politics, has a powerful claim on his attention. On most Sunday mornings Mr. Arch preaches in the modest cottage with leaded casements on the other side of the street, which is used as a Primitive Methodist chapel.

In the cosiest of chimney-corners, where a kettle suspended from an iron hook is hissing merrily over the brightest of fires, Mrs. Arch is to be seen most afternoons seated in a comfortable arm-chair, within reach of the kettle. She is comely still, and, as becomes

THE WIFE OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, wears a serviceable stuff gown of the brightest mauve color, an apron in which the red and the yellow flowers struggle for supremacy, and a matronly cap with ribbons to match. Joseph Arch sits opposite her in the upright seat which once belonged to his grandmother, and which has passed a whole century in the same chimney-corner; the table is pulled slightly toward him, and he is occupied with his letters. He wears a woollen jacket and trousers of gray tweed.

"If a visitor appears he will probably find time to indulge in a little talk and exhibit his various treasures. He will not forget to show you the pocket filter which his son, Lance-Corporal Arch (now a drill-sergeant in Wales) carried with him when he fought with Lord Wolseley on the Gold Coast, nor will he omit to take you up a perilous perpendicular staircase to the little rooms overhead, where more portraits and pictures look down approvingly on many-colored patchwork quilts, spotless linen, and home-made furniture (*see Illustration No. 5*). You will hear that the only dower he could give his daughters consisted of certain tables and chairs of his own manufacture, and will be conducted through the little workshop behind the house to the garden, where Joseph Arch raises more fruit and vegetables than he can use, and rears the finest pinks, roses and pansies in the parish of Barford."

CRITICISING THE QUEEN.

In the House of Commons on January 26th,

1886, Mr. Arch made a speech (*see Illustration No. 7*) on the subject of allotments and small holdings. On rising he was received with cheers. He remarked: "When I read the gracious speech of Her Majesty the Queen, which expresses sympathy with the distress prevalent not only in trade but in agriculture, I took it to mean this, 'You agricultural laborers are in a terribly poverty-stricken position; your lot in life is hard; you are without employment and without money, and consequently must be without food; I know your lot is hard, but I have no remedy.' It appears to me that if I were suffering from intense bodily pain, and sent for a medical man, and if the doctor looked at me writhing in pain, and told me he had not a single ingredient in his surgery to assuage the pain, I would naturally seek advice of some more skilled physician. In like manner I think that the country will very soon look out for another physician than the present advisers of the Queen, who might have some practical remedy to suggest."

"I know of no human or divine law which should confine a skilled laborer, such as I am myself, from cultivating one acre or two acres of land, if he has the energy and skill to do so, and to buy his cow into the bargain; I can see no just reason why his energies should be crippled and his force held back by being confined to a rood of land. If you want to

EXTERMINATE PAUPERISM

—and I am prepared to say that among the classes for whom I speak there are hundreds of thousands of workmen who hate pauperism; they have a perfect horror of the workhouse, but if they were to be cut down to 12s. a week—then I want to know if these men by their energies could supplement their wages by another 10s. or 12s., why should they not do so to the reduction of pauperism in the country?

"We do not ask for the land to be given us, and we have no desire to steal it. I wish to ask the gentlemen on both sides of the House whether they do not think that the time has come when these thousands of industrious and willing workers should no longer be shut out from the soil, but should have the opportunity of gaining a fair foothold upon it, and of producing food for themselves and their country."

"I have travelled this country from one end to the other, and I have an idea that I know when land is cultivated and when it is not as well as any gentleman in this House, and I say, fearless of contradiction, that tens of thousands of acres of land are waiting for the hand of the workman, and what this House ought to aim at is this—to use every legitimate means to bring the land that cries for labor, and the laborer together as soon as possible. I heard last night a right honorable gentleman speak of the laborers of Scotland as hinds. I should like to inform that right honorable gentleman that though their lives have been lives of poverty, though they were born in humble cottages, yet at the same time they look upon themselves as men. I think that honorable gentlemen on the other side of the House would feel very much annoyed if I were to speak of them as aristocratic goats. (Laughter and cheers.) I hope that when this House goes to the country it will be able to show honestly and fairly to the men who have sent us here that, at least, we have done our best to redress their grievances, to dry their tears, wipe away their sorrows, and place them in the position of free men."

Some of the Chinese Residents in this Country appear to have correctly diagnosed the epidemic of persecution which has broken out against them. A California correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in a letter on the anti-Chinese agitation, quotes a little story which proves the fact. A Chinaman discharged on account of the boycott, turned to his late employer with an air of genial and impersonal regret. "Oh, yes; I wish you ask Melican man send away Chinaman. That all right. He go back to China pretty good. Bimeby I wish man send Melican man away. Where you go?"

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Blinder Than Her Blind Mother.—At a recent meeting Mr. McLachlan reported: "I was conducting a series of meetings in a country district lately; and one day while passing through the village, a woman came running after me, and said: 'Here, preacher, will you come and speak to my old blind mother?' I turned back, and followed her up a flight of narrow stairs, but immediately she crossed the threshold, she exclaimed: 'It is not my mother with whom I want you to speak; although she cannot see with these mortal eyes, she is inwardly all right, but oh, sir, I cannot see the light; I am in a more fearful darkness than my blind mother, and what must I do to be saved?' I told her of the Lamb crucified for her. She was anxious, and willing to be saved, and therefore she was easily led to the feet of Jesus, and found both light and peace."

An Appalling Explosion.—Sir William Collins remarked: "Not very long ago in one of the manufacturing suburbs of the city of Glasgow, a great explosion took place, by the bursting of a boiler, and two hundred persons, either instantly, or in a short time, lost their lives. Great sympathy was felt through all the city, and means taken to prevent such an accident occurring in future. But, dear friends, not much is said of the many poor creatures that are falling into drunkards' graves, and there are not very efficient means taken to prevent it. The deaths from this cause every year are more numerous and terrible than those which follow all the worst disastrous explosions on sea or shore. Let us be up and doing something to rescue those poor perishing ones. I have just one good thing to say about whiskey, and that is, 'it is no respecter of persons.'"

The Whiskey on the Shelf.—Dr. Macgregor Robertson observed: "I lately heard a story of a man who indulged deeply in strong drink, but was enabled by the grace of God to abstain from it. After his conversion to Christ he never was without whiskey in the house. He filled a bottle with it, and putting in a drop of coloring matter, he placed it upon a shelf as the chief ornament of his house. As long as it was there, he was reminded of the awful curse it had been to him, and of how much he had been saved from. And, dear friends, is it not true that if we will leave whiskey alone it will not seek to harm us? When once you make up your mind to have nothing more to do with, and set your face resolutely against it, and ask divine aid, you will in the strength of the Lord overcome that terrible evil, for has He not said: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'"

A Lady Dying in a Cellar.—An open-air preacher narrated: "At one of our meetings, a woman elbowed her way through the crowd, until she came right up to me, and said: 'Please, sir, will you come and see a poor woman who is dying?' 'Certainly,' I at once answered, and leaving the meeting in charge of a worker, I followed the woman up one narrow street and down another, until we arrived at a narrow court, into which we turned. We descended some steep, winding stairs, and, after groping our way through a dark passage, she pushed open a door and entered a cellar which was perfectly dark. Not a sound was to be heard but the labored breathing of some one who seemed to be nearing death. 'I'll get a light,' said the woman, as she felt her way through the dark place. A candle was lighted, and there a terrible sight presented itself. The poor emaciated form of a woman was stretched upon a wretched straw palliasse, supported by two herring-boxes. I spoke to her of Jesus, and of His love for such as she had been, when she interrupted me by saying: 'Do not speak to me of these things now; I am suffering too much pain.' I made another attempt, but it was equally useless. In a few days an imposing funeral cortege wound its way from that house to the railway-station, and this poor ruined woman was interred with

great state in a burying-ground in a distant seaport town. I was informed that she was a sister of a great shipowner there. She had wandered into the way of the Magdalene, and this was the end of it. Her remains were duly attended to—what had become of her soul?"

A Handcuffed Deserter.—Dr. Cameron said: "The other day I was passing down the street in a car. I got into conversation with a missionary who was seated next me. From my seat in the car I saw a poor young fellow being led handcuffed down the street. 'There is a deserter,' I remarked to my missionary friend. 'Ah, there will be a great many deserters from the King of kings,' he replied. 'Yes,' I said, 'but there will be far more that have not enlisted.' Dear friends, I ask you, have you yet enlisted into the service of the King? If not, I warn you, like this poor deserter, you will be brought to account."

Just Before the Battle.—Mr. Mather Related that "Once on board ship, in the late Soudan campaign, when we were just about to disembark, I was going to pronounce the blessing when one of the soldiers said: 'Let us have a short meeting, for it will be the last time we shall all be together' (we were just about to begin battle); and one after another of the men told how they had been led to Christ. Some had been Christians for years, some for months, some for weeks, some for days, and others but a few hours. Many and various testimonies were given on that morning, but they were all summed up in Christ's saving and keeping power. It was one of the most blessed meetings which I have ever been at. Afterward, when I saw some of those very men lying dead on the battle-field, I could lift up my heart in thankfulness to God that the Gospel had not lost its power. I went over to a young man who had fallen in the battle, and bent over him to ascertain if he still breathed. He opened his eyes and murmured feebly: 'Jesus only.' 'You are dying,' I said, as I saw his life's blood ebbing away. 'Yes, oh, yes, but Jesus only,' he again said, with faltering breath; and it brought sweet joy to my soul as I witnessed that young man passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death so peacefully. Oh, friends, you too, from the battle-field of life, will have to meet God, and there is just one shield behind which you may take shelter, and like that dying soldier, we must find that 'Jesus only' can do a poor, helpless sinner any good!"

The Letter on the Desk.—Mr. Pratt Related: "Not long ago, upon entering my office one morning I found, lying on my desk, a short note written in a trembling hand: 'Come and see me; I am very ill; nigh unto death.' It was signed, and I remembered the writer well. He had been one of my earliest friends, but a wave of good fortune which had come to him had separated us in this life, and it was long since I had heard anything of him. I hastened to obey the summons, for I feared he had sought too much of this world's pleasures, and was not prepared to meet God. When I stood by the bedside, I said: 'John, have you accepted Jesus as your Saviour?' With an effort, for he was almost gone, he said: 'I know about Him with my head, but I have not yet received Him into my heart.' I felt I had a kind of responsibility for this departing soul still in darkness. I opened my Bible at Romans 10: 9, 'Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him.' When I finished reading the verse, the Holy Spirit seemed to come like a flood of light into the man's darkened soul. His face lighted up, all fear vanished, and a sublime tranquillity overspread his features. 'Thanks,' he said, 'I see it all, Christ's blood has paved the way to heaven, and I am free. Oh, matchless love! Oh, boundless grace!' How grateful I felt. How thankful to God that He had saved this poor rebellious sinner in the last moments of his life on earth. He passed quietly away, trusting in Him who knew no sin, but who was made sin for us."

RETURN FROM THE CHASE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 9, 1886.*

"In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."—GEN. 49 : 27.

A Fascination in Killing Something—Prevalence of Destructive Propensities—Hunting the World—Its Pleasures—Hilarity Superseded by Joy—Hunting Riches—On the Track of a Dollar—Souls Fed on Bonds—The Awakening—The Hunter Hunted—A Queen's Writing on a Window—A Bride's Poisoned Gloves—A Bad Inference—The Scarcity of Old Men—Rapidity of Change—Religion a Triumph—The Final Division.

THERE is in this chapter such an affluence of simile and allegory, such a mingling of metaphors, that there are a thousand thoughts in it not on the surface. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder; and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney and another a rabbit and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or, it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey, and then drag it back to the cave or lair and divide it among the young.

FASCINATION OF KILLING.

There is nothing more fascinating than the life of a hunter. On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun because grouse-hunting has begun; and every man who takes pleasure in destroying life, and can afford the time and ammunition, and can draw a bead starts for the fields. On the 20th of October our woods and forests will resound with the shock of firearms, and will be tracked by pointers and setters, because the quail will then be a lawful prize for the sportsman. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far East, people, elephant-mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd tumble over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox-chase and at the stag-hunt. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore in all ages of the world the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive whether it means a wolf after a fox or a man after a lion. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

HUNTING THE WORLD.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life they were after the world as intensely as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. They wanted the world's plaudits and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything.

Some of them started out for the pleasures of the world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee and conundrum and burlesque and madrigal. They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods or Charles Lambs or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine and music and the spectacular. They were worshippers of the harlequin and the Merry Andrew and the buffoon and the jester. Life was to them foam and bubble and cackling and roystering and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the

burial, because there was something so dolorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker.

After a while misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found there was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave way, or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfoliated. They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God there blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and their immortality, and here they sit today at sixty or seventy years of age, as appreciative of all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are bent on a style of satisfaction which in early life they never hunted; the evening of their days brighter than the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they are dividing the spoil.

HUNTING THE DOLLAR.

Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how limber a man's back is when he bows down before some one transpicious. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a three-thousand-dollar turnout. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangled in the headgear of a dashing span. They wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldrick, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar even in the darkness thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the Government treasury. They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar and they cried: "Hark, away! a dollar! a dollar!" and when at last they came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully flung his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey!

AN AWAKENING.

But there came a better time to their soul. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on Government bonds. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Ralston, living at the rate of twenty-five thousand dollars a month, leaping from San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ratio. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthy. They saw some great souls by avarice turned into homunculi, and they said to themselves: "I will seek after higher treasure."

From that time they did not care whether they walked or rode if Christ walked with them; nor whether they lived in a mansion or a hut if they dwelt under the shadow of the Almighty; nor whether they were robed in French broadcloth or in homespun if they had the robe of the Saviour's righteousness; nor whether they were sandalled with morocco or calf-skin if they were shod with the preparation of the Gospel. Now, you see peace on their countenance. Now, that man says: "What a fool I was to be enchanted with this world! Why, I have more satisfaction in five minutes in the service of God than I had in all the first years of my life while I was gain-getting. I like this evening of my day a great deal better than I did the morning. In the morning I greedily devoured the prey; but now it is evening, and I am gloriously dividing the spoil."

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt.

It rekindles the lustre of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheumatic limbs a strength to leap like the roe. Christopher North's pet gun, the muckle-mounted Meg, going off in the summer in the forests, had its echo in the winter time in the eloquence that rang through the University halls of Edinburgh. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields; but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwarfing and belaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the gun-cap and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing.

When you turn out to hunt the world, the world turns out to hunt you; and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a panther's heart has gone down under the striped claws, so while you have been attempting to devour this world, the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Coleridge. So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world, and its lances stuck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life with one stroke. Mary Queen of Scots, wrote on the window of her castle:

"From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust."

The Queen Dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding-day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on, but they were poisoned gloves and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success.

A BAD INFERENCE.

"Oh," says some young man in the audience, "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoil of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats and then I will be good." Young man, did you ever take the census of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two, or none? How many in a vast assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of snow here and there in the fields on a late April day.

The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong that men go down under them before they get to be sixty, before they get to be fifty, before they get to be forty, before they get to be thirty; and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days in devouring the prey, the probability is that you will never divide the spoil in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ, postpones it forever.

THE LOCKED DOOR.

Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision or the steamboat explosion or the slip on the ice or the falling ladder or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity again. They locked the door of heaven against their soul, and they threw away the key; and if they could now break jail and come up shrieking to this audience I do not think they would take two minutes to persuade us all to repentance. They chased the world, and they died in the chase. The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game that they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser they leaped the hedge, but the courser fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world they lost both and got neither.

While this is an encouragement to old people who are yet unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cautiously. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine given

* A verbatim report authorized by Dr. Talmage.

to different patients in one case saves life and in the other destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the young. Be cautious in taking it.

A QUICK CHANGE.

Again, my subject is descriptive of those who come to a sudden and radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night in winter—eight or ten hours. You know that a winter day has a very brief life. The heart of the longest day beats twenty-four times and then it is dead. How quick the transition in the character of these Benjaminites! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoil." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes; a man may be at seven o'clock in the morning an all-devouring worldling, and at seven o'clock at night he may be a peaceful distributive Christian. Conversion is instantaneous.

A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs the zig-zag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the reformation of his character and have that resolution going on a great while; that does not make him a Christian. But the very instant when he flings his soul on the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant is lustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment, hellward; after that moment, heavenward. Before that moment, devouring the prey; after that moment, dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years.

My hearer, you know very well that the best things you have done you have

DONE IN A FLASH.

You made up your mind in an instant to buy or to sell or to invest or to stop or to start. If you had missed that one chance you would have missed it forever. Now, just as precipitate and quick and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. This morning you are making a calculation. You are on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you are pursuing it. This very morning you are devouring the prey; but to-night you will be in a different mood. You find that all heaven is offered you. You wonder how you can get it for yourself and for your family. You wonder what resources it will give you now and hereafter. You are dividing peace and comfort and satisfaction and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

On a Sabbath night at the close of the service I said to some persons: "When did you first become serious about your soul?" and they told me: "To-night." And I said to others: "When did you give your heart to God?" and they said: "To-night." And I said to still others: "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" and they said: "To-night." I saw by their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also in the flood of joyful tears and in the kindling raptures on their brow and in their exuberant and transporting utterances that they were dividing the spoil. At night with one touch of electricity all these lights blaze. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your souls might be broken up and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people supposed. You thought it was decadence; you thought religion was emaciation; you thought it was highway robbery; that it struck one down and left him half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it

broke the wing and crushed the beak as it came clawing with its black talons through the air. No; that is not religion. What is religion? It is dividing the spoil. It is taking a defenceless soul and panoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the king's hand, every medal stamped with a coronation. It is an exhilaration; an expansion. It is impardisation. It is enthronement. Religion makes a man master of earth and death and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emmanuel, and the diadems of heaven and the glories of realms terrestrial and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoil.

THE DISTRIBUTION.

What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moment he said: "Christ is all! Christ is all!" Why, he was entering into light; he was rounding the Cape of Good Hope; he was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when, at eighty years of age, she arose in the meeting one day and said: "The time of my departure is come. My grave-clothes are falling off." She was dividing the spoil.

"She longed with wings to fly away,
And mix with that eternal day."

What is Daniel now doing, the lion-tamer? and Elijah, who was drawn by the flaming coursers? and Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? and all the other victims of flood and fire and wreck and guillotine? Where are they? Dividing the spoil.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steep of light.

"'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Lift high your golden gates
And let the victors in."

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin on earth to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty-struck soul, there is a business-despoiled soul, there is a sin-struck soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your hand tremble in fear, though your eyes rain tears of uncontrollable weeping—come and get the spoils. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here out-cast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away to-day saying:

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

Though you came in children of the world, you may go away heirs of heaven. Though you were devouring the prey, now, all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

FAMINE FARE.

(See Illustration on page 300.)

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends, Mr. James Tuke, has recently paid a visit to the west coast of Ireland with the philanthropic motive of relieving the distress existing there. An account of his journey, with a record of the depressing scenes he witnessed, has recently been published. It shows that the condition of the people is truly pitiable, and, though the British Government cannot be held responsible for the misery of the people, it may be hoped that if Ireland obtains the boon of Home Rule some good may come of it to these wretched creatures.

Mr. Tuke states that he saw men and women who looked like animated skeletons scattered among the rocks on the coast gathering a species

of sea-weed called "slocaun" to boil for food! They were absolutely without provisions of any kind, and were driven to the hard necessity of using this stuff, which is usually applied as a fertilizer to the land. As they collected it a sharp eye was kept for a stray limpet on the rocks, which was a delicacy much appreciated by the poor starving creatures.

The present distress is largely due to the lack of proper boats for fishing. Such boats as they have are old and rotten, and they have no capacity to build new ones nor money to buy them. Like their fellow-countrymen in other parts of Ireland, the people in the west appear deficient in the quality of self-help which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race. They need to be set to work, having no idea of how to go to work themselves. With a little energy much might be done to alleviate their misery, but the poor famished creatures seem to have lost heart. Mr. Tuke has found them ready to brave the perils of the coast when he provided boats for fishing, and willing to work hard for trifling wages when he found work for them. His observations prove conclusively the opinion often expressed that the Irish need a different kind of treatment from other races; institutions under which an American or an Englishman would thrive are of no use to an Irishman, who in some circumstances is as helpless as a child.

SAM JONES'S NUGGETS.*

IN ONE of his Chicago sermons the evangelist said: "You hear a church-member say, 'There is no harm in a quiet game of cards,' or, if he wants to dance he says, 'Why, what in the world harm is there in dancing?' The way to tell an ungodly man is that he is always talking about what harm is there in this, that, or the other thing, and the way to tell a godly man is, he is always hunting around for something with good in it, and not going about trying to find something that people can see no harm in at all. If there is no harm in cards at all, why I haven't got the time to play cards, and I am sorry for any man that professes to be a true man that has time to play cards; I am sorry for the woman who has time to play cards, and I am sorry for the man and woman that has time to dance. I tell you, brethren, when I look around me and see a sinking world and humanity drifting off from God, and so many sick beds to visit, and see so many that are needy and need sympathy and help, I am not going to spend my time in doing things that you can't say anything better of than that there's no harm in them."

THE THEATRE.

"There was a young lady, a bright young lady, teacher in one of the schools, came to her pastor during his revival. Her conscience was stirred, and she walked up to him and said: 'I want to be a Christian. I want to join your church, but you object to theatre-going, and I can't see any harm in that in the world.' The pastor said to her: 'Sister, give your heart to God, join the church, and go to the theatre as much as you please.' Brethren, I believe I'd go to the theatre every time I wanted to go, but thank God, since I joined the church I never wanted to go. Don't you see? I never got down that low in my religious experience from the day I gave my heart to God to this minute, and whenever I do 'I'm going back,' as an old brother said, 'to the old stump and git it over again, as my first stock is about played out.'"

RECOGNITION.

"Some preachers talk a great deal about recognizing each other in heaven. Well, I don't care so much about that, but what I want is earthly recognition—please recognize me. I am here, and help me all you can, but when I get to glory, and sit down under the shade of the tree of life, and take my harp and strike the chords, if you do not want to recognize me then, don't do it—God bless you, I'm all right then, and I don't care for your recognition."

* A Collection of Extracts from the Sermons of Sam Jones and Sam Small, has been issued by J. S. Ogilvie & Company, of 37 Rose Street, New York. Pp. 189. Paper covers, 25 cents.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 279.)

The Desolating Abomination Set Up in the Rebuilt Jewish Temple—A Period of Unparalleled Tribulation—How it will Begin and Reach its Climax—Why Great Britain will Form Part of the Scene of the Great Tribulation—The Napoleonic Man of Sin—Second Stage of Christ's Coming.

NINTH EVENT.

THE great tribulation and Antichristian persecution for three and a half years will be the second half of the seven years of the Jewish covenant week, for it commences, according to Daniel's prophecy, in the midst of the week, when the Antichristian "prince that shall come,"† will "cause the sacrifices and oblations to cease; and for the overspreading of abominations, he shall make it desolate, until the consummation."

This desolating abomination, or idol, as the original Hebrew implies, is shown in Revelation ‡ to be the image of the Antichristian emperor, which is to be set up in the rebuilt Jewish temple when their restored daily sacrifice is forcibly stopped by him in the midst of the seven years; and is referred to in Matt. 24:15; Mark 13:14.

"When ye, therefore, shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, stand in the holy place (whoso readeth, let him understand), then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains . . . for then shall the Great Tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be; and except those days be shortened, there should no flesh be saved, but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. . . . Immediately after the tribulation of those days . . . they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (Matt. 24:15-30).

Evidently this

UNPARALLELED TRIBULATION

which is immediately followed by the personal Second Coming of the Son of Man, is the same as the unexampled time of trouble, foretold in Daniel 12, to accompany the resurrection at the time of the end, and to continue for three and a half times or years.§

This time of trouble and tribulation which is to occupy the final three and a half years is also predicted to be the period of the last

ANTICHRIST'S PERSECUTION.

"And he (Antichrist) shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws, and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and dividing of time" (Dan. 7:25). And the holy city (Jerusalem) shall they tread under foot forty and two months" (Rev. 11:2). And there was given unto him (Antichrist) a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given to him to make war forty and two months. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them; and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues and nations" (Rev. 13:5, 7).

The manner in which this tribulation will begin and gradually reach this climax of three and a half years, is thus described by Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia: ||

"Thoughtful people will wonder at the amazing upheavals of society around them; they will tremble at the mighty agitations which trouble and confuse everything in Church and State; they will grow pale at the gigantic moves of revolutionists and military despots, and their

hearts shall fail them as they attempt to look forward to what the results of all shall be. Some will call it progress; some will call it the result of wrong education of the masses; some will look at it as the work of ambitious or mistaken legislation; some will think it is Liberty rising from her sleep of ages to take dominion of the world. And a thousand theologians, philosophers, and jurists will have as many different solutions of the great problem of

WHAT IS COMING

upon the earth, without once striking upon the real truth that the Day of Judgment has begun. Signs and wonders shall exist on every hand; but unsuspecting mortals will point to natural causes and explanations, and bigoted sectarians will refuse even to believe their own senses. And the world in all its departments, with here and there a few who are faithful to what God hath written for our learning, shall drift to dissolution without knowing what is transpiring.

"The stupendous occurrences of the Day of Judgment will glide in upon the world as by stealth, and before a great number of even pious people shall be aware that these great scenes have commenced; and while the great mass of worldlings and politicians will not believe in it to the very last, when the Son of Man will blast them forever with His terrific indignation.

"As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away." Perhaps it had rained a month before those wicked scoffers began to feel any special alarm. Perhaps many of them beheld the ark taken up by the swelling waters, and yet stood upon the hill-tops laughing at the old preacher's folly. Though the valleys were all covered, and the waters rose higher and higher every hour, 'they knew not' until all were swept away by the shoreless waves.

"And so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man." The nations shall be undergoing their judgment, the sainted dead shall be raised, the sainted living shall be translated, and the whole earth shall heave with the throes of judgment already present, and yet multitudes will go on as they did before, and refuse to believe what is transpiring. Nations in their desperation will go on to declare war, and make treaties and form alliances, and join their armies, and gather together their warriors against the Lamb and His people, until at last, to their everlasting consternation, the Son of Man shall appear with His sainted hosts."

This approaching tribulation and persecution will prevail as much in Great Britain, as in France, Spain, Italy, etc., because it is one of the ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire indicated by the ten horns* of the wild beast and ten toes of Daniel's prophetic image. These ten

KINGDOMS ALLIED TOGETHER

in a confederacy (as enumerated under our first leading event), will be Papal Red Republics during several months before the final three and a half years, and then during those three and a half years ten kings elected over them by universal suffrage will be allied in a Latin Confederation under the Napoleonic Antichrist as their Emperor, and will decree the abolition of Christianity, the same as in France in 1793, and will establish the worship of that Imperial Antichrist as the only religion. Millions of true Christians will everywhere be beheaded for refusing to worship that Roman Emperor, or his image, which will be set up throughout those ten kingdoms, or to receive his mark on their foreheads or hands, as fully described in the thirteenth chapter of Revelation (see Rev. 13:17-18; 14:9; 15:2; 16:2; 20:4).

This latter-day democratic Cæsar will be the

Man of Sin, who, in connection with that great infidel apostasy, or general falling away from Christian faith in the last days, is to sit in the rebuilt temple in Jerusalem, and to be worshipped as a god, and to be destroyed by the brightness of Christ's personal Coming (see 11 Thess. 2).*

(To be concluded.)

THE OPIUM CURSE IN CHINA.

In a letter published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Atwood gives a sad picture of the difficulties the missionaries in China have to encounter through the prevalence of the opium habit. He is laboring at Tai-ku, and last summer he opened an opium refuge at a village eight miles off, called Li Man Chuang. He describes how some of the habitués after being cured have returned to their habit. He says: "They seemed to have no stamina at all, but fell before temptation as easily as the thistle-down moves before the wind. The only motive they have to break off seems to be their straitened circumstances, and as soon as they can get a few dollars ahead they are anxious to indulge again in the enslaving habit. The fearful effects on their systems, the prospect of certain financial ruin in the end, and the great discomfort experienced in reforming, seem to make little impression upon them. I suppose we ought not to expect permanent reformation until the stronger motives presented in the Gospel are known and felt by them, and even then we are told by those older in experience that a church member who is a reformed opium-smoker is to be spoken of with fear and trembling.

"The prospect before us is not bright when we take into account the fact that in the cities nine-tenths of the men and all the women, probably, are slaves to the drug; while in the villages the number of those who use it is far above one half, and probably more than two thirds, of all the people. At the present rate of increase in the use of the drug a few decades more will suffice almost to depopulate the plain. The most discouraging feature about it is that they do not want to give up the habit. They cling to it as if it were the dearest boon. Nothing but the motive power of the Gospel and the very power of God Himself can bring these people out of this bondage."

BISHOP HANNINGTON'S MARTYRDOM.

VERY vague reports continue to arrive of the murder of Bishop Hannington in Central Africa. They all agree that the bishop was killed, but why was he killed and how, are questions about which there is still a mystery. The most detailed account yet received comes from the bishop's African companion, Rev. William Jones, who accompanied him as far as Sundu's village. The expedition had already been in danger of starvation when it reached that point, and the man Jones was directed by the bishop to remain at Sundu's village with part of the expedition, while he went forward with fifty men.

What followed appears to have been learned from four of the party who escaped when the bishop was killed. They state that ten days after leaving Sundu's village the bishop and his men found themselves in a country abounding with plantain trees. There the bishop had an interview with the chief of the country, who demanded a large present. The bishop made him a present, though not so large a one as he demanded. Soon afterward the chief sent men to conduct the bishop to a place from which he could see the lake. He accompanied them with one follower. The remainder of his party lost sight of the bishop, but one of them who had strayed from the rest caught sight of him and his follower, and was horrified to see that they were both bound with ropes. He told his companions what he had seen, and they were terror-stricken.

The bishop seems to have been kept in confinement for eight days, while an appeal was

* There is reason to believe that Antichrist will literally be killed by a sword, and after a few days raised to life from the bottomless pit just before this three and a half years, in further literal fulfillment of Rev. 9:11; 13:3; 14:14; 17:8.

* From articles published by him in 1873.

† Dan. 9: 26, 27; 11: 31; 12: 11.

‡ Rev. 13: 14; 14: 9; 14: 20; 15: 2; 16: 2; 19: 20; 20: 4.

§ In Dan. 4: 31, seven times were literally fulfilled seven years, therefore, of course, three and a half times will be literally fulfilled as three and a half years, which are the same as the forty-two months and 1260 days. (Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14; 13: 5.) These 1260 days have also another fulfilment figuratively, as 1260 years of temporal power of Mohammedanism from 637-8 to 1897-8.

|| His "Prophecies of Revelation." Published by Anson D. F. Randolph, Broadway, New York.

* Dan. 2: 34-45; 7: 24-26; Rev. 17: 12, 13, 17. As the two iron legs represent the two halves—western and eastern of the Roman Empire, therefore, the five toes on each leg show there will be five kingdoms in each half. And each toe being of clay-iron, shows that each kingdom will have a clay-iron or democratic monarchic king. (Dan. 2: 44).

made to a great chief. At the end of that time there was a great deal of shouting and drumming among the natives, and the men of the bishop's party were caught and tied together two and two. That evening they were all led out into the bush, the bishop and Pinto, the man whom he took with him when he went to see the lake, being in front. Those two were shot, others were speared, and some were kept as slaves. The four men who escaped, and subsequently rejoined Jones at Sundu's village, gave no satisfactory account of their escape. They say that they wandered about singly for some time, but all finally made their way to Sundu's village, whence with the men there they returned to Zanzibar.

Jones has much to say about his own sufferings, and the goodness of the Lord to him. To his rambling narrative, the agents of the Church Missionary Society at Zanzibar add: "We believe about ten men were spared as being useful slaves in some capacity, and we trust they may yet return. One of the Zanzibar porters was among the first of those led to execution, and close to the bishop and Pinto when they were shot and speared. He was himself speared in the mouth and forearm, fell, and feigned death, and did not see his companions killed, but the other man who escaped, by slipping behind the bush, speaks of several men who were spared, some because they could read English, others masons, one gunsmith, and the bishop's boy Almass, because the Wasoga could not unlock the packages without him. You will observe that four porters escaped and returned to the coast. The missionaries who have examined them all are of opinion that we must consider the details very uncertain, owing to the conflicting testimony of the men."

A PROVIDENTIAL GUEST.

WE are enjoined (Heb. 13:2) to "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The *Denver News* relates the following incident, which shows that even unintentional and unconscious hospitality may bring a blessing:

"The dark days of the riots came on, Celestials were hiding in every conceivable place, some of them breaking for the prairies and open country or seeking refuge at the ranches of farmers within a dozen miles of the city. Among the fugitives was Ching Lee, with his place of business sacked and destroyed, and a howling mob hunting him down. He sought a hiding-place in the wagon of a farmer living near Golden. Fearing almost to breathe, the terrified Celestial lay flat in the bottom of the wagon until the barn of the ranchman was reached. The latter, all unsuspecting of the living freight he had brought from town, unhitched, fed, and cared for his horses, and went into the house. Ching lay very quiet, listening to the retreating footsteps of the farmer. These had hardly died away before his quick ears caught other sounds, evidently coming from the corner of the barn. Ching had pretty well mastered the English language, and understood the meaning of a whispered conversation evidently between two men concealed in the hay-loft.

"'Sh!' said a voice, 'he is not in the house.'

"'Do you think he brought much money back with him?' asked another voice.

"'Yes, he took a great deal of stuff in town, and, besides, I heard him say that, on account of the riots, he would draw his money out of the bank, as it would be safer at home.'

"Cowering down in the wagon, the Chinaman never moved until he saw in the dim twilight the figures of two men stealthily making their way through the barn door, which they softly closed behind them. No sooner were they out of sight than Ching leaped quickly from the wagon and noiselessly crawling on his hands and knees arrived at a clump of bushes near the house. He saw one of the ruffians slowly raising one of the lattices, while the other stood behind him with a large revolver cocked, and with his finger on the trigger. Lying on the ground near him

Ching saw a piece of heavy wood, evidently used as the handle of a pump which was near by. Seizing this with both hands, he rose from his crouching position, and dealt the robber nearest him a terrible blow on the head, felling him to the ground. The pistol the robber carried went off at the same moment, and the other robber fell accidentally shot.

"The report aroused the farmer, who came to the door with a revolver in his hand, with which he covered the Chinaman.

"'Who are you, and what do you want?' he asked, addressing Ching. 'Me Chinaman. Bad Melican man killee you and take money,' said Ching, pointing to the men, who were beginning to show life.

"'How did you get there?' asked Goldsmith.

"'Me hide in your wagon; come from Denver.'

"Gradually the situation dawned upon the farmer, and, seeing the club, which was still grasped by Ching, and its terrible effect on one of the ruffians, he realized that the Chinaman had been the means of saving his property and probably his life. With Ching's assistance the two men were securely bound and taken to the city, where they were tried and sentenced to ten years in Cañon Penitentiary. Ching entered the farmer's service, and is now a permanent fixture on the ranch."

THREE CRIPPLES HEALED.

AT a recent meeting at Bethshan a mother rose to give the following testimony as published in *Thy Healer* of May 1st: "I rise with thankfulness to God, to tell you that, when first I heard of Bethshan, this little boy in front of me, was a helpless cripple. Three years ago, I wrote to Bethshan; but circumstances, and my own health, kept me from coming. I put it into the Lord's hands, and told Him He could heal us there and then, in our own room, without using any means. The little boy had been several times to different hospitals, and had just come home a mere skeleton, from a nine months' stay at a Home at Tunbridge Wells; he was only skin and bones. The doctor offered to take him and galvanize him, but I said: 'Lord, if Thou art willing for him to be healed, Thou canst heal him without galvanism;' and while I was praying, he started off walking all at once by himself, and from that time he has been getting well.

"For seven or eight years past, I have been almost a cripple myself, not able to do anything at all for the family. I put my case into the Lord's hands, and this winter, I have done what I have never done for eight years, I have walked miles and miles to my work, and have worked at a gentleman's house during the whole of the day, and on Sundays I can go out to service three times a day. Not a day passes without my walking miles.

"I have a little girl who had been suffering from eczema from the age of two years. She had been seven times an in-patient of different hospitals; nothing seemed to do her any good. I put her in the Lord's hands, and, at the present time, with the exception of a slight weakness in her eyes, she is well. There is not a sore on her head. This is the first spring she has had any hair on her head, and she will be nine years of age next May."

A SOLDIER'S LOST DIARY.

ONE prominent characteristic of the converted man, and a safe indication of the reality of the spiritual change that has taken place in him, is a quickening of his love for his fellow-men. Even to strangers, with whom he has had no dealings, he feels kind, and is ready to do them a service. "Why should you take the trouble?" he is often asked by those who are worldly. "You will get nothing by it." He does not expect anything, but he delights to do a kind act from a higher motive than any that the world recognizes (Eph. 4:32). Sometimes, however, an act of disinterested kindness does bear fruit in this life. It did so in a case which is thus related in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*:

"A marriage has just taken place at Forsyth, Ga., which resulted from an act of kindness performed by a young lady. During Sherman's famous march to the sea, the army while marching from Atlanta to Savannah, camped one night on the plantation of Mr. J. T. Goodman, a wealthy citizen. It was a night of terror for those in the big farm-house, who had heard exaggerated reports of the doings of the invaders. They watched through closed shutters all night long the camp-fires surrounding the place, not daring to speak above a whisper. Daylight found the column on the march again and as the last man disappeared, the children sallied forth to examine the deserted camp. Among the articles found was a knapsack, in which was a diary, which showed that its owner had served in a Kansas regiment from the first year of the war, and that his name was Davis T. Rogers, of Logan, Kan.

"Miss Donnie, the youngest of the children, took possession of the diary, and when she grew older read with deep interest the thrilling story it contained of the perils of a soldier's life. Five years ago she wrote to the address, expressing her readiness to return the memento if its owner should be alive. A grateful answer was received, both from Mr. Rogers and his wife. The two ladies thereafter kept up a pleasant correspondence. One year ago a letter, bordered in black, came from Mr. Rogers, in which he stated that his wife was dead; that, at the urgent solicitation of his children he wrote his Southern friend the fact. Still later, Miss Goodman received a second letter from Mr. Rogers, stating that he was about to make a business trip to North Carolina, and that he would take occasion to call upon her. The visit was paid, and the acquaintance commenced in correspondence, developed rapidly after the personal meeting, and it has just culminated in a marriage between the Northern veteran and the Southern belle."

AN AFRICAN PRIEST CONVERTED.

A NATIVE deacon of Monrovia, Mr. M. P. Keda, relates a remarkable incident in the current number of the *Spirit of Missions*. From his narrative it appears that Dano Dowe, the high-priest of the Gedeobos, a native tribe, and his wife have received Christian baptism on confession of faith. Bodiowe, the father of Dano Dowe, also was high-priest of the Gedobos before him, but being a man of wealth and influence with his own tribe and with surrounding tribes, he excited the jealousy of certain prominent men who laid a plot to destroy him. They accused him of sorcery, and, high-priest though he was, he was required to undergo the ordeal of "sassawood." The poisonous bark, of course, proved fatal, and Bodiowe paid the penalty of his eminence.

The office of high-priest was then offered to his eldest son, but the young man, indignant at his father's fate, fiercely refused to accept the office. Dano Dowe, his younger brother, who was of gentler disposition, was prevailed upon to accept, and was duly installed in office. Shortly after his accession, a woman was accused of witchcraft, and was hurried away to the woods, to undergo the "sassawood ordeal." Dowe, doubtless moved thereto by the memory of his father, hastened after the crowd when he heard of what was being done. He came upon them before the fatal draught had been administered, and exhibiting the black monkey-skin, the insignia of his office, overturned the bowl of sassawood, and carried the woman away with him. That same night an excited mob went to the high-priest's abode, seized the woman by force, and carried her to the woods, where they put her to death.

Dowe, in anger, thereupon renounced his office and his tribe, and removed to Cavalla. The injustice and cruelty he had witnessed disgusted him with religion. At Cavalla he heard the story of the Cross, and was converted. Mr. Keda states that both he and his wife have been baptized, and are preparing to preach the Gospel to their tribe.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

BELOW is a fac-simile of a note received last week from Dr. Talmage. As will be seen, it unequivocally indorses the reports of his sermons which are published in these columns. If, after this, any of our friends hear or read that "the only authorized, revised, and verbatim reports of the sermons of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage" are published in any magazine or journal, they have the best authority in the world for refusing to believe any such statement.

"The Christian Herald" has for many years had full permission to publish my sermons. I shall continue to revise them for this paper which is growing with miraculous rapidity in circulation influence and moral power.

*T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 4th 1886*

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Long Neglected Duty was Performed by the House, of Representatives last week. It may be hoped that the example will be followed by the Senate without delay. The duty in question was the passage, by an almost unanimous vote, of a bill commanding the Interior Department to "immediately" adjust or determine and settle the railroad land grants. While these land grants have been left undefined two evils have existed. The companies did not pay taxes on the lands they had not actually occupied, and as no one else paid taxes on them there was local and general loss. Also, the land could not be sold or granted to settlers because it was reserved for the use of the companies in case they needed it. It will be a good thing for the country if Mr. Lamar is empowered to proceed with this business immediately.

The River and Harbor Bill Passed the House on Thursday. The amount appropriated is about fifteen millions. A few small items were cut down, and the expenditure on others made contingent on State action; but the bill was passed substantially as reported. The vote was 142 to 102. It is predicted that the Senate will add two or three millions to it. It would appear that the Representatives who voted for it are either not well informed, or have not retentive memories. Some very active gentlemen have now the prefix "ex" attached to their title of "Member of Congress" which would not have been there had they, four years ago, voted

against a similar bill. Their fate ought to have been a warning effective for more than four years.

The Proposal to Change the Date of Inauguration Day from March 4th to April 30th was advocated last week by a favorable report in the Senate of the joint resolution for a constitutional amendment. Mr. Ingalls is the author of the resolution. The motive for the change is that the second session of every Congress is now inconveniently curtailed. It is proposed to commence by lengthening the life of the Fiftieth Congress and the present Presidential term to April 30th, 1889. There is a general feeling in both Houses in favor of this change. The first President was not inaugurated until April 30th, 1789, and it is proposed to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of that day by the inauguration of his successor in 1889.

The Frightful Riot Which Occurred in Chicago on May 4th is an ominous intimation of the extent to which the anarchists have promulgated their demoniacal doctrines. A Socialist meeting was held in the evening in the old Haymarket, and August Spies and a few other Socialists were present to harangue the meeting. About nine o'clock, while a Socialist was delivering a violent speech inciting to riot, a squad of police arrived with the intention of dispersing the gathering. Their appearance was greeted with curses from the wagon which formed the platform for the speakers, and when they approached the wagon three dynamite bombs were thrown between the second and third ranks of the police. The explosion was horrible in its effects. Five policemen fell, and a large number dragged themselves away torn and lacerated. The unhurt policemen immediately drew their revolvers and fired round after round into the mob. The place was strewn with the dead and dying, and the adjacent police stations were turned into temporary hospitals. Four policemen were killed outright, and twenty-seven dangerously wounded. How many rioters were killed and wounded is unknown, as they were promptly picked up and carried away by their friends. On the following day the police raided the headquarters of the Socialists and made several arrests. They discovered quantities of arms and bombs similar to those thrown at the police. The prisoners captured are Poles, Germans, and Irish. There was not an American or an Englishman among them. All public meetings are now prohibited, and at the request of the mayor the services Mr. Moody was holding in the Rink were discontinued.

A Prohibition Vote was Taken in the New York Legislature on Thursday last and was defeated. The question was whether a Prohibition Amendment should be submitted to the people. The ayes were fifty-three and the noes sixty-three. One member before voting fearlessly expressed his opinion of the influences which were at work. He said: "I believe that when a respectable body of voters ask for the submission of such an amendment as this to the judgment of the State, that we ought to comply with their demand. I regard the act of certain Assemblymen, in voting against this amendment, as an act of cowardice. Why? Simply because they are afraid of the liquor vote. I vote yea."

The Labor Troubles in New York and Other cities continued to cause uneasiness throughout the week. An attempt to settle the Third Avenue car strike was made, but proved abortive, the terms arranged by the company and a committee of the Union being repudiated by the men. The strike on the Gould roads was declared off. At Milwaukee, Wis., there was a riot on May 5th, led, as in Chicago, by the Poles. They threatened to wreck the Bay View Rolling Mills. Governor Rusk being notified sent the State militia to protect the mills, but the anarchists stoned the militia and marched fifteen hundred strong to attack the mills. The major of the militia called upon the mob to halt, but they disobeyed, and then he gave the order to fire. Ten men fell, and the crowd retreated. Five were killed, and five fatally wounded. An

attempt is being made to induce Congress to pass a law restricting immigration discriminating against Socialists. The workingmen's Unions are in favor of such a law, as the operations of the foreign Socialists bring disgrace on the cause of labor.

The Opening of the Colonial Exhibition in London, on May 4th, was made the occasion for a royal pageant. The Queen and her sons and nobles went in procession to the inaugural ceremony. The rarity of Her Majesty's appearance in public caused an enormous crowd to assemble, and more loyal enthusiasm was manifested than has been shown of late. Lord Tennyson, the poet-peer, wrote an ode for the occasion, which was set to music and sung by a carefully trained choir, and was the chief feature of the entertainment. The poet alludes in his ode to the United States as "That young eagle of the West." A few years ago he referred to our nation as the "gigantic daughter of the West." He predicts that England will not again be careless of her growing kin. Our Canadian friends will be encouraged by this assurance, to which, it is stated, the Queen nodded her approval when she heard it sung.

The Reply of Greece to the Ultimatum of the European Powers is regarded as equivocal. The first step of the process of coercion has consequently been taken. The ambassadors of Germany, England, Austria, and Italy, have left the Greek capital, and the united fleets of those nations have blockaded her ports. The action is generally regarded as precipitate, and a needless humiliation of the Greek Government. The king is between two fires, being threatened with revolution and deposition by his subjects if he yields to the Powers. His answer to the ultimatum was consequently a delicate task. In rejecting it the Powers have apparently shown scant consideration of Greek susceptibilities. The French Government continues to act as mediator, and will, it is hoped, succeed in averting war.

Renewed Nihilistic Activity is Reported from Russia. The Nihilists have been plotting to prevent the Czar returning to St. Petersburg from Livadia, where he has been staying. They have been found operating on every route by which he can make the journey. Many arrests have been made, but it is not known whether some fatal oversight may not have been made which would cost Alexander his life on his way back to the capital. They have also come to close quarters with him by setting fire to the forests which surround the Imperial palace at Livadia. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the fire was prevented spreading to the trees in the Imperial park. As it was, the smoke from the burning forests rendered residence in the palace uncomfortable.

The Public Discussion of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme was continued last week with unabated acrimony. The most significant incident of the debate was a letter by Lord Randolph Churchill pledging the Conservative party, as far as he was entitled to speak for it, never to propose Home Rule for Ireland, nor any measure in that direction. The declaration will tend to cement the alliance between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, as proving that no concessions of value can be expected from the Conservatives. Prior to its publication there was a prevalent impression that the Conservatives were prepared to outbid the Liberals. The debate proves that Mr. Gladstone was right in regarding the question as one antagonizing classes. The wealthy have everywhere spoken against the scheme, while the poorer classes—the great mass of the people—are in its favor. At the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, which is practically a national convention of the Liberal party, held on May 6th, Mr. Gladstone was indorsed by an overwhelming majority, and when one of the speakers alluded to Mr. Chamberlain as "a traitor" the meeting applauded vigorously. Mr. Chamberlain, who was present, appeared to be irritated by the epithet.

Dr. Talmage informs us that **Next Sunday** he will commence a series of sermons on the all-absorbing Labor Question. Among the branches of the subject with which the sermons will deal are: "The Battle for Bread;" "The Rights of Capital and Labor;" "Hardships of the Working-Classes;" "How Employers and Employes Ought to Treat Each Other;" "The Greatest Foe of Labor." Verbatim reports will appear as usual in this journal.

An Invitation to a Convention in England, this summer, has been forwarded to this office, with a request that it be published for the benefit of any reader who may contemplate making a transatlantic trip. American friends interested in the study of prophecy will be cordially welcomed to the Third Annual Convention to be held in the Conference Hall, Clapham Road, London, on June 15th, and two following days. The subjects for consideration are: "The Personal Pre-Millennial Advent of Christ;" "The Manifestation of a Personal Antichrist;" "The Character of the Great Tribulation;" "The Connection Between Babylon and the Beast;" "Israel's Prospects and Place in the Millennium;" "What Nations will Satan Deceive after the Millennium, etc., etc."

A Convention of Christian Workers will be held in Chicago, commencing on June 16th, and continuing for eight days. The invitation issued for the meeting is signed Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Dr. Henry Wilson and Dr. Dowkontt, of New York, Messrs. J. H. Cole and George R. Clarke, of Chicago, and many others. The object of the Convention, as defined in the invitation, is for Christian workers to seek and to give information concerning methods, difficulties, defeats, encouragements, or successes. Topics of vital practical importance might also be discussed, such as "The Relation of this Work to the Churches;" "How Best to Co-operate, to Help and Get Help;" "Methods in Winning Souls;" "The Best Way to Build up Converts;" "The Christian Worker's Relation to the Enforcement of Laws Against Evils which Entice Men into Sin;" "How to Secure Workers," and others of a like import. Names of persons desiring to attend, should be sent to John C. Collins, English Hall, New Haven, Conn. Send a stamped envelope for reply, giving further information.

Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, was Elected assistant Bishop for the diocese of Pennsylvania, by the Protestant Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia, on May 6th. Eight ballots were taken, the Low Church clergymen voting for Dr. Brooks, and the High Church for Dr. T. F. Davies, of Philadelphia. On the eighth ballot Dr. Brooks received 82 votes, in a total of 161. It is reported that Dr. Brooks has assured his Boston church that he will not leave it to accept the bishopric.

A Remarkable Revival has Taken Place at Springfield, Ill., under the preaching of the Rev. Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher." Nearly eighteen hundred persons have already made a profession of faith in Christ, and the interest in the meetings is still increasing. At a great jubilee meeting recently held, Bishop Bowman preached, and the clergy of other denominations in the city took part in the service of thanksgiving.

A Decision Against the Exhibition of Statues representing the nude figure, was given by the Recorder in Montreal on May 1st. The defendants were jewellers who had exposed two such statues in their windows. The Recorder declined to sentence them as there was evidence that they had acted in good faith, but he declared the practice illegal, and uttered some emphatic criticisms on the growing taste for such "works of art." In the course of his decision he expressed his opinion that the exposure of the statues exercised a pernicious effect on public morals, and said that it would familiarize the people with sensuality, make it admired, make it loved, and thereby be in direct opposition to the principles of Christianity, which forbids all

that is inspired by the view of such statues. A man had only to consult his own instinct to study his own heart to know what the view of such nudity can produce on youth.

A Blurred Page in a Bible formed the Subject of an excited legal discussion in the Surrogate's Court of New York on May 5th. An effort is being made by a lady to prove that she is the daughter of the late Professor William Darling, and consequently has a claim on his estate. In the course of the case reference was made to the family Bible on the fly-leaf of which is the record of births, marriages, and deaths. The entry which the lady asserts has reference to her was found to be badly blurred. The name, especially, having the appearance of having been manipulated, as if for erasure or alteration. The case is not concluded, but it is evident that it is a matter of very serious concern to the lady to prove that she is the person indicated in that entry in the Bible. Happily for the Christian who calls God his Father and refers to the Bible for proof, his claim cannot be disputed on the ground of indefiniteness in the acknowledgment of the relationship (Rom. 8:14).

A Girl Seventy-seven Years Old Died in New York on May 3d. The death was sudden and unexpected. It, therefore, was necessary to notify the coroner, and the facts of her history found their way into the press. The peculiarity of the case was that, though born in 1809, the deceased was to the day of her death a child in form, stature, and organization. It was stated that up to the year 1820, when she was eleven years old, her development was normal. She was four feet three inches in height, and had no unusual appearance. But in that year she had a severe illness, and, when she recovered, all physical growth and development ceased. Intellectually, she was extremely bright, learned quickly, and became very accomplished. Her hair grew until, when released from its coils, it reached to her feet, but in no other respect did she change from her appearance as a child, until her hair became gray. The medical profession is deeply interested in the case, as it has never been known before for a person who stopped growing in that particular way to attain a greater age than twenty-five. If the physicians, however, were to compare their experience with the experience of any conscientious clergyman, they would find that he is only too familiar with cases of arrested development, and it would not have been considered unique even in apostolic days (Heb. 5:12).

A Remarkable Family Circle, Presenting a bewildering mixture of relationships, is gathered in a home in Pennsylvania. A Philadelphia journal, in reporting a birth of twins in a certain family, endeavors to make the matter of their relationship clear to its readers. It appears that three young ladies, the daughters of well-to-do farmers, were married at the same time on July 4th, 1879, at Bushville, Pa. The three brides were Emma and Jennie, who were sisters, and Laura, who was their intimate friend. A year afterward each of the ladies was the mother of an infant, but death visited each household—Jennie and Laura were both widows, and soon afterward Emma died. Emma's widowed husband wanted a wife who would be kind to his motherless daughter, and induced his late wife's sister, Jennie, to marry him. The widow Laura also married, her husband being the brother of Jennie's first husband. In 1881, Jennie and Laura were mothers a second time, and thus in Jennie's house there were three children, and in Laura's two. Before the end of another year Laura died, and Jennie lost her second husband. Laura's bereaved husband then offered himself to Jennie, who accepted him, and the five children thus strangely related came together under one roof. Jennie has now added twins to the family group. Thus, there are seven children under six years old now under Jennie's care, lovingly tended as one family, but united by a greater variety of relationships than were surely ever found under one roof before. To the children, however, it is not the variety of parentage

that is important, but the bond of love and dependence which is common to them all. So will it be when men of all nationalities and all denominations come to the marriage supper of the Lamb and sit down with the patriarchs rejoicing in the love of one Saviour (John 10:16).

A Dividing Line Across the Pacific has been agreed upon by two governments as a preventive of future trouble. A cable dispatch received last week states that Germany and England have agreed upon a line of demarkation to separate their possessions in the South Pacific. The line starts at a point near White Rock, in the eighth parallel of south latitude, and crosses the Salomon Islands, leaving three large northerly islands—Bougainville, Choiseul, and San Isabel, in possession of Germany. Afterward it passes in a northeasterly direction toward the Marshall Islands. The Samoan and Tonga islands will remain neutral. The agreement stipulates mutual freedom of trade in the South Pacific, and reciprocal treatment of British and German ships. Land disputes shall be referred to a mixed commission. Any doubt that may arise about the exact position of the line will obviously be determined more decisively by reference to the maps at London or Berlin than in the Pacific itself. So it is with the kingdom of Christ and the kingdom of Satan in this world. Men are often wrongly classed, but the Lord knoweth them that are His (II Timothy 2:19).

A Singular Experience of a Union Soldier was related last week to a gentleman who expressed his surprise at the enthusiasm manifested in the South over Jefferson Davis's visit. He stated that he was captured during the war while on a journey to carry important information to a Union general. The prisoner looked forward to cruel treatment, but was determined to be mute. One day Jefferson Davis himself came to the town where he was, and he and about a dozen other Yankee prisoners were called before him. The prisoner concluded that the moment of his severest ordeal had come. He said: "The careworn face of the Confederate President lighted up with a smile as he saw the prisoners, and he made the following speech: 'This day is the birthday of my mother, and I promised her long ago that on this day I would always do some good deed in her remembrance. Now, for her sake and for the love I owe her I set you all free.' I ship Mr. Davis, every year," said the grateful man, "a box of the finest fish that can be caught in these waters." It did not matter to Mr. Davis on that day who and what the men were; his thoughts were of his mother. There is an illustration here of a truth that preachers often vainly try to get men to believe (I John 2:12).

A Humorous Practical Reproof was administered to a college student at Harvard a few days ago. The young man was noted during the early months of his college course for his close attention to study, and for his sociable habits during his leisure hours. Recently, however, he formed the acquaintance of a young lady to whom he became engaged. His classmates took a lively interest in the case, and as long as his visits to the lady were limited to once a week they only sympathized, but when the visits reached five, six, and even seven times in a single week the boys felt that something ought to be done. A few nights later, after a protracted meeting at the house of the young lady, upon stepping out upon the piazza to take leave of her, the student found that the entire contents of his room—even to trunks, curtains, and bedroom furniture—had been removed during the evening and disposed around the yard and piazza. The young men evidently intended their companion to understand that, as the new connection had encroached so much on the old one, he would be more consistent if he severed the latter in form as well as in fact. There would be some strange spectacles to be seen if a similar admonition were given to all church members who have deserted their places in the prayer-meeting for the theatre and dancing-party (I Kings 18:21).

THE THREE HOURS' DARKNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour."—MATTHEW 27:45.

The Miracle of Christ's Weakness—The Traditions of the Time—I. The Amazing Miracle—Not an Eclipse—Its Import—II. The Concealing Veil—An Awful Sight—Embittered by Mockery—A Concealment for the Wicked—For Jesus—For the Mysterious Passion—III. The Instructive Symbol—Of God's Wrath—Of Christ's Suffering—IV. Prophetic Sympathy—Darkness Till Christ Comes.

FROM nine till noon the usual degree of light was present; so that there was time enough for our Lord's adversaries to behold and insult His sufferings. There could be no mistake about the fact that He was really nailed to the cross; for He was crucified in broad daylight. We are fully assured that it was Jesus of Nazareth, for both friends and foes were eye-witnesses of His agonies; for three long hours the Jews sat down and watched Him on the cross, making jests of His miseries. I feel thankful for those three hours of light; for else the enemies of our faith would have questioned whether in very deed the blessed body of our Master was nailed to the tree, and would have started fancies as many as the bats and owls which haunt the darkness.

What a call must that mid-day midnight have been to the careless sons of men! They knew not that the Son of God was among them; nor that He was working out human redemption. The grandest hour in all history seemed likely to pass by unheeded, when, suddenly, night hastened from her chambers and usurped the day. Every one asked his fellow,

"WHAT MEANS THIS DARKNESS?"

I do not wonder that there should be traditions of strange things that were said during the hush of that darkness. Those whispers of the past may or may not be true; they have been the subject of learned controversy, but the labor of the dispute was energy ill spent. Yet we could not have wondered if one did say as he is reported to have done, "God is suffering, or the world is perishing." Nor should I drive from my beliefs the poetic legend that an Egyptian pilot passing down the river heard among the reedy banks a voice out of the rustling rushes, whispering, "The great Pan is dead." Truly, the God of nature was expiring, and things less tender than the reeds by the river might well tremble at the sound thereof.

There must be great teaching in this darkness; for when we come so near the cross, which is the centre of history, every event is full of meaning. Light will come out of this darkness. I love to feel the solemnity of the three hours of death-shade, and to sit down therein and meditate, with no companion but the august Sufferer around whom that darkness lowered.

THE AMAZING MIRACLE.

I. First, let us view this darkness as a miracle which amazes us.

It may seem a trite observation that this darkness was altogether out of the natural course of things. Although the Lord makes it His order that there shall be day and night, He in this case with abundant reason interposes three hours of night in the centre of a day. Behold the reason. The unusual in lower nature is made to consort with the unusual in the dealings of nature's Lord. Certainly this miracle was most congruous with that greater miracle which was happening in the death of Christ. Was not the Lord himself departing from all common ways? Was he not doing that which had never been done from the beginning, and would never be done again? That man should die is so common a thing as to be deemed inevitable. But that the Son of God should die, this is beyond all expectation, and not only above nature, but contrary thereto. He who is equal with God deigns to hang upon the cross, and die. I know of nothing that seems more out of rule and beyond expectation than this. The sun darkened at noon is a fit accompaniment of the death of Jesus. Is it not so?

Further, this miracle was not only out of the order of nature, but it was one which would have been pronounced impossible. It is not possible that there should be an eclipse of the sun at the time of the full moon. The moon at the time when she is in her full is not in a position in which she could possibly cast her shadow upon the earth. The Passover was at the time of the full moon, and therefore it was not possible that the sun should then undergo an eclipse. This darkening of the sun was not strictly an astronomical eclipse; the darkness was doubtless produced in some other way; yet to those who were present it did seem to be a total eclipse of the sun—a thing impossible. Ah, brothers! when we come to deal with man and the fall and sin and God and Christ and the atonement, we are at home with impossibilities.

IMPOSSIBILITIES ACHIEVED.

How should the Holy One have sin laid upon Him? That I do not know. A wise man has told us, as if it were an axiom, that the imputation or the non-imputation of sin is an impossibility. Be it so: we have become familiar with such things since we have beheld the cross. Things which men call absurdities have become foundation truths to us. The doctrine of the cross is to them that perish foolishness. As it was so, that the sun was eclipsed when it was impossible that he should be eclipsed, so has Jesus performed on our behalf, in the agonies of His death, things which, in the ordinary judgment of men, must be set down as utterly impossible. Our faith is at home in wonderland, where the Lord's thoughts are seen to be as high above our thoughts as the heavens are above the earth.

And now, when I come to think of it, this darkness appears to have been most natural and fitting. If we had to write out the story of our Lord's death we could not omit the darkness without neglecting a most important item. The darkness seems a part of the

NATURAL FURNITURE

of that great transaction. Read the story through and you are not at all startled with the darkness; after once familiarizing your mind with the thought that this is the Son of God, and that He stretches His hands to the cruel death of the cross, you do not wonder at the rending of the veil of the temple; you are not astonished at the earthquake or at the rising of certain of the dead. These are proper attendants of our Lord's passion; and so is the darkness. It drops into its place, it seems as if it could not have been otherwise.

I cannot say more from want of voice, though I had many more things to say. Sit down, and let the thick darkness cover you till you cannot even see the cross, and only know that out of reach of mortal eye your Lord wrought out the redemption of His people. He wrought in silence a miracle of patience and of love, by which light has come to those who sit in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death.

THE CONCEALING VEIL.

II. Secondly, I desire you to regard this darkness as a veil which conceals. The Christ is hanging on yonder tree. I see the dreadful cross. I can see the thieves on either side. I look around, and I sorrowfully mark that motley group of citizens from Jerusalem, and scribes and priests and strangers from different countries, mingled with Roman soldiers. They turn their eyes on Him, and for the most part gaze with cruel scorn upon the Holy One who is in the centre. In truth it is an awful sight. I must confess I never read the story of the Master's death, knowing what I do of the pain of crucifixion, without deep anguish; crucifixion was a death worthy to have been invented by devils. The pain which it involved was immeasurable; I will not torture you by describing it.

But there was more than anguish upon Calvary; ridicule and contempt embittered all. Those jests, those cruel gibes, those mockeries, those thrustings out of the tongue, what shall we say of these? At times I have felt some little

sympathy with the French prince who cried: "If I had been there with my guards, I would soon have swept those wretches away." It was too terrible a sight; the pain of the victim was grievous enough, but the abominable wickedness of the mockers who could bear? Let us thank God that in the middle of the crime there came down a darkness which rendered it impossible for them to go further with it. Jesus must die; for His pains there must be no alleviation, and from death there must be for Him no deliverance; but the scoffers must be silenced. Most effectually their mouths were closed by the dense darkness which shut them in.

What I see in that veil is, first of all, that it was a concealment for those guilty enemies. Did you ever think of that? It is as if God Himself said: "I cannot bear it. I will not see this infamy! Descend, O veil!" Down fell the heavy shades.

"I asked the heavens, 'What foe to God hath done This unexampled deed?' The heavens exclaim, 'Twas man; and we in horror snatched the sun From such a spectacle of guilt and shame.'"

Thank God, the cross is a hiding-place. I would say to any guilty ones here: Thank God that the Lord Jesus has made it possible for your sins to be hidden more completely than by thick darkness. Thank God that in Christ He does not see you with that stern eye of justice which would involve your destruction. Had not Jesus interposed, whose death you have despised, you had wrought out in your own death the result of your own sin long ago; but for your Lord's sake you are allowed to live as if God did not see you. This long-suffering is meant to bring you to repentance. Will you not come?

SUFFERING HIDDEN.

But, further, that darkness was a sacred concealment for the blessed Person of our divine Lord. So to speak, the angels found for their King a pavilion of thick clouds, in the which His Majesty might be sheltered in its hour of misery. It was too much for wicked eyes to gaze so rudely on that immaculate Person. It was not meet that revellers should see the contortions of that sacred frame, indwelt with Deity, while He was being broken beneath the iron rod of divine wrath on our behalf. It was meet that God should cover Him, so that none should see all He did and all He bare when He was made sin for us. I bless God devoutly for thus hiding my Lord away; thus was He screened from eyes which were not fit to see the Sun much less to look upon the Sun of Righteousness.

This darkness also warns us, even us who are most reverent. This darkness tells us all that the Passion is a great mystery, into which we cannot pry. I try to explain it as substitution, and I feel that where the language of Scripture is explicit, I may and must be explicit too. But yet I feel that the idea of substitution does not cover the whole of the matter, and that no human conception can completely grasp the whole of the dread mystery. It was wrought in darkness, because the full, far-reaching meaning and result cannot be beheld of finite mind. Tell me the death of the Lord Jesus was a grand example of self-sacrifice—I can see *that* and much more. Tell me it was a wondrous obedience to the will of God—I can see *that* and much more. Tell me it was the bearing of what ought to have been borne by myriads of sinners of the human race, as the chastisement of their sin—I can see *that*, and found my best hope upon it. But do not tell me that this is all that is in the cross. No; great as this would be, there is much more in our Redeemer's death.

God only knows the love of God; Christ only knows all that He accomplished when He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. There are common mysteries of nature into which it were irreverence to pry; but this is a divine mystery, before which we put our shoes from off our feet, for the place called Calvary is holy ground. God veiled the cross in darkness, and in dark-

ness much of its deeper meaning lies; not because God would not reveal it, but because we have not capacity enough to discern it all. God was manifest in the flesh, and in that human flesh He put away sin by His own sacrifice; this we all know; but "without controversy great is the mystery of godliness."

AN INSTRUCTIVE SYMBOL.

III. Now we pass on to speak of this darkness as a symbol which instructs. The veil falls down and conceals; but, at the same time, as an emblem, it reveals. It seems to say: "Attempt not to search within, but learn from the veil itself; it hath cherub work upon it." This darkness teaches us what Jesus suffered; it aids us to guess at the griefs which we may not actually see.

The symbol reminds us of what our Lord Jesus Christ endured. The darkness outside of Him was the figure of the darkness that was within Him. In Gethsemane a thick darkness fell upon our Lord's spirit. He was "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." His joy was communion with God—that joy was gone, and He was in the dark. His day was the light of His Father's face; that face was hidden and

A TERRIBLE NIGHT

gathered around Him. Brothers, I should sin against that veil if I were to pretend that I could tell you what the sorrow was which oppressed the Saviour's soul; only so far can I speak as it has been given me to have fellowship with Him in His sufferings.

Have you ever felt a deep and overwhelming horror of sin—your own sin and the sins of others? Have you ever seen sin in the light of God's love? Has it ever darkly hovered over your sensitive conscience? Has an unknown sense of wrath crept over you like midnight gloom; and has it been about you, around you, above you, and within you? Have you felt shut up in your feebleness, and yet shut out from God? Have you looked around and found no help, no comfort even in God—no hope, no peace? In all this you have sipped a little of that salt sea into which our Lord was cast. This it was that made Him sweat great drops of blood falling to the ground; and this it was which on the cross made Him utter that appalling cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" It was not the crown of thorns, or the scourge, or the cross which made Him cry, but the darkness, the awful darkness of desertion which oppressed His mind and made Him feel like one distraught.

THE DARK FOE.

Again, I think I see in that darkness, also what it was that Jesus was battling with; for we must never forget that the cross was a battlefield to Him, wherein He triumphed gloriously. He was fighting then with darkness; with the powers of darkness of which Satan is the head; with the darkness of human ignorance, depravity, and falsehood. The battle thus apparent at Golgotha has been raging ever since. Then was the conflict at its height; for the chiefs of the two great armies met in personal conflict. The present battle in which you and I take our little share is as nothing compared with that wherein all the powers of darkness in their dense battalions hurled themselves against the Almighty Son of God. He bore their onset, endured the tremendous shock of their assault, and in the end, with shout of victory, He led captivity captive. Let us not be afraid of all the darkness which besets us on our way home, since Jesus is the light which conquers it all.

The darkness never came to an end till the Lord Jesus broke the silence. All had been still, and the darkness had grown terrible. At last He spoke, and His voice uttered a psalm. It was the twenty-second Psalm. "My God," saith He, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Each repeated "Eloi" flashed morning upon the scene. By the time He had uttered the cry "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" men had begun to see again, and some even ventured to misinterpret His words, more in terror than in ignorance. Brethren, no light will ever come

to dark hearts unless Jesus shall speak; and the light will not be clear until we hear the voice of His sorrows on our behalf, as He cries: "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" His voice of grief must be the end of our griefs; His cry out of the darkness must cheer away our gloom, and bring the heavenly morning to our minds.

PROPHETIC SYMPATHY.

IV. I come to my fourth point, and my closing words will deal with the sympathy which prophesies. Do you see the sympathy of nature with her Lord—the sympathy of the sun in the heavens with the Sun of Righteousness? The first sympathetic fact I see is this: all lights are dim when Christ shines not. All is dark when He does not shine. In the Church, if Jesus be not there, what is there? If Jesus Christ be not fully preached, if He be not with us by His Spirit, then everything is in darkness. Obscure the cross, and you have obscured all spiritual teaching. You cannot say, "We will be conspicuous in every other point, and clear upon every other doctrine, but we will shun the atonement, since so many cavil at it." No, sirs, if that candle be put under a bushel the whole house is dark. All theology sympathizes with the cross, and is colored and tintured by it. Your pious service, your books, your public worship, will all be in sympathy with the cross one way or another. If the cross is in the dark, so will all your work be.

"What think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your work and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him."

Next, see the dependence of all creation upon Christ, as evidenced by its darkness when He withdraws. I believe, my friends, that there is a much more wonderful sympathy between Christ and the world of nature than any of us have ever dreamed. We are waiting for the Coming of the Lord from heaven, and there is no hill or dale, there is no mountain or sea, but what is in perfect harmony with the waiting Church. Wonder not that there should be earthquakes in divers place, blazing volcanoes, terrible tempests, and sore spreadings of deadly disease. Marvel not when you hear of dire portents, and things that make one's heart to quail, for such things must be till the end shall come.

THE COMING CRISIS.

You that expect placid history till Christ shall come expect you know not what. You that think that generous politics shall create order and content, and that the extension of free-trade shall breathe universal peace over the nations, look for the living among the dead. Till the Lord shall come, the word has gone out: "Overturn, overturn, overturn," and overturned all things must be, not only in other kingdoms, but in this also, till Jesus comes. All that can be shaken shall be shaken, and only His immovable throne and truth shall abide. Now is the time of the Lord's battle with darkness, and we may not hope as yet for unbroken light.

Another practical lesson is this: If we are in the dark at this time, if our spirits are sunk in gloom, let us not despair, for the Lord Christ Himself was there. If I have fallen into misery on account of sin, let me not give up all hope, for the Father's Well-beloved passed through denser darkness than mine. O believing soul, if thou art in the dark thou art near the King's cellars, and there are wines on the lees well refined lying there. Thou hast gotten into the pavilion of the Lord, and now mayest thou speak with Him.

Last Monday I was cheered beyond all I can tell you by a letter from a brother who had been restored to life, light, and liberty by the discourse of last Sabbath morning. I know no greater joy than to be useful to your souls. For this reason, I have tried to preach this morning, though I am quite unfit for it physically. Oh, I do pray I may hear more news from saved ones! Oh, that some spirit that has wandered out into the dark moorland may spy the candle in my

window, and finds its way home! If you have found my Lord, I charge you never let Him go, but cleave to Him till the day break, and the shadows flee away. God help you so to do for Jesus' sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

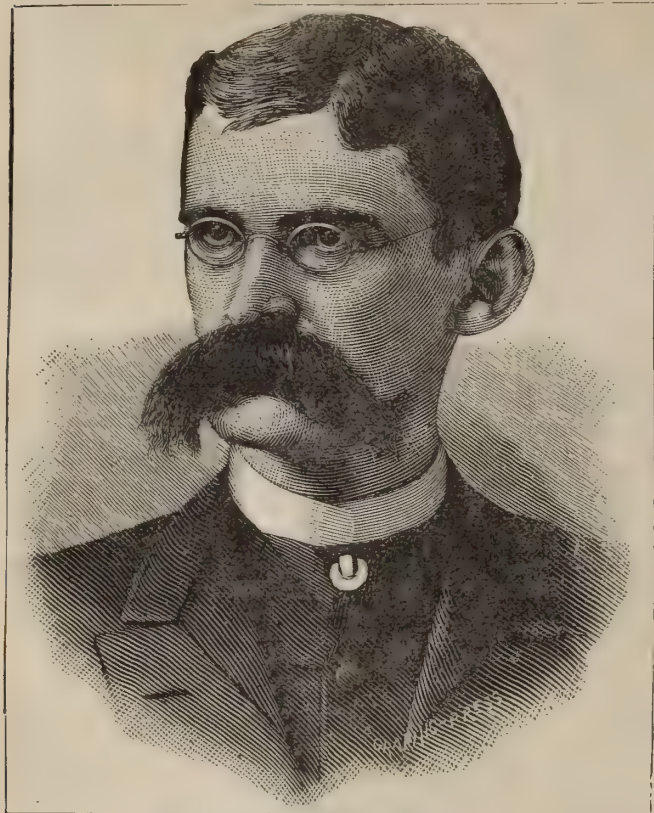
A Missionary's Night Among Lions.*

THE illustrious and devoted Christian missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, was on a tour among the Barolongs; they had halted beside a pool of water, and at night they lighted their campfires. Scarcely had the missionary got into his wagon to pass the night, when he heard the oxen stamping their feet with fright. A lion had just followed a heifer which they had neglected to tie up, and carried it off to a distance of about a hundred yards. They heard him breaking the bones of the animal, which was sending forth most lamentable cries. They fired several times in the direction of the noise, and the lion only replied by roaring. Once he even came up to the wagons, two natives having flung fire-sticks at him. The sight of the fire only seemed to redouble his fury. He was rushing on them when a ball struck the ground close by him, and he turned away still roaring.

"As the fuel was getting very low," says Dr. Moffat, "I profited by the temporary departure of the lion to go and seek some wood. I had not gone far when I perceived between myself and the horizon four animals, whose attention seemed to have been aroused by the noise which I had made in breaking some dry branches. Looking at them more closely I perceived that these new visitors were no other than lions. I immediately beat a retreat, crawling on my hands and knees toward the pond to inform our guide of the danger we were in. I found him not less frightened than myself, and looking fixedly in the opposite direction; there, indeed, were two more lions and a cub devouring us with their looks, and appearing only to await our movements in order to decide on their own. We lost no time in intrenching ourselves in the wagon and in raking up our fire, while at only a short distance from us we could hear the first lion tearing and devouring his prey. When one of the other famished animals, which was prowling about the outskirts attempted to approach him, he would drive him away with such a horrible howling as made our poor oxen tremble, and was by no means reassuring to ourselves. We had too much ground to fear that, out of six lions, there might be, at least, one which would spring on us without allowing himself to be stopped by our miserable fire. The two Barolongs begrudged the animal his succulent repast, and from time to time a sigh of regret would escape them at the thought of the loss of their cow, and of all the milk with which she would have supplied them. A little before day-break, having swallowed the whole animal, the lion retired, leaving nothing behind but the remains of the bones.

"When the morning arrived we examined the place, and we found from the traces of the lion that he was of the largest size, and that he alone had devoured the heifer. The foot-marks of the other lions did not approach within thirty yards of the place. Although I had often heard of the enormous quantity of food which a hungry lion would devour, it required nothing less than such a demonstration as this to convince me that a single individual was capable of devouring all

* From a profusely illustrated work full of incidents and information about the habits of the gorilla, bear, tiger, lion, hippopotamus, elephant, ostrich and crocodile, entitled "The Great Hunting Grounds of the World." Pp. 297. Price, 1s. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



Mr. Sam Small, the Evangelist.

the flesh of a heifer, without counting a large quantity of bones; for there only remained a rib or two and even many of the marrow-bones had been broken, as if with a hammer."

MR. SAM SMALL.

(See Portrait on this page.)

UNLIKE Mr. Moody, Sam Jones has chosen as his helper in Gospel work not a singer, but a preacher. Sam Small is affectionately spoken of by his leader as "his son Timothy," for it was through the blessing of God on Sam Jones's preaching that Sam Small was led to abandon a wicked life, and his profession, to devote himself to evangelistic work. There is a hearty, cordial union between the two men.

Sam Small was born at Knoxville, Tenn., on July 3d, 1851. He is, therefore, now thirty-five years of age. He received an excellent education, and was early taught the value of religion. As a boy he became familiar with the Scriptures, gaining much doctrinal knowledge, which afterward lay dormant, but now that his heart has been changed, is of inestimable service to him in his work. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Emory and Henry College of Virginia, where, under Methodist tuition, he acquired more religious knowledge. It was, however, intellectual knowledge only; his heart was untouched.

In 1871, having finished his college course, he went into newspaper work at Nashville. His career as owner was disastrous, but as a writer he made a brilliant success. His "Old Si" papers, published in 1876 in the *Atlanta Constitution*, gave him a national reputation. In 1878, having a strong desire for travel, he secured the appointment of Secretary to the American Commission to the Paris Exposition, and travelled extensively in France and England. His position, education, and gentlemanly bearing gained access for him to the upper ranks of society in both countries, while his journalistic habits and instincts led him to mix also with the lowest classes.

He returned home with enlarged experience, and with a budget of incidents and amusing anecdotes which made him a valuable acquisition to a newspaper staff and to social gatherings. Tall, slight, and graceful in appearance, and

witty and good-humored in conversation, he was one of the most popular young men in Atlanta, Ga., where he took up his residence. Such a life as Mr. Small led was necessarily full of temptations. His fall was a terrible one. He became thoroughly dissipated, was often drunk, and though he could make money faster than most men, he was always in debt. His wife bore with him patiently and tried with all the power of a good wife's love to win him to reformation, but his course was steadily and rapidly downward to utter ruin.

That was his condition when, on September 13th last year, he was with his wife and children at Cartersville, and went to hear Sam Jones preach. His early training, all his scriptural knowledge, his aching head and his empty pockets, his wife's sorrowful face and his own conscience were on the side of the preacher; and, to use his own expression, he was "badly floored." He came out of the hall a broken-down man. Characteristically he tried to recover his equanimity by an application to his worst enemy. Sam Small went out and got drunk. It was of no use; the truth had taken too firm a hold upon him. The Holy Spirit held him face to face with his conscience, and two days after he heard Sam Jones preach he was on his knees pleading for pardon and strength to lead a new life. He did not rise until he had the assurance that his prayer was answered. That same night he declared publicly the change which had passed in him, and renouncing the world, vowed in the strength of God to give his whole future to the Lord's service.

Mr. Small's reputation in Atlanta was the first thing to be made available. Every one knew him, and in spite of his degradation he was generally liked. He therefore commenced, right then and there, to hold religious meetings, and there was no lack of an audience. The old study, the old doctrines that were mere theories before were now living truths, and he could not but tell out from an overflowing heart the story of his experience. God blessed and used the personal testimony, as He always does when it is sincere, and it was in this case exceptionally powerful on account of the brilliant gifts of the speaker and his established reputation. Sam Jones heard of the work and sent for his spir-



A Starving Irish Family Gathering Seaweed and Limpets. (See page 293.)

itual son, and from that time the two have worked together, and God has abundantly blessed their united service.

HARVEY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

(See Illustration on page 301.)

THERE was a large lake in the grounds around Dr. Mowbrey's well-known school, which had a little island in the centre. Around this the water in summer had that dark look which tells of great depth. There the best fish were to be caught, and many a boy got into trouble through stealing off in the school boat on holidays to lie in the shadow of the big trees on the island with his rod. The place had the charm which always attracts the school-boy of being forbidden ground. In summer and winter there was a standing prohibition against going in its vicinity, for not only was the water dangerously deep, but in winter the ice was less secure than in the more open part. Dr. Mowbrey had given orders that no boy should skate or slide there, and a notice to this effect was placed by the side of the lake.

It was the Saturday holiday. Many of the boys were assembled on the ice, some skating, some sliding; others were enjoying sleigh rides. Snow had fallen in the night, sufficient to spoil in some degree the smooth surface of the ice. Near the island, however, where the trees hung over and sheltered the water, it was smooth and clear, and appeared very inviting. The lads looked longingly at it from a distance as they glided by.

When it began to grow dark, many boys went away, till at last only a few of the bigger boys, among whom Tom Harvey and Harry Herbert were the leaders, were left on the pond. Harvey proposed to one or two near him that they should skate over to the island in the middle. "It was a shame," he said, "that such a beautiful piece of ice should be left unused."

"But we should get into trouble if we were seen," said another lad; "besides, it's not safe there, you know."

"Nonsense about safety! It's all nonsense; Dr. Mowbrey's as fidgety as an old woman, and besides, who's to tell of us?"

"Well, go ahead. We'll just have one spin around before we go in."

"That's right; any one that's afraid need not come," said Harvey, and he darted off in the direction of the island. He passed the boundary mark, and was gliding swiftly over the clear, dark, forbidden ice, when suddenly a crack was heard, which made the boys who were following him turn short round and skate back again. Harvey paused. A second and louder crack and he also turned, but the ice was too weak to sustain his weight during that momentary pause; it broke, and in an instant he had disappeared into the opening! The others stood horror-stricken, as if riveted to the spot where Harvey was last seen. A minute passed—the longest minute the boys had ever known, and they saw in the moonlight their companion rise panting to the surface and convulsively grasp the ice. He steadied himself and tried to climb upon it, but the ice around the hole was now cracked in all directions, and the piece he held broke and let him down again into the icy water. Again he rose and stretched his arms across the treacherous support.

"Hold on; don't try to get out," shouted Herbert.

"We'll save you."

"Be quick, then," gasped Harvey. "I'm freezing, and my hands are numbed. I can't hold on long."

"Now, boys," said Herbert, "give me your scarves and handkerchiefs. We must make a rope."

Quick as thought the boys took off their scarves, among which, happily, there were some of strongly woven silk. They were securely knotted together, Herbert speaking encouraging words to Harvey as he tied them. "Now, then, old fellow," he said, "be careful, and you'll soon be on your pins."

He advanced with the rope in his hand as near the edge of the hole as was prudent, and then bidding the boys behind lie down and hold him firmly by the feet, he threw himself prone on the ice and flung the end of the rope to his half-submerged school-fellow.

"Lay hold," he cried, "and take a turn of it around your wrist. Got it?"

"Yes."

"Now, then, boys, hold fast and pull me back if the ice breaks."

It did break, but a strong pull brought Herbert off the broken piece, and the rope, firm in his hand, brought Harvey to the edge of the enlarged hole. The ice was much stronger there, and another strong pull brought him out of the water at full length on the surface, and he was dragged along by the rope to the firm part where his companions were. He was shivering so that he could scarcely stand, but his skates were taken off and Herbert on one side and another strong lad on the other grasped him firmly by the arms and started at the double-quick for the school-house.

There was no scolding from the doctor when they arrived, which was a surprise. That astute pedagogue saw very clearly that the lesson they needed to learn had already been taught more effectively than he could teach it. He said nothing, and the boys slunk off to their bedroom heartily ashamed of their disobedience,



Harvey's Narrow Escape.

while Harvey was put in the doctor's quarters to receive special care.

"I never felt like that before," said Herbert, when they were alone. "I shall never forget it as long as I live. We ought never to have gone there, boys; but when Harvey was under water it was too late to wish we hadn't gone. I don't know how you feel, but I've had a turn I shan't forget."

The next morning the doctor departed from his regular course of reading in chapel. He turned to the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs and read it slowly and solemnly. "Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward," he read, and paused. Looking up from the book his eyes passed from face to face, and all eyes were lowered under his gaze. "He that doth keep his soul shall be far from them." There was no need for any application of the words. They went home to each heart, and the lesson learned in terror was not forgotten.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 287.)

Joy in Service.

WHEN Juliet had read slowly half a dozen verses, she looked up at her hearer. Lena's dark nervous eyes were fixed upon her with an earnest gaze. Could these be tears that were dropping from them? "Again, again!" gasped the Esquimaux woman. Juliet forgot the dimness, the smokiness, the stifling scents of the hut; she forgot everything but that she, even she, was permitted to hold a life-giving cup to perhaps dying lips. The city-bred lady laid her hand on that of Lena, who held it with a tight, tight grasp. Again were the passages read (Juliet did not venture on fresh ones), this time with less painful effort. How sweet are Christ's words of love even in the Esquimaux tongue!

The woman who had been supporting Lena gently placed the sufferer's head on a pillow. Lena appeared to breathe with more ease. Juliet saw

steps so closely, she had never approached so near to Himself. Juliet had gathered spiritual manna on the preceding night when she had given herself to the Saviour, but it was first in that smoky Esquimaux hut that she tasted its exquisite sweetness.

Juliet was almost startled at the feeling of something soft and warm moving by her feet. It was only a little child, who had just awoke from afternoon sleep. Little chubby hands now grasped Juliet's dress, trying by means of it to pull their tiny owner up to her knees. Such a soft baby voice lisped the name of "Mother," often the first word spoken by infant lips in whatever tongue.

"Ah! little Ruth," said Juliet softly, recognizing the innocent face looking confidently up; "you are—yes, for an Esquimaux, you are a pretty baby. It was very naughty of me to call you a bear's cub, a little horror."

Lena's sleep lasted for a good deal more than an hour, while Juliet patiently sat beside her, now amusing herself with the baby, now raising her thoughts toward Him who had sent her forth to do some work for Him even in that desolate place. At length the sick woman awoke, and as one refreshed and relieved, once more she listened with pleasure to the holy words from Juliet's lips, and then, her mission for the time ended, the young girl rose to depart. Her eyes, indeed, smarted from the smoke, her head ached from the closeness of the room, but she would not have exchanged the memory of that hour for that of the gayest that she had ever spent in luxurious London.

And what a sight met the eyes of Juliet as she emerged from the igloo into the open air! The sun, indeed, had sunk, but the sky was full of inimitable glory. The vault of heaven seemed all ablaze. Every color of the rainbow was seen in nature's magnificent fireworks, beside which how insignificant are those of man! Streamers of red, then of golden hue flashed before Juliet's delighted eyes. Then she clapped her hands with the joy of a child as sheaves of violet-tinted

that softened expression on the dark face which gives a spiritual beauty even to the plainest features. She understood enough to know that the sufferer blessed her, to know that Lena faintly uttered the Saviour's name. Juliet saw Lena look up and smile as one who had made her peace with God. The Moravian missionaries had sown for years with toil and care, but the gathering in of that one precious sheaf had been left to the English stranger.

"She is dead!" said the sister who had been nursing Lena, as her eyelids closed and her breathing was stilled.

"No, she sleeps," said Juliet, who noticed, dark as was the hut, that a feather which lay on the pillow was slightly stirred by the sick woman's breath.

Juliet was imprisoned, as it were, by the clasp of Lena's hand; she dared not withdraw her own lest her doing so should break a slumber on which a life might depend.

Notwithstanding personal discomfort, that hour was one to which Juliet ever looked back as one of the most blessed which she had ever known. She had never before followed the track of the Lord's foot-

arrows seemed to fall through the orange glow. The Aurora, the glorious northern light, was sweeping from horizon to zenith, lighting up the snow with fairer tints than those of summer, flushing the crystal icebergs that floated on the sea, then hanging over the gazer's head a canopy of radiance, a jewelled corona of light!

"Oh, it is like the last day, the splendor in which the Lord will come for His own!" exclaimed Juliet, overcome with delight. "And all His saints will be with Him; my precious friend will be with Him, and she will rejoice with me, and over me; death will never part us again! Oh, glorious hope, that, like the Aurora, can give brightness even to a Labrador night, and change desolation to beauty!"

The Aurora which had risen on the soul of Juliet was no evanescent brightness, no passing beauty. Anna instantly felt the change in her young companion's manner, and could hear it in the tone of her voice. And how would the suffering missionary have borne her own heavy burden of trial, had not a bright young sympathizing friend been sent to help her to support it. Anna, in addition to her physical infirmities and the trial of increasing darkness, was in anxious suspense regarding her husband and Fritz.

On the evening of the following day the sledge returned from Bethabara, under the charge of an Esquimaux belonging to that place. If there had been a lingering hope in Anna's mind that her husband, not finding a prolonged stay needful, would return in the sledge, that hope vanished away, as Juliet, who watched from the window, announced that only one form was in the conveyance, and that the form of a native.

"But he may bring a letter. Oh, that I could rise!" cried Anna, making a fruitless attempt to get up.

"I will bring it!" cried Juliet, throwing her gray plaid over head and shoulders, as she hurried to open the door even before the sledge could reach it.

She soon returned to Anna with a letter in her hand which smelled strongly of the disinfectant, of which the pastor, at the suggestion of his thoughtful wife, had taken a supply.

Anna took the letter, and hurriedly opened it; but the pastor's epistle was long, and crossed—her dim eyes could not easily read it.

"Read it to me, my child," said Anna, giving the letter to Juliet; "it will contain no secrets, and your eyes are younger than mine."

Juliet read aloud what follows:

"BETHABARA, November 12th, evening.

"MY DEAREST WIFE: The Lord brought us here in safety last night, and very thankful am I to find myself where the help of friends is so much needed. Two more Esquimaux had died yesterday, and several others have sickened. We buried our Brother Johanan and the dear sister this morning, with the three members of their flock, side by side in one wide grave. Poor dear Hans, broken down with grief and nursing, was not able to be present. But I am comforted regarding him, his soul is stayed on his God. Hans thinks on the blessedness of her who has left Labrador for heaven, where there shall be no more ice and frost, no more sickness and sorrow, where the wintry darkness of earth shall be exchanged for the eternal light which flows from the throne of the Lamb.

"Dear wife, as we should ever be mindful of the goodness of God, I will call you to join with me in giving thanks for travelling mercies. Our journey was not without its perils. The night came on; we got entangled in block ice; the sledge stuck in a hole. How we got out again I can scarcely imagine. In the midst of our trouble some of the traces broke, and the dogs got loose. I thought that Bethabara would never be reached, and tried to resign myself to being frozen to death on the way. The spirit of Fritz never failed; he seemed to have the strength of three men and the courage of ten. By his great exertions and skilful management the dogs were again lashed to the sledge, slipping and sliding, tumbling and falling, still they

pulled, while Fritz pushed and lifted, and we found ourselves, after long delay, again on good firm snow. Never did I feel more thankful, for I could not help thinking of you.

"Our adventures were not quite over. We presently heard a howling behind. Said Fritz, 'There are wolves on our track.' Our dogs heard the sound, too, and rushed on as if they were mad, at some risk of upsetting the sledge. We were now guided only by the stars, for our delay when we stuck in the hole had deprived us of the moon, which sets early. One had need for the gift of strong faith at a moment like that. I prayed aloud, while Fritz cheered on the dogs and plied his whip. We were not far from Bethabara then, but we could not judge of the distance on account of the darkness.

"Presently, as I looked back, I could just see, like a shadow, a great wolf behind us; he had outstripped the rest. I told Fritz, who was of course looking on ahead, as a driver must do, especially the driver of a team of Esquimaux dogs. The wolf had made no noise; if it looked like a shadow, it was still as a shadow, no sound of pattering feet on the snow. Fritz said nothing; he half rose on his seat and turned round—the wolf was close to the sledge. Fritz dealt the brute such a blow with the butt of the whip (it was too near for use of the lash), that it gave a howl and lay sprawling. Whether the wolf was killed or not I know not; we saw nothing of it again, and in another minute we sighted the lights in Bethabara. Never were lights more welcome!"

"God be praised for the wonderful deliverance!" cried Anna, clasping her hands. "Go on, my child, go on!" Juliet resumed her reading.

"Now I must tell you of our present arrangements. Fritz says truly that it is absolutely necessary to separate the small-pox patients from the rest of the people, otherwise the plague will never be stayed till the station becomes a desolation. The crowding in the hot igloos is sure to spread contagion. There is no building suited for a hospital but the church, which is roomy, well-built, and has a large stove. I doubted whether it were lawful thus to use a house devoted to God, but Fritz reminded me of the words, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice,' and Brother Hans thought also that the case being one of necessity, our divine Master would sanction the act.

"Fritz insists on having the whole charge of the hospital, and will not leave it night or day. I have to take care of the station, give instruction to those not yet visited by sickness, and do what I can for poor Brother Hans. His share of the work is to arrange about food, fuel, and water being regularly brought to the porch of the church for Fritz to take in. He allows no one uninfected to enter. The Lord preserve him from taking the malady; he himself has no fear. Fritz prays you to collect anything in the shape of warm clothing or blankets for those whom God may please to restore to health, as their infected garments must be burned. Remind our people that what they give with self-denial is given to the Lord; it is He that hath need in the persons of His poor afflicted servants.

"Give my love and blessing to our dear flock, and ask for their constant prayers for us all. Remember me to our young friend. I pray that she may be led to seek the Lord while He may be found." Juliet colored as she read aloud the sentence never intended for her eyes. "I think anxiously of our poor Lena; may God send His angels to watch by her bedside, and speak comfort to her soul! I cannot write often, as we have no hands to spare, and the journey is too dangerous to send messengers without urgent need; but when the clothes and more medicine come in the sledge, I will take the opportunity of sending back a later account of our state. Fritz desires his Christian love. The Lord be with you, my best beloved! You are always in the thoughts and prayers of your faithful husband."

That letter was read over and over again; not a few tears were dropped on its pages; but Sister Anna was not one to give way to mere emotion; her affection ever took a practical form. She threw her whole mind into the work of supplying the needed garments. Anna sent for the leading Esquimaux in the little station, who promptly obeyed her call. Samson was a broad-shouldered, strongly-built man, whose appearance gave the impression of determined courage and great physical power, though his height was less than Juliet's. Anna, in Esquimaux, gave him an account of much that was contained in her husband's letter, and asked Samson to convey the pastor's messages to his people.

"We'll have a hunt for skins," said Samson, promptly; "there's nothing man makes like the clothing that God gives to the beasts. It will make the road safer if we clear off a few of the wolves, and may be, as the need is so great, the Lord will send us a bear."

"And see if our people cannot spare a few clothes," said Anna; "though I know that they are but poor. I will overlook our own little stores; we must manage to load the sledge."

"We'll try," said honest Samson, so earnestly that Juliet's heart warmed toward the Esquimaux, rough and shaggy as he was. A more true and generous heart beat under his wolf-skin jacket than beneath many a broadcloth coat.

"Oh, that I had something to give!" exclaimed Juliet, as Samson quitted the dwelling. "Would that I had a fairy's wand to change my watch and chain into furs and flannels! I have my seal-skin jacket," she added, in a hesitating tone.

"I would never suffer you to part with that," said Sister Anna with decision; "it would be simply sacrificing your life. You, delicately nurtured, and venturing forth in the cold as you do, would be frozen to death in weather which the hardy Esquimaux can hardly endure."

Juliet thought of her precious gray plaid; but her whole soul shrank from the idea of parting with that, the sole relic of her Maria. Yet might it not be pleasing to the Lord if she laid this—the one precious thing which she possessed—at His feet! Juliet could not make up her mind to the sacrifice then; she could hardly endure to think of her precious relic being wrapped round an Esquimaux form.

She was aroused from her reflections by Anna's voice. "I think that the rug before the fireplace could be made into a famous warm coat; the work is so coarse that even I might manage it, if you thread my needle, dear Juliet; and—let's see—we might take the cloth table-cover for a dress."

"What! the ornament of the parlor," exclaimed Juliet, "with the pretty border of flowers worked by your own hands!"

"We might cut off the border, and keep it for the next table-cover," said Anna; "perhaps material will come in the Harmony."

A busy time followed. Anna searched through her little possessions, and Juliet had often to remonstrate; it was difficult to prevent the invalid from giving away what she herself absolutely needed. To transform the rug and the table-cover into clothes gave plenty of occupation to industrious fingers, Juliet taking her share in the work.

Curious contributions came in from the Esquimaux huts. Some gifts might be classed with the widow's mite, the givers possessed so little. Samson brought back two wolves' skins from his hunting, vexed that he had no encounter with a bear, though a terrible scar on his face showed that his gift, such as it was, had been bought with peril and blood.

And yet the all collected in nine days was not much. Juliet's spirit was heavy, for except some labor, she as yet had contributed nothing. She saw Samson loading the sledge which he undertook to drive, a service—as we have seen—of some risk. Juliet ran back to her own room. With passionate sorrow, as if parting with a cherished friend, she kissed the gray plaid again and again, then with a murmured "given to the

Lord," she placed it in the keeping of Samson to be taken to the afflicted station.

What a golden stream would flow into the Lord's treasury, if Christian ladies opened their jewel-cases, and had the courage, for the Saviour's sake, to part with ornaments hoarded with jealous care though perhaps never worn!

(To be continued.)

JESUS AT BETHESDA.

S. S. Lesson for May 23, John 5:1-18. Golden Text, verse 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Jesus Obedient to the Law—The Place of Healing—The Waiting People—The Waiting in these Days—The Competition at the Pool—The Will the Crucial Question—The Impotent Man's Difficulty—The Test of Faith—Prompt Obedience—Critical Spectators—Christ's Injunction to the Healed Man—Giving his Testimony—The Constant Worker.

"AFTER this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." As a Jew, Jesus was under the law; and all through His life He punctually performed all His Father's commandments in the law. "Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose; in the feast of unleavened bread, and in the feast of weeks, and in the feast of tabernacles" (Deut. 16:16). Son of God though He was, Jesus obeyed the law, showing us how obedience, equally with faith, is part of the will of God. It was while He was at Jerusalem on this occasion that we find Him attracted by the need of poor sick people to the pool of Bethesda.

The Hebrew word "Bethesda" signifies "The House of Mercy," and Jesus' presence there would have made it a house of mercy for each one, had they but recognized Him as the Messiah, "the Lord that healeth thee" (Ex. 15:26). They were within a few yards of the great Fountain of healing virtue, but they knew it not. The need was there, and the Remedy was there, but they were blind to it; they looked another way. Bethesda consisted of a pool surrounded by five porches. "In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water." Oh, how many there are in sore need of spirit, soul or body, who are

WAITING

for something which the eye can see, or which the ear can hear, or which can be made real to them by the evidence of their senses! Some are waiting for the help of some human being; many sick people are waiting for a doctor of whose skill they may have heard, or watching the success of some new remedy which they have applied; or, it may be, they are waiting for an opportunity to try the benefit of another climate, or they are waiting until some circumstance in their lives may be more favorable for recovery from their sickness. How many there are who are oppressed by temporal needs, and have come into great business difficulties; they are waiting until trade revives or until some one shall lend them a large sum of money; waiting for anything and everything except for God. "Blessed are all they that wait for Him" (Isa. 30:18). How many there are in spiritual need, who are waiting until they can attend some meeting where others have found blessing, or some conference of Christians which is at hand, or waiting until they can have a talk with somebody more deeply instructed in the things of God, waiting in some way "for the moving of the water."

"A certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years." As far as we can gather, he had been thirty-eight years living with the fond expectation of being, some day or other, the first to be put into the pool. The compassion of Jesus was stirred. He would willingly have healed every man, every woman, every child among those around Him. Seeing this man lie, and knowing that he had been a long time in that case, Jesus saith unto him:

"WILT THOU

be made whole?" The usual answer to this

question is, "Of course, I will; there is nothing I desire so much as to be healed." And yet after all it comes to a point of will. Man is always attempting to make himself believe, and to persuade others, that he is ready for every blessing which God has to give him; but that he has great difficulty in obtaining this blessing from God. He will say, "I have prayed and prayed for years, and yet have received no answer from God. I have tried and struggled; I have considered the matter; I have examined my faith, and I have exercised all the faith I could, and yet the answer to my prayers is not come." The Lord says, "I am willing, and ye are not." "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life" (John 5:40).

The question of Jesus was, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Not "Wilt thou help thyself to be made whole?" When once we understand that the work of our salvation, of our sanctification, and of our healing, is altogether the work of God, it comes to the point of submitting ourselves to His operations, yielding ourselves so completely to Him that all our past efforts of soul or body come to be seen as valueless and often as a mistake. We have to come to Him bankrupt, and as beggars; helpless, foolish, base, despised, even in our own eyes, and without one shadow of excuse, either for our own sin, for the imperfections of our Christian lives, or for the failure to apprehend Jesus as the Healer of our bodies. "The impotent man answered Him, Sir,

I HAVE NO MAN,

when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." "An unanswerable excuse," many would say, "who could dispute that he had justice on his side?" And yet this excuse could not pass with Jesus. There stood One who had done miracles in Jerusalem (John 2:23), others believed on Him, yet this man knew Him not. Close beside him was He who had all the power of healing for spirit, soul and body contained in Himself. Many of us have excused ourselves from being holy, by saying, "I have no one to help me in my family life; all is against me." "I have no help at home; my husband or my wife is no help to me." "I have no help in my church, I have no help in my business; all is against me; everybody seems to stand a better chance than I do." And how many invalids will say, "So and so got healing so easily and so readily, but I have not the same faith; my friends don't believe in divine healing; my minister discourages me; I have no man to put me into the pool."

Jesus did not enter into argument, but simply gave the command, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." It was a test of faith. The impotent man had no power to rise; still less to take up his bed, and walk; but He who spoke the word caused light to come into darkness in the first days of the creation. He upholdeth all things by the word of His power (Heb. 1:3); and that word has not lost its creative power to this very day. The man proved his willingness to be made whole by his obedience, without waiting for any feeling of power to obey. "Immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked." He did not first try his strength and make attempts, but, confident in Him who spoke the word, he simply did as he was told, and was healed.

But there were those looking on who did not believe in divine healing, neither did they believe in the divinity of the Lord Jesus. These were of two classes, first, incurable sufferers who longed for healing, but not from Jesus; secondly, criticising Jews. There were plenty of Jews round about Jesus whenever He visited Jerusalem, whose only object was to criticise and find fault. They did not directly attack Him on this occasion, but said to the man, "It is the Sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." The man did not argue the point in any abstract way, but simply gave his authority for what he was doing. He answered them, "He that made me whole, the

same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk." But when they asked him who it was that gave him such a strange command, he did not know. He had met with Jesus and yet had not known Him. "Jesus had conveyed Himself away, a multitude being in that place," for Jesus always avoided popularity. There are many who receive blessing from Jesus and know little of Him who has done so much for them; they know the salvation better than the Saviour, the healing better than the Healer. But Jesus never willingly leaves any one long in such a case.

"Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." Very frequently in the healings of Jesus we see that He deals with the soul first and the body after, as in the case of the palsied man. Here the order is reversed. He won the heart of this man by healing his body first, but He could not leave that soul unsaved, and therefore His word, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee." A man was healed of paralysis. He had been a terrible drunkard, but was converted at the time of his healing. Three months after he again became drunk, and immediately his paralysis returned. He learned that the body, which was healed, belonged to the Lord. He confessed his sin, yielded himself spirit, soul and body to the Lord, and trusted Him to keep him from sinning. He was healed a second time, and cured of the taste for strong drink. But if a man who has been touched by Jesus persists in sin, the last state of that man is worse than the first.

When a man knows Jesus personally he is

BOUND TO TESTIFY

to Him. "The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole. And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay Him, because He had done these things on the Sabbath day." If these Jews had known anything of divine compassion, surely they would have rejoiced that this man, so long holden by sickness, was now healed, free from pain and suffering, and able to work for his own living. Surely they would have encouraged every sick man at the pool of Bethesda to apply to the same Healer, who had healed him before their very eyes. But they cared more for their own reputation than they did for either the souls or bodies of those who were around them. Jesus answered them simply, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Jesus is always at work. "When we see the least of what He is doing, either in our own souls, or circumstances, or our work for God, He never ceases His operations all day long and every day, through the most common things of life, Jesus is at work turning everything into use for the education of His disciples. Yielded to Him, following His leading, we may be blest and helped forward every hour of the day.

There are times when it would seem to us as though God had forsaken some spiritual work in which we are engaged; souls are not saved; we have lost our power in speaking; everything seems to go wrong. Has Jesus left off working? Not for a moment; the work is dearer to Him than to us, but He sees that work and workers need a fresh nearness to Him, and He puts us out of conceit with the work and with ourselves that we may know our nothingness, that we may let Him search us as with candles and tell us if there is anything which grieves Him, and also bring us to such a dependence upon Him that we shall wonder at our ever thinking for a moment that we were of any importance in His work. He lets us go behind the scenes, and, instead of seeing the machinery, He lets us see the engine which moves all, and we take off the shoes from off our feet and know that we are on holy ground, and our souls say, "The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him" (Hab. 2:20). We may well fall back, and stand out of the way when the Son of God says to us, "Trust me, I am at the work."

LAW AND LOVE.

BY JOSEPH A. TORREY.

Lord, Thy commandments are exceeding broad;
How can a creature, weak and blind, fulfil
The measureless compass of Thy righteous will,
Or in Thy sacred presence stand unawed?
And how shall we escape Thy chastening rod
Who sin in thought and word and deed, and still
Add sin to sin, and stripe to stripe, and fill
The measure of Thy righteous wrath, O God?
But, Father, Thy most precious name is Love;
Thou dost condemn, but yet Thou dost redeem;
Lower than angels, yet far raised above
The shining throng that sin not, do we seem,
Because, though fallen, Christ our souls doth draw
To love Thee wholly. Love fulfils the Law!

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

Ladies will be interested in the attractive sale of Silk Novelties announced by James McCreery & Co. in this week's issue. The goods offered are all of superior manufacture, and placed on their counters at prices that will command large sales.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New "Silent Comforter."

WORDS OF COMFORT

AND CONSOLATION.

A choice selection of Scripture texts in very large type, printed on good paper and mounted on roller, exposing one page for each day of the month. Size, 13 1/2 x 21 inches. Price, 75 cents. (Postage free.)

The publisher confidently expects a large sale for this beautiful new wall-roll. It is handsomely gotten up, the price is moderate, and there is a demand for some new and worthy scroll to succeed "The Silent Comforter" and "Heavenly Sunshine," both of which have been so widely circulated.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED!

One in Each District. Liberal Terms.

Mention this paper when you write to

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

By Canon Farrar.

A few weeks ago, when CANON FARRAR was in this country, tens of thousands of people paid as much as one dollar each to hear a single lecture delivered by him, and were well pleased with what they got for their money. Several of the most important of those lectures and addresses, with other papers, are now published by JOHN B. ALDEN, of New York, and can now be had in a very handsome cloth-bound volume, for the price of 40 cents. Some of the lectures are also published separately in his *Elzevir Library*, in which form the lecture on Dante sells for 3 cents; on Temperance, 2 cents; on Ideals of Nations, 2 cents; Thoughts on America, 3 cents. The millions of intelligent people who admire CANON FARRAR and who were not able to hear him lecture will be delighted to find his brilliant, scholarly and eloquent thoughts placed in this handsome form within their reach. The publisher's illustrated catalogue, 132 pages, is sent to any address on receipt of 4 cents, or condensed catalogue free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, EXODUS, LEVITICUS, NUMBERS, and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures." Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 2,500 pages, \$1.50 (postage or express prepaid). Address The Evangelical Book-Store, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A beautiful imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

LADIES!

A MINE OF INTERESTING information on home decoration, dress, society, etc., is contained in our beautifully illustrated LADIES' BOOK, which will be sent with picture card and other enclosures for 4c. in stamps.

VERBA, best game of the age, suited to refined people, young or old, sent with books and picture cards (a valuable package) for 10c. in stamps. Address THE MACK PUBLISHING CO., 532 Washington St., New York.



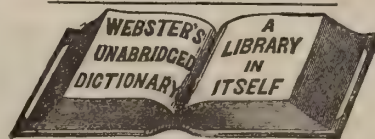
A HOUSE OF MODERATE COST.
(Reduced from large view in "Shoppell's Modern Houses," No. 2.)

Accommodations: Large veranda, beautiful hall and staircase, cellar under the whole house, fireplaces, bath-room, nine rooms, space in the attic for three more. Large illustrations, floor plans, full description and reliable cost of the above and of 66 other designs, ranging in cost from \$500 up to \$9,000, may be found in "Shoppell's Modern Houses," No. 2, which contains beside a vast amount of information on kindred subjects and an elevation in six colors, showing how a modern house should be painted.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1. Address THE CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION, 191 Broadway, New York.

WEBSTER.

With or without Patent Index.



IT IS THE STANDARD
Authority with the U. S. Supreme Court and in the Gov't Printing Office, and is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States. To its many other valuable features we have

JUST ADDED

A New Pronouncing

GAZETTE OF THE WORLD

Containing over 25,000 names, briefly describing the Countries, Cities, Towns, and Natural Features OF EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE. It is an invaluable companion in every School, and at every Fireside.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS. EUREKA RECITATIONS.

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL, the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and handsome lithograph cover. Price, only 12 cents each. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, (P. O. Box 2767,) 31 Rose St., New York.

THE KINGDOM.

A New Monthly, devoted to Full Salvation, Divine Healing, and the Deep Things of God:

Edited by Capt. R. KELSO CARTER.

First number will appear July 1, 1886. Send your address now for any number of specimen copies free, to

THE KINGDOM PUBLISHING CO., Chester, Pa.

HALF A MILLION GARDENS

ARE ANNUALLY SUPPLIED WITH

SEEDS & PLANTS

Peter Henderson & Co.

Our Seed Warehouses, the largest in New York, are fitted up with every appliance for the prompt and careful filling of orders.

Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing colored plates, descriptions and illustrations of the NEWEST, BEST and RAREST SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. (in stamps) to cover postage.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

The Newest and Best SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG BOOK FOR THIS YEAR.

GLAD REFRAIN.

By Messrs. LOWRY & DOANE.

It is fully equal to any of their former popular works.

This New Song Book embraces a number of New features, and is gotten up on an entirely New plan, in a New shape, and is printed from beautiful New type. It is sure to please, and will create a New interest in the Song Service. It will be sold at a New price.

\$25 PER 100 COPIES, IN BOARDS.
Single copy sent as soon as published, on receipt of price. Specimen pages sent free on request.

AN EDITION IN ATKIN'S CHARACTER NOTES, AT SAME PRICE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th St., New York.
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

FOR GAS.

BAILEY'S COMPOUND
Light-Spreading
Silver-Plated
CORRUGATED GLASS
REFLECTORS! A wonderful
invention for
LIGHTING Churches,
Halls, &c. Handsome
designs. Satisfaction
guaranteed. Cata-
logue & price list free.

FOR OIL.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Floral Praise No. 4.

A Beautiful Musical Service for Children's Day & Flower Sunday,
By HUBERT P. MAIN.
Price, \$4 per 100 copies; 5 cts. each by mail. Previous issues furnished at same price.

MAY ANNUAL, NO. 13.

Containing New Music for Sunday-School Anniversaries, \$4.00 per 100; 5 cents each, by mail. Previous issues of both at same prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70

for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Belles. Matchless in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.
Established 1859. Incorporated 1877.

HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 120 to 150 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$1 to \$12 a dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success. Ten hens will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 26 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

SILKS.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO. INVITE EITHER A PERSONAL EXAMINATION OR BY SAMPLE OF THE FOLLOWING SPECIALTIES, WHICH THEY WILL OFFER THIS WEEK.

BLACK SILKS.
500 PCS. GROS GRAINS "CACHMIRE FINISH" AT 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2 per yard.
500 PCS. SURAH, RHADAMES, TRICOTINES, from \$1 to \$3.

FANCY SILKS.
750 PCS. STRIPED AND CHECKED GLACES, FIGURED SURAH, TRICOTINES, AND NOVELTIES SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT SEASON'S USE. THE ABOVE LOTS ARE ALL MARKED CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN THEIR PRESENT VALUE.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO.,
Importers and Manufacturers,
Broadway & 11th Street, New York.

WILLCOX & GIBBS AUTOMATIC

MACHINES
All bear this
Medallion
Trade-Mark
(Needles form
W, and G is
the Machine.)
Absence of this
Trade-Mark
stamps a Machine
as counterfeit.
Imitators dare not
put this Medallion
on Machines.

Ours are the only Machines that can be used with
NO RISK TO HEALTH.
Unequalled for
LIGHTNESS OF RUNNING
AND
STRENGTH & BEAUTY OF WORK.
Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 653 Broadway, N. Y.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.
AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.
ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1894, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE

A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES

of LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John B. Gough.
His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of laughter and tears. It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted. Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. No distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circular to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 20.

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PICTURE OF SCENES IN THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION, AND OF THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

THE LABOR QUESTION. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

PICTURE OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNALE. TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS. By Rev. M. Baxter.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Silver Question—Decrease in Exports—The Wind Storm in Illinois and Missouri—The Eight-Hour Labor Movement—Master-Workman Powderly on Boycotts—Bishop Potter's Circular on the Labor Question—Anarchist Most Arrested—The Canadian Seizure of an American Ship—The Home Rule Struggle—A Debauchee Arrested in London—The Tornado in Madrid—An Anarchist Refused Citizenship—A Congressman's Romance, etc.

HOLDING FAST OUR PROFESSION. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: The Battle of Wilson's Creek.

A Chinese Philanthropist—The Napoleonic Idea—A Letter from an Indian Girl—Ornaments and Charms Surrendered—An Eccentric Preacher—A Prayer for a Murderer.

STEPHEN AYLMER'S TEMPTATION. (Illustr.) AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Jesus Feeding Five Thousand. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Great Indian and Colonial Exhibition—The Inaugural Ceremony.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Its Significance—A Change of Policy Indicated—Features of the Exhibition—The Interesting Compound—The Kaffir Contingent—Other Living Exhibits—Plan of the Building—Indian Screens—A Significant Hint to Struggling Artisans—A Monument of Pearls—The Opening Ceremony—An Evangelistic Opportunity.

THERE is a deeper significance for the world at large in the exhibition opened in London on May 4th than usually attaches to such enterprises. It is an indication of a change of policy which will eventually make itself felt the world over. For more than twenty years an influence of a utilitarian character has swayed British politics. The statesmen who have exercised most power during that time have belonged to what is known as "the Manchester school." Cobden and Bright were its acknowledged apostles. The test they applied to all questions was, "Will it pay?" Commercial treaties, the expansion of trade, non-intervention in foreign politics, save as they touched commercial interests, were the leading characteristics of this school of statesmen. It was perfectly consistent with their principles that they were inclined to regard

THE COLONIES

of Great Britain as in some respects a burden. They did not pay in the commercial sense. The cost of protecting them was not directly reimbursed. Their identity with the mother country involved liability to foreign complications, which occasionally necessitated costly wars. If John Bright could have had his way unchecked the connection of Canada, Australia, India, and other dependencies with England would have been severed long ago. He made no secret of his conviction that the connection was not worth maintaining. It was the swing of the pendulum from the other extreme, which, at the beginning of the century, was seen in English meddling in every European quarrel, and taking a hand in all the fighting that was going in different parts of the globe. There is much to be said for the Manchester school of statesmanship. England profited little by her continental wars, but carried to an extreme, it was degrading and selfish. The reaction appears to have set in, and this exhibition is a conspicuous evidence of it. It is a distinct and direct effort to draw closer the ties that bind the scattered dependencies of England, and also, on the other hand, to stimulate the interest and foster the pride of the Englishmen at home in the people and the productions of the colonies. This exhibition is, in a sense,

A FAMILY PARTY

designed to make the members of the family better known to each other and to foster a family affection. Its probable result will be to make the English people proud of their colonial connections, who have passed the trying stage of childhood and have become stalwart sons, able to perform a very creditable share in the world's work; and it may produce the feeling in the colonies that it is a grander and a better thing to be a member of a magnificent family, than to be alone, isolated, and independent among strangers. Whether or not that will be the result the scheme is a wise one, and it does credit to the penetration and sagacity of the Prince of Wales, who is the originator of it.

FEATURES OF THE SHOW.

The Exhibition occupies buildings specially erected in the Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington. The galleries, courts, and gardens cover an area of about *twenty-two acres*. Among the one hundred and twenty gentlemen who form the Royal Commission for the construction and management of the Exhibition are sixteen of the most powerful princes in the Indian Empire, several of whom, it is expected, will visit the capital in person. There is an outlying block of the Exhibition area of which Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, the Secretary, seems to be prouder than of all the art treasures or ethnographic curiosities which are arranged in the courts. It is the temporary residence of the

Oriental members of the national family, who have travelled all the way from India to join the circle. The place is known among the officials as

THE COMPOUND,

a term which to residents in the Oriental dependencies will sufficiently indicate its character. The Compound is set apart for the accommodation of such natives from India and the colonies as are engaged to appear in the various courts in their characteristic costumes and occupations during the Exhibition. From India there are three Punjabees, nineteen Hindoos, fifteen Mohammedans, and six Bombay and Madrassee boys. There are seven Cingalese, four Malays, and eight Chinese. Fraternizing with them also is the deputation from South Africa, a Kaffir priest, wife, son, daughter, and baby in one hut; a Kaffir with his wife and child, and a Bushman with his wife and baby in another. A couple of Zulu men are in the collection, and in due course there will appear some Red Indians, Maories from Australia, and a family of Cyprites.

The inhabitants of this interesting Compound seem to be contented and happy. One of the Kaffirs, a bright, intelligent fellow, has been twenty-three years in the public service at the Cape. This colony of seventy-five diverse beings maintain their own customs as far as possible. The Hindoos kill their own goats and kill them in an extemporized slaughter-house, the Mohammedans taking particular care not to defile their meat by contact with anything touched by the rest.

Watching a group of these Oriental workmen, hammering away at their metal as they squat on the ground, or patiently proceeding with a job at carving, may be seen a venerable Hindoo, said to be over a hundred years old. The Malays and Cingalese can be recognized easily by their long hair twisted into a knot; and the Zulus, with their fine, coffee-colored skin, stalwart proportions, and heavy type of face, are always conspicuous. Their babies will doubtless be the feature of the Exhibition of colonial productions that will have the most interest for the British matron. The undersized Bushman and his wife, it must be conceded, wear the palm of ugliness; but the Kaffir damsel, who is civilized and dresses neatly in European style, is good-looking, and is a general favorite in the building. The workers placidly pursue their various occupations, mostly squatting on the ground, and the patient perseverance with which they labor silently and with Oriental calm amazes the British artisan, loud of voice and noisy in all his movements.

Thousands of persons who would deem themselves insulted if they were not catalogued among the educated classes will from the maps and photographs in the Australasian Courts learn for the first time many rudimentary geographical facts, and will henceforth be saved from the blunder of confounding New Zealand with Queensland, and Brisbane with Victoria.

THE WHOLE OF THE SOUTH GALLERIES

are devoted to India and Ceylon, while the Dominion of Canada is located in the Central Gallery and part of the Western Gallery. Between them are situated the Australian Courts, subdivided among the five divisions of the island continent and Fiji, flanked on the west by New Zealand, and on the east by the West Indies, which are placed in the southern halves of the Western and Eastern Galleries respectively. Between the West Indies and Queensland lie Malta and Cyprus; and to the north are British Guiana and Hong Kong, which appropriately finds a place in the old Chinese Court. In the Queen's Gate Annexed will be found representations of the productions of the possessions of England in Africa—the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Gold Coast, Lagos, and the West African settlements; while the remaining smaller colonies have been placed in the Eastern Arcade.

A BROAD PROMENADE

—twenty-three feet in width—is arranged

straight down the Middle Court of the Southern Galleries. This Central Court has been subdivided among the Indian provinces and states. Each court has its distinctive screen; and thus will be presented a series of screens, with carving in wood or stone, inlaid work, or in plaster, representative of the many styles of art in India. These interesting objects have been executed by native workmen in India, at the expense of the Royal Commission, supplemented by liberal grants from several of the native chiefs. In each court is placed a skeleton map of India, with the particular province plainly indicated, and all the principal towns in it shown. Visitors will thus be able to realize at a glance the special portion of the empire from which the articles come; and by this means they will be the more readily able to compare the products of the various provinces. In a building in the south promenade

THE LATEST OF BRITAIN'S ACQUISITIONS

will be represented; and among other exhibits will be seen large logs of teak sent by the Bombay and Burmah Trading Corporation, which played a not unimportant part in the causes which led to the annexation of King Theebaw's dominions.

To the north of the Indian Court, and on the site of the old Royal Pavilion, is erected

AN INDIAN PALACE,

in the forecourt of which there is a bazaar, wherein native artificers follow their respective trades. The entrance to the palace is through a carved stone gateway from Gwalior (*see illustration on first page*), which the Maharajah Scindia has presented. The shops in the forecourt of the Indian Palace—the decorative wood-work for which was carved by native workmen—are filled with native artisans. They are genuine artisans, such as may be seen at work within the precincts of the palaces of some of the Indian princes. The following industries will be shown in practice: Carpet weaving, wood-carving and turning, gold and silversmiths' work, Delhi embossed copper work, brass founding, seal engraving, sweet-meat making, earthenware and glazed ware, stone carving, cotton printing and dyeing, silk weaving, Kincob weaving, clay-figure making, from Lucknow, and miniature painting.

A SIGNIFICANT HINT

is given to the struggling artisans of England by the Commissioners on apologizing for the Australian exhibit.

While promising visitors a rare treat in the courts of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand, the promoters suggest that a certain sameness must be expected. These rich but comparatively undeveloped dependencies want, above everything else, *population*. Without artisans there can be no manufactures, and without manufactures the range of exhibits must be necessarily limited. The whole population of these vast areas is smaller than the population now crowded into the city of London and its suburbs.

Great interest will doubtless attach to the gold exhibits. With a view to afford the public some idea of the actual results of quartz mining in Victoria, the Council have placed in the Australian courts a number of *gilt cubes*, constructed to represent in size and bulk the total yield of gold respectively extracted by the public mining companies of the colony from the date of the commencement of active operations by each incorporated company. The cubes exhibited represent solid masses of gold, and bear an inscription stating the quantity of metal, the time taken to consolidate, and the name of the operative undertaking.

Gold is not the only mineral, however, to be obtained from these southern colonies, and the exhibits include copper, tin, silver, antimony, and other valuable yields. One rarely sees a coal fire in Australia. There is nevertheless fair coal in New South Wales and Queensland, if not in other colonies. Hitherto Newcastle, in the mother country, has been the great coal

emporium for Australia, but when the establishment of factories makes it remunerative to open up the nearer coal seams, there will be an abundance of material forthcoming. Many of the Australasian woods are too hard to be worked by ordinary tools, but there are quantities of the finest timbers that may be at once utilized by carpenters and cabinet makers, and in all the courts the best samples are shown. In the West Australian Court a *striking monument has been built up of*

PEARL SHELLS.

This represents an adventurous industry carried on principally in Torres Straits by divers who go down among the sharks and other sea monsters for shells such as those glittering with opaline tints in the trophy. Occasionally a valuable pearl is found inside, but the direct object of the venture is the inner lining of the shell, from which mother-of-pearl is made. Ethnography is copiously illustrated in the native curiosities, and the New South Wales Court has a magnificent collection of weapons and utensils from New Guinea.

Upon the north-western border of New South Wales, principally on the Clarence River, sugar is successfully grown; but the sugar plantation at its highest prosperity must be sought nearer the Tropic of Capricorn, out of the region of harmful frosts. The Queensland Court accordingly shows the marvellous sugar-producing capabilities of that colony, and also indicates the long list of valuable semi-tropical products which may there be grown. In all the courts the aid of photography has been used to show the character of tropical growths and products which could not themselves be sent so long a distance.

THE OPENING CEREMONY

on May 4th was a scene of extraordinary impressiveness. The vast interior was packed with an assemblage numbering thousands, and composed of the very *élite* of London. The spectacle presented was magnificent and legend-like. There were scores of foreign princes and diplomats in court dress; hundreds of British officers in full uniform, resplendent with gold lace and bright buttons; Chinese and Japanese officials in rich and picturesque silk, and numberless men proudly wearing decorations. The display of gold lace, medals, and colors on the part of the men was phenomenal, while the ladies were gorgeously attired. The Queen was warmly welcomed, and appeared pleased by the reception. The proceedings consisted of a carefully prepared programme of music, the presentation of addresses to the Queen by the colonies participating in the Exhibition, and a formal declaration by Her Majesty that the show was open.

A very appropriate feature of the ceremony was the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" by the Canadian prima-donna, Madame Albani. At its conclusion the Queen was formally addressed by the Commissioner, and in reply said: "I heartily concur in the belief you have expressed that the Prince Consort, my beloved husband, had he been spared, would have witnessed with intense interest the development of his ideas, and would, I may add, have seen with pleasure our son taking the lead in a movement of which he was the originator." She then handed to "our son" the monster gold key, half a foot long, and brilliant with rubies and emeralds, which is not a toy, but a master-key opening every door in the building. A flourish of trumpets proclaimed to the people outside, as the Prince of Wales took the key from his mother's hands, that the Exhibition was formally opened.

It is gratifying to notice that special efforts are being made by the Christian public of London to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the visit of large numbers of people from distant lands to extend the knowledge of the Gospel. It may be hoped especially that among those who go from India, some at least may carry back with them a treasure outweighing in value all the wealth of this world.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Wonderful Change Somewhere.—At a recent meeting Mr. Ferrie related: "A gentleman once said to an aged Christian woman, 'How do you know you are a new creature?' 'If I am not a new creature,' answered the old lady, 'everything around and within has become new. There has been a marvellous change either in me or in the things around me.' That word is gloriously true—'Wherefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.'"

A Safe Resting-Place.—Mr. Bamford remarked: "Two women were dying not far from our place of meeting, and they sent word for one of our workers to call and see them. I myself visited one of them, and after prayer and a few words of Scripture promises, I inquired: 'Are you resting on Jesus?' 'I thank God I am truly resting on Jesus,' she replied, with a happy smile. A short time afterward she made a slight movement, and she was asked by her daughter if she wanted anything. Her reply was: 'No, no, my dear; I want nothing now but Jesus.' In a few hours passed in this delightful frame of mind she gently passed away."

Cleaning a Room for Jesus.—Two lady workers called upon the other woman, and found her lying in a most untidy apartment, with many discomforts around her. After saying a few words to her, one lady said to the other: 'How miserable this place is! I feel I should like to clean it. Will you help me?' There was a little reluctance on the part of the other, for the ladies were delicately nurtured and unused to such work. 'It is work to be done for Jesus' sake,' said the first lady, pressing her. 'Then I will help you,' said her companion. They commenced, and worked until the room was clean and tidy. The sick woman's husband returned home shortly afterward, and found the ladies praying with his wife. He was struck with the great change that had taken place in his home, and declared that he scarcely knew it to be the same room. He said: 'I have been spoken with and prayed with over and over again, but nothing has moved me like this.' He has since, through God's grace, given himself to Christ, and owned that it was the ladies' work that made him think for the first time that there was some good in religion."

Christ Among Lodging-House Refugees.—Mr. Bamford said: "At the close of a recent meeting in a tramps' lodging-house, which I and some of my friends held there, many poor broken-down fellows, with tears streaming down their care-worn faces, were earnestly seeking the way of salvation through Christ. One man touched me on the arm, and said: 'Would you speak with me for a minute?' I knew by the accent of his speech and manner that he had been well educated. 'Surely,' I said, as I followed him into a seat, and he began: 'Since last Sunday, sir, when you were here, I have been very anxious about my soul.' He disclosed the fact that at one time he held a responsible and remunerative position in Ireland, but that drink had dragged him down, until now he had to take refuge in a common lodging-house, but with crushed spirit he sought the Saviour who had been long searching for him. And did He seek in vain? No! the Good Shepherd found the wandering sheep, and he is now safe in the fold."

The Fragments of a Wasted Life.—"I Attended a meeting of students last night, where I heard many testimonies from them of how they had been brought to the Lord; but there was one with which I was particularly struck. A young man rose and said, 'Behold the fragments of a wasted life!' and then he went on to tell us that he had been brought up in a God-fearing household, and that he always had the idea that he was a Christian until he went away from home, and then he found that his Christianity would not stand the wear and tear of life at the University. Gradually he gave up his religious duties, and in a reckless moment he was

induced to buy an infidel book which, after reading himself, he lent to two companions; and his one great grief concerning these two young men is, that one committed suicide and the other is a vagrant in a foreign land. After three years of careless and sinful life at college he returned home. Here he grew worse. At length, wearied of seeing the pained expression on his parents' faces caused by him, he left his home and went to Wales, where he was engaged as a physician's assistant. After living there for some time an epidemic broke out, and he, among many others, was stricken down. One day in the midst of his illness a lady came and sang to him the hymn, 'Nothing but leaves.' 'Ah, that is me,' he remarked, as she concluded. 'You ought to read your Bible in private,' she said. He took her advice, and read on until he came to the verse in John 3:16, 'For God so loved the world,' etc. 'That is the verse for me,' he said, and getting on his knees he asked the Lord to forgive him for the sake of Jesus. The Lord heard him, as He always does hear the cry for pardon."

Beaten by a Brother.—"A Few Days Ago, at the close of a Gospel meeting, I spoke to a young man who was sitting with a rather hopeless look upon his face. 'Are you a follower of the Lord?' I inquired. 'No,' he said, 'I am not, but I should like very much to be saved. It is not for the want of knowledge that I am not; I know my Bible well. But I have a brother who is a professing Christian, and his life is so inconsistent that I doubt if there be much in Christianity, after all. For example: I live with him, and last week he unjustly demanded from me all my wages, and when I refused to do so he beat me, and then told me to go out of his house and never enter it again; so, you see, sir, that is what keeps me from being a Christian.' 'And do you really believe such a man has got a renewed heart?' 'No,' he said, 'I do not.' 'And so you are going to remain unsaved because some one professes to be a Christian who is not; and if you cannot live peaceably together here, how are you going to spend eternity in his company?' 'I do not know,' he rejoined; 'it is very hard.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you will take Jesus at His word to-night He will not fail you.' The result was that this young man closed with Christ. But, oh, what harm such men as this poor fellow's brother can do! How they keep the doubting and the faltering back!"

Forgiven with Dying Lips.—Mr. J. G. Forbes said: "A dearly loved and only son of his father, who lavished all care and love upon him, left his home, and, like the prodigal, sought to satisfy himself with the fleeting pleasures of this world. When far from his home he heard by the lips of a stranger that his father was dying. What a shock this was to him! He determined to see his father once again, if possible, before he passed away, and with this purpose in view he at once set out for his old home, which he reached about nightfall. Knowing the house well, he gained an entrance without any one seeing him. Noiselessly he entered his father's room. There was no one there but the dear father whom he had come so far to see, lying still and motionless—too still the son feared. Breathless and trembling he cautiously advanced toward the bed, and kneeling by its side he buried his face in his hands, and in an agony of grief and repentance sobbed as if his heart would break. Yet his grief, though deep, was not loud, for he intended going as he had come, without being perceived by any one. But while he knelt there, the father slowly opened his eyes, and at once saw the reflection of his son in a large mirror, which stood opposite the bed. In feeble accents, and placing his trembling hands on his boy's head, he murmured, 'My son! my son!' He could say no more. 'My father, will you—can you forgive me?' cried the young man. Clasped there in a close embrace, forgiveness was granted to the penitent boy. If such is the forgiving love of an earthly father, can you, poor sinner, limit the power or love of our Heavenly Father?"

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 16, 1886.

"The earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—GENESIS I: 2.

The Talmagian Version of the Creation—The Threatened Social Chaos—To be Averted by the Church—The Awful Peril—What Anarchy is—Advice to Three Classes of Laborers—Freedom of Workers—No Intimidation of Scabs—Mutual Dependence of Labor and Capital—Their Interests Identical—Relief in Co-operation—In Confidential Relations—In Religious Influence—A Scene at the Gate of Heaven—A Democratic Religion.

OUT in space there hung a great chunk of rock and mud and water and shell. Thousands of miles in diameter, more thousands of miles in circumference. A great mass of ugliness, confusion, and distortion, uselessness, ghastliness, and horror. It seemed like a great commons on which smashed-up worlds were dumped. It was what poetry and prose, scientist and Christian agree in calling chaos. Out of that black, rough, shapeless egg our beautiful world was hatched. God stood over that original

ANARCHY OF ELEMENTS

and said: "Atlantic Ocean, you go right away and lie down there! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there! Mont Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there! Mississippi, you march there, and Missouri you marry it there!" And He gathered in His Almighty hands the sand and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places; and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa, and another America, North and South.

SOCIAL CHAOS THREATENED.

That original chaos was like the confusion and anarchy into which the human race ever and anon has a tendency to plunge. God has said: "Let there be light of law, light of justice, light of peace, light of love!" "No! No!" say anarchic voices, "let there be darkness, let there be cut-throatery, let there be eternal imbroglia, let there be chaos."

Such a social condition many are expecting because of the overshadowing contest between Labor and Capital; there has not been an intelligent man or woman during the last two months who has not asked the question, "Shall we have bloody revolution in this country?" I have heard many answer the question in the affirmative; I answer it in the negative.

THE CHURCH AS PEACEMAKER.

There may be and there have been terrific outbursts of popular frenzy, but there will be no anarchy, for the Church of Christ, the mightiest and grandest institution of the planet, shall, laying hold of the strength of the eternal God, come out, and putting one hand on the shoulder of Labor and the other on the shoulder of Capital, say, "I come in the name of the God who turned chaos into magnificent order, to settle this dispute by the principles of eternal justice and kindness; and now I command you, take your hands off of each other's throats." The only impartial institution on this subject is the Church, for it is made up of both capitalists and laborers, and was founded by Christ, who was a carpenter, and so has a right to speak for all laborers, and who owns the earth and the solar system and the universe, and so can speak for the capitalists.

As for myself, as an individual I have a right to be heard. My father was a farmer and my grandfather, and they had to work for a living; and every dollar I own I earned by the sweat of my own brow, and I owe no man anything, and if any obligation has escaped my memory, come and present your bill when I descend from this pulpit, and I will pay you on the spot. I am going to say all that I think and feel on this subject, and without any reservation, asking your

prayers that I may be divinely directed in this important series of Sabbath morning discourses:

That Labor has grievances I will show you plainly before I get through this course of sermons. That Capital has had outrages committed upon it I will make evident beyond dispute. But there are right and wrong ways of attempting a reformation.

When I say there will be no return to social chaos I do not underrate the awful

PERIL OF THESE TIMES.

We must admit that the tendency is toward revolution. Great throngs gather at some points of disturbance in almost all our cities. Rail-trains hurled over the rocks. Workmen beaten to death within sight of their wives and children. Factories assailed by mobs. The faithful police of our cities exhausted by vigilance night and day. In some cases the military called out. The whole country asking the question, "What next?" A part of Belgium one great riot. Germany and Austria keeping their workmen quiet only by standing armies so vast that they are eating out the life of those nations. The only reason that Ireland is in peace is because she is hoping for Home Rule and the triumph of Gladstonism. The labor quarrel is hemispheric, aye, a world-wide quarrel, and the whole tendency is toward anarchy.

But one way in which we may avoid anarchy is by letting the people know

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

We must have the wreck pointed out in order to steer clear of it. Anarchy is abolition of right of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defence, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means *hell let loose* on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foothold in America take a good look at the dragon.

Look at Paris, where for a few days it held sway, the gutters red with blood and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses, the Archbishop shot as he tries to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or bludgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders. No; there is too much good sense dominant in this country to permit anarchy. All good people will, together with the officers of civil government, cry "Peace!" and it will be re-established. Meanwhile, my brotherly counsel is to

THREE CLASSES OF LABORERS.

First, to those who are at work. Stick to it. Do not amid the excitement of these times drop your employment, hoping that something better will turn up. He who gives up work now, whether he be railroad man, mechanic, farmer, clerk, or any other kind of employé, will probably give it up for starvation. You may not like the line of steamers that you are sailing in, but do not jump overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Be a little earlier than usual at your post of work while this turmoil lasts, and attend to your occupation with a little more assiduity than has ever characterized you.

My brotherly counsel, in the second place, is to those who have resigned work. It is best for you and best for everybody to go back immediately. Do not wait to see what others do. Get on board the train of national prosperity before it starts again, for start it will, start soon and start mightily. Last year in the city of New York there were 45 general strikes and 177 shop strikes. Successful strikes, 97; strikes lost, 34; strikes pending at the time the statistics were made, 59; strikes compromised, 32. Would you like me to tell you who will make the most out of the present almost universal strike? I

can and will. Those will make the most out of it who go first to work.

My third word of brotherly advice is to the nearly two million people who could not get work before this trouble began, and who have themselves and their families to support, to go now and take the vacated places. Go in and take those places a million and a half strong. Green hands you may be now, but you will not be green hands long. My sentiment is full liberty for all who want to strike to do so, and full liberty for all who want to take the vacated places. Other industries will open for those who are now taking a vacation, for we have only opened the outside door of this continent, and there is room in this country for eight hundred million people, and for each one of them a home and a livelihood and a God!

PLENTY OF ROOM.

So, however others may feel about this excitement as wide as the continent, I am not scared a bit. The storm will hush. Christ will put His foot upon it as upon agitated Galilee. As at the beginning, chaos will give place to order as the Spirit of God moves upon the waters. But hear it, workingmen of America! Your first step toward light and betterment of condition will be an assertion of your individual independence from the dictation of your fellow-workmen. You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man, or any body of men, tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work, when you shall work, or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to a labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization, let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand or foot or head or heart.

I belong to a ministerial association that meets once a week. I love all the members very much. We may help each other in a hundred ways, but when that association shall tell me to quit my work and go somewhere else, that I must stop right away because a brother minister has been badly treated down in Texas, I will say to that ministerial association, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Furthermore, I have a right to resign my pastorate of this church and say to the people, "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-by." But I have no right, after I have quit this pulpit, to linger around the doors on Sunday mornings and evenings with a shot-gun to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to take my place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor in this pulpit I become a criminal, and deserve nothing better than soup in a tin bowl in Sing Sing Penitentiary. Your first duty, oh laboring man, is to your family! Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right. When we emerge from the present unhappiness, as we soon will, we shall find many tyrannies broken, and Labor and Capital will march shoulder to shoulder.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

This day I declare the mutual dependence of Labor and Capital. An old tentmaker put it just right—I mean Paul—when he declared: "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee." You have examined some elaborate machinery—a thousand wheels, a thousand bands, a thousand levers, a thousand pulleys, but all controlled by one great water-wheel, all the parts adjoined so that if you jarred one part you jarred all the parts. Well, society is a great piece of mechanism, a thousand wheels, a thousand pulleys, a thousand levers, but all controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. The professions interdependent, all the trades interdependent, Capital and Labor interdependent, so that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill, and the man who breaks cobble-stones at the foot of the

hill affect each other's misfortune or prosperity. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace get their own faces scorched and blackened. No such thing as independence. Smite society at any one point and you smite the entire community.

IDENTICAL INTERESTS.

Relief will come to the working-classes of this country through a better understanding between Capital and Labor. Before this contest goes much further it will be found that their interests are identical; what helps one helps both; what injures one injures both. Until the crack of doom there will be no relief for the working-classes until there is a better understanding between Labor and Capital and this war ends. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor is an adjournment of our national prosperity. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital is an adjournment of our national prosperity. The capitalists of the country, so far as I know them, are successful laborers. If the capitalists in this house to-day would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, here and there a stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of New York and Philadelphia, so far as I know them, were bookbinders or printers on small pay. The carriage manufacturers of the country used to sandpaper the wagon-bodies in the wheelwright's shop.

PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS.

Peter Cooper was a glue-maker. No one begrudged him his millions of dollars, for he built Cooper Institute and swung open its doors for every poor man's son, and said to the day laborer: "Send your boy up to my Institute if you want him to have a splendid education." And a young man of this church was the other day walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and he saw two young men putting flowers on the grave of Peter Cooper. My friend supposed the young men were relatives of Peter Cooper and decorated his grave for that reason. "No," they said, "we put these flowers on his grave because it was through him we got our education." Abraham Van Nest was a harness-maker in New York. Through economy and industry and skill he got a great fortune. He gave away to help others hundreds of thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the scene when I, a green country lad, stopped at his house, and after passing the evening with him he came to the door and came outside and said: "Here, De Witt, is fifty dollars to get books with. Don't say anything about it." And I never did till the good old man was gone. Henry Clay was "the Mill-boy of the Slashes." Hugh Miller, a stonemason; Columbus, a weaver; Halley, a soap-boiler; Arkwright, a barber; the learned Bloomfield, a shoemaker; Hogarth, an engraver of pewter plate, and Horace Greeley started life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket.

The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists, and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.

WHO THE COMBATANTS ARE.

The combatants in this great war between Capital and Labor are chiefly, on the one side, men of fortune who have never been obliged to toil, and who despise labor, and, on the other hand, men who could get labor, but will not have it, will not stick to it. It is the hand cursing the eye, or the eye cursing the hand. I want it understood that the laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where is their investment? In the bank? No. In railroad stock? No. Their muscles, their nerves, their bones, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are the highest kind of capital. The man who has two feet, and two ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers, owns a machinery that puts into nothingness Corliss's engine and all

the railroad rolling stock, and all the carpet and screw and cotton factories on the planet. I wave the flag of truce this morning between these contestants. I demand a cessation of hostilities between Labor and Capital. What is good for one is good for both. What is bad for one is bad for both.

CO-OPERATION.

Again, relief will come to the working-classes of this country through a co-operative association. I am not now referring to trades-unions. We may hereafter discuss that question. But I refer to that plan by which laborers become their own capitalists, taking their surpluses and putting them together and carrying on great enterprises. In England and Wales there are seven hundred and sixty-five co-operative associations, with three hundred thousand members, with a capital of fourteen million of dollars, doing business in one year to the amount of fifty-seven million dollars. In Troy, N. Y., there was a co-operative iron foundry association. It worked well long enough to give an idea of what could be accomplished when the experiment is fully developed.

You say that there have been great failures in that direction. I admit it. Every great movement at the start is a failure. The application of steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but after awhile the world's chief successes. I hear some say, "Why, it is absurd to talk of a surplus to be put into this co-operative association, when men can hardly get enough to eat and wear and take care of their families." I reply, Put into my hand the money spent in the last five years in this country by the laboring classes for rum and tobacco, and I will start a co-operative institution of monetary power that will surpass any financial institution in the United States.

TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

Again, I remark, that relief will come to the working-classes through more thorough discovery on the part of employers that it is best for them to let their employes know just how matters stand. The most of the capitalists of to-day are making less than six per cent, less than five per cent, less than four per cent, on their investments. Here and there is an anacanda swallowing down everything, but such are the exceptions. It is often the case that employes blame their employer because they suppose he is getting along grandly, when he is oppressed to the last point of oppression. I knew a manufacturer who employed more than a thousand hands. I said to him: "Do you ever have any trouble with your workmen? do you have any strikes?" "No," he said. "What! in this time of angry discussion between Capital and Labor, no trouble?" "None at all—none." I said: "How is that?" "Well," he said: "I have a way of my own. Every little while I call my employes together and I say, 'Now, boys, I want to show you how matters stand. What you turned out this year brought so much. You see it isn't as much as we got last year. I can't afford to pay you as much as I did. Now, you know I put all my means in this business. What do you think ought to be my percentage, and what wages ought I to pay you? Come, let us settle this.' And," said that manufacturer, "we are always unanimous. When we suffer, we all suffer together. When we advance, we advance together, and my men would die for me." But when a man goes among his employes with a supercilious air, and drives up to his factory as though he were the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and the moon in his vest-pockets, moving amid the wheels of the factory, chiefly anxious lest a greased or smirched hand should touch his immaculate broadcloth, he will see at the end he has made an awful mistake. I think that employers will find out after awhile that it is to their interest, as far as possible, to explain matters to their employes. You be frank with them, and they will be frank with you.

Again, I remark, relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of

the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community where wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulchre or in the judgment.

An engineer in a New England factory gets sleepy, and he does not watch the steam-gauge, and there is a wild thunder of explosion, and the owner of the mill and one of the workmen are slain. The two slain men come up toward the gate of heaven. The owner of the mill knocks at the gate. The celestial gate-keeper cries, "Who is there?" The reply comes, "I was the owner of a factory at Fall River, where there was an explosion just now, and I lost my life, and I want to come in." "Why do you want to come in, and by what right do you come in?" asks the celestial gate-keeper. "Oh," says the man, "I employed two or three hundred hands! I was a great man at Fall River." "You employed two or three hundred men," says the gate-keeper, "but how much Christian grace did you employ?" "None at all," says the owner of the mill. "Step back," says the celestial gate-keeper; "no admittance here for you." Right after comes up the poor workman. He knocks at the gate. The shining gate-keeper says, "Who is there?" He says, "I am a poor workman; I come up from the explosion in Fall River; I would like to enter." "What is your right to come in here?" asks the shining gate-keeper. The workman says, "I heard that a shining Messenger came forth from your world to our world to redeem it; I have been a bad man; I used to swear when I hurt my hand with the wheel; I used to be angry; I have done a great many wrong things, but I confessed it all to the Messenger that came from your country, and after I confessed it He told me to come up here, and that you may know I have a right to come, there is His name on the palm of my hand; here is His name on my forehead." Then there is a sound of working pulleys, and the gates lift, and the workingman goes in. There was a vast difference between the funerals at Fall River. The owner of the mill had a great funeral. The poor workman had a small funeral. The man who came up on his own pompous resources was shut out of heaven. The poor man, trusting in the grace of Jesus Christ, entered. So, you see, it is

A DEMOCRATIC RELIGION.

I do not care how much money you have, you have not enough money to buy your way through the gate. My friends, you need to saturate our populations with the religion of Christ, and wages will be larger, employers will be more considerate, all the tides of thrift will set in. I have the highest authority for saying that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. It pays for the employer. It pays for the employe. The hard hand of the wheel and the soft hand of the counting-room will clasp each other yet. They will clasp each other in congratulation. They will clasp each other on the glorious morning of the Millennium. The hard hand will say, "I ploughed the desert into a garden;" the soft hand will reply, "I furnished the seed." The one hand will say, "I thrashed the mountains;" the other hand will say, "I paid for the flail." The one hand will say, "I hammered the spear into a pruning-hook;" and the other hand will answer, "I signed the treaty of peace that made that possible." Then Capital and Labor will lie down together, and the lion and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and there will be nothing to hurt or to destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN GIRL.

IN the Christian School at the Santee Agency in Nebraska is a little girl of Indian parentage whose father is a Christian, and is doing all he is able to evangelize his brethren. He is now teaching at Burrill Station, Swift-Bear's Colony, Dak. The *American Missionary* publishes the following naïve communication from his little daughter, dated March 8th, 1886: "My dear lady: I am going to write to you. I am a Indian girl, and my Dakota name is Winona, and my English name is Fannie Frazier. I am 12 years old. I stay here five years. I like to go to school. I read in the Second Reader and Dakota Bible, and White's Arithmetic. I go to school in the morning and we sew in the afternoon. My father is Indian, his Dakota name is Petachnake. He is gone to teach to Swift Bear with my mother and uncle Willie. . . . My father went away in the Fall. The Indians where he is, wear blanket over their head and paint their faces. The men have long hair. They eat rice and bread and wild potatoes and wild beans, and the girls and boys braid their hair in two braids, and wear their shawls over their heads and paint their face, and come in that way to school. When they read, the other boys and girls laugh at them, but they don't be ashamed. When they come to church they come in that way too, and when they sing, they don't sing, they just only hold the book; only my father and mother, they sing; then my father read Bible, and if one boy or girl laugh and play, then their mother told them to stop. One man there has five wives, and they all have children. Every four weeks they go some where and get their food. There are some deers, and the men shoot them. My grandfather is a minister, and his wife is sick. That is all I have to say, so good by."

A CHINESE PHILANTHROPIST.

AN interesting sketch is given in the *Spirit of Missions* of Ahok, a converted Chinaman, who is a great merchant in the city of Foochow. He was, it appears, convinced some years ago of the truth of Christianity, but was prevented making a confession of faith by a business difficulty. His rivals in trade keep their men at work on Sundays as well as other days, and as Ahok employs over a thousand hands, he knew that in becoming a Christian he would be a loser to a serious extent. Four years ago, however, God gave him strength to bear this loss, and he presented himself for baptism. Since that his hands rest on Sunday.

Ahok is abundant in good works and alms-deeds. Though of humble origin, he has by industry, business tact, and integrity risen to a position of great wealth and influence. He has been created a mandarin by the government, in recognition of his many benefactions, one of which is the saving of *innumerable girl babies* by contributing to the support of poor mothers, who without this aid would put their female infants to death. The number of this kind of Mr. Ahok's pensioners is from three hundred to five hundred a year. As regards well-to-do parents, who simply "cannot be bothered with rearing useless girls," he seeks to influence them by pamphlets against the cruel custom of child-murder, and by endeavoring to create a healthy public sentiment on the subject.

Mr. Ahok has acquired the English language, and it delights him to extend the hospitalities of his elegant home to English and American visitors and residents at Foochow. He is exceedingly friendly to foreigners, and gives them his unvarying support when they are in a just antagonism to his own countrymen. He never fails by every means in his power to help and honor all persons connected with Christian missions. Among the very numerous good deeds of this exemplary Christian has been the foundation in a healthy situation in the country of a House of Rest for any over-wearied mission workers.

He has been the means of the conversion of his wife, his mother, and many others. He has two Christian meetings every week at his largest

store, and a monthly one at his residence. He urges and encourages all his relatives, friends, and employés to become followers of Christ, and he himself is a living epistle of Christ known and read of all men. He has not only given \$1000 as a first donation to the new Chinese Christian mission to Corea, but he has accompanied the Rev. J. R. Wolfe and the two Chinese evangelists to that country to see the mission started.

CHARMS AND ORNAMENTS SURRENDERED.

A TEST of sincerity was recently applied in a meeting of converts at the East Central African Mission with results which compare very favorably with those that would follow a similar test in our own land. In the course of a communication from the station of Makodweni, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Wilcox says:

"Converts here have just as much of the earthly element clinging to them as anywhere, and among the few chosen ones there are doubtless the many who were merely called and who may only endure for a time, as is the case everywhere in the world. But we have certainly great reason for encouragement. At our meeting at Mongwe I had been preaching about how the early Christians brought all their wealth and laid it down at the apostles' feet. They—that is, our people here—had professed to have given up tobacco, beer, etc., but that was not enough; they must consecrate all to the Lord and not keep back anything. Now what had they left that they would not give up? With scarcely a moment's forethought as to what I was going to do, but observing their foolish ornaments of iron and brass on their ankles and wrists and dangling from their ears and around their necks, I asked who was willing to lay them down, hardly supposing that one would consent upon the spot. But immediately they began to strip them off.

"Some of these ornaments were grown into their bodies in such a way that we had to send for instruments to cut them off. There were charms of snake skins and bones, to part with which, most natives think, is next to parting with their lives. But, excepting the girls, not one of those who professed Christ went out of that house wearing any kind of ornament."

A PRAYER FOR A MURDERER.

MOST of our readers have doubtless read of the determined attempt made by a burglar to commit a murder on May 5th at Englewood, N. J. Two young men, George and Louis Coe, were returning home on that night, when they saw a light in the Sunday-School Library attached to the school-house. They knew something must be wrong, so they went to the window and looked in. They saw a burglar making up a package of books and a few valuables. They went away, and securing the assistance of a neighbor, returned with him to protect the school property. George Coe was the first to enter the building. No sooner did the burglar find himself disturbed than he drew his revolver and fired. George Coe was hit, and the burglar, apparently resolved to make sure of his work, fired again as he staggered, and continued shooting till he emptied his pistol. Two of the shots entered Coe's body, and a third grazed his temple. He was removed to his home and physicians were called, but they gave no hope of his recovery. The desperate criminal escaped, but has since been captured, and has confessed his crime.

On May 11th we had the privilege of reading a message from the wounded young man, written when he was believed to be near death. It is worthy of record, because it shows the influence of the spirit of Him who prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." There is no philosophy known to men that would lead a young man whose bright earthly career was cut short by an unprovoked crime to the magnanimity it displays. This is the letter, written by the cousin of the sufferer:

"DEAR BROTHER H—: I write at the dictation of my poor cousin, George Coe, of whose condition you have doubtless read in the papers. He lies in a critical state, but bears his pain like a man and a Christian. These are his words to you: 'I desire that you will offer special petitions for my recovery at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and that you will pray that the Spirit may be poured out on the unfortunate man who was the cause of my misfortune, so that he may be led to see the error of his ways and may finally obtain an entrance into heaven.'"

The special petitions were duly presented. We are glad to learn that the latest accounts of Mr. Coe's condition are of an unexpectedly favorable turn, a remarkable absence of fever, and that *one of the bullets*, which could not be probed for on account of the delicate organs near which it had passed, had been *found in the bed*, having fallen out of the wound of itself.

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

A CURIOUS paragraph went the round of the press last week. It was based on a protest made by a Methodist Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania against the appointment of the Rev. J. Lee Gamble as its minister. A number of the members of the church are opposed to him because he holds and preaches certain doctrines. Among them are: That fairs, festivals, and entertainments should not be held in the church; the pastor's salary should not be raised by such methods; Christians should marry none but Christians, and he will not officiate at any marriage in which that principle is not observed, nor when either party uses stimulants or tobacco; Christians ought to wear no superfluous or costly raiment—gold or ornaments; the world is growing worse and not better, and will continue so to do until Christ comes, which event is very near; and God has made provision for sickness as well as sin. The holding and preaching of these doctrines render the preacher unacceptable to the church. They are quoted as evidence of his eccentricity, and as it is further stated that he persists in walking to keep his Sunday engagements instead of using the cars, and that during the war he was confined in Libby Prison for a long time, and left it a physical wreck, though he is now robust *in body*, there is a thinly concealed hint that the man is demented. We are not surprised if his sanity is really doubted. Isaiah spoke of a time when he that departed from evil would be accounted mad (Isa. 59: 15, marg.).

A STINGY MAN'S HAMS.

IN one of Sam Jones's sermons published by Messrs J. S. Ogilvie & Company, of New York, the evangelist tells the following story, as an illustration of the fact that the Christian man has often to fight after his conversion with the devil, who still tries to control him:

There was a very stingy man I heard of once—very scarce, you know, but occasionally you will run across a stingy man. Well, we ran across one down in our country. His wife was a Methodist, and he would go with his wife to church, but he never would pay a dime toward the support of the church—he was very close—and one summer he professed religion and joined the church himself.

Well, shortly after he joined the church the steward went over to his house and spoke to him kindly, and told him: "Our preacher is scarce now of provisions, and I come over to see if I could get some meat from you for the preacher." He had a smoke-house full, and he thought a minute. "Why," said he, "certainly I will give the preacher some meat."

He went out to his smoke-house; the steward sat in the window. He walked out to the smoke-house, unlocked the door, got a big, fine ham down, brought it about half way back toward the house, and stopped and laid it down in the path, looked at it a minute, and turned around and walked back to the smoke-house, got another, and came and laid it down, and he stood

and looked at it a minute, turned right around to the smoke-house and got another, and came and laid it down. The steward was watching him, and saw him look down at the three hams.

The steward could not understand it, but at last he overheard the man mutter: "If you don't shut your mouth, you old stingy devil, you, I will go and give him all there is in the smoke-house." The devil was in him, the devil was in him, and the devil told him every time: "You going to give away that ham?" "Are you going to give away that ham?" And just kept after him, and he tried to hush the devil's mouth by putting in one ham at a time; but finally he silenced him when he said: "If you don't hush your mouth I will give him every ham in the smoke-house." And the devil hushed then.

TEN COMING GREAT EVENTS.

By Rev. M. Baxter.*

(Continued from page 294.)

The Second Stage of Christ's Coming—The Harvest Ingathering of All Living Christians—The Battle of Armageddon—Some Characteristics of the Millennium—Dates Ending between 1898 and 1900.

RECAPITULATION.

A BRIEF recapitulation of the nine stupendous events already noticed will be useful in this place, that a full appreciation may be had of the tenth event, in which they will culminate, and for which they will be a preparation:

FIRST.—Great wars and revolutions commencing not later than about eleven or twelve years before the End of this Age, and completely transforming by eight or nine years before the End, the now existing twenty-three kingdoms or States within the countries of Caesar's original Roman Empire into an Allied Confederacy of Ten Kingdoms ruled by Ten Sovereigns, as represented by ten horns of Daniel's wild beast (7: 24)—viz., *Britain* separated from Ireland, *France* extended to the Rhine, *Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Bulgaria.*

SECOND.—The rise of a Napoleon after the formation of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy, eight or nine years before the End, as an Eleventh Little Sovereign among the Ten Sovereigns—the Little Horn of Daniel 7 and 8, who will presently become "King of the North" (Syria) (Dan. 11: 40).

THIRD.—A great stir, excitement, and inquiry into these prophecies will agitate Christian people's minds when they behold the startling phenomenon of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy and the wars just preceding it, and still more when the Napoleon rises in the East, and becomes King of Syria (Matt. 25: 1-10).

FOURTH.—The making of a seven years' covenant between many of the Jews and the before-mentioned Napoleonic Sovereign (Dan. 9: 27).

FIFTH.—The recommencement of the Jewish daily sacrifices in Jerusalem, about two hundred and fifty days, or eight months and ten days after the date of the covenant (Dan. 8: 14), because it is 2300 days before the cleansing of the sanctuary.

SIXTH.—The coming of Christ peacefully in its first stage to raise to life deceased Christians, and to take them up together with 144,000 watchful living Christians to meet Him in the heavens—constituting the first-fruits ascension—about two years and two weeks after the covenant (1 Thes. 4: 16, 17; Rev. 12: 5; 14: 1-5).

SEVENTH.—A world-wide preaching of the Gospel of the kingdom to all nations, accompanied by a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit, fulfilling the First Angel Message and First Seal in Revelation 14: 6; v. 2; Joel 2: 28-32.

EIGHTH.—Universal war will then rage during the second Seal (Rev. 6) for several months further on, just before the three and a half

years' Great Tribulation, and the ten kingdoms will become Red, Communistic republics, as described in Revelation 17.

NINTH.—The great tribulation and anti-Christian persecution for three and a half years—the second half of the seven years of the Jewish covenant week, during which the Antichrist Napoleon will massacre millions of Christians, especially throughout the ten kingdoms (Dan. 7: 25; 9: 27; Rev. 11: 2, 3; 12: 6, 14; 13: 5).

THE TENTH EVENT.

The coming of Christ, wrathfully in its second stage, to take up to the heavens all remaining Christians converted during the tribulation, and then to descend at the battle of Armageddon to destroy Antichrist and to begin the Millennium, is seven years and two and a half months after the covenant made with the Jews.

This second act or crisis of our Lord's return will be a wrathful manifestation of His presence in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those that obey not His Gospel; but just before His descent to inflict this vengeance, there will be the harvest ingathering to heaven by translation of all the living Christians then found on the earth, and who will have passed through the three and a half years' tribulation. The following passages describe this:

"Immediately after the tribulation of those days . . . they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and shall send His angels, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from the uttermost parts of the earth" (Matt. 24: 29-31; Mark 13: 25).

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. These are they that came out of the great tribulation" (i.e., the tribulation of three and a half years described under the seals in Revelation 6; 7: 9-14).

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

is then fought immediately after the ingathering to the heavens of the great multitude of the elect.* It is described in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, and the fourteenth of Zechariah, and the thirty-eighth of Ezekiel. After this, the spared remnant of mankind will be converted, and will inhabit the earth in successive generations during the Millennium of 1000 years, and will be ruled by the glorified resurrection saints coming down from the heavenly Jerusalem from day to day. Thus will Christ, with His immortal saints, personally reign for 1000 years over the mortal inhabitants of the earth. (Read Rev. 19, 20, and 21; Ezek. 39; Dan. 7: 14; and last chapters of Isaiah and Zechariah.)

THE FOCUS PERIOD.

The following prophetic dates apparently terminate between A.D. 1898 and 1900 as the End of this Age or Dispensation, and Personal Descent of Christ on Mount Olivet (Zech. 14: 1-4), and beginning of the Millennium of 1000 years (Rev. 20). The 6000 years are universally believed to be typified by the six days of Creation, each representing 1000 years, to be followed by the seventh day of Millennial rest—the seventh thousand years (Rev. 20). Thus we are living in the Saturday night of the World's Week. The Chronology of Usher, adopted in the marginal references of Bibles, places Christ's Nativity about the year 4004, but the recent researches of Clinton and others show that Usher missed at least one hundred years out of the whole period of the Judges, making that period to be about three hundred and fifty instead of four hundred and fifty years, as stated in Acts 13: 20. "He gave them Judges about the space of four hundred and fifty years."

Usher gives B.C. 1444 in Joshua 14 as the date of the dividing of the land of Canaan and the beginning of the period of the Judges, and B.C. 1094-95 in 1 Samuel 12 as the date when the era

of the Judges ended. This gives only three hundred and fifty years for the reigns of the Judges. Christ's birth was really about 4104, or in general terms, 4100, *Anno Mundi* (i.e., in the year of the world).

THE SEVEN TIMES.

The 2520 years, or seven times (7 × 360 year-days) is the whole Chronological length of Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic Image representing the duration of the four universal Gentile Empires prefigured by it—viz., the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Macedonian, and Roman Empires (see Dan. 2: 31-45; 7: 4: 16). It commenced at the Babylonian Empire's full establishment, about B.C. 620, and reaches to A.D. 1900.

The 2300 years (Dan. 8: 14), with the supplementary forty-five years, is explained in Daniel 9: 24, 25 to have its first sixty-nine weeks of years, or four hundred and eighty-three years measured off from it and terminating with the cutting off of the Messiah—the crucifixion of Christ—which took place, according to the late Duke of Manchester and other eminent chronologists, between A.D. 36 and 38, for the birth of Christ seems to have been about A.D. 3 or 5 in the Christian Era.

The 2300 years terminate simultaneously with the 1290 years, and therefore from their joint termination in 1853-55 there are forty-five years more (the prolongation of the 1335 beyond the 1290, Dan. 12: 11, 12) to elapse before the time of full blessedness; and forty-five years added to 1853-55 end between 1898 and 1900, as the End of this Age. The 1260 years of the Mahomedan Antichrist treading down the Holy City Jerusalem (Rev. 11: 2-9) commenced with the Mahomedan capture of Jerusalem, A.D. 637-38, and end A.D. 1897-98.

The three and a half years of the Slaying of the Witnesses will then follow from 1897 to 1900, if they are to come just after the 1260 years. The 360 years in Rev. 10: 6 which described the Reformation about 1545 is denoted by "a time" or year (360 year-days). Hence the Angel's declaration, "There shall be a Time No Longer," means that there does not remain so long a period as 360 years from 1545—i.e., that the End will come before 1905.

THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

AT this time, when students of prophecy are expecting the approaching manifestation of the Napoleonic Antichrist, much interest attaches to the schemes devised by the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty, which included a conception of European dictatorship. A curious and deeply-interesting manuscript* recently discovered among a quantity of historical papers confirms this fact. The manuscript was unfinished, unsigned, and undated, but the finder, M. Lalanne, succeeded in identifying its author, by his handwriting, as Claude Fauriel, who was a professor at the Sorbonne when Napoleon was made First Consul. Fauriel, who was a keen and vigilant observer, says: "Bonaparte had formed the project of uniting and concentrating in his own hands, not only all the authority of the French Republic from within, but also all its influence on neighboring countries. Several States, all independent of each other, and each governed by its own laws, were to form the various portions of one and the same empire under the rule of one and the same hereditary and absolute chief, who should have a special right over and a particular title in each of these different districts." Fauriel goes on to show how this plan of Napoleon's was to be executed, by beginning with the smaller States near at hand, and gradually drawing in the more powerful kings by discrediting them with their people. We know now how Napoleon's scheme collapsed at Waterloo, but the mighty Napoleon of the last days will cherish the same hope which his master, the devil, will give him the power to realize (Dan. 11: 21-24).

* Reprinted from articles published in 1873.

* Matt. 24: 30, 31; Mark 13: 24-27; Luke 21: 25-27; Rev. 7: 9-17; 11: 15-19.

* "The Last Days of the Consulate." Pp. 328. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

- The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
- The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
- An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
- A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
- A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
- Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
- An instalment of a Serial Story.
- An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
- Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

"The Christian Herald"
has for many years had
full permission to publish
my sermons. I shall continue
to revise them for this
paper which is growing
with miraculous
rapidity in circulation
influence and moral
power.
T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 4th 1886

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Ominous Fall in the Price of Silver Took place in Europe last week. At this reduced rate the silver in our standard dollar is worth less than seventy-eight cents. Thus it would be possible to buy in Europe, for one hundred dollars in gold, enough silver to make one hundred and twenty-eight and a half silver dollars. Obviously our persistence in coining silver has not had the effect on the world's markets that was expected from it.

A Remarkable Decrease in Exports of Provisions is reported by the chief of the Bureau of Statistics. The report shows a falling off not only for the month of April but for the preceding four, six, and twelve months. The articles affected are beef, pork, and dairy products. The decrease for the month as compared with April, 1885, is \$635,652. For the four months ending April, 30th, compared with the corresponding period of last year, it is \$7,253,254. Beef and pork only for six months, show a reduction of \$9,910,992. Dairy products for the year ending April 30th, as compared with the year before, are less by \$4,405,134.

The Seizure of the American Ship, David J. Adams, by the Canadian Government, might at other times and in other circumstances lead to international complications, but in these happier days ought to be easily arranged. The treaty of 1818, under which the schooner was seized, stipulates that the bays and harbors of the Dominion shall be open to American fishermen seeking shelter, repairs, wood, or water, but not under other circumstances. The David J. Adams entered to purchase bait, which was clearly a purpose not covered by the treaty. The captain seemed to be aware that he was infringing it, for he tried to prevent identification by covering the ship's name with canvas, and he had also neglected to secure the permit which the United States laws require every ship to carry, which is sailing to a foreign port for trad-

ing purposes. It may be hoped that there is sufficient good feeling and common sense in both countries to prevent the incident being magnified beyond its proper proportions. The treaty of 1818 seems to have outlived its usefulness; more reciprocal privileges than it permits would be mutually beneficial.

The Eight-Hour Labor Movement has, it appears, met with success chiefly in the trades not subject to foreign competition. *Bradstreet's* circular states that the number of men who have joined in the demand is 325,000. Of these it has been conceded to 150,000 without a strike, and to 35,000 after striking, leaving 140,000 still on strike or defeated. The most successful men have been those engaged in building, furniture-making, and in the manufacture of machinery and agricultural implements. In some cases where the concession has been made, it will be withdrawn after certain contracts have been completed.

The Best Boycott Ever Proclaimed is Advocated by the chief of the Knight of Labor, who, as a rule, hates all boycotts. In a circular issued last week he advises every Knight of Labor to *boycott intoxicating liquor* for five years, and adds: "The firmest link in the chain of oppression is the one I forge when I drown manhood and reason in drink." In the same circular Mr. Powderly also expresses very emphatically his *abhorrence of violence*. He says: "We have had some trouble from members who talk about buying guns and dynamite. If the men who possess money enough to buy guns and dynamite would invest it in some well-selected work on labor they would put the money to good use." It may be hoped that the words of so influential a man will have their effect on the workingmen of the country.

Herr Most, the Anarchist Editor, was Arrested on May 11th in New York, under a warrant charging him with inciting to murder. At a meeting on April 23d, he advised workingmen to buy rifles and bayonets, and when they had them to "*rise and take what belongs to you.*" For these words the grand jury indicted Most and others who made speeches at the same meeting. The others were easily captured, but Most succeeded in evading the vigilance of the police. As often happens his vices led to his capture. A woman with whom he held vicious relations was watched, and Most was caught hiding under the bed. He was dragged out and carried to prison, where he was held in bail. An arrest in circumstances so ignominious ought to render Most ridiculous in the eyes of his followers, who might still have continued to believe in him had he faced the not very serious danger boldly.

A Series of Violent Storms Involving a heavy loss of life were reported last week. The first visited Kansas City, Mo., on May 11th. As it was not a tornado, the calamity which resulted was probably due to the insecurity of the public buildings. The first indication of its approach was a darkness at noon almost like night. Suddenly, the wind rose with a force that swept all lighter objects before it, overturned vehicles, and broke in the windows. Torrents of rain fell, with some hail, until the streets looked like rivers. The tower of the Lathrop School building yielded before the wind, and with the huge bell hung in it fell upon the roof, and plunged through the intervening floors to the basement. The building was full of children, one hundred of whom were precipitated with the falling floors to the wreck below. Fifteen were killed on the spot, and many more were badly injured. The Court House also was ruined by the storm, but the court had been adjourned a short time before, and only one life was lost. A factory and a mill were also blown down and ten persons were killed. Twenty others lost their lives in other parts of the city. On the following day a cyclone passed over parts of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and West Virginia inflicting serious losses. The village of *Odell* was nearly swept out of existence. Public buildings, houses and barns were wrecked, and many people were killed, and others fatally injured. At *Xenia, O.*, the fatali-

ties were appalling. The storm became a cloud-burst, and was accompanied by thunder and lightning. It reached that city about ten o'clock at night, and continued until midnight. The river rose, broke through the embankment, and deluged the city. The deaths from falling buildings and drowning numbered twenty-nine, and there are many persons reported missing. From many other places distressing reports continue to arrive.

An Important Meeting of the Opponents of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule for Ireland was held in London on May 14th. Its object was to cement the unnatural alliance of the Marquis of Hartington with Mr. Chamberlain and their respective followers. Lord Hartington declared that the pledges from Liberals to oppose Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill were sufficient in number to make the rejection of the bill on its second reading a certainty. The defeat of the bill, he said, would cast a heavy responsibility on him, which, however, he was quite prepared to accept. Several gentlemen made brief remarks in which they stated their determination to oppose any measure brought forward which did not equally apply to the whole kingdom. The prediction of Lord Hartington is confirmed by other authorities. Even the *Daily News*, Mr. Gladstone's organ, now despairs of the bill. It intimates, though probably without the Premier's authority, that if defeated he will resign, and leave the country to be governed by the Conservatives. From them the Irish will obtain no concessions. Lord Salisbury, who would be the head of a Conservative administration, ventilated last week his idea of the proper way to govern Ireland. He said: "Ireland wanted a firm, consistent policy—a firm government. That was the policy of the Tory party. He recommended that a portion of the money with which it was intended to buy out the Irish landlords should be spent in helping the Irish to emigrate. This, he said, would be the best remedy for Ireland." This statement displays the peer's lack of statesmanship. Firmness in the past has aggravated the discontent of the people, and emigration directly aids the opponents of English rule. Almost every Irishman who emigrates denies himself that he may save money to be spent in fighting England.

Confirmation of the Statements Made Last year by the *Pall Mall Gazette* is furnished in a cable dispatch received from London last week. It will be remembered that several American journals declared that the awful revelations then made were false, that no such crimes as those described were perpetrated, and that the monsters of vice then pilloried existed nowhere but in the brain of Mr. Stead. On May 11th, a man named Thomas Gibney, described in the London Directory as "*a gentleman*" was arraigned in a London police court for the offences described by Mr. Stead. The charges against the prisoner are of having assaulted since last December *forty children* under the age of sixteen years. The girls were all daughters of workingmen. The developments in the case have aroused intense indignation, and the authorities have had difficulty in saving the "*gentleman*" from the fury of the parents of his victims.

A Destructive Tornado Passed over the Spanish capital on May 12th. It struck Madrid shortly after sunset, and the scene of disaster is described as overwhelming. Cabs, carriages, omnibuses, and tramcars had the greatest difficulty in moving, the horses and drivers being literally blinded, while people bolted affrighted into the doorways of the cafés. Over the din of the gale, mingled with peals of thunder, were heard the shrieks of women and the crash of broken glass from falling windows. Chimney-pots and tiles were flying about and hit many fugitives. In one street alone eighteen were killed and eighty-nine wounded. In the outlying districts the loss of life was still more severe. Though the news did not reach the queen of Spain until late at night, she immediately drove through the city to see that the injured were properly cared for.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of \$7, as follows: N., New Salem, \$4; Denbigh, Ont., \$1; Toledo, O., \$1; Paterson, N. J., \$1.

An Important Letter to Clergymen on the labor troubles was issued by Assistant Bishop Potter last week. In it he calls the attention of the clergy to the fact that among their congregations are a large number of employers and men who control the capital of the country. He urges every clergyman to remind his hearers of the law of brotherhood which Christianity brought into the world, "and both by precept and example taught men that they whose was the stewardship of exceptional gifts, whether of rank, wealth, learning, or cleverness, were not to treat them as their own, but as a trust for the whole community." He also recognizes a fact too much forgotten in the present day, that "what the laborer wants from his employer is fair and fraternal dealing, not almsgiving, and a recognition of his manhood rather than a condescension to his inferiority." The bishop appears to realize what class of society it is that is in most need of exhortation. We are glad to notice that the bishop *does not arouse the hatred of workmen* against religion and religious teachers by urging unemployed men to go and take the places vacated by strikers.

A Prayer Appropriate to the Labor Crisis was prepared by Bishop Potter, and issued to the clergy of New York last week, for use in the Protestant-Episcopal churches. It is as follows: "Almighty God, who in the former time leddest our fathers forth into a wealthy place, and didst set their feet in a large room, give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to us their children, that we may always approve ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor, and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Defend our liberties, preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion, from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we intrust in Thy name with the authority of governance, to the end that there be peace at home, and that we keep our place among the nations of the earth. In the time of our prosperity, temper our self-confidence with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble suffer not our trust in Thee to fail. All which we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea whose Portrait and life appeared in this journal on December 3d, 1885, has been holding a series of services in Peterboro', Ontario, Canada. A letter from that place says: "Our town has been profoundly moved, through the instrumentality of Mr. Schiverea, the evangelist, who left us last Saturday. The names of more than six hundred professors of conversion have been taken by those who were engaged in the work. He attended over eighty meetings during his stay of less than four weeks. He appears to be indefatigable—physically, mentally, and spiritually. He has gone to Lindsay, where similar success appears to crown his labors."

The Services Conducted by Messrs. Jones and Small at Columbus, Miss., have been abundantly blessed. A correspondent of the *Observer* writes: "Our city has been the scene of a wonderful work of grace, under the preaching of the Georgia evangelist, 'Sam' Jones, and his colleague, Mr. Small. Their work has been followed by a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit of God. On Sunday, May 2d, the communion of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches, to which were admitted respectively two hundred, forty-five, and twelve new members. The Baptists received about fifty. The aggregate amounts to something over three hundred, besides others who came from different parts of the State to participate in the glorious

revival. The entire absence of emotional excitement was very marked."

Citizenship was Refused to an Applicant last week in a Brooklyn, N. Y., court. On May 13th a German presented himself in Judge Moore's court, and producing his certificate of declaration, asked for his naturalization papers. When the Bible was offered to him he declined to take the oath, and said that he did not believe in any obligation. He offered to affirm, however. Clerk York made him wait to see Judge Moore. The judge scrutinized the applicant very closely and asked: "Do you believe in the views expounded by John Most?" "I don't know. I may believe in them one of these days." "Then you are not well disposed toward the Government of the United States," said Judge Moore, "and are therefore not a fit person to be naturalized. You may go." The applicant departed with a look of unbounded amazement on his face. Apparently he had supposed that, having complied with the forms of the law, he would receive his papers as a matter of course. There is reason to fear that a similar surprise far more terrible in its results awaits some who rely on baptism, confirmation, or church membership as their title to citizenship in the kingdom of God (Luke 13: 26, 27).

A Congressman's Romantic Marriage is De-scribed in the *Cleveland Leader*. It states that one of the happiest couples now in Washington, D. C., first met on a battlefield in Kentucky. After the battle, a Confederate soldier was lying on the ground with a terrible shot wound in his leg. The troops were all gone, and only the dead and dying were left on the field. The soldier lay in agony, expecting to die, when he saw a number of young ladies from the town of Cynthiana come upon the field. One of them came to his side and spoke kindly to him, brought him water, raised his head, and made him as comfortable as she could. Noticing how his misery was increased by the rays of the sun beating on his uncovered head, she collected a number of ramrods, which were lying around, and stuck them in the ground. Over these she spread her shawl, effectually shielding him from the glare. He recovered from his wound, and, after the war, sought out the lady who had succored him and made her his wife. He is now in Congress, and the affection existing between himself and his wife is often the subject of remark among their friends. Doubtless the lady has given her husband, since their first meeting, many proofs of affection, but it was her kindness when he was lying wounded and helpless on the ground which first won his love. It is so with the Christian. He rejoices in oneness with his Lord, and learns more every day of His infinite love; but it was in the compassion displayed by the Son of God on Calvary that the union had its birth (1 John 4: 19).

A Curious Phenomenon was Witnessed in Georgia after the recent freshet. The people of Macon have found an enormous deposit of sand in the swamp and fields. The sand is as fine and white as that seen on the beach on Cumberland Island. It was known that this sand was washed upon the lands by the freshet, but where it came from was a puzzle when it was remembered that the river bottom and banks are of the reddest mud. The mystery has been explained. When the Harrison freshet occurred in 1841 the dwelling of a certain farmer at Juliette was levelled to the ground and the contents scattered. The waters subsided and left a deposit of this white sand several feet deep. A few days ago the farmer, having occasion to visit a portion of his land that he had not seen in some time, found the place bare of the sand that had lain on it for forty five years. He found there a number of articles that belonged to his parents which had been lost in the freshet of 1841, and had remained buried ever since. There were also wheel tracks on the hard clay made by wagon wheels at that time. And thus the sand that had been left on the land near Juliette by one freshet was, after nearly half a century, taken up by another freshet and deposited on

the lands near Macon. The traces of the past found by the farmer must have seemed to him like the opening of a grave. So will it be in the revelations of the last day. Long-forgotten acts will come to light, and the marks of our passage through life will be visible (Luke 12: 2).

A Shower of Dead Birds fell in Chicago on May 9th. When the watchman of the Board of Trade building made his rounds, he found on the sidewalks and streets in front of the tower a large number of dead birds of all sorts. A little later the electrician came down and said that the roof was covered with dead birds, and each of the electric lamps in the big circle of light was filled with them, one globe having eight birds in it. They were of every known variety, and many were unfamiliar species. All shades and colors were there, scarlet, blue, pink, red, canary, mottled black and white, and there were some snipe and plover among them. The theory is that they were migratory flocks, going from south to north, and were attracted by the electric lights in the great lantern, which killed them the moment they touched it. One cannot but feel a touch of pity for the beautiful little creatures thus drawn to their death. It is infinitely more mournful to see young people drawn aside in their spiritual course by the glitter of the light of "science, falsely so called," or of ambition or pleasure, to the destruction of their souls (1 Tim. 6: 20, 21).

Seven Long Forgotten Bonds were Presented for payment at Indianapolis, Ind., last week. The State auditor was notified by a financial firm that a correspondent of theirs had seven bonds of the State of Indiana, one for \$4000 and six for \$1000 each, and asking what steps would be necessary to secure their payment. The bonds were sent for examination, and it was found that they are twenty-year bonds, bearing five per cent interest, issued by the State under the act of the Legislature of 1846, authorizing the issue, and further reading indicated that they were sold soon after coming into the hands of the original holder to a woman, who is still alive and demanding their payment. With interest the demand is for \$24,000. The payment will probably be refused, as the accounts are closed and none of the present State officers are able to trace their issue. A suit to enforce payment will be brought. The claimant has herself to thank for the difficulty she will have in getting her money. Had she claimed the interest regularly as it became due, as she was entitled to do, the bonds would not have been forgotten by the State. Her negligence resembles the conduct of some professors who regard their religion as a life insurance to take effect at death. Of the benefits they might derive from it day by day during life they claim none (Isa. 51: 12-15).

Five Hundred Dollars Reward for the Re-covery of a hat was offered and paid in New York last week. It was said to have been lost from a train, but the trackmen were so pestered about it that they thought it must be at least a murder case that was being fathomed. The hat was found in the possession of a track-walker on Friday. The detective immediately turned back the leather lining and pronounced the hat the one they were in search of. He handed the finder \$10. The reporter learned that the owner of the hat had promised the detectives \$500 for its restoration. It had been blown from his head while passing from one car to another during a railroad journey to New York. It was not the hat he was anxious about, but a letter, which he had concealed under its lining. If that letter had been found and published, disgrace would have fallen on two families of high social position, and proceedings in the divorce court would have been commenced. So, by the payment of \$500, the writer and the receiver of the letter escape exposure for this time. It would be well if their narrow escape leads them to amend their ways, but that is not the usual result. It more frequently leads to a continuance in evil courses, in forgetfulness of the fact that exposure more humiliating and punishment more terrible are certain (Eccles. 12: 14).

HOLDING FAST OUR PROFESSION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering (for he is faithful that promised)." — HEBREWS 10: 23.

A Timely Exhortation—I. What we have—Faith—Hope—The Topmost Stone—Hope of Christ's Second Coming—Resurrection Hope—II. What we have done—Made a Profession—Counting Age from Second Birth—The Water Mark—The Profession Renewed—III. What to do—Hold Fast—The Faith as well as the Profession—When Confession becomes a Necessity—Preaching by the Feet—IV. The Reason for it.

THE apostle is drawing certain inferences from the covenant of grace, upon which he has been enlarging. He shows that God has made a covenant with His people by which they are effectually preserved. "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord; I will put My laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." He shows that by this covenant the fear of returning to our old sin is removed, and the guilt of our sin is forever put away. Then he tells us that since we are put in such a blessed position—a position which is altogether unique—it becomes us to hold fast to what we have received. Since the glorious Gospel has done so much for us, let us never quit it. Let us not dream of giving up that divine principle which has wrought us such blessedness; but "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."

I pray God the Holy Spirit to bless these words as we shall think them over. May He make this meditation a means of establishment to us, that, while we hold fast the profession of our faith, the blessed truths of that faith may also hold us fast as an anchor holds a ship! Never was there a time in which this was more needful. That exhortation, "Let us hold fast," might well be written on the cover of every Christian's Bible. We live in such a changeable age, that we need all to be exhorted to be rooted and grounded, confirmed and established, in the truth.

I. First, then, dear brothers and sisters, let us think of

WHAT WE HAVE

by the grace of God. If we read the text according to our present authorized translation, we have *faith*. If we have not this faith in possession, let us pause here and ask for it; and let us confess to God the great sin of unbelief in not believing in such a one as the Son of God. Yet it would not be true for us to say—some of us—that we do *not* believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for we do. We have no other confidence. Where could we find any other? If Jesus were to say, "Will ye also go away?" we should be compelled to answer, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." If the question be whether we have perfect holiness, we must answer it in the negative, to our great sorrow. If the question be whether we are highly advanced in divine grace, we should not dare to say that we are. It would be immodest if we put forth such a pretension; but if the inquiry be, "Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" then without hesitation we reply, "Lord, we trust Thee with undivided faith."

It is not a matter of question with you, dear friend, is it, as to whether you know Jesus to be the Son of God, very God of very God? It is past all question with you that Jesus bore your sins in His own body on the tree. You have no doubt about His wondrous death and His marvellous resurrection from among the dead. You also believe that He will shortly come to be our Judge—that He will gather the nations before Him, and that He will reign King of kings and Lord of lords. Your faith, then, in the Lord Jesus Christ is not a matter of "if" and "but;" you stake your salvation on it. I can truly say that if what I preach be not true, I am a lost man. I have invested all that I have

in Christ. If this barque sink I drown, for I cannot swim, and I know no other life-boat.

You have faith; nor does your faith confine itself to the belief in the person and work of Christ, and to a simple trusting of yourself to Him; but you believe all that is revealed in relation to Jesus. A truth may sometimes amaze you because of its greatness; but that does not stagger your faith; for your faith deals with mysteries, and is familiar with sublimities which it never dreams of comprehending. We may imagine this or imagine that; but we think nothing of our imaginations. Our faith deals with what God says, not with what learned men think. What the Spirit of God has written in this inspired Book is truth to us, and we allow no human teaching to rank side by side with it. Well, then, we have faith—faith that believes, faith that learns, faith that reclines, faith that trusts herself entirely in the love of God, faith that can say, "Father, into Thy hand I commit my spirit."

SECOND ADVENT HOPE.

But another reading—and a very good reading, too—runs thus: "The confession of our hope." Oh, yes, beloved, if we have faith we have hope. We will take both renderings; for they are both correct in fact if not in the letter. If I begin to describe our hope, I must begin with what, I think, is always the topmost stone of it—the hope of the second advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for we believe that when He shall appear, we shall also appear with Him in glory. We know that He has gone up into heaven. His apostles saw Him as He ascended from Olivet, and we believe the words which the angels declared soon after His departure to remind us of His coming again: "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." We expect Him to descend in person, and we hope ourselves to behold Him in that day. We expect Him to stand in the latter day upon the earth, and in our own flesh risen from the dead, we expect to behold our Saviour and our God. This is the glorious hope of the Church.

We have faith, and we have hope, and we know that we have them. Are we not enriched with the grace of God? Where faith and hope are found, love cannot be far off; for the three divine sisters are seldom separated. Let us love the Lord who has given us the first two.

II. Secondly, we have gone a step further than the silent possession of faith and hope. We have made

A PROFESSION OF FAITH,

and a confession of our hope. I am not going to say much about this, but to remind you of certain joyously solemn facts. You remember the time, dear brothers and sisters, when first you made a profession of your faith. It may do many of us good to go back to those early days. We are getting on in years, some of us, but we do not wish to feel old; at least, we want to keep as much of the freshness and joy of youth as we well can. Cheerfulness is most becoming in Christian men; we have a life within us of later birth than that which our mothers gave us, we will therefore measure our age from our second rather than our first birth. I like to see the old man grow young when he talks of Christ; let him on that point become enthusiastic, even as in his boyhood.

Perhaps some of you remember the place, the spot of ground, where Jesus met with you. If you do not, at least you recollect when you first whispered to your own heart with trembling hope, "I think I know the Lord." There was great tenderness of conscience upon you then, and you would not have professed what was not true for all the world. You said within yourself, "I half said that I was a believer; but I do not think I dare say it again." Yet within a short time it oozed out again, when you were in company and felt forced to defend your Saviour. It was true of you in a blessed sense, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee. Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth." At last it grew so warm round about you, that you thought you

might as well come out for Jesus and derive help from the confession. The adversaries were ferreting you out, and you thought you had better come out and say, boldly, once for all, "It is even so." It was a day of great trembling, but of great joy, when first we avowed our faith in Jesus!

We want soft cushions now; we cannot stand to hear a sermon now, nor yet travel very far, especially in damp weather. It is very strange that we should have become so delicate; but it is so. How many miles we could walk when first we knew the Lord; the miles have grown much longer lately, or else our love has grown much shorter! Those were blessed days—changeable, showery, with little more than the dusk of dawn about them; but still there was a morning freshness about them upon which we look back with supreme delight, and somewhat of regret. Then was it a time of love, a season of buds and flowers, and song-birds, and overflowing life and hope.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

To me it is a solemn memory that I professed my faith openly in baptism. Vividly do I recall the scene. It was the third of May, and the weather was cold because of a keen wind. I see the broad river, and the crowds which lined the banks, and the company upon the ferry-boat. The word of the Lord was preached by a man of God who is now gone home; and when he had so done, he went down into the water, and we followed him, and he baptized us. I remember how, after being the slave of timidity, I rose from the liquid grave quickened into holy courage by that one act of decision, consecrated henceforth to bear a life-long testimony. By an avowed death to the world I professed my desire henceforth to live with Jesus, for Jesus, and like Jesus. Oh, that I had been more faithful to that profession! But there it was, and I am not ashamed of it, nor wishful to run back from it. Ah no! I bear in my body that water-mark, that fulfilment of the Holy Scriptures, which saith, "Having your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and your bodies washed with pure water."

"High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest time I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

Let us remember also the many times in which we have repeated that profession of faith, that confession of hope; for instead of retracting it, we have gone on to repeat it. We have been marked anew with the King's name. If you ask how you have renewed your vows, I reply: you have done it many a time at the table of communion. And beside that, in many a prayer-meeting you have been present, and by your very presence have expressed your belief that it is not a vain thing to wait upon God. You have repeated your profession in the shop, and in the market, and in the place of business, and among your friends, and in your family, and to the partner of your life. I again break in upon the latter part of my discourse by saying, after all these times in which we have worn our Master's livery, shall we desert Him?

THE COST OF IT.

We have considered how we began this profession, and we have also seen how often we have made it since. Let us think for a minute what it has cost us. Has it been worth while to be on the Lord's side? Religion has cost many of its disciples somewhat dear; but it has cost nothing compared with its worth. What bashfulness it cost you to make the first confession of your faith! What a struggle it then appeared! You were weeks, some of you, before you dared to come and see such an awful person as the minister, to speak of your conversion to him. It had taken you weeks even to tell it to your wife, or to your husband. The dear soul, for once, seemed to grow into a very dragon when you wanted to tell him that you had found the Lord. I have known parents terribly afraid to let their children know of their conversion.

They were never half so afraid of sinning as they became afraid of being charged with repenting. You surmounted that difficulty, did you not? You cried to God about it, and you obtained courage; and now you wonder how you could have been so foolishly timid. Do not in future fall into the same fears.

WELCOME OSTRACISM.

But perhaps some of you lost the friendship of many by becoming disciples of the Lord Jesus. I know one who became a member of this church; she had moved in high and fashionable circles, but she said to me, "They have left me—every one of them." I said, "I am very thankful; for it will save you the trouble of quitting them. They will do you no good if they profess to be your friends; and they will do you less harm by giving you the cold shoulder." It is about the best thing that happens to a Christian man when worldlings cut his acquaintance. "Come ye out from among them," is to many a severe command; but all difficulty is removed when the world turns out from us, and casts out our name as evil. Still, it has cost many a tear, and many a sigh for the first believer in certain families to take up His cross, and come right out and follow Christ. "Canting hypocrite," "snivelling pretender"—such titles, and worse, they are quick to throw at us. It is but natural that the world we leave should give us a parting kick. Have ye suffered these many things in vain? Will ye now go back? Will ye turn again to the beggarly elements of the world, after having confronted persecution, and borne the enmity of men? No, by the grace of God you will "hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering."

THE GOOD OF IT.

"But what good does our profession do?" says one. I would say: Much every way. It is in itself a grand thing for his manliness for a man boldly to say, "I am a Christian." It is good for a soldier of the cross to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard by being openly known to be a Christian. The world then ceases to urge its coarser temptations. The enemies know whereabouts you are, and do not raise that question again. To show your colors may not appear to be a great thing, but to many it is half the battle.

Besides, the open confession of our faith has a good influence upon others. How could there be a Christian Church at all if every Christian man concealed his faith in his own bosom? If you love your Lord and have faith and hope in Him, do not delay to come forward and own His name and cause. Say boldly, "Where are His people? I will join with them. Do they meet with any reproach for obedience to Him? I will share that reproach. Have they any work for Christ on hand? I will take my share of that work."

THE DUTY.

III. The third point is to be, what are we now to do? I have entrenched upon it already, and I have done so intentionally. The answer is, we are called upon to hold fast the profession of our faith. Of course this includes the holding fast of your faith. The things which you have believed, continue to believe. Hold you fast to the old truth. The ships in yonder port are swinging with the tide just now. Please God they will swing back to the same place when the tide turns. They have done so before. There came a day when our churches almost all went round to Socinianism, and then their chapels were empty, and their day of power was gone. Earnest men rose up and preached the old Gospel again, and there was a grand revival. Now they are going off again, turning every man to his own error, save that the Lord has a faithful company that hold fast the faith, and will not let it go, and these will live to see a great revulsion of feeling yet. If they do not, that is a small matter to them; to be faithful to their God is their first and their last business.

But that is not the text. It is hold fast your profession of faith, your confession of hope; that is to say, stand to what you have done by

way of open avowment of these things. Constantly keep up your confession. There are times when you will be inclined to put your flag away into the canvas case, and hide your coat of arms in the cellar. Then you may fitly judge that the devil is getting advantage over you, and that it is time that you

CEASED TO BE BEGUILLED

by his sorceries. Tear up the wrappings, throw the bag away, and nail your flag aloft where every eye can see it. Whenever you feel inclined to be ashamed of Christ do not deliberate, but say, "This is wrong. There is coming over me something that I must not endure. If I were in a right state of mind I should never feel like this." Never yield to shameful cowardice; scorn such detestable meanness. Out with it, man! Out with it! If you might have gone on peaceably, and said nothing about your religion, yet whenever you feel at all afraid to do it, then say, "Now I must do it. I cannot allow my principles to remain in question." Only when you are out-and-out for Jesus can you be in a right condition. Anything short of this is full of evil. Since Satan tempts you to hide your faith, feel that He seeks your harm, and therefore come out all the more decidedly.

INCONSISTENCIES.

Beloved friends, may God help us never to do anything contrary to the confession of our faith. I have heard of such a thing as a Christian man making a confession of his faith by paying sixpence in the pound in the Bankruptcy Court. They say that he is making a good thing out of his failure. He is making his own damnation sure if he is robbing his creditors and yet professing to be a Christian. Here is a man making a confession of his faith. He is a very good Christian man in his own esteem, but he also knows a good glass of wine, and is most fluent when he is getting far into the bottle. Have drunkards any hope of eternal life? Look at yonder professor, he is going across to the saloon to stand at the counter and drink with those who blaspheme. That is his way of confessing his faith, I suppose. It is not mine. Have I not seen Christian women become noisily angry, and say harsh things to their servants? That is showing your Christianity, is it?

I do not want to be sarcastic, but I want you not to tempt me to be so. If you love the Lord, live as if you loved Him. Let us all try to do so; and let us watch that we never undo with our hands what we say with our tongues. I heard in Lancashire of some people who preached with their feet. It is the best way of preaching in the world. By your walk and conversation you will preach twice as well as by your talk. Your tongue is too soft a thing to influence dull minds; you must influence such by your lives.

IV. I may not detain you many more moments; and therefore let me answer the question

WHY ARE WE TO DO THIS?

We are to hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, because he is faithful that has promised. Have you found Him faithful? Has the Lord failed you? Has the Lord been untrue in His promises to you? If He has, then do not hold fast your profession. If, after all, it has been a mistake and a delusion, then give it up. But if He is faithful that has promised—if He has kept His word to you, and helped you in your trouble, sustained your heart under burdens, comforted you in the dark hour of trial—if till this moment you have proved the power of prayer, the wisdom of providence, and the truth of the sacred word, then deal with my Lord as He has dealt with you. Be not faithless to the Crucified. Oh, be not Judas to Him who is Jesus to you.

I have heard of a husband and wife who felt their love for each other to be so strong, that they almost wished to go through the wedding ceremony again, to show how content they were to bear the easy yoke of married love. Many of us could say the same. We would also be joined anew to our Lord. Let us afresh take upon us His yoke. Let us put our shoulder down to the

cross again, and commence again to serve the Lord Jesus with the love of our espousals and the freshness of our earliest days. May the Lord bless us to that end. While we are doing this, I hope that others who never did love Him before will now say, "We will come with you and begin a new life from this good hour." It will be a happy, happy circumstance if this should be the case. God grant it may be so with many, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A FAMOUS PAINTER.

ALLUSION is often made in sermons and books to certain wonderful pictures of scenes in the life of Christ which are the work of the great Dutch painter, Rembrandt. In a recently published work* we find a suggestive criticism upon these pictures before which our preachers stand for hours, and come back with new power, inspired by seeing portrayed on canvas the ideas they have sought to embody in their sermons. M. Viardot refers to the dictum of another great critic that, "notwithstanding his immense defects, Rembrandt is perhaps the first painter in the world." Viardot adds: "I should leave the 'defects,' but should omit the 'perhaps.'" One of his earliest works was "The Presentation in the Temple," painted in 1631. Later examples are: "The Disciples Going to Emmaus;" "The Good Samaritan;" "The Woman Taken in Adultery;" "The Adoration of the Shepherds;" "The Crucifixion;" "The Nativity;" "The Resurrection;" "The Descent from the Cross;" "The Ascension," a picture in which the artist has succeeded in lighting up the canvas with the brilliancy emanating from the body of Christ; and "Ecce Homo." Of this last Viardot says: "The figures are of life-size. Jesus is in the centre, almost naked, with a girdle round His loins, a reed in His hand, and the crown of thorns on His head. On the right Pilate is washing his hands of the blood of the Innocent, one woman is pouring water for him from a golden jug, while another is holding the ewer. Rembrandt, the reformer, the enemy of tradition and Catholic pomp, and who understood the Gospel not in the Greek and pagan manner of the Renaissance, but in the simplicity of the Middle Ages, has painted the *Christ of the Beggars*. He succeeded, by force of expression, gesture and sentiment, and the great power of light and shadow, in making a work so wonderfully beautiful that words are wanting to convey any idea of the brilliancy with which it is radiant, or to express the emotion and admiration it excites in the soul. . . . I find in his pictures of history taken from the New Testament a fresh proof of the superiority of sacred subjects, of the supernatural—in short, even when it is reduced to the natural."

AT WILSON'S CREEK.

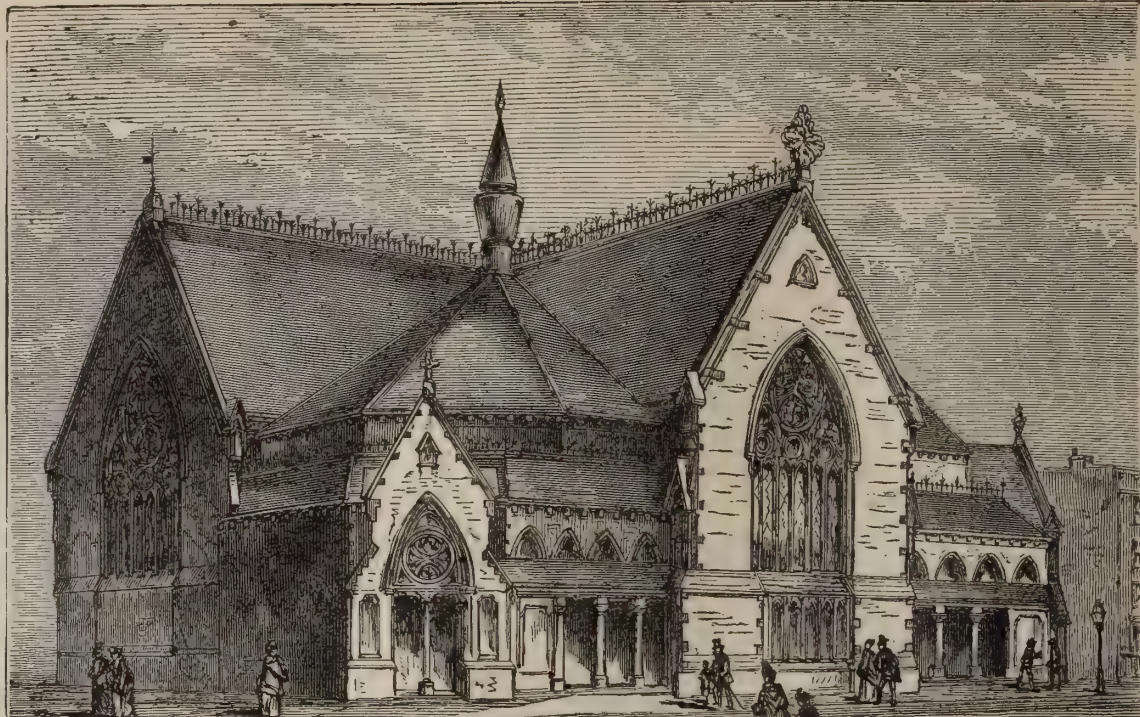
Though the battle of Wilson's Creek is not reckoned among the great battles of the war, there was more depending upon its issue than any one knew at the time, and than has been fully recognized since. The following extracts, describing incidents in that battle, are taken from a recently published work† by one who fought in the battle, and who also relates succinctly, yet fully, from the Southern standpoint, the political and military events which preceded it: "From the summit of Bloody Hill Lyon could see the entire field. It all lay before him, its outmost limits hardly a mile away. He knew now that Sigel had been defeated, and that the troops which had put him to flight would soon be coming, all flushed with victory, to join the force which Price was getting ready to hurl against his own disheartened men. He could see Gratiot hurrying even now with five hundred fresh troops to give vigor to the assault that was about to be made on his own weary

* "Wonders of European Art," by Louis Viardot. Illustrated. Pp. 335. Price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Broadway, New York.

† "The Fight for Missouri: From the Election of Lincoln to the Death of Lyon," by Thomas L. Snead. Pp. 322. Price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Miss Rose E. Cleveland.



The Brooklyn Tabernacle.

men, broken down as these were by a long night march and by five hours of the very hardest fighting; could see him clambering up the hill-side now, himself and his men eager to fight under the eye of the brave soldier that was leading them to death or to victory. . . . He saw all this and more; and there was no hope left within him but to dash upon Price with all his might and crush him to the ground before the gathering forces could come to his help. . . . Price guarded carefully every part of his line. Wherever the danger was greatest and the battle most doubtful, thither would he hasten, and there would he stay till the danger was past. . . . Many a time did his men cry out to him, 'Don't lead us, General; don't come with us; take care of yourself for the sake of us all; we will go without you.' Several times his clothing was pierced with bullets, one of which inflicted a painful wound in his side. Turning with a smile to an officer that was near him, he said: 'That isn't fair; if I had been as slim as Lyon that fellow would have missed me entirely.' No one else knew till the battle was ended that he had been struck." The death of Lyon a little later is thus described: "Walking along his line from left to right, encouraging his men by his own intrepid bearing and a few well-spoken words; rallying them when they were beginning to give way; steadying them when they still stood to their duty; inspiring them with his own brave resolve to make one more effort to win the day while there was yet time to try, Lyon had nearly reached the advanced section of Totten's Battery, when his horse, whose bridle he held in his hand, was killed, and himself was wounded in the leg and in the head.

Stunned and dazed by the blow, and his brave soul cast down by the shock, he said in a confused way to those that were nearest that he feared the day was lost. But he came quickly to his senses, and ordering Sturgis to rally the First Iowa, which was beginning to break badly, he mounted a horse that was offered to him, and swinging his hat in the air, called out to his men to follow. A portion of Mitchell's Second Kansas closed quickly around him, and together they dashed into the fight. The next minute Mitchell was struck down, severely wounded, and almost simultaneously a fatal ball pierced Lyon's breast. He fell from his horse into the arms of his faithful orderly, who sprang forward to catch him, and in another minute he was dead."

MISS ROSE E. CLEVELAND.

(See Portrait on this page.)

THE sister of the President, and the present mistress of the White House, is a lady of remarkable talent and attainments. She is the youngest of the nine children of Richard and Anna Cleveland. She was born at Fayetteville, N. Y., in 1846, being therefore now in her fortieth year. When she was seven years old her father accepted the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Holland Patent, near Utica, and the family removed thither. A short time afterward Mr. Cleveland died, and the family quitted the parsonage.

Rose's education was then carried on by her widowed mother until she was ready to enter Houghton Seminary. Her career at that institution was a brilliant one. She graduated with the highest honors and afterward remained as a teacher. Two years afterward she was appointed principal of the Collegiate Institute at Lafayette, Ind.

The illness of her mother subsequently recalled Miss Cleveland to Holland Patent. She devoted herself with filial affection to ministering to her aged parent, meanwhile delivering a course of historical lectures to the students of Houghton Seminary. Mrs. Cleveland died in 1882, but her daughter continued to make Holland Patent her home, though frequent demands for her services as a lecturer rendered her life one of continual movement. The election of her brother to the Presidency in 1884 introduced her to new and responsible duties as the mistress of the White House. These she has discharged with a dignity and grace that have won for her the admiration and esteem of the somewhat exacting society of Washington.

Miss Cleveland's book on "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies," published last year, established her title to a high place in the ranks of the literary world. It indicated the possession of remarkable gifts, careful culture, and brilliant thought. One passage from its pages will show its religious tone. "I would study history," says the author, "in order to make my standing firmer in religious faith. In these days of ebb and quicksand, when agnosticism rears its stone wall in front of faith and writes upon it in black letters the end-all and be-all of all knowing, the unknowable, we have need to go where God is to confirm our faith in Him. And God is in history; He is there because the human soul is there. 'Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground.'"

THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THERE are doubtless many of our friends who read with interest and profit the sermons of Dr. Talmage printed in these columns from week to week who have not had the privilege of hearing the eloquent preacher in his own church. To all such the picture of the building in which those sermons are delivered will be welcome.

The Tabernacle is a massive building of brick and stone, capable of seating five thousand persons, and finding standing room for one thousand more. The style of its architecture is the Gothic, but, by a skilful adaptation, the acoustic defects for which Gothic edifices are notorious have been overcome. The interior is like an amphitheatre in the shape of a half moon. In the centre of the straight wall is the platform, and around it the seats are arranged in a semi-circle, rising gradually as they recede from the platform. A gallery, in shape like a gigantic horse-shoe, runs around the building, springing from the two sides of the straight wall, while in a recess between the two ends of the horse-shoe is a magnificent organ. Thus, the ideal of a speaker is achieved in the blending of the congregation on the floor and that in the gallery in one audience. The visitor feels that he is in a building of the Italian style until he raises his eyes to the roof, where he sees the graceful Gothic arches, and recognizes the triumph of architectural skill in the union of the two styles. By an ingenious arrangement the organist's keyboard is separated by the platform from the instrument, so that a nervous preacher is spared the irritation of having the organist at his back while he is preaching. There is no rail around the platform, and nothing upon it but a small table and a chair for the preacher's use.

This is the second edifice erected for the church since Dr. Talmage became its pastor, seventeen years ago. In 1869 a building capable of holding twelve hundred people was far too large for the Central Presbyterian Church. Whether it had more than nineteen members we do not know, but certain it is that the call to Dr. Talmage, which was apparently unanimous, was subscribed with only nineteen signatures. A year afterward a new church was needed, and it was necessary to have it large enough to hold three thousand persons. That was filled to overflowing, and in 1872 it had to be enlarged. Scarcely had the extension been made when the whole building was burned to the ground. "Well, the building was never large

enough," was the comment Dr. Talmage made to the trustees as they gazed mournfully on the smoking ruins. Arrangements were immediately made for the erection of the present edifice, which holds just double the number of people that could be crammed into its predecessor. It was built in a year, and was dedicated January 22d, 1874. The trustees doubtless thought it would be large enough, but if one of them would drop his official character and go to the Tabernacle some Sunday morning as a visitor, and stand during the service among the perspiring crowd that fills aisles, corridors, and lobbies, he would wish the place had been built a little larger still, so that at any rate he might have been able to stand without the sensation of being under a hydraulic press. Not only has the congregation thus grown beyond the bounds set for it, but the nineteen of the inner circle of 1869 have grown to thirty-three hundred and fifty, and additions to their number are continually being made.

STEPHEN AYLMER'S TEMPTATION.

(See Illustration on this page.)

It was lunch-time, and workmen and clerks were hurrying out of warehouses and workshops on their way to the restaurants. There was only half an hour at their disposal, and every minute was precious. Time did not seem of much value, however, to Stephen Aylmer, a bright young clerk who came out of Crosby's with a number of others. He turned in an opposite direction to his comrades and walked to the bridge over the river, which was not much frequented at that hour of the day. Here he leaned on the parapet, and taking off his hat that the wind might cool his heated brow, he looked off in the distance with a gaze which was full of trouble. He was wrestling with a problem that has perplexed many Christians older than he. He was wondering how it was that trouble after trouble came in quick succession on his godly parents, while wicked men enjoyed an immunity. There was a crisis at home even then. A sick father, a delicate mother, two young sisters, and an execution in the house. That was why, hungry though he was, that Stephen Aylmer did not go to the restaurant with the others to get a lunch. Money was needed at home, and while his father was sick no money could be had but the little Stephen was able to take there. It was not for himself that Stephen cared, however. The cloud on his face was drifted there by the consciousness of what those he loved were suffering.

"Is that the way you spend your time, young man?" said a voice behind Stephen.

"This is our lunch-time, sir," the young man said, as he turned and recognized a merchant with whom he had been brought in contact during his engagement at Crosby's.

"Is this where you get your lunch?"

"No, sir; I did not feel like having lunch today, so I came here to be quiet."

"I noticed your name on that receipt you gave me yesterday. Are you a son of Richard Aylmer?"

"Yes, sir; he is my father. He is very sick just now."



Stephen Aylmer's Reverie Interrupted.

"Sorry to hear that. I knew him well some years ago. Will you give me his address? I'll call and see him."

Stephen wrote the address down for him. "By the way," said the merchant, "was there anything wrong with your accounts yesterday? I noticed that you seemed surprised."

"Yes, sir, but there was nothing wrong. I had several accounts to pay, and Mr. Crosby gave me a considerable sum over what I needed to pay them. I thought there was a mistake when I found it out at your office, but I have learned since that it was a test of my honesty. I am told that Mr. Crosby did it purposely."

"I do not like such tricks," said the merchant. "Did you feel tempted?"

"I am sorry to say I did for a moment. We need money badly at home, sir, and last night there was a special need. I had the surplus in my pocket as Mr. Crosby told me to hand him the accounts this morning. The thought crossed my mind that Mr. Crosby might never ask me for it, but it was only for a moment. My father and mother have always taught us to be honest."

"And you gave it in this morning, did you? Was Mr. Crosby surprised?"

"No, sir. I expected he would be, but, you see, he knew all about it."

"Still, he ought not to put temptation in any young man's way. Good-by. Tell your father I shall look in upon him soon," and the merchant went his way, and Stephen returned to his desk.

Stephen had spoken lightly of the ordeal through which he had passed, but, in truth, the temptation had been severe. It so happened that the surplus which he supposed to be a mistake would have relieved his family of a pressing claim—in fact, the one for which the execution had been levied. Happily, his parents' training had been supplemented by his own conversion, and the sophistry by which Satan wins so many

victims was foiled in Stephen's case.

That night as he wended his way homeward his heart was full of sadness. It might be that he would find the poor furniture which the family owned carried away in satisfaction of the debt, and he knew his father was little likely to survive such a shock. In the crowded streets his thoughts were raised in prayer to God that in some way deliverance might come. Like many other Christians, Stephen's faith in the efficacy of prayer was largely theoretic. It was therefore with amazement that on his arrival at home he found the whole family rejoicing over a deliverance exceeding his most sanguine dreams. Not only was the pressing debt paid and money provided for immediate wants, but an offer was awaiting him of employment at a far higher salary than he was now receiving, and with prospects of advancement. The merchant who had spoken to him on the bridge was God's agent in answering his prayer, and even before he uttered it, it had been answered. That was only the first of many experiences that Stephen could have quoted in answer, if, in after days, he had been asked, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" (Job 21:15.)

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 303.)

A Labrador Christmas.

AFTER the departure of the sledge, life at Eschol fell back into its ordinary routine. Contrary to all expectation, Lena was actually recovering, to the very great pleasure of Juliet, because she regarded the Esquimaux as a kind of spiritual child of her own.

Again the sledge returned with a letter, the last received from Bethabara, though the pastor's absence was yet to last for weeks. Brother Wilhelm wrote that only one more death had occurred, that of an Esquimaux child; it was hoped that with care all the rest of the stricken ones might recover, and no new case was reported. "What troubles me most," wrote the pastor, "is that Fritz is unwell. I trust and pray that he is not sickening for small-pox, he does not himself think that he has taken the infection." Though this account of the younger missionary caused anxiety to his friends, yet, on the whole, the report from Bethabara was good, and fervent thanksgivings were offered in Eschol.

One of Juliet's favorite amusements was to consult her companion about the "heaps of things" which she intended to send from home to astonish the Labrador folk.

"Eighteen months hence, little Ruth will be able to enjoy a doll's house," said Juliet one day, when the fast falling snow prevented her being able to sally forth. "I should like to see her delight. But how she will pity the wax babies for being clothed in nothing better than white muslin, and how short a time the muslin will remain white in those chubby, oily little hands! Oh!" continued Juliet with a mirthful laugh. "I must see Ruth for once clean, perfectly clean! I believe that she would be shades whiter, and her mother would hardly know her

again. I have set my heart on giving my little Puffin a thorough good washing."

"It must be in warm water, then," said the practical Anna.

"Trust me for that!" cried Juliet; "I would not run the risk of losing a finger, or impairing my little Puffin's beauty by a frost-bitten nose! But, oh, what will be the use of washing the baby if I have to put on it again that horrid seal-skin! I wish that I had something for a warm little dress."

"Everything has gone to Bethabara," said Anna, "except, indeed, some sheets of cotton wadding with which you might quilt some lighter material, were any at hand."

"I have it!" exclaimed Juliet, suddenly; "I will turn my wretched pink dress, and make a quilted garment out of the skirt! The Esquimaux baby shall come out as a Labrador rose, and walk—or crawl—in silk attire!" The idea of Ruth so dressed in an igloo brought a smile to the lips of Anna. Juliet ran for her despised, discarded dress; could even *that* be turned into something useful! It would be, Juliet thought, a type of its former wearer.

The maiden set to work with childish glee. A little pink hood to the quilted dress was not forgotten. It was trimmed with some scraps of white fox-skin, which the careful Anna had preserved, but had not thought worth sending to the convalescent patients.

Whether the little garment made by Juliet Erle would have been admired in the fashionable circles in which she had formerly moved, might be more than doubted; but not her most elaborate piece of German-work had ever looked so well in her eyes. She completed her task on the shortest day of the year, chiefly, of course, by lamplight, and it made the day seem short indeed.

The next thing was to sally forth for the baby; the cold had been so intense that the snow which had fallen on the preceding day had been frozen quite hard; there was no need to walk in snowshoes, of which a pair, of huge dimensions, was hung up in the porch.

Juliet ventured out, and soon returned with a warm little bundle in her arms, completely covered up, head and all, with a blanket. She disappeared with it into her room, where a kettle was steaming. Juliet had at first to coax the obstreperous and recusant baby, who was of a conservative disposition, and counted the power to remain dirty as among an infant's rights. But Juliet overcame opposition, and was too busy in her occupation, close to the fire, to notice any noise from without.

Anna, who had now quite recovered from the effects of her fall, had been left engaged in knitting a Christmas comforter for her husband, in the little parlor, into which Juliet's apartment opened.

Presently the reformer emerged from her room in a triumphant spirit, holding the pink-coated and hooded baby aloft in her arms. As Juliet exclaimed, "Is she not a beauty?" to her astonishment she confronted Fritz.

"A beauty, indeed!" was his joyful reply; and then Juliet perceived that Anna was embracing her husband.

Yes, the travellers had returned safely, in a borrowed reindeer sledge which had brought them at speed over the waste. Except that Fritz looked thin, neither were the worse for their errand of mercy, and both were in joyous spirits. Almost the first thing that struck the eye of Juliet was that Fritz's shoulders and chest were swathed in her own gray plaid.

"You think me a robber!" cried Fritz, playfully, as he observed her look of pleased surprise. "The fact is, that as head physician, nurse, and hospital inspector, I had to burn my upper garments as well as other people's, were it but for the sake of example. Now, had I driven a sledge hither with no better protection than such clothes as Brother Hans kindly supplied, I might have turned to an icicle on the way. I thought it, therefore, lawful for a time to take a loan of your plaid, which I will honestly

return to you as soon as I have an opportunity of supplying my wants by the chase."

"I never wish it back," exclaimed Juliet; and she thought, as she turned away with tearful eyes, "Fritz is far more worthy than I am to wear my Maria's plaid."

The mission-house now seemed quite gay. The pastor was delighted to be in his own home again, and to see his wife, except as regarded defective sight, able to resume her household duties. Anna was perfectly happy with her good man beside her once more. Warmly and gratefully Anna spoke of the ministrations of Juliet, filling the hearts of her hearers with joy.

Then what a pleasure it was that the absentees were back in time for Christmas, whose festivities would have been so saddened had they remained away! The simple-hearted Moravians much enjoyed making preparations for the annual treat. Without Fritz's help how could the Christmas-tree have been prepared, with its glittering tapers and pretty trifles, conspicuous among which were pink silk bags made by Juliet out of the remnants of her dress, which, furnished with needless, thread, and tape by Anna, made splendid school prizes for girls. Juliet learned the art of making paper flowers, as not a vestige of a real one was to be found. A text executed in moss on white cotton which looked like snow, was an object of great admiration, *Glory to God and good-will toward men*, the angel's message to a fallen world, cheering the Labrador wilds. Then there was practising of carols by an Esquimaux choir, tutored by Anna and Fritz, to hail the glad morn with songs of praise.

After divine service in church, the mission house was thrown open to Esquimaux guests, and Juliet was surprised to see with what scanty materials an entertainment could be made that afforded so much delight. There was the ingenious card-board model of the Bethlehem stable, kept carefully from year to year for the grand occasion. There were a few mechanical toys which delighted the men as much as the children; and pictures, of the brightest colors, to amuse and instruct, and show the natives of the north the strange animals, lions, tigers, and elephants of the south. Home-manufactured cake, thickly iced, with steaming coffee, was handed round. Juliet served, and smiled, and enjoyed herself as if the sky were bright and the earth clothed with verdure. She had never known a happier Christmas than that passed in Eschol.

A week later, on New Year's Day, before sunrise, she wrote in her journal: "The year has closed; to me what a marvellous year! How darkened with trials! how gemmed with mercies—a golden pattern on a sable background! It is strange to recall how I began it! I danced in the New Year, light of heart, thankless for mercies past, all unconscious of dangers near. I recollect pausing in the whirl of the dance, partly to take breath, partly to rearrange my wreath, which had been a little displaced by the rapid motion. I was by the mirror which was over the mantelpiece, under which a profusion of costly exotics belied the winter season, and the ormulu clock at that moment chimed out the hour of twelve. I intuitively counted the tinkling strokes.

"The Old Year's knell, and the New Year's welcome," said Dermot Denis, my lively partner. 'He comes like a carrier with a sealed parcel for every one of us. Don't you wish that you could break the seal and peep in?'

"What should I see?" said I, lightly. 'A huge bundle of invitations to dinner-parties and balls, varied with concert tickets and opera tickets, and railway tickets when the season is over. Life is so same, one can always guess beforehand what is coming.'

"I hope that my packet contains an elephant and half a dozen tigers," said Denis, laughing: 'for I am off to India next month.'

"In search of adventures," I observed.

"I once read an absurd poem," said my partner, 'about a fellow possessed of second sight,

who at a party like this, given to dance in the New Year, saw a shroud mysteriously enfolding every guest who was to die within the twelve month.'

"What a horrid idea!" cried I.

"And after the poor seer had noticed this and that person laughing or dancing, all unconsciously swathed in the snow-white shroud, he chanced to glance downward, and—luckless chap!—what should he see but the cold, white, misty mantle wrapped around his own breast!"

"The writer of such an odious story should be condemned to walk the streets dressed in a shroud for a penance," laughed I. 'Shall we go on with the dance?'

"Oh, surely I was then a dead soul myself, wrapped in a shroud of vanity! *She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth*. I now believe that word to be true. Could I have opened my sealed parcel in that ball-room, how fearfully startled I should have been! How the lights would have faded before me, the loud, lively, exciting music have sunk to a wail! And yet I can thank God even for the miseries—the horrors that were then before me; they were links in a chain to draw me out of my living tomb!

"And now another sealed packet lies before me; would I open it if I could? No; but I am certain that it contains blessings. *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life*. No Christian need fear the future.

"In all probability I shall leave these shores in the course of the year. It seems strange that the thought does not bring one unmingled pleasure. I shall part with pain from those whom I have learned to reverence and love—pious, simple-hearted Pastor Wilhelm, Sister Anna, the wise and true, and Fritz. Even Lena and Ruth, and other brown-skinned Esquimaux, it is a sorrow to think that I shall never look on their faces again. I do not think that I ever made a true friendship till last year, and my friendships seem only made to be broken. I had scarcely time to know my angel Maria before I lost her, and now Sister Anna, and the rest, oh, thank God, there is a meeting-place above! My tears are dropping on the page.

"I shall have difficulties before me, I foresee, on my return home. I cannot lead the same giddy life that I did before I knew the love of Christ; I could not bear to lead it, so unsatisfying, so insipid. But if I adopt any other, what opposition I shall meet with from all my friends and relations! I see before me Cecilia's stare of surprise when I tell her that I do not care for balls any more, that I will not go to the opera; Dora will be dreadfully angry. The Maddens, Aycotts, Lady Belinda, all will count me no better than a fool. I shall be the butt of Gertie's endless jests—harder to bear than her mother's anger. The thought is a burden on my soul. Yet why should it be such a burden? To be counted a fool for Christ's sake, should I not deem it an honor? Is there not a special 'blessed' which could never be applied to me if I always lived with those dear good Moravians?

"I must find some work at home to do for God; that, as it seems to me, is a necessity for every Christian. But oh, how I need some one to advise me and teach me how to begin! If Maria had only been living! I shall have no one on earth to consult, but that will make me more earnestly seek the help of my Lord. He has given to my soul its hunger, and He will supply the manna.

"Night.—We exchanged kindly greetings this morning, good wishes for the opening year. The dear old pastor was in an unusually playful mood. 'I wish you,' he said to me, a joyful return to your native land, and plenty of little puffins to clothe, though not perhaps in garments of rose-tinted silk. And to you,' he continued, turning to Fritz with a meaning smile, 'I wish—what I know to be one of heaven's choicest gifts—a good wife, the best wife in the world except *one*,' and his loving glance rested on Anna.

"Fritz flushed to the roots of his hair. This

is the first time that I have heard his coming marriage alluded to in his presence. I am sure that he felt embarrassed, and I noticed that dear considerate Sister Anna instantly changed the conversation.

(To be continued.)

JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.

S. S. Lesson for May 30, John 6:1-21. Golden Text, verse 35. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

The People Attracted—Wonder, Curiosity, and Personal Need—A Baseless Assertion—Men Convinced by Miracles—Philip under Proof—Provision in the Hand of Omnipotence—The Despised Fragments—At Sea without Jesus—The Disciples Afraid—What Jesus Brings with Him.

AFTER a season of teaching in Jerusalem, treating especially of the spiritual and physical resurrection of the dead, Jesus returned to Galilee, where He continued His ministry of love and prayer. On one occasion He crossed the Sea of Galilee, and "a great multitude followed Him, because they saw His miracles which He did on them that were diseased." Wonder and curiosity, as well as personal need, had conspired to bring them together. Many of them had brought sick ones with them at great inconvenience, for "they followed Him on foot out of the cities" (Matt. 14:13). His design had been to go apart for a little season of rest (Matt. 14:13; Mark 6:31-33). But Jesus never made a plan which He would hold to through thick and thin, come what might. He knew that the ordering of all things was in His Father's hand, whose wisdom was unerring. Therefore, when the people followed Him, He did not tell them that He was reserving that time for rest, and fretfully tax them with want of consideration, as many Christian workers have done under similar circumstances. No; "Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and healed their sick" (Matt. 14:14).

THE USE OF MIRACLE.

Men say that the healing of the sick and the signs, which God has ordained to "follow them that believe" (Mark 16:17), are not needed in our days. Whence comes such an idea? Surely not from God; nor yet from those who, looking out on the vast extent of darkness in the heathen world, see how very small a proportion make even an outward claim to be Christian; not from those who see that the larger part of outward Christianity is but a kind of modified heathenism, full of superstition and worldliness; not from those who are aware that even the larger number of converted people are living lives of no spiritual power. Men need something which shall be an evidence to their senses that God is God, and that He does answer prayer; and there is a something in their hearts which cries out for a real God, which is appealed to when the sick are healed by Him without outward means before their very eyes; when answers to prayer, for which there is no other way of accounting but by the fact that God is real, are taking place in their very midst. Wherever these things occur there the multitudes draw together, whether they be heathen or nominal Christians. God's power in healing convinced Naaman that there was "no God in all the earth, but in Israel" (II Kings 5:15). The plagues of Egypt led the magicians to say: "This is the finger of God" (Ex. 8:19). Nebuchadnezzar was led to the knowledge of the true God by seeing His witnesses unhurt in the fiery furnace, and he cried: "There is no other God that can deliver after this sort" (Dan. 3:29)!

THE TEST OF FAITH.

Jesus was the first to think how the multitude needed food. He is full of consideration all the time, and for everybody. "He saith unto Philip, Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? And this he said to prove him: for He Himself knew what He would do." Many of the difficulties we meet with day by day are sent to prove us, whether we will fall back on

our own poor, easily-exhausted resources, or whether we will endure "as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11:27); whether we will look at "the things which are seen and temporal, or at the things which are not seen and eternal" (II Cor. 4:18). Philip did what most would have done under similar circumstances—he began to take stock of what was in hand. But Jesus, the Creator of all things, was there, and "He Himself knew what He would do." Thank God, He who sees the future knows always what He will do. At this very moment Jesus sees right through the thing which is puzzling you, dear, perplexed child of God. You cannot understand your experience, nor God's dealings with you; you don't see how things can work out right; but He sees all. There is nothing hidden from Him; let Him have the helm of your little ship, and all will be well.

Philip's calculation only landed him in perplexity. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." And from whence should come two hundred pence, and where was the store out there in the wilderness? Even at this computation each one would have only "a little"! But the Source of the manna in the wilderness was there; yet Philip had not grasped the fact; he saw only what was according to nature. "How can this difficulty be overcome?" thought a Christian worker. "My fellow-workers do not see with me, and misunderstand my motives in everything; the work is suffering, and yet any word on the subject is unendurable to them; I see the cause of God injured, and there is no way out of it." But Jesus "Himself knew what He would do," and in His own way, above and beyond the conceptions of man, He adjusted the whole matter. "One of His disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto Him, There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" This was the human side. God was about to reverse the question, "What are they in the hand of Omnipotence?"

THE ATTITUDE OF FAITH.

"Jesus said, Make the people sit down." God loves to have us "sit down." "Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word;" and He said of her, "One thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her" (Luke 10:42). "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste" (Cant. 2:3). We sit down to receive as we rest, to receive while we do nothing else. "The men sat down." It is when we sit down that God rises up. "Jesus took the loaves." Resources in His hands are resources in creative hands, transforming hands, adapting hands, almighty hands. He gave thanks before man saw the fulness of provision, and then He distributed. By the time the bread and fish had reached each man and woman and child it was "as much as they would." Andrew's conceptions of "a little" for each one were left far behind, Philip's computations were nowhere. Oh, how, again and again, the words of John the Baptist must have come back to them, "There standeth One among you whom ye know not" (John 1:26)!

"When they were filled, He said unto His disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." When God fed His people with manna in the wilderness, each man must gather for himself; under the law man must help himself. But Jesus feeds with His own hand those who come to Him for the Bread of life, and the disciples whom He bids to carry it to them gather up the fragments which the multitudes break off, and in which they see no value. Oh, how much there is in the fragments, the little words of Jesus, those things which the Spirit reveals to us as left behind by others! They have not noticed them, but they are rich treasure to us. The fragments were more than the original provision; they gathered twelve baskets of "the fragments of the five barley

loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten."

A great impression was made upon the multitude by this miracle. It went from mouth to mouth, "This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world." Those who had before doubted Him had now no doubt that He was the Messiah. But they looked for no other but a reigning Messiah, such as we are all looking for when Jesus comes again. These hardy Galileans were about to "take Him by force to make Him a king." But this was not the mind of Jesus. "He departed again into a mountain Himself alone." "I receive not honor from men" (John 5:41).

The disciples were left alone, and they took ship "and went over the sea toward Capernaum." Darkness had come on, and "Jesus was not come to them." To be without Him, when they were wont to have Him always near, was an incalculable loss. The sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. Had Jesus been in the ship this need have caused little or no anxiety. Yet how often, even when Jesus is with us, we are unconscious of

HIS PRESENCE,

because we are occupied with the things we see and feel! He who could feed the multitude could also still the waves. He who could save us from "everlasting punishment" can also reverse, in the present moment, all the engines of Satan's artillery which are brought against us. Ruin may stare us in the face, but the silver and the gold are His, and we belong to the same Owner. Our Christian reputation may be at stake, and all our influence for God seems to be losing ground; but He to whom that reputation and that influence really belong has His hand upon the mainspring of circumstances, and, if fully trusted, He will bring all out right. If the learned Moses had to pass through the shepherd life in the desert of Midian to the leadership of God's people Israel; if Joseph had to pass through slavery and unjust imprisonment to the rulership of Egypt, let us believe that God is also leading us "by the right way" (Ps. 107:7).

SLAVES OF FEAR.

The disciples saw Jesus walking on the sea, but they did not recognize Him, for it was dark. Thank God, Jesus is near when it is too dark for us to see Him! He sees us all the time, He never slumbereth nor sleepeth, and He has His plan made out for us, and is only waiting to be trusted. The disciples were afraid. Oh, what slaves we are to fear! Over ninety times we are taught in the Bible to "fear not;" yet how common is the sin of fear! We think of former experiences, and expect the same thing to happen again, instead of resting in the blessed fact that He to whom all power belongs both in heaven and earth is on our side. Jesus said, "It is I; be not afraid." They knew the voice; it was the very same which wakes the dead. It was enough. "Then they willingly received Him into the ship."

Jesus *within*, all went well. Jesus received into the heart, into the trial, into the circumstances, into the weakness, the sickness, or aught else, and the end of the trial is come. "Immediately the ship was at the land whither they went." Jesus really taken into the ship is Jesus really trusted; it includes a complete and unreserved surrender to Him. Then God's aim is attained, the trial ceases, and we open our eyes and wonder where it is gone. We are at the shore, the storm is left behind us.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles are contained in the number for May:

The Irish Home Rule Agitation; The Midnight Cry, by the Rev. E. J. Hytche (concluded); Weighed and found Wanting, by the Rev. Henry Varley; Impending Judgments, by Henry Meymott; The Final Judgment, by Rev. Canon Girdlestone, M.A.; The Judgment-seat of Christ, by Rev. Sholto C. Douglas, M.A.; The Great White Throne, by C. Inglis; An Eight-fold Anticipation, by Rev. W. F. Gooch; The Political Aspect of the Millennium, by Rev. H. E. Brooke; Notes on Revelation X.; Jewish Papers; The Future of Judaism in England.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

THE SECRET.

BY H. B. STOWE.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fiercely soe'er he flieeth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the bubble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fiercely soe'er he flieeth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
That ever liveth, and Thou changest never!
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

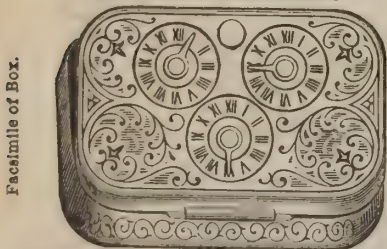
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

LADIES! A MINE OF INTERESTING information on home decoration, dress, society, etc., is contained in our beautifully illustrated **LADIES' BOOK**, which will be sent with picture card and other enclosures for 4c. in stamps.

VERBA, best game of the age, suited to refined people, young or old, sent with books and picture cards (a valuable package) for 10c. in stamps. Address **THE MACK PUBLISHING CO.**, 532 Washington St., New York.

The Secret Lock-Box.



This Box, for Money or Valuables to be kept strictly private, is provided with patent Bank Lock. It can be locked upon any one of thousands of combinations, and cannot be opened without knowing the combination, which can be changed as often as you please. Made of brass, nickel-plated and engraved. Sent by mail, carefully packed, upon receipt of Fifty Cents, cash or postage stamps. Address **THE DIAL LOCK CO.**, P. O. Box 1335, New York. Please mention The Christian Herald.

NEW BOOKS. CHEAP BOOKS.

FOR READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Work of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. E. R. Drake. \$0 10
The Gift of the Spirit. (Companion to above.) By Rev. E. R. Drake. 10
The Revelation of Jesus Christ. By Chas. Stanley (England). 20
The Blood of Jesus. By Wm. Reid (200th thousand), board covers. 15
Grace and Truth. By A. Mackay (250th thousand), paper, 35; cloth. 75
Address **The Evangelical Book-Store**, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

"Demonology or Spiritualism," Ancient and Modern.

"An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the subject."—Startling disclosures. History facts and data—Scores saved already. Whole communities rescued. Every family, preacher and Christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo. cloth. Price reduced to \$1. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address **J. E. JEWETT**, 77 Bible House, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME!



AMUSEMENT, INSTRUCTION, AND PROFIT.

Our NEW Camera
The IMPROVED EXPERT
A \$15 OUTFIT FOR \$10
4x5 Plates, taking Cabinet Sized Photographs.

In offering our **IMPROVED EXPERT CAMERA** and **OUTFIT** to the public we claim that we are offering more for the money than has ever been attempted by any house in the trade. In the first place we offer not only a **FIRST-CLASS CAMERA** with **LENS, TRIPOD, PLATE-HOLDER and FOCUSING SCREEN**, at as low a price as the cheapest styles have ever been sold, but we give with every Camera a

COMPLETE OUTFIT, comprising everything necessary for the ENTIRE PROCESS OF TAKING AND FINISHING A PICTURE.

Nearly all beginners are misled by advertisements offering "Camera Outfits" for ten, twelve or fifteen dollars, as the case may be, only to find after purchasing one that they must make a further investment of from five to ten dollars before they can make the first attempt at Photography. **THOROUGHLY WELL MADE** **OUR IMPROVED EXPERT OUTFIT** consists of a **4x5 PLATE CAMERA**, suitable for all kinds of work, with **LENS, FOCUSING-SCREEN** and **TRIPOD**, one **DOUBLE REVERSIBLE PLATE HOLDER**, one package of best instantaneous **Dry Plates**, one package of **Seal-Plate Paper**, **Developer**, **Fixer**, with all chemicals necessary for developing and fixing the plates, **Toning solutions** for finishing the pictures, and **Trays** for the different solutions, **WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS**, packed in a strong case. **THE SCIENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY** has made greater strides toward perfection in the past few years than during any period since the invention of the Daguerrotype, which was the beginning of practical photography, and it is to the invention of the prepared **gelatine dry plate** that much of the improvement is due. The employment of dry plates dispenses with three quarters of the work necessary with the old or wet process, and enables the **AMATEUR** to do **AT ONCE** what requires months, if not years, of study and apprenticeship to attain under the old system.

Not only is the dry plate handler, quicker, and more cleanly than the wet process, but the results are far superior in every way, dry plates being now used by the leading photographers for the finest work. The manner of operating the Camera and producing the picture by the new process is **SO SIMPLE that even a child can understand** and follow it with good success, and it may be briefly described as follows: Set up the camera on the tripod, with the glass focusing-screen in position, the lens pointed at the view or object to be taken. Throw a cloth over the head and the picture will be seen on the glass screen, the camera back being pulled out until in focus—that is at the point where the view is seen the clearest and sharpest. The focusing-screen is then removed and the plate-holder (in which the plate has been inserted in the dark-room) is set in its place. Everything now being ready, the slide is pulled out of the plate-holder, and the cap removed, from the lens for a few seconds, causing the plate to receive the impression of the view at which the camera is pointed. Having thus exposed the plate to develop, which is done by the application of the chemicals in a dark-room, taking but a few minutes to accomplish, and after drying, the plate has become a finished negative, from which any number of pictures may be printed and finished. To print the pictures all that is required is to place the negative on a sheet of sensitized paper in the sunlight, the rays of the sun causing to appear on the paper the exact reproduction of that which was seen on the focusing-screen preparatory to exposing the plate. **Any number of plates can be thus exposed, and kept for MONTHS if so desired before finishing.** **THE USES OF A CAMERA** are beyond number, there are many things about every home that one could not, or would not, think of taking to a regular photographer—the house, the family group, the horse, the dog. A moment's reflection will enlarge the lists to dozens of pictures that one can produce with his own outfit which he would never have thought of going to a professional photographer for. When going upon a voyage, or short trip out of town, a camera is an invaluable companion. Everything that is interesting can be photographed, and the plates kept until it is convenient to develop them, thus preserving mementos that otherwise would be impossible to obtain. **The wheelman**, with his camera attached to his bicycle or tricycle, will find the pleasure of his runs greatly increased in photographing the beautiful scenes he passes on the road, or taking his brother riders in group.

Inventors, Machinists, Nurserymen, Tourists, School Teachers, Carpenters and Builders, Real Estate and Land Agents and hundreds of other tradesmen and professional men will find our **IMPROVED EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT** a source of great pleasure, convenience and inestimable value, and the uses to which it may be put are too numerous to mention but will readily suggest themselves. **AS A MATTER OF PROFIT**, we do not suppose that everyone who buys a Camera will want to turn it to making money, but we believe that any enterprising man or woman can easily earn many times the price of an outfit in his or her own town in a very short time. **Hundreds of people would pay a good price for a photograph of their house and land, which costs but a trifle to produce, and we know of a great many amateurs who have started in a small way and become deeply interested in the art, and are now successful professional artists.** The beauty of the photographic business lies in the fact that it brings you in contact with the very best class of people, that the profits are 300 to 500 per cent, and that you can **Make \$5.00 to \$25.00 every day** and that every job you do is a constant advertisement for you. The art of Photography is a profession which has usually required years of experience to become proficient in, but which can now be learned, by our system and instructions, by even very small boys and girls in a very short time.

WHY TOIL at hard labor to make money for others when you are here afforded an opportunity to respect and independent, the master of your own time, the recipient of your entire earnings, free to go and to do as you please.

OUR IMPROVED EXPERT CAMERA, as shown by the cut above, is finely wood of the latest model, with movable front board, brass trimmings, and our new swing lever for holding the back in focus, instead of the usual thumb-screw. Our patent reversible double plate-holder, supplied only with these cameras, is so constructed as to bring the length of the plate up and down when so desired, for taking an elevated view, without altering the position of the camera on the tripod, answering all purposes of a reversible back. The lenses are very carefully **A Sharp Picture The Full Size of Plate**, ground and will give **The Best Picture That is Ever Produced**, and the lightest ever produced. Our **Ready Mixed Developer** is one of the greatest boons ever offered to beginners, saving as it does all trouble of weighing out and dissolving the different chemicals. It is made from the best known formula, and is recommended as being the easiest for the amateur to handle, and gives the best results. **No mysterious failures when using our ready mixed developer.** We have spared no pains to make the entire outfit everything that could be desired in every detail, and we apprehend that it will have the largest sale of any low priced outfit that has ever been offered, combining as it does the many advantages of the best and will send one to any tag enumerated above. **We want every Outfit address, complete with everything described above, on receipt of TEN DOLLARS.** Send money by Post Office Money Order or Registered Letter. Send all orders to

World Mfg Co., 122 Nassau Street, New York

TEACH Any one can come so thoroughly by postal instruction—weeks reviewing with the Christian School Question Book, to successfully pass the most important and technical examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.
A. H. CRAIG, Publisher, CHANDWELL, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

LIVE COAL. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. A New and Stirring Book. Dealing with the questions of the day in the author's graphic style. 700 pages; illustrated; frontispiece and biographical sketch of the author. **AGENTS WANTED.** Send for terms and descriptive circulars to the publisher, **WILBUR B. KETCHAM, 71 Bible House, N. Y.**

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE
A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by **J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.**

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.
This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. address, **J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.**

Spring Dress Goods.

James McCreery & Co.

Offer among their large assortment of Spring Dress Goods the following special lines:

French Serge, in all colors, 50 cts. per yard; Plain Dark-colored Cheviots, at 65 cts. per yard, and a line of Plaid combinations, at 75 cts. per yard. The above goods are all-wool, double width, and are extra quality and value for the prices named.

Orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention.

Broadway, cor. 11th Street, New York.

THERE IS MONEY IN HENS!



For only 25 cents we will send you a copy of the most complete and valuable Poultry Book ever issued for the price. Tells all about the different Breeds, Hatching, Feeding, Capital needed, Profits, all about incubators and Brooders, all about the different diseases of FOW and their cure, about Turkey Ducks, Geese, Capons, &c., &c. How to make the best and cheapest coops, houses, &c. The profits from raising Poultry and Eggs for market are immense, considering the small amount of capital required and the labor involved. Many Ladies make \$100 to \$800 per year, and boys and girls earn lots of money by keeping a few hens. Every owner of a small place should have this book. It is finely printed and bound, fully illustrated, Litho. cover. It gives the most valuable hints and advice gleaned in 25 years by a practical man. Send post-paid for 25 cts. or 6 copies for ONE DOLLAR. Stamps taken. Address all orders to **WORLD MFG CO., 122 Nassau St., New York**

The Newest and Best SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG BOOK FOR THIS YEAR.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

By Messrs. LOWRY & DOANE.

It is fully equal to any of their former popular works.

This **New Song Book** embraces a number of New features, and is gotten up on an entirely New plan, in a New shape, and is printed from beautiful New type. It is sure to please, and will create a New interest in the Song Service. It will be sold at a New price.

\$25 PER 100 COPIES, IN BOARDS. Single copy sent as soon as published, on receipt of price. Specimen pages sent free on request.

AN EDITION IN AIKIN'S CHARACTER NOTES AT SAME PRICE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th St., New York
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

Floral Praise

No. 4.

A Beautiful Musical Service for Children's Day & Flower Sunday

By HUBERT P. MAIN.
Price, \$4 per 100 copies; 5 cts. each by mail. Previous issues furnished at same price.

MAY ANNUAL, NO. 13.

Containing New Music for Sunday-School Anniversaries. \$4.00 per 100; 5 cents each, by mail. Previous issues of both at same prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES

OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of laughter and tears, it sells at sight. To see the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. J. Y. MAN A BOTT, 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$1 to \$200 a month made. No distance no hindrance. Give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circular to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.**

PRICE \$1.92
WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES (avoid Agents and Dealers who profit and expenses double the cost of every Plan they sell) and send First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinets 7 1/4 Octave Rosewood Piano, 6000, 6 years, for \$192! Send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own home before you buy. Send for circular.

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 21.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

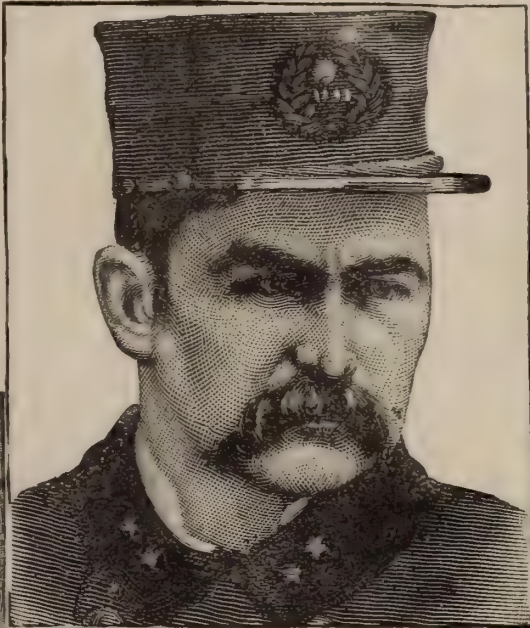
CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF POLICE INSPECTOR BONFIELD,
AND PICTURE OF THE DYNAMITE OUT-
RAGE IN CHICAGO.

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYÉS. Dr. Tal-
mage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

EIGHT ASPECTS OF THE MILLENNIUM.

CURRENT EVENTS: A Proposed Amendment to
the Constitution—The Copyright Bill Reported—
A New York Alderman Sentenced—The Wife of
a Minister Killed—The Chicago Anarchists In-
dicted—Conflict of Turks and Greeks—The
Birth of a Baby King—A Letter from an Office-
Seeker—An Injunction Against a Marriage, etc.



MOUTH AND HEART. A New Sermon by O. H.
Spurgeon.

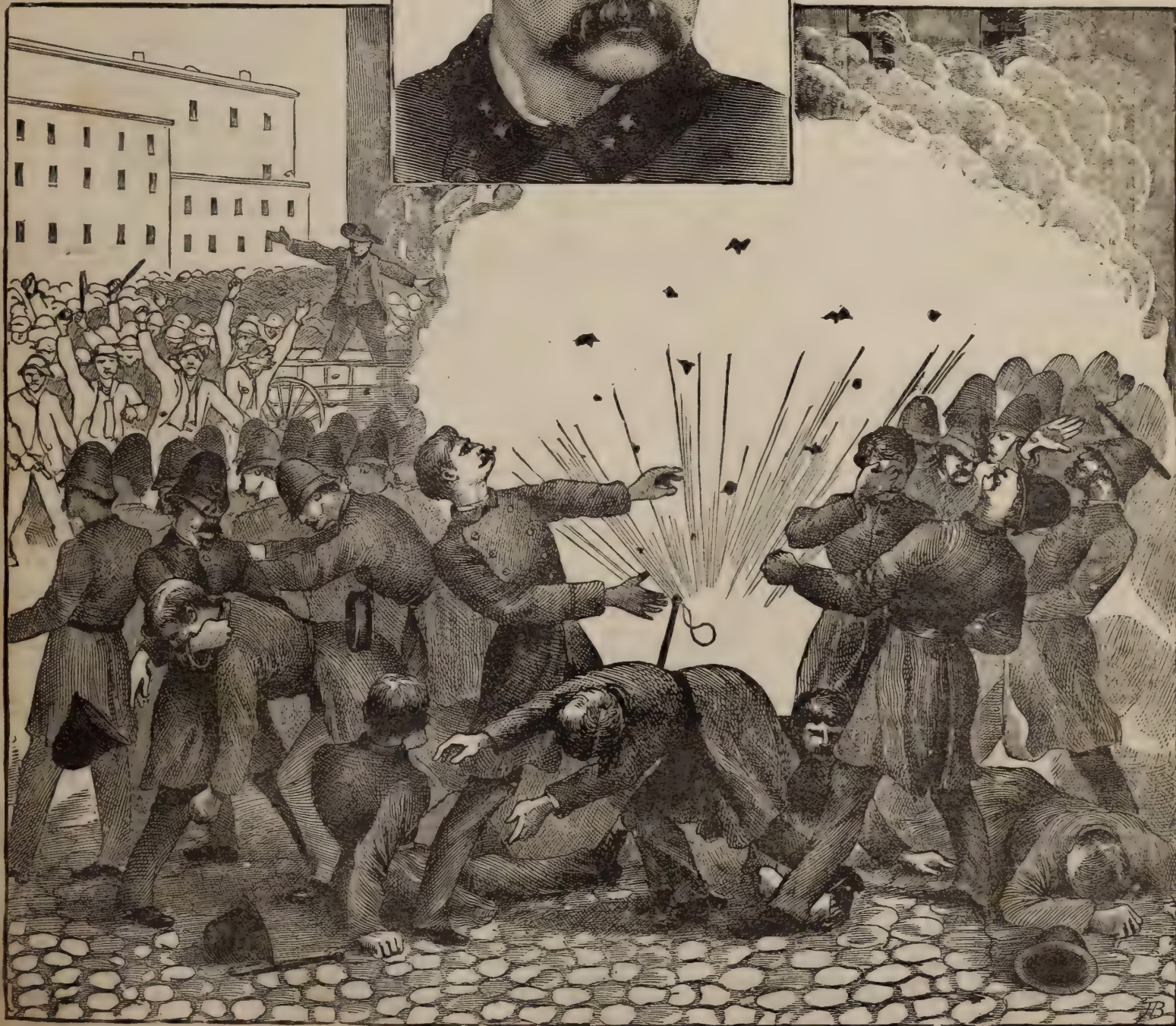
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVAN-
GELISTIC MEETINGS.

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, AND
PICTURE OF THE EDINBURGH EXHIBI-
TION.

Running a Gauntlet of Arrows—An Astronomical
Discovery—A Foundling Claimed—Miss Elsa
Borg's Faith Work in Sweden—The Status of
Chinese Women—The Gospel Locomotive.

OELIA OWEN'S PLEDGE. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
Jesus the Bread of Life. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



POLICE INSPECTOR BONFIELD of Chicago—The Throwing of the Dynamite Bomb on May 4.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN CHICAGO.
 Its Foreign Origin—Odious in America—The Preparations for it—Most's Incendiary Books—The Fight at McCormick's—The Preliminary Meeting—Drawing Lots for Bomb-Throwers—The Meeting in the Haymarket—The Bomb Thrown—Intrepidity of the Police—The Terrible Havoc of the Missile—Repudiation by Trade Unions.

THERE is no better evidence that the criminal is a fool than the conduct of the gang of foreign agitators who have come to America. They are unable to understand the attitude of the Government or the treatment they have received from it. Because they were allowed to settle here, and were not molested when they proclaimed their Antichristian, diabolical gospel of dynamite, they supposed that they could carry their words into deeds with impunity. They were unable to perceive that the majesty of the great Republic, which treated their ravings with contempt, would crush them in the moment that they put their theories into practice. Had they possessed ordinary penetration, they would have perceived that in no country could dynamite have so little prospect of success as in a country where the people govern themselves. Under a European despotism they would be arrayed against a few, and the millions would regard their outrages with indifference, if not with sympathy. Here, every American expects the men whom he has assisted in appointing to office to do their duty, and his sympathies are with those men who are in his honorable service. The American knows that the maintenance of law and order is necessary in his own interest, and that the prevalence of anarchy means ruin to himself. They have therefore made few converts here, and when they raised their flag and began their devilish warfare they had no followers but their own fellow-immigrants, and no public support. Poor as many American workmen are, they are too intelligent to think that their wrongs can be righted by an outrage on law and order. Grievous, therefore, as was the terrible collision in Chicago on May 4th, it was not wholly without features that are encouraging. It must prove to the gang of foreign communists that the hellish doctrines they advocate will not triumph under the Stars and Stripes.

THE PLOT

was formed, and warning had been given by the press as early as last January that Most and his gang were preparing to foist their leadership on the workingmen. The warning was treated with contempt by the public generally, but it had the effect of putting the authorities on their guard. It was known that there was to be a general strike on May 1st for a reduction of the hours of labor, and it was expected that the foreign agitators would attempt to take advantage of the excited feeling which would be sure to prevail to incite the strikers to outrages of murder and arson. Chicago would naturally be the centre in which such an attempt would be made. With devilish cunning the foreign leaders issued in their daily *Organ der Anarchisten Deutscher Sprache* (Organ of German-Speaking Anarchists) fiery editorials, calling upon the people to "Burn! Plunder! Lynch!" They announced that arms were ready, and bombs that would annihilate a regiment. Most's pamphlets were also freely circulated. Those works are a revelation of the depth of malignity to which human nature can sink. One of them is advertised in the *Freiheit*. It is called *Revolutionäre Kriegswissenschaft*—"Revolutionary War Science." The advertisement reads:

"A handbook for teaching the use and composition of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, fulminating mercury, bombs, torches, poisons, etc. By Johann Most. Price 10 cents per copy, 7 cents for agents. Every revolutionist should be in possession of this pamphlet."

It bears out its title fully. Not only are the ordinary revolutionary weapons, dynamite and nitro-glycerine, treated, but novelties in construction and design are described graphically

and fervently. For instance, a very pleasing engine of war is suggested in the familiar tomato can. "Let the cover be removed, and the contents poured out," says the doctor of destruction. He then describes how a hole must be made in the cover, in which a small vial can be inserted, after which the cover is to be replaced. Then benzine is to be poured in until the can is about two thirds full. A flask, of a kind described by him in other experiments, is filled with gunpowder, and securely plugged. But a fuse has been passed through the cork, and then the flask is inserted firmly through the mouth of the vial into the can. The author then suggests that the fuse be lit by contact with the burning end of a cigar. The bomb is now ready to be hurled into the "hostile room."

"At the moment when the fuse burns to the powder the latter explodes and causes simultaneous explosion of the benzine. The burning matter flies in every direction, and does its masterly work. It is self-evident that such a fire-brand needs not necessarily to be thrown, but may be laid down in the desired spot."

On May 3d, at a meeting the Anarchists, were present, inciting to murder, and they led the attack on the McCormick works. The result of that fight should have taught them a lesson.

AT MCCORMICK'S

there were twenty thousand men, many of them armed with pistols, but a mere handful of police put them to flight. August Spies, the editor of the *Anarchist*, was there, and did his utmost, assisted by his German allies, to inspire the mob. Twelve policemen faced the vast assemblage, and ordered the rioters to disperse or take the consequences. The reply was a volley of stones, and the officers fired the first shots of the strike; but nobody was hit. The strikers stood their ground, and another pistol-volley was fired over their heads. Then the fighting began in earnest. Bullets whistled right and left, and off to the southward a half dozen men on a shed kept up a plunging fire. At times it was a square stand-up fight. Policemen and strikers shot at each other at a distance of twenty paces. More patrol-wagons came up, and the rioters were driven away slowly from the works. They kept up a sullen resistance, however, in Blue Island Avenue, and as the patrol-wagons drove up they became targets for all kinds of missiles. After nearly an hour's desultory fighting, Captain O'Donnell drew up two hundred officers in a line, and succeeded in clearing the streets. There were desultory fights during the day in different parts of the city, but the grand culmination was kept for the following day, when the crucial test of what the men would do was to be made. The German leaders were to learn the extent of the influence Most, Spies, and their colleagues could exert. At a private meeting

LOTS WERE DRAWN

for dynamite-throwers. A man who was present at that meeting says: "Volunteers were called for to throw the bombs, but no one wished to speak up, fearing arrest, should it become known who had offered to act. It was then suggested that five hundred ballots be distributed, and that a skull and cross-bones be inscribed upon twenty of them. The persons who drew the latter ballots were expected to procure bombs and be on hand. This was done, and the chief, Spies, is the only man who knows who were drawn. I know that the twenty men received their bombs. The words 'To arms!' was to be the signal for the throwing of the bombs." Spies then issued a manifesto, calling upon the men to assemble on the following night, Tuesday, May 4th, at

THE MEETING IN THE HAYMARKET.

By eight o'clock there were from fifteen to twenty thousand men on the ground, and the expectation of the Anarchists that the fight at McCormick's would have aroused the temper of the strikers to the highest point it could reach seemed to be justified. August Spies was the first speaker who addressed the crowd. After a long, rambling talk on the labor problem, he

asked: "What means this display of Gatling guns, cannon, bayonets, patrol wagons, and clubs? What means the calling out of the First Regiment? It is an entertainment for you, gentlemen. The demand of the McCormick men was reasonable, and yet McCormick denies that he is responsible for the bloodshed yesterday. I say he lies. He is responsible for the death of our brothers. There are twenty-five to thirty thousand families in Chicago suffering starvation to-day because husbands and fathers are not men enough to stand up for their rights."

Loud cheers followed this speech, and the cries of "the lake" and "the rope" were heard from hoarse throats.

A. R. Parsons was the next speaker. He went into the labor statistics largely, and defined the difference between trade unionists and Socialists. Sam Fielden, a Socialistic Englishman, was the next and last speaker. He harangued the mob in a loud, blatant, reckless way. He said: "We who come here to address you are Socialists; rebels to the law. Legislation will never help you, never. Martin Foran went to Congress in the interest of labor, and he tells you that no legislation can be had for the workingmen. Can't we find some? When the rich men understand that it is not healthy to live among a lot of discontented workmen we shall be able to get legislation, and not before." That the mob was in sympathy with his utterances was evinced by the wild applause which was accorded him.

While this was going on Captains Bonfield and Ward, with nearly two hundred policemen, had been waiting patiently in the station for the Socialists to disperse or to attempt some act of lawlessness. When the officers who had been sent to mingle with them returned and reported the temper of the Anarchists both captains came to the conclusion that prompt measures only would avert another serious riot. The order to fall in went around among the lieutenants with lightning rapidity. It was repeated to the men, and they jumped into their places with accuracy and precision. When the column had reached the speakers' wagon, Captain Bonfield ordered, "Halt," and said:

"In the name of the State of Illinois I command this crowd to disperse."

THE BOMB THROWN.

As the words left his mouth the concerted signal-shout of "To arms!" was heard, and a spluttering spark of fire arched through the air from the opening of the alley and over the speakers' wagon. It was the burning fuse of a dynamite bomb. It was well aimed in its deadly mission, and fell directly in the middle of the street and between the first two double columns of police. The instant it struck the ground it exploded with a terrible, sullen roar, seeming to shake the earth. Men fearfully wounded and dying fell on all sides, the death-dealing contents of the bomb reaching almost to the rear ranks. Twenty-nine mangled officers were groaning on the ground. A Gatling gun could not have cut a wider swath. A scene of horror followed, the details of which may never be known. The officers for an instant broke ranks, but almost instantly recovered their presence of mind. Before they had time to realize the destruction which had been wrought in their ranks the crowds of Anarchists, gathered in front and on either side of them, opened fire with revolvers at almost point-blank range. The first volley of the mob was quite as fearful in its effect as was the explosion of the bomb, but the officers did not lose their presence of mind. Orders flew thick and fast from the captains and lieutenants, and within the briefest possible space of time they were charging the murderous assassins on every hand, dealing death and destruction to them with their revolvers.

The Anarchists did not sustain the charge an instant, but fled as soon as they could distinguish the blue coats and bright buttons of the officers through the smoke from their revolvers. It was an indescribable scramble for life. Scores of men were knocked down by those behind

them and trampled upon like cattle in a car unable to rise. After the Anarchists had been dispersed the police set to work to look after their wounded and dying companions. Two of them were found where the bomb exploded, both so desperately wounded as to be past hope of recovery. About thirty others were found lying on the pavement in the vicinity and suffering from pistol-shot wounds in their limbs or their bodies, and unable to stir hand or foot. The strikers or members of the mob, too, lay around wounded or dying, but the officers paid no attention to them at first, only thinking of their fallen comrades. They picked them up and bore those who could not walk or move to the station, and assisted all with slight wounds to walk to their homes.

AN EYE-WITNESS

of the riot says: "I saw the affair from beginning to end, and I emphatically declare that the police deserve the highest praise of all law-abiding people. I fought in a New York regiment from 1861 to 1865, was in twenty-two battles, and I must say that I never saw greater courage, coolness, and discipline than the police who dispersed the rioters showed last night. They instantly closed their ranks after their comrades were cut down by the anarchist miscreants' grenade and charged on the rioters with a regularity and bravery that would have done credit to veteran soldiers."

An officer of the West Lake Street station the next day found a piece of the bomb buried in the wooden pavement of the street. It was about an inch in width, and seemed to be the part through which the fuse had been thrust. The bomb was evidently a composite or mortar one, made of a dense mixture of plaster of Paris and sand. The composite is one that requires little skill to form, and under a slight pressure it becomes as hard as stone. Loaded with blasting powder it forms one of the most destructive weapons. Whoever threw the bomb timed the fuse most accurately. It touched the ground, and the explosion was instantaneous. The promptness of the explosion led at first to the belief that it was an Orsini bomb set with percussion caps that fired it the moment it touched the ground. There is no doubt, however, that it was fired with a fuse.

The Police Department on May 13th made its complete report of the terrific struggle. From this it appears that sixty-six officers were struck down, of whom five died and ten have recovered. Fifty-one are still in hospital, and it is feared that many of them must die.

An organized raid on the dens of the Anarchists was commenced on the day following the riot, and has been continued. Spies, his brother, Fielding, Schwab, and other leaders were arrested, and are held without bail to be tried for murder. In Spies's office bombs similar to that thrown on May 4th were found, and others were discovered elsewhere. The labor unions at their meetings have passed resolutions repudiating the Socialists, and condemning violence in emphatic terms. An attempt was made to resume the publication of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, but when the foreign-speaking and foreign-looking printers who had sprung from no one knows where had gotten the forms ready for press it was discovered that nobody would print the rabid sheet. The forms were first carted over to the printing establishment that has done the work for years, but the proprietor shook his head, and told the emissaries to get out. Establishment after establishment was visited, but with like result, and up to a late hour of the next day the issue had not been printed. It has, however, been printed in reduced form since then at some obscure establishment.

Any Subscriber having Copies of this Journal or any other religious periodical for which he has no further use may help in a good work by sending them to Rev. John Wintch, 281 Henry Street, New York, who distributes religious literature in prisons, hospitals, and the slums.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Return to the Devil's Bondage.—At a Recent meeting Dr. Cameron said: "I heard of a woman lately who had been bound hand and foot by strong drink. By some providential means she was led to see the harm it was doing to both soul and body, and entirely gave up the use of it. She stood firm for fifteen years, but at the end of that time she fell ill, and her medical attendant gave her some spirits, and the result was that the old appetite, like a furnace long damped down, was rekindled, and the unhappy woman speedily went down to a drunkard's grave. Had she taken Christ when she first gave up the use of strong drink, her case would have been a very different one. 'An arm of flesh must fail, in such a war as this.'"

A Patient's Testing Inquiry.—Dr. Cameron said: "I was called out the other day to visit a member of the Rev. Mr. Ross's church who was very ill, and the very first thing he asked me was, 'Doctor, shall I take some whiskey?' I looked at him gravely, and said, 'Certainly not.' And his reply was, 'I did not wish for any whiskey; I only asked to see if you were like the rest of the doctors, and would prescribe what in so many thousands of cases is no healing medicine, but a deadly poison. May the Lord, in whom I trust, ever give me grace to abstain from its use. I am so glad you are different! There are thousands around us being done to death through drink.'"

Running Away from Fits.—"I Know a Man just now who is subject to fits, and he tells me that whenever he feels the fit coming on, if he is in the street he just runs as hard as he can until he is almost ready to fall with the exertion, but it is the only way of keeping the fit back; if he simply walks, or stands still, or even thinks about it for a moment, he is sure to give away, and the fit comes on, and the man falls to the ground. And, friends, that is just what I tell you to do when the temptation of drink comes over you; put it from your mind, and, like the man who is subject to fits, run if you will, or anything else, if it will succeed in keeping you from whiskey, which is surely dragging you to a premature grave."

The Only Name.—A Traveller Drove up One day to the gate of a Continental castle which he wished to see. He knocked. The porter asked his name. He gave his card. The answer was, "No admittance." He must have a letter from the owner. He offered money. Still the same answer, "No admittance." He had come from a great distance—still the same answer. "Strange," said he. "I was told that there would be an order lying for me at the lodge." The porter went back and brought a pile of letters. "Are any of these for you?" He found the right order, presented it, and was admitted. Christ's name, not ours, is our only commendation and claim. Nothing less will do; nothing more is needed. Go up to the gate; tell your errand; name His name—what a welcome you will obtain!

A Wreck at Twenty-Six.—The Rev. Mr. Harding said: "I had a Sabbath-school class some years ago, and have since learned the fate of a number of the boys in that class. The other day when I was walking down one of our streets a person touched me on the shoulder. I turned round and did not at first recognize him, when he said, 'Mr. Harding, don't you know me?' 'Is that you, Willie?' I said, for I scarcely knew my old Sabbath-school scholar. He was a prematurely old man—only twenty-six years of age. I looked back sixteen years, and remembered him a frank, fine-looking boy. Since then he had got on very well, and had been a confidential agent in a merchant's office in Ireland; but unhappily he was led from the path of duty by worldly companions until he had lost his post. 'How long have you been in the city?' I asked. 'Three years,' he said. 'And have you any one with you?' 'No.' 'Where is your wife?' I inquired. 'I do not know; I have not seen or heard anything of her,

or any of my people for three years.' Had that boy given himself to the Lord while he was young, he would have been a happy Christian now; but instead, he chose the path of sin, and now he is reaping as he has sown."

Fatal Fall from a Rigging.—Mr. Love Related: "I remember a few years ago witnessing a ship being dashed to pieces. It was a sad and terrible sight. The memory of it haunts me now. Out of eleven men on board ten were brought safely to land, but the remaining poor fellow lost his life while trying to save himself. He had been upon the rigging of the ship, and coming down, he lost his hold; falling against the side of the ship he dislocated his shoulder and was immediately swept, shrieking for help, into the boiling surge, and was seen no more. Dear friends, do not try to save yourselves, for your own efforts will all be in vain; but trust to Jesus, who is willing and able to save all who come unto God by Him. 'There is none other name under heaven whereby we can be saved.'"

Refused by the Insurance Company.—Sir William Collins said: "I was once asked by the life insurance company to examine a man who wished to get his life insured. He was a big, stout, strong, healthy-looking man, and to outward appearance one would have thought the life insurance company were quite safe in accepting him. After his examination, I saw clearly that he must be rejected. He was a chronic tippler, and he was bound to die in a very short time, because his lungs and his heart were so affected by drink that he was beyond cure, and soon he must be awakened to the awful reality that he must die by it. Dear friends, it was this case, and another similar to it, that awakened me to the great harm this alcoholic curse is, and since then I have determinedly set myself against it."

A Good Climb up the Right Ladder.—"A boy came to a Band of Hope meeting, and asked me if he might sign the pledge. 'Do not allow that boy to sign the pledge,' shouted a number of boys; 'his father keeps a whiskey shop.' 'I cannot help that,' said the boy, in a grieved voice. I gave him a note home to his parents, asking if they were willing that their son should join our Band of Hope. He returned the next night with a reply signed by both father and mother, that they were very willing that their son Henry should join us. Six years after that I stepped into a car, when a young gentleman put out his hand, saying, 'How do you do, Mr. Harding?' I then recognized my young friend Henry. He informed me that he was at college, and was successfully going through his course as a medical student. I have since learned that he is a devoted Christian man, holding a high position, and is much esteemed by every one. And this is what, through God's blessing, has become of the little boy whose father kept a whiskey shop."

Sure and Speedy Pay.—"On One of the Coldest days of the winter of 1882-1883," says a Christian lady, "I found it necessary to have my errand girl out most of the day. Before she started in the morning I noticed that she had neither gloves nor mittens, and fearing she would suffer if she went without, my first thought was to give her money and send her out to buy some mittens; but my second thought was that I needed a pair of gloves, and I had not money enough just then to buy for both of us. While undecided what to do, it came to my mind that 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and as I was glad to lend to the Lord, I gave her the money, and she bought the mittens. Late in the afternoon of the same day a lady, who knew nothing of my circumstances, called to see me. She gave me a small sum of money, saying as she did so, that I was to buy a pair of gloves for myself. She told me that she bought a pair to send to me at Christmas, but in some unaccountable manner had lost them, and so gave me this two months later. Then I thought, not only 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord,' but also 'That which he hath given will he pay him again.'"

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYÉS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 23, 1886.

"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."—GAL. 5:15.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."—PHIL. 2:4.

A Losing Business—Violence as a Blunder—Frederick the Great Threatened by a Miller—The Broken Bridge of Sympathy—Three Brutal Principles—The Right Rate of Pay—Scriptural Injunctions—A Friendly Interest to be Taken—Moral and Physical Necessities—Early Closing a Duty—Old Arthur Tappan's Family Prayers—Sir Titus Salt's Workmen—Foremen to be Watched—Forgiving to Offenders—An Aged General's Rebuke—A Physician's Self-Sacrifice.

THE labor agitation will soon quiet. The mills will again open, the railroads resume their traffic, our national prosperities again start. Of course, the damage done by the strikes cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers more than the capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different.

STAGES OF ANARCHY.

God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Bunker Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare hands of American labor.

The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination—the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempts to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect—to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England. In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-tracks, in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

A KING THREATENED BY A MILLER.

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it because it was the old homestead, and he felt about as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence, and the king with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck the officers of State—said to the miller: "Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won't sell it I'll take it anyhow." The miller said: "Your Majesty, you won't." "Yes," said the king, "I will take it." "Then," said the miller, "if your Majesty does take it I will sue you in the Chancery Court." At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his infamous

demand. And the most imperious outrage against the working classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and contrary to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to the law will accomplish it.

THE WIDENING CHASM.

But gradually the damages done the laborer by the strikes will be repaired, and some important things ought now to be said. The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employé wider and wider. In olden time the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm, worked side by side with their employés, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are those here who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm.

All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employé wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employé feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the capitalist feel: "Now, my laborers are only beasts of burden; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, *the bridge of sympathy* is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said: "Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like, says to his men: 'Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage was yours. Adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above.'"

Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I put the trowel to one of the abutments to-day, and I preach more especially this morning to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to all who are in the house.

THREE BRUTAL PRINCIPLES.

The outrageous behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months—behavior infamous and worthy of most condign punishment—may have induced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say to you whom I confront face to face, and those to whom these words may come, that all shipowners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people. Now, there is not a man in my audience who would consent to go out into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

THE RATE OF PAY.

First of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable. The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When an employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to a principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your

own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employé takes none, or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever. You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

BIBLE INJUNCTIONS.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages." Leviticus: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." So you see it is not a question between you and your employé so much as it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employés: "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

BENEFICENT EMPLOYERS.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employé. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employés. Such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employés, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employés, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyance and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless those female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down.

Then, I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. Some time ago—whether it has been changed I know not—there were one thousand grocer clerks in Brooklyn who went to business at five o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. Now, that is inhuman. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing

theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the Mercantile Library, to the reading-rooms, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the ten or eleven hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen.

But, above all, I charge you, O employers! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employes. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see *Jack Sheppard*! A man that comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evenings in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement is the young man for your store.

THE GUARDIAN OF EMPLOYEES.

Do not say of these young men: "If they do their work in the business hours, that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand. Say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" and "Good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds.

One of my earliest remembrances is of
OLD ARTHUR TAPPAN.

There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employes together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon.

Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and "Fletcher's Family Devotions" and Wesleyan Hymn-books, and he gathered his employes together every morning, and having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and the employes. Do you wonder at that man's success, and that though thirty years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions. God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

SIR TITUS SALT

had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were thirty five hundred people present, and in his after-dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I cannot look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work-people without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the nobleman at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work-people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well-paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern

to the country, and if my life is spared by Divine Providence, I hope to see contentment, satisfaction, and happiness around me."

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employes. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between ten and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket, satin-lined, fanned by cherubic wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot, and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

LOOK AFTER THE FOREMAN.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—but you are also to see that your boss workman, and your head clerks, and your agents, and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and in the lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but not now. Alas! for some of the cash boys and the messenger boys and the boys that sweep the store. Alas! for some of them. Now, you capitalist, you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

BE MERCIFUL

And, then, I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them, without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall Street, having thirty years of reputation for honesty, have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence, do not call in the police, but take him home, tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once who will never do wrong again. Ah! my friends, I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if He had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then, if in moving around your factory, or mill, or barn, or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of fortune will turn, and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the workhouse, and your son will die on the scaffold. If in moving among your young men you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him: "Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him, at least, a week to get over that which he will never get over.

A BRAVE GENERAL.

Employers, urge upon your employes, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen,

a grave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was an infidel. One day Ziethen, the venerable, white-haired general, asked to be excused from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia, when Frederick the Great, in a jocose way, said: "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The venerable old warrior arose, and said: "For your Majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battle-field, and for your Majesty I would be willing any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and my Saviour." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen, forgive me, forgive me!"

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion! and I thank God there are many men as brave as Ziethen. Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O ship-owners! into what harbor will your crew sail? Oh, you merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? Oh, you manufacturers of this United States! with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves. Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of His disciples.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PHYSICIAN.

One summer in California a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of disease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy.

On one of the islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day he came to the authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law: "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy, and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are farther gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of the lepers." They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of the lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh, that was magnificent self-denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of Him who exiled Himself from the hearth of heaven to this leprous island of a world, that He might physician our wounds, and weep our griefs, and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprous world into a great blooming, paradisaical garden! Whether employer or employe, let us catch that spirit.

THE STATUS OF CHINESE WOMEN.

IN the course of an address at a recent missionary meeting Mrs. Swallow, the wife of a missionary in China, thus described the condition of women in that country: "Like other Eastern women, their place is low. Very few girls are taught to read, but among the rich and nobly born there are those thus favored; and China can boast of some women of literary ability, the first book on 'Female Education' having been written by a Chinese lady named Pau Chao, eight years before Christ. With few exceptions, however, they are uneducated, and treated as such, having but little choice in making their conditions in life, and few opportunities for supplying the higher needs of their nature. Even beauty is estimated by the smallness of their cramped and crushed feet, the size of which being, of course, largely dependent on the amount of torture undergone. There is little to break the routine of daily life. Ofttimes she is early sent to the home of her betrothed husband, and in too many instances treated more like a slave than a daughter. Should she fail to perpetuate the family name, then polygamy enters the family; and if her lord and master get enthralled in the opium vice, it would be no strange thing for him to do to sell his wife.

"Her sphere is very narrow, being mainly confined to cooking the rice, and other domestic duties. For instance, the floors must be well swept at least once a year. They relieve the dull monotony by gossiping and smoking tobacco. Little as the social and home life of these women is to be envied, it is not here that they are most needy. We must pass into the domain of the spiritual, and then the outlook becomes vague, blank, and unsatisfying. For three thousand years she has been worshipping idols, her mind filled with grim fears and weird fancies. Again, think of her mechanically chanting liturgies and burning incense for more than two thousand years as a Buddhist devotee, in constant dread of evil spirits, and haunted by the fear lest after death no one on earth would worship or offer sacrifices to her spirit, but that it would be left to wander,

Hovering bare,

Void in the void, and impotent in air.

Hope beyond the grave is dim and shadowy. Buddhism extends to its daughters a cold welcome. There is no hope for them unless through being reborn as men. Northern Buddhists add a special hell for females from which no release is possible. All the other abodes of punishment, with the exception of this female apartment, are only purgatories."

RUNNING A GAUNTLET OF ARROWS.

AN interesting letter which the Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, publishes from Mr. Grenfell, of the Congo Mission, recounts a hairbreadth escape from death which the mission party have experienced. Mr. Grenfell says:

"We got among the Lokuku people during an exploring voyage up the Congo, and for a couple of days our progress was among friends; then once more we were among timid folk, but soon passed them to reach our Lusaka acquaintances, among whom we spent a very satisfactory couple of days. As soon, however, as we had passed their limits, we found ourselves among determined enemies, who laid an ambush at a narrow pass, and succeeded in very much astonishing us with an unexpected flight of arrows, one of which stuck into the woodwork of the boat, just between my wife and myself, another struck the awning and came a foot through its thin planking, another went through the galley window right among the pots and pans, and several very narrowly missed one or the other of our party. But before we were recovered from our surprise we had, with God's good favor, safely run the gauntlet, and were away into wide water again, where we could not be reached from either shore. This was the first time during the journey that we had been attacked with poisoned arrows, and as there is a great deal of difference

between a clean-cut wound and a poisoned one, the risk appealed to us very forcibly, so forcibly, indeed, that when, toward evening, we were met with a similar reception, we just turned round and started homeward, after having journeyed more than four hundred miles up the Juapa, and over nearly one thousand miles of new waterway."

A REMARKABLE ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

A DISCOVERY announced in the New York *Sun* as having been made recently by the distinguished French astronomers, Messrs. Paul and Prosper Henry, is not less significant for the manner than for the matter of the achievement. The astronomers could not see what they describe, but when a photograph was taken of the scene revealed by their telescope, a microscopic examination of the picture disclosed the object so long sought. The Christian who walks by faith, not by sight, has spiritual experiences analogous to that of the astronomers. He reads on the sensitive plate of his faith things that are not visible to his eye (II Cor. 4: 18).

"Messrs. Henry, by means of their new photographing telescope, have found a nebula in the Pleiades which appears to be connected with the star Maia, one of the members of that famous group. The most powerful telescopes have failed to show any trace of this strange phenomenon when it is sought for with the eye alone. But it clearly impresses its image upon the photographic plate exposed to its radiation.

"The Messrs. Henry have published a drawing of the new nebula. It is of a very singular shape. Starting from the star, it sweeps away in a broad curve which gradually fades into invisibility at a distance of some three minutes of arc. It produces the impression of an enormous current of nebulous matter rushing spirally into the flames of this distant sun, as if it were the fuel that feeds them. The discovery of this nebula is doubly interesting because it has been known for many years that there was some mysterious object in the Pleiades which no telescope and no eye seemed to be able fully to grasp. As long ago as 1779, Jaurat published a map of this star group, in which a nebula was represented. But astronomers long looked for the nebula in vain. The labors of the Messrs. Henry show there is reason to hope that we shall yet get more than a mere glimpse of the hidden wonders of the heavens."

THE GOSPEL LOCOMOTIVE.

EVANGELIST SAM JONES, in one of his recent sermons, vehemently protested against the sleepy, half-hearted but decorous manner in which worldly Christians live their religion, and urged them to greater earnestness and activity. He said:

"Some people go toward heaven with a great deal more heaviness, and a great deal more slowness, and a great deal less activity than other people go to hell. That's a fact. I can see a sinner in this town on a double-quick every minute going toward hell and laugh in joy on his way, while a great many of God's people are dragging along as if they were going to misery, and say, 'I'll put the fearful day off as long as I can.' That won't do, brother; it's wrong.

"The fact is, I am out of patience with this slow-moving Christianity. The devil can run a mile a minute while we are pulling on our boots, and he gets there and gets the game before we've gotten ready to start. This world has gotten to a point—for instance, in a railroad phrase—this world has come up to a point where it won't put up with those little two-wheeled engines running along at the rate of three miles an hour. What did the world? It said, 'You hasten up that machine; we don't want to ride on that schedule.' What did the railroad do? Why, it just pried up that engine and put eight more wheels under it. Now it goes sixty miles an hour. The world says, 'We like that.'

"These little two-wheeled concerns, that go jigger, jigger all the time, and don't make but three miles an hour, they make schedule time—

their schedule time, but it isn't but three miles an hour. Ah me! brother, we have got tired of that sort of thing. The Lord God side-track all such! I don't want you in my way; I can't put up with your schedule of three miles an hour. I want you side-tracked or dumped in the ditch, for you are a nuisance on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway to Heaven. You are a nuisance; you are in the way.

"The devil don't run after some of you, anyway; he just lies down and goes to sleep and lets you catch up with him. The devil just looks behind him to see how long it will be before we catch up to him. Listen, we want activity; we want movement; we want to get a good start. Are you in earnest? Do you mean it? Are there dangers behind me, and difficulties all around me?

"Is it necessary that I lay aside every weight—anything that will hinder me in running? Running, running. That was St. Paul's word. No crawling in church; no creeping in church, but running, running, running, with all your might."

MISS ELSA BORG'S FAITH WORK.

LAST month Miss Murray, of Bethshan, paid a visit to Sweden, and there saw in operation the grand work, similar in principle to that of George Müller, of Bristol, now being carried on by Miss Elsa Borg, whose portrait appeared in this journal on June 25th, last year. The following is an extract from a letter from her, published in *Thy Healer*, in which she describes the work:

"Miss Elsa Borg, Tekla Lundin, her helper, and fourteen Biblewomen live in a primitive old house, entered, as most are, by a gateway into a courtyard; no street door. For many years Aunt Elsa kept a school at Gefle. Thirteen years ago her health broke down from congestion of the brain. After two years of rest, her health was so far restored she longed again to be at work. About this time the Christians in Stockholm were much stirred by the accounts of Mrs. Ranyard's Biblewomen and their work, and longed to have some of their own. Aunt Elsa prayed, and felt it laid on her heart to have a little house in Stockholm to train workers.

A house was put, rent free, at her disposal, and five Christian young women came forward to be trained. She began in the autumn, and the next summer her first set of girls were sent out into the work in different towns, and another set took their places. So it has gone on till her Bible-women are scattered all over Sweden.

"As they began to work among the poor who live all around them, they came to know many poor girls who longed to leave a life of shame, but there were none to take them by the hand, or give them a trial or chance to redeem their character. They would come to Aunt Elsa and implore her to take them. For awhile she had two, and even three, sleeping in their sitting-room, but it could not go on so, it was too unwholesome. With much difficulty, a house was secured for this purpose, with a nice large garden. It ought to hold twenty girls, but it has three matrons and twenty-seven girls.

"In working among the people, Aunt Elsa's heart was grieved for the children, often so neglected, so ill, and subject to most corrupting influences. Seeing the need of Preventive work, she took a little house with four rooms, in which she has ten children, a 'mother,' and a 'helper.' No rules are there as to age or circumstances, some are admitted as babes in arms (there are several such now), some at four, six, and seven years old—only they must be girls!

"There are fifty-two children, to be clothed, as well as maintained; twenty-seven women and girls, and twenty-three Biblewomen, in all one hundred and eighteen persons to be fed—and from seventy to eighty to clothe; 6000 Swedish crowns (\$1608) annual rent are paid, besides the wages of the gardener. All this is sent by the Lord, without one single appeal being made or one person asked, or told there is a need."

A FOUNDLING CLAIMED.

A SCENE recalling that of Miriam watching the infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes on the Nile was enacted in New York last summer, the facts of which are only just disclosed. They show the depth and intensity of a mother's love, and remind the child of God of the assurance given him that though a woman may forget her suckling child, yet does God never forget His own (Isa. 49 : 15).

The story was told to a reporter by the Inspector, as follows :

"On the 10th of August last a little babe, neatly dressed, was found in a basket deposited in a hallway on Eighth Avenue. A policeman took it to the station, and the following entry was made in the book after citing when it was found: 'Blue eyes, dark hair, white dress, underclothes and cap; red shawl. Time, half-past two P.M.' The infant was sent to the police matron.

"Recently a neatly-dressed woman appeared at the desk. 'I want to know about a baby you found in the hallway at No. — Eighth Avenue on August 10th, at half-past two.'

"'It is all right. Is it yours?'

"'Yes,' she replied, and gave a description of the clothes.

"'How did you know it came here?' asked Sergeant Kass.

"'Because I saw the policeman bring it. I was watching my child when it was found. I had to give it up because I could not support it. I can now, so I have come for it.'

"'Do you know,' said the Sergeant, much moved, 'that you have broken the law in abandoning your child?'

"'Yes; I know it. I am willing to go to jail, but I want my babe.'

"The Sergeant consulted Inspector Steers, and the Inspector went in to see the Superintendent. It had to be done. She had broken the law, and consequently she was arrested. The next morning she was taken before the Justice and told her story, saying that she would willingly go to jail, but she must have back her babe.

"What did the Justice do? Why, he discharged her. And the baby? Bless you, sir, she got it."

EIGHT ASPECTS OF THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. W. Fuller Gooch.

I. Its Certainty as a Revealed Fact—Teaching of the Scriptural Records—II. Its Place in the Divine Economy—Creative Types of Dispensational Days—III. Its Purpose as a Divine Arrangement—IV. Its Blessing to the Heathen World—V. Its Character as a Theocratic Reign—VI. Its Duration as a Dispensational Period—VII. Its End as a Predicted Catastrophe—VIII. Its Practical Value as an Anticipated Event—The Nearness of the Lord's Return.

IN attempting to bring before you the millennial reign of Christ, my purpose is to address those who are inquirers rather than those who already see their way clear to conclusions which many of us regard as beyond question. I shall briefly dwell upon eight main lines of thought, along which a study of the subject in its general aspects must necessarily lead us. Let me ask your attention : I. To its certainty as

A REVEALED FACT.

Only as a fact of revelation can any certainty attach to it. Mere speculation ought to have no place in such inquiries as these. But once see it to be a truth contained in Holy Writ, and it passes out of the region of hypothesis, and becomes a fundamental fact—fundamental, that is, to the integrity of the Inspired Word.

A glance at the first chapter of Genesis, read in the light of Ps. 8, Rom. 8 : 19-22, and Heb. 2 : 5-8, shows that there is a sovereignty over creation through, in, and under Christ, yet to be manifested—a sovereignty such as the Gospel dispensation does not confer, nor, indeed, as to arrangements and conditions, harmonize with. *The Prophecies* are so full of the King who is to rule in righteousness, and who "shall reign, and

prosper, and execute judgment and justice in the earth," that but for the spiritualizing process with which we are so familiar, it is impossible to read them without being assured of millennial truth.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

in no way overturns these uniform teachings of the Old. By parable and prophecy, by precept and by promise, our Lord gave emphasis to all that the prophets of old had said concerning Him. The Apostles in plainest terms assert their expectation of the golden age which should follow the present time of waiting for and working unto the kingdom of God. (Acts 3 : 19-21).

John, in the Revelation, whatever principle of interpretation you may apply to details, assuredly unfolds the fundamental fact of a kingdom yet to come, and a reign of Christ and His saints in connection with earth and earthly scenes, such as our dispensation cannot develop.

II. ITS PLACE IN THE DIVINE ECONOMY.

It is an important truth. We review the history of God's past dealings with men, and we find them displaying an order and precision which fully establishes the belief that the seven creation days of Genesis are but types of as many dispensational days in which the great Framer of all things is bringing to perfection His new creation. Eden answers to the first of these; the antediluvian age, commencing with the fall, is the second; the Noachic, dating from the covenant made with Noah after the deluge, is the third; the Abrahamic, beginning with the call of Abraham, the fourth; the Sinaitic, with Moses at its head, is the fifth; the Gospel, originating in the incarnation of the Son of God, is the sixth; and where shall we look for the seventh—the grand Sabbath rest in which the curse uplifted, creation gladdened, man restored, and God rejoicing in all His works—if not to that millennial reign, which is ushered in by the return of Christ? As each past dispensational era has had its fitting place and special design in the economy of Him who, "through Christ, His Son, hath made (or set) the ages," so the coming closing age is needed to fill up or complete the plan of predestined grace and truth.

III. ITS PURPOSE

as a divine arrangement. Among the special purposes of the millennial reign may be cited : (a) The revelation of the glory of Christ as the exalted and glorified Son of Man. Earth, as yet, has never seen His glory; it has but witnessed His career as "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." But it shall see "the King in His beauty." (b) The manifestation of the sons of God is a second purpose to be answered. Now they are hidden, not only as to the secret springs at their life, but as to their true character and glorious destiny. As yet

THE BRIDE IS IN EXILE,

sharing the rejection and the sufferings of her Lord, but the time is coming when she shall be exalted to the Bridegroom's throne. (c) The complete fulfilment of the covenants made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. "God hath not cast away His people whom He foreknew." The seed of Abraham His friend (Isa. 61 : 8) are still near His heart, the land promised to be theirs forever, as a peaceable habitation, is still before Him, in due time to be remembered and restored. (d) The victory of Jesus over the devil and all his works shall be revealed. Satan himself bound, and cast into the abyss, his legions driven from the abodes of men, and hell restrained from polluting earth or heaven, the field shall be clear for universal blessing.

IV. ITS BLESSING TO THE HEATHEN WORLD.

One of the saddest facts to contemplate is the coldness and neglect with which the Church has treated the divine command to evangelize the world, and failed to respond to the yearning compassion with which the great heart of God has viewed the perishing millions afar. But in the millennial day it will be seen how, under the reign of Christ, the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, for then shall all the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdom of God and of His Christ.

V. A THEOCRATIC REIGN.

The words of the Apostle, in Rom. 14 : 17, used to describe the spiritual aspects or elements of the kingdom of God in mystery, are equally descriptive of the most salient features of that kingdom in manifestation. The kingdom of God is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Even in a spiritual sense, under the millennial reign, these things will be wondrously experienced and enjoyed by untold millions of earth's inhabitants; for in that day effusions of the Holy Spirit, such as have never yet been known, shall be poured out upon the world. Righteousness, in its evangelical, personal, social, and political aspects, shall in that day universally prevail; injustice and oppression of every kind shall cease; society shall be associated for the common weal; commerce, science, art, and literature shall be based on principles of truth and moral force. Then shall be seen "a world in principle as chaste as this is gross and selfish." The will of God shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

VI. ITS DURATION.

Speculation has often been rife upon this point; I will only quote the familiar words of Rev. 20 : 4. There the fact is stated concerning the kingdom of priests who have part in the first resurrection which precedes and ushers in the millennial reign: "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." The definite use of the term "a thousand years" so many times in the summary of millennial truth contained in this book affords a strong argument in favor of its literal significance. But it is not our object to enter now upon points of detail; suffice it to say that this glorious age of ages shall last long enough to display before a wondering universe the exceeding riches of that grace of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, and the boundlessness of that power which is given into the hands of the Son of Man.

VII. ITS END IN A CATASTROPHE.

It is a fact of solemn and instructive import that each succeeding dispensation of God's regard to man has ended in judgment. Eden ended in the expulsion of the guilty pair; the era of the first promise and of initial faith ended in the Flood; the renewal of divine covenant with man through Noah ended in the Babel strife of tongues; the Abrahamic age of Israel ended in the sore bondage of Egypt, and the judgment of the Red Sea; the Sinaitic, or Levitical, period closes with the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the chosen race; the Gospel day, bright as it has been with the effulgence of the glory of God, beheld in the face of Jesus Christ, is to set amid the darkness of apostasy and the doom of Christendom; and the millennial reign, as to its earthly sphere, will close with the fire of God devouring a revolting host, who, under the lead of Satan, once more allowed to test the heart of man, rebel against the Lord, and seek to overturn the very foundations of His throne. Awful and sublime are the words of the Apostle Peter as he describes the terrors of this scene (II Peter 3).

VIII. ITS PRACTICAL VALUE.

I venture to affirm that whether we look at the essential nature and influence of prophetic truth, or at the lives of most of those who have most thoughtfully and intelligently studied it, the effects of such study, and the deep convictions to which it leads, are in every way of the highest practical value and importance. It is impossible to realize with anything like spiritual perception the shortness of this present time, and the nearness of the Lord's return, and to be idle, cold, or dead. The voice of prophecy rings in the ears of those who prayerfully study its teaching, and in tones which stir us to the depth of our being, calls upon us to let our loins be girt, our lamps trimmed, and our lives ordered as those of men who are watching and waiting for their Lord.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

*"The Christian Herald"
has for many years had
full permission to publish
my sermons. I shall continue
to revise them for this
paper which is growing
with miraculous
rapidity in circulation
influence and moral
power.*

*T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 4th 1886*

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Proposed Amendment to the Constitution. declaring polygamy unlawful, has been reported by the House Committee on Judiciary. Many people will consider such action as unnecessary. There is no doubt about polygamy being already unlawful. But the amendment is likely to become very important. If Utah should be admitted as a State, or should the Mormons settle in some State in such numbers as to be able to capture the government and Legislature, Congress would have no right to interfere in the marriage laws as the Constitution now stands. An amendment classing polygamy with treason would give the Federal Government the required power, and therefore the proposal is an evidence of foresight which ought to be promptly ratified. Otherwise we may some day see among the family of Christian States one member with society of the Asiatic type outraging public decency with impunity.

Among the Various Measures Proposed with the object of giving copyright in the United States to foreign authors, the Senate Committee on Patents has selected that prepared by Mr. Chace as the best. His bill was reported on May 21st. It will probably pass the Senate, but is scarcely likely to reach the House in time for action at this session. It strikes out from the existing copyright law: "Citizen of the United States or resident therein." Thus, if it is enacted, foreign authors will, under its provisions, enjoy the same rights and privileges as American citizens. Precautions are taken, however, in a separate section of the act, to prevent the concession being abused. The name of any book issued in a foreign country must be recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress on or before the day on which the book is published in the country of origin. And, within three months of the record being made, two copies of an edition printed in the United States

must be sent to the Librarian of Congress. Unless these two stipulations are complied with the author cannot secure copyright, and any American publisher may issue the work. The enactment of this law will protect American printers and yet remove from the United States the reproach of dishonesty, which has for so long a time been a favorite theme of foreign speakers and authors.

The Sympathy of the whole Country is Due to the Hon. George H. Pendleton, our Minister to Germany, who by a sudden calamity was last week bereaved of his beloved wife. Mrs. Pendleton returned from Berlin with her daughter about two months ago to nurse her son's wife, who was dangerously ill. They remained after that lady's death to cheer and console the widower. On Thursday last, while taking a drive in Central Park, New York, the two ladies became alarmed by the horse taking fright and running away. They saw the coachman precipitated from his box, and fearing that the vehicle would be overturned, they sprang out. Mrs. Pendleton's head struck the concrete curb, and she was killed instantly. Miss Pendleton fell on the grassy bank, and though much shaken was not fatally injured. The intelligence was delicately broken to Minister Pendleton in Berlin, but it could not be otherwise than a terrible shock to him. He fell fainting on the floor, and remains seriously prostrated.

The Fishery Trouble with Canada was aggravated last week by the seizure of another American vessel. On May 17th the Ella M. Doughty was seized on the charge of buying bait and neglecting to enter or clear at the Custom House at St. Ann's. The captain admitted purchasing bait, but claims that he had a right to do so, as he carried a permit from the collector to trade in foreign ports. The United States Government has now taken the matter in hand, but the character of Mr. Bayard's intervention has not yet been disclosed. While it was still uncertain whether he had taken official action, the Maine Fish Exchange held a meeting to demand the protection of armed ships in the fishing grounds. It was resolved, if the Government did not immediately send such vessels, that the firms interested should arm and equip a vessel themselves. It has since been reported that the Augusta Herrick, a vessel which sailed for the Bay of Fundy last week, is armed with cannon, and the crew have been supplied with small arms. Senator Frye, who is the champion in Congress of the Maine fishermen, contends that, although the treaty of 1818 does not permit the purchase of bait, the right to do so has been recognized by subsequent British legislation. He expresses the belief that the difficulty will be satisfactorily adjusted.

The Sentence on Jaehne, the New York alderman who took a bribe of twenty thousand dollars, has met with hearty approval from the public and the press. There is and ought to be no exultation over the unhappy man who has gone from ease and luxury to wear stripes and starch shirts in the State's prison; but there is very properly a feeling of joy that in spite of money, influence, and forensic skill a guilty man has been sent to undergo his just deserts. After a long trial, in which the accused was defended by some of the ablest lawyers in the State, Jaehne was convicted, and on May 21st Judge Barrett sentenced him to be kept at hard labor in State Prison for nine years and ten months. In passing the sentence the judge uttered words which deserve to be read throughout the land, so truly do they represent the sense of the best portion of the community. In the course of his address he said: "The case is a sad one. It is sad to see a man with the advantages you have occupying your present shameful position. But the saddest thing of all about your case is the doubt which pervades many good and honest minds of your conviction. No doubt was entertained of your guilt. It was universally conceded when the evidence was in that the case against you was clear, convincing, and overwhelming. There was no doubt of

your guilt, but there was a doubt concerning the chances of convicting you. The doubt arose because the people have not sufficient faith in their common laws, because they feared that crime would in the end triumph over virtue. Every good citizen should rejoice that all these doubts have been dispelled, and the lesson it teaches is a good one." Talking with his friends afterward about the judge's address, Jaehne said: "I never heard anything so terrible in my life—anything so utterly unnecessary. Why did he not sentence me at once? Why should he have added to the awfulness of my position by delivering such a harsh speech to me?" The answer might have been given him that the judge was availing himself of an excellent opportunity to read a lesson to the public generally, and especially to some whom it concerns. There are many places in the city on the walls of which it would be a good thing to hang up the whole address printed in large type.

The Indictment of Three of the Chicago Anarchists has been decided upon by the Grand Jury. They are Spies, Fielden, and Parsons. There is conflicting evidence as to the man who threw the bomb, but the police do not despair of identifying him. An important arrest was made on May 21st which may help in this matter. The man who is named Lehmann is known to be in the secrets of the anarchists, and it is believed that if he did not throw the bomb himself, that he can tell who did throw it. In his possession and on the premises which he occupied at the time of his arrest were found three round dynamite bombs, exactly similar to that used at the Haymarket riot. Two boxes of dynamite "giant powder" caps, two coils of dynamite fuse, and two boxes of dynamite not made into bombs were also found. The bombs had the fuse attached, and seemed ready for immediate use. The rioters who sacked the drug-store in Chicago and drank poison under the impression that it was brandy cannot recover. Eight of them are already dead.

A Baby King was Born at Madrid on May 17th. The event was the occasion of much excitement. Since the death of King Alfonso, on November 24th, 1885, there has been intense anxiety about his successor. Spain has not been happy under her queens, and the fact that the only child of the deceased king was a girl rendered the people apprehensive of plots and revolution. The birth of this posthumous child last week has therefore been hailed with delight. Elaborate preparations were made for the event, and when its approach was announced, the Premier and the grandees assembled in the palace to await the news. According to the Spanish custom, the new-born babe was solemnly paraded round the antechambers on a cushion for inspection and admiration. The birth was pompously recorded in an official deed drawn up by the Minister of Justice, and the ceremony ended. Meanwhile the news had been conveyed to the crowd in the plaza by hoisting the royal standard. Instantly the church bells rang out, guns were fired, and the air was filled with the sounds of rejoicing.

The Czar of Russia Issued a Manifesto Last week which caused some apprehension. At the conclusion of the Crimean War, thirty years ago, his father agreed to the demand of the allied Powers that he should not have armed vessels afloat on the Black Sea which could menace Constantinople. Recently the present Czar notified the Powers that he considered the time had come for a relaxation of the prohibition. He thereupon commenced the preparation of a fleet which is now ready for service. In his manifesto to the officers and crews of the fleet he uses the following significant words: "My will and thoughts are directed toward the peaceful development of the nation's welfare, but circumstances may render the fulfilment of my wishes difficult and force me to an armed defence in order to preserve the dignity of the empire. If such occasion should arise, I know that you will aid me with the devotion and constancy which your ancestors displayed."

Slight Skirmishes Between the Turks and Greeks occurred last week. It was the natural result of having in close proximity armed men whose passions have been inflamed by prolonged agitation. No very clear account of the fighting has been cabled, but it would appear that the Turks were the aggressors. On Friday they commenced firing on the Greek position, and a prompt reply came from the Greeks. The latter assert that they captured three prisoners and a considerable quantity of ammunition. A conference between the respective commanders was held on the following day with the view of preventing a recurrence of the conflict. A later report states that serious fighting was going on at another part of the frontier.

The Home Rule Question Continued the prominent topic in England throughout the week. The variations in public expectation of the result were remarkable. On the whole, the prospects of the bill passing its second reading were a little brighter at the close of the week; but no one is sanguine. The change in the current is principally due to the pressure outside Parliament. There are many indications that the people are in favor of granting Home Rule, and such indications it is not safe for members who wish to keep their seats to disregard. It seems certain that if Mr. Gladstone is defeated, he will dissolve the Parliament, and every member is therefore brought face to face with the question of the prospect of re-election. Besides this pressure there is another influence at work. The speech of Lord Salisbury, a part of which we quoted here last week, has disgusted sensible men, especially those who follow the lead of the Marquis of Hartington. They recognize in Ireland the presence of misery and discontent, and they know that it will not be remedied by any such prescription as the only one Lord Salisbury offers—that of a firm government and emigration. They are opposed to governing Ireland as a conquered territory; they are anxious to see it pacified, and they are more disposed to accept the one alternative offered by Mr. Gladstone, which has the promise of success in it. Thus the number of waverers has increased, though at present not sufficiently to justify the prediction that the bill will pass.

The American Bible Society Celebrated its seventieth anniversary on May 13th. The Rev. Dr. Wickham, who is now in his ninety-first year, was present, and related reminiscences of the days of the founding of the Society. He was present at its institution in the City Hall seventy years ago. During the past year the Society has expended \$499,998, and already has pledged \$178,658 for the ensuing year. The number of copies of the Bible published by the Society last year in various languages was 1,274,036. The Foreign Department is displaying remarkable energy, which shows that the missionaries enjoy a lively interest among the directors. Portions of the Old Testament are to be printed at Honolulu for the Gilbert Islanders. Mrs. Robertson's version of the New Testament in Muskogee will soon appear. Rjutei's translation of Luke in Corean and Dr. Macdonald's version of the Proverbs in Siamese are ready for the press. Some portions of the Old Testament have been printed in Shanghai Colloquial and the New Testament in Canton Colloquial. The Old Testament will appear in Modern Syriac this year, and many parts of it in Spanish and Portuguese.

An Appropriate Memorial of the Late Jerry McAuley was unveiled on Saturday last in New York. It is a drinking-fountain erected in the little triangular park at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue at Thirty-second Street, within sight of the scene of his labors at the Cremona Mission. The fountain consists of a single quadrangular shaft ten feet high and three feet wide on each face, and is almost severe in its plainness. At the base, fronting the roadbed, are basins for animals into which the water pours through dolphins' mouths. On the face next to the sidewalk is a cup held between two hands thrust out of a cross above a basin. Touching a spring causes water to flow from this cup.

Over this cup is the following inscription: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." The other faces are inscribed: "Erected by the friends of Jerry McAuley." Inside of the shaft is an ice chest, which will be kept filled during the summer by the friends of Jerry McAuley, so that the water drawn from the cup is iced water. The fountain is of iron bronzed over. Before the unveiling a short preliminary service was held in the Cremona Mission. The Rev. Dr. R. R. Booth presided, and the Rev. Drs. R. S. MacArthur, George Alexander, General Clinton B. Fisk, A. S. Hatch, and Mrs. McAuley made brief addresses.

The Refusal of a Marriage License was Requested by a young lady in Pennsylvania recently. She entered the clerk's office in Potter County, and with many blushes inquired if a certain young man had taken out a license to marry a lady whom she named. She looked much relieved when assured that no such license had been applied for. She left the emphatic injunction with the clerk: "If he does come for that license don't let him have it; I have got the first claim on him." One cannot but feel sorry for the distressed girl; her injunction would have so little influence. First claims do not count for much in love affairs. Neither do they in spiritual matters. Many a child who has been consecrated to God in prayer, and in youth has vowed to give himself to Christ, has in manhood allied himself to the world and forsaken God (Isa. 5: 1-5).

Baron Woerishoffer, the New York Millionaire, who died intestate two weeks ago, had a large number of wills made, but did not execute any of them. During the two years immediately preceding his death his lawyers prepared several of them, but in each case he had a new will made without signing the one previously sent to him. This eccentricity was the subject of conversation among his friends when his intestacy was announced in the press, and an aged lawyer remarked that the deceased millionaire's case was by no means exceptional. Among his own clients, the lawyer said, there are at least a dozen wealthy men and women who order new wills almost monthly, have great care exercised in their preparation, and then, day by day, postpone signing the documents till some new circumstance arises to suggest still further changes and a new form. "I know one man," said this lawyer, "who has spent \$20,000 in having wills drawn within the last few years." The results of this form of procrastination are not disastrous, because the law provides for an equitable distribution of the deceased's estate when there is no will; but the same habit, when affecting the soul, involves a lamentable catastrophe. People are continually dying unprepared who fully intended to give themselves to God before death came (Eccles. 5: 4).

The Dreams of the Blind Form the Subject of an interesting communication published in the *Philadelphia Record*, by Superintendent Hall of the Working Home for Blind Men, in West Philadelphia. He states that the blind who have been so afflicted from birth never dream of seeing anything. The impressions of their dreams are regulated by the sense of touch, of hearing, of taste and smell. One of the most intelligent inmates of the West Philadelphia "Home," who came into the world blind, says that although he has read a great deal he never dreams of the things he has read about, and never dreams of any thing or person with which he has not in some way come in personal contact. He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, but never of the landscape, a picture or a tree. No idea of what they look like is formed in his mind, and none comes to him in the fancies of his sleep. Even in the unrestrained imagination of the sleeping there seems to be no capacity for the use of a sense of which they have had no experience. It is so in spiritual matters. The natural man is incapable of comprehending spiritual things. When his spir-

itual nature is quickened by the Holy Spirit he sees things that were dark to him before (1 Cor. 2: 14).

An Involuntary Voyage Across the Atlantic was the sequel to a Sunday boating excursion recently. A vessel arrived in St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, on May 19th, having on board a passenger who had been picked up from an open boat adrift off the coast of the Island of Jersey. On Sunday, April 18th, a gentleman and lady went out for a row after attending church at St. Hilaire, in Jersey. The gentleman in rowing let one of his oars slip, and in trying to recover it lost the other. The boat began to drift out to sea, and the gentleman, being an expert swimmer, jumped into the water to get the oars. He was unable to reach the boat again, and at last, to save his life, struck out for the shore, leaving the boat with the lady in it to drift out to sea. After forty hours of anxiety and suspense in the boat the lady saw a ship bound for Newfoundland. She was taken on board and brought to America. She is not the first person who has started out to take what is called "innocent pleasure" on the Lord's day and has brought up where she had no intention of going. Unhappily, young people who so commence the journey of life in the world generally pass through shame and disgrace to a death in which there is no hope (Isa. 58: 13, 14).

A Naive Letter was Addressed by an Office-seeker to a New York journal last week. The writer thus states his case: "I have been appointed to a politic position, and have to pass a Civil Service examination before I can receive any pay, and it is doubtful if I can pass. Now, if I should get another party to pass the examination for me under my name, could anything be done to me, or could I get into any trouble. If so, please state in your next issue and oblige." The young man does not appear to know that the law takes cognizance of just such acts as that he contemplates, and prescribes for any one found guilty of committing them a year in the penitentiary and a fine of five hundred dollars. The examination is not a service to be rendered, as he seems to think, but a test of his fitness for the "politic position," which would not be demonstrated by another person passing the examination for him. He would, therefore, be very likely to get into "trouble," as he could not get a substitute to suffer the penalty as well as pass the examination under his name. It is in that particular that the substitution of Christ for sinners stands unparalleled. He not only rendered a life of perfect obedience and suffered the full penalty, but He gives fitness to all who believe on Him (1 Cor. 6: 11).

A Cunning Criminal was Hanged at Buffalo, N. Y., on May 21st. A year and a half ago, without the slightest provocation, he brutally murdered his wife, an industrious, affectionate woman, who earned a living for her family by washing. Her husband used to take her money from her to spend in liquor, and beat her if she had none to give him. He killed her in November, 1884, and though he was promptly caught, tried, and convicted, he succeeded, by a series of appeals, in deferring his punishment until last week. First he pleaded insanity, but the governor secretly sent two physicians to examine him, and they reported that it was only feigned. Then he announced that he had "got religion," and hoped, by the intercession of Christian people, to obtain mercy from the governor. With unblushing effrontery he declared that *the Lord had told him* that he would not be hanged. As late as May 18th, when he was told that there was no further hope for him, he said: "Yes, there is further hope; the Lord will not let them hang me." But he was hung, nevertheless. Evidently, therefore, any assurance he may have had that he would escape was not from the Lord. He is not the first scoundrel who has professed to have special communications from God. Like many other people who do not think what God has told them in His Word sufficient for them, he listened to his own imagination, and was deceived (Ezek. 13: 6-8).

MOUTH AND HEART.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."
—ROMANS 10: 9.

Paul's Compact Summaries—A Gospel of Faith—I. Intended for Lost Men—Not a Milder Law—A New Starting-Point—II. Concerned Only About Jesus—Contrast of Faith and Unbelief—The Completed Work—III. Has a Confession to Make—Why Confession is put First—Backstairs Religion—IV. Has a Comfort to Enjoy—The Comfort in the Resurrection—V. A Promise to Rest Upon—The Passiveness of the Promise—The Absolute Certainty.

PAUL's great work was saving souls. Whatever else he might be doing, he never forgot "by all means to save some." Whatever else he aimed at in his epistles, he always took care so to write that men might, by his teaching, be led to the Lord Jesus. He sought so to speak that troubled consciences might come to peace, through Jesus Christ his Lord, whom he loved so well. This is one of the reasons why he so often gives us weighty condensations of the Gospel, packing the truth together very closely. He knew that these are very useful, and so he prepared them for his brethren, as one provides for travellers portable meats or condensed milk. When the reader finds a compact sentence of this sort, he has met with a little Bible, a miniature Body of Divinity.

I wish to preach in the same spirit in which Paul wrote, aiming from my first word to my last at the conversion of any of you who have not yet known the Lord. I pray that we may all mean business at this time, and may get at it in downright earnest. May you be determined to come to the point, and no longer hesitate!

I. I shall want you to notice in our text, first, that the Gospel as Paul here sets it forth is

A GOSPEL OF FAITH;

and this Gospel of faith is evidently intended for lost men. Observe, he saith, "If thou shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved.*" When Moses wrote the law, he spake upon obedience to the command as securing *life*; for he saith, "This do, and thou shalt live." It was presupposed by the law that those to whom the law came already possessed life; and the fulfilling of the law did but preserve them in the life which they already possessed. The Gospel comes to us under quite another aspect; it does not regard us as having life, but as needing that life.

WHAT SALVATION IS.

The Gospel comes to us not as to servants who need to be told how they are to continue to live; but as to dead sinners who need to be made to live, and then to be kept alive and preserved in happy and holy being. The Gospel saith not only that we shall live by it, but that we shall be *saved* by it, which promise goes much lower and further. When it is said that we shall "*be saved*," it implies that we have fallen into a lost, ruined, and undone condition, and out of this the Gospel is to rescue us.

Jesus comes to bring *salvation*. What a great word is that! The text says the believer shall "*be saved*"; saved is a little word for letters, but it is a great word for meanings. What is it to be saved? It means to be saved from the *punishment* of all your sins, saved from going down into the pit, saved from the blackness of darkness forever, saved from the everlasting wrath of the Most High, saved from the second death whose terror is the hell of hell. Whosoever confesseth the Lord Jesus and believeth that God hath raised him from the dead, shall be saved from the penal consequences of his guilt.

Better still, you shall be saved from *sin itself*. The criminality and guilt of it shall be removed; from its stain you shall be washed whiter than snow. The sin itself, that black cloud, as well as the tempest with which it is charged, shall be removed, even as it is written, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." We preach not only de-

liverance from the punishment, but deliverance from the crime itself—deliverance from the charge and accusation which else would lie against the transgressor. The sin shall be blotted out in the case of the believer, and he shall be forgiven and justified—justified from all things from which the law could never clear him.

What is more still, you shall not only be delivered from the punishment of sin and the guilt of sin, but from the *power* of sin. Oh, to be saved from sinning! This is our chief desire. If the guilt of sin could possible be put away, and we could still be left as much the slaves of sin as before, very little would have been done for us. It would be a doubtful blessing. To be made happy in sin would be dangerous to us and unworthy of God; but the Lord Jesus Christ has come to save His people from their sins, to break the chains of evil habit, to subdue sinful influences which now dominate us, and to put within us a new heart and a right spirit.

EMANCIPATION.

We preach emancipation for the slaves of sin. You that are worried and wearied with temptation shall be saved from yielding to it. You that cry out by reason of indwelling sin shall receive salvation from the power of evil. The living and holy seed within you cannot sin because it is born of God, and its growing force shall at last hold your every thought in captivity to Christ. It is a blessed salvation; an all-round salvation for the past, for the present, and for the future. This is what we are sent to testify; we could not have a more full or a more divine message, we could not have a grander blessing to present to the sons of men than that of being saved.

I begin, then, with the proclamation of salvation for the lost. Hear it, ye unworthy ones! Hear it, ye who cannot say a good word on your own account! Hear it and catch at this hope. If God the Spirit will bless the word, according to His gracious wont, you mourning and heavy-laden ones will joyfully cry, "There is a message for us in this text!"

CONCERNED ABOUT JESUS.

II. I now advance to my second point, which is this, that saving faith concerns itself only about Jesus Himself. True faith, the faith which saves, concerns itself wholly about the glorious person and gracious work of Him whom God raised from the dead. Within the compass of Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and the right hand of the Father lies the sphere of the sinner's faith. Faith is where Jesus is, and she asks no wider range. Unbelief is speculative, but faith deals with facts. Unbelief saith, "Who shall ascend into heaven? Who shall descend into the abyss?" Unbelief is always starting questions; she is so dissatisfied with the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ that she demands another Saviour, or no Saviour, or fifty Saviours. She does not know what she wants; her cry is, "Who will show us any good? Who in the heavens, who in the depths, who anywhere?" Unbelief has a very attentive ear to every new notion. This man has a novel doctrine, another has just ferreted out a fresh idea; and unbelief goes helter-skelter this way and that. She hears voices crying, "Lo here, and lo there!" and like a silly bird she is lured and snared.

Faith is of another mind; she takes her stand where Christ is, and she says, "if Salvation is anywhere it is in Him. Is it not written, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is no one else'?" She bows before Jesus at Bethlehem, and sees hope in His incarnation. She traverses the fields of Judea with Jesus, and sees hope in the holy, tender-hearted lover of souls. She goes with Him to Gethsemane, and views Him covered with the bloody sweat, and begins to read her pardon there. She sees Him die upon the accursed tree, and she says, "My life is here; if ever I am saved, I must be saved here." She sees Jesus in the tomb, she watches and beholds Him rise again; and as He rises she claps her hands with delight, for she sees hope and immortality in Him. She looks up yonder to the throne of the Most High; she sees Jesus inter-

ceding for transgressors that the Lord God may dwell among them; she understands that He is carrying on a noble enterprise which will soon be brought forth unto victory, and she glories in her Lord—her all.

THE QUEST OF UNBELIEF.

The faith which saves is not dreamy. Do you not notice how unbelief here dreams of skies and seas, and all immeasurable things? "Who shall ascend into heaven?" What a picture! Imagination is at work; she beholds her mighty merits scaling the everlasting ramparts—she doats upon her dream. If she hears a discourse she only cares for the oratory of it. "What a sermon that man preached! How full of poetry!" She must have something high and lofty; nothing commonplace will suit her. At another time, when she is heavy, her dream is of a wretched diver into the deep seas of anguish, plunging down into the abyss to find the pearl of peace. Imagination raises in the soul despondency, despair, frenzy and madness; and many foolish ones hope in these to find a ransom.

Faith has done with these Arabian nights, for she has done with Sinai. She dreams no more; for perfectly healthy men have done with dreams. With open eye faith reads facts. She dwells on what Jesus did and suffered. She reflects that He died, He rose again, and is gone into the glory. Facts, not fiction, are her solace. She accepts matters of history, not figments of imagination. Something actually done, something really accomplished, faith requires and accepts.

The fact is, all that can be done has been done. Why do you want to do what is already done? All that can be felt has been felt; why do you want to feel it? "It is finished," said Christ; why do you strive to do it over again? You want to feel; are not His feelings enough? You want to work; are not His workings enough? Trust in self is a disloyal attempt upon the crown rights of the Redeemer. All those doings, and willings, and feelings are a setting up of self-salvation. It is all a mistake. Oh that you would give up those mistakes, and hear that your soul may live, believing what you hear, and accepting it in your very soul! I will not, however, stay longer to describe this faith by contrast, but we will penetrate a stage further into the centre of the text.

III. The third point of our discourse is, that saving faith has

A CONFESSION TO MAKE:

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Observe here, that *this confession is put first*. I suppose it is because Paul was quoting from the thirtieth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, and he had, of course, to place the words as Moses arranged them in the passage quoted. Yet there must be other reasons. Possibly the confession of the Lord Jesus unto salvation is put first here because it is most likely to be forgotten. We have plenty of preaching of "Believe and live," and I do not condemn it; but still, strictly speaking, it is incomplete. Constantly in Scripture the faith to which salvation is promised is a faith which makes a confession of itself. It is never a dumb faith; it is a faith that speaks, a faith which owns its own existence; ay, a faith which owns the Lord in the teeth of adversaries.

The apostle mentions it first here because it is so often put into the background, and this is a great cause of stumbling. He mentions it first, also, because *it is first* as far as our fellow-creatures are concerned. How can I know what you believe in your heart? I must first hear what you confess with your mouth. An inquirer comes to me to join the Church, or to be acknowledged as a Christian; I cannot begin with his heart; I have no means of reading his thoughts. I say to him, "Speak, that I may see you." If he confesses with his mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, he has done what, in the order of practical religion, must lead the way toward friend and foe.

Let me add that, in a certain sense, confession with the mouth is actually first in the man. Many persons never receive in their hearts the comfort of Christ's resurrection, because they have never with their mouth confessed the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and Master. The Lord will not give to you the warmth of faith which cheers the heart unless you are willing to yield to Him the obedience of faith by taking up your cross and coming out and confessing Him. There are numbers of Christians—Christians I mean in the judgment of charity—who never enter into the joy of their Lord because they have never obeyed His rule, nor owned His name before men. I dare not preach to you

A BACK-STAIRS GOSPEL

for cowards, a secret green-lane of salvation, which winds about through the woods, so that you can travel it without being seen. No; at my Lord's bidding, I preach to you an open king's highway, along which the fearful and the unbelieving refuse to go. And yet there is only this one way to the kingdom. Let us follow Jesus in broad daylight. Jesus saith, "He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in heaven; but he that denieth Me"—which in that connection means, he that does not confess Me—"he that denieth Me before men, him will I deny before My Father which is in heaven." Hear, I pray you, the text: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Notice *what it is that is to be confessed*: "The Lord Jesus!" By which I gather that it is essential to salvation that a man confess the Deity of Christ. I would not be uncharitable to anybody, but I never can, as a believer in the Word of God, expect to see a man saved who denies the Godhead of his Saviour. He puts himself out of court, he rejects that part of the Redeemer's character which is essential to His being a Saviour. If any man would be saved he must believe that Jesus Christ is both Lord and God.

A VOCAL TESTIMONY.

Note how very definite is the confession. Somebody says, "Well, I will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I will try and act up to my faith." Do so by all means; but this will not fulfil the demand of the text. It is true your life is a confession, and the more pure it is the more excellent it is as a profession. Still, the doing of one duty does not exempt us from another. The confession required by the text is expressly said to be "*with thy mouth*." I dare not alter the Scripture. Do not blame me; I did not write the words. There they are: "If thou shalt *with thy mouth* confess the Lord Jesus." You are vocally to own Jesus; you are definitely and distinctly to say with your tongue, your mouth, your lips, that He is your Lord and Saviour. It is not to be an inference drawn in silence from your life, but a declared statement of the mouth. What other meaning can my text have but that?

Why is this? saith one. Well, first, because I believe that confession with the mouth is a sort of breaking away from the world. When a man says with his mouth, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," it is as good as saying to the world, "I have done with you." Those round about will conclude that the man has broken loose from his old habits, and has come right away from the unbelieving world. Dear seeker, you must stand out. You must come away from your old companions and sinful connections, and say, "I am for Christ. He is my Saviour, and I am His follower." He requires this confession of you that you may thus be cut loose from the world which lieth in the wicked one. Ah, my friends! this is a hard saying to some of you. You have good points about you, but you do not let your light shine before men, as your Lord commands you. Your candle is under a bushel; it cannot burn well in so confined a space; it is apt to make smoke and blackness. Bring it out at once!

IV. Time would fail me if I were to dwell longer on this point, important as it is. Let us now notice, in the fourth place, that faith has a great

COMFORT TO ENJOY.

She has truth of which she must speak with her mouth; but she has also facts which she ponders in her heart. Why is salvation promised here especially to a belief with the heart that God hath raised Christ from the dead? Is not our faith to be fixed upon the death of Christ rather than upon the resurrection of Christ? I answer, it is probably here stated because in the resurrection of our Lord all the rest of his history is implied and included. If He was raised from the dead, then He must have died. If He died then, He must have been a man, and have been born into the world. In mentioning that God raised our Lord from the dead, the apostle has really mentioned all the great redeeming work of Jesus, since all the other items are involved therein.

Moreover, the resurrection of Christ from the dead is one of the chief of those truths which are to be believed in the heart, because it is the source of the heart's best comfort. "Look," says the believer, "I am by nature a poor lost sinner, but I shall not be destroyed forever, for Jesus my Saviour and Surety has been raised from the dead. My salvation lies in Him. I am delivered from the dead in Him. I see my justification in His resurrection. Because Jesus lives I have an unfailing friend, to whom I fly; because God raised Him from the dead, and so bare witness that He accepted Him, therefore I know that I am accepted in Him. If I lay hold upon that righteousness which God has accepted, I am accepted in it." Oh, dear friends, when a sinner knows that his salvation does not lie in himself at all, but wholly in Christ, then he discovers the great secret.

V. So now I finish with the truth that faith has

A PROMISE TO REST UPON.

"If thou believest in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Thou." Who is that? This is thyself. It is the man who with his mouth confesses, and with his heart believes. Dear friend, it means *you*. Did I hear you cry, "I have no merits of my own; I have no good feelings; I have nothing of my own that I can rejoice in; I feel myself to be utterly lost"? Listen! "If *thou* shalt with thy mouth confess the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved." The singular pronoun, "thou," sets its mark upon *you*. Put thine ear to this telephone; a voice speaks to thee. God out of heaven is speaking straight down the telephone into thine ear—"thou shalt be saved."

There is a sort of

PASSIVENESS

about the expression "be saved." The text does not speak about what you are going to do, but about something that is to be done for you and done in you: "Thou shalt be saved." "I cannot save myself"—who said you could? Who asked you to do so? Thou canst with thy mouth confess the Lord Jesus—do that straight away. Thou canst believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead. If thou be the man I am looking after, thou art doing so now. Thou sayest, "Oh, yes, I believe it with all my heart; my hope lies in Jesus." Then thou shalt be saved.

I have the same confidence concerning the poorest old woman in this house as I have about myself; if she confesses and believes, she is saved as I am. The wickedest ruffians and most wanton harlots, if they will do as the text directs, shall also be saved. This Gospel is not denied to the vilest of the vile. Oh, my friend, it is not denied to you. This is the ship which has carried thousands to heaven. We who go on board shall get to heaven by it. If it could go down, we should all sink together; but as it floats safely, we will all sail together to the Fair Havens. There is no second vessel on this line;

and there is no other line. This one chartered barque of salvation by a confessing faith now lies at the quay. Come on board! Come on board at once! God help you to come on board at this very moment, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

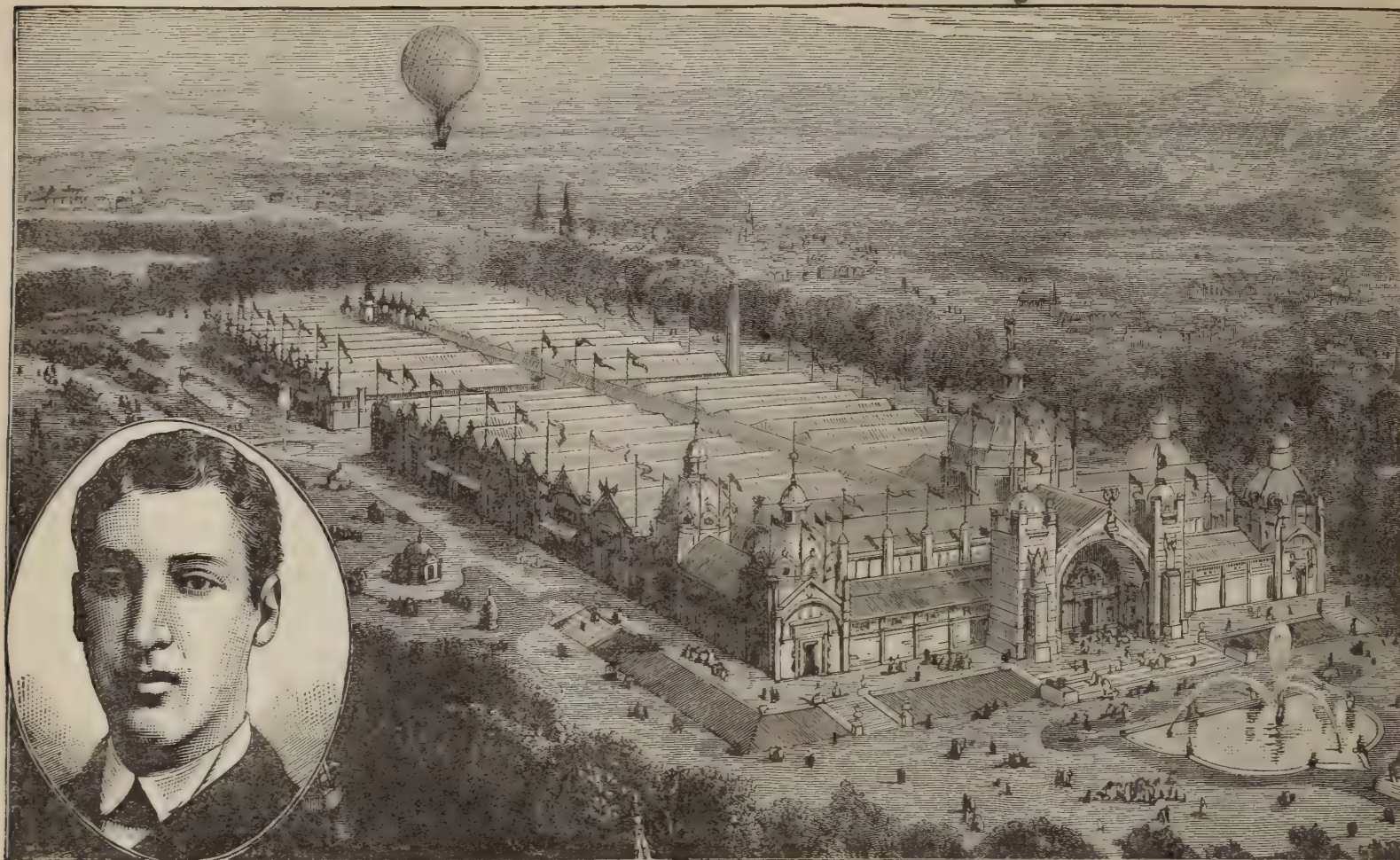
[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.*

THE chronicler, Ventancurt, writes with pious joy: "The Tribunal of the Inquisition, the strong fort and mount of Zion, was founded in the city of Mexico in the year 1571," and later, he adds: "They have celebrated general and particular *autos de la fé* with great concourse of dignitaries, and in all cases the Catholic faith and its truth have remained victorious". . . . The *brasero*, brazier, or burning place whereon the decrees were executed, was a short distance eastward of the Church of San Diego. It was a square platform with wall and terrace arranged for the erection of stakes to which the condemned living or dead were fastened to be burned. Being raised in a large open space, the spectacle could be witnessed by the entire population of the city. When the ceremony was ended, the ashes were thrown into the marsh that then was in the rear of the Church of San Diego. . . . The first *auto da fé* in New Spain was celebrated in the year 1574; as its result, as is mentioned with much satisfaction by the chronicler, there perished "twenty-one pestilent Lutherans." From this time onward until the Inquisition was suppressed these ceremonies were of very frequent occurrence, taking place annually for several years in succession. Frequent though they certainly were, and large though the number of those who perished in them undoubtedly was, the number of those actually burned to death was comparatively small. In the majority of cases, even when the body of the offender was burned, grace was shown in first granting death by strangulation. Thus, in the memorable *auto da fé* of April 10th, 1649, when fifteen persons perished, only one who had cursed the "holy office" and the Pope, was burned alive. The remaining fourteen were burned after strangulation. When the Liberal Constitution of 1812 was adopted in Spain, the end of the Inquisition began. One of the first reforms introduced by the Cortes was the decree by which the "holy office" was suppressed throughout Spain and the Spanish dependencies. This decree was promulgated in Mexico on the eighth of the ensuing June, and by proclamation of the viceroy the property of the Inquisition was declared forfeited to the Royal treasury. But with the overthrow of the Liberal Constitution in Spain, and the return to the throne of Ferdinand VII., the decree of suppression was rescinded, and the "holy office" once more possessed its property and resumed its work. This re-erection was only for a short time. In 1820 a decree was promulgated in Mexico, by which the Inquisition was suppressed forever. There is a sort of poetic fitness in the fact that the last years of the Inquisition in Mexico were spent in combating strenuously the spread of Liberalism; that the last notable *auto da fé*, November 26th, 1815, was that at which the accused was the patriot, Morelos. The finding against him was a foregone conclusion. The Inquisitors declared him "an unconfessed heretic, an abettor of heretics, and a disturber of the ecclesiastical hierarchy";

* From "The Mexican Guide," by Thomas A. Janvier. A well-arranged guide-book, containing in a concise form the information respecting the present condition and past history of the country which, to the traveller in that land is indispensable. With Maps and Plans, pp. 310; price \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Prince Albert Victor, and View of the International Exhibition at Edinburgh, Opened by the Prince on May 6.

a profaner of the holy sacraments; a traitor to God, to the King, and to the Pope." For which sins he was condemned to do penance in a penitent's dress, and was surrendered to the tender mercies of the secular arm. He was shot, December 22d, 1815. But it was the Inquisition that died.

PRAISE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.*

A Western captain, as he lay on the battlefield of Shiloh, suffered greatly from a gun-shot wound through both thighs, and from thirst. He said: "The stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there—up above the field of suffering and those glorious stars; and I felt that I was going to meet Him and praise Him there; and I felt that I ought to praise Him now, even wounded on the battlefield. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn, 'When I can read my title clear.' There was a Christian brother wounded in the brush near me. I could not see him, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and beyond him another and another caught it up all over the terrible field of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounding, and we made the battlefield ring with the hymns of praise to God." Sing in your families, and other hearts and other households will catch the song, and be cheered by it, and the praise of God shall resound over all earth's battlefield.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH.

(See Picture on this page.)

THE International Industrial Exhibition in Edinburgh, a picture of which is given above, was opened on May 6th by Prince Albert Vic-

tor, son of the Prince of Wales. The building contains one hundred and twelve thousand feet of space, and the total cost is \$150,000. The exhibition consists of permanent and temporary buildings, and the former will be presented to the town at the close of the exhibition for use as a museum. The entrance is embellished with groups of statuary illustrative of Industry, those on the right representing Science, and on the left Art. The dome, which is one hundred feet in height, is surmounted by a statue of Minerva. In the centre of the grand hall is a colossal statue of the Scottish hero Wallace, nineteen feet high. The Art galleries occupy ten courts, five on each side of the great hall.

There are altogether over two thousand exhibitors, and the total sum realized as rent for space is \$60,000.

One side of the Court is devoted to a splendid exhibit got up by Lady Aberdeen to show *Irish lace and various other Irish manufactures*, such as poplin, and a number of Irish peasant girls are to be employed in the manufacture of lace during the exhibition.

CELIA OWEN'S PLEDGE.

(See Illustration on page 333.)

"To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some" (1 Cor. 9: 22). The passage came in the ordinary course of Bible reading that Celia Owen was pursuing in her morning devotions. To "save some"—that was her own earnest desire. She had not dared to call herself a Christian more than a few weeks, but the intense happiness that filled her heart made her yearn for service. If she might only be the means of leading some into the light, she could conceive of no greater joy than that. At the moment she did not see any special connection between weakness and the achievement, but the spirit of the apostle and his all-absorbing desire for the rescue of the perishing awoke an echo in her soul.

"What a roaring, ranting demagogue that fellow is that they have got to speak down at the mission chapel!" said Celia's father at the breakfast-table an hour afterward. "I went to David's house last night to give him some instructions about the work, and they told me he had gone to the temperance meeting at the Mission; so I followed him and heard the tail-end of the oration. I think he noticed me, for he was very severe on rich people who drink wine. His remarks would not apply to any one else in the room. He evidently thought I was a most abandoned fellow, in danger of dying drunk in a ditch. It was kind of him to warn me, but as I have lived fifty years without ever being intoxicated, I think there will be no danger in my continuing my modest glass of wine to the end of the chapter."

Mrs. Owen smiled affectionately at her husband. "No, dear," she said, "you are in no danger. Very likely the man is a low fellow, who never drank a glass of wine in his life. Did David seem impressed? Teetotalism would be a good thing for him, and you would be relieved if you knew that you had a sober and reliable foreman."

"Yes; I wish he would become an abstainer," said Mr. Owen. "He is the best foreman I ever had—a thoroughly smart man; but when he goes on a drunk he is of no use for a week, and he always does it just when he can be least spared. He is an extraordinary fellow—strong, robust, common-sense, and as firm as a rock in other things; but a glass of lager makes him as silly and foolish as a child."

"I should like to go to the Mission to-night, papa," said Celia, "if you have no objection."

"No, I have no objection, Celia. I do not think you will feel comfortable, though. They are rather a rough lot down there. Do you feel afraid of falling under 'the drink curse,' as the orator calls it? Do not let him scare you."

It was not a Christian home. Mr. Owen was a successful man—self-made, not refined, but

* From "Home Duties: The Duties of Husbands, Wives, Parents, Children, Brothers, Sisters, Duty of Family Worship, of Getting a Home, and How to Get it," by Rev. R. T. Cross. Pp. 138. Price 75 cents; Published by F. H. Revell, Chicago.

shrewd and practical, a good husband and a good father, but without any sympathy for Celia's newly-found joy, which seemed to him mere fanaticism.

As Celia walked down to the Mission that night the passage she had read in the morning recurred to her. She knew perfectly that there was no danger of her ever becoming a drunkard; but did not the spirit of the Apostle suggest that in taking upon herself the restraint that was a necessary safeguard to others she would be becoming as weak that she might save the weak?

Her entrance caused some remark from the villagers, all of whom knew her, and many of whom were in her father's employ. Her presence was accepted as a mark of friendliness, and Celia was more popular than before, if that were possible. She listened attentively to the speech of the orator, and though there were many things said which grated on her refined taste, she prayed silently that his words might be blessed to his hearers.

"Now," said the lecturer in conclusion, "we will sing the doxology, and then I want you to come and sign the pledge."

All rose to sing, but Celia's attention was distracted by a conversation going on behind her. Two brothers were standing there, and the younger was pleading with his brother to go up with him and sign. Celia turned, and as she knew Tom Hargood, she added her persuasion to his brother's.

"I guess I can take care of myself without the pledge," he said. "You ain't a teetotaler, are you, miss?"

"No," said Celia, "but I will sign now, if you will. Come, we will all go up together."

Tom was not proof against the offer of walking up the room with Miss Owen and signing with her, and he politely accompanied her. There was a cheer as the people saw who it was that was stooping over the pledge-book, and David, her father's foreman, who was leaving the Mission, turned to see what it was about. He looked on in amazement, and stood wonderingly fixed to the spot when Celia passed near him on her way out.

"O David, is that you?" she said, offering her hand. "Have you signed?"

"No, miss; I don't feel like it. I hear you have signed. What did you do it for?"

"Oh, it is not much for me to give up! I thought I would do it to encourage some to whom it would be more difficult."

"Well, Miss Owen, if a lady like you takes that much interest in us poor fellows, it's some encouragement. I'll sign."

"Will you? I am glad of that, David. I will go with you," and Celia placed her hand on the rough coat-sleeve and walked by his side with the grace of a lady entering a ball-room leaning on the arm of some dashing cavalier. The signature was affixed, and Celia gave him a hearty shake of the hand that made David feel a proud man.

"I'll keep it, miss," he said. "It ought to ha' been done long ago. It wouldn't ha' been done now, though, but for you; I believe you've made a man of me."



Celia Owen's Proposal.

"That is good to hear, David; I will come and see you in a day or two, and you will tell me how you are getting on."

"Thank you, miss; I expect it'll be rather a hard fight."

The reformation of the foreman was not the only gratifying result of Celia's visit to the Mission. A few days afterward Mrs. Hargood came to the house to inquire for her.

"I've called to thank you, Miss Owen," she said, "for getting my Tom to sign the pledge. You didn't know his father, but Tom is the very image of him—just his ways, and all. He was a good husband in everything but the drink, and that ruined him first and killed him afterward. Tom was just beginning to take a glass, like his father did at first, just to be sociable, and I was dreadful scared for him, for it's in his blood. You've done more for me than if you'd given me all your father's fortune; God in heaven bless you for it!"

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 319.)

A Dreaded Separation.

FRITZ was not the only member of the little mission party who disliked any allusion to the expected arrival of the bride. Juliet made no mention in her diary of any struggle with her own heart, but that there had been one it was easy to perceive. Years ago the suggestion that she should marry a Moravian missionary would have excited something not unlike scorn in the gay, worldly girl. But circumstances had changed as she had changed. The life of a Christian teacher, noble in its self-denying service, appeared to her now the highest type of life; and apart from that, for Fritz personally she had come to entertain a warm affection—how warm she did not know until Sister Anna's news had been imparted to her, that a request had been sent home to the Moravian community for a lady to be sent out who would be

willing to become a wife to Fritz. Then Juliet realized what her own heart had not revealed to her before, and she suffered in silence. Still she went on with her new duties with apparent cheerfulness, as her diary showed.

"January 2d.—Fritz has not resumed giving me lessons in the Esquimaux language. This is to me a little disappointment, for I enjoyed them so much. The pastor asked Fritz to-day if I continued to be a good pupil; 'Miss Erle learned a great deal during my absence,' was Fritz's reply; 'her lessons are taken now in Esquimaux huts.' I took this as a hint that I need not regard him any longer as my teacher.

"When the bride comes I must go; there is no room here for us both. I must embark in the Harmony at once, and visit the other stations at which the vessel will touch, ere she steers her course homeward. How foolish it is to feel a little disheartened at writing down these words 'no room'! I have perhaps been beginning to feel myself necessary, and all the time I have been putting Fritz to great inconvenience; I have not only deprived him of a

room, but I have quietly taken possession of all his little treasures, bookcase, pictures, thermometer, table and chair; he has no place in which to put them; he has actually to sleep in the kitchen!

"I felt gratified to-day by Anna's saying, 'I never looked forward with so little delight to the arrival of the Harmony as I do this year; for it will take my dear daughter Juliet from me.'

"You will have another daughter—I hope a better one," said I.

"Ah! new friends will never make me forget the old," said dear kind Anna. "How often I shall think of you in your own homes! I ought not to regret your going, for you will have more to make you happy there."

"I am not sure of that," I replied, and I meant what I said; yet I spoke in the depth of a Labrador winter, fed and clothed by charity, with nothing that could be called amusement, and not a relative near! What a mystery happiness is! I think that it is like the rainbow in this, that it does not rest upon earth.

"February 1st.—I have been ill and have suffered much. I returned one day from the Esquimaux huts, not aware that I had sustained any harm from going out in the cold, though I had forgotten to lower my veil. On entering the house, I was instinctively hurrying toward the fire. Fritz caught me by the arm. I was startled by the distressed, alarmed expression on his face.

"Miss Erle, do not go near the fire; you are frost-bitten!" he exclaimed. He darted out, without waiting to put on cap or thick gloves, and returned with his hands full of snow. This was to rub on my frost-bitten face. But for the prompt measures taken I might have returned home a disfigured, pitiable object indeed, if I had returned at all. As it was, much inflammation and consequent fever ensued. Now, thank God! I am perfectly well; no trace remains of the frost-bite.

"I have been thinking of the parallel between

Fritz's warning and that given to me by Maria. She saw—what I felt not at the time—the effect of the deadly atmosphere of selfishness, worldliness, utter forgetfulness of God which I was then breathing. She spoke to me tenderly, guardedly, not abruptly like Fritz. And her words, though all too little heeded at the time, have sunk deeply—oh, how deeply into my heart! Would it not have been cruel in Fritz, if from a mere shrinking from giving me pain, or seeming discourteous, he had not almost thrust me back from the fire which would have inflamed the frost-bite? Oh, our selfishness, our cruelty, in seeing the peril of souls, and giving no warning! Yet how I would shrink from speaking to Dora, Cecilia, or even Gertie! God give me courage to be faithful; I have no courage of my own.

"*March 1st.*—Fritz called me out to-day to see a pretty sight, such as perhaps never before met the eye of a city girl.

"'You must see a family party,' he cried, 'a spectacle worth beholding. Labrador has its exhibitions as well as other places.'

"'Certainly a curious exhibition it was! Five families of seals, fathers, mothers, fat, oily little babies, most sociably basking together on the shore, yet not exactly together, for each family was a little apart. Fritz told me that the juvenile seals had never yet tried the water.

"'It would be rare fun to see them all take their first swimming-lesson!' I cried.

"'I suspect that not all will ever enjoy their icy plunge,' observed Fritz; 'the helpless creatures have too watchful enemies in the wolf and the bear.'

"'I have never seen Bruin yet,' I observed. 'How odd to live all these months in the White Bear's Den, without once catching a glimpse of my host!'

"'I have no wish that you should see him,' said Fritz, 'unless it were at safe distance, he sailing on a raft of drift ice, with a mile of water between you and him.'

"Spring, delicious spring, has returned; the icy fetters are breaking, the world is rejoicing; birds, beasts, flowers, all revive! The sun has melted the snow, and where a dead shroud wrapped nature, waters sing their murmuring song as they glance in the sunlight. 'The larch hangs its tassels forth;' the willow-bush is 'gosling clad.' How green are the mosses, how bright the flowers! I never thought that Labrador could look so gay. Each day I carry to Anna some new floral treasure, though she now can seek them herself. There is the scarlet poppy, gay as in our fields, potentillas, and gentians. I am delighted to welcome even dandelions and chickweed, familiar to us from childhood; but the richest vegetable treasures here are the endless varieties of mosses, lichens, and grasses.

"But oh, the birds, the birds! what multitudes are arriving from the south! The air seems full of the whirring of countless wings. Welcome to the doves, welcome to the auks! I have seen a regular stream of these, hundreds, thousands, skimming a little way above the green earth. One cannot help laughing at the puffins that burrow under earth, for at the entrance of each hole stands a plump little sentinel on guard, whilst one can hear the funny voices of the family rising from the subterranean nursery under one's feet. The sea is swarming both with birds and with fish; I shall never remember the names of them all.

"Our Esquimaux friends have been having a regular harvest-time lately. Some time ago the women put out in their *oomiak*, a boat for fishing, belted and booted, with close-fitting dresses, more suited for convenience than grace. I saw Lena plying her oar with as much vigor as any; she left her little puffin under my charge. The men go fishing in *kayaks*, boats very long and light; each fisher goes alone, with no companion in the boat but his harpoon and spear. The Esquimaux pushes on in his light craft where the shoal of dolphins tumble and leap, where the porpoise shows its back above the

briny waves, and the seals bask on floes of unmelted ice. The sea-harvest has been uncommonly good this year; plenty prevails; a good store of oil and abundance of skins are laid up, some for winter consumption, and some for barter.

"*May 11th.*—I am afraid that I let out a secret to-day; yet it could not long have remained a secret, as the missionary ship is expected to arrive in July. The Esquimaux women have lately had a way of looking at me and smiling at each other, which, I scarcely know why, gives me a little feeling of embarrassment. Lena this morning, caressing my hand, said half playfully and half shyly, 'And when is the wedding to be?' 'Do you mean the Missionary Fritz's?' I said. The women around glanced at each other, and began to laugh; so I said quickly, 'The wedding will be when his bride arrives in the ship.' The laughter instantly ceased, and an expression of blank surprise was on every face. Somehow I felt uncomfortable, and left the igloo at once."

Juliet's news had indeed been like a touch to a house built of cards, destroying an edifice of pleasant speculations which the good people in the *igloes* had been amusing themselves by raising during the winter. The kindly, pretty young lady had become highly popular with the natives, and when they thought that she would remain among them as the wife of their much-loved and honored missionary, their wish had been father to the thought. Public opinion (such public opinion as existed at Eschol) had settled that the two favorites of the little population were exactly suited for each other. Fritz's unknown, and therefore unwelcomed bride, would come at some disadvantage among a people who had been for months calculating on an arrangement which in their eyes was most satisfactory. But let us now return to Juliet's journal.

"The people bring in quantities of feathers of various kinds, and we have more eggs than we can possibly eat. Of the feathers Sister Anna is beginning to construct two *couvre-pieds*, which are to be wonderful specimens of Labrador art. I believe that they are destined as wedding presents for Fritz's bride. The making of these is to the dear Moravian a very important affair, and will, I believe, occupy all her leisure hours, for every individual feather must be carefully fastened down. The sewing Anna can almost do by feeling, but for the selecting of shades and colors my eyes and taste are in requisition. One piece of work is to have a border of diamonds of silvery down, the other one of stars of variegated hue. The work is very amusing, and the *couvre-pieds* will be deliciously soft and warm. Moss baskets are also to be made to hold our flowers; the house will look quite gay.

"We can do but little mission-work when the majority of our people are afloat on the sunny waters, but still we keep up our little school. We often sing hymns of praise as we work. Fritz has prepared a tiny garden, but only the seeds of such plants can be sown as will rapidly spring up, for the Labrador summer, though bright and warm, is very short. We hope to have the rare treat of cabbages for the wedding.

"*May 12th.*—To-day Anna and I were amongst our feathers, and Fritz on the floor a little behind us, dividing packets of seeds, for the Esquimaux are to have some. Good Pastor Wilhelm came in and sat down, with that twinkling expression in his gray eyes which, with him, always precedes some harmless jest.

"Samson offered me a grand present to-day," he said, addressing himself to me: "you know Samson, Sister Juliet, the strong, big fellow with broad shoulders and a scar across his nose. That man is a Labrador hero; his harpoon was the death of a whale, and had Samson not been a Christian, this feat would have procured for him the doubtful privilege of taking a second wife."

"What was his present?" I asked.

"Why, the horn of a narwhal, a most splendid bit of sea-ivory, nearly six feet long,

spirally striated from base to point, an ornament for a museum. I really could not accept a thing of such value. Samson looked disappointed, poor fellow, at my not taking his gift. "Well," said I, "you know we're going to be having a wedding when the Harmony comes, suppose that you present your ivory walking-stick to the bride." Samson looked at me with a satirical expression in his slits of eyes. "Is she lame, or so old that she needs a stick?" said he. Pastor Wilhelm leant back on his chair and laughed; but Fritz, whose presence he had not noticed, rose abruptly and left the house. I had to gather up a good many of the seeds which he had dropped on the floor.

"Wilhelm," said Sister Anna to her good-man, "I wish that you would not repeat such things when Fritz is in the room."

"I never saw him," said the kind-hearted Pastor.

"It must be rather an anxious matter to him, this marriage," observed Sister Anna, "as he knows nothing of his future partner."

"I am certain that God will give Fritz a good wife!" I exclaimed. I was on my knees, picking up the seeds.

"Yes, I do believe it—I must believe it—so good, so noble as he is, thinking of every one but himself. But why is there a secret misgiving in my heart; why do I almost dread the first sight of her in whose hands will lie the earthly happiness of one who is to me as a brother? If Fritz Edelstein were indeed my brother, I could not take a keener interest in his welfare. His wife will not be worldly, no, for she is a Moravian. Brave she must be, and strong in faith, or she would hardly venture here. But she may be unattractive—vulgar. But why should I feel a care? I can make the matter a subject of prayer—prayer how constant, how earnest!

"The Pastor will not hear of my going away before the wedding. 'The Harmony,' he says, 'will assuredly anchor for twenty-four hours off Eschol; she has to land stores, and make barters, and we always expect a visit from the captain. Fritz will sleep in her cabin, and his betrothed will share Sister Juliet's room. The wedding will be on the following day, when the captain and crew will be present. We'll have a right joyful wedding.' Heaven grant that it may be joyful, even though the day be to me one of parting.

"Sister Anna and I are to deck the chapel with flowers and moss, the Esquimaux women helping. I must have some present for the bride. I have rings and chains, but of what use would they be to a Moravian! Fritz has a talent for mechanics, and has put my little gold watch to rights; it is not much the worse for its plunge into the sea. Yes, his wife shall wear it.

"Time seems now to speed fast! Perhaps in two months the Harmony will be here; she has to call at other places on the way. The Esquimaux can hardly talk or think of anything but their fisheries, and the expected arrival of the missionary ship. Even the children begin to scan the horizon, and mistake distant icebergs for sails. Fritz is the only person who never alludes to the expected arrival; perhaps he thinks of it all the more."

Juliet Erle awoke on the morning after the day on which the last entry was written, peaceful and cheerful. She threw open her little window to let in the beams of the sun; there was sunshine, too, in her round of daily duties, which were more and more becoming pleasures. How sweet sounded Juliet's voice in the morning service in the little chapel! how well she played the tiny harmonium! how gentle and kindly was her manner to the children who pressed around her, eager to attract her attention!

Sister Anna had resumed her place at the head of the breakfast-table, but it was Juliet who filled the cups. Conversation flowed more pleasantly than usual. The Pastor had a fund of anecdotes, and if he did not always produce fresh ones, no one gave the good man a hint that his story had been heard before. A few little house-

hold duties followed, in which Juliet bore her part; then came school teaching, followed by reading and working at home. The dinner hour was early, and left a wide margin for a nice saunter before the sun should set.

(To be continued.)

JESUS, THE BREAD OF LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for June 6, John 6:22-40. Golden Text, verse 34. By Mrs. M. Baxter.

Wrong Motives in Seeking—Expecting Temporal Benefits—Material Conception of Christ's Kingdom—Asking Bread from Heaven—The Universal Craving—Satisfied in Christ—The Two Sides of God's Dealing—The Bread that Gives Immortality—The Incorruptible Seed—The Spiritual Flesh and Blood.

JESUS was not left long in quiet. The multitude which had been miraculously fed, had witnessed the departure of the disciples by ship across the lake, and they had seen that Jesus was not with them. Yet He was not on their side the lake, and, rightly judging that where His disciples were, there was the likeliest place to find Him, they took ship to seek Him. Their first question was, "Rabbi, when comest thou hither?" Nothing was to be gained by satisfying their curiosity, and He, yearning for their souls, said, "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that

MEAT WHICH ENDURETH

unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for Him hath God the Father sealed." "Because ye did eat of the loaves!" Poor human nature; how it jumps at an easy way of getting rid of the curse! It would be most convenient to have Jesus serve their purpose and minister to their temporal wants! Many who hear of divine healing think, "What a convenient thing it would be to be healed in a moment of any and every kind of suffering, and no doctor's bill to pay!" Their real conception is to make use of God for their personal convenience, and to have His almighty power at their disposal. And they are sorely disappointed when they find that in order to a life of continuously answered prayer, they must be given up to God, not God given up to them; they must serve His purpose, not He theirs.

He had already taught His disciples that His meat was to do the will of Him that sent Him. The people saw that they were on a wrong tack, and asked Him, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" Jesus answered and said unto them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." Why did they not? Who but God could have furnished the provision on the mountain-side? What room had they for doubt? But their hearts were set on a reigning Messiah. The same spirit which, in their forefathers, had said to Samuel, "Now make us a king to judge us like all the nations" (1 Sam. 8:5), was now in them, longing for earthly power and prestige. Jesus would not be made a king, how, then, could He be the One who should reign over the house of Jacob forever (Luke 1:33)? They had their own ideas of an earthly kingdom, prophecy was on their side, but they did not see that Christ's was to be also a spiritual kingdom, and that He was to be a suffering Messiah. For want of knowing both sides of Scripture, instead of believing in Him, they doubted. It is from narrow, partial views of God, and partial knowledge of His Word that unbelief often arises in our day.

"They said, therefore, unto Him, What sign shonest Thou then that we may see and believe Thee? what dost Thou work?" What a question! Had He not been healing the sick, and furnishing food for five thousand men? Did this go for nothing? Was not His teaching something beyond that of all the teachers of the day? How came it that when such signs were before their very eyes, they were like men whose eyes were blinded? They could not quite get over the miracle of the loaves; they said, "Our

fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them

BREAD FROM HEAVEN

to eat." And whence came the bread which they had eaten yesterday at His hand, if it was not also bread from heaven? But Jesus sought to lead them beyond external things. He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world." Truly "the bread of God," Christ in us, satisfies God. "In whom I am well pleased" (Matt. 3:17). In the sweet savor offerings Jesus is typified as the Bread of God" (Lev. 3:11, 16; Revised Version, margin 21:6, 8, 17, 21, 22). Not know the force of what they said, they replied, "Lord, ever more give us this bread." To the Samaritan woman He had said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," and now He says, "I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." God has so ordered it that He Himself should be the Complement of man, and that man without Him should be always unfilled, unsatisfied. A man's life without God is always on the stretch after an impossible something. Whether this hunger is the vain desire to know the future, like the ancient astrologers; whether it is the wild idea of turning everything into gold, like the old alchemists; whether it is the equally wild idea of an elysium by dividing up capital, there is a hunger, a need, a craving for something beyond, which God alone can satisfy.

In the Church of God itself, how much there is of hunger which is unsatisfied—hunger for spiritual self-satisfaction, thirst for a conscious, felt holiness, for a power which can be gloried in, and which will carry all before it—but nothing of all this is Jesus Himself. When, however, we have taken Him as our All in All, our Life, and our Bread to sustain that life, the Source of all blessing, all power, all wisdom, all joy, the one Resting-place of our hearts, when we cease to expect from ourselves or from others what only He can give, and what only He can be, then everything is changed. The old wretched hunger, the dissatisfaction with ourselves, with others, and with everything, gives way to an intense, quiet, deep

SATISFACTION IN HIM.

The circumstances may be all wrong, but He controls them; we ourselves may be all wrong, but He who is with us, and within us, is at hand to put all right; we may be perplexed, and, like Jehoshaphat, may know not what to do (11 Chron. 20:12), but perfect Wisdom is Master of the situation, and we cannot have the old despair while we are believing in Him for all. The people said to Jesus, "Give us this Bread." He answered, "I am the Bread of life," but must needs add, "But I said unto you that ye also have seen Me, and believe not. All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out."

Here are the two sides; the secret of His own, whom the Father, has given to Him, known only to Him and to His Father, but also the open declaration, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." We have only to do with the latter, and to rejoice and praise Him that none who come to Him, whatever the errand on which they come, will be cast out. And this is His Father's will as much as His, "For I came down from heaven," he says, in reference to this very thing, "not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." There are many who will come to a meeting, or come to talk with Christian friends, or come to read a religious book, who yet do not come face to face with God. But the promise is "Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out," and "He shall never hunger." Our blessed Lord goes on to show how the bread which God sent from heaven to His people in the desert only sustained natural life—"Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead;" but there is a

life which the death of the body cannot touch, which is eternal as God's own life. "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. . . . This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. . . . If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." Thank God, eternal life bridges the grave. He that hath everlasting life may be severed from the body, but that life which bridges the grave lives on and is unaffected by the change.

When Jesus said, "The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world," the Jews, instead of coming to Him for an explanation, did just what men do nowadays—they held a debate over it, and tried to explain a spiritual phenomenon according to natural law: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" Had they been filled with the Spirit, His explanation would have been vividly clear to them, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." How did Jesus live by His Father? When he had fasted forty days and forty nights, He declared, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4); "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me" (John 4:34); "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works" (John 14:10).

By these words we see how Jesus depended upon His Father who dwelt in Him, for strength of body and of soul. He was always drawing life from Him, and never for an instant depended upon Himself. And just as we take in food for the nourishment of our bodies, so, in our every need, we may take in Jesus. The flesh, the carnal principle in us, must die (our old man is crucified with Christ), all other flesh but His must die, and His nature must supersede ours: all other blood but His must be poured out ("the life of the flesh is in the blood," Lev. 17:11), that His blood which is His life, and His flesh which is His nature, may take the place of ours. The soul which is transformed by the life of Jesus lives through death, the body which has been transfigured by Christ's life coming into it, must be raised again at the last day; an

INCORRUPTIBLE SEED

has been sown there which must fructify and which cannot cease to be. This is why Jesus so insists here on the resurrection. He says, "This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day. . . . No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day. . . . Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." His flesh could not see corruption, and all which is of Christ within us is immortal. When, at the Lord's table, we do spiritually eat the flesh of Christ, and spiritually drink His blood, we are outwardly acknowledging our faith in this blessed truth that Jesus is indeed the life of our life. "Many of His disciples went back (from Jesus), and walked no more with Him" when they heard these truths. And it is so even now. How many are willing to accept Jesus as far as it suits them, who yet have never learned to lose their own lives, their own self, that He may take the place.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles are contained in the number for May:

The Irish Home Rule Agitation; The Midnight Cry, by the Rev. E. J. Hytche (concluded); Weighed and found Wanting, by the Rev. Henry Varley; Impending Judgments, by Henry Maymott; The Final Judgment, by Rev. Canon Girdlestone, M.A.; The Judgment-seat of Christ, by Rev. Sholto C. Douglas, M.A.; The Great White Throne, by C. Inglis; An Eight-fold Anticipation, by Rev. W. F. Gooch; The Political Aspect of the Millennium, by Rev. H. E. Brooke; Notes on Revelation X.; Jewish Papers; The Future of Judaism in England.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

"I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

'Tis sweet to read the promise He hath given
To cheer our hearts along the pilgrim way,
But sweeter far to know His blest fulfillment,
And humbly walk with Jesus day by day.

To walk with Jesus! who shall tell the gladness
Of those whose daily life the Master shares?
Who hear His voice, so full of love and pity,
And rest on Him their burdens and their cares.

And this is mine—the joy of knowing Jesus,
And walking in the sunlight of His smile;
Mine is the peace that floweth like a river,
Deeper and broader growing all the while.

No more a transient guest my Saviour cometh,
To bless me but awhile and then depart;
But with me now He evermore abideth,
And with His own glad presence fills my heart.

Sometimes, when busy with my daily labor,
Yet thinking of the mighty love He bore,
Some precious promise unto me He giveth,
Oft-read, perhaps, but never mine before.

I know not why He gives His choicest blessings
To one so undeserving of His love;
But, since He calls, with willing feet I hasten,
Content and glad to hear Him say, "Well done."

Content to walk in paths of His own choosing,
Since He will hold my hand along the way;
Content to know that I am journeying homeward,
And brighter grows the pilgrim's path each day.

—Selected.
SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carline St., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion.
Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil.
No advertisements of medicines or humbugs inserted.
Advertising space limited to last (outside) page.
All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week.
All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



**ROYAL
BAKING POWDER**
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Satisfactory in every way.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

LADIES! A MINE OF INTERESTING information on home decoration, dress, society, etc., is contained in our beautifully illustrated **LADIES' BOOK**, which will be sent with picture card and other enclosures for 4c. in stamps.

VERBA, best game of the age, suited to refined people, young or old, sent with books and picture cards in valuable packages for 10c. in stamps. Address THE MACK PUBLISHING CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

A Literary Coup d'Etat.

An Elegant Half Morocco bound volume, containing Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," complete, large type, 600 pages, offered till September 1st, for only 40 cents, or by mail, 50 cents. The object of this extraordinary sale and "coupon price" is to bring Order direct, or of any responsibility, to the Club Agent, John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE

A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

THE KINGDOM.

A New Monthly, devoted to Full Salvation, Divine Healing, and the Deep Things of God:

Edited by Capt. R. KELSO CARTER.

First number will appear July 1, 1886. Send your address now for any number of specimen copies free, to

THE KINGDOM PUBLISHING CO., Chester, Pa.

WORKS OF J. W. KIMBALL.

How to See Jesus with Fulness of Joy and Peace.

250 pp. Cloth. Price, 75 cents.

This precious book has been the means of comfort to many a weary soul, and hoping that many more may be led to read its sweet exhortations, we give a few out of the many commendations we have received. A new edition has just been printed, and we send it forth earnestly hoping that it may be even more blessed in its ministrations than the former ones.

"I have been fifty years a member of the Presbyterian Church. Your 'How to See Jesus' has helped me to a better understanding of some things, and to a deeper interest in the Scriptures. Your words are so plain and simple that they come at once to the heart as food in season."—E. T., Utica, N. Y.

"I have read 'How to See Jesus' with much joy; it brings so much help to me."—Oakland, California.

"I find in 'How to See Jesus' just the reading we invalids need."—M. M., Earlville, N. Y.

"How to See Jesus" is such a good book I want it to be comforting many who need it."—Holyoke, Mass.

"While in Des Moines, Iowa, I found your book 'How to See Jesus.' I have thought many times since the good Lord must have led me to it, as I found in it just the comfort I needed. It will be a benefit to many of my friends; have decided to make them a present of it; so please send me twelve."

"Thanks for the precious book 'How to See Jesus.' I have never read a book that has done me any more good."—S. A., Colorado.

"Many thanks for calling my attention to 'How to See Jesus.' I find it grandly helpful."—W. J., South Pueblo, Col.

"Next to the Bible, the best book I ever saw."—W. E., Maine.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am with 'How to See Jesus.' It seems written for me, and I take great comfort from it."—Newfoundland.

"I find 'How to See Jesus' very instructive. As I read I personate the person spoken to. My trouble is not worldliness, but a fearful heart. This suits my case exactly."—L. G., N. Salem, N. Y.

"Words seem inadequate to express my deep sense of obligation to you for your precious book."—F. I., New York.

"I think I will get more real help, just the kind I need, from 'How to See Jesus.'"—Mrs. J. L., Indianapolis, Ind.

"I am much pleased with 'How to See Jesus,' and instructed. Your style holds attention without weariness—good for invalids."—C. W., Mass.

"If you were to get all the words of thanks and combine them together, you would not then get half the true feelings of my heart for that precious book, 'How to See Jesus.' I feel that you have been to me what Great Heart was to the Pilgrims, cheering and showing them the way to the Celestial City."—E. A., Abbeville, S. C.

Heaven: My Father's House.

250 pp. Cloth. Price, 75 cents.

It is often said we know nothing of heaven, but Jesus says, "All things that the Father hath are mine: the Comforter shall take of mine and show it unto you." True to his promise, from the day I knew the Lord, the Comforter began to show me heavenly things. What I freely received, He bade me freely give. The kind approvals here recorded increased my obligation, and not less my delight to share these joy-inspiring things with as many as I may. I pray God that each reader may find them his Lord's own revelations to himself.—Preface.

"I can surely say that, excepting my Bible, no book has ever done me so much good as 'Heaven: My Father's House.' After a day spent in the sick room trying to calm the fevered brain and ease the aching limbs, you cannot imagine with what eagerness I turn to that book for rest, and it never fails to bring it, and with it the prayer, 'Not as I will, O Father.'"—E. E., Iowa.

"Death, as seen from Mr. K's point of view, is a natural event in the order of the Christian's life. Instead of recoiling from the inevitable destiny, we are led by this more familiar view to look upon the change without fear, yea, with cheerfulness."—Rev. Dr. B. B. Hackett, Newton Theological Seminary.

"Full of pointed illustrations, fresh, vigorous writing; nothing dull; short, crisp sentences; the reader is borne on rapidly; the writer speaks as though his thoughts rushed upon him. A fulness of nature, and joy in life runs through it."—S. K. B.

"It is one of the most interesting books I have ever perused. I purpose that many of my friends and neighbors shall read it. No one can read it, certainly no Christian without profit."—Rev. E. Bridgman, Shanghai, China.

"I have read Mr. K's book with no small pleasure. It is full of thought, and there is much beauty both of sentiment and words; and no one will be weary of its chapters nor think them too many, nor too long."—Rev. Dr. Horatio Bonar, Edinburgh, Scotland.

"Pray accept my heartiest thanks for your sound common sense book on 'Heaven.' I seldom read any purely religious book except the Bible, but have read and re-read yours with growing satisfaction. It is the only book upon the subject I would recommend a friend to buy, after a good Bible. I wish every church member would read your 'Heaven,' for it would free his brain from so much popular nonsense."—Antioch, Syria.

** Either of the above books will be sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

Floral Praise No. 4.

A Beautiful Musical Service for
Children's Day & Flower Sunday,

By HUBERT P. MAIN.

Price, \$4 per 100 copies; 5 cts. each by mail.
Previous issues furnished at same price.

MAY ANNUAL, NO. 13.

Containing New Music for Sunday-School Anniversaries. \$4.00 per 100; 5 cents each, by mail. Previous issues of both at same prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., N. Y.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 10 to 150 chicks a year, worth as broilers, \$12 a dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$1.00. Perfect imitation of CHICKS BY perfect imitation. No lamps to explode. Ten hens will lay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts for book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.
F. D. CRAIG,
Evansville, Ill.

5-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS. EUREKA RECITATIONS.

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL.
the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and handsome lithograph cover. Price, only 12 cents each. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, (P. O. Box 2767), 31 Rose St., New York.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoiding Agents & Dealers)—and send this Beautiful 5 Octave Solid Walnut
BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70
for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matchless in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.
Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.



FOR GAS. BAILEY'S COMPOUND
Light-Spreading
CORRUGATED GLASS
REFLECTORS! A wonderful
invention for
LIGHTING Churches,
Halls, &c. Handsome
designs. Satisfaction
guaranteed. Catalogue & price list free.
BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Canon Farrar's
TEMPERANCE Address, 2 Cents, or 15 copies 25 cents. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York.

Summer Dress Goods.

James M'Creery & Co.

Call attention to their very complete stock of Summer Dress Goods, and the following special lines:

40-inch French Foulé, all colors, 45c. per yard. A large variety of Plain and Figured Albatross at 50c. per yard. 48-inch Diagonal Serge, 75c. per yard. 42-inch Striped and Plain Camellee Suitings, at 75c. per yard.

The above goods are all-wool, and are remarkable value for the prices named.

Orders by mail from any part of the country will receive careful and prompt attention.

James M'Creery & Co.,
Broadway & 11th Street, New York.

The Newest and Best SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONG BOOK FOR THIS YEAR.

THE GLAD REFRAIN.

By Messrs. LOWRY & DOANE.

It is fully equal to any of their former popular works.

This New Song Book embraces a number of New features, and is gotten up on an entirely New plan, in a New shape, and is printed from beautiful New type. It is sure to please, and will create a New interest in the Song Service. It will be sold at a New price.

\$25 PER 100 COPIES, IN BOARDS.
Single copy sent as soon as published, on receipt of price. Specimen pages sent free on request.

AN EDITION IN AIKIN'S CHARACTER NOTES, AT SAME PRICE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th St., New York.
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

QUICK AS A WINK!

We offer earnest men and women the greatest chance of their lives to make money rapidly with our new business of **QUICK PHOTOGRAPHY**. Easily learned, requires no experience and very small capital. Profits are 300 to 500 per cent., as what costs 50 cts. sells for \$4 to \$6, and **DAILY PROFITS WILL RUN FROM \$2 TO \$25**. Can be worked in connection with other business with immense success and run as a side issue with most anything. The apparatus is **ALWAYS READY**, light to carry, and by traveling about, visiting the farmer in the field, the mechanic in the shop, the housewife in sitting-room, you will in nine times out of ten get a order to "take a picture" of them "just as they are," or of the baby, the horse, cow, or the favorite pet cat or dog, or a group of the whole family, or of the old homestead. You can do as good work as any artist and please all your patrons. It is a steady, pleasant and honorable calling. In connection with the Photo business you can run at nights a Magic Lantern entertainment with our **ELECTRO RADIANT MAGIC LANTERN** and view, advertising it during the day, and easily adding \$10 to \$75 a day to your income, as many are doing. This is easy to learn and very pleasant. We supply all that is needed, all kinds of views, lenses, lectures, etc. **Students and teachers will find this very profitable.** If you have an earnest desire to better yourself financially, see something of the world, acquire a good start in life, you can do it by taking our advice and sending for particulars. Address **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.**, 122 Nassau St., New York, P. O. Box 2633.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," **sent right to all.** To it is added the **Life and Death of Mr. Gough**, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. **Q. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight.** Write for circulars to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.**

Lecture on Dante, By CANON FARRAR, which thousands have paid \$1.00 each to hear, now published at 3 cents. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

THE "MANHATTAN" OF NEW YORK, 156 & 158 BROADWAY, Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."
This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary life plan. "It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but I must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.
This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advancing years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest age, and a statement will be sent to you.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

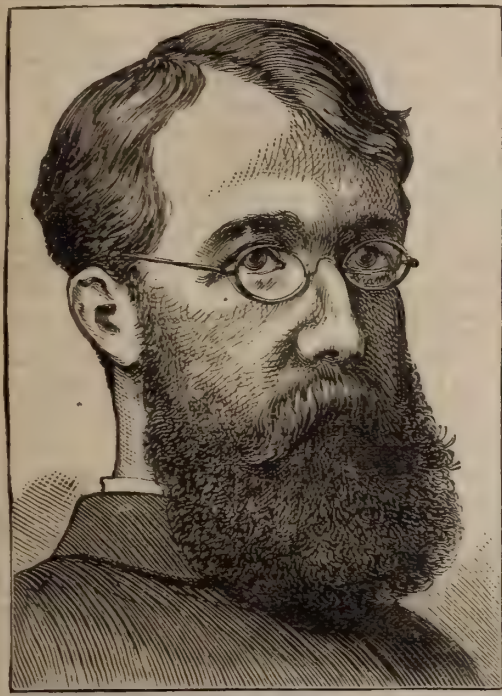
Vol. IX. No. 22.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.
PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE REV. GEORGE GRENFELL, Pioneer Missionary on the Congo.
THE HARDSHIPS OF WORKINGMEN. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
CURRENT EVENTS: President Cleveland's Marriage—The New Mississippi Project—Proposed Retaliation on Canada—Conviction of the Anarchist Most—The Irish Home Rule Question—Mormonism in Switzerland—A Senator's Discomfiture—A Remedy for Apache Raids—A Husband's Complaint—The Value of a Dog's Coat, etc.

ZEALOUS BUT WRONG. A New Sermon by O. H. Surgeon.
OUR AMERICAN HEATHEN. By W. F. Requa.
 Sam Jones on his Critics—An Astrologer's Victim—Missionaries Among Rioters—Mr. Arnot's Work in Africa—A Naval Cadet in Japan.
HINTS TO STUDENTS OF PROPHECY.
PORTRAIT OF MR. T. V. POWDERLY.
PICTURE OF PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE INDIANS.
THE NATION'S HONORED DEAD. (With Illustration.)
AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)
 Jesus the Christ. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. GEORGE GRENFELL, Pioneer Missionary on the Congo—Scenes in his Life.

THE REV. GEORGE GRENFELL,
Of the Congo Mission, Central Africa.

Born in 1849—Conversion—Sunday School Work—Business Life—Early Enthusiasm—Enters College—Sent to Cameroons—The Congo Mission Commenced—Building of the "Peace"—A Picture of Heathen Life—A Struggle with a Crocodile—"Coaling"—A Terrified Chief—An Arab Raid—A Picture of Ruin and Desolation.

PROMINENT among the noble band of self-sacrificing men who are laboring for Christ among the heathen is George Grenfell, whose portrait appears on the preceding page; one of the heroic crusaders of this nineteenth century, a man to do and dare anything in Christ's service; one of those examples of consecrated devotion which the world has seen and wondered at in every stage of its history. He is an earnest man for whom wealth and worldly honor have no charms, who has given himself, as hundreds of others are doing, unreservedly to the grand work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. Leaving ease and comfort, and the prospect of riches and honor, he has abandoned the abodes of civilization to labor in the fatal climate of Africa, that he may preach the everlasting Gospel to savages as fierce and ruthless as the beasts that haunt their domains. All honor to the noble band among whom he has taken his stand; their glory will shine through all eternity ages after this world, and all its glory has passed away.

George Grenfell is now only thirty-seven years old, having been born in the little Cornish village of Sancreed, August 21st, 1849. His parents removed during his childhood to the manufacturing town of Birmingham, and there the boy was educated at King Edward's Grammar School. He was blessed with a godly father and mother, who were members of a Baptist church. It was at that church that George was converted in his boyhood and made a profession of his faith. He at once began work for Christ in the Sunday-school (see *Illustration No. 1 on first page*). After leaving school a situation was procured for him in a house in London engaged in the export trade. There for a brief period he worked among the boxes and bales of the firm (see *Illustration No. 2*), "diligent in business, serving the Lord." He did not neglect mental culture, exhausting as were his business duties, but was in the habit of rising at an early hour, and walking three or four miles every day in all weathers to the house of a friend with whom he had entered on the study of chemistry (see *Illustration No. 3*).

Business, however, conscientiously as he pursued it, was subordinate in his heart to Christian service. From the hour of his conversion the all-absorbing desire to consecrate himself wholly to labor for Christ had been growing within him. Gradually it assumed definite form and shape, and he offered himself to the Baptist Missionary Society for service in Africa. The courage and devotion of the man were proved by the fact that though sad evidences were continually being received of the fatal character of the climate on the western shores of the Dark Continent, he expressed his preference for that field of labor. During his preparatory course of training in college he was untiring in zeal and unremitting in his efforts to gain the knowledge that would fit him for efficient service. In the class-room (see *Illustration No. 4*), and in his private apartment, he was constantly at work, and his tutors recognized in him the true spirit of the successful missionary.

THE CONGO.

At the conclusion of his studies he was commissioned, as he had desired, to labor at Cameroons. His colleague was Mr. Comber. Not long afterward the munificence of Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, opened the way for Christian operations on the Congo, and Mr. Grenfell and Mr. Comber volunteered to proceed thither from Cameroons immediately. Their experience at Cameroons, their proved capacity to endure the hardships and dangers of the climate,

and their proximity to the field of labor, all prompted the acceptance of their offer, and in the spring of 1877 they received instructions to proceed. Anticipating the action of the Society they had already taken preparatory steps for their enterprise, so that when their commission arrived no time might be lost. They visited Banana at the entrance to the Congo, established friendly relations with the Dutch trading firm there settled, went up more than seventy miles by the company's steamer to Mboma, and proceeded thence to Mbanza-Noki, from which place they sent a letter to Pedro, the King of Congo, telling him of their projected visit to San Salvador, having done which, and obtained valuable information, they returned to Cameroons.

In the month of June, 1877, having been furnished with instructions and necessary stores, Mr. Grenfell, and his colleague, Mr. Comber, again set forth, and travelled to San Salvador. Their party numbered sixteen at starting: the two missionaries, two native preachers, and twelve carriers, two of whom after a short experience of the perils of the journey turned back. The party was favorably received by the king, and with his consent established the headquarters of the Mission at San Salvador.

"THE PEACE,"

by which name the Mission steamer now used by Mr. Grenfell is called, was the object of the next effort. It was clear to the missionaries that without a steamer their work would be one of unnecessary labor and peril. A statement of the circumstances was sent home, and Mr. Arthington, the munificent benefactor of the Mission, at once placed a sum of money at the Society's service which justified it in contracting for a steamer. Mr. Grenfell was requested to return that his experience might guide the Society in securing a vessel fit for the service. He complied, taking with him drawings and plans of the kind of boat required. The ship was built, and, in December, 1882, Mr. Grenfell had the satisfaction of returning to the Congo, carrying with him the new steamer in sections, which were easily joined on the banks of the Congo, and formed a ship admirably adapted to the navigation of the river. Distressing

PICTURES OF HEATHEN LIFE

are given by Mr. Grenfell in the letters he has sent home since his return with increased facilities for seeing what heathenism is in all its naked barbarity. In one of his letters, he says, "On our arrival at Bolobo we found that it was a great day, a gala day, indeed. The wife of one of the chiefs had died somewhere away, and, of course, there must be four or five days and nights of orgies; any amount of dirty sugar-cane-beer swilling, unbridled license in every species of sensuality, and a grand finale of fair human sacrifices, each victim being a *slave bought for the purpose*! Drums beating briskly, circles of women wearing a great heavy brass collar (twenty-five to thirty pounds), dancing and clapping rhythmically, and plenty of people about. The victims were tied up, and stolidly awaited the bowstring or knife. Remonstrances and pleadings by us on the behalf of these poor victims were all in vain. Another cruel tragedy was also shortly to take place. Prices of certain food were to be arranged, and, as a sign or seal of such arrangement, a slave was to be killed thus: a hole was to be dug between the two adjacent towns, and the victim's arms and legs broken, and he thrown into the hole to die no one being allowed to give him food or drink.

"Verily, as God's Book says, 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'"

A STRUGGLE WITH A CROCODILE

(*Illustration No. 5*), which occurred under his own observation, he thus describes, "After a busy day's work on board the steamer, James Showers, Shaw, and 'Bob' the fireman, were enjoying the luxury of a swim. The two former, having finished their bath, entered the small boat, and were being followed by Bob, who was just reaching forward to grasp the gunwale,

when he cried out, '*Hold me; a crocodile has got my hand.*' James immediately caught hold of him, and together with Shaw, tried to pull him on board. But the crocodile would not let go, and dragged his intended prey under, and the would-be rescuers nearly into, the water. James and Shaw then sat down in the boat with their feet firmly planted against the gunwale, keeping a firm grip of poor Bob's free hand and arm, and shouted for further help. Then commenced a struggle as to who could pull the harder—those in the boat, or the crocodile in the water. The advantage was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; but, after about five minutes' struggle and a final unavailing effort, accompanied with a lot of swishing of the tail, the crocodile gave it up, and went away disappointed, leaving Bob sadly exhausted from loss of blood, with a terribly lacerated hand, and with wounds on the face and leg."

GETTING FUEL

for the steamer is a work of difficulty and danger, and Mr. Grenfell mentions incidentally the narrow escape from death by a native's spear which *Dr. Sims, of the American Mission*, had, during one of these expeditions. He went ashore with the other members of the wooding party, and was surprised by hostile natives armed with guns and spears. The Mission party beat a retreat, providentially without loss of life, but Dr. Sims barely missed the spear thrown at him by one of the chiefs of the attacking party. In such circumstances when fuel must be had, the missionaries look out for "dry branches, the offshoots of stems surrounded by water, and, after making a rope fast to these, we have them lopped off with axe or saw, and then drag them on board. 'Coaling' under such circumstances is very costly in the matter of time, and furnishes lots of excitement; for climbing trees, even to those accustomed to it, is no trifle when encumbered by rope and tool, and on some occasions subjected to attacks from huge mosquitoes." (See *Illustration No. 6*).

NATIVES ON BOARD

the boat have sometimes strange experiences. At Mosaku and Mambuta it was market day when the Peace arrived, and a hundred canoes were collected on the beach. "The chief was very friendly to us," says the missionary, "and made us a small present, venturing on board to do so. He was evidently greatly impressed by the white man's fine canoe, and when one of our number, not thinking what the result would be, suddenly opened one of the steam-valves, this impression was so profoundly deepened, that his kingship and all his satellites jumped overboard, as well as the occupants of some twenty or thirty canoes alongside, and swam ashore. Such a scramble, such a splashing, and, happily, such universal good-humor, when they found there was no danger! Their equanimity was soon restored, and all went well again, and we were able to lay in a stock of the market produce, which was very acceptable to us." (See *Illustration No. 7*).

AN ARAB RAID

occurred last year while Mr. Grenfell was near Bosoko. The details he gives of it show how horrible are the cruelties practised on the natives, as well as the constant watchfulness which is engendered in the missionary's life by the consciousness of danger which may rise unexpectedly at any moment. The Peace was in the region occupied by the ferocious Arnwimi tribe which eight years before made the desperate onslaught on Mr. Henry M. Stanley. Signs of hostility were noticed from the deck of the Peace as the steamer proceeded. Mr. Grenfell says, "It was not with very pleasant feelings that we camped that evening about four miles away, as we were compelled to do to cut firewood, especially as we were followed by a couple of canoes which kept up constant communications with their base by means of the big drums they carried; and in the morning we were glad to be off betimes. During that day we saw no towns; we therefore promised ourselves a quiet night; and, as late in the afternoon we

saw what we took to be the light of saltmakers' fires ahead, we anchored rather earlier than usual. Our hopes of a quiet night, however, were in vain, for it was not yet midnight when the watch on board reported a small canoe close by, and in a minute or two another came in sight, then a large one, evidently freighted with some forty or fifty people.

COULD IT BE A NIGHT ATTACK?

More canoes came by, and after a while we heard a sick man cough, then a child cry, and then we felt sure they must be for some reason or other *fugitives in full flight*. Shortly afterward we managed to learn that what we had taken to be the light of the saltmakers' fires had been the flames of a burning town, and that the canoes which had passed were running away from a band of Arab raiders in pursuit of slaves and ivory. While talking with these poor people, wreckage of all kinds commenced floating by, and for nearly three hours afterward a continuous stream of house roofs, beds, stools, calabashes, fishing-nets, ropes, and all the floatable gear that had been thrown into the river partly from the town and partly out of the canoes by those runaways who found themselves hardly pressed, or out of the captured ones by the Arabs, who would not be hampered with such plunder. In the morning, after a short run of eight or ten miles, we reached the smoking ruins of Yambuli, a place which must have had at least three or four thousand inhabitants.

"A little farther on we came to a small town which had been quite destroyed, but from among the still smoking ruins one of the men who had ventured back, hailed us, and holding out his open hands before him, said, 'See, we have nothing left, nothing;' then pointing to the charred post, he exclaimed, 'See what has happened; our houses burned, plantations destroyed, our wives and children all gone.' The utterly woe-begone appearance the poor fellow presented, surrounded as he was with such unmistakable evidences of ruin, made up a picture of desolation, which once seen is never forgotten." (See Illustration No. 8).

While Christianity is assailed and denounced on all hands, it may safely submit to be judged by its record. Its missionaries go with their lives in their hands to carry its blessings to the miserable and the oppressed. They find darkness, moral and spiritual, misery, cruelty, wretchedness, and barbarity. They labor for years unrewarded, sometimes they die before seeing any result from their labors, but time passes and the harvest comes. Light, peace, happiness and civilization are witnessed, and the people, rejoicing in the better day, thank God that His devoted servants brought the precious seed among them.

Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, Uttered a timely warning at the Diocesan Convention on May 18th, on the dangers of an education from which religion was eliminated. Referring to the system now in vogue in our universities as well as our common schools, he said: "Among all thoughtful people there is no question that civil government and social order, if they are to be beneficent and enduring, must rest upon conscience as well as intelligence; upon a disciplined sense of right and wrong as well as upon a trained faculty of acquiring and using knowledge, and, further, that the morality of the people cannot be vital and healthy unless its roots are planted in the soil of religion. So far as this church is concerned, the educational systems of the day raise an issue which, unless it proves false to its history and mission, it must meet. Its very life is jeopardized by a passive attitude toward this issue. It is part of its task to produce character, and through character to leaven all life with the spirit of Gospel faith and morality. Religion cannot grow unless it be intelligent, and intelligence cannot be a safe guide to duty unless it be religious. The same God is the source of both." This warning ought to be heeded. The facts the Bishop emphasizes are just now forgotten by Christians equally with the world.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

The Motto Above the Mantelpiece.—At a recent meeting Mr. Stewart said: "On one occasion I was asked by a friend to call upon a lady in the neighborhood of Carlisle. When I entered the dining-room, there was no one there, but the first thing that caught my eye, hanging right above the mantelpiece, were these words: 'God first.' I became very curious to see the person who lived in this house. In a few moments she came in, and it was not difficult to see by her face that God was first in her life, for she was just full of the joy of the Lord; and before I was long in her presence she was telling me of her work for the Master."

A Very Welcome Letter.—"A Man Lately came into our evangelistic meeting, and at the close I spoke to him, and found him to be a very unlearned and ignorant man. I repeated to him the verse, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, etc.,' and asked: 'Do you not remember when Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness?' 'No,' he replied, 'I know nothing of it.' As far as I thought I could not get him even to comprehend the very simplicity of the Gospel. But I was mistaken. To my great joy I received shortly afterward a very small note, which I first thought was a piece of money, but when unfolded it proved to be something far better. It was a few words from a friend of the poor fellow, telling me that he to whom I had spoken of the serpent as the picture of Jesus the Saviour was saved."

A Race in the Snow.—Mr. Ferrie remarked: "Two boys were running races in the snow. When they reached their destination, one boy said to the other: 'I say, Harry, how is it that your foot-marks are so uneven while mine make one straight line to the mark?' 'I will tell you how it is,' answered Harry. 'In the middle of our race, I noticed a bird, and was trying to keep my eye on it to watch where it would go, instead of keeping my eyes directly on the goal.' Is that not what so many Christians are doing to-day? Instead of keeping their eyes fixed on the end to which we are hastening, we are taken up with the trifling things around us, and consequently our race is not a straight one. Let us, like Paul, say, 'One thing I do; forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ.'"

Miriam, the Nurse-Girl.—The Rev. Mr. Gault observed: "An interesting incident occurred lately in Germany. A young girl named Miriam, eldest of a large family, sought employment in a gentleman's household as nurse, to help to maintain her younger brothers and sisters, who were dependent upon her. She was engaged by the gentleman, and shortly after her entrance into the family diphtheria spread among the children. At that time her increasing care and deep devotion were conspicuous until she herself was seized by the disease, and laid on a hospital bed. When there, she met with some Christian ladies, and she was not long in their company before she found that they had something worth having, that she had not. They spoke to her of Christ, and told her that through Him alone she would find the rest for which she longed. She soon learned to know the blessed Saviour through these ladies. She recovered rapidly, and now I am glad to say she is installed as teacher in a large orphanage, and is trying to lead the little ones to Jesus."

A Doctor's Inability to Pray.—Dr. Cameron said: "A physician in Wales was overwhelmed with work during an epidemic. One night a man came to his door, and asked if he would come and see his daughter, who was asking for him. He at first refused to go, saying that he had been to see her three times that day already; but so urgent was the request that he at last reluctantly consented to go, for he knew very well that the girl was dying. When he entered the chamber of the sick girl the mother met him and said, 'Oh, pray for her, sir; she is dying!'

'Send for the minister,' he answered; for he himself dared not pray. The mother and father urged him to say but a few words of prayer, for their child would be gone ere they could bring a minister. The girl herself gave him an imploring look, for she could not speak; but he stood by her bedside for full half an hour without uttering one word, and it was doubtful which of those four were most utterly wretched. The girl passed away, and he turned from the house of death bewailing his awful condition."

A Soldier's Punishment.—Sergeant Major Mathers remarked: "On one occasion when I was in India, a wagon was brought into the square. There was going to be a regimental punishment. The commanding officer read out the trial and sentence—fifty lashes—which the officer commanded to be given to the offender. When the man had received twenty-five of the fifty lashes, a young man stepped out from the ranks, and said: 'Please, sir, I will take the other twenty-five; he is a comrade of mine.' I can see General Lockhart yet, as he turned to the young man who had so generously offered to share the punishment, and said: 'Go to your place, sir; your own turn will probably come soon enough.' He could not share his friend's punishment, for the military law would not admit of one man bearing, or even sharing, another's punishment; each man had to stand for his own. But, dear friends, God devised a plan whereby Jesus, the innocent one, should take the place of the guilty and suffer for them. God commended His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

A Run in the Wrong Direction.—The Rev. Mr. Daly observed: "A minister was walking through one of our streets when he met a little girl running as quickly as she could and crying bitterly. The minister stopped her, and asked: 'What is the matter, my little girl? Where are you running to in such a hurry?' 'I have lost my way,' said the little one, as she stopped to gain breath, and answer the kind question put by the minister. 'Where do you live?' he then inquired. She told him, and he said: 'You are just going in the opposite direction. Can you trust me to take you home?' Without a word she placed her little hand in his, and let him take her where he would. He led her safely to her home, where she was received with joy by her anxious parent. Dear friends, how many are anxiously seeking the way of salvation, but, like this child, are running right in the opposite direction. If such would stop a minute and listen to the voice of the Friend of sinners, who is offering to lead them safely home! To do so they need not only the sweet confidence, but the simple faith of this little child, for 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die.'"

Christ in a Lady's Kitchen.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews said: "A few weeks ago I was returning from preaching one Sabbath evening, when I heard some one close behind me in earnest conversation with a child. The little fellow was talking very rapidly, when the young woman gently remonstrated with him, telling him that it was the Lord's day, and therefore he must be good and quiet. By a few persuasive words she succeeded in quieting her little charge; he was being gently drawn by the cords of love which is always the way to win a child to do what is right. I turned round, and recognized a nurse in one of the families of my church. I asked her if she herself knew that Jesus, of whom she had been speaking to the child? 'Oh, yes, sir,' she replied, with a happy look, 'I do know Him.' 'How long is it since you and He became friends?' I asked, deeply interested. 'Last Sunday night,' she replied. 'My mistress came to the kitchen and told me all about the way of salvation, and told me also how I was just simply to receive God's gift. Yes, sir; and it was just there, sitting in the kitchen, that I, by the grace of God, was led to give myself to Jesus.' What a wonderful power for good a mistress has upon all around her if she is a real Christian."

THE HARDSHIPS OF WORKINGMEN.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, May 30, 1886.

"So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil.—Isa. 41 : 7.

Mutual Encouragement—Wearers of the Pinching Shoe—Workingmen's Hardships Very Real—Not Anarchists—Oppressed by Grip, Grind & Co.—Women's Hardships—A Woman Kicked—Woman's Work Underpaid—Six Cents for Shirt-making—A Twisted World—The Hardships of Physical Exhaustion—The Voice Above the Din—Privation of Taste—Oppressive Surroundings—A Heart-Breaking Picture—Glorious Encouragements—Poor Boys Thrive—Literature Accessible—Toil a Discipline.

YOU have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand, and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it, until the work be done. And so the prophet describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil." When they met, they talked over their work, and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which were an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought if men in bad work can

ENCOURAGE EACH OTHER,

ought not men engaged in honest artisanship and mechanism speak words of good cheer?

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest, and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get other occupations and professions. I suppose, when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money markets, he says, "Oh, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done, the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind, and healthy in soul, but I can't sleep;" while, at that very moment, the mechanic is wishing he were a banker or a merchant. He says, "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up my children in a very different sphere from that in which I am compelled to bring them up." Now, the beauty of our holy religion is that

GOD LOOKS DOWN UPON ALL

the occupations and professions, and while I cannot understand your annoyances and you cannot understand mine, God understands them all. He knows all about the troubles of these men mentioned in my text—the carpenter who encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, and the gold-beaters.

I will speak this morning of the general hardships of the working-classes. You may not belong to this class, but you are bound as Christian men and women to know their sorrows and sympathize with them, and as political economists to come to their rescue. There is great danger that the prosperous classes, because of the bad things that have been said by the false friends of labor, shall conclude that all this labor trouble is a "hullabaloo" about nothing. Do not go off on that tangent. You would not, neither would I, submit without protest to the oppressions to which many of our laborers are subjected.

ANARCHISTS REPUDIATED.

You do a great wrong to the laboring classes if you hold them responsible for the work of the scoundrelly Anarchists. You cannot hate their deeds more thoroughly than do all the industrial classes. At the head of the chief organ of the Knights of Labor, in big letters, I find the following vigorous disclaimer:

"Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor have no affiliation, association, sympathy or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cut-throats and robbers, known as Anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of anarchy and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielding, Most and all their followers, sympathizers, aiders and abettors should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools."

You may do your duty toward your employes, but many do not, and the biggest business firm in America to-day is Grip, Gouge,

GRIND AND COMPANY.

Look, for instance, at the woes of the womanly toilers, who have not made any strike and who are dying by the thousands, and dying by inches. I read a few lines from the last Labor Report, just out, as specimens of what female employes endure. "Poisoned hands and cannot work. Had to sue the man for fifty cents!" Another: "About four months of the year can, by hard work, earn a little more than *three dollars per week*." Another: "She now makes wrappers at one dollar per dozen; can make eight wrappers per day." Another: "We girls in our establishment have the following fines imposed: for washing your hands, twenty-five cents; eating a piece of bread at your loom, one dollar; also for sitting on a stool, taking a drink of water, and many trifling things too numerous to mention." "Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaw is picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Woman's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, 'I hear you are going to leave me.' 'Yes,' she said, 'and I have come to get what you owe me.' He made no answer. She said: 'Are you not going to pay me?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I will pay you,' and he kicked her down-stairs." I never swore a word in all my life, but I confess that when I read that I felt a stirring within me that was not at all devotional.

UNDERPAID WOMEN.

"By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice, that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill-stones of His wrath, and grind them to powder.

"Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows

she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice! There are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come!

THE WORKING-GIRLS OF NEW YORK

and Brooklyn. These engaged in head work, these in flower-making, in millinery, paper-box making; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Lattimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread."

I speak more fitly of woman's wrongs because she has not been heard in the present agitation. You know more of what men have suffered. I said to a colored man who, in Missouri, last March, came into my room in the morning to build my fire: "Sam, how much wages do you people get around here?" He replied: "Ten dollars a month, sir!" I asked: "Have you a family?" "Yes," said he, "wife and children." Think of it—a hundred and twenty dollars a year to support a family on! My friends, there is in this world

SOMETHING AWFULLY ATWIST.

When I think of these things I am not bothered as some of my brethren with the abstract questions as to why God let sin come into the world. The only wonder with me is that God don't smash this world up and start another in place of it.

One great trial that the working-classes feel is

PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.

There are athletes who go out to their work at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and come back at night as fresh as when they started. They turn their back upon the shuttle or the forge or the rising wall, and they come away elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory bell taps for six o'clock, the hard-working man wearily puts his arm into his coat-sleeve and starts for home. He sits down in the family circle, resolved to make himself agreeable, to be the means of culture and education to his children, but in five minutes he is sound asleep. He is fagged out—strength of body, mind and soul utterly exhausted. He rises in the morning only half rested from the toil. Indeed, he will never have any perfect rest in this world until he gets into one narrow spot which is the only perfect rest for the human body in this world. I think they call it a grave!

Has toil frosted the color of your cheeks? Has it taken all spontaneity from your laughter? Has it subtracted the spring from your step and the lustre from your eye until it has left you only half the man you were when you first put your hand on the hammer and your foot on the wheel? To-morrow, in your place of toil, listen, and you will hear a voice above the hiss of the furnace and the groan of the foundry and the clatter of the shuttle—a voice not of machinery, nor of the task-master, but the voice of an all-sympathetic God, as He says, "Come unto Me all

you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Let all men and women of toil remember that this work will soon be over. Have they not heard that there is a great holiday coming? Oh, that home, and no long walk to get to it! Oh, that bread, and no sweating toil necessary to earn it! Oh, these deep wells of eternal rapture, and no heavy buckets to draw up! I wish they would put their head on this pillow stuffed with the down from the wing of all God's promises. There remains a rest for the people of God.

Do you say, "We have sewing-machines now in our great cities, and the trouble is gone?" No; it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be, and how she ought to put her trust in God. "Oh," she said, "I have no God; I work from Monday morning until Saturday night and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good; and, when Sunday comes, I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray and then I got up, saying to my husband, 'My dear, there's no use of my praying; I am so distracted I can't pray; it don't do any good!'" Oh, sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from Him! Oh, if I were only ready to die!" May God comfort all who toil with the needle and the sewing-machine, and have compassion on those borne down under the fatigues of life.

Another great trial is

PRIVATION OF TASTE

and sentiment. I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting and sculpture and music and glorious sunsets and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not to be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women who are born artists, and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture and every sweet song and every musical instrument. Oh, let me cheer such persons by telling them to look up and behold the inheritance that God has reserved for them!

A HEART-BREAKING PICTURE.

Then there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life that were well described by an English writer. He said: "To be a poor man's child, and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance. To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel forever banished from a mother's tenderness and a sister's love. To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore. To see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not to be able to get the best advice. To think that the better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe. To be obliged to let her die. To come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking. To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them. To have no mourners at the funeral, and even to have to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin,

To see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone."

But I have no time this morning longer to dwell upon the hardships and the trials of those who toil with hand and foot, for I must go on to offer some grand and

GLORIOUS ENCOURAGEMENTS,

for such; and the first encouragement is, that one of the greatest safeguards against evil is plenty to do. When men sin against the law of their country, where do the police detectives go to find them? Not amid the dust of factories, not among those who have on their "overalls," but among those who stand with their hands in their pockets around the doors of saloons and restaurants and taverns. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life. There are but very few men with character stalwart enough to endure consecutive idleness.

I see a pool of water in the country, and I say, "Thou slimy, fetid thing, what does all this mean? Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I used to earn my living." I say again, "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die accursed of God because I have nothing to do!" Sin is

AN OLD PIRATE

that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working-apron. Be encouraged by the fact that your shops, your rising walls, your anvils are fortresses in which you may hide, and from which you may fight against the temptations of your life. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and week-days, thank God for plenty to do.

Another encouragement is the fact that their families are going to have the very best opportunity for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but

THE CHILDREN OF FORTUNE

are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming, by twelve years of age; he finds out there is no necessity of toil, and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or stupidity. You see the sons of wealthy parents going out into the world, inane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless, while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical constitution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of Church and State.

Who are the men mightiest in our Legislatures and Congress and Cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no. The mother put him down under the tree in the shade, while she spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until, after awhile, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. Akenside rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher-shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prideau used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker, and the son of every man of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power if he will only trust God and keep busy.

Again, I offer as encouragement that you have so many opportunities of gaining information. Plato gave thirteen hundred dollars for two books. The Countess of Anjou gave two

hundred sheep for one volume. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one copy of Origen. Oh, the contrast! Now there are tens of thousands of pens gathering up information. Type-setters are calling for "copy." All our cities quake with the rolling cylinders of the Harpers and the Appletons and the Lippincotts and the Petersons and the Ticknors, and you now buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew for fifty cents! There are people who toil from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night who know more about anatomy than the old physiologists, and who know more about astronomy than the old philosophers. If you should take the learned men of two hundred years ago and put them on one bench, and take twenty children from the common schools in Brooklyn and put them down on the other bench, the children could examine the philosophers, and the philosophers could not examine the children. "Ah!" says Isaac Newton, coming up and talking to some intelligent lad of seven years, "What is that?" "Oh, that is a rail-train!" "What is that?" "That is a telegraph." "What is that?" "It is a telephone." "Dear me! I think I shall go back to my bed in the dust, for I am bewildered and my head turns." Oh, rejoice that you have all these opportunities of information spread out before you, and that, seated in your chair at home, by the evening light, you can look over all nations and see the ascending morn of a universal day.

TOIL A DISCIPLINE.

One more encouragement: Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for heaven. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and tell you that Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the workingman's Christ. You get His love once in your heart, O workingman! and you can sing on the wall in the midst of the storm, and in the shop amid the shoving of the plane, and down in the mine amid the plunge of the crowbar, and on shipboard while climbing ratlines. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and every pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary? He will give you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of His eternal love.

And besides that, my friends, you must remember, that all this is

ONLY PREPARATORY—

a prefatory and introductory. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? "Oh," you say, "those are princes; they must have always been in a royal family; they dress like princes, they walk like princes, they are princes; there are none of the common people there; none of the people that ever toiled with hand and foot!" Ah! you are mistaken. Who is that bright spirit before the throne? Why, that was a sewing-girl who, work as she could, could make but two shillings the day. What are those kings and queens before the throne? Many of them went up from Birmingham mills and from Lowell carpet factories.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

And now I hear a sound like the rustling of robes, and now I see a taking up of harps as though they were going to strike a thanksgiving anthem, and all the children of the saw, and the disciples of the shuttle are in glorious array, and they lift a song so clear and sweet I wish you could hear it. It would make the pilgrim's burden very light, and the pilgrim's journey very short. Not one weak voice or hoarse throat in that great assemblage. The accord is as perfect as though they had been all eternity practising, and I ask them what is the name of that song they sing before the throne, and they tell me it is the song of the redeemed working-people. And the angel cries out: "Who are these so near the throne?" and the answer comes back: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A NAVAL CADET IN JAPAN.

THE Rev. Henry D. Page, writing from Tokio to the *Spirit of Missions*, narrates an incident which shows the kind of difficulties experienced by the missionary. He says:

"My wife's earliest pupil is now in the senior class of one of the Government naval schools, and is a youth of much promise and attractiveness, both mentally and morally; one to whom we have felt drawn from the first. Mrs. Page had partly prepared him for Baptism, and he had also begun to attend one of the Bishop's classes in preparation for it, but at this time we had a great disappointment. Instead of being earnest and diligent in his studies, he began to be irregular in attendance upon his instruction. He would never admit that he had relinquished his purpose of being baptized, but urgent matters of business had prevented him from coming to his class, he would say, and thus for some time he kept up the appearance of continuing his preparation until at last even the semblance was given up, and we mourned over him as one who had gone back to his first estate.

"Some months ago I had an opportunity for a personal conversation with him, and I found that he was still calling himself a Christian, though he shrank from making his faith known in the school, where as yet no one had acknowledged himself a follower of Christ. I expostulated with him on the want of manly courage exhibited in his vain attempt to serve Christ in secret, and set before him the Saviour's own words as to the supreme importance of our confessing Him before men. He listened with a flustered and troubled countenance, and after some further conversation we parted.

"Some months elapsed, and I supposed that my words had been without effect, but it was not so. A short time ago he came to me of his own motion, and telling me of his past mistake, asked to be baptized. He is now under my instruction, and I have a good hope that his courage will not fail again. My wife has rejoiced particularly over his return, for it was under her teaching that he was first brought to a knowledge of the truth."

MR. ARNOT'S WORK IN AFRICA.

INTELLIGENCE of Mr. Arnot's progress will be welcome to our readers, to some of whom he is well known. The following is an extract from a letter recently written by him:

"Nasoma, who has been for six months in my employment, is a most steady, careful, sober man, and one whom I can trust with everything. I have just arranged with him that if the door be opened at Garenganje for work, he and I shall set to, build a house, and lay out a bit of garden. Native huts, or native building on a scale according to a white man's ideas, will not do, for natives have no idea of making houses water-proof. Besides a few tools, I carry a *six-pane window-frame and glass*, a comfort indispensable to health, for I have suffered much from being compelled, for the sake of light, to sit at open doors or at a hole in the wall. The frame, when taken to pieces, goes into a very small space and is quite light, while the glass takes very little room at the foot of the box. I find that I cannot take the same liberties in this country as at home; to sit outside, however warm, to let the wind blow upon me for any time, or to wash in water below a certain temperature, will knock me up for days.

"My ox is in splendid condition, and so quiet and tractable; indeed, to sum up, everything is supplied to me of the *best*, and every one seems to be with me, and willing to help. Even my little cook makes better soup and sweeter bread than I ever gave him credit for before. *My visitors are the sick and lame*; each evening I walk over to a village close by, where I meet with six or eight half-castes and Portuguese-speaking blacks, and we converse together until dusk. And so my short waiting-time has gone by. The Lord compels me to praise Him; He fills my mouth with thanksgiving.

"A report reached me of the death of Cocashia,

the little boy whom I had left at Bihé unable to proceed further, but I now find that he was enticed by one of Señor Porto's slaves into the woods and there handed over to some traders and sold by them at the coast. I loved the boy as my own child, and grieved over his death; but this news is much worse than the former. I at once sent off to the coast for particulars about him, as slaves are shipped from Benguela every month, in large companies, to Portuguese colonies elsewhere. To redeem him, I offered \$100, besides paying the expenses of an agent at Benguela to hunt him up, and though, humanly speaking, the chances of ever seeing my boy again are few, yet prayer *avails* with God. I have often heard the groan of this country's sorrow, but now I *feel* it."

AN ASTROLOGER'S VICTIM.

A CREDULOUS old lady's fortune was lost in Wall Street recently. It is less than a year ago that she paid her first visit to a well-known broker and requested him to purchase five hundred shares of a certain stock. The shares in question were then at a high figure, and they had been rising for some time. The broker, however, believed that they would soon fall heavily, and as the old lady was buying them not as an investment, but as a speculation, intending to sell them again when they reached a higher figure, the broker strongly advised her against the purchase. She was, however, determined, and said she had information on the best authority that the price would advance. She left \$5000 on margin and departed, confident that she would realize a large profit. But the broker was right; the stock fell. He again advised the lady to sell, but she told him she was sure her informant would prove right, and she handed him \$4000 more, to avoid parting with the shares. The price continued to fall steadily. Another and a fourth call had to be made upon her, as time went on, but the old lady was still confident. At last, in response to the broker's demand, she gave him every dollar she had left of the fortune of \$18,000 which she owned a few months before. Another fall of price occurred, and she was penniless. "Would you mind telling me," asked the broker, "who the man is who has been advising you?" "*An astrologer*," said the lady. The broker was too gallant to express his thoughts then, but he used strong language in relating the incident afterward. It appears that many of the losing speculations in Wall Street are made on the advice of astrologers. The fact is an evidence of the perversity of human nature: it will believe implicitly in charlatans of all kinds, while it refuses to believe in the Son of God (Isa. 8: 19).

MISSIONARIES AMONG RIOTERS.

A REMINISCENCE of a crisis in mission work in China was narrated recently by the Rev. Ebenezer Jenkins, who is enjoying a brief respite from his labors in that land. He said: "I shall never forget the few days I spent in the notorious city of Fatsan. It has a population of nearly half a million. Its industries would dispose me to call it the workshop of the province. During my visit the temper of the people was not unlike the swell of the Bay of Biscay after a heavy gale. The fierce excitements of the war in Tonquin and the proclamations which had been issued by the Chinese mandarins offering rewards for the heads of French officers and soldiers, had aroused into fatal activity the rowdy spirits of the town, and a riot broke out in the previous September. Our mission chapel was robbed and nearly destroyed. The hospital was expected to fall. Bands of rioters assembled day by day before the building. But they seemed to want resolution to begin the assault. When they saw terrified patients not too ill to be removed leaving the place, and remembered that there were others lying in the wards, women and men, who must perish with the buildings, when they saw Dr. Wenyon with sublime indifference to their menace, going in and out and attending to his hospital duties as if nothing particular were happen-

ing, *the riot devil was cowed within them*. They might not understand the preaching of Christianity in the chapel, but they could understand Christianity in the hospital, where suffering and helplessness all the world over make us brothers and sisters in wretchedness and in prayers for relief. There was a cordon of charities round the hospital which these men could not pass; they feared to touch a building whose walls were salvation and whose gates praise."

A WORD FOR CRITICS.

AMONG the press criticisms on the preaching of Sam Jones, those which deal with his grammar and rhetoric have been the most severe. While in Chicago they were so frequent and so stinging that the impetuous evangelist lost patience. He bore it silently for some time, but at last he replied to them. He said:

"I can get along with a critic's criticisms as to my doctrine and teachings, but I have the profoundest contempt for those little nibblers who are always asking, 'Did you notice how he butchered the English grammar?' 'Did you observe how he annihilated rhetoric?' Now when a whale comes along and swallows me up, I can sort of stand it, but this way of being nibbled to death by minnows I have no patience with. I had just as soon be beaten on the head with a rubber balloon; it don't hurt any; it's just an annoyance. I would a great deal rather that a police-officer should knock me on the head with his club and be done with it at once than to be pounded by these rubber balloons. That just annoys me, and a decent man does hate to be annoyed."

HINTS TO STUDENTS OF PROPHECY.

By the Rev. Canon Stewart.

Peter's Injunction—Riveted Attention—The Diverted Pursuit—Two Remarkable Patterns—Prophets and Angels—The Prophetic Key Phrases—Sometimes Given to Obscure Men—Watch against Error—Direct Prayer—Paul's Pattern.

THE Apostle Peter has given us, as a master in the school of Christ, a guiding principle which ought to be our rule in this important department of study. He says (II Peter 1: 16-19): "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of His majesty. For He received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the holy mount. We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

It should be with earnest diligence—"riveted attention," for that is the meaning of the expression. To this he says we do well to take heed. It is the same word in the original, where it is said of the enlightened Lydia, when she was under the power and Spirit of Christ. It is there said that the Lord opened the heart of Lydia, that she "attended unto" the things spoken by Paul. With similar rapt attention the apostle says we do well to give "earnest heed" to this "More sure word of prophecy" concerning the Coming of our glorious Lord and Saviour.

This is in precise contrast, however, to the attitude and conduct of very many—the majority—of professing Christians. Many are

GIVING HEED

—their chief attention—to money getting, family, home, fame, politics, or some one or other phase of the fleeting things of this age, whose fashion is quickly passing away. Many, too, who perceive the error of setting their affections on the things of this earth, are yet not so thoroughly awake as to perceive the importance of things to come that they keep their heart steadily fixed with *riveted attention* on the inspired

prediction of them, and on what God has said as to the Second Coming of Christ. It may be they even regard it as a useless waste of time to allow their thoughts to rest again and again on this subject, to spend weeks and months in the study of what God has revealed about the coming future. But Peter's earnest exhortation to all who have the like "precious faith" is to give riveted attention to this grand, single "word of prophecy," as to the events soon to take place, when believing men and believing men's homes shall be redeemed out of all the evil into everlasting blessedness.

TWO REMARKABLE PATTERNS

of such close attention to divine prediction are elsewhere mentioned by Peter, in order that he may give encouragement to his contemporaries in the practice of that diligence to which he exhorts them. He speaks of these holy men of old as having utterances given them by the power of the Spirit of God, which they could not themselves understand, but he describes them as "searching diligently what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."

Two main topics were running through their whole testimony about Jesus, both, at that time, being still future—Christ's sufferings and Christ's glory. How wondrous it is to think of Isaiah, or of Ezekiel, or of other prophets endeavoring to search into the meaning of the words that were coming from their own lips! Think of Isaiah as he wrote: "Thou shalt not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" think how Ezekiel would ponder as he gave his description of a wonderful polity hereafter, and added: "the name of the city from that day shall be Jehovah is there," or think of a whole chorus of prophetic Psalmists digesting their own sentences, when they sang: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof: let the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth." "Thou hast put all things under His feet, all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice." "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!" Think, I say, of these holy men of old digesting all these mysterious sentences, for mysterious they were to them.

And think also of the *holy angels* who serve God in the whole universe, longingly stooping down, and lovingly desiring to look into these things upon which the ancient prophets pondered. For surely, brethren, if those of like passions with ourselves who lived centuries ago, when the purposes of God were only partly wrought out were so sacredly inquisitive; and if the very angels of God, who had no need to be redeemed, have delighted to pause and meditate upon such inspired predictions; much more should *we* give these things our riveted attention now that the night is far spent, and the day is at hand. There can be but a very short time now before the Redeemer shall be here to bring in all the blessing, and all the eternal peace of the promised salvation.

I may be permitted to give a few hints as to some of

THE METHODS OF DILIGENCE

to be employed, in order that our meditation upon the prophetic pages of Scripture may be in accordance with the expressed language of this inspired epistle, "Take heed." *First*, it seems of great importance that constant attention should be paid to what Bishop Wordsworth called "the catch words"—or *key phrases*, in the various prophets, in which the Holy Spirit is pleased again and again to repeat Himself. He puts the same remarkable word or phrase into the midst of a new context, so that the

second context can help one who studies and compares Scripture with Scripture, to understand both.

Then, *secondly*, as it pleases the Holy Spirit to give the key-word sometimes to a humble but devout brother, and sometimes to one in a higher place, the student of prophecy should be

READY TO BE TAUGHT

by every devout neighbor. Any one who is dogmatic, as if he and he alone had wisdom given to him, may be certain by that very dogmatism that he is on the wrong tack. There will always be a loving readiness to be taught by our brethren, and to profit by their discoveries of truth, wherever there is a real fellowship with the Holy Spirit.

There is a *third* thing that may appear in contrast to the second: That no man should be called "Rabbi," or Master, upon the earth, inasmuch as all being human, are liable to err, and inasmuch as those who might be exalted by reason of the greatness of the revelation made to them, like Paul, are troubled by some thorn in the flesh, some infirmity of their mind or spirit, so that a certain measure of error creeps in even in the midst of their understanding of what has been written. Therefore, with a disciple's readiness to be taught, there should be a constant watchfulness against error.

The *fourth*, and main consideration is: Let there be direct prayer to the Giver of prophecy to cause His presence to be felt in every mind whenever that word of prophecy has diligent heed given to it. I suppose very few of us have ever acted fully according to

PAUL'S PATTERN

in the First Epistle to the Ephesians without finding profit. He put up the direct prayer that he might know the meaning of prophecy, as follows: "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling (whatever that hope may be), and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints." Let us also be diligent in prayer, that we may not merely be ready to accept what this system or that system, however excellent, may suggest to us among our human neighbors, but may understand and constantly recollect and love the hope to which God Himself is calling us by His written Word.

A *fifth* thought is this: Watch the times as they pass in order that the earliest sign of His redemption, which is quickly drawing nigh, may be discovered.

OUR AMERICAN HEATHEN.

By Rev. W. F. Re Qua.

MISSIONARY work among the Indians is of first importance; I mean Gospel evangelism ought to precede strictly educational work. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," but much of modern missionary enterprise looks as though it were pushed upon the principle that *wisdom is the beginning of the fear of the Lord*, and that the order of the divine commission insisted on the culture of the intellect, appeal to the head, after this appeal to the heart—a mistake, I believe, that ought to be rectified for the sake of the grave though thoughtless reflection it casts on God's wisdom in directing His work, and the possible greater advancement of it, it may have stayed.

As an instance in point, a missionary to Greenland spent several years in educating the inhabitants, yet no conversions; finally, one day he was reading about Christ from John's record, when one of his pupils came to his room, heard the plain story, was touched by it, accepted the Saviour, and was happy in His favor. The missionary afterward sought their conversion first.

The unparalleled success of the Salvation Army in practical evangelization of the civilized and heathen masses is well worth careful study in the interests of a more rapid gospelization of the heathen. With a thorough appreciation of all that has been wrought in missionism, I am

of the persuasion that more by half might have been achieved by an observance of the order of the Gospel rule for Christian work.

A little personal observation justifies my saying that the true way of access to the Indian is through the heart; not that I would have education delayed among them until they are first brought to Christ, but I would urge that a greater prominence be given to a plain, spirited preaching of Christ. At a grove meeting which I attended there were present a few Indians. I spoke in the evening, or, rather, "the Spirit of the Lord spake by me." After the service a fine-looking Indian young man came to me, motioned to me to come with him. He not able to speak English, nor I to understand Indian, I went out a little way into the grove with him, and there by signs unmistakable I could see God was talking with him. I talked in my own tongue and by signs to him of Christ, and motioned to him to kneel down. We both prayed God for His forgiveness. Of course the Father answered. With one hand on his breast and the other raised to heaven, tears running over his bronzed cheek glistening in the moonshine, he "made a loud noise unto the Lord," a "joyful noise," and I knew pardon had come to his soul.

Now, dear reader, would you like to have an interest in saving the poor Indians? I want to tell you I've been waiting for some way to open so I might throw my life into Indian missionary work; my soul is full of it; I am saying to the Lord: "Here am I, send me." I am willing to forego my present pleasant surroundings, with as good an outlook for the future as God often gives a young man of thirty years of age; settled as pastor over a church of nearly four hundred members, with a correspondingly large salary, and a larger place in the hearts of the people in the church and city the Lord has given me. Still, I have felt for some time moved to lay this whole matter before the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, asking for God how many would like to have fifty cents a year interest in the work, and more if you like, holding myself in readiness to take Christ to our American heathen, if God shall put it in your heart to further the cause. I want to take a good tent and a portable organ, as God has given me ability to play and sing.

It is by the kindness of the editor that I am permitted to lay this matter between you and the Lord, for you to say whether I shall go, by writing me at 84½ Main Street, Aurora, Ill.

For references, if you desire, you may write to Rev. Thomas Galt, Presbyterian pastor; Rev. T. R. Strobbridge, Methodist pastor; Rev. Scudder, Congregational pastor, of this city.

[Our friend Mr. Re Qua has now told his own story to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is fair to them and him that we add a few words of explanation. It is now some months since Mr. Re Qua first broached the subject of an appeal to our readers for funds to enable him to go on a missionary expedition to the Indians. It seemed to us at the time a serious matter for a young man, with a delicate wife, to leave his home, give up an assured income, and resign a pastorate, in which God is blessing him, for this object. We admired the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated him, but it seemed to us that the work was rather for a man who had not formed any ties, pastoral or domestic. But Mr. Re Qua was led to the belief that he was called to the work, and that it would be through the readers of this journal that he would be sent. The conviction grew upon him, and some of his friends at Aurora who wrote us confirmed him in the belief. There were other indications that God was leading him which we could not disregard. We have therefore allowed him to make his own appeal, which he has done in the above article, and the one published on March 25th (p. 182). There is no need for us to advocate the project or to urge our readers to respond. The matter is committed to the Lord's hand, and He will open the way for Mr. Re Qua to go if that is His will.—ED.]

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

"The Christian Herald" has for many years had full permission to publish my sermons. I shall continue to revise them for this paper which is growing with miraculous rapidity in circulation influence & moral power.

T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 4th 1886

CURRENT EVENTS.

Owing to Decoration Day Being this Year observed on Monday, May 31st, that day was a legal holiday. It was therefore necessary for the CHRISTIAN HERALD to go to press a day earlier than usual.

The President's Marriage, About Which there has been so much mystery, was on Friday last definitely announced by Mr. Cleveland to his Cabinet. The Secretaries and their wives were formally invited to attend the ceremony in the White House, on June 2d. Since the first rumors were set afloat some months ago there have been numerous reports circulated denying it, and the President, according to his usual habit, has remained silent. There was therefore no absolute certainty until Mr. Cleveland made his announcement to the Cabinet on Friday. Miss Folsom arrived in New York on Thursday, from Europe, by the steamer Noordland. She is described as tall, handsome, and in complexion a light brunette. Her eyes, which are blue, are large and beautiful, with long black lashes. Her complexion is very clear. Her manner is frank and winning, and is remarkably free from affectation of any description. President Cleveland has not led a particularly peaceful or happy life since his inauguration, as he has had to encounter the opposition of his political opponents, and has not received a cordial support from his own party. It may therefore be hoped that the change he is now making will not add to his worries, but conduce to his domestic felicity, and that he will, from his personal experience, be able to indorse the words of the wise king, "Whose findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

Congress has Now Given the President Authority to deny to the vessels of any foreign country commercial privileges in our ports when the same privileges are denied to American vessels in the ports of that country. While it ap-

plies equally to all foreign vessels and grants a power to which there is no valid objection, it is intended as a retaliation upon Canada for excluding our fishing vessels from the privilege of buying bait and other supplies in her ports. It does not appear that this action will do much toward the settlement of the pending trouble between the United States and Canada. The Canadians do not want to come to us to buy bait, and on all other matters there is no reason for retaliation.

The Senate Committee on Commerce has given its endorsement to the Eads scheme of solving the Panama problem. It favorably reported last week the Ship Railroad bill which Eads advocates. This report seems to ignore the statements made by the expeditions which have been sent from time to time to the isthmus to examine routes, with the view of deciding on the best way of making a transit across the isthmus. It does not appear that the Eads scheme finds favor among engineers and experts whose opinions are entitled to respect. The testimony of Eads and his colleagues has, however, been sufficient to convince the committee that the scheme is a practicable one and that the proposed railway would be successful and very profitable. A Government guarantee is therefore sought to encourage the capitalists and "to give them the assurance that the Government will not embark in a competing enterprise."

One More Attempt to Control the Mississippi River is proposed in a report from the Senate Committee, to which the problem was referred. There is a hopelessness about the report that is not a gratifying sign. In reviewing the history of the various efforts that have been made, the committee note that after engaging the attention of the people for one hundred and fifty years, the problem is still unsolved. In 1858 the river was reported to be leveed from Cape Girardeau to New Orleans on both sides, yet the overflows were more destructive than ever before. The revetment and abutment systems cost eight millions, but did not cure the evil. Six millions were spent on the Eads jetties, yet the overflows continued and increased. At this time there seems, the report says, only one more experiment left to be tried—that is, open and deepen the Lake Borgne outlet. By this outlet the water of the river will reach the same ocean level by a run of ten miles which it now attains after coursing one hundred and ten miles.

Herr Most, the German Anarchist, was on Friday found guilty by a jury of misdemeanor, the charge on which he was tried. He made a speech at his trial in his own defence, in which he admitted that he had advised the workmen to arm themselves, and that he told them they might have cannon, rifles, or bombs if they pleased. In conclusion he told the jury that if they thought a man should be put in prison for having advised the people to defend themselves against unlawful acts, they would find him guilty. Apparently they did think so, and very justly, because there are proper ways of finding out whether an act is lawful, and means are provided for defence by the law much more in harmony with civilization than dynamite bombs. The penalty for the offence of which Most was found guilty, is one year's imprisonment and a fine of \$500. Herr Most will have an opportunity in prison of learning that though American institutions permit free speech, they are able to prevent that liberty being abused.

The Prohibitionists of New Jersey Held a State Convention at Newark on Friday. Much interest was attached to their proceedings because temperance has made rapid strides in that State during the past two years, and earnest efforts have been made to arrange a union between the Prohibition and the Republican parties. Many of the converts to Prohibition were Republicans, who were naturally reluctant to sever their political connection with the party, while the Republicans, on their side, were reluctant to lose the support of the men who have become Prohibitionists. A conference of Republicans was therefore held at Trenton, on

Wednesday, May 26th, to see what concessions could be made to Prohibitionists, so as to keep them within the party. The result is seen in a resolution passed by the Prohibition Convention, which shows that the Prohibitionists of New Jersey are fully determined not to yield any point of their platform. It declared emphatically for "both State and national constitutional prohibition of the importation, manufacture, and sale of all alcoholic beverages, and the enforcement thereof by appropriate legislation administered by officials thoroughly in sympathy with the same." Evidently in New Jersey there is to be no deal, and whether Republicans or Democrats carry the State the Prohibitionists will stand apart.

Mr. Gladstone has Evidently Abandoned the hope of passing his bill for Home Rule in Ireland in its present shape. He is anxious, however, to have the House of Commons indorse the principle of the bill, and leave the details of the scheme to give effect to the principle, to future consideration. To secure this indorsement he summoned a meeting of "all members of the party who, while retaining full freedom in all particulars respecting the Irish Government bill, are desirous to vote to establish a legislative body in Dublin to manage affairs specifically and exclusively Irish." At the meeting which was held on Thursday last Mr. Gladstone promised that if the party would vote for the second reading of the bill, which is regarded always as an approval of the object contemplated by a measure, he would not proceed further with this measure, but would prepare a new one in which the features which were objectionable to a large number of his supporters would be modified or eliminated. He particularly referred to the clause which here, as well as in England, is regarded as a fatal defect—the clause which excludes Irish representatives from the British Parliament. It is wrong in principle because it involves the taxation of a people who are not represented in the Legislature imposing taxation. There is but one solution of that difficulty, and that is the Federal principle of our Constitution, by which, though every State governs itself, it has a share in the Federal Government. Mr. Gladstone proposed a clumsy modification of his original scheme to avoid the difficulty, but it is little likely to be adopted. If England were not so fearful of imitating America, she need not be puzzled long by the problem.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has Caused General Surprise by placing himself on record on the Irish question. He seldom meddles in politics, but has apparently been carried away on this question by the strong public feeling. In a letter he has published he asks: "What has Ulster done to be cast off?" And adds: "The whole scheme is full of dangers and absurdities, as if conceived by a madman. Yet I am sure that Mr. Gladstone believes he is only doing justice and acting for the good of all. I consider that he is making one of those mistakes only made by great and well-meaning men." It will be seen that Mr. Spurgeon's objections are based on the religious aspect of the question. He is afraid that without the protection of England the Protestants of Ulster would be crushed.

The Progress of Mormonism in Switzerland is causing public alarm. The European correspondent of the New York Herald in a cablegram to that journal says: "The Mormon missionaries have already pitched their tents in twenty or thirty places, notably Berne, Bale, Geneva, Zurich and Schaffhausen, where they muster several hundred strong and have led astray many maidens. Public attention was some time ago vainly directed to this new and obnoxious crusade. The increase of the nuisance has now grown alarming, and the Swiss are beginning to clamor for the ejection of the invaders. The headquarters of the Mormon army at present seems to be at Berne, whence the movement is gradually spreading to the rest of Switzerland and Germany." The victims are chiefly the uneducated people who have a claim on the protection of their Government.

A Remarkable Revival, Extending Through-out the town, is reported from Sardis, Miss. It commenced in the Presbyterian Church, was followed by an awakening in the Baptist Church, and finally the Methodist Church was thronged by anxious inquirers. About two hundred persons have made a profession of faith, and all the saloons in the town have been closed.

Open-Air Services in the Battery Park of New York will be held again this summer on Sunday afternoons. During the services of last year much good was done. The singing attracted large crowds who attend no place of worship, and opportunities were afforded for personal work. Rev. C. C. Goss has applied for and received the permission of the Park Commissioners to use the music-stand in the Park. Mr. C. M. Fisher has taken charge of the musical arrangements.

The Imprisonment of Rev. H. L. Hastings of Boston, for non-payment of the fine imposed upon him for preaching on the city common has drawn from him a trenchant letter from his cell to the members of the Massachusetts Legislature. He makes a comparison between the severity with which his offence has been punished, and the lenity shown to those who sell liquor without a license. That he should be in jail while only nineteen verdicts of guilty were finally obtained in nine hundred and seventy-one cases of illegal liquor-selling is a disgrace to the commonwealth.

A Temperance Hospital has been Opened in Chicago under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Frances E. Willard is taking the lead in the movement. The cardinal principle of the hospital will be the treatment of all diseases without the use of alcoholic stimulants. A special provision, however, is made that in certain cases alcohol may be administered if, in the opinion of all the physicians in the council, that drug will save a life in danger. Both allopathic and homoeopathic physicians are connected with the hospital. The present capacity of the institution is thirty beds, of which sixteen are free.

The Annual Picnic of Dr. Talmage's Church will this year be a more extensive affair than that of last year. The Thousand Islands is to be its destination. The party will leave Brooklyn June 26th, and will travel over the West Shore Railroad. Dr. Talmage and all the trustees of the Tabernacle will be of the company. Some of the party propose continuing the journey from the Thousand Islands to Montreal, where they will remain two days. The excursion is open only to members of the congregation and their personal friends. Steamers and yachts have been engaged at Alexandria Bay to take the party through the Thousand Islands, some distance down the St. Lawrence, and over to the Canadian side. The Crossman House and the Thousand Islands at Alexandria Bay have been engaged for the accommodation of the party from June 27th to 29th.

The Hebrew-Christian Church at 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, celebrated the Lord's Supper on Sunday evening, May 6th. The pastor, Rev. Jacob Freshman, preached from Isaiah 53 : 6. Two converted Hebrews and one Hebrew lady then united with the church. They answered all the questions according to the Manual of the First Hebrew-Christian Church in America.

The National Temperance Society is Able to issue a very gratifying report this year both of its work and its finances. It is a cheering indication of the progress of temperance principles. Mr. J. N. Stearns, the excellent secretary of the Society, says : "We come to the close of our fiscal year with a better financial exhibit than ever before in the history of the Society. No only have the receipts been greater in the Publication Department, but the donations for the Missionary Fund have been greater than for many years past, and our indebtedness less than any preceding anniversary day." The total receipts were as follows : Memberships and donations, \$9336.61 ; legacies, \$500 ; interest on in-

vested funds, \$723.04 ; for publications, \$52,953.76. Total receipts, \$63,513.41 ; total expenses, \$63,550.05.

The Complaint of a Husband Came Before the Supreme Court of New York last week. He testified that a year ago, while living with his wife and family in Harlem, a fire broke out in their house. He succeeded, at imminent peril to himself, in getting his wife and two of his children to the roof, and then descended to rescue his youngest boy. He was exhausted with his exertions, and fell insensible while carrying the child up the ladder. The child died, and the man was so badly burned that, though rescued by the firemen, his life was despaired of for some time. He remained several months in the hospital, and when discharged he immediately sought his wife. To his astonishment he discovered that she had calculated upon his death, and his appearance was an embarrassment to her. She firmly refused to receive him into the house she was living in, or to live with him anywhere else. If the husband's statement of his experience is true, he has reason to complain of the ingratitude of the woman for whom he risked his life. Her conduct will doubtless be condemned by many who are themselves guilty of similar ingratitude. They know that the Saviour voluntarily died to save them, yet by their actions they repudiate His claims upon them (Rom. 14 : 9).

An Old Bachelor's Gratitude has been Mani-fested in an unexpected way at Pittstown, N. Y. Some years ago an old man who had been a teacher of penmanship was wandering about Rensselaer County, apparently without a home or a friend. He made overtures to several families with the view of becoming a member of their households, but no one seemed disposed to take him in. At length he became acquainted with a gentleman of Pittstown who has four children. The old bachelor was kind to the children, and they conceived a great affection for him. Their father was sorry for the lonely old man, and gave him a general invitation to come to his house as often as he would, and stay as long as he pleased. The old bachelor was delighted, and availed himself freely of the offer. He was made welcome, and continued to spend a considerable part of his time there until his death, which occurred recently. To the surprise of all who knew him, it was then found that the old man possessed considerable personal property. It was all bequeathed to the family of the friend who had made his declining years cheerful. A legacy was left to each relative of the hospitable man. Each of his children receives three thousand dollars, his mother a similar sum, and his wife gets the residue. The will was probated at Troy, N. Y., on May 25th. Obedience to the Apostolic injunction has brought a large return (Heb. 13 : 2).

A Soldier's Respect for his General was Un-expectedly manifested in an incident which is related in some recently published reminiscences published in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. During the war General Buell's troops were on one occasion encamped near Cave Springs. The general issued an order that the men were to be kept from polluting one fine spring, but they were very thirsty, and crowded each other into the water in spite of the guard. General Buell, hearing of it, went in his stern, official dignity to the spring to stand guard himself. He wore at the time a little straw hat and his fatigue uniform. A large, energetic six-footer came up very thirsty and impatient to fill his canteen. He rubbed against Buell as he passed, and stepped with one foot in the water to fill his cup. Buell said quietly but decidedly : "Take your foot out, sir." Still stooping, the six-footer looked up and said : "You go to Greenland's icy mountains. I don't want any quartermaster's clerk ordering me around." For an instant the commander was stunned by the unexpected reply. Then he said quietly, but emphatically : "General Buell orders you to take your foot—out—of—that—water." The man looked up quickly and said : "I'll do it, sir. If

General Buell would order me to jump head first into a cannon I would do it. Out comes the foot. Why didn't you say so before?" The commander of the Army of the Ohio could not have received more gratifying homage. That is the spirit of the follower of Christ. He does not hesitate about any action after he learns that it is commanded by his Lord (Acts 21 : 13).

An Effectual Preventive of Apache Raids is suggested by Senator Fair, of Nevada. He advocates the Indians being placed on the Island of Santa Catalina. He says : "It is isolated and too far from the shore for any ordinary boat to reach it. My idea is that if the Apaches were put on this island they would require no guards, and all that would be needed would be a small steam tender and crew to run between the island and the port of Wilmington, for the purposes of communication and supply. This would, in my opinion, set the Apache question at rest forever ; would save the country many valuable lives, and the Government millions of money." Whether the Apaches, being thus precluded from murdering the whites, would take to killing each other, the Senator does not predict ; but it does not seem improbable, judging by the ferocity for which they are notorious. Unless their passions were restrained under the new circumstances, Santa Catalina would be an awful place, even for the Indians themselves, though the United States did not administer any punishment. The most horrible idea of hell is that produced by the same conception of devilish natures in full development and without restraint (Ps. 9 : 17).

A Senator's Forgetfulness of the Golden Rule caused him to appear in a ridiculous position during the sitting of a committee recently. The question under debate in the Senate Committee on Agriculture was whether a tax of ten cents a pound should be imposed on oleomargarine. Certain members of the Committee advocated it on the ground that it would discourage butter merchants from selling the article as butter. Their leader was Senator Warner Miller, of New York, who has become rich by the manufacture of wood pulp. He urged that so much stuff was sold as butter which was nothing but oleomargarine that it would be a good thing if the latter could be taxed out of existence. An opponent then observed that there were other imitations to which the principle would apply, and said : "In all our Government contracts for paper, our greatest trouble is to see that the contractors do not cheat by putting in wood pulp. What is bought for all rag linen paper is often half wood pulp. Don't you think we had better tax wood pulp on the ground that it is an imitation?" The Senator did not encourage the idea. He could not be charged with disobeying the Apostolic injunction, but he obeyed it in a sense opposite to that intended by the Apostle (Phil. 2 : 4).

The Value of a Dog's Coat, it Appears, De-pends on where the animal has passed his life. The *Miner*, of Bodie, Cal., states that for several months a mongrel dog has spent his time in wandering about the Mono mine. He rides up and down on the cages, runs through drifts and cross-cuts, and goes all over and through the mine perhaps oftener than any miner on the place. He is on friendly terms with every man connected with the mine, and is regarded as a regular member of the fraternity. It occurred to some of the men that if Towser was washed he would do more credit to himself and them at a certain public appearance when he would be sure to show himself. They therefore subjected him to a thorough ablution, and as they were at work upon him they noticed on his coat some glistening specks, the value of which they understood. This prompted them to cleanse thoroughly every hair on the dog's body and to pan the water afterward. The total proceeds of Towser's coat were twenty-three dollars in pure gold. If his antecedents had not been known it would not have been difficult to guess where he had been. So it is with moral character ; no man can habitually frequent any place, good or bad, without traces of its influence remaining upon him (Prov. 22 : 24, 25).

ZEALOUS, BUT WRONG.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved. For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."—ROMANS 10: 1, 2, 3.

Paul Praying for His Enemies—People in Need of Prayer—The Self-Righteous—I. Reasons for Concern—They are Zealous—Rarity of Religious Zeal—The Mischief a Zealous Man May Do—The Good He Might Do—II. What they Really are—Their Extensive Ignorance—III. What they Do—The Inevitable Failure—IV. What they Will Not Do—Will Not Submit.

WE ought to have an intense longing for the salvation of all sorts of men, and especially for those, if there are any, that treat us badly. We should never wish them ill, not for a moment; but in proportion to their malice should be our intense desire for their good. Israel had persecuted Paul everywhere with the bitterest imaginable hate. When he addressed them in their synagogues, they rushed upon him in their fury. When he let them alone, and preached quietly to the Gentiles, they made a mob, dragged him before the magistrates, charged him with causing a tumult, and either stoned him, or beat him with rods. He was "an Israelite indeed," but his people regarded him as a *turncoat* indeed, because he had become a Christian. Mad as they were against all Christians, they had a special spite and fury against the apostate Pharisee. Paul's only reply to all their infuriated malice is this gentle assertion: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved."

I would bring before you one peculiar class of persons whose conversion some of us should very earnestly pray for. They are the kind of people who are here described by the apostle: Israelites, religious people, intensely religious in their way, although that way is not the way of truth. They have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. They are righteous people, *self-righteous* people, people that have done no ill, but, on the contrary, have labored to do a great deal of good. They are running, and running well, but they are not running in the right road. They are laboring, and laboring hard, but they are not laboring in the right style; and so they will miss their reward. Many of these people are around us, and very admirable people they are in many ways; but their condition causes us the utmost anxiety.

I. And first, why are we

SPECIALLY CONCERNED

for these people? Because they are so zealous. They have a zeal of God. I feel right glad to meet with a zealous man nowadays, for zeal for God has become a rare quality in the land. You see plenty of zeal where politics are concerned. Fashion and art and society and literature, each one evokes zeal of a certain kind; but we are not overdone with those who are zealous in the matter of religion. We seem to be pretty nearly gone to sleep as to essentials of creed and worship. Who is zealous? Who burns with holy ardor? Who is consumed with sacred enthusiasm? If anybody comes to be a little zealous above others, he is straightway condemned. The man of fervent spirit is laughed at as "*a hot gospeller*:" he is called fanatical, and great efforts are made to put him down. I fear that both the wise and the foolish virgins are going to sleep at this present time. There is a dullness in the religious world, as if we had passed into a dull, thick, autumn fog. We want a great and general revival.

Meanwhile, when we do meet with people who are zealous, we take an interest in them. I love to meet with those who believe in something, and who work under the pressure of their belief, and give their strength to the carrying out of what they believe to be the will of God. It does seem a very great pity that any zeal should be wasted, and that any one full of zeal should yet

miss his way. We fear that there are some who will do so. It is of no use to be zealous if you are zealous in a wrong cause; but when we meet with any who are such, I say that they become peculiarly the object of a Christian's prayers. Pray for the zealous with all your hearts, for it is such a pity that one of them should go astray.

Again, they should be specially the subject of our prayers, because they may go so very wrong, and may do so much mischief to others. Those who have no life nor energy may easily ruin themselves, but they are not likely to harm others; whereas a mistaken zealot is like

A MADMAN WITH A FIREBRAND

in his hand. Persons who are zealous, and are under a mistake, may do such a deal of mischief! I do not doubt that many who burned the martyrs were quite as sincere in their faith as those whom they burned. In fact, it must have taken an *awful amount of sincerity* in the case of some to have been able to believe that the cruelties which they practised were really pleasing to God. We cannot doubt that they had such sincerity. Documents, written by men who stained their hands with the blood of Protestants, prove that some of them had a right heart toward God. In their mistaken zeal for God, and truth, and Church unity, they believed that they were crushing out a very deadly error, and that the persons whom they sent to prison and to death were criminals that ought to be exterminated, because they were destroyers of the souls of men.

Take heed that none of you fall into a persecuting spirit through your zeal for the Gospel. A good woman may be intensely zealous, and for that reason she may say, "I will not have a servant in my house who does not go to my place of worship." I have known landlords, wonderfully zealous for the faith, who have therefore turned every Dissenter out of their cottages, and have refused to let one of their farms to a Nonconformist. I do not wonder at their conduct; if they are zealous, and at the same time blind, they will naturally take to exterminating the children of God. They say strong things and bitter things, and then proceed to do cruel things—very cruel things—verily believing that, in all that they do, they are doing God service, not thinking that they are violating

THE CROWN RIGHTS OF GOD,

who is Lord of the consciences of men. They would not oppose the will of God if they knew it; and yet they are doing so. Another reason why we long to see the zealous converted is this—because they would be so useful. The man that is desperately earnest in a wrong way, if you can but show him his wrong, and teach him what is right, will be just as earnest in the right way. Oh, what splendid Christians some would make who are now such devotees of superstition! Despite their superstition, I look upon many High Churchmen with admiration. Up in the morning early, or at night late, ready to practise all kinds of mortifications, to give their very bodies to be burned, and all their substance in alms, ready to offer prayers without number, and to be obedient to rites without end—what more could external religion demand of mortal men? Oh, if we could get these to sit at Jesus' feet, and leave the phylacteries and the broad-bordered garments, and worship God in spirit, and have no confidence in the flesh, what grand people they would make!

Once more, we are bound to make these people the subject of specially earnest prayer because it is so difficult to convert them. It requires the power of God to convert anybody really; but there seems to be a double manifestation of power in the conversion of a down-right bigot when his bigotry is associated with dense ignorance and gross error. "Oh," says he, "I do that which is right. I am strict in my religion. My righteousness will save me." You cannot get him out of that. It is easier to get a sinner out of his sin than a self-righteous man out of his self-righteousness. Conceit of

our own righteousness sticks to us as the skin to the flesh. O God! who but Thou canst draw a man out of this miry clay of self-righteousness? Therefore do we cry to Thee, of Thy great grace, to do it. For these and many other reasons those who have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, must have a chief place in our importunate prayers.

II. And secondly, about these people,

WHAT IS IT THAT THEY ARE

according to our text? These people will not like the text, nor yet like me for honestly explaining it. According to our text, it is very clear that these good people are *ignorant*. "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, go about to establish their own righteousness." Listen! There are many who are quite ignorant as to the natural righteousness of God's character. They do not know how intensely He hates sin, how His anger burns against injustice and untruth. Again, they are ignorant of the righteousness of the law. Indeed, there is awful ignorance about that. You may hear the ten commandments read every Sabbath-day, and I think that it is a good thing to have them read, and a good thing to have them posted up where they can be read, but you will not know anything about them by merely reading them. There is a depth of meaning in those commandments, of which self-righteous persons are ignorant. For instance, when they read, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," does it strike most men's minds that even a lascivious look breaks that commandment? Do they reflect that not only acts of fornication and uncleanness, but indecent words, thoughts, and looks are forbidden by that command? Could we behold the law in all its full-orbed majesty, we should as soon expect to hold the sun in the hollow of our right hand as to fulfil the law in all its length and breadth.

A HIGH STANDARD.

Further than this, dear friends, a man that is self-righteous, and hopes to get to heaven by his works and his religion, is ignorant of God's righteous requirements with regard to his own heart. God requires not only that thou shouldst do that which is right, but that thou shouldst think that which is right, that thou shouldst love that which is right, ay, and that thou shouldst be that which is right. If it were possible to keep the hands right in all things, yet the heart might all the while be willing and anxious to move the hands amiss, and after all it is the way of the heart which is the true gauge of the man's life. What sayest thou to this? Are not many grossly ignorant of this?

And then, again, all persons who are self-righteous must surely be ignorant of God's righteousness in another sense—namely, they are ignorant that God has prepared a better righteousness for us. The Lord God has prepared for man a perfect and divine righteousness, by which He justifieth the ungodly. He has sent His own Son into the world, pure in heart and pure in life, to work out that righteousness. The death of Christ upon the tree was an extravagance—a needless extravagance, if men can be saved without it; and if any man can be saved without Christ, saved by his own works, and saved by the principle of the law, then for him is Christ dead in vain.

III. That brings me to my third point, which is this: I have shown you why they should be prayed for. I have shown you that they are ignorant. Now I am going to show you

WHAT THEY DO.

According to the text they are going about to establish their own righteousness. I do not know whether I can give you the idea which this language suggests to my mind, but it is this: they have bad foundations for a house, and bad materials, and bad mortar, and they themselves are by no means good workmen. They have built up quite a height of wall to make a shelter for themselves, but it tumbles down. Never mind; they are very industrious, and so they set to work to put it up again. They are perseveringly determined, somehow or

other, to build up a righteousness of their own. That is the meaning of this text. They go about to set up, to establish—to make to stand—their own righteousness, and it is such

A CRAZY THING

that it falls down of its own weight, and whenever it tumbles down they set it up again. They go about to do it; that is, they invent all sorts of ways; they go to the ends of the earth to find another bit of stone that will just wedge in and help to settle the corner-stone. All their industry is spent in trying to set up this thing, which is not worth a button when it is set up. Alas, that folly should be so desperately entrenched in the heart of man, that he will spend his whole life in a persevering attempt to insult his Maker by preparing a righteousness of his own, when his Maker has already wrought out, and brought in, a righteousness perfect in every respect!

While I am preaching about this I am thinking of myself, and smiling and yet mourning to think how, in the days of my ignorance, I myself tried this ridiculous pastime. The pictures which I shall paint will be drawn from my own personal experience. At first the man says: "I shall be saved, for I have kept the law. What lack I yet?" Now, a very small hole will let enough light into the man's heart to force him to see that this pretence will not answer. When driven from this foolish hope, the man readily sets up another. If he cannot work, then a man tries to feel—and I know

I TRIED TO FEEL.

Or else he cries: "I must join a bit of religion to my pure morals. I do not quite understand how the combination is to be made; but we have to maintain a reputation for righteousness, and we must do it by hook or by crook. It is true that I have not kept the law. Well, then, I will pray every morning and pray every night very regularly, and take a good long time over it, too, when I do not go to sleep, or when I do not wake up too late! And I will read so much of the Bible every day; a grand thing that! And if I can get through the Bible in a certain time *that will score one*, will it not? Then I shall attend regularly a place of worship; and then, I think—well, I must be baptized, perhaps, or at any rate confirmed, or I must go to the sacrament; and when I have done all this, do you not think it will come pretty square?" If a man's conscience is awake, it will not come square. The man says: "No, I do not feel righteous after all! There is

SOMETHING AMISS."

Conscience begins to call out: "It will not do." Peradventure, the man is taken ill. He thinks that he is going to die, and he says: "Alas, I could not die with so poor a hope as this! This boat would never carry me across the river Jordan. I can see that it leaks very terribly. There are a hundred points in which my hope utterly fails me. What shall I do?" Well, then, he must keep his wretched pretence afloat somehow; and so he cries: "At length I must go in for *something thunderingly good*. I will give a lot of money away." If he is a rich man, he says: "I will endow an almshouse. You see I need not give the money till I die. That will do very well. I had better keep it while I am alive, and then leave it when I cannot keep it. Won't it be a splendid thing? And if I put a painted window in a church, surely that will go a long way; or I will give a lump sum to a hospital."

But, oh, men will go about to set up their own righteousness; and I will tell you what some of them will do to-night! "Ah!" they will say, "quite right, Mr. Spurgeon. Quite right. I cannot bear that work-mongering and self-justification; but I hope that I shall be saved because I feel so deeply my sinfulness, and I groan so heavily under a sense of guilt." You trust to that, do you? It is only another form of trusting to your own works. I must rout you out of your feelings, as well as out of your works. You may just as well trust in the one thing that comes of you, as in the other

thing that comes of you. Your salvation lies absolutely outside of yourself, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, and not in what you do, but in what He is. If you add to that foundation stick or stone of your own—thought, feeling, or work of your own—by way of trusting in it, you have spoiled the salvation of Christ. It shall never be

"CHRIST AND COMPANY."

Hence, be sure that if Jesus is to save you, you must let Him do it, and you yourself must stand out of the way. "What! am I not to work?" Oh, yes! Work as hard as ever you like if He has saved you; but as to the salvation itself, that is with Him. Our Lord is not going to have any discord in heaven; you shall all sing His praises there, or never sing at all. There will be no divided praise; but the strain shall be set to the tune of *Salvation all of grace*. "Salvation to our God that sits upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

IV. The fourth thing is,

WHAT THEY WILL NOT DO.

"Going about to establish their own righteousness, they have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." "They have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." Why, there are some that have not submitted even to *hear it*! If you speak to them about it, they are wrapped up in an idea of their own righteous perfectness, and they really cannot endure to hear themselves talked to as if they were common sinners. Are they not good enough of themselves? "Sinners saved by grace!" they say, "Salvation by faith! It is all very well for the commonalty; but it does not do for ladies and gentlemen like us. We were always so good." Very well, then; if that really is the case, you know there is a heaven for the commonalty, and it is highly probable that you ladies and gentlemen are too good to go there. Where will you go? There is but one way to heaven, and that way is closed against the proud; and if you choose to be so proud, you will close it against yourself, and we cannot help you.

And then there are others who, when they hear it, will not admit that they need it. "What, sir! Must I go down on my knees? Must I confess that I am a sinner, a real sinner? Must I come before God as if I had been a criminal? Must I stand in the dock, and plead guilty?" Yes, you must, or else you will never be saved. "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." Off with that helmet of obstinacy! Down with the plumes of pride! Thou must come to God on thy bended knees, with

A ROPE ABOUT THY NECK,

as one who is only fit to die, and to be cast into hell, for He will never save thee on any other terms. Dost thou reply, "I will never submit to such a humiliation?" God will never alter His terms to please you.

Again, there are others who will not submit to the spirit of it—to the influence of it, for you must know that the spirit of free grace is this—if God saves me for nothing, then I belong to Him forever and ever. If He forgives me every sin simply because I believe in Jesus, then I will hate every sin, and flee from it. The virtue I aimed at before, in my own strength, I will now ask for from His Holy Spirit. The goodness that I thought I had, but never had, I will seek to have as a gift of His grace wrought in me; and I, because of His great goodness to me, will live to Him, and will not henceforth serve myself or serve sin, but will serve Him who has bought me with His precious blood. Many will not submit to that; yet they can never be saved from sin unless they yield themselves as the blood-bought servants of Christ. I must earnestly pray that many of you may submit to the righteousness of Christ. Yield yourselves up; trust in Christ; believe in Him who died for sinners; take Him to be your Saviour to-night.

With my whole soul I offer the prayer of my text this night; and do you also, dear friends,

keep on praying. I ask all of you Christian people to insert a special petition into all your prayers, and to keep it there—"O Lord, save by Thy grace those who have a zeal for Thee, which is not according to knowledge! Grant that they may not go about to establish their own righteousness, but may submit themselves unto the righteousness of God!" Amen and Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TEN HOURS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.*

WE came to the fissure which is the entrance to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the largest natural cavern on the crust of the earth ever explored by man. In front of the peristyle, the dimensions and form of which are far from indicating the wonders to which they lead, negroes furnished with miners' lamps are generally found waiting; these are the authorized guides to the twenty or twenty-five miles of underground passages already explored in this dark labyrinth. One of these negroes, named Mat, had been recommended to me. I did not bargain with him, but followed him lamp in hand down the fifty or sixty damp steps which led to a gallery twenty yards in height, which has been baptized with the name of the great naturalist, Audubon. It is fully one thousand yards in length, and terminates in a large room called the Rotunda, from which radiate a great number of corridors. One of them, called the Great Vestibule, leads by a pretty rapid descent into a hall nearly one hundred yards in circumference, and whose arched roof rises in an immense nave. On account of its form and magnificence, and the grand stalactites with which it is decorated, it has been called the Gothic church.

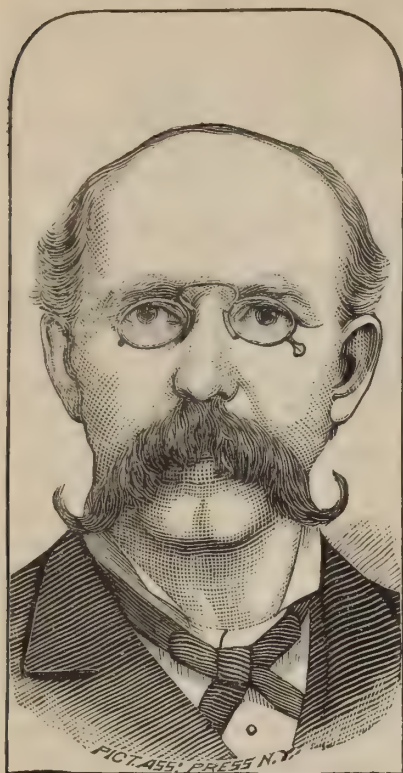
In fact, between the alabaster pillars, raised by the infiltrations of water, saturated with lime and silica, can be seen the stalls and even the pulpit, from which more than one Protestant minister has preached the Gospel. The audience with their torches must have recalled the gatherings of the early Christians in the Roman catacombs.

Thanks to the effect of the light, aided by the imagination, the altar, candelabras, and fantastic sculptures which mark the church of the Middle Ages, all were reproduced before our fascinated gaze. We even fancied we could see a magnificent organ above the altar flanked by draped statues in various attitudes on their broad pedestals.

On leaving the temple we entered the Gothic avenue, which is no less rich in ornament or in illusory appearances. From this hall we reached after numerous turnings and windings the *Haunted Chamber*, so-called, probably from the Indian mummies, found there by the first explorers of the cavern, which were doubtless placed there by one of the primitive tribes whose bones are the only vestige of their existence on the earth. Strange as it may seem, this cemetery of an extinct race is the most cheerful and best-lighted of all these subterranean passages. The wives of the guides have established inns where one finds refreshments and newspapers. It is the resort of the Cenobites, who inhabit the cells in the vicinity; for the Mammoth Cave has its *permanent guests, valetudinarians, invalids, especially consumptives*, upon whom the atmosphere of the cave, impregnated as it is with saltpetre, has a beneficial influence, according to the local Æsculapiuses.

After leaving this point, Mat took me down several ladders, and over a wooden bridge, of an age not particularly reassuring. After crossing this bridge we entered the *Labyrinth*, a very narrow passage winding several times upon itself; here the roof was so low we were obliged to crawl on hands and knees. This is called the *Path of Humiliation*. We could not raise our heads without hitting the rock, so the proudest

* From a profusely illustrated work entitled "The Sublime in Nature," compiled from the descriptions of travellers, by Ferdinand Lanoye. It comprises descriptions of celebrated mountains, volcanoes, rivers, cataracts, caverns and forests. Pp. 344. Price 5s. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York.



Master-Workman Powderly.



William Penn's Conference with the Delaware Chiefs.

of us were compelled to bear ourselves as lowly as possible. On leaving this defile we reached the Devil's Chair, a sort of balcony attached to a perpendicular wall—the side of the *Bottomless Pit*. The guide made me look through an opening, cut in the rock like a window, and by thrusting our lamps forward we were able to see a black precipice yawning beneath our feet, but that was all.

In order to give me an idea of its depth, Mat dipped wisps of paper in oil, and lighting them let them fall. I could see them whirling around in the void, and their red blaze lighted up its diameter, but before they reached the bottom they burned out or were extinguished. We raised our torches above our heads in order to ascertain the height of the dome, but its arch was lost in the darkness.

Very soon we came to a large stream which obstructed our way. This subterranean river is called the *Styx*. I went aboard Charon's rough boat, and my black conductor shouted several times, when the echoes which came back might have been taken for the wails of souls condemned to eternal darkness. Our lamps threw a reddish light over the rocky walls, bringing out their profile in a most fantastic manner, while on the *Styx*, all sparkling as it was with the shining reflections from the roof, appeared the vigorously drawn shadow of the negro. . . . After rowing for half an hour we stepped ashore upon a fine sand which forms the bottom of the river in high water.

MR. TERENCE V. POWDERLY.

(See Portrait on this page.)

THE powerful Order of the Knights of Labor, of which Mr. Powderly is the head, is said at the present time to number half a million members. This is merely an estimate, for not even the secretary of the Order knows exactly how many members there are. He receives the returns once a year, but before they are examined and added up three months elapse, during which the number is growing. He is thus able to answer, as he always does, that he does not know how many Knights of Labor there are. The Order, however, has district assemblies throughout the continent from Maine to California, and from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, and half a million is probably below rather than above the number of its members. The Order

was organized in 1869 by Uriah S. Stevens, a clothing cutter of Philadelphia. It was at first a secret organization, every member being strictly forbidden to speak of it, to admit his membership of it, or even to mention its name. All public communications from it were signed with five asterisks only, from which it came to be known as "the society of the five stars." A summons to a meeting was given by a few cabalistic signs in chalk on a boarding or on the pavement, and it was noticed that such signs would at any time bring four thousand men together in a few hours. Latterly, however, this mystery and secrecy have been dispensed with, and recently Mr. Powderly told the Committee of the House that he had no objection to make public the signs and pass-words of the Order.

The Order admits every form of labor, and excludes no one from membership on account of sex, color, or religious belief. The only people it does exclude are lawyers, stock-brokers, bankers, gamblers, and liquor dealers. Its motto is: "An injury to one is the concern of all." Among its aims are the promotion of education, the making of honesty fashionable, the prevention by law of the employment of children under fourteen in factories and workshops, and the payment of fair wages, without regard to sex, country, color, or creed. The payments of members are light individually. They vary in different States, but beside the local payment, which may be as little as twenty-five cents a month, every member has to pay *two cents a month* for the expenses of general management. The supreme control of the Order is vested in an Executive Board consisting of the President, who is called the Grand Master Workman, the Secretary, and three advisory members.

The present President is Terence V. Powderly, who has been elected to the office six times. He was born at Carbondale, Pa., on January 24th, 1849. He is therefore thirty-seven years old. He learned the machinists' trade, and being studious, he acquired a knowledge of mechanical engineering. He joined the Machinists' and Blacksmiths' Union at the age of nineteen, and became its presiding officer. In 1876 he joined the Knights of Labor. His energy, devotion to the Order, his tact and skill soon brought him to the front and carried him

to the supreme power. His powers of labor and endurance are prodigious, and he ascribes them largely to the fact that *he never drank liquor nor used tobacco*. His correspondence is larger than that of any other man in the United States, and it is mentioned of him that he is one of the very few men who can accomplish the difficult feat of writing one letter while dictating another to a type-writer. He has been twice elected Mayor of Scranton, Pa.

PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH INDIANS.

(See Illustration on this page.)

THE memorable scene depicted in our illustration cannot be too prominently kept in our recollection as a nation. The principles which guided the great founder of Pennsylvania were living principles which will serve us in our national policy now as they benefited Penn.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his "Larger History of the United States,"* thus alludes to the settlement of Pennsylvania under William Penn: "Another grant by Charles the Second was more wisely planned, when, in 1681, William Penn sent out some emigrants, guided by no philosopher except Penn himself, who came the following year. A great tract of country was granted him as a sort of equivalent for a debt owed by the king to his father, Admiral Penn; the rent was to be two beaver skins. Everything seemed to throw around the coming of William Penn the aspect of a lofty enterprise. His ship was named the *Welcome*; his new city was to be called 'Brotherly Love,' or Philadelphia. His harmonious relations with the Indians have been the wonder of later times. There is no such scene of contentment in our pioneer history as that which the early annals of 'Penn's woods' (Pennsylvania) record.

"Penn had proclaimed his intentions of being bound by the law of kindness in his treatment of the Indians. By his direction his agent, William Markham, had opened a friendly correspondence with them, and Penn himself addressed a letter to the Indians assuring them of his love and brotherly feeling toward them. When he came he proceeded to lay the foundation of his new State upon truth and justice. Where the Kensington portion of the

* Pp. 470. Illustrated by maps, plans, portraits, and other engravings. Price, \$3.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

city of Philadelphia now stands he met the Delaware chiefs in council under the leafless branches of a wide-spreading elm on November 4th, 1682, and there made with them a solemn covenant of peace and friendship, and paid them the stipulated price for their lands. 'We meet,' said Penn, 'on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will; no advantage shall be taken on either side; but all shall be openness and love.' And so it was. The Indians were delighted, and their hearts melted with good feeling. Such treatment was an anomaly in the history of the intercourse of their race with the white people. It was wonderful how the savage heart, so lately the dwelling of the deepest hatred toward the white man, became the shrine of the holiest attribute of our nature. 'We will live in love with William Penn and his children,' they said, 'as long as the sun and moon endure.' They were true to their promise; not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian. The Penn Society of Philadelphia erected a monument upon the spot where the venerable elm stood, near the intersection of Hanover and Beach streets, Kensington District. The tree was blown down in 1810, and was found to be two hundred and eighty-three years old."

Still later, when there was a further purchase of land, Penn's Christian spirit was displayed in honorable magnanimity. The Indians agreed to sell for a certain quantity of cloth, tools, and fishing-hooks as much land as a young man could travel around in a day. The young man, however, covered a larger tract of ground than the Indians had expected, and they complained that they had been over-reached.

Some of Penn's advisers urged that the Indians should be held to their bargain; but Penn met them, and declared that he wanted only what was fair, and that he would pay for the land walked off such a further amount as the Indians deemed the excess was worth. The Indians were satisfied, and not only lived in peace with Penn, but when the colony was afterward straitened for provisions they came to its relief with the fruits of the chase.

THE NATION'S HONORED DEAD.

(See Illustration on this page.)

LAST Monday throughout the Northern States we laid aside our ordinary occupations and devoted the day to the memory of the men who fought for their country and their flag, and to laying upon the places where their mortal bodies sleep the floral tributes of our regard. As the years roll by the number of the tombs to be so decorated increases. The veterans whom we honor are passing, one by one, from the ranks of the living to those who have gone before. This year there are conspicuous examples. During the year 1885 four illustrious generals were taken away. They are the four whose medallion portraits surround the picture of the temporary resting-place in which we have laid the body of General Grant. They are Hancock, Grant, McDowell, and McClellan, all of them living and moving among us in 1884, but now numbered with the dead.

It is said that Republics are always ungrateful, and sometimes in our free speech and free criticism of public men it has seemed that our own land was no exception to the rule. But the ingratitude was only on the surface. None could



The Nation's Honored Dead.

witness the processions of last Monday, as they wended their way to the cemeteries and laid the memorials on the honored graves, without feeling assured that in the people's hearts there is a very warm feeling of gratitude to the brave men who fought to keep the family of States united in one grand and glorious nation. The Christian, as he witnessed such a spectacle, cannot but have wished that all the thousands who marched to the cemeteries could realize the love and reverence due to the Great Captain of Salvation, who fought alone the battle for humanity, and won for sinful man eternal life and an entrance into the everlasting kingdom.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 335.)

In the Grasp of a Bear.

JULIET eagerly availed herself of the interval in the day's duties for an excursion. Though she had passed so many months in Labrador she had of necessity spent much of the time within doors. The intense cold rendered a journey on foot disagreeable and at times perilous to a girl nurtured as she had been. But the spring had come, and long walks became possible.

To Juliet the afternoon hour or two spent in the open air was the most delightful part of the day. She watched the growth of the plants in the little garden, or strolled along the beach, looking at the birds in the air and the fish in the sea, thinking over the past, or making little plans for the future, and with Juliet this was now a time for special communion with God. The shore was her wide oratory, the beauties of nature around her, raised her heart toward the Source of all beauty and blessing.

Sometimes the maiden sang aloud, more often she prayed in silence. She now never felt less alone than when she realized in solitude an invisible Presence. Oh! how altered was the once thoughtless child of the world! Greater the change than that of the creeping thing which cannot rise from the perishing plant on which it feeds, when—receiving a new nature—it spreads its wings to the sun and soars aloft.

New flowers seemed to spring up beneath the feet of Juliet. Curious to collect specimens of Labrador flora to dry in a book, she unconsciously wandered farther than usual from her home. The sun was sinking toward the horizon behind her, the shadows were growing long; Juliet had stooped to gather a curious moss, singing as she did so, when she was startled by seeing a broader shadow moving forward beside her own, as if some large object was coming up behind. In an instant Juliet's song was stopped; she glanced backward, and beheld with horror the form of a huge white bear! It was so close that she could hear its snuffing breath, see the savage gleam of its pinkish eyes; in another minute she would have had its stifling paws around her!

Juliet darted forward almost with the speed of a bird; she dared not attempt to retrace her way, she dared not turn again to look back. She ran—she flew for her life! But Juliet felt that the terrible race could not last, the enemy was behind her, his snorting was audible, the strength of the Arctic bear would far outlast her own. Juliet was going farther and farther away from the settlement, farther and farther from possible aid. The terrible beast was on her track, and she could not hope long to outstrip him! But while reason and strength remained she must fly from such a death.

Straight before Juliet was a little inlet of the sea, such as every here and there indented the coast, where a stream from inland mountains mixed its fresh waters with the salt. A month before the mouth of this stream had been almost entirely blocked up with heaps of ice, rising almost to the height of a berg. This ice was now partially melted; some water trickled down from the height, some forced its way between broken blocks, but enough remained to form a crystalline irregular mound, which must either be climbed over or gone round. Juliet, afraid to climb the slippery, glassy ascent, where a false step might make her slide back into the very jaws of the bear, took the longer but safer course.

Springing from block to block, she circumvented the obstacle which she could not hope to climb. But the bear, well accustomed to scramble on bergs, went straight at the irregular mound, and began its ascent. When the fugitive had gained the farther side of the icy pile, she paused to take breath, and glanced back, hoping that she had outstripped her pursuer, for she did not see him on the track which she had taken. Raising her eyes, however, to her unspeakable terror she beheld his uncouth, unwieldy mass of shaggy white fur, shuffling down straight upon her!

On such slippery ground as that over which Juliet had been speeding, it was perilous for one instant to neglect looking to her footing, that backward, upward look had not only almost paralyzed her with terror, but was the cause of a slip. Juliet fell on the ice, and gave herself up as lost; escape from a frightful death she felt to

be hopeless. Then again she looked up and saw the bear, but not the bear alone.

Close behind it, on the berg above her, was Fritz, pale and gasping from the speed at which he had pursued the pursuer, with stern resolution expressed on his face, as though he would have said, had he had breath to speak, "I will die instead of her—or with her!" Fritz had a large clasp-knife open in his hand, with which he had been lopping some boughs, when he had seen from some distance the terrible chase, and without giving one thought to personal peril, had followed in pursuit.

To a strong man, armed even with an axe, the Arctic bear is a formidable foe, with which it were rashness to close in single combat, but in Juliet's danger the Moravian had entirely lost sight of his own. They came half rolling down the slippery mount together, the man and the bear, the latter uttering fearful growls, both of fury and pain, for the knife has descended again and again, and, dripping with blood, is flashing no more. Ha! it has been struck from the hand that wielded it so well—Fritz is down and utterly defenceless!

The weapon, streaming with gore, has fallen close to Juliet! In her agony of terror, she has enough presence of mind to grasp it, spring to her feet, and replace the handle in Fritz's outstretched, quivering hand. He is just able to gasp out, "Fly for help!" and in that word expresses but care for Juliet's safety, for he feels his own strength outmatched in the awful struggle between manly courage and brute force, and is assured that help for him will come too late. Juliet obeys; once more agonizing terror—but not for herself—lends her wings; she retraces her steps, springs—bounds over the broken ice, then runs along the more level, mossy ground; she dare not—she will not stop!

Oh, the fearful sounds—the frightful scene which she has left behind her! It seems as if Juliet's heart would burst from the prolonged effort of running; weights of lead appear to be fastened to her feet, but repeating to herself, "Fly for help!" she speeds on—on—on! The mission house is before her—but she will not be able to reach it; happily, assistance is nearer. A party of Esquimaux, Samson among them, are returning from fishing—could she but overtake them—or call out! Oh, for but three minutes more of power to run, or strength to utter one word! Happily, Samson looks back, and sees Juliet feebly running and waving her arms.

"Something is the matter!" cried the fisherman, turning and hastening toward the lady. Ere he reached her, Juliet had sunk on the ground utterly exhausted. She gasps forth the word "*Nannock—bear!*" motions in the direction where the struggle took place, then her senses fail her, her brain turns round, she sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing, but lies like a lifeless corpse on the sod!

Samson gave her one pitying look, and then bidding the strongest of his companions follow him, he ran in the direction to which Juliet pointed before she fell fainting. He had conceived a deep respect for this strange young lady, who had grown so popular at Eschol; he would have gladly carried her himself to the mission, and his muscular frame could easily have borne the burden, but he rightly judged that there was danger imminent, so he left her motionless form where it lay, and two of the Esquimaux took it up and carried it to the mission where Sister Anna tenderly cared for her.

It was long before Juliet recovered her senses. For weeks it seemed doubtful whether she would ever recover from the terrible shock to her nerves, and the overstrain of her powers. Night and day the faithful Anna watched beside her, praying with tears that, if it were the Lord's will, life and reason might be spared. How thankful was Anna that the trial had not come in the winter, when she herself had been helpless! Lena was permitted to take her turn of watching when the Moravian friend's strength gave way, and lovingly did the grateful Esquimaux fulfil her charge, and prove her love,

Lena's faith was as strong, her prayers as fervent, as those of Anna herself.

It was a painful watch, for Juliet had fits of delirium; she would start up in bed—an expression of insanity in her blue eyes, her voice in its anguish ringing through the house. The horrible struggle with the bear seemed to be still before her. Juliet, clenching her hands and tearing her hair, would shriek out aloud! "Oh! save him—save him!—Fritz! my Fritz! See—he struggles; see—he is down!—Oh! am I to cause the deaths of all those whom I love?" Then her cries would soften down into a piteous wail, like that from a broken heart.

But Juliet was young, and she struggled through that terrible illness, though it was not till the beginning of June that reason returned. It was at the still hour of dawn, very early indeed, for the days had become very long, that, as Anna sat mournfully watching the form so wasted, the face so ghastly pale, Juliet's large eyes slowly opened, and she gazed around.

"I think that I have had a dreadful dream!" she said.

"You have been ill, dear Juliet," said Anna, deeply thankful to see that her sense was restored, yet dreading her questions.

But memory revived, and with memory anguish.

"Where is Fritz?" asked Juliet, abruptly, fixing on Anna a look which went to her heart.

"Not here," was the trembling reply.

"I know—he is in heaven. God's will be done!" faltered Juliet.

"No, dear one, no!" cried Anna, eagerly; "God preserved His servant. Fritz was hurt, but he killed the bear."

"You would not deceive me!" cried Juliet, her white lips quivering with intense emotion.

"I never deceive," said the Moravian.

"You said he is not here—where is he?—Tell all, I can bear to hear all."

"The Esquimaux found Fritz and the bear lying close to each other. The creature was dying, and Fritz very sorely hurt. Samson and the others carried him here. While I nursed you in this room, my dear husband and the men took care of Fritz in the next one. He never, except for the first half-hour, lost his senses; he was quite aware of everything passing around. Fritz's state was not so alarming as your own, though his flesh had been sadly torn; most of his clothes were clawed to strips. As soon as Fritz could possibly be moved, that was three days ago, he insisted on being taken away in a sledge to Bethabara. Happily we were able to borrow reindeer."

"Was Brother Fritz well enough to travel?" asked Juliet, with a little sigh of relief, and a silent thanksgiving.

"Hardly well enough," was the truthful reply; "but he was determined to go; so we bandaged him, and wrapt him up in his plaid, and propped him with cushions. Samson drove the reindeer, and on his return told us that they had reached Bethabara safely. Our missionary brother there will watch over Fritz as tenderly as he last winter watched over the sick."

The tidings did more to effect Juliet's restoration than any medicine could have done, though for some days longer she was too weak to quit the room. Anna would throw open the window, and the invalid with pleasure breathed the soft air, and looked forth on the verdant landscape. Juliet was specially pleased when the Esquimaux women came to the window to look on their friend; the little Puffin was admitted by special invitation, and would climb on the bed for a kiss.

"Is there not something written in the Bible about the Lord making our bed in our sickness?" she said to Anna, one day. "It seems just like that with me. I lie like a feeble child in a parent's arms, quite peaceful and happy. But I hope that I shall soon be able to rise and help you in preparations for the grand event—the wedding. Perhaps the Harmony has before this started from England, 's she was to call at other places on her way.' Juliet was

happily unaware of anything that she had spoken in her delirium, and was a little surprised at Anna's now never uttering a word about the expected arrival.

"Perhaps the ship has started," said Anna, briefly.

"How do you get on with your beautiful *couvre-pieds*? have you finished them?" inquired Juliet Erle.

"Finished them, my child! I have not had the heart to touch them, or as much as look at them," was the reply.

"Oh, you lazy one!" exclaimed Juliet, playfully, for she wanted to chase away the sadness from the face of her friend. "They will not be ready for the wedding. You must finish at least one—the prettiest, that with the tinted stars. Do bring it here, and let me help you; it would be an amusement to me. And now, please hand me my little watch—I see that you have kept it going. I hope that Fritz's bride will like it. I will tell her that I owe my life to her husband."

Ten days after this Juliet had so far recovered as to be able, leaning on the pastor's arm, to attend morning service in church. A simple, earnest thanksgiving for her and Fritz's preservation from imminent danger was uttered by Brother Wilhelm, with a trembling voice, and Juliet's were by no means the only eyes that were wet with grateful tears.

As Juliet was quitting the chapel, the squat powerful form of Samson was seen approaching her; he had the splendid narwhal's horn in his hand; that spiral horn which Pastor Wilhelm had recommended him to give to Fritz's bride. Samson was a bold and skilful harpooner, but not much of an orator, and the following speech, the first which the honest Esquimaux had ever made to a lady, was uttered with some stammering and hesitation:

"We all bless God for sending you among us again. We were afraid you were shipped right for heaven. You be weak, and you want a helping stick a deal more than she" (Samson pointed with his thick thumb toward the ocean to indicate the expected bride), "and may be we'll not like her just as well—and—and you're going to a poor sort of a country where, as I've heard, there ain't so much as a whale, or a walrus, or even a seal to be seen from the shore, and the folk might starve in darkness if we did not send them some blubber!"

"Maybe as you'll like to show 'em what like fish we have in our seas, and—and"—(Samson almost thrust the horn into the hand of his smiling auditor, who only understood part of the speech), "maybe it will mind you to think of your Esquimaux, and put up a bit of a prayer for the folk in the *igloes* when you be far, far away."

Juliet could not refuse what was so affectionately proffered. "I should like you also to have a remembrance of me, Samson," she said, in the best Esquimaux at her command. "Shall I send you from home cloth for a jacket?"

"No—thin stuff that tears," said Samson, who was no courtier, "I like a good stout bearskin—and may be there's none in your country."

Do you send me a hatchet—a strong one, that's always handy whether with wolf or walrus—I broke mine over the head of one o' the last." Juliet, smiling, promised that a hatchet should not be forgotten.

Samson's parting present was followed by many others. Seal-skin boots, sewn with sinews and trimmed with red, bracelets of horn and strings of teeth, odd constructions of moss and beads, the use of which it would need an Esquimaux brain to divine. The smaller children gathered shells; even Ruth, crawling on the sea-beach, had contrived to pick up a feather, which she brought in her chubby little hand. Juliet was much touched by these tokens of affection. She remembered with remorse and disgust the contempt with which she had once regarded the Esquimaux race. Now she recognized in these simple people her brothers and sisters in Christ. None of the poor in England had ever loved Juliet so well; and why? be

cause the selfish, frivolous young lady of fashion had never even thought of loving them.

(To be continued.)

JESUS, THE CHRIST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 13, John 7: 37-52. Golden Text, John 4: 32.

The Backsliders—Peter's Assurance—The Persecutors Active—Christ's Withdrawal Criticized by His Brethren—Not Bound by System—The Testimonies at the Feast—Christ's Sudden Appearance there—His Presentation as a Messenger—Who will Know the Doctrine—An Unanswerable Argument—The Declaration on the Great Day of the Feast—The Appeal of Nicodemus.

WHILE many of the disciples of Jesus, unprepared for the deeply spiritual teaching which He gave them, and for the reception of a spiritual kingdom of God, "went back, and walked no more with Him" (ch. 6: 66), His true disciples, who were learning to lose their own self-life for His sake, were becoming confirmed in faith. He said to them: "Will ye also go away?" and Peter, ever ready to be first among them, said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." But

THE SPIRIT OF PERSECUTION

was abroad. The Jews of Jerusalem had never forgiven Jesus for healing the impotent man at Bethesda on the Sabbath day. Jesus knew that they sought to kill Him, so He carried on His ministry in Galilee. But the feast of tabernacles was at hand. It was His Father's will that all the males of the children of Israel should appear before the Lord three times in the year, and this time of the feast of tabernacles was one of the three. Should fear of death hinder Jesus? never; but He would wait His Father's time. His brethren, sceptical as to His divine origin and mission, ironically urged upon Him greater publicity, "Depart hence, and go into Judea. . . . If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world." It is just this same spirit which makes men demand a tabulation of cases of Divine Healing with medical certificates to certify the disease and the cure, thus to subject the work of God to scientific investigation. But His ways are "past finding out." As soon as men think they have reduced His work on soul or body to a system, He works in a way exactly opposite.

Though He touched two blind men (Matt. 9: 29), and said: "According to your faith, be it unto you," He did not bind Himself always to act in that way. We find Him saying to Bartimeus, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mark 10: 52), while to the man born blind (John 9), He said, after anointing his eyes with clay, "Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash." In all these three cases, sight was given, but who can discover a set law by which Jesus worked? There *was* one, but it was out of the sphere of man. Jesus worked by the law of His Father's will. His reply to His brethren was fully characteristic, "My time is not yet come; but *your* time is always ready." He was a living Sacrifice, and did not choose His own time, but always waited to know His Father's will. His brethren, who lived to please themselves, had no idea of waiting for guidance; their time was always ready. "The world cannot hate you," He said. Oh, reader, is this true of you or me? Are we so made of the color of the world that we do not provoke its hatred? Jesus said: "Me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." Thus Jesus delayed to go up to the feast because His time was "not yet full come."

Meanwhile, He was the leading topic of conversation at the feast. People were congregated from all parts. Galilee, Samaria, and Judea, contributed their thousands; and from all parts came questions or testimonies concerning Jesus. This wonderful Prophet, with His unforgettable teaching, His mighty works, His deep humility, in all so unlike other men, left an irresistible

impression on all who saw and heard Him. Those who had been receptive, and had thus been blest through Him, declared that He was "a good man;" those who were in the habit of finding out and repeating the sentiments of those in power, found it was "the thing" to say "Nay; but He deceiveth the people." Suddenly, Jesus Himself appeared among them, teaching in the temple. An impression was made, but it was not that which His heart longed for; the Jews marvelled where He had obtained the learning which His discourse manifested. "Jesus answered them, and said: My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. If any man

WILL DO HIS WILL,

he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself."

Our loving Master always led His hearers to His Father, and spoke of Himself as One sent, His Father's Messenger, and, therefore, speaking with His authority. "He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory"—this did *not* Jesus. But had the Jews only made use of the test He gave them they would have recognized Him as the Messiah. "If any man *will* do His will," or *wills* to do His will, "he shall know of the doctrine." God makes known His will to surrendered hearts, to those who have yielded themselves living sacrifices to Him (Rom. 12: 1, 2). We cannot long be in ignorance of God's will on any point after we have fully given up our own, and laid ourselves as His property upon the altar.

All this time the strong feeling on the part of the enemies of Jesus was becoming intensified, while the number of those who believed in Him grew greater and greater. His enemies felt all His teachings were undermining their influence, and showing up the unreality and inconsistency of their lives, and their hatred grew more and more bitter. Jesus did not mince matters; He went straight into the thing which they made the ground of their accusation, "If a man on the Sabbath day receive circumcision, that the law of Moses should not be broken, are ye angry at Me because I have made a man every whit whole on the Sabbath day?" His words, and the way they were taken, caused astonishment. Some said: "Is not this He whom they seek to kill? But lo, He speaketh boldly, and they say nothing unto Him." Do the rulers know, indeed, that

THIS IS THE VERY CHRIST?

Some dared to say it, and dared to believe it, but their reasoning got the better of their faith, "Howbeit we know this Man whence He is; but when Christ cometh no man knoweth whence He is." When some sought to take Him, but without avail, He *could* not be taken one hour before His Father willed. Spite of all the opposition of the Pharisees, "many of the people believed on Him, and said: 'When Christ cometh, will He do more miracles than these which this Man hath done?'" They saw in Jesus the divine power of the Messiah; there was in Him a holiness of life, a loveliness of character, which none other exemplified. But the Jews wanted a Messiah more like themselves, one who would exalt Himself and exalt them as a nation, one who would make them pleased with themselves, and who would answer to all the pride of their fallen human nature.

They were maddened with disappointment and rage at Jesus' claim to Messiahship, without these qualifications, and they sent officers to take Him. They saw plainly that many were persuaded that He was the Christ, and they were determined to stop the current of His popularity. Jesus took no other notice of those who came to apprehend Him than to say, "Yet a little while am I with you, and then I go unto Him that sent Me." They had no control over His destiny, it was His Father who disposed of Him. He continued His teaching without interruption, and those who were sent to take Him into custody were themselves brought under the power of His words.

Day by day He had taught the people, and

now, "in the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said (or, more correctly, 'as saith the Scripture'), out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." How many believe on Jesus, but *not* "as saith the Scripture!" How many believe as their spiritual teachers say, or as their own hearts say, and not "as saith the Scripture!" How many have a human view of Jesus, and believe on Him just as far as their limited apprehensions go! Some see in Him the Sacrifice for their sins, but have no apprehension of Him as the Holy One dwelling in their hearts by faith. They have never entered into relationship with Him as members of His body, or as the bride of Christ; they do not know Him as the One Paul knew when he said: "To me to live is Christ." As the great Healer, as the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost they have yet to make acquaintance with Jesus. But when a man believes in Jesus in a scriptural way, he spreads around him wherever he is a spiritual fertility. "I love to be in the company of so and so," said a friend to me one day; "he always brings God near." This was the testimony to Fletcher of Madely, to Mr. Pennefather, of Mildmay, to Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen.

"This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him were to receive, for the Spirit was not yet, because Jesus was not yet glorified." Peter, James, and John believed in Jesus, but only when, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Ghost took possession of them, did they become rivers of living water; then the very power of God was manifest in them, and thousands were converted to God. They became channels of the Holy Ghost. Jesus was glorified by His ascension into heaven, and then He sent down the Holy Ghost. Dear reader, as you glorify Jesus, you can receive and become a channel of the Holy Ghost who will reveal Him to you more and more fully. When the people heard this saying, they reiterated their convictions, "Of a truth, this *is* the Prophet. This *is* the Christ."

Some were puzzled, because they did not know Jesus was born in Bethlehem, and they knew the birth of the Messiah was predicted to be there. Had they but come to Him with their difficulties, He would have solved them; but no, they only talked among themselves. Again, the officers sought to take Him, but a mysterious power which they themselves could not understand hindered them, and when they were questioned by the Pharisees, they had but one answer, "Never man spake like this Man." They were met with the scornful question, "Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on Him?" Nicodemus, one of the Sanhedrim, ventured to appeal to the law, "Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" The answer was given in the same tone of scorn, and with no right or justice in it, "Art thou also of Galilee? Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." And thus ignoring law and justice, these rulers of the people pronounced Jesus an impostor. They took for granted that they were right, and then judged Him accordingly. Are there not many in the present day who are thus judging the unseen but felt power and presence of Jesus, working on the souls and bodies of men? Are there not many who condemn anybody and anything that makes God real; many who say in heart, "We will not have this Man to reign over us?"

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

No tempests blow
Around the shores of yon bright sinless land,
Where my beloved—my soul's true kindred—stand
In glory's glow.
A splendor falls
On all its hills of light, its blissful bowers,
Its streams, its streets of gold, its glittering towers,
And jasper walls.
How blest are they
Who there find rest from all their wanderings!
No pain, no grief is there;—the former things
Are passed away.
In rapture sweet,
These heavenly denizens, all faultless now,
With psalms extol their King, or, silent, bow
Before his feet.
With love agleam,
They serve their best Redeemer day and night;
Their God their glory, and the Lamb their light,
Oh, bliss supreme!
Heaven's gates unfold
To let the welcome friends of Jesus in;
But oh, what heights and depths of joy they win
Hath not been told.
When God shall will,
I too shall find a home in that blest place;
And gaze forever on the King of grace;
O soul, be still!
Lord, even so!
Forgiven by Thee the fullest "seven times seven,"
The sweet, full, perfect happiness of heaven
I soon shall know.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.
No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion.
Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil.
No advertising of Medicines or Humbugs inserted.
Advertising space limited to last (outside) page.
All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week.
All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

LADIES! A MINE OF INTERESTING information on home decoration, dress, society, etc., is contained in our beautifully illustrated LADIES' BOOK, which will be sent with picture card and other enclosures for 4c. in stamps.
VERBA, best game of the age, suited to refined people, young or old, sent with books and picture cards (a valuable package) for 10c. in stamps.
Address THE MACK PUBLISHING CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.
This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken.
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.
Canon Farrar's
TEMPERANCE Address, 2 Cents, or 15 copies 25 cents. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is STARCH OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.
It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.
It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.
Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

PREACHERS, STUDENTS, BIBLE READERS, ALL want a complete
Cruden's Concordance.
WARNE'S EDITION is the Best.
\$2.00. F. WARNE & Co., 20 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

RECENT BOOK BY D. L. MOODY.

A New Edition in new binding of the following Popular Works of D. L. MOODY, has just been issued:

- SIXTY-FIFTH THOUSAND.**
PREVAILING PRAYER; WHAT HINDERS IT?
An earnest, solemn work, full of helpful hints on the aids and hindrances to prevailing prayer.
FIFTENTH THOUSAND (NEW).
TO THE WORK! TO THE WORK! A Trumpet Call. Exhortations to Christians.
This new work, by Mr. Moody, is in the line of his most successful effort, that of stirring Christians to active, personal, aggressive work.
SIXTIETH THOUSAND.
SECRET POWER; or, the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work.
"A deeply earnest and helpful book for the use of Christians on the work of the Holy Spirit in the believer, inciting to more diligent effort and to a more perfect use of the privileges of the 'Sons of God.'"
The above works, the combined sale of which has already reached over Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand are now issued in a new dress, known as the **STANDARD EDITION**. Bound in Rich English Cloth, beveled edges, and put up in Neat Box, six vols. Price, per set, \$3.60.
The former bindings "The People's Edition" may also be had. Cloth, neat gold and ink dies, 60 cents per vol. Cheap edition in paper cover, 30 cents per volume.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price.
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Jenny June's Books for Ladies.

KNITTING AND CROCHET: A Guide to the Use of the Needle and the Hook.
Edited by JENNY JUNE. In arranging this new work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over
200 Illustrations. Price 50 Cents.
All known stitches in Knitting, Macramé, and Crochet Work are illustrated, described and made plain for beginners. Designs and directions are given to Knit and Crochet Afghans—Underwear—Shirts—Petticoats—Jackets—Shawls—Insertion—Trimming—Edging—Comforters—Lace—Braces—Socks—Boots—Slippers—Gaiters—Drawers—Knee-Caps—Stockings—Mittens—Clouds—Purses—Counterpanes—Quilts—Rugs—Infants' Bottles—Hoods—Caps—Shawls—Bed Quilts, etc., etc. Every lady will find this the newest and most complete work on Knitting and Crochet published. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

NEEDLE-WORK: A Manual of Stitches and Studies in Embroidery and Drawn Work. Edited by JENNY JUNE. In this new book an attempt is made to systematize and arrange in an order convenient for workers, the modern methods in Embroidery and Drawn Work. The author has felt the desire and the responsibility involved in aiding women to a true and practical guide to the beautiful art of needle-work. This book is printed on fine paper, has a handsome cover and contains
200 Illustrations. Price 50 Cents.
All known stitches in Needle-work are illustrated, described and made plain for beginners. Designs in Needle-work are given to decorate My Lady's Chamber, My Lady's Robe, the Dining-Room, Parlor and Library, and for Linen and Cotton Fabrics, including embroidery designs for Mantel scarfs, Bed Spreads—Child's Quilt—Pillow Covers—Cushion Boxes—Bureau Scarfs—Table Covers—Chair Backs—Morning Scares—Artists' Jackets—Walking Dress—Afternoon Dress—Evening Dress—Handkerchiefs—Mufflers—Fichus—Plazza Wraps—Sashes—Fans—Slippers—Bonnets—Parasols—Aprons—Work Bags—Opera Bags—Glove Cases—Sachets—Lunch Cloths—Dinner Cloths—Napkins—Doppies—Table Mats—Corn Napkins—Fish Napkins—Tray Covers—Tea Cloths—Curtains—Panels—Banners—Screens—Sofa Cushions—Linen Scarfs—Chair Scarfs—Sofa Rugs—Photograph Cases—Book Covers, etc., etc. This will be found to be the only standard book on the subject of Needle-work. Price, postpaid, 50 cents. The two books for 90 cents. Five books for \$2.00. Get four friends to send with you and get your book free. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

TEACH Any one can become so thorough by posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.
A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
CALDWELL,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

The New Sunday School Song Book, by LOWRY & DOANE, is crowded with stirring Hymns set to fresh and delightful music by the authors and others, acknowledged to be among the most popular composers in the land.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Should be examined before you purchase. It is a book that will stand the test; the Hymns are first-class and the music is faultless.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Is sold at \$25 per 100 copies, which is much cheaper than books of new music of its class have ever been offered before.

Sent for examination on receipt of price.

SPECIMEN PAGES FREE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 E. Ninth St., New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

A Literary Coup d'état.

An Elegant Half Morocco bound volume, containing Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," complete, large type, 606 pages, offered till September 1, 1886, for only 40 cents, or by mail, 50 cents. The object of this otherwise absurd and ruinous price is advertising. Order direct, or of any responsible Bookseller or Club Agent. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

Silks and Velvets.

JAMES M'CREERY & CO.

Are offering throughout the various sections of their Silk and Velvet Departments very large stocks of Rich and Reliable Goods at extremely Low Prices.

The Residue of their Spring Importations of Fancy Silks, Louisiannes, Figured Surahs, Tricotines, Faille Francaise, and other desirable novelties will also be disposed of at a notable Reduction in Price.

Orders by mail receive special attention.

Broadway & 11th St., N. Y.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatin film for WET Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$4 to \$6. Is paying big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo. anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in nine out of ten homes; Afford Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit.
To EARNET applicants (one copy of Process illustrated FREE, Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St. N.Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ALBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. C.F. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet Grand 7 1/4 Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

Lecture on Dante,

By CANON FARRAR, which thousands have paid \$1.00 each to hear, now published at 3 cents John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

Facts Stranger than Fiction

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

The Wonders of Prayer

A BOOK OF WELL AUTHENTICATED AND WONDERFUL ANSWERS TO PRAYER, AS NARRATED BY

D. L. Moody, W. W. Patton, D. D.,
C. H. Spurgeon, Chas. Cullis, D.D.,
Newman Hall, D.D., S. I. Prime, D.D.,
Bishop T. Bowman, Bishop Simpson,
Chas. G. Finney, F. Krummacher,
George Muller, Martin Luther,
Abraham Lincoln, John Knox,
And hosts of others.

New Edition. Revised by Maj. D. W. Whittemore.
12mo, Handsome cloth binding. Price, \$1.00.

To a greater extent than any other book, and in an extraordinary recital of facts and interesting incidents, it fully answers that all-important question "DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?"

It also shows that the promises of the Bible are a reality, true, and faithfully fulfilled in the daily lives of those who are constantly trusting in the Lord, and ask His help in their daily anxieties and experience it is a book of great comfort and encouragement to Christians, in their doubt, fear, sorrow, or trouble, trust Him more fully in faith, and shows how He will deliver others in times of distress, peril, or solitude, can hear and deliver them also.

To those who are not Christians, it is a record of undoubted facts from the experiences of individuals now living, proving the real existence and power of God, in controlling circumstances, directing human wills, and all things of earth, showing His nearness and power in daily events of life, and demonstrating that He is not a distant Creator, but ever near at hand.

This book should be in every Christian home, it is invaluable to all Sabbath-school teachers and scholars. It should be given to every child, for it contains pure and healthful instruction to encourage the faith of every one, and aims to lead all to come within the willing minds to learn of the Great Comforter. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, - - New York

TRACTS! TRACTS! TRACTS!

Christian Workers, on application, can have as them one of charge our New Catalogue and Sample Packet of Gospel tracts, Leaflets and Book imported from British publishers.

Gospel Book and Tract Repository,
OSBELLIA, Canada.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE
A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 23.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF HENRY GRAT-TAN, the Eminent Irish Patriot, and Picture of the Home Rule Members of Parliament.

MONOPOLY AND COMMUNISM. Dr. Tal-mage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVAN-GELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: Congratulating the Presi-dent—Secretary Manning's Warning—Most Sentenced—Death of John Kelly—An Editor's Ohagrin, etc.

PICTURE OF GEORGE HERBERT, THE POET, AND HIS MOTHER.



REJOICE EVERMORE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

THE USES OF PROPHETIC STUDY. By Rev. Clarmont Skrine.

OUR ELDER BROTHER. By Mr. S. Blagden. Cannibalism in Africa—A Reminiscence of Nova Scotia—Lord Shaftesbury's Family Plate—Seeing with One Eye—A Prisoner Overcome.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: Two Remarkable Prayers.

LION'S LESSON TO HIS MASTER. (With Il-lustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.) Jesus and Abraham. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HENRY GRAT-TAN, the Irish Patriot—A Meeting of the Home Rule Parliamentary Party.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

THE American people have always taken a deep interest in the welfare of Ireland, and that interest has increased during the past few weeks, since it seemed possible that the unhappy country might gain the prize which she has so long coveted—legislative independence. Meetings have been held in many of our great cities to congratulate Ireland and to express the hope that Mr. Gladstone's effort in her behalf might be successful. The picture, therefore, which appears this week on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and some brief outline of the long struggle which has arrived at a supreme crisis may interest our readers.

The picture depicts a gathering of the men elected by the Irish people to represent them in the British Parliament. Many such gatherings have been held recently, for it was important for the achievement of the end they have in view that they should act as one man, and should not injure their cause by impetuous utterances. They have met, therefore, in a kind of caucus, though the direction of the campaign has not been in the hands of the majority, but has been vested in Mr. Parnell. It has consequently been rather as a council than as a caucus that they have assembled, and when, as represented in the picture, Mr. Parnell has risen to express his decision as to their course his word has been accepted as final.

It is one of the romances of current history that records the rise of this young man to his present remarkable place and power. He is only forty years old, and he did not enter Parliament until 1875. At that time it was difficult to get the House of Commons to seriously consider any Irish question. Very often there was not a quorum when an Irish bill was set down for debate, and still more frequently the much-needed legislation was defeated by aristocratic votes. Mr. Parnell, with a patience that was remarkable, set himself to study the intricate rules of Parliamentary practice, and to devise methods for compelling the unwilling legislators to attend to Irish questions. He became an adept in the art of obstruction, and succeeded in rendering progress with English and Scotch measures almost impossible. By the very tactics which had wasted the time of the House when Irish grievances were under consideration, he managed to delay legislation on English difficulties, and in plain words to make himself a nuisance.

The necessity of satisfying him became apparent, or he would block the wheels of progress altogether. Special rules had to be made to meet the case, and summary powers were given to the Speaker; but the obstruction continued. Finally, at the last election, the people of Ireland sent him a large number of supporters, pledged to do his bidding, and he became a powerful leader. He also showed himself a skilful tactician, for, seeing that the English and Scotch constituencies were likely to elect a large majority of Liberals, he urged all Irishmen living in England and Scotland to vote against Liberal candidates. His object was to neutralize the popular drift, so as to get the House of Commons almost evenly divided between Conservatives and Liberals. In that condition his compact battalion of Irish members could decide any question, and he could, by voting with the opposition, defeat any Cabinet. It was seen that he held the balance of power, and that he could at any moment oust a Prime Minister and his colleagues from office. It was a stroke of genius, and persons who do not sympathize with the object for which Mr. Parnell is working cannot but admire his methods. He is disliked, he is hated; but he is not despised. If he is not respected, he is feared by his opponents.

Meanwhile other elements had been at work. The no-rent agitation, the boycotting system, operations of the dynamite contingent, and the detestable crime of assassination had been voicing the discontent of the people. The condition of Ireland could be no longer ignored. The time is past when such a Government as that of England could rule Ireland by the sword. The

principles of the Government were opposed to such a rule. The nation that had pitied Poland, sympathized with Hungary, and rejoiced in the liberation of Italy could not consistently treat Ireland as a captive nation. Mr. Gladstone recognized the fact, and proposed his scheme of a limited legislative independence. It has serious and grave defects; it is in some of its features indefensible, but it is evidently a sincere attempt to do justice to Ireland, and that is an advance in the right direction. A better bill will doubtless be produced, and will finally be enacted. That Ireland will prosper under Home Rule cannot be predicted with confidence, but if it is conceded to her, she will, at least, have the power of remedying such of her grievances as can be remedied by legislation. Unhappily, her worst calamities are those beyond the power of legislation to remedy. Until she learns that Roman Catholicism is the curse of Ireland, as it is of every country that submits to it, and until she rids herself of the rule of the priests, she must be miserable. We can but hope and pray that the spiritual emancipation she does not crave may come to her with the political freedom for which she has been struggling so long.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Born in 1750—Enters the Irish Parliament in 1775—Joins Flood and the Patriotic Party—An Impotent Assembly—Grattan's Aim—His Opportunity—The Organization of the Volunteers—Legislative Independence Conceded—Efforts to Reform the House—Their Failure—The Rebellion of 1798—Grattan's Last Effort to Prevent Union with England—The Triumph of Shameful Corruption—Death.

THE mention of an Irish Parliament irresistibly recalls to the memory the name of the illustrious man whose portrait appears on the first page. While there was still a Parliament in Dublin he never ceased to labor for its purification, for its better representation of the people, and for its deliverance from the trammels of English domination. He it was who, gaunt and weak from illness, was borne into the Irish House of Commons at its last session to make a last but futile effort to prevent the union with England. If eloquence could have saved the Irish Parliament it would have been saved by that two hours' speech, which he was too feeble to stand to deliver, but which he uttered from his seat. But it could not be done; the members had been bought with promises, pensions, offices, titles, and money, and they delivered the Parliament to the purchasers unmoved by the earnest appeal of the brilliant orator. On that memorable night of January 16th, 1800, the Irish House of Commons voted its own abolition by a majority of forty-two, and Grattan left the place broken-hearted. By June 7th the House of Peers had confirmed it, and on August 2d it became law by the royal assent. The patriot whose sagacity and foresight realized all the evil that would fall upon his country by the act against which he fought so persistently was a man whose name is dear to Irish hearts the world over, and whose memory will never die.

Henry Grattan was born in 1750, and he entered the Irish Parliament in 1775. Henry Flood was then the idol of the people, the leader of the little band of patriots who were striving for the reformation of the Parliament, for greater liberty of trade, and for the reduction of the burdens Ireland had to bear in the shape of pensions which were being paid to the illegitimate children and cast-off mistresses of the English king. These amounted at that time to the sum of \$360,000 a year—a prodigious sum for a country so small and poor as Ireland. In Grattan the patriots found a noble and self-sacrificing colleague. He was only twenty-five years old, but he was full of fire and energy, clear of thought, and brilliant in speech. Contemporary chronicles describe him as "short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swaying like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought.

... How strange it seems that a mind so replete with grace and symmetry and power and splendor should have been allotted such a dwelling for its residence! It was the victory of mind over matter." He was a comparatively poor, man, though his father was Recorder of Dublin, and had himself been a member of the Irish Parliament. At that time the only way to enter Parliament was through the favor of some lord or by buying the seat with a money purchase from a lord. Young Grattan was given a seat by Lord Charlemont, and immediately joined himself to Flood and his friends.

THE SHAM PARLIAMENT, for it was little more, was not truly representative of Ireland when Grattan entered it. The members were corrupt, and would vote against the interests of their country as ordered by the lords who had placed them there, or the English Government, which had places and pensions to give them. The Parliament never passed bills, but only presented "heads of bills," for consideration, first by the Irish Privy Council, the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, and secondly by the English Privy Council—that is to say, the Ministry of the day in England. Either the Government in Ireland or the Government in England could make any alterations they pleased; and when they returned the bills, if they chose to return them, to the Irish Parliament, no amendment could be made; Parliament must either accept or reject them, on a third reading. The Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, with the Privy Council, whenever they pleased, could intercept a measure which had passed its two readings and its Committee in either House of Parliament, or could transform it, whenever they pleased, into a different measure; and the English Ministry could do the same. These powers were continually exercised, reducing Irish Parliamentary action to sheer impotence.

It was a forlorn hope that the patriots were fighting under such disadvantages, and they were still further discouraged by the defection of their gifted leader. Henry Flood, wealthy though he was, could not resist the temptation with which he was plied by the English Government. He accepted the sinecure office of Vice-Treasurer with its large salary. The act seemed to Grattan the basest political apostasy. The alliance between the two orators was definitely broken off; the friendship was finally severed in the fierce discussion that took place between them in the House of Commons some years later, when Flood tauntingly described Grattan as a "mendicant patriot," and Grattan painted Flood as a traitor in crushing and pitiless invective. Such a quarrel between such men was the more to be regretted because each had the same end in view, and each had special qualifications for furthering that end which were not possessed by the other. Grattan thereupon became the

LEADER OF THE PATRIOTS, the people knowing well how little dependence could be safely placed in Flood after his acceptance of office.

An opportunity came at last for gaining concessions from England. The colonies in America were suffering from evils analogous to those of Ireland, and they had risen in rebellion. George Washington was giving employment for all the troops England could spare, and at length every regiment had to be withdrawn from Ireland for service in America. Ireland was left defenceless, and she was threatened with a French invasion, and was at the mercy of a gang of pirates led by the terrible Paul Jones. Belfast was in imminent danger, but when the call was made by the mayor for soldiers to defend the city from the French, who were hovering off the coast, only sixty troopers could be found to hold the fort. A call was made for volunteers, and in an incredibly short space of time sixty thousand men responded and were speedily armed and drilled. There was no fighting to be done, after all, but with such a force, and with England drained of troops, Grattan saw that the time had come for compelling concessions. An appeal

for redress of grievances must be heard and attended to when made by a man who had an army at his back.

GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT

was the result of the policy he pursued. By a bill passed in 1782, and which the king dare not refuse to sign, it was declared that the Irish Parliament was the only power competent to enact laws for Ireland, and that all measures passed by it were to be submitted to the king for his signature in the same way and with the same freedom as the measures passed by the English Parliament. That was an important victory, but it was only a part of what was necessary to secure safety for the national liberties. The Parliament might now pass the necessary laws, but who was to see that the members did their duty? They were a corrupt set, and the people had not the power to control them because they did not elect them. The members still owed their places to the lords, and not to the people. Grattan desired greater liberty for the people, and was anxious that they, and they alone, should elect the members of Parliament. Five sixths of the people could not vote at the elections, being excluded from the franchise because they were Roman Catholics, and of the Protestant electors many had no votes. In some places ten men elected a member of Parliament, in others the election was vested in the mayor and eleven members of the corporation, and several peers could elect fourteen members through their tenants and dependents. Grattan, though a Protestant, desired to admit Roman Catholics to the franchise, but he was opposed by Flood and other leaders. He could not get the franchise extended and the Parliament remained as before, subservient to the dominant interest. The volunteers peaceably disbanded, and the power that had forced the concessions was laid aside.

In 1792, after ten years of ceaseless labor, an act was passed permitting Roman Catholics to vote at elections, but prohibiting them from sitting in Parliament. That last concession, so much desired, seemed at one time on the verge of being granted, for in 1794 William Pitt announced himself in its favor. Grattan immediately introduced a bill to accomplish the reform, and could it have been hurried through at once it might have become law. But in the interval consumed by the necessary formalities the king recovered from his lunacy, and when he heard of what had been set on foot during his mental eclipse, declared to Pitt that he would never consent to the proposed change. It was never submitted to him. The Irish Parliament received orders from the lords who controlled the elections, bribes were freely distributed, and of the three hundred members of the Irish House of Commons only forty-eight voted with Grattan. Utterly sick and disgusted with the subserviency and venality of his colleagues, hopeless of accomplishing anything in a Parliament of which not more than a fourth of the members were chosen by the people, Grattan resigned and retired for a time into private life.

THE REBELLION

of 1798 was led by men who had Grattan's spirit, but not his gentleness and discretion. They saw that Grattan had succeeded when he had the volunteers to support him, and that he failed when he relied on constitutional agitation alone. It was not surprising, therefore, that they drew the inference that in force alone lay their hopes for the future. Their fatal error was that they omitted to take into account the different position of England then from what it had been when Grattan's volunteers were formidable. Tone, Fitzgerald, Rowan, Tandy, and other leaders of "the United Irishmen" were personally brave, brilliant, and patriotic, but they had not the capacity necessary for such an undertaking. The outbreak was premature, and was characterized by hideous barbarity on both sides. The horrors of that time will never be forgotten. Deeds of frightful savagery committed by one side were revenged by deeds as brutal on the other, until at last the rebellion

was crushed and the flames trampled out. It is important to remember that this was not, as later troubles have been, a conflict of creeds. The leaders of the insurgents were Protestants, and but few Catholics were in the ranks. Not more than one in four of the rebels, it is stated, were Romanists.

THE END OF THE PARLIAMENT

soon followed. What the sword did for the rebellion gold did for the Houses. It was necessary to gain a majority in the Irish House of Commons to secure its own dissolution, for the concession won by Grattan that the Parliament should be supreme in Ireland was still in force. Irishmen had to be induced to betray their country and to surrender the hard-won prize. It is an indelible shame to Ireland that Irishmen were willing to become traitors so shameless. Place and office were lavishly distributed. Peerages won the highest, and secret service money the lowest, of those who were to be bought. The English ministry had decided that Ireland was to be joined to England in an indissoluble union, and as Ireland was hostile to the scheme, the union was effected by bribery. The Bill of Union was introduced and passed by a well-paid majority of sixty, in 1800. The eloquence of Grattan was raised to the last in immortal accents against the unholy pact. One hundred men alone kept their hands clean and voted against the surrender of their liberties. Grattan was elected to the United Parliament, and there labored with his old devotion for the country he had loved and served so well, but it was with a sad heart and with but little hope. He died in 1820. His name still lives enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Full Look at Christ's Face.—Mr. Stewart said at a recent meeting: "I heard of a man who was dying; a friend bent over him, and whispered, 'Are you getting a glimpse of His face?' 'I have been getting a good full look at Him for forty years,' answered the dying man. Dear fellow Christians, can we say that? or are we only getting a glimpse now and then of the Lord? If we desire to be continually in the sunshine of His presence, we must get Him every morning, for He must be first. He wants you to eat of His flesh and drink of His blood, and He will dwell in you and ye in Him."

The Absent Nobleman.—"I Once Went into the house of a certain nobleman in the Highlands of Scotland, for the purpose of giving a tract to the person who kept it. On entering into conversation with her, she told me that she had kept that house for upward of eighteen years, but she said: 'I never have seen the owner's face; he does not live here.' And, dear friends, although with our bodily eyes we have not seen our dear Lord's face, yet we know and believe that He liveth, and we ought to be continually living in the hope that He is soon coming to take possession of His own, and to give to every man according as his work may be."

Wicked Maggie and Her Companion.—Mr. Calder related the following: "One night a short time ago when on my way to a Gospel meeting, two young women came forward to me, and asked if they might accompany me. I readily consented, for they did not know where I was going, and I saw by their manner that they only wanted some amusement. I led them into the church, and conducted them to a pew that we call the penitents' seat. I placed myself at the entrance of the seat, to prevent them getting out during the service, which I thought they very likely would do when they found of what nature the meeting was. The Holy Spirit of God came down with mighty power upon these two young women that night, and at the close of the service both were weeping bitterly on account of their sins; and well they might, for they confessed that they had been leading not only sinful and careless lives, but lives of wretched vice and woe. One of them had a Christian mother who had been praying for her

child for many years. But what was remarkable is this: the very night on which the girl gave her heart to Christ the mother had been wrestling with God in prayer, and had concluded her petition with these words: 'Oh, Saviour, I will not let Thee go till Thou dost save my Maggie!' She rose from her knees with the full assurance that her prayer was answered. And so it proved, for while she was calling God was answering."

A Song in His Sleep.—Sergeant Stephens remarked: "I went to a Gospel meeting once to scoff, but brave as I thought myself, I was really a coward, and, like one, I took a back seat. But it was God who had led me there, and before I left I was deeply convicted of sin, and longed for a Saviour. I went again next night, and the speaker's subject was, 'Yet there is room.' On my way out a gentleman stopped me, and asked if I were saved. I replied that no one could say that for certain; but he pointed out many passages of Scripture which proved to me that we could say so if we had accepted Christ. But the verse that was most blest to my anguished heart was, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' I went home, and casting myself on my knees, gave myself wholly to Jesus. In the morning my mother told me that in my sleep that night she heard me sing, 'What a friend we have in Jesus.' Before going forth to the world that day I asked Him to keep me in times of temptation, and I realized that He who saves will also keep those who put their trust in Him."

A Sceptic's Timely Discovery.—"I had a brother-in-law of whom I was very fond. The liking was mutual, for in an illness he would have me at his bedside, and when his last hours came I was with him. He was a sceptic, and I remember the day on which he died how sadly he fixed his eyes on me. 'John,' I said, 'we love each other very dearly. And why do I love you so much? It is because I love the Lord Jesus with all my heart, and it is He who constrains me to speak to you of His love.' He replied: 'Oh, do not speak so much of these things! I feel almost as if I were in hell already. Oh, if I could but see!' I knelt in prayer by the bedside of the dying man, when he grasped me by the arm, and staring wildly at me, he exclaimed: 'Is it—is it—is it true that Jesus is the Son of God, that if I believe in Him He will save me from this misery?' 'Yes, John,' I answered, 'His amazing love is such that He will save even to the uttermost. None are cast out, but lovingly received and pardoned who trust Him.' After a few moments' silence, he said: 'I see it, I see it, I know it all now. God loved me, so loved me.' I had the joy of seeing him soon afterward pass away at peace with God, through faith in the perfect and life-procuring atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ."

A Blessed Visit to Scotland.—Dr. Cameron said: "I recently heard from a man in Berlin who some years ago visited Scotland, and going through one of the streets he was attracted by a band of people singing in the open-air. He listened, and tried to catch the words of the hymn, which were:

'Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
Unless Thou help me, I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!'

Being a German, he could not quite comprehend their meaning. A short time after this I was introduced to him, and took him to a Gospel meeting, where he learned its meaning. The light of truth shone like a full-orbed sun into his soul. He saw his need as a sinner, and the fulness of love there is in Jesus, and soon he was rejoicing in the knowledge of the fact that he was 'born again,' and had become a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ. On his return to Berlin his friends remarked that he had far too much to say about Scotland, and his answer was: 'How can I help talking about Scotland, when it is the land of my second birth?' He is now doing what he can for Christ in his own country."

MONOPOLY AND COMMUNISM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 6, 1886.

"Thy land shall be married."—ISA. 62 : 4.

Our Republic Wooed—Several Suitors for the Fair Land—I. Monopoly—Its Awful and Increasing Power—The Curse of the Country—The Land Sharks of Europe—The Paupers they Make—A Legislative Check Necessary—II. Nihilism—A Universal Butcher—Vandalism in a College—The Worst Enemy of Labor—III. Infidelity—A Mean Business—The Territory it Wants—Protesting Voices—IV. The Prince of Peace—The Land Pledged to Him—By Columbus—By the Huguenots—By the Pilgrim Fathers—A New Leaf in National History—A Site for the Nuptials.

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exultant, unique, divine imagery of the text! So many are depressed by the labor agitation, and think everything in this country is going to pieces, I preach this morning a sermon of good cheer, and anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation and "Thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits, and on platforms, and in places of public concourse I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march, for "Thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of

THE SUITORS

who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

I. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of

MONOPOLY.

His sceptre is made out of the iron of the railroad and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse, until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for the most part, monopoly decides everything. If monopoly favor a law, it passes. If monopoly oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in this railroad depot, putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for service. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam-power of locomotives, and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators—giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys, if they are lawyers, carrying their goods fifteen per cent less if they are merchants; and if he finds a case very stubborn, as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But monopoly is not so easily caught now as when, during the term of Mr. Buchanan, in one of our States a certain railway company procured a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars among them: sixty members of the Lower House of that State received five thousand and ten thousand dollars each; the Governor of the

State received fifty thousand dollars; his clerk received five thousand dollars; the Lieutenant-Governor received ten thousand dollars; all the clerks of the Legislature received five thousand dollars each, while fifty thousand dollars were divided amid the lobby agents.

That thing, on a larger or smaller scale, is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not as easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that

THE OVERSHADOWING CURSE

of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat; upon every sack of salt, upon every ton of coal; and every man, woman, and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established. God speed them in the work of liberation! I wish that this question might be the question of our Presidential elections, and that we compel the political parties to recognize it on their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. There is not a laborer in the land that would not be worth a million dollars if he could. I have nothing to say against corporations as such—without them no great enterprise would be possible; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without adequate compensation I am a thief, and if a railway damage the property of the people without any adequate compensation that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds and thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness.

EUROPEAN LAND SHARKS.

Five hundred acres in this country make an immense farm. When you read that in Dakota Territory Mr. Cass has a farm of 15,000 acres, and Mr. Grandon, 25,000 acres, and Mr. Dalrymple, 40,000 acres, your eyes dilate, even though these farms are in great regions thinly inhabited. But what do you think of this which I take from the Doomsday Book, showing what monopoly is on the other side the sea? I give it as a warning of what it would do on this side the sea, if in some lawful way the tendency is not resisted. In Scotland, J. G. M. Heddle owns 50,400 acres; Earl of Wemyss, 52,000 acres; Duke of Montrose, 68,000 acres; Cameron of Lochiel, 109,500 acres; Sir C. W. Ross, 110,400 acres; Earl of Fife, 113,000 acres; the Mackintosh, 124,000 acres; Lord MacDonald, 130,000 acres; Earl of Dalhousie, 136,000 acres; Macleod of Macleod, 141,700 acres; Sir K. Mackenzie, of Gairloch, 164,680 acres; Duke of Argyle, 175,000 acres; Duke of Hamilton, 183,000 acres; Duke of Athole, 194,000 acres; Duke of Richmond, 255,000 acres; Earl of Stair, 270,000 acres; Mr. Evan Baillie, 300,000 acres; Earl of Seafield, 306,000 acres; Duke of Buccleugh, 432,183 acres; Earl of Breadalbane, 437,696 acres; Mr. A. Matheson, 220,433 acres; and Sir J. Matheson, 406,070 acres; Duchess of Sutherland, 149,879 acres; and Duke of Sutherland, 1,176,343 acres.

THE RESULT.

Such monopolies imply an infinite acreage of wretchedness. There is no poverty in the United States like that in England, Ireland, and Scotland, for the simple reason that in those lands monopoly has had longer and larger sway. Last summer in Edinburgh, Scotland, after preaching in Synod Hall, I preached in the Grass Market and to the wretched inhabitants of the Cowgate and Canongate, the audience exhibiting the squalor, and sickness, and despair that remains in one's mind like one of the visions of Dante's Inferno.

Great monopolies in any land imply great pri-

vation. The time will come when our Government will have to limit the amount of accumulation of property. Unconstitutional, do you say? Then constitutions will have to be changed until they allow such limitation. Otherwise the work of absorption will go on, and the large fishes will eat up the small fishes, and the shad will swallow the minnows, and the porpoise swallow the shad, and the whales swallow the porpoises, and a thousand greedy men will own all the world.

But would a law of limitation of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so near my neighbor's foundations, in order to build my house, that I endanger his, the law grabs me. If I have a tannery or a chemical factory, the malodors of which injure residents in the neighborhood, the law says: "Stop that!" If I drain off a river from its bed, and divert it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the bed of the river a breeding place for malaria, the law says:

"QUIT THAT OUTRAGE!"

And has not a good Government a right to say that a few men shall not gorge themselves on the comfort, and health, and life of generations? Your rights end where my rights begin.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, and iron-fingered, vulture-hearted monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes, and up the Pennsylvania, and the Erie, and the New York Central railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people, North, South, East, and West, forbid the banns of that marriage— forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiments of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that this land is to be married.

II. Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is

NIHILISM.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell, except what he can make on earth. He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William, of Germany, practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from His throne and take it himself—the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism; in the United States it is called Socialism; in Russia it is called Nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up.

Where does this monster live? In St. Louis, in Chicago, in Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. The devil of destruction is an old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days, when, in our literary society in New York University, we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art gallery, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine fresco on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration.

The philosophy of the whole business is, that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing, and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring-classes never had anything to do with

such murderous enterprises. It is the villainous classes who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of state would allow them as wreckers to carry off the cargo. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or, rather

DIVIDE IT DOWN.

It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good, Nihilism! This panther, having prowled across other lands, has set its paws on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was Nihilism that massacred the heroic policemen of Chicago and St. Louis a few days ago and that burned the railroad property at Pittsburgh during the great riots; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was Nihilism that again and again in San Francisco and in New York mauled to death the Chinese; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse, college, and home in ashes.

Let me say, it is

THE WORST ENEMY

of the laboring-classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferations for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater.

Yet this Nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for the republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? And what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruit must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinal monster, that this land is to be married.

III. Another suitor for the hand of this nation is

INFIDELITY.

Mark you that all anarchists are infidels. Not one of them believes in the Bible, and very rarely any of them believe in a God. Their most conspicuous leader was the other day pulled by the leg from under a bed in a house of infamy, cursing and blaspheming. The police of Chicago, exploring the dens of the anarchists, found dynamite, and vitriol, and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and obscene pictures, and complimentary biographies of thugs and assassins, but not one Testament, not one of Wesley's hymn-books, not one Roman Catholic breviary. There are two wings to infidelity; the one calls itself Liberalism, and appears in highly literary magazines, and is for the educated and refined; the other wing is in the form of Anarchy, and is for the vulgar. But both wings belong to the same old filthy vulture—infidelity! Elegant infidelity proposes to conquer this land to itself by the pen; Anarchy proposes to conquer it by bludgeon and torch.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart, in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the

hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and to substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence." I tell you that

THE WORST ATTEMPTED CRIME

of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West—a martyr band, of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues, and malaria, and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices; "our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too great a sacrifice, to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill, and Independence Hall, and Gettysburg; "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No," cry ten thousand voices; "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

IV. But there is

ANOTHER SUITOR

that presents his hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text, where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure, it is the figure of the Bible. As often princesses at their birth are

PLEDGED IN TREATY

of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for Divine marriage. Before *Columbus* and his hundred and twenty men embarked on the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nina, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They kneeled down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country, and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." After *Columbus* and his hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ships' decks to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the New World to God.

What did the *Huguenots* do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee, and uplifted face, and heaven-besieging prayer they took possession of this country for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And, then, see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metalled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, four hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to

rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has travelled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good He has been to us and our children!

We have during the past six or seven years

TURNED A NEW LEAF

in our national history by the sudden addition of millions of foreigners. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate eight hundred dollars. I was told in the city of Washington by an officer of the Government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging one thousand dollars in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Emigration that twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps—additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn-books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. They will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah! that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing-smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city, saying: "Stand back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" "But," say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign Governments, and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the Governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

THE SITE FOR THE NUPTIALS.

But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields. Then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Pacific Coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Atlantic Coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevada on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nations, saying: "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." "And so thy land shall be married."

A DESPERATE PRISONER OVERCOME.

A WRITER in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* relates the following remarkable incident in the life of Mrs. Sarah J. Smith, the eminent Quakeress, who died recently at Dublin, Ind. Mrs. Smith, in her Christian compassion for prisoners, succeeded some years ago in getting the appointment of superintendent of the new reformatory for females at Jeffersonville, Clarke County, Ind. When the building was ready for their reception, the culprits, a hardened, debased gang, were brought over in the prison vans, and Mrs. Smith stood in the doorway, dressed in her Quaker costume, with snow-white cap and handkerchief, and with a fine physique and noble beauty. The first one brought in by four stalwart officers was a woman past middle age, manacled hand and foot. She was a murderess, had been incarcerated seventeen years, and was the terror of all convicts and officers.

As they brought her in they inquired for the cell in which she was to be placed, feeling, doubtless, as many do now, that women could never manage such terrible creatures. With compassion beaming out of her eyes, Mrs. Smith directed her to be set down and her chains removed.

They looked astonished, and demurred; when, in the full dignity of her strength, she replied: "I command you to unloose her; take off every chain, and let her be free. She is my prisoner, not yours." And as the last chain fell off, she stepped forward, took the vile creature into her arms, and said: "My poor child, I receive thee into my arms as my child, and I will be a mother to thee, and I know thou wilt to me be a faithful child." And imprinting a kiss on her forehead—the first, doubtless, that she had received in many years—she said: "Let us pray." Together they kneeled, while Mrs. Smith asked for the power of the Holy Ghost and for grace to care for the poor woman; and then, rising with her arms still round her, they walked to the cell, the hardened woman a broken, penitent soul. In three weeks she gave every evidence of being converted to God, and for fourteen years led a meek, humble, and self-denying life.

CANNIBALISM IN AFRICA.

THOUGH much has already been done for the evangelization of Africa, few people realize how much yet remains to be done. A paper published in the *Foreign Missionary*, by J. H. Reading, of Kängwe, shows how frightful is the present condition of the people. The following is an extract, which, be it remembered, is the report of an eyewitness:

I have witnessed scenes in Africa, and should have witnessed many more if I had not fled from beholding them, which made me sometimes ready to say that no feeling of which compassion was an ingredient dwelt in the African heathen heart. Often it has seemed as though absolutely nothing but the fear of private revenge restrained the natives from all imaginable or unimaginable crimes.

The Kängwe and Talaguga stations of the West Africa Mission are both situated in the midst of cannibal villages. The Niam Niam and the Fans are the same as the Fangwe, and the Monbutu the same as the Osheha, who live a little back from the Ogove. Du Chaillu's description of the cannibals was considered by many incredible; but some of his most fearful statements can be and have been corroborated in detail by the missionaries, and his general account of those tribes is correct.

In the autumn of 1880 Dr. Bachelier sent three messengers from Kängwe overland to Gaboon, to carry letters. The Fangwe fired on them, killed one and captured the others. These two saw their comrade cut up and divided among the war party, each person, in the most matter-of-course way, taking off his share. The captives obtained their liberty through the influence of the missionaries. The friends of the murdered man compelled the doctor to pay a large sum for their slain relative, and then,

coming stealthily upon a Fangwe village, killed three of its people in revenge.

Eighteen miles above Kängwe, amid the Fangwe, lives a mulatto ivory-trader, from Boston, often visited by the missionaries. He told me on one of my visits that, a short time before, the Fangwe bought a woman, on the opposite side of the river, who was condemned to death for witchcraft. They brought her over to an island in the river, directly in front of his house, and, after they had let her cry awhile and beg for mercy, they killed her and divided the body, each carrying off his portion. Almost the last time I was at Talaguga, Dr. Nassau told me of a canoe which had stopped at his landing with a supply of provisions which one of his mission boys was about to buy; but, on opening the bundle, evidence too horrible to repeat, was at once disclosed which forbade the thought. The cruelties upon the living are still more terrible.

SEEING WITH ONE EYE.

AMONG my friends and acquaintances there is a missionary of a city mission and tract society who is remarkable for his skill and tact in dealing with individual cases. At one time a Christian master of a large carpenter's shop sought his services in behalf of his foreman.

"He is profane, a scoffer, and a sceptic," he said. "I cannot do anything with him, and I cannot get along without him, he is such an excellent workman."

The missionary promised to see what he could do. Frequently he visited the shop, speaking to one and another of the journeymen, but sedulously avoiding the foreman, until his curiosity was thoroughly aroused. At last the opportunity waited for came. Seeing the foreman squinting along a board to see if it was straight, the skill and tact of the missionary seized upon the occasion. Stepping up to the workman, he said: "Now, is it not strange that a man with two good eyes can see better with one?"

With a hearty laugh, the foreman answered: "Well, I never thought of that, but it is true sometimes."

"Yes, it is true; and that reminds me of a verse in the Bible, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.' I guess you had better think of that," and the missionary left him.

However, the wedge was in, the workman's respect was won, and his mind set to thinking. As he said afterward, he could never run his eye along a board without the words coming to mind, and an inquiry as to their meaning. Slowly and patiently the missionary followed up his advantage, until at last the heart yielded, and the scoffer became a humble but zealous follower of Christ. The last I heard of him, some years ago, he was a faithful steward in a church and superintendent of the Sunday-school.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S FAMILY PLATE.

THE Bishop of Exeter, who was an intimate friend of the late philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury, speaking recently of the deceased nobleman, related an instance of his self-denial, which has not been published before. He said: I knew him in my childhood's days, when he came as Lord Ashley to my father's house, and was always a favorite of us children. I was one of his clergymen in Dorsetshire, the living of Hinton—the first living in his gift as Earl Shaftesbury. He came to me after I went there, and said: "Bickersteth, I am going to build a schoolroom in your parish." I knew that he had a good many claims on him, and I said: "Let me help you to collect the funds." But he would not, and he built schoolrooms in two of the parishes on the estate. Afterward he said to me: "You asked me to allow you to help me in collecting funds, but I thought it was not my duty to do so. Do you know how I got the money?" I said: "No, of course I do not." "Well," he said, "I found I had so much more plate left me by my father than I

wanted, that I thought I would sell enough to build these two schoolrooms." I had not been at Hampstead very long when we had a great sorrow in our Sailors' Orphan School. The Roman Catholics got hold of one of our children, one of the sweetest of the children in the school; the Roman Catholics demanded her. The story is far too long to tell. Well, we had a contest before the Court of Queen's Bench, and one and another were falling back. I said to Lord Shaftesbury, "Will you support me?" and he said: "Dear Bickersteth, we will fight them to the end, and we will not lose one of the children." That child was made a ward of Chancery, was rescued from the clutches of Rome, and has been a faithful servant of Jesus Christ from that time to this. That was Lord Shaftesbury, and the same self-denying spirit entered into everything he did.

BLESSING FOR SOUL AND BODY.

IN the current number of *Thy Healer* the following testimony is given by Mr. Charles Goodland, 32 Wells Street, London: The Lord has done great things for me. When we get all the powers of our soul blessed, our judgment, affections, understanding, will, memory, and conscience, it would be a very strange thing, indeed, if the body were not blessed also. It seems remarkable that people should talk so much about having their souls thoroughly saved and sanctified, and yet keep a body full of suffering and pain. When I gave myself to the Lord, I had very weak eyesight, so that I could not properly see to do my work. Often I had intense pain at the back of the head through straining the optic nerve. The Lord gave me deliverance from this, also from intense depression of spirits. I could not, by any eloquence of language or any power of words, describe to you the extreme suffering I formerly underwent. Often I awoke at night with sweat on my brow, fancying I was dying. I could not tell you the excruciating agony I suffered. But the Lord has perfectly healed me. I have not come from the Antipodes or the backwoods of America to tell you a wonderful story. I have lived and been known in this neighborhood for twenty years and if anybody had told me twenty months ago that to-day I should be testifying to a body healed and a mind perfectly at rest and a soul saved, I should have regarded it as one of the greatest of miracles. Glory be to God. My restoration came through no power of the flesh, but by the Spirit of the living God, whose love dwells in my heart, and from whom I hope all my affections will henceforth spring.

A REMINISCENCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BISHOP HELLMUTH, late of Huron, in the course of a recent speech, said: The Forks of St. Mary on the eastern side of Nova Scotia are the scene of very interesting work. On that rocky, inhospitable coast a faithful missionary has been carrying on the work under difficulties and perplexities which would have discouraged many Christians. I remember well the rough journey to the Forks of St. Mary. Going along the coast, partly in a cart without springs, and partly walking, I came to the place occupied by the faithful missionary, now in heaven, the Rev. Mr. Alexander, who had been carrying on the work for thirteen years, and he gave me a description, which other people corroborated, of the neighborhood. Its condition was originally most wretched. Wreckers watched the coast, lighting false fires, and doing everything they could to lead ships to destruction. Strong drink was universal. The teapots of the people, instead of containing tea, were filled with brandy, whiskey, or other strong drink. The missionary encountered great difficulties; but, resolved to lead as many sinners as he could to Christ, he went from hamlet to hamlet, entreating the people to attend any little meeting he might have. At first his efforts and remarks were sneered at, and he could not entertain the hope that his appeals would find a lodgment in

the hearts of the people; still he went on in the Spirit of his Lord and Master, and what was the result, after thirteen years? When I reached the coast there was no drink and there were no wreckers. The people gladly assembled whenever they were summoned to the house of God, or called together in any way to serve their Lord and Master. I remember preaching there to a crowded congregation at a little place called Sherbrook. A seafaring man was sitting at the foot of the pulpit, listening to the Word of life with tears streaming down his cheeks. I asked Mr. Alexander who the old man was. He was between eighty and ninety years of age. "Ah!" said Mr. Alexander, "that was the captain of the wreckers, but now he is my helper in God's work. He is like a hard-working curate to me."

JESUS, OUR "ELDER BROTHER!"

By Mr. Silliman Blagden.

ON Friday night, January 29th, 1886, I was standing on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, Boston, waiting for a car. It had been, and was still, very rainy, and generally uncomfortable for all who had to be out of doors.

Suddenly I heard a feeble voice behind me, cry the evening papers for sale; I turned to look, and there in the dark recess of a doorway, were two little forms, shrinking and shivering in the cold and wet.

One was a boy about four or five years of age, I suppose, and the other one, who proved to be the former's brother, was about seven or eight, I should think.

I noticed this poor little fellow, the *elder* one, was crying bitterly; his eyes were red, and his wizened face and cheeks were wet with many tears. I don't think I ever saw such a woe-begone, distressed, and frightened look in a child's face before! They were both poorly clad, and evidently the children of very needy and severe parents.

I asked the elder one what he was crying for, and what was the matter? He said that his little brother had dropped the papers in the flooded street, and that they were now no good; he had them stuffed in his pocket as he showed me, and the poor little waif looked as if all hope and life had forever flown from the horizon of his young existence! *Poor little fellow!* I shall never forget those red and wet and tearful eyes, with their agonized and pleading and despairing look.

And then his little brother told the secret in these words: "When we get home, *he'll get a licking!*"

Why, I said, if you dropped the papers, you will be the one to get the whipping! But all he replied, was, "*He'll get a licking!*"

Yes; here was a case of the elder brother taking the punishment of the *guilty*, though himself *innocent!*

After a little talk I found that the wet papers would occasion a loss of "*ten cents!*"

I found a ten-cent piece in my pocket, and gave it to the elder brother.

Oh, how that poor little faded face *brightened up!* And right away I thought of our Lord's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *Me!*"

Then I asked him who it was that died on the cruel cross to save us? and he answered: "*Our Lord;*" then I said, I give you these ten cents *in His name*, and you will try to love Him, and keep His commandments, won't you? And oh, how bright and cheerful came now the quick response: "*Yes, sir!*"

I bought a paper from the younger one, and then took a passing car for home, and while riding I was deeply moved, even to tears myself, thinking of those poor little waifs—newsboys; and of that forlorn elder brother who was dreading that whipping that awaited him when he got home that cold, wet, and stormy night. And it all made me think "of Jesus, blessed Jesus," our "Elder Brother!" and the untold

agonies He silently endured, being innocent, in taking our punishment, we being indeed guilty!

"Jesus saith,—Lovest thou Me?
Feed My lambs.
Lovest thou Me?
Feed My sheep."

"More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!"

"And whosoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" (Matt. 10:42).

THE USES OF PROPHETIC STUDY.

By the Rev. Clarmont Skrine.

A Practical Subject—Pressed on the Thessalonians—Their Fears Removed—What they were to Wait for—The Present Hope of the Church—What it Will Bring—Union—Rewards—Governmental Power.

THERE are many who keep from the subject of prophecy, because they think it impractical; because it takes their thoughts away from the present time and present subjects—the growth of holiness, the present enjoyment of the Lord, and such things. Now, we have the answer to these objections in the first and second Epistles to the Thessalonians. How does the Apostle Paul deal with the subject there? Did this hope make the Thessalonian Church indifferent to the cause of Christ or the dissemination of Christianity? Did it make them neglect the subject of personal holiness? Was it not quite the reverse? But it has come to pass that the subject is neglected and lost sight of to a considerable extent, and that great

COMMAND AND BLESSING,

which seem to stand together in Rev. 1:3, is forgotten and lost: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein."

Just glance with me then at these first and second Epistles to the Thessalonians. Notice how in each chapter the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is referred to. Bear in mind that the apostle had spent in Thessalonica just six short Sabbath days; but that during those few weeks, when he visited that place of conspicuous heathenism, and led souls to Jesus, he was able in the very A B C of the Gospel to place before them the glorious doctrine of the Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. That hope was the one great thought which filled their souls, and made them such zealous converts, such diligent and earnest workers, and such faithful servants of the Lord.

Was it not a fact, dear friends, that so strongly had this truth been impressed upon the minds of the Thessalonian Christians that they grieved and mourned for the dead; and that, as they followed a dear saint to the grave and laid the body there in the hope of a glorious resurrection, they shed tears of sorrow because they thought that loved one had lost the prospect of

MEETING THE LORD IN THE AIR

—that there was some loss to the one who had been taken away before the personal return of the Lord? And when the apostle corrects the mistaken idea, how does he do it? Not by telling them that they had misunderstood him in reference to the immediate and sudden removal of the Church during the lifetime of the saints; but in this way: he tells them that "the dead in Christ shall rise first"—those for whom you mourn will have left the grave before you are taken; they will be carried up from the grave before you are transformed into the likeness and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ, but that both together they should meet the Lord in the air.

I know we may look, and should look, for *tribulation*. We know there is to be trouble; we see the oncoming of the great tribulation;

but none of these things, I apprehend, are intended to come in the way of the hope of

THE CHURCH'S TRANSLATION,

or to rise up before us as a series of events for which we are to look before we can expect the Lord to come. I take literally the divine command in the last prayer the Master ever taught His Church—occurring as it does at the close of the revealed Word, where He says: "Surely I come quickly," and we reply: "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Now, the Thessalonians were under persecution, and they looked also for the oncoming evil, which yet looms in the near distance before us to-day. About Antichrist they were taught about the lawless one who was to arise, and whom the Lord should consume with the breath of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His Coming. But what was the apostle's way of dealing with them? As they looked at that dark and gloomy picture in the distance, what did he tell them? As they feared, because the day of the Lord was to be so terrible, what was His counsel and consolation? He told them that there was another event which was to antedate that great apostasy—which was to antedate that manifestation of the Man of Sin; and that that event was their gathering together unto our Lord Jesus Christ.

The hope of the Church, whether it be *out of* the tribulation, or *before* the tribulation, whether in the *midst* of the tribulation or otherwise, the hope of the Church which is put before the mind of the Church of God, is the immediate, the sudden and unexpected removal of the saints to meet the Lord, not on the earth but in the air.

Look at the Church of Christ in its present condition. What is its state? How separated, how divided, how mingled with that which is evil; how many there are of us out of fellowship with one another, and sometimes it may be out of fellowship with the Lord. But

WHEN HE COMES

again, and when the Church is gathered around His glorious person, then all the members are one, and the Lord is manifested to them all. Then we shall see Him as He is, and we shall be like Him. Is not that a much more blessed condition than the separated state of the Church now? Do not you pray for His Coming because you realize that this is the only remedy for all our divisions, and all that is distracting and disturbing in the communion of the Church.

Then, do not let us forget this last exhilarating thought in connection with the hope of the Church—

THE DISTRIBUTION OF REWARDS.

II Cor. 5 bears distinctly upon this. The *Bema*, or throne of judgment, there spoken of, is that to which you and I are looking as the only judgment-seat with which we as justified and pardoned men and women—children of God by faith in Jesus Christ, and doing service for God springing out of our relationship to Him—this I say, is the only judgment-seat with which we have to do. Our *sins* have been judged, but our *works* have not been rewarded; and it is a wonderful thought that after the Lord has converted your soul He gives you the desire and the power to work for Him. After He has wrought all these works by you, He is then going, in a wondrous way, to reward you for what you have done.

Then there is *governmental power*, on which I cannot now dwell, but that is also part of the hope of the Church. The Church will reign with Christ, and we shall be kings and priests with the Lord. What comfort this gives to us as we look at the condition of the world at this moment. As we see all the powers of the earth shaken to their very foundation, thrones tottering, sedition rife, infidelity on the increase, and moral and social evil abounding to such an extent that it has never before reached the point it has now, except, perhaps, in the days of Sodom—what a comfort it is for us to be able to expect the Master at any moment, that He may reign and gather up all power for Himself.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
 The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
 An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
 A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
 A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
 Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
 An instalment of a Serial Story.
 An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
 Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

*"The Christian Herald"
 has for many years had
 full permission to publish
 my sermons. I shall continue
 to revise them for this
 paper which is growing
 with miraculous
 rapidity in circulation
 influence and moral
 power.*

*T. De Witt Talmage
 Brooklyn May 4th 1886*

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Marriage Called Forth Cordial congratulations from all sections of the country and all political parties. It was strange but pleasant to read in journals where Mr. Cleveland's name is never mentioned without censure an expression of good wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Of course this does not imply a political reconciliation, but it is gratifying to notice how little personal animosity there is in honest public criticism of prominent men. Republicans took as much interest as Democrats in the happy event, and all united in wishing the bride and bridegroom a happy life. The bride, who is a member of the Central Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, N. Y., seems to have charmed all who have seen her, and Washington society is looking forward to a more sunny time during the remainder of the President's term.

The Bankruptcy Bill Suffered a Defeat in the Senate on June 1st. On the motion of Senator George, of Mississippi, the clause providing for involuntary bankruptcy was condemned. The Senator expressed his approval of all other parts of the bill, and wished to have it recommitted and reported back without the involuntary clause. Senator Hoar, however, who had the bill in charge, stated that he and his committee regarded the clause as essential to the bill for the protection of creditors against one of their number who might be first in the field. Mr. Hoar intimated that the bill would probably be withdrawn for this session. That result will be much regretted in business circles, especially by creditors, by whom the bill was generally approved. It is less favorable to debtors than the present system.

The Secretary of the Treasury has so far recovered as to be able to travel, but not to resume his duties. He tendered his resignation to the President in a letter published last week, but has been persuaded by Mr. Cleveland to

hold it in abeyance and take a vacation of four months, in the hope that it will re-establish his health. Mr. Manning, in the course of his characteristic letter, emphatically urges prompt and radical legislation. He writes: "Under the operation of currency laws and tariff laws now in force, which you and the Forty-ninth Congress were elected by the people to repeal and reform, the burdened industries of our country are plunging heavily along a miry road toward foreseen danger. We talk of arbitrating our respective share of disaster, instead of knocking off our self-imposed fetters and releasing a general prosperity." There is but little probability of the Secretary's warning being heeded. Congress is opposed to any reform in the direction indicated, and a large part of the country shares the feeling.

The Indictment of the Anarchists in Chicago by the Grand Jury last week was accompanied by a report in which the jury say: "The evidence produced before us was conclusive as to the fact that the Anarchist conspiracy had no real connection with the strikes or labor troubles, but that it simply made use of the excitement incident to those troubles as its opportunity. By those in the best position to know, we have been assured that the total number of Anarchists or Nihilists in this country from whom danger need be apprehended is less than one hundred, and probably does not exceed from forty to fifty men. Associating with them, and partly subject to their malign influence, there are perhaps a few hundred more who would be dangerous in exact proportion to the extent that they are made to believe in the power of their leaders and in the weakness of the law. Then, again, there are perhaps from two to three thousand men variously classed as Socialists, Communists, etc., who are addicted to wild and visionary theories in regard to matters of government, but who are not necessarily dangerous or inimical to the peace and welfare of society so long as the law is enforced in such a manner as to entitle it to their wholesome respect." The moderation and good sense of the entire report indicate that the public feeling in Chicago is not tending in the direction of vindictive punishment, but of stern justice.

Herr Most was Sentenced on Wednesday of last week to the full penalty allowed by the law for the offence of which he was convicted. The Recorder, in passing sentence, expressed his regret that he could not administer a heavier punishment. Most is not a man to feel his position acutely, or the scathing words the judge addressed to him would have been no inconsiderable part of his punishment. The Recorder said it would be useless to waste words on such a man, but he thus briefly explained to him why he was to be punished: "You have advocated poison, murder, arson. You have made addresses to ignorant foreigners, urging them to resort to these awful crimes against individual citizens and against society. You have gone so far as to instruct domestic servants through your writings how to manufacture and administer poison to their employers. A more wicked and atrocious scoundrel than you are does not disgrace the face of this earth! It is well that men of your character, views, and opinions should be taught that, although the laws of this land are merciful, they will be upheld at any cost, and that those who violate or attempt to violate them will be punished with severity." He then sentenced him to a year at hard labor in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, standing committed a day for each dollar.

The Death of Mr. John Kelly on June 1st removes from the political arena a man who has long exercised a powerful influence on State and national politics. As the head of the Tammany organization, he was able to control for many years a majority of the Democratic voters of New York, and to make his power felt in the National Conventions. He was trusted, honored, and loved by thousands of enthusiastic supporters, who were ready to do his bidding

blindly. Added to this, his magnetic personal character and extensive private charity won him respect. His power, however, was not unchallenged within his party. Mr. Tilden was his persistent opponent, and was nominated in spite of his determined opposition. Mr. Cleveland also he vigorously opposed, though in both cases Mr. Kelly acquiesced in the decision of the Conventions. His quarrel with Lucius Robinson, however, was carried to the polls, and by his own candidacy he voluntarily handed the State government to the Republicans at a time very critical in the interests of his party. Both the city and the State suffered at his hands, not directly, but because he secured appointments for men totally unfitted for the positions they gained through his influence. Even his most active enemies, however, bear witness that personally he was honest and incorruptible. He was a native of New York City, and was sixty-four years old when he died.

The Belgian Courts had on Trial Last Week the man whose writings are said to have incited the recent fatal riots in that country. A burlesque catechism which was circulated by tens of thousands before the riots was the chief basis of the charge. It was distributed among the working men, and was of an incendiary character. The accused denied that the catechism was in any way responsible for the Belgian riots, and declared the pamphlet only began to sell well after the Charleroi outbreak. Much to the disgust of his disciples, he repudiated all connection with the anarchists. The court sentenced him to a year's imprisonment.

An Ante-Russian Combination is Expected as an outcome of the Eastern question. The European correspondent of the *Herald* cables that both at Constantinople and at Athens hopes are entertained that the advent of M. Tricoupis to power will lead to a quasi-alliance between Greece and Turkey. The recent manifestations of Russia's aggressive policy at Sebastopol, the proceedings at Moscow and the speeches made there are reckoned as showing the necessity of both the former governments preparing to meet at an early date the further manœuvres of the common enemy in the Balkan States. Neither Turkey nor Greece has as yet materially reduced the respective armies, but a collision between the two is now regarded as improbable.

The Home Rule Bill was Debated in the British Parliament and at meetings in various parts of the country throughout last week. Mr. Chamberlain made frantic efforts to keep his followers together. He held a meeting on Monday of all who acknowledge him as their leader, and fifty-four members of Parliament presented themselves. He read a letter from John Bright indorsing his policy, and harangued the meeting in a speech showing not only determined opposition to Mr. Gladstone's scheme, but the jealousy of which he has been long suspected of Mr. Gladstone himself. On the next night he delivered an acrimonious speech in the House of Commons, where for almost the first time in his life he was received with cheers from the Tories. It was a curious combination, that of the Birmingham screw-maker, the man who advocates a Republic instead of a monarchy, being applauded by the aristocratic Whigs and Conservatives. Mr. Sexton replied to him, pointing out with much force the distinction between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington. The latter, he said, the Irish people respected as an open enemy; he had not, at least, been false and treacherous. Mr. Sexton concluded by saying: "Whatever should be the fate of the bill, the Irish people would cherish with lasting gratitude the memory of Mr. Gladstone. Whether that bill was carried or not, it would not be a dead measure; it would live in its results. Mr. Gladstone deserved a statue beside that of Fox in the corridor of the House, and his memory would yet be cherished and blessed as that of the man who conceived a settlement satisfactory to Ireland and honorable alike to both countries." On Tuesday, June 8, the bill was defeated by a vote of 341 to 311.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$27. From Second-Adventist, Cambridgeport, Mass., \$20; W. S. M., Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; S., New York, \$2. Recipients of the journal by this fund should understand that the gratitude they so pathetically express in their letters is due not so much to us as to the friends whose liberality enables us to send them the paper. When they pray for the editors, as they promise to do, they must not forget their unknown benefactors.

The Ninth Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy will be held at Key East, N. J., from August 17th to 26th. Among the speakers already engaged are Rev. C. F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., President of the Institute; Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., Professor Benjamin C. Blodgett, Rev. James Whitton, Ph.D., Professor Borden P. Bowne, Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D., Ransom B. Weich, D.D., LL.D., and Rev. James W. Lee, of Atlanta, Ga. We are glad to notice that one of the subjects set down for discussion is that of the relations of "*Labor and Capital*." The peaceable solution of this question depends more upon the serious attention of intelligent clergymen than is generally supposed. We have had enough of empty declamation and rant. If men who think and pray examine it, we may hope for some just settlement of the problem. Key East, where the meetings are to be held, is one mile below Ocean Grove. For further particulars address Mr. Charles M. Davis, 4 Winthrop Place, New York.

The New Library and Gymnasium Presented by Mr. Ira D. Sankey to the Young Men's Christian Association of Newcastle, Pa., his former home, has been formally opened and dedicated. It is an imposing brick building in the Queen Anne style of architecture. The land on which it is erected cost \$7000, and the building \$28,000. The library contains three thousand volumes, the majority of which were selected by Mr. Sankey during his visit to Europe.

Four New Bishops have been Elected by the Methodist-Episcopal Church South, and formally consecrated. They are: Rev. William Wallace Duncan, of South Carolina; Rev. Charles D. Galloway, of Mississippi; Rev. Dr. Eugene Russell Hendrix, and Rev. Dr. Joseph Stanton, of Kentucky. It was stated at the conference that the total increase in the Methodist Church South for the past four years has been 130,277, giving in 1885 a total membership of 990,994. Number of Sunday-schools in 1885, 10,632, an increase in four years of 1312 schools; teachers, 9531; scholars, 108,425. In 1882 this church raised for foreign missions \$103,000; in 1885, \$230,000, more than doubling the contributions in four years.

A Larger Number of the New York Churches than usual will, it appears by the published announcements, remain open during the summer. One pastor states that he finds the devil does not suspend his operations during the summer months, but is as active as usual when the thermometer is "among the nineties." That is a fact that it is well that clergymen are beginning to recognize. If some of them were to come home quietly from the summer resorts and spend a Sunday in the city, they would be astonished to see how their congregations occupy themselves on the Lord's Day when the churches are closed.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South, at Augusta, Ga., has condemned by a vote of 137 to 13 the teaching of the doctrine of evolution in the colleges. The resolution adopted declared that the theory of development as taught by Dr. Woodrow was contrary to the Scriptures as these were interpreted by the Presbyterian standards. The Assembly also "earnestly recommended the synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and South Georgia and Florida, which direct and control the Columbia Theological Seminary, to dismiss the Rev. James Woodrow, D.D., as professor in the

seminary, and to appoint another in his place, and to speedily take such other steps as in their judgment will be best adapted to restore the seminary to the confidence of the Church."

A Woman's Temerity is Causing Anxiety to engineers on the Erie Railroad. She is one of a great number of people who obtain their supplies of fuel by picking up waste coal from the railroad track. She frequents one particular crossing. Every day she subjects the nerves of some engineer to a terrible strain. She persists in remaining on the track, quietly and unconcernedly picking coal, until the locomotive is almost upon her, when she steps to one side as if she were merely turning out of the way of a pedestrian instead of a railroad train going at high speed. Engineers have got so they are on the lookout for her as they approach the crossing. As soon as they see her they sound the alarm whistle, but she simply looks up, as if measuring the distance between her and the advancing train, and the probable time it will consume in reaching her, and then coolly resumes her coal-picking until the engine is within two or three feet of her, when she steps from in front of it. The engineers have asked that the police keep the woman off the track or she will be killed. They apparently show more concern for her safety than she does. That is seldom the case where life is in peril, though it is common enough in persons whose souls are not saved (II Chron. 36 : 16).

A Ship and a Cargo were Saved in a Storm recently by pouring oil on the waves. Captain Boutcher, of the steamer Mentmore, reports in this month's United States Pilot Chart that during his last voyage from Baltimore, Md., he experienced heavy gales from the north-west, attended with very heavy seas. As the ship had a deck load of cattle and there was imminent danger of some of the cattle being washed overboard, he placed two oil bags, filled with fish oil, at each end of the foreyard. The oil ran over the side slowly. The effect was seen very soon in the perceptible smoothing of the previously breaking seas. The oil slick extended at least two hundred yards to windward of the vessel, and scarcely a drop of water came on board after the use of oil was begun. The storm was long in abating, but the Mentmore rode safely. The captain states his conviction that if it had not been for the oil, even if the ship had outlived the storm, the decks would have undoubtedly been swept. Captain Boutcher states that he was induced to use the oil bags by reading the reports on the monthly charts. The mere theoretical knowledge that oil would calm the sea would not have helped him had he not been prepared to turn it to practical use. His example may be commended to young people commencing the voyage of life. There are abundant testimonies on record of the value of religion in the crises through which they must pass (Isa. 43 : 1-4).

A Capitalist's Application for Admission to the poorhouse was rejected recently at Goshen, N. Y. About two years ago a bachelor tradesman in New York retired from business and went to Hamptonburg, N. Y., to get the benefit of country prices. He succeeded in living at a low rate, and as he abstained from voting and was very reticent about himself, he escaped taxation. Eventually, however, the assessors found that he had money in two savings banks, and a comfortable income besides. They therefore put him on the list of taxpayers. About the same time a mortgage of a thousand dollars which he held became worthless, owing to a defect in the mortgagor's title. The two troubles together made the man almost frantic, and, though he had a considerable income left, he determined to economize. He read in the newspapers that the cost of boarding a pauper in the county poorhouse at Goshen was only two dollars a week, and he immediately made application for admission, offering to pay the two dollars. He was informed that the law did not allow the superintendent to entertain capitalists. So it appears there is still one place left in the

country to which wealth does not give its possessor a title, and actually renders him ineligible. It should not be forgotten that there is another place, not, indeed, barred against the rich, but which they cannot enter so easily as can the poor (Mark 10 : 23, 24).

An Editor's Chagrin was Honestly Confessed in the columns of his newspaper recently. He edits a journal in Maine. On the first of this month he left his office shortly after six o'clock in the evening, and went to his nephew's grocery store to purchase some provisions. To his amazement he found it closed. Going to another store he found that closed too, and looking down the street he saw that every grocery store was shut up. The editor in his astonishment inquired the reason, and learned that during the summer months the dealers had agreed among themselves to close at six o'clock. Then it dawned upon his memory that he had not only advocated the movement editorially, but had published an advertisement announcing the early closing, and had called the attention of buyers to it in a paragraph. It will be unspeakably sad at the last if it is found that preachers or Sunday-school teachers, who have warned others against procrastination, have themselves been cut off in their sins (I Cor. 9 : 27).

A Schoolboy's Ideas about Work were Expressed with some candor in an essay handed to Professor Staats a few days ago by one of his pupils. The boy, who had been told to prepare a composition on work, wrote: "I hate work so do a great many other people I know. It is a good thing to get rid of when you can. Generally those people that work the hardest git the least pay. Men are now striking to work very little & git pay very big. A handy way to get rid of work is never to be around where it is. A grate many people are ashame to work for their living & say thay dont haf to work, but do it for there helth. In this town some men let there wives work for what thay eat, while they say they are looking for work & where any can be found they charge so much that thay dont git it. When I say I dont like work I tell the truth." Many grown men have the same ideas, though they have not the honesty to confess it. We see, however, in the church, as well as in the world, that the boy made no new discovery when he described his "handy" method of getting rid of work by not being around where it is. Christ's cause makes slow progress in the world compared with that it would attain if His professed followers were "zealous of good works" (Titus 2 : 14).

Adrift at Sea in a Row-Boat for Fifty-two hours was the painful experience of three Brooklyn young men last week. They started out on Tuesday afternoon to row to Staten Island, but the tide proved too strong for them. Finding they could not reach their destination nor return, they tried to make Coney Island Point or Sandy Hook. They failed in both instances, and the current carried them out to sea. They slept by turns all that night, one using an oar to keep the head of the boat turned toward the wind. On Wednesday they lay down in the bottom of the boat and with open mouths welcomed the rain which fell early in the afternoon. One of the young men became so hungry that he cut a piece of leather from his boot and began to chew it. They passed Wednesday night as they had passed Tuesday night. It was not until near sunset Thursday evening, when they were almost in a state of despair, that a steamship came into view. She took the young men on board, and they were brought safely to New York. They had suffered much from hunger and thirst, but more from distress. When they started on their excursion they must have either under-estimated the power of the current they had to cross, or over-estimated their own strength. Both mistakes are often made by young men who voluntarily enter into temptation and drift out into the sea of iniquity. It is sad to think that of those few are ever saved, though rescue is offered them (Ps. 1 : 4-6).

REJOICE EVERMORE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

THE NINETEEN HUNDREDTH HE HAS PUBLISHED.

"Rejoice evermore."—I THESS. 5 : 16.

A Sunny Precept—Set Among Duties—When to be Wretched—The Saints of Misery—A Woman Shakes her Head—Liberty to Groan—I. The Quality of the Rejoicing—Not Carnal—Not Presumptuous—Persons who Should not Rejoice—Not Fanatical—Shouting Soldiers—Not Ecstasy—II. The Object of Rejoicing—III. Reasons for Rejoicing—Keeps Temptation Away—Encourages Others.

THIS is a sunny precept. When we read it we feel that the time of the singing of birds has come. While musing on this text, I seem carried in spirit to the green woods, and their bowers. As in a dell all blue with hare-bells, where the sun smiles down upon me through the half-born oak leaves, I sit me down, and hear the blessed birds of the air piping out their love-notes; their music saith only this—"Rejoice evermore." All that I see, and hear, and feel, surrounds me with garlands of delight; while the fairest of all the shepherds of Sharon sings to me

THIS DELICIOUS PASTORAL.

The very words have breathed spring into my soul, and set my heart a blossoming. Thus am I also made to be as a daffodil which long has hidden away among the clods, but now at last ventures to uplift her yellow lily, and ring out her golden bell. Who can be sad, or silent, when the voice of the Beloved saith "Rejoice evermore"? Some things being once done are done with, and you need not further meddle with them; but you have never done with rejoicing. "Rejoice evermore."

Our text is set in the midst of many precepts. Notice how from the fourteenth verse the apostle packs together a number of duties of Christian ministers and church members one toward another. "We exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men." All these things are to be done in turn, according as occasion requires; but "rejoice evermore." You have plenty to do; but this thing you have always to do. You shall never be able to fold your hands for want of some holy task or other; but be not worried; be not fretted by what you have to do; on the contrary, take up the sacred duties with alacrity, welcoming each one of them, and entering upon them with delight. Rejoice in each one, because you "rejoice evermore."

You will have to warn the unruly, and their rebellious tempers will, perhaps, irritate you; or, if in patience you possess your soul, yet you may grow sad at having so melancholy a duty to perform; but be not overmuch troubled, even by the grief of injured love. Warn the unruly, but "rejoice evermore." Do not pause in the blessed service of rejoicing when you are called upon to comfort

THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

There is a danger that the feeble-minded may rob you of your comfort, but let it not be so. In attempting to lift them out of the waters you may, perhaps, be almost drowned yourself; your deliverance will lie in the sweet word: "Rejoice evermore." You will lose your power both to warn the unruly and to comfort the feeble-minded, if you lose your joy. Your rejoicing will be a great support to the faint; your ceasing to rejoice will be a terrible confirmation of their sorrow. Lend the feeble a hand, but do not stop your own singing. Does not a mother carry her babe, and sing at the same time? The command to rejoice is set in the midst of duties; it is put there to teach us how to perform them all.

Also notice that our text comes after just a flavoring of trouble and bitterness. Read verse fifteen: "See that none render evil for evil unto any man." Children of God are apt to have evil rendered to them. They may have slanderous reports spread about them; they may be accused of things they never dreamed

of; they may be cut to the heart by the ingratitude of those who ought to have been their friends; but still they are bidden, "rejoice evermore." Even rejoice in the persecution and in the slander. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." So says our Lord. "Rejoice ye," He says, "and be exceeding glad."

WHEN ARE YOU TO BE WRETCHED?

Surely despondency is excluded. If slander is to make us dance, when are we to fret? Suppose some other kind of trial should come upon you, you are still to rejoice in the Lord always. The dearest friend is dead; "rejoice evermore." The sweet babe is sickening, the darling of your household will be taken away; "rejoice evermore." Trade is ebbing out, prosperity is disappearing from you, you may even be brought to poverty; but, "rejoice evermore." Your health is affected, your lungs are weak, your heart does not beat with regularity, very soon you may be sick unto death; but, "rejoice evermore." Shortly you must put off this tabernacle altogether! Tokens warn you that you must soon close your eyes in death; but, "rejoice evermore." There is no limit to the exhortation. It is ever in season. Through fire and through water, through life and through death, "rejoice evermore."

I am bound to mention among the curiosities of the churches, that I have known many deeply spiritual Christian people who have been afraid to rejoice. Much genuine religion has been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"! Some take such a view of religion that it is to them a sacred duty to be gloomy. One of the commandments of the

SAINTS OF MISERY

is: "Draw down the blinds on a Sunday." Another is: "Never smile during a sermon; it is wicked." A third precept is: "Never rest yourself, and be sure that you never let anybody else rest for an instant. Why should anybody be allowed a moment's quiet in a world so full of sin? Go through the world and impress people with the idea that it is an awful thing to live." I have known some very good people spoiled for practical usefulness, and spoiled as to being like the Lord Jesus Christ, by their deeply-laid conviction that it was wicked to be glad. Well do I remember an earnest Christian woman who saw me when I was first converted, full of the joy of the Lord, and joyfully assured of my salvation in Christ Jesus. She seemed distressed at the sight of so much joy. She shook her head. She looked at me with that heavenly-minded pity which these good people usually lay by in store. It seemed to her a dreadful thing that so young a Christian should dare to know whom he had believed. Since then I have found a great many like her; and when I have seen them shake their heads they have not shaken me half so much as she shook my heart on that first occasion; because I know them now, and I know that there is nothing in that shake of the head after all. The fact is that they ought to shake their heads about themselves for getting into so sad a state while this text stands on the sacred page, "Rejoice evermore."

GROANING PERMITTED.

Oh, dear friends, you may rejoice! God has laid no embargo upon rejoicing; He puts no restriction upon happiness. Do believe it that you are permitted to be happy. Do believe that there is no ordinance of God commanding you to be miserable. Turn this book over and see if there be any precept that the Lord has given you in which He has said: "Groan in the Lord always, and again I say groan." You may groan if you like. You have Christian liberty for that; but, at the same time, do believe that you have larger liberty to rejoice, for so it is put before you. He bids you rejoice, and yet again He says "rejoice."

But I go a step farther, and that is, that it is a sin not to rejoice. I will not say it harshly; I should like to say it as softly and tenderly as it could be put; but it must be said, and I must not take away from the force of it by my tenderness. If it be a command: "Rejoice evermore," then it is a breach of the command not to rejoice evermore. And what is a breach of a command? What is a neglect to obey a precept? Is it not a sin—a sin of shortcoming, though not of transgression? Beloved, why do your faces wear those gloomy colors? Come, ye unhappy and dolorous professors, question yourselves rather than others. Heavy-heart, chide not the glad. Glad-heart, deal not roughly with the sorrowful. Bear ye one another's burdens, and share ye one another's joys.

All this by way of introduction.

I. And now, just for a minute or two, I desire to speak upon the quality of this rejoicing which is commanded in our text. May the Holy Spirit enable me to set before you the select taste and special quality of a believer's life-long joy! "Rejoice evermore."

Brethren, this is

NOT A CARNAL REJOICING.

If it were, it would be impossible to keep it up evermore. There is a joy of harvest; but where shall we find it in winter? There is a joy of wealth; but where is this joy when riches take to themselves wings, and fly away? There is a joy of health; but that is not with us evermore, for the evil days come and the years of weakness and sorrow. There is a joy in having your children round about you; sweet are domestic joys, but these last not forever. At the house of the happiest knocks the hand of death. No; if your joys spring from earthly fountains, those fountains may be dried up; and then your joys are gone. If the foundation of a man's joy be anywhere on earth it will be shaken; for there is a day coming when the whole earth shall shake, and even now it is *far from being a stable thing*. I know not that carnal joy is commanded anywhere. Men are permitted to rejoice in the things of this life, but that is the most that we can say. They are forbidden to rejoice too much in these things, for they are honey, of which a man may soon eat till he is sickened. The joy which God commands is a joy in which it is impossible to go too far. It is a heavenly joy, based upon things which will last forevermore; or else we could not be bidden to "rejoice evermore."

Again, as this joy is not carnal, so I feel quite sure that it is

NOT PRESUMPTUOUS.

Some persons ought not to rejoice. They have never fled to Christ for refuge—they have never been born again—they have never submitted themselves to the righteousness of God, and yet they are at ease in Zion. Ah! wretched ease. Many are ignorant of their ruin, strangers to the remedy of grace, strangers to the blood that bought redemption; and yet they rejoice in their own righteousness. They have a joy that has been accumulated through years of false profession, hypocritical formality, and vain pretence. Such as these are not told to "rejoice evermore." There must be sound reasons for rejoicing now, or there can be no reason for rejoicing evermore. The joy that will abide forever is the joy to be sought after; but joy which a man cannot justify never ought to be thought of as enduring for "evermore." Have you been begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead? If so, it is safe for you to rejoice at once; and it will be equally safe for you to "rejoice evermore."

Again, dear friends, I feel bound to add that it must be

NOT A FANATICAL JOY.

Certain religious people are of a restless, excitable turn, and never feel good till they are half out of their minds. They are in such a state of mind that they cry "hallelujah" at anything or nothing, for they feel ready to cry, or shout, or

jump, or dance. I do not condemn their delirium, but I am anxious to know what goes with it. Come hither, friend; let us have a talk. What do you know? What? Is it possible that I offend you the moment I seek a reason for the hope that is in you? Is it so, that you do not know anything of the doctrines of grace? You were never taught anything; the object of the institution which "enlisted" you is not to teach you, but only to excite you. *It pours boiling water into you, but it does not feed you with milk.* That is a miserable business. Those who rejoice without knowing why can be driven to despair without knowing why; and such persons are likely to be found in a lunatic asylum ere long. The religion of Jesus Christ acts upon truthful, reasonable, logical principles; it is *sanctified common sense*. A Christian man should only exhibit a joy which he can justify, and of which he can say: "There is reason for it."

NOT ECSTASY.

I go a little farther, and I say that I believe that this joy which is commanded here: "Rejoice evermore," is not even that high and divine exhilaration which Christians feel upon special occasions. There are moments on the top of the mount when Peter is no fool for saying: "Let us build three tabernacles." It is so good to be there that we would willingly stay in that mount and never come down again to the bustle, and turmoil, and sin of a guilty world. Now, you are not commanded in the text to be always in such a high, exalted, rapturous state of mind as that. "Rejoice evermore," but you cannot always rejoice at that rate. I have said that you cannot, and I mean it literally. There is a physical impossibility in it. The strain upon the mind would be much too great.

I hope that you catch my thought, though I am afraid that I do but dimly put it. This shows you what kind of joy could not be with us always. The joy that can be with us evermore is a part of ourselves, a power of the new nature which God works in us by His own Spirit. It consists in the great cheerfulness of the new-born disposition; a full conviction that whatever God does is right; a sweet agreement with the providence of God, let it ordain what it will; an intense delight in God Himself and in the person of His dear Son; and consequently a quietness, a calm, a stillness of soul, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

II. Suffer a few words upon

THE OBJECT OF THIS REJOICING,

in order to help you, dear friends, to indulge it. God helping us, we can always rejoice in God. What a God we have! "God my exceeding joy," said the Psalmist. "Delight thyself also in the Lord." Delight thyself in thy Father God. Delight thyself also in the Son, who is "God with us." God with us ever the earth was, in the covenant council when He became our surety and our representative. Then think of the Holy Ghost, and rejoice in Him as dwelling in you, quickening you, comforting you, illuminating you, and abiding with you forever. Think of the triune God, and be blest.

I believe, dear friends, that if we are right-minded every doctrine of the gospel will make us glad, every promise of the gospel will make us glad, every precept of the gospel will make us glad. If you were to go over a list of all the privileges that belong to the people of God, you might pause over each one, and say: "I could rejoice evermore in this if I had nothing else." If ever you fail to rejoice, permit me to exhort you to arouse each one of the graces of the Spirit to its most active exercise. Begin with the first of them—faith. Believe, and as you believe this and that out of the ten thousand blessings which God has promised, joy will spring up in your soul. Have you exercised faith? then lead out the sister grace of hope. Begin hoping for the resurrection, *hoping for the second coming*, hoping for the glory which is then to be revealed. What sources of joy are these! When you have indulged hope, then

go on to love, and let this fairest of the heavenly sisters point you to the way of joy. If you cannot get joy either out of hope, or faith, or love, then go on to patience. I believe that one of the sweetest joys under heaven comes out of the severest suffering when patience is brought into play. Put patience to her perfect work, and she will bring you the power to rejoice evermore.

At any rate, when you do not rejoice, say to yourself: "Come, heart, this will not do. Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" I have heard of a mother that whenever her children began to cry, and grow fretty, she said: "They must have medicine." She was sure that they were not well. Whenever you begin to fret and worry, say to yourself: "I must take heavenly medicine, for I am not right. The leaves of the Scriptures are for my healing; I will use them for my soul's good. If my heart were right I should rejoice in the Lord, and as I am not rejoicing I must resort to the great Physician."

III. Lastly, somebody will say: "But why should we rejoice?" What are the

REASONS FOR THIS REJOICING?

We ought not to want arguments to persuade us to be happy. The worldling says that "he counts it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away." The child of God may count it the wisest thing to cast his care upon his God. You do not want an argument for rejoicing; but if you did, it is found in the command of your Lord, who says to you: "Rejoice evermore."

Rejoicing wards off temptation. The Christian may be tempted; but little impression is made upon him by the pleasurable bait if he is happy in the Lord. The joy which we wear is far superior to any which the evil one can offer us; and so his temptation has lost its power.

WHAT CAN THE DEVIL OFFER

the joyous Christian? Why, if he were to say to him: "I will give thee all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," the believer would reply to him: "Fiend, I have more than that. I have perfect contentment; I have absolute delight in God." The devil will speedily quit such a man as that; for the joy of the Lord is an armor through which he cannot send the dagger of his temptation.

This joy of the Lord will shut out worldly mirth from the heart. You say to the man who has once eaten bread: "I will take you to such a grand feast. I will show you a company of swine all feeding upon husks. Look upon them, see how they enjoy themselves! You shall have as much as you like, and be as happy as they are." He says: "But you do not know me; you do not understand me. I have none of the qualities that link me with swine. I cannot enjoy the things which they enjoy." He that is once happy in God pours contempt upon the sublimest happiness that a worldling can know. It is altogether out of his line. But your miserable professors who simply go to a place of worship because they ought to go, and who are very good because they dare not be anything else, they have no joy in the Lord. They go to the devil for their joy; they openly confess that they must have a bit of pleasure sometimes, and therefore they go to questionable amusements. No wonder that they are found in Satan's courts, looking up to him for delights, since they find no rejoicing in the ways of the Lord.

He that rejoices in the Lord always will be a great encouragement to his fellow-Christians. He comes into the room; you like the very look of his face. It is a half holiday to look at him; and as soon as ever he speaks he drops a sweet word of encouragement for the weak and afflicted.

This is the kind of thing that attracts sinners. They used in the old times to catch pigeons and send them out with sweet unguents on their wings; other pigeons followed them into the dovecot for the sake of their perfume, and so were captured. I would that every one of us had the heavenly anointing on our wings, the

divine perfumes of peace, and joy, and rest; for then others would be fascinated to Jesus, allured to heaven. God grant that it may be so, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TWO REMARKABLE PRAYERS.*

A YOUNG man, son of an honored minister of the Gospel, was hopefully converted when he was about sixteen years of age, and after a season of careful and prayerful consideration he gave himself up to serve God in the work of the ministry. During his college course he "lost his first love," and a worldly ambition taking possession of his soul, he determined to turn to the profession of the law as his life-work. Shortly after commencing the study of law he was prostrated by an attack of sickness, which all his friends and he himself thought must prove fatal. His sickness was of such a kind as to leave him in the undisturbed possession of his powers of thought and reasoning. A Godly sorrow for his sin in breaking covenant with God was awakened within him. He sought, and, as he believed, received pardon for this his sin. And then his original desire to serve God in the ministry of His Word taking full possession of his soul, he prayed earnestly that God would restore him to health, that he might thus serve Him. Contrary to the expectation of his physician and friends, he began to recover from that very hour; and he is to-day and has been for more than twenty years preaching the Gospel with great effect.

A second case: A Christian father was suddenly, unexpectedly, called to part with a beloved child. She had always been a thoughtful, though by no means a precocious child, and for several reasons her father had cherished the hope that as her mind was opening and her powers developing they were being sanctified by the Spirit of God. He knew that in addition to her daily prayers repeated at her mother's knee, she had been accustomed for several months to go away by herself to pray to God in secret. Her disease, a form of membranous croup, made such rapid progress that she was dying, her senses and power of speech gone before he thought of saying anything to her about death and her trust in Jesus. To all appearance she died. Her mother's hand had closed her eyes, and friends had left the room to make ready her shrouding. It was the father's first experience of parting with a child, the first death in the family, and he knelt by the bedside of his child, and prayed with deepest earnestness that God would give him some assurance that in giving up his loved one he was giving her into the arms of Jesus. While he was yet praying, contrary to the expectation of all, the child began to breathe again, and slowly recovering her senses and power of speech, she put her arms around her father's neck, and drawing him down close to her, said, as if divining his thoughts: "Father, I am dying;" and a sweet smile lighting up her countenance, she added: "I am going to Jesus;" and then, slowly unclasping her arms and lying back upon her pillow, her spirit took its flight.

[Dr. Armstrong personally vouches for the veracity of both these cases.]

IS THERE LIFE ON THE MOON?†

THE moon is a strange world. Days and nights succeed each other there as on the earth; but their duration is so different that there must result contrasts of light and of temperature, which the absence of water and of an atmosphere ren-

* Cited in the discussion of a scientist's proposal of a test to prove whether prayer is answered or not. From "The Two Books of Nature and Revelation Collated," by George D. Armstrong, D. D., containing chapters on Nature and Revelation; Primeval Man; Evolution; the Mosaic Cosmogony; The Pentateuch; Providence and Prayer. This is not the work of a Christian who knows no science, nor the work of a scientist who does not believe in Christianity, but of an intelligent Christian divine who is acquainted with the methods of science. It is strongly recommended by Professor A. A. Hodge of Princeton, Dr. B. M. Palmer of New Orleans, and other well-known Christian scholars. Pp. 213. Price \$1. Published by Funk & Wagnall, 15 Dey St., New York.

† From "Wonders of the Moon," by Amedée Guillemin, a beautifully illustrated work of 241 pages. Price \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York.



George Herbert, the Poet of "The Temple," and his Mother.

ders still more startling. . . . For three hundred and fifty-four hours, nearly fifteen terrestrial days, the sun darts its rays without intermission to the ground, at first obliquely in the hours which follow its rising, then more and more vertically as midday approaches. The temperature of the surface under the prolonged influence of such an intense radiation must attain an extraordinary elevation, "perhaps much greater," says Sir John Herschel, "*than that of boiling water.*" After the lunar noon, the heating of the soil continues, and attains undoubtedly its maximum between this time and sunset, as on the earth. . . . During the three hundred and fifty-four hours of the night all this accumulated heat being no longer attained by a gaseous envelope, the temperature decreases with extreme rapidity. It sinks, undoubtedly, much below that of our polar winters. How could living beings resist these alternations of excessive heat and cold?

THE BOYHOOD OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPLE."

(See Illustration.)

THOUGH more than three centuries have passed away since George Herbert wrote the exquisite poetry of "The Temple," Christian people read it still with all the pleasure of their fathers, and its calming, soothing, elevating influence still exerts its sway on the reader. It is impossible to study it without the conviction that its author must have been a man of consecrated spirit and of earnest piety.

He was born in 1593, fifteen years before John Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," and twenty-nine years after Shakespeare. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and though Herbert was not a man to hang about palaces, the influences which radiated from her brilliant court could not fail to have been felt by him in his retirement. It was a time of literary activity; and true religion, which had been forced to hide itself before the terrors of Queen Mary's persecution, could once more show itself openly.

George Herbert was blessed in a saintly

mother. It was from her that he received the rudiments of education, and he inherited from her the sweetness and gentleness of disposition, which run like a silver thread through his writings. He was only four years old when his father, Richard Herbert, of Montgomery Castle, died, and the widow found herself confronted with the task of bringing up her ten children—seven sons and three daughters. George was the fifth son. She immediately quitted Montgomery Castle, and went to Oxford to live, that she might be able to exert a mother's influence over her eldest son, who was studying at the University, and might have the benefit for her younger children of the society of the godly and learned men who at that time made their home in Oxford.

During her residence at Oxford Mrs. Herbert gave herself wholly to her duties as a mother. All her thoughts and time were devoted to her children, and they all loved her, and even the elder ones constantly sought her guidance and counsel in their difficulties. The younger ones she taught herself, being a woman of high culture and accomplishments. Her love and patience seemed inexhaustible, and it was no uncommon sight for her learned acquaintances to come upon George and his mother deep in a Latin Grammar in the attitude shown in our illustration.

George, whose disposition was most like that of his mother, and who had grown up wholly under her influence, was sent to Cambridge, where evil influences were not so rampant as at Oxford. He became a clergyman, to his mother's great delight, and was made Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia. By that time Mrs. Herbert had contracted a second marriage, altogether congenial and beneficial to herself and her children. Her second husband was Sir John Danvers, a Privy Councillor of Charles I.

George Herbert, on his arrival at his charge, found the church a heap of ruins. He resolved to rebuild it, and, as usual, went to his mother for counsel. She quailed before the formidable undertaking, and told him that such a task was

not for a man so weak in body and so poor in pocket as he. The young man, however, could not bear to abandon the work, and pleading for forgiveness for *his first undutiful act*, he set about collecting funds. The forgiveness was easily granted in such a case, and the loving mother not only gave him her blessing, but helped him by obtaining subscriptions from her wealthy friends. She did not live to see the completion of the work. One year after its commencement she passed peacefully away and entered into her rest.

George Herbert lived only a few years longer. He died in 1632, at the age of thirty-nine, having spent his brief life in the service of his Master. Of his clerical work but little record remains. He is remembered now, and will be remembered while the English language is spoken by his beautiful poem, "*The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.*" A prose treatise, entitled "*The Country Parson,*" also from his pen, breathes the same ardent spirit as that which characterizes his better known work.

LION'S LESSON TO HIS MASTER.

(See Picture on page 365.)

"I'll never forgive her, never; and there's an end of it," said John Whitworth. "I'll have nothing more to do with her, happen what will."

Such was the reply I received from my cross-grained parishioner when I went to him to plead the cause of his niece, Mary Walton, who had sorely displeased him by her marriage with Henry Symonds. The old man's displeasure seemed to me unreasonable, as it was not based on anything his niece's husband had done, but was solely because he was the son of an old rival, with whom Whitworth had had an unsuccessful contention in the law courts.

But Mary loved too well to give up Symonds. She was married from her cousin's house, and they settled in a village about two miles from Whitworth's farm, Henry having obtained a situation there with a farmer, which would give them a settled though humble home.

Several years passed by, and brought misfortune and sorrow to Mary Symonds. Her husband had a long illness, and the little household, in which there were now two children, felt the pinch of poverty. More than once I tried to get the childless farmer to spare a little from his hoarded wealth to help his niece, but without success. She might starve, he said; she had made her own bed and must lie upon it. "I never forgive," he said in conclusion, as his final answer. "Then I hope you never sin," said I; and with that I left him.

One night about this time the old man's house was broken into by thieves, and a sum of money was stolen out of a bureau that stood in the parlor. His dog Lion slept in the yard very near that part of the house, but he had not barked or given any alarm, probably because he had been drugged. Whitworth was very angry with him, and insisting that the dog had grown lazy with old age, pronounced him a useless bit of lumber, when he was telling me about his loss the following day.

Whitworth's loss troubled him more than it would a poorer man. Since his niece left him he seemed to have transferred his love for her to his money. He had grown more miserly as well as more morose, and if the thieves had stolen all he had instead of the inconsiderable sum that he was going to take to the bank to add to his hoard, he could not have been more savage. No one could bear to go near the man, he was so violent in his rage.

Lion felt the full force of his anger. If the dog had done his duty, the money would not have been stolen. It was Lion's fault, and he should die. That was Whitworth's sentence on his faithful old friend, and two days after he prepared to execute it. Taking the dog in his boat, he rowed toward a coppice a little way down the river, with a stout rope on board by which Lion was to be hung from the limb of a tree until he was dead.

How it occurred no one knew, not even Whitworth himself, but the boat was overturned. Perhaps it struck a submerged stump, for the river was high and the current strong; but so it was, and the old man, who could not swim, was being rapidly carried down the stream. Suddenly he felt a grip of the collar of his coat, and his head was lifted above the water. He uttered a loud shout for help, and to his great relief, heard it answered from near the bank. Lion seemed to hear it, too, for still holding his master by the collar he paddled as well as he could with such a weight toward the bank.

Looking up in the desperation of his condition, what was Whitworth's astonishment to see the man whom he had treated as an enemy—his niece's husband. Would Symonds help him out, or would he leave him to drown? He was not long in suspense. Bidding him "hold up," Symonds threw himself on the ground, and stretching over, at the risk of being dragged into the water himself, he grasped the hand of the drowning man, and pulled him out.

Whitworth's illness from the shock and the



Saved by his Enemies.

cold was a severe one. Symonds took him to his own cottage, and Mary nursed her uncle with a love and tenderness which the estrangement had not diminished, and had the satisfaction of seeing him survive the fever and grow strong and well again. The old man was quite changed in spirit by his escape from death. Not only Mary and her husband but Lion, too, felt the change. I visited him regularly during his illness, and had the pleasure of seeing the hard, vindictive spirit give place to a chastened, subdued disposition as I talked to him of the mercy of God and of the love which He had shown to rebellious sinners. The parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. 18: 23-35) especially affected him. He saw and felt his sin, and sought and found forgiveness.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 351.)

The Arrival of the Harmony.

WHILE Juliet was thus saying farewells and receiving parting gifts and paying last visits to those Esquimaux families whom at first she had looked upon with disgust, but whom now she loved and was loved in return—during all this leave-taking what had become of Fritz Edelstein?

He, too, had been recovering some measure of health, but not so rapidly as Juliet did now, for his mind was far less at ease. A struggle, unseen, unguessed by his friend at Bethabara, was going on in the heart of the young Moravian, a struggle more painful than the wounds inflicted by the bear. What Fritz had endured in seeing Juliet in danger, had made him feel what she was to him; her words, uttered in delirium, and overheard in the adjoining room, had showed that he was something to her.

"A brother—yes, a brother!" Fritz would often say to himself, but he was not adept at self-deception; the mere idea of the possibility that had he not been already betrothed he might have been something more than a brother, raised a tempest in his soul. The conscience of Fritz was tender, his sense of honor chivalrous, and had he committed some crime, Edelstein could hardly have reproached himself more bitterly than he did for a disloyal thought toward a woman whom he had never seen.

"She trusts herself to the guidance of the Lord in simple faith in His wisdom and my honor; she is leaving family and home, encountering the perils of the sea, the regions of an unknown clime; she comes, as Rebekah came to Isaac, with the truthfulness of a child, willing to give me that loyal affection which of course she expects in return! I shame me that I let a thought wander when the path of duty is so plain. I must never think of Juliet but as a sister; I dare not—I cannot pray to forget her, but the less we meet before she sails for England the better for my peace of conscience. I must avoid her presence; the more intensely I long to be near her, the more resolutely I must keep away."

It was this struggle with himself that kept

Fritz's cheek so pale, and took all the joyous light from his eyes, even when his wounds pained him no more. Fritz determined not to return to the White Bear's Den until close on the time when the Harmony might be expected. So firmly did Edelstein adhere to his conscientious resolution, that the party at Eshcol were beginning to fear that the bridegroom would not be in time to welcome the bride, when Fritz made his long-looked-for appearance.

His face and hands, marked with scars, bore tokens of his fearful encounter with the Arctic bear, but the wounds were perfectly healed. Fritz had the self-command to betray no embarrassment on meeting with Juliet, and replied to her anxious inquiries with a smile.

"I am not quite strong enough for a hunting expedition, or a wrestling match with Samson, but I am up to some work. I am so thankful to see you again looking so well, Miss Erle."

"She looks like an English rose," said Pastor Wilhelm; "if so many years spent in Labrador have not made me forget what the flower is like. Well, Fritz, you're an acknowledged hero among our Labrador folk. They made a banquet off your bear, but they've kept and preserved the skin for you. It will make a magnificent rug for—" The good man hesitated, and stopped short at a warning glance from his wife.

"For your bride," said Juliet Erle. "Oh, Brother Fritz, I shall better express to her than I can to yourself how very, very grateful I feel to you for preserving my life!"

"Grateful to the Lord, not to me," said Fritz; "I did nothing but my duty."

It was little more than this that Fritz could bring himself to say to Juliet. The revelation to him of Juliet's love uttered in delirium had come too soon after the other revelation of his own love for her to permit of easy

commonplace conversation. The ecstatic joy that it might have given him in other circumstances was now an intense misery. The light and joy of life had come so near to him that just to miss it was torture to him. Yet he was bravely resolved to do his duty, but now in Juliet's presence it must be done, with dogged, almost sullen obstinacy. It could not be done lightly or cheerfully.

Juliet on her side, though she strove to be bright and happy in manner, carried a wounded heart within her. She was all unconscious of the suffering Fritz was enduring, having no suspicion that in her illness she had betrayed the secret she had guarded so carefully. With a resolution really stronger than that of Fritz she was bearing herself bravely, resolved that none of the kind friends about her should suspect her grief. But she, too, had passed the point where she could bear to talk long with Fritz as with a brother. She excused herself, and going to her room, took up her pen, intending to make one more, possibly the last entry she would make in her journal before she left Labrador forever. She wrote:

"It is the anniversary of my birthday; the last one—can I ever forget it! At this hour I was standing on the deck of the Quebec with my beloved Maria, and she was warning me, oh, so tenderly, so gently, against the follies, the sins, into which I was madly—"

Here the journal came to an abrupt conclusion; the pen—all unwiped—was flung down, the chair on which Juliet had been seated was well-nigh overturned, so hastily had she started up at the sudden cry, "The Harmony! the Harmony is in sight!"

Juliet's heart beat very fast as she ran out of her room, then through the parlor and porch, and joined the pastor and his wife, who were hurrying down to the beach. Among the Esquimaux all was excitement. Every hut was left empty; the people gathered on the shore laughing, shouting, dancing, and clapping their hands, thinking what the good vessel would bring them. And many a merry look was turned toward Fritz, and some jests made in the Esquimaux tongue, for every one knew that the ship was to bring out a bride.

The pastor was more excited than his wife. Anna was usually calm and possessed, and her present pleasure was by no means unmixed with pain, for was not Juliet to leave her on the morrow?

"When do you think the travellers will land?" asked Anna of her husband; "I can see nothing but the waves."

"She can't anchor for the next hour and a half at the earliest," was the reply; "you see the wind's against her."

"Then had we not better have the bell sounded as usual for morning prayer, and after service take a little breakfast." Anna was always a practical woman, and punctual almost to a fault.

"Prayers if you will—and thanksgiving!" cried the enthusiastic pastor, "but breakfast with the Harmony in sight! Nay, nay, we must have a grand—a superlative breakfast; you must use up everything left of your stores, and let the Esquimaux bring in whatever Labrador affords. We shall have guests—guests!" The good man rubbed his hands in unrestrainable excitement. "Go, Samson, let the church-bell be sounded, let the ringer pull with a will, that our brethren may hear it over the sea; and then after service, let every one gather branches and mosses and flowers to deck the place for tomorrow's wedding."

Very loudly the bell rung.

"Fritz, why you're the calmest of us all!" cried the pastor. "I do believe that you're more fit to take the service than I am."

"I am quite ready to take it," said Fritz. By earnest prayer young Edelstein had gained the victory over himself. He was calm and resigned, though he could not feel joyous. He avoided even looking at Juliet.

After the service there was a general scatter-

ing in all directions to seek for grasses and flowers, or for materials for a banquet. The Harmony, battling against the land breeze, took a good deal more time than the pastor had calculated on before she could reach the anchoring place. At last she came near enough for figures on deck to be seen; flags waving, signals flying, she bore on her way toward the White Bear's Den.

Pastor Wilhelm, his wife, with Fritz and Juliet, stood on the shore watching the vessel's approach.

"Of course she has stopped a day or two at White Havens," said the pastor; "she was to leave a missionary couple there, and part of her cargo."

"Perhaps when the captain hears of the sad losses last winter at Bethabara, he may take on the pair there, instead of dropping them at White Havens," observed Anna; "in that case we shall have a large party of guests. Let's see—we'll sit down four—six—seven—eight, and the sailors on the bit of lawn, all as hungry as grampus. Oh, Juliet, my child, we must hurry off at once to see to the cooking! Lena! Lena! we shall want two—three—four dozen of eggs; and see if you can't get some one to bring us in a pair of wild geese!"

Pastor Wilhelm seemed the only one at leisure to watch the movements of the vessel; he was to give a signal as soon as the Harmony should be able to anchor and put out a boat. That signal, very loudly given, at once brought every one again in haste to the beach. They could hear the "Yo-he-yoo" of the sailors at their work. Then saw the boat lowered over the side.

"There's the captain—our old friend—bless him!" cried the pastor, gleeful as a boy; "he's weathered many a voyage. Two passengers—one in a bonnet and veil. Fritz, here comes your bride!"

Juliet felt greatly excited, and pressed to the side of Anna. Fritz went forward, ready to plunge into the surf, to help to pull in the boat.

"My dear child—Juliet—what is she like?" whispered Anna, with irrepressible curiosity. "Oh, if I had eyes—just for one minute!"

"Not what I expected," said Juliet, softly; Anna's quick ear detected disappointment in her tone.

"Anna, my dear!" exclaimed the pastor, as Fritz dashed into the surf, "she's plump as a porpoise, and old enough to be Fritz's mother; I never saw such a bride in my life!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed Sister Anna, in real distress, "how could our brethren make such a blunder!"

Juliet did not speak, she was ready to burst into tears.

"Fritz does not seem to mind," said the pastor, laughing; "he's shaking her hand with both his own, as if he were the happiest bridegroom in the world!"

The boat's keel grated on the pebbles. Fritz handed out the stout lady, as he had handed out Juliet before on her first arrival at Eshcol.

The captain jumped out of the boat, made his way to where his old friends were standing, and shook hands most heartily with the Moravian pastor and Anna; he did not at first notice Juliet, who had shrunk behind them.

"There is just one bit of bad news which you have to break to our poor Fritz," said the captain.

"What—his father has—"

"No, no; his father is all right," said the captain. "But Sister Bessy, who was quite prepared to come—outfit ready—friends agreed—took a bad cold; doctor called in—he said her chest was weak—she must not attempt a winter in Labrador, so she is to be sent to the Mauritius instead."

"And that—that is her substitute?" said poor Pastor Wilhelm, glancing at the newly arrived, who was, with Fritz's assistance, getting a bag and sundry wraps and nondescript articles out of the boat.

The captain burst into a laugh, a loud hearty

explosive laugh, which for some moments made him unable to speak. "What!" he exclaimed, brimming over with mirth, "you actually mistook Brother Smidt's good wife, the mother of five children, for a bride sent out to Eshcol! No, no; things are not so managed or mismanaged at home! Sister Louisa—she's the best creature in the world, a true missionary's wife, but she has been in the field these fifteen years, and a rare good worker she has been. She and her husband go on with me to Bethabara, to labor there till directions come from headquarters."

Brother Wilhelm and Anna could not restrain their mirth, though they made great efforts to do so, as they met and welcomed the Smidts. Then there was no need to "break the news" to Fritz, as might be seen by his happy face. He had recognized and most joyfully greeted the Smidts, whom he had known when he was a boy in England, and had heard from them of the failure of the home friends to send him a wife. Sister Bessy he remembered faintly, and but for the arrival of Juliet and the feelings which she had aroused he would have been content to take her as his wife; but not now. Fritz felt as if a heavy weight were removed from his heart.

"Brother Wilhelm, Sister Anna—these have been like parents to me!" was Fritz's introduction of his friends to the missionary of Eshcol.

"And what sister have we here?" asked Brother Smidt, a tall man with bald head, broad brow, and calm penetrating gaze, as to his surprise he saw Juliet Erle. His surprise was shared by his wife and the captain, to whom the apparition of an aristocratic lady in Labrador was most unexpected.

"She is a dear shipwrecked child," said Pastor Wilhelm, who had quite changed his earlier impressions of Juliet's character; "a pearl cast on our shore, we may say, by the waves, or rather brought here by the Lord, to be a blessing to us all."

Juliet had her share of kindly greetings and hand-shakings, and then the cheerful party all turned toward the Missionary Home, well prepared to do justice to an abundant meal.

Anna could hardly find leisure to whisper to her husband, "Is it not possible after all that our dear Juliet may not leave us?"

"Get Fritz to persuade her to stay," said Brother Wilhelm, with hardly suppressed mirth; and never had the pastor's kindly eyes brightened with a merrier twinkle than when he added: "You have made two feather quilts—one for the parting, the other for the expected guest—I should not be much surprised should our Juliet come in for them both."

The idea was very pleasant to the good pastor's mind. Why, he thought, should not these two be united immediately? The little church was ready decked for a wedding. Everything was prepared, but the bride was not come. Well, here was a substitute better than the lady expected. The pastor would have united Sister Bessy and Fritz if Sister Bessy had come; there would have been nothing else possible, if she had come out for the purpose. He would have performed the ceremony assured that in some way God would have made matters right. But his pleasure would not have been unalloyed. Knowing what he knew of Juliet's love revealed in her delirium, guessing as he did the state of Fritz Edelstein's affections he would have sympathized with the two stricken hearts, and pitied Sister Bessy for having to marry a man whose love was given to another. It would have been a sad case for all three. It seemed as if Providence had interfered to prevent the calamity. Bessy's non-arrival was a blessing, not a misfortune, in his eyes, and the natural course was to take advantage of it, and let Juliet and Fritz follow their inclinations. Let there be a wedding by all means, and without delay.

This was simple Pastor Wilhelm's view of the matter at first, and very gleeful it made him. He could hardly give his mind to the landing of such part of the cargo as was destined for

Eshcol; he had never before been so indifferent as to the contents of casks rolled on the beach, or parcels tossed out from the boat.

But when the good man was able at last to impart his plans to the newly-arrived Moravians, he found rather, to his dismay, that the idea of a marriage which he represented as a providential arrangement, was not received by them with perfect satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

JESUS AND ABRAHAM.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 20, John 8: 31-59. Golden Text, verse 59.

A Sad Period—The Hour Appointed for the Experience—The Ineffable Name Claimed—An Awful Doom—Christ's Self-Abnegation—Freedom Offered—The Bondage of Sin—Victims Bound by their Vices—The Time of Release—A Fearful Parentage Indicated.

THERE is something overwhelmingly sad in the description of those days which Jesus spent in Jerusalem—He seeking to save, seeking to lead men to Himself that they might be saved; they seeking by every means in their power to resist His influence, falsify His teaching, and even to criminate Him. But eager as were His enemies to take Him, no man laid hands on Him, for His hour was not yet come. But had we seen the secrets of His heart we should have found that His hour *was* come for the very experience through which He was then passing; this discouraging, heartsickening atmosphere of argument and criticism, this bitter persecution on the part of those for whom He was every moment a living Sacrifice—all this was no mere chance, "For this cause came I unto this hour" (John 12: 27). Oh, how He longed to save them! Oh, how real was the loss of a soul to Him! He said: "I go My way, and ye shall seek Me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go, ye cannot come." It was this from which Jesus came to save men, and He added: "If ye believe not that

I AM,

ye shall die in your sins." Long ago God had revealed Himself to Moses as the great I AM, the self-existing God, and added: "I am that I am." This was the title now claimed by Jesus. No man can be saved from His sins but by believing that Jesus Christ, who died for him, is the Son of God, the I am, the Christ of God. This the Scribes and Pharisees would not believe. True, He did the works which none other man did, He spake as no other man ever spake, He was unlike every other, for He sought not and received not honor from man; but He was one who brought no honor to anybody, who made no one satisfied with himself, who did not exalt the Jewish name, and could in no way be called one of earth's great ones. He was not to their taste, He did not answer their expectations, He was altogether too mystical for them, too spiritual. The very fact that He came endued with powers and gifts which they might look for in the Messiah made them the more angry, and made them feel more desperate in their opposition. Jesus did not hide the truth. "Ye are from beneath," He said; "I am from above: ye are of this world; I am not of this world. I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins."

DIE IN YOUR SINS!

What a fate! Oh, how different from falling asleep in Jesus! To go out of this world bound by an indissoluble tie to all our past sins, bound to them for an endless eternity, breathing over and over again forever the atmosphere of sin in which we pass out of this world—what a maddening prospect! Yet there are many who choose it rather than to believe and confess that Jesus Christ, their Saviour, is the very Son of God, and that He dwells in them!

Again they asked him: "Who art Thou?" and He replied: "Even the same that I said unto you from the beginning. I have many things to say and to judge of you; but He that hath sent Me is true; and I speak to the world

those things which I have heard of Him." With their carnal conceptions they did not understand that Jesus spoke of His Father. Had they possessed the power to do mighty works which they saw in Him, they would never have spoken of the authority of another as He did; they would have made the most of themselves, and no doubt they were irritated beyond measure because Jesus was so independent of all earthly glory. Then He said: "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am, and that I do nothing of Myself; but as the Father hath taught Me, I speak these things. And He that sent Me is with Me; the Father hath not left Me alone; for I do always those things that please Him." He had before said: "The Son can do *nothing* of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do;" and again: "I can of Mine own self do nothing" (John 5: 19, 30). The Jews looked for a conquering Messiah, who should make everybody bend to him, and they could not tolerate

THIS SELF-EMPTY MAN,

who made Himself the servant of all men, who made no assumption of earthly prerogative, and even called Himself a nothing. They did not want a Messiah who was always referring to an unseen God whose nearness they might assent to, but they did not practically realize. Yet there were some who believed on Him when He spake these words, some to whom "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength" had been a reality, the command of a real Divine Person with whom they had to do, and these, to whom the Word of God was real, had never seen that law fulfilled in the spirit as well as the letter by any other man—they believed on Him.

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

This was to them a direct attack on their national pride. *Free!* "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest Thou, Ye shall be made free?" Their conceptions were all earthly, bounded by time and sense; they had no spiritual ideas whatever. But Jesus came to set up a kingdom in the hearts of men of which they did not even dream. He answered them: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." Oh, how true this is! Ask the poor drunkard in his sober moments if he is a free man, and he will tell you how gladly he would escape the slavery if he could, but he is bound by the chains of his sins; he once yielded up his will to sin, and from that time lost all power over it. Ask the impure man if he is free. Society may ignore in him what it revolts from in the very one whom he has trodden under foot; but is *he* free? Is he not as great a slave as she whom his heartless tyranny has made an outcast? Ask the man or the woman who is possessed with a spirit of jealousy if he or she is free. Ask the guilty thief shunning the light of day, ask the murderer, are they free? No; whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin. But, thank God, the servant abideth not in the house forever; there is a time of going *free*, and our "year of

RELEASE" IS AT HAND

(Deut. 15: 1, 12). "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation" (II Cor. 6: 2). But though the servant abideth not in the house forever, and we may be and shall be loosed if the Son make us free, yet the Son abideth ever, and Jesus, the Son of God, seeks an abiding dwelling-place in our hearts.

Reader, are you still "the slave of sin"? Are you, perhaps, a child of God, and yet often overcome by besetting sins? Is there some bondage which has never yet been broken, something—temper, discontent, worry, self-pity, jealousy, self-consciousness—which recurs again and again, and which makes you its slave, which uses your life to speak of it, your mind to think

of it, your heart to feel it, and to remember it until you feel you are mastered by it? Thank God, there is deliverance for you. The Son waits to make you free and to abide in the house, in your heart forever, to receive from you a willing, spontaneous service, which His own deep love makes easy. Do you say with the Jews: "I am Abraham's seed, I *have* faith, I am converted, I have experienced sanctification, what more do I need? I am not worse than others." The Lord may say to you: "If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham." God has taught us in His Word that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14: 23)—*i.e.*, sin in *His* sight; on our side "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4: 17). If we take the position of being Abraham's seed—*i.e.*, men of faith, we must then take God's view of sin, and accept God's way of freedom from it.

Jesus had these several grounds of condemnation against these professors: "My word hath no place in you. . . . Ye seek to kill Me, a man that hath told you the truth. . . . Ye do not understand My speech. . . . because ye cannot hear My word. . . . Because I tell you the truth, ye believe Me not." And on the ground that their deeds did not resemble Abraham, but the devil, who is the father of lies, Jesus told them the unwelcome home-truth: "Ye do the deeds of your father. . . . Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." Things were reaching a crisis; these men were come into contact with Him who is the light of the world. If they would not walk in the light, they must nevertheless see themselves in the revealing clearness of that light. They claimed: "We be not born of fornication; we have one Father, even God." But the full glare of the light came upon them in the words: "If God were your Father, ye would love Me: for I proceeded forth and came from God. . . . He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God."

Filled with the spirit of retaliation and debate, the Jews again accused Jesus of having a devil. But He led them out of their depth, and said: "If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death." They understood nothing of that everlasting life which lives through the grave and bridges it, that which ceases to die when the body dies, and which contains the germ of "that body which shall be" (I Cor. 15: 37). This exasperated them to the utmost. "Now we know that Thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets. . . . Art Thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead? and the prophets are dead: whom makest Thou Thyself? Jesus answered, If I honor Myself, My honor is nothing: it is My Father that honoreth Me; of whom ye say, that He is your God: yet ye have not known Him. . . . Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it, and was glad. . . . Before Abraham was, I am." He spoke the simple, unvarnished truth, but the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God (I Cor. 2: 14); they did not know God, they were not of God, and instead of accepting their Saviour they took up stones to cast at Him. But the Father of whom He spoke shielded Him. "He hid Himself, and went out of the temple, passing through the midst of them, and so passed by."

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 35 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York.

THESE MANY YEARS.

DEUTERONOMY 8: 2.

THESE many years! What lessons they unfold
Of grace and guidance through the wilderness,
From the same God that Israel of old
In the Shekinah glory did possess.
How faithful He, through all my griefs and fears
And constant murmurings, these many years!

God of the Covenant! From first to last,
From when I stood within that sprinkled door
And o'er my guilt the avenging angel passed,
Thy better angel has gone on before;
And naught but goodness all the way appears,
Unmerited and free, these many years!

Thy presence wrought a pathway through the sea;
Thy presence made the bitter waters sweet;
And daily have Thy hands prepared for me
Sweet, precious morsels—lying at my feet.
'Twas but to stoop and taste the grace that cheers,
And start refreshed, through all these many years!

What time I thirsted and earth's streams were dry,
What time I wandered and my hope was gone,
Thy hand has brought a pure and full supply,
And, by a loving pressure, lured me on.
How oft that hand hath wiped away my tears
And written "Pardoned!" all these many years!

And what of discipline Thy love ordained
Fell ever gently on this heart of mine;
Around its briars was my spirit trained
To bring forth fruits of righteousness divine;
Wisdom in every check, and love appears
In every stroke throughout these many years!

Lord, what I might have been my spirit knows—
Rebellious, petulant, and apt to stray;
Lord, what I am, in spite of flesh and foes,
I owe to grace that kept me in the way.
Thine be the glory! Merit disappears
As back I look upon these many years.

Thine be the glory! Thou shalt have the praise
For all Thy dealings, to my latest breath;
A daily Ebenezer will I raise,
And sing Salvation through the vale of death—
To where the palm, the golden harp appears,
There to rehearse Thy love through endless years.

—The Christian.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. 0.75 distance no insurance as we give Retra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Lecture on Dante,

By CANON FARRAR, which thousands have paid \$1.00 each to hear, now published at 3 cents. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address
J. S. OGLIVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.

THE KINGDOM.

A New Monthly, devoted to Full Salvation, Divine Healing, and the Deep Things of God:

Edited by Capt. R. KELSO CARTER.

First number will appear July 1, 1886. Send your address now for any number of specimen copies free, to

THE KINGDOM PUBLISHING CO., Chester, Pa.

DEMONOLOGY or SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By ELDER E. F. HANSON.

A History of Spiritualism from the early days of Man until the present time. A complete exposition of the POWER BEHIND the scenes. Startling disclosures: Spiritualism unveiled.

Written by one whose parents were Spiritualists, and who was himself a Spiritualist and attended the Lectures and Seances until he was twenty-three years of age, and witnessed its phenomena in all its phases—from the tiny rap to spirit materialization—from slate-writing to a floating violin in mid-air played by invisible hands—and therefore writes from personal knowledge of the system.

Bound in cloth, with portrait of the author, 12mo, 310 pages, price, \$1.00.

*** Sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Address J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

Notes and Suggestions FOR BIBLE READINGS.

S. R. Briggs and J. H. Elliott.

Acknowledged to be the very best help for Bible Readings in print. Introductory chapters by

L. W. Whittle,
Rev. Lyman Abbott,
Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D.,
Rev. Stewart Robinson, D.D.,
Rev. J. Erdman,
Rev. A. Somerville,
Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.

And OVER SIX HUNDRED BIBLE READINGS AND BIBLE STUDIES by some of the most eminent Bible students of the day.

This volume is without doubt the most complete and satisfactory as well as the largest and cheapest book of Bible Readings published.

One very valuable feature of this work and wherein it differs from other books of a somewhat similar character, is in the line of thought being given with very nearly every scripture reference quoted, without which a book of Bible Readings is of little more help than an ordinary concordance in preparing for this useful branch of Christian instruction.

262 pages, large 12mo, with complete Index. Bound in cloth, Library Edition, \$1.00; cheap paper cover edition, 50 cents.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

The New Sunday School Song Book, by LOWAY & DOANE, is crowded with stirring Hymns set to fresh and delightful music by the authors and others, acknowledged to be among the most popular composers in the land.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Should be examined before you purchase. It is a book that will stand the test; the Hymns are first-class and the music is faultless.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Is sold at \$25 per 100 copies, which is much cheaper than books of new music of its class have ever been offered before.

Sent for examination on receipt of price.

SPECIMEN PAGES FREE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 E. Ninth St., New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

A Literary Coup d'etat.

An Elegant Half Morocco bound volume, containing Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," complete, large type, 606 pages, offered till September 1, 1886, for only 40 cents, or by mail, 50 cents. The object of this otherwise absurd and ruinous price is advertising. Order direct, or of any responsible Bookseller or Club Agent. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.



Canon Farrar's

TEMPERANCE Address, 2 Cents, or 15 copies 25 cents. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York.

SILKS.

James M'Creery & Co.

will make a special offering this week of a large stock of Rich Imported Black Silks in Satin and Other Effects at a very marked reduction in price.

They will also, in view of disposing of their entire Spring importations of fancy silks during this month, offer their present assortments at unusually low prices.

A personal examination or by sample is invited.

JAMES M'CREERY & CO.,
Broadway & 11th St., N. Y.

New Temperance Publications.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has recently published the following valuable publications:

Readings and Recitations, No. 6. By Miss L. Penney. 12mo, 120 pages. Price in cloth binding, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.
John B. Gough. His Anniversary Addresses for the National Temperance Society, with Sketches of his Life and Work by Rev. Joseph Cook and Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler. 12mo, 48 pages.
Prohibition Continues to Prohibit. By J. N. Stearns. 12mo, 24 pages.
The latest facts concerning the results of prohibition ritual and Manual for Bands of Hope and other Juvenile Organizations. By Thos. R. Thompson. 18mo, 36 pages.
The Two Bars. 12mo, 96 pages.
An excellent story, the religious and temperance teachings of which are excellent.

Band of Hope Songster. Compiled by J. N. Stearns. 12mo, 64 pages, board covers, 20 cents paper.
This is an entirely new collection of words and music from the pens of the best authors, for use in Bands of Hope, Sunday-Schools, Juvenile Temperance Organizations, etc.

Besides these the Society publishes a large variety of Tracts, Cards, Song-Books, Books for Sunday School Libraries, Text-Books, etc., etc. Catalogue sent free on application. Address

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

HATCH

1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$1 a dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success. CHICKS BY THE HEN. N. lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

STEAM

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 12 CENTS EUREKA RECITATIONS.

BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL, the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Five numbers now ready. Each one contains 128 pages and handsome lithograph cover. Price, only 12 cents each. Address J. S. OGLIVIE & CO., Publisher (P. O. Box 2767,) 31 Rose St., New York.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoiding Agents & Dealers)—and send this Beautiful 5 Octave Solid Waxed BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70 for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matches in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.
—ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877

THE "MANHATTAN" OF NEW YORK,

156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."

This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary life plan. "It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN

This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advanced years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest age, a statement will be sent to you. Mention this paper.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 24.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS BRIDE, AND PICTURE OF THE WEDDING.

THE WORST FOE OF LABOR. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

CURRENT EVENTS: Senator Beck's Bill on Senatorial Lawyers—The Nicaragua Canal Project—An Attack on the Civil Service Law—The Oregon Election, etc.

PICTURE OF HOLYROOD PALACE.

MYSTERIOUS MEAT. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE MILLENNIUM. By Rev. A. C. Tris.

PORTRAIT OF REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMMENCING FAMILY PRAYER. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. (Continued.)

"Go and Sin no More." By Mrs. M. Baxter.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS BRIDE—The Wedding in the White House.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

An Enemy's Tribute—Birth in 1837—Early Life—Settlement in Buffalo—Called to the Bar in 1859—Mayor of Buffalo in 1881—Elected Governor of New York in 1882—The Presidency.

As in time of war the white flag of truce sometimes waves over men in amity who the day before were in fierce conflict, so by common consent the wedding of the President was accepted throughout the country as a signal for a truce to political animosity. The *New York Tribune*, the most implacable and unrelenting of the President's opponents in the press, very gracefully took the lead in this magnanimous movement. On the morning of the wedding it printed an editorial, the following extract from which is so true to the public feeling that we quote it here with congratulations to the *Tribune* on its affability: "Experienced observers assert that there are more politics to the square inch in this land of ours than in any of the countries beyond the sea. But if politics do abound in America kindness does much more abound; and the wedding which takes place at the White House this evening is attended by the hearty congratulations of all the people of the thirty-eight States and the nine Territories. On this occasion we are all enthusiastic Democrats—or, at least, all sympathetic indorsers of the latest phase of the 'policy' of the Administration. By common consent the tariff, the currency, and other cold-blooded causes of division are laid on the table, while both parties and all parties, forgetting political ties in the contemplation of tenderer ones, unite as one affectionate family in giving expression to their heartfelt wishes for the happiness of the President and his bride. . . . May their days be long and unclouded in the land. May they live to celebrate their golden wedding by the light of an unwasted honeymoon. So say we all of us."

During the campaign of 1884 Mr. Cleveland's record was so minutely examined and every detail about him so extensively published, that the briefest sketch of his life is all that is necessary in this place to maintain our usual custom of giving a biography when we publish a portrait.

THE FAMILY.

Grover Cleveland was born at Caldwell, N. J., on March 18th, 1837. He is therefore now forty-nine years of age. His great-grandfather, Aaron Cleveland, who was a native of Norwich, Conn., was in 1779 a member of the Legislature. He afterward became a Congregational minister, and died at New Haven in 1815. Richard Cleveland, the father of Governor Cleveland, was born at Norwich in 1804, and was a graduate of Yale College. He taught school in Baltimore, studied theology, spent some months at Princeton, and in 1828 was ordained a Presbyterian clergyman. Grover Cleveland, who was the fifth of nine children, was educated at the public schools of New Jersey and at an academy in Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y.

At the age of sixteen he became a clerk in the New York Blind Asylum. There he happened to meet a young man who prevailed upon him to seek his fortunes in the Far West. They started for Cleveland, O. On their way they stopped at Buffalo, N. Y., where young Cleveland paid his respects to his uncle, Mr. Lewis F. Allen. This gentleman was very favorably impressed with the young man, whom he saw for the first time. As much to dissuade his nephew from the Western venture as anything, Mr. Allen told him that he was in need of a clerk, and if he would stop in Buffalo he should have the situation. The offer was accepted, but after a short time the young man persuaded his uncle to let him study law, and consent was given. He was articled to a law firm in Buffalo, and served them so much to their satisfaction, that they voluntarily paid him a handsome salary. In 1859 Mr. Cleveland was

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.

He continued, however, with his employers for four years afterward. He was then appointed Assistant District Attorney for the county of

Erie, which position he filled for a period of three years. He was nominated by the Democratic County Convention in 1865 for District Attorney to succeed Mr. Torrance, but was defeated at the polls by Lyman K. Bass. Mr. Cleveland then formed a law partnership with the late I. V. Vanderpoel on the 1st of August, 1866, which was continued until January, 1869. He then became a member of the firm of Laning, Cleveland & Folsom, the late A. P. Laning and the late Oscar Folsom—*whose daughter he has now married*—being his associates. The firm remained in existence for two years, and until Mr. Cleveland retired therefrom, to assume the duties of Sheriff of Erie County, to which office he was chosen at the election in November, 1870. At the expiration of his official term as Sheriff he became a member of the firm of Messrs. Bass, Cleveland & Bissell, with Lyman K. Bass and Wilson S. Bissell as associates. From this Mr. Bass soon retired, owing to ill-health, and the firm became Cleveland & Bissell. In 1881 Mr. Cleveland was elected

MAYOR OF BUFFALO

by an unprecedented majority, running five thousand ahead of his own ticket. He threw himself into the duties of his office with the vigor and plodding industry for which he is famous, and soon became master of every detail of the city government. Several remarkable vetoes came from his pen during his mayoralty, which attracted public attention by their manly regard for honesty and their disregard of party ties.

The peculiar situation of the Republican Party in New York State in 1882 resulted in a bolt of prominent men from the decision of the State Convention. Popular as was Mr. Folger, the Republican candidate for Governor, there was an impression produced in the party that his nomination had been effected by discreditable methods. Regret was expressed that so respected a man as Mr. Folger should suffer, but a large number of Republicans resolved that they would not support a nomination arranged as that was believed to have been. When, therefore, the Democrats nominated Mr. Cleveland, the dissatisfied Republicans gave him their votes. Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor of the Empire State by the enormous majority of 192,854.

THE PRESIDENCY.

Two years later came the Presidential election. The nomination by the Republican Convention of Mr. James G. Blaine was made with the knowledge that it was distasteful to certain Republican leaders; but so strong was the candidate and so enthusiastic were his friends, that it was believed that the opposition to him would be counterbalanced. That conviction very nearly came true—but not quite. Mr. Cleveland did not carry New York by 192,000 votes in 1884, but he did carry it, and it gave him the Presidency. Since his election his popularity with his party has not increased. He has been slow in making removals, and disappointed place-hunters have been numerous. The Republicans who voted for him, however, are well content, and have never wavered in their confidence in him.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

Birth in 1864—The Death of her Father—School and College—Floral Tributes from the President—Appearance and Character.

MRS. CLEVELAND, whose portrait appears with that of her husband on the first page, is, as we have already intimated, the daughter of the late Oscar Folsom, one of Mr. Cleveland's law partners. She was born at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 21st, 1864, and is therefore now in her twenty-second year. Her first name, says the *Buffalo Courier*, which publishes the most reliable sketch of her life, is Frank, not Frances, as has been generally supposed. When she was only eleven years old she was bereaved of her father, who was killed in a runaway accident while driving his buggy. After his death she and her mother went to reside with Mrs. Harmon, the

mother of Mrs. Folsom, at Medina. There she attended the High School. The widow and her daughter subsequently returned to Buffalo, where Miss Folsom went to the Central School. There she was noted for close attention to study, and when she graduated her certificates entitled her to admission to the Sophomore Class of Wells College.

Of her career at Wells College the *Courier* says: "Miss Folsom was a great favorite at the college, and her power of winning the love and unswerving allegiance of many friends is a direct inheritance from her father, for a more genial, generous-hearted, and companionable man than the late Oscar Folsom never lived. Her tall, commanding figure, frankness, and sincerity made her the queen of the school. She was graduated from Wells College in June, 1885, her graduating essay taking the form of a story. The hampers of flowers sent to her nearly every week, beginning about the second year of her college life, from the Executive Mansion at Albany, and the particularly abundant supply that came from the White House conservatories when she was graduated, was but one of many little attentions paid her, the knowledge of which her college mates spread abroad on scattering to their distant homes for the summer vacations, thus exciting public gossip concerning Miss Folsom's relations to the President."

Miss Folsom's character is that of an unspoiled, ingenuous girl, full of self-possession, and with too much common-sense to be overcome by her sudden elevation. Her chief characteristic is *intense loyalty to her mother*, who is a charming woman. Between them exists that perfect confidence and sympathy too seldom seen between parent and child. Miss Folsom's life has had its deeper side, as is evident by her becoming early in life a member of the *Central Presbyterian Church* of Buffalo. She is old for her years, and too observing and tactful to make any mistakes, which, even should they occur, would be forgiven in one so young and inexperienced, obliged suddenly to regulate her life by the complicated etiquette of society at the capital. One of her accomplishments is a rare gift for letter-writing. In dress her taste is very simple.

THE WEDDING.

UNUSUAL interest was aroused about the ceremony, for never before has the White House been the scene of such an event with its official occupant in the character of the bridegroom. There have been weddings before this in the White House, but Mr. Cleveland is the first President to enter matrimony in the old mansion. Reporters, however, were rigorously excluded, but a full report of the ceremony was sent to the press by Colonel Lamont, the President's private secretary, who in early life was on the staff of the *New York Sun*.

About five o'clock on Wednesday, June 2d, the usual attendants at the White House began to appear about the place with their best clothes on. All of the clerks and attachés, to the laundress, were notified that they might witness the ceremony, and they were filled with gratitude at the privilege. Jerry, the footman, came out with a roll of velvet matting, which he spread over the flagging of the porch from the carriage way to the entrance, and Hawkins, the coachman, made his appearance in a new plum-colored livery and yellow gloves to open the carriage doors as the guests arrived. A captain of police, with one arm done up in a sling, arrived with a squad of policemen, and notified the crowd that began to gather about the place that they must keep away from the portico.

By half past six every member of the Cabinet except the Attorney-General had arrived. Mr. Garland's dislike to all ceremonies being notorious, he was not expected, and a remark he made to a friend implied that the President had excused him. The other invited guests were all assembled in the Blue Room. At seven o'clock a hush of expectancy fell on the brilliant group. Starting from the western corridor on the upper

floor, the President came slowly down the western staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied, even the bride's mother awaiting her with the other guests. Passing through the central corridor, the bride and groom entered the Blue Room and took a position near the southern wall, which was completely hidden from sight by a mass of nodding palms, tropical grasses, and an endless variety of choice flowers.

The crystal chandelier poured a flood of mellow radiance upon the scene, and the colors of the massive banks of scarlet begonias and royal Jaqueminot roses, mingling with the blue and silver tints of the frescoed walls and ceiling, gave a warm and glowing tone to the whole brilliant interior. The delicate ivory shades of the bride's wedding gown found an exquisite setting in the masses of crimson roses immediately beyond. The President was in full evening dress, with turn-down collar, white lawn necktie, and white enamel studs.

The President's pastor, Dr. Sunderland (*whose portrait appears on page 380*), stepped forward to his position fronting the wedding couple. In a distinct tone of voice and with a deliberate utterance, the doctor began the simple and beautiful wedding service of the Presbyterian Church.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly-married pair. She was followed by Miss Rose E. Cleveland, the President's sister, and the Rev. William Cleveland, his brother, and the other relatives and friends in turn. While the congratulations were in progress the band, under the leadership of Professor Sousa, performed the bridal chorus and march from "Lohengrin," and to this music the President and his wife led the way into the stately East Room.

Our lady readers will be interested in knowing that the bride's wedding dress was of ivory satin, simply garnished on the high corsage with India muslin crossed in Grecian folds and carried in exquisite falls of simplicity over the petticoat. The orange blossom garniture, commencing upon the veil in a superb coronet, continued throughout the costume with artistic skill. Her veil of tulle, about five yards in length, completely enveloped her, falling to the edge of the petticoat in front and extending the entire length of her full court train. She carried no flowers and wore no jewelry, except an engagement ring, containing a sapphire and two diamonds.

About an hour after the conclusion of the ceremony the President and his bride slipped quietly away from the White House to a carriage, in which they drove to the spot where President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, had his private car waiting. They entered, and were soon on their way to the pleasant retreat at Deer Park, Md., which had been placed at their disposal by ex-Senator Henry Davis, of West Virginia. A little less than a week was all the holiday the President allowed himself, and on June 8th he was back again at his desk in Washington.

An Example to Employers who Have Trouble with their men has been set by the New England Granite Works of Westerly, R. I. The president of the company operating the works has persuaded the directors and shareholders to make an experiment dating back to the beginning of this year. The men are to be paid the present rate of wages, the shareholders are to receive legal interest on their investment, and at the end of the year whatever balance remains is to be divided into three parts. One of these will go to the shareholders, one to the workmen, and one to a permanent reserve fund formed to meet emergencies, losses, etc. This experiment will be watched with interest. If it proves successful it may be the model of a scheme for the solution of the labor problem. It certainly promises well.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Visit to an Attic.—At a Recent Meeting the Rev. Mr. M'Donand said: "I remember visiting a woman who lived in an attic of a back house, and a more wretched room I never entered. It had no fireplace, not even a bed nor a chair; nothing was to be seen in the wretched hovel but some straw in a corner. I pitied the inmate as she stood there in the midst of her misery, for she had known better times; she had once been a respectable married woman, but drink, as usual, had brought her to this. I told her that God loved her. She tried hard to convince me that God did not love her, but I only repeated the words: 'God loves you; God loves you.' At last she came to see, and was convinced of the fact that God *did* love her, and a bright day has dawned upon her."

Shaking the Duke's Hand.—"At the Battle of Waterloo, on one occasion when a party of the enemy came suddenly down upon the British, the Duke of Wellington sent for one of his officers. When the officer appeared in his presence the Duke asked him if he could take a certain battery. 'Give me a shake of your conquering hand, and I will take it,' replied the officer. He wound his way round the hill with a few men, and the very fact that his brave commander's eye was upon him nerved him with courage to go boldly forward and execute the duty that was assigned to him; and with some of his master's courageous spirit he soon put to flight the French. Oh, that Christians had that faith in their Captain!"

The Leaf an Infidel Tore Out.—A Clergyman remarked: "I visited an infidel's house in Edinburgh and asked to see his Bible. On looking through it I found that the leaf which contained the third chapter of John was torn out, so great was his hatred of these words of Jesus, 'Ye must be born again.' But although he tore the words from his Bible, they were no less true, and he could not tear them from his memory and heart. Yes, there they were stamped upon his unregenerated heart, and he could not get clear of them, and they greatly troubled him. But I have known people whose consciences were so seared by sin that even that solemn truth had no effect, and they went down to everlasting death with the greatest sin of all, that of unbelief, upon them. It is an awful reality that 'ye must be born again.'"

Paying the Car Fare.—The Rev. Mr. Graham said: "Not long ago I was travelling in a horse-car in London. The conductor came inside to collect the fares, and there was a lady sitting beside me who had forgotten her purse. She made known this fact to the collector, but he insisted on having the money. A lady opposite kindly offered to pay it, but the other would scarcely accept it until she saw she was getting into trouble, and even then she would not take it until she got the name and address of the lady that she might return the money, so great was her aversion to accept a penny for nothing. Such is the case with sinners; it is long before they will accept salvation as a gift, so great is the dislike of many to take anything for nothing; they will not receive a penny's worth of grace without at least doing something to merit it. 'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is *the gift* of God.'"

An Unblushing Admission.—The Rev. George Gladstone said: "I was speaking to a man in my vestry, and his difficulty was this: 'Oh,' he said, 'I do wish to be a Christian, but I cannot believe God.' 'Suppose,' I said, 'that I told you that when I was coming down to the church to-night I met a carriage drawn by four horses, would you believe me?' 'Yes,' he said, with a look of surprise. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because I know all you say is truth,' he replied. 'Can you sit there and look me in the face, and say you believe what I say, and do not believe what God says?' 'I cannot help it; how am I to believe?' he asked, in a distressed voice. 'Instead of asking how am I to believe, ask yourself, What is it that God wants me to believe?'

Here is the point on which so many stumble; they will believe anything or any one but the Gospel. Dear friends, God can only free us from the condemnation of His just law through believing in His glorious Son. For the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The Challenge of a Daniel.—Sergeant Mathers said: "A friend told me of a young man who was a true soldier of the cross, and suffered much in consequence, not only from his companions, but from his own father, who was overseer in the same works. That young man showed forth Christ in all his actions, even when his companions who worked with him were unusually provoking in tormenting him about his religion, and, I am ashamed to say, were often encouraged in their wickedness by his own father. One morning, after enduring their cruel and insulting words for some time, he turned to them with a calm look and said: 'Friends, tell me, is there anything in my life that is not consistent in a Christian? If there is, tell it to me, and I will kneel in your presence and ask God to forgive me.' Complete silence fell on the men; not one dared to open his mouth as that young man stood there and challenged them to find anything against him."

Laughed Out of a Good Thing.—"I was talking to a lad the other night who said that he was a backslider. 'What was the matter?' I said. 'Was the Lord Jesus not good enough for you?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'it was not that, but I had to suffer a great deal of persecution from my companions.' 'What!' I said, looking at the young man; 'you do not seem to be very much the worse for it. You have not lost an arm, nor an eye, nor do I see anything the matter with you.' 'No,' he replied, rather ashamed; 'it is not that, but I was laughed at, and jeered at so much, and told that it was just a silly notion, and the sooner I got clear of it the better. So I could bear it no longer and gave it all up.' So this is what he, like many more, called persecution. He could not even stand being scoffed at for Christ's sake. Let such remember that one soul may laugh another into hell, but a thousand will not bring him out of it."

John the Joiner's Decision.—A Minister Related: "I once said to a joiner who came to repair a window in my house: 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, no,' he answered; 'I am not going to be a Christian till I am an old man.' 'You are working for the railway company, are you not, John?' 'Yes, sir, I am.' 'Suppose a gentleman should come and offer you a much larger sum than that which you are at present receiving if you would enter his employment, and you refused, saying you would much rather stay with your old employer and the small wages. But a day comes when your employer says to you: 'John, you are getting an old man, and as you are of little or no use to us now, you will be paid off on Saturday.' You go home with a heavy heart, because you have not been able to save any money, for you required it all as you earned it for the necessities of life. But a bright thought strikes you; you go to the gentleman who once offered you the large wages, and tell him that your employer has turned you off, and now you are willing to come to him, and at the same time you remind him that he offered you a good remuneration for your work. But he now refuses to have you, saying: 'No; when I offered you good wages you were strong and able to do the work, but now you are feeble and of no use to me.' Would he be doing quite right in refusing you?' 'Yes, he would; and it would serve me right. Just what I would deserve,' replied John. 'And that is just what you are wanting to do with Jesus. With a ruined soul you come to offer the wasted fragments to Jesus. What if He were to refuse you; for He has said: "My Spirit will not always strive with man;" so go, serve Him while you are strong and young.' John took my advice, and gave himself right away to Jesus."

THE WORST FOE OF LABOR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 13, 1886.

"He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."—HAGGAI I: 6.

Where the Money Goes—What the Rum-Money would Buy—The Anarchist of the Centuries—A Strike Proclaimed—American and British Statistics—Physical Energy Depleted—A Sacque that Cost—A Church Impoverished for Pleasure—Micawber's Precept—What the Disciple of Rum Loses—Self-Respect—Fifteen Years Going Down—Loss of Health—A Scene in a Hospital—Loss of Home—Loss of Soul—A Call for a Woman's Crusade—The Last Chance.

IN Persia under the reign of Darius Hystaspes the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BILLIONS

and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is *the anarchist of the centuries*, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Within eight hundred yards of Sand Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American nation!

The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employés,

I PROCLAIM A STRIKE

universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and calculate, O working man! how

much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital.

THE STIMULATED WORKMAN

gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brick-maker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty nine thousand; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand." There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotallers.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative association, and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not wise. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

A COSTLY SACQUE.

The following circumstances came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something for a rainy day? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the

Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for

CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE.

You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and six pence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, O workingman of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever!

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent, or fifty per cent, or one hundred per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money, the more ruin; the more wages, the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a

DISCIPLESHIP TO WHISKEY

bottle, the beer-mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the

LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT.

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves

them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for

FIFTEEN YEARS GOING DOWN

under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for

I MUST HAVE IT."

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the

LOSS OF HEALTH.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of

THE HOSPITAL

where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and

bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the

LOSS OF HOME.

I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate would it make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry, "That is rum, ah! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

It is about time that we have

ANOTHER WOMAN'S CRUSADE

like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the grogeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns, and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city,

could in six months clear out three fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshalled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dram-shops!"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted breath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

A LADY'S WORK IN CHINA.

How do lady missionaries in China spend their time? Much of their missionary work is done in this way: You hear of a family in which the mother and daughters are willing to receive a visit, and you set out to call upon them. At last the house is reached, and a cordial welcome given by its inmates. As they have so few changes, a visitor generally meets with a kind reception. Tea is handed to you, perhaps some doubtful-looking cakes, which you had better decline; and, should this be your first visit, you are plied with numerous questions as to your age, will you have a pipe? and so forth. By this time the news of your arrival has reached the neighboring houses, and their inmates hurry along, surrounding the door, apertures, or windows, and filling the room. Twenty or thirty women gather round, some now to hear the Gospel for the first time. Among your hearers there will be those who listen attentively; others, if you are good-natured enough to allow them, will be minutely examining the texture and quality of your dress, peering into your face, and rubbing your hands, all the time indulging in amusing remarks, and thoroughly gratifying their curiosity. You read and explain a short Bible story to them (the parables they thoroughly enjoy), then talk a little while, and persuade your hearers to memorize one single truth. Their attention may be also gained by the singing of suitable hymns. You leave with them a simple prayer in Chinese character, although in and around Ningpo not one woman in a hundred can read, and, in some parts of the empire, I am told, not one in five hundred; but there will be boys belonging to their families who can read it to them. You invite them to your house, and tell them the date of the following Sunday, for in the great and weary land of China there is no Sabbath, pressing them to come to chapel. Then they accompany you to the door, screaming after you: "Go slowly, go slowly, sit and go."

As to the results of the work, while many of the poor and ignorant have been brought to know and love a personal Saviour, the good news is penetrating the houses of the higher classes also. The wife of Prince Kung has been baptized into the true faith, and twelve or fifteen ladies in the emperor's palace have on Sundays a Christian service within its walls.

A FIENDISH SAMOAN TRANSFORMED.

THE power of the Gospel to regenerate a savage nature was never more signally proved than in the case of a chief on the Samoan Islands, who was simply tigerish in his ferocity, without pity for a woman's tears or suffering, and utterly without compunction. The same man under the influence of the Gospel preached by the missionaries became as gentle as a child, kind and lovable, and actually himself preached to his people. None who saw him thus engaged in his latter years could believe that as a young man he was brutal. Yet here is a horrible leaf from his early life:

Before the missionaries landed in Samoa there had been a terrible battle, and the inhabitants of one part had been conquered and many of them captured. The massacre was proceeding. A great hole had been scooped in the ground, a fire had been kindled, and wood was piled there for the purposes. The massacre was directed by the future preacher, then a young chief. Among the victims there was a family. The eldest daughter, a young woman in her teens, rushed forward, and, falling prostrate before that chief, embraced his feet, and piteously begged that he would spare not her, but her mother and the little babe. He ruthlessly kicked her away, and bade the men strike and stun her, and then cast her still living upon the burning pile. The next was similarly treated, and the next, until only the mother and babe remained. It was not necessary to stun that infant suckling; it was torn from its mother's fond embrace and cast upon the burning pile. The mother was struck, but not effectually

stunned, and was thrown after it. With maternal instincts strong amid the agonies of such a horrible death, she scrambled down the pile, caught her burning babe, clasped it to her bosom, and mother and child died together. Is there any power beside the power of the Holy Spirit, known to man, that could transform such a nature as that?

THE ONE GREASE-SPOT ON THE COAT.

IN a recent sermon Sam Jones was urging his hearers to come to God just as they were, without waiting to reform and amend their ways first. He said:

The first thing you must do is to get in harmony with God. If you can do that best by crying, cry; if you can do it best by mourning, mourn; if by laughter, then laugh; or if by praying, pray. I won't prescribe the method by which you should get into harmony with God; but if the method you have been trying has proved a failure, then try something else—anything but the line you've been running on and failed. Go and give yourself to God just like you are. Get in harmony with yourself and with your God. It's the hardest work a man ever undertook in this world, giving himself to God just like he is; but you just give yourself to God as you are, and God will make you what you ought to be. It is not, Lord, what wilt Thou have me believe? but, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? We always want to patch up and fix something first, and do a thousand things for ourselves—God wants you as you are.

I have often thought of an incident where a *moral young man* asked in the presence of his servant, who had been converted, "How is it that a miserable negro gets saved in an hour, while I have been praying for years?" The negro said, "Boss, when the Lord God came down to me, I saw I was ragged and dirty, and I couldn't 'shuck' off these ragged, dirty garments, but the Lord clothed me in garments of righteousness and purity. But, boss, you have been moral all your life, and as you've only had a *little greasy spot* on your coat, you are trying and trying to 'shuck' it off before you go to the Lord; but if you go to Him He'll put a *new coat* on you." The trouble is you want to do a great deal, but it's on the wrong line. Now, brethren, first give yourself.

THE OCCUPATION OF A DOUBLE HOUSE.

CYNICS tell us that in these days there is no such thing as true friendship, and that every man's hand, if it is not against every other man, like those of Ishmael's descendants, is fully occupied in taking care of himself and his own interests. That is true to a large extent, but there are exceptions to the rule, and one of them has come to light recently. It is a case in which each of two men made a sacrifice for the other in his time of need. As we admire the love which could prompt the sacrifice, we ask ourselves what must have been the love of Him who gave His very life for others, and that, too, when they were His enemies (Rom. 5: 7)!

The history of a double house in San Francisco is related in the *Sacramento Bee*. It states that it was built by one of two intimate friends who went to school together in New York State, and who migrated to California in 1850. When they arrived on the Pacific coast one opened a store and the other went to the mines. For ten years they did not meet. During one of the business panics the storekeeper was nearly ruined. He had to raise fifteen thousand dollars or go into bankruptcy. Having tried every resource he knew of, he was returning home in despair when he met his friend the miner. He told him his trouble, and the miner said: "I have the money, but it is all I have after my ten years' work. I meant to have left the mines, but you shall have it, and I'll take another turn at the pick and rocker." The storekeeper took the money and saved his business. In two years he had so prospered that he was able to repay his friend with interest, and sent it to him in the mountains. Five years afterward the miner had

lost all he had, and was back in San Francisco looking for work. The storekeeper heard of it, and sent him an invitation to come and dine with him at his handsome new house in Powell Street. The miner came, bringing his wife and two children, clad in the shabbiest garments. "This is a double house," said the miner; "both yours?" "Yes," said the storekeeper; "it is furnished like this. I've let it, but the tenant is not in it yet; we'll go and look at it after dinner." When the two friends went into the adjoining house the miner was astonished to see in the hall his own trunks, which he had left in the dingy lodging-house, and still more amazed when the storekeeper thrust into his hand two deeds, one of which was a deed of the house, and the other a deed of partnership in his business. Both men are now prosperous merchants.

ONE HOUR OLD.

IN an interesting communication from the Rev. S. R. Brown, of the McAll Mission in France, is the following touching incident in the work:

One day last January I started to go to our small station at Versailles. The snow lay thick upon the ground. The cold was bitter, and I hugged my rug close to retain some warmth as I trod the silent avenue of Versailles, thinking I might find, say, six old women and two old men at the meeting. Who would venture out on such a night? On arriving there was a congregation of one; others came in late, and we had perhaps twenty people all told. The text was: "How old art thou?" and the answer: "Few and evil have been the days of my pilgrimage." I spoke of a new birth, and asked: "How old art thou?" Near the stove was a lady-like elderly female, and I had from her several nods of approval. We closed, and the people filed out. This lady had reached the door, when suddenly she turned round, came to me, and said: "I want to shake hands with you, and tell you I am one hour old; I was born while you were speaking." The persons who heard it looked amazed, and I shook hands with this babe just an hour old. We went out into the frosty air, on through the deserted streets. I hugged closer my rug to keep in some warmth, but the step was lighter and the heart brighter for the old lady's testimony: "Just one hour old."

A WIDOW'S SYMPATHY.

THERE is no sympathy so effectual or so acceptable as that which comes to a sufferer from one who has borne a similar affliction. It is this fact which encourages the tried and tempted believer to take his case to Him who "was made like unto His brethren, . . . for in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted" (Heb. 2: 18). The Rev. G. O. Newport, a missionary in India, relates the following incident, illustrating the power of the sympathy that comes from a fellowship in suffering:

Ebenezer Lewis went to Travancore years ago. A noble missionary he was, and he had a not less noble wife. After a lingering illness here he died, and then his wife went straight back to India. She had been twelve years here nursing her husband, but during that time she had not forgotten the language of the people, or lost her love for the poor women of India. She spent the rest of her life in teaching them, and got access to the homes of these people in the city of Palacota. One day she heard sounds of lamentation and mourning; she went into the house from which they proceeded, and stretched out upon the floor was a poor woman, apparently in a swoon, and two or three women round her. Mrs. Lewis said: "What is the matter?" And they said: "She has just become a widow." Ah! Mrs. Lewis knew what that meant. She sat herself down by the side of the poor woman, and lifting her head, laid it on her own breast. She kissed her and said: "Oh, my sister, I am a widow, too! I know exactly how God has

pierced your heart; I know exactly the kind of anguish that rests upon your spirit; I have passed through it all. I am a widow like yourself; you can put your confidence in me. Let me tell you how God has comforted me; let me tell you what blessed help He has given me; and then she began pouring into the ears of her sorrowing sister the Gospel of the grace of God—how God loved the widow, how He was a Husband to the widow; and the poor creature opened her eyes and looked into her sister's face wondering: "Was He really able to bless and help the widow?" "Yes," said Mrs. Lewis; "take my experience for it." From thenceforth that woman became a believer in Jesus Christ. That is what the Gospel is doing in hundreds of thousands of hearts and homes where the Zenana ladies are carrying on their work. In no other way could the ladies and girls of India be reached with the Gospel.

A HEARER IN HIDING.

A CLERGYMAN of Cape Town, South Africa, reports a remarkable conversion. He says: My church was situated in the midst of a very populous district; there were a number of Malays and a number of colored people, and among these I labored with a band of Christian workers gathered from the Church, and I may truly say that it was a blessed work. One day a lady told me of a poor family in which the husband and father was a drunken profligate. She had got an idea that if I were to speak to the man it might do him some good. Of course I called, but I did not find the man. The wife spoke to me about her miserable condition, and before parting from her I sat down and prayed with her, and I remembered her husband in the prayer. About two months later the lady, alluding to my visit, said to me: "That man has become a perfectly changed man since you were there." "How can that be?" I replied: "I never saw him." "No," she said; "on seeing you coming he rushed away, and there being no other way of escape, he hid himself under the bed, and while lying there he overheard the conversation and your prayer." The woman said that when he got up, after you had left, his countenance was suffused with tears. When I saw the wife again, three or four years after, she said that her husband had been steadfast and true to Christ ever since.

A MILLIONAIRE'S ADVICE.

AN incident related in connection with the recently deceased millionaire broker is an illustration of the fact that it is not always wise to obey the impulse to take advantage of an opportunity that appears to promise profit. Sometimes self-denial is the truest self-interest. A young man seeing worldly companions enjoy the pleasures of life may be tempted to feel himself aggrieved by a restraint which cuts him off from hilarity and conviviality. If he could see the end of these things he would not regret missing them. The time will come when he will rejoice that he cast in his lot with the people of God (Heb. 11: 24-26).

At the height of the Denver and Rio Grande speculative craze Mr. Woerishoffer used to be besieged daily by regiments of men for advice and "points." He was supposed to know all about the stock, and inquiries poured in upon him in floods. He could hardly turn without encountering somebody with questions. The speculative fever at that time was raging badly in the dry-goods district, and one of Mr. Woerishoffer's friends up there was staid old Merchant Fischer, who had made a fortune handling woollens. Fischer sought his friend's office with one hundred thousand dollars to invest. "Do you want to be always my friend?" asked Mr. Woerishoffer. Mr. Fischer said quickly that he did. "Then get out of Wall Street instant. Stick to your woollens, and a year from now, if you are sorry for what I tell you, come to see me, and I will pay you whatever you think my advice has cost you." Mr. Fischer rightly rated the counsel and departed. Not long after down

fell Denver and Rio Grande prices, and a host of men in the dry-goods district were badly hurt, but Merchant Fischer was not with the fleeced ones. Poor Fischer is dead now, but nobody ever spoke of Woerishoffer in his presence but to prompt a panegyric.

THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

The Supreme Court of Appeal—Unequivocal Terms—The City as a Residence—Suspension not Explicitly Taught—Opposed to Natural Laws—A Literal City—The Lord to Reign There—Must be Seen by His Subjects—The Pillar of Fire—The Meeting in the Aerial Regions—The Mysteries of Prophecy—The Apparently Impossible Comes to Pass—Example of the Queen of Sheba.

IN a foot-note to an article from my pen in this journal of March 25th, page 182, the editor intimated that there were reasons for believing that the New Jerusalem of the Millennial Age *will not be identical* with the earthly Jerusalem, but will be suspended in the air, and not be actually on the earth until the close of the thousand years. I am desirous of offering a few remarks explaining why, in my opinion, that view cannot be accepted. I do so with confidence, because I recognize that those who hold it agree with me that there is but one standard of appeal for all who differ on these questions, and being sure that they equally with myself would bow to that authority and accept it as final. "To the law and the testimony" therefore let us go. We believe the same Spirit of Jesus spoke through the prophets as it did through the apostles.

DESCENDING NOT SUSPENDING.

The Holy Spirit has left no doubt about the meaning of the Greek words "ascending" and "descending." Since the time of Homer (see Liddell and Scott in loco) they have had the identical meaning of *going up* and *coming down*. In John 3: 13 we have a close comparison: "No man hath ascended up to heaven but He who came down [descended] from heaven, even the Son of man." Also in Eph. 4: 9, 10 and in 1 Thess. 4: 16. The same is stated about the Hebrew words (Gen. 28: 12, and quoted in John 1: 51), "and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." In Rev. 21: 2, 10 we have the same word, "*descending out of heaven*" (Isa. 2: 2, 3; 11: 10; Eph. 1: 10; Zech. 14: 16). The Psalmist sings in Ps. 47: 8, 9: "For God is the King of all the earth. God reigneth over the nations: God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness. The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham; for the shields of the earth belong unto God: He is greatly exalted."

A CITY HAVING FOUNDATIONS.

That such a city should remain suspended in the air during the Millennial period seems to be in opposition to the law of gravitation and to the natural laws belonging to the airy regions of our planet. New heaven will not be different with the airy regions which were in existence at the creation, when Jehovah pronounced them "very good" (Gen. 1: 31; 2: 1). If we deviate from an original city, we must come to the idea of an aerial city, and the consequence must be that we are entangled in a *refined spiritualizing tendency*, and that we have lost the literal exposition of the words of Rev. 21: 2, 10. We may imagine a camp, a rendezvous, a congregation gathered in the airy regions; but a descending city having foundations, as Jerusalem the Golden, is indeed a great problem to solve. The great question under consideration is, Will the New Jerusalem be indeed a city in the common acceptance of that word? We do not dare to curtail, "neither add to the words of the prophecy of this book" (Rev. 22: 18). We affirm that Jerusalem the Golden, predicted by the prophets and in the Revelation of John, is indeed a city.

We do not enter into the discussion how the city is built, of what materials the foundations,

walls, and gates are constructed; neither what kind of stones, common or precious stones, will be used in the establishing of that city. We only maintain that it will be a place, a locality on earth during the Millennial era. It is plainly stated in Rev. 21: 26: "That the kings of the earth and nations do bring their glory and honor into it." Also verse 13 tells us the locality and names of the twelve gates having "messengers" as servants. Every idea mentioned leads us to a period in which kings and nations and the people of Israel shall be on earth. If the city shall remain *suspended in the air* we cannot see how those kings and nations ever can enter into it, and also what service those "messengers" attending at the gates can perform for the children of Israel below. In Rev. 22: 14 is spoken of "a right to the tree of life, and an entering in through the gates into the city," and also a prohibition and exclusion is proclaimed in verse 15: "For without are . . . whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Such an *exclusion* will not be needed *after* the Millennial era (see 1 Cor. 15: 24, 25), and such a *beatitude* and right will *then* be common to all the people of Jesus.

PROBLEMS.

If the Lord shall reside during the Millennial era in the suspended city, we cannot see how the words found in Heb. 9: 28 must be understood, "that Christ shall appear the *second* time without sin ('sin-offering') unto salvation, unto them that look for Him." In such a case the comparison made in that verse is entirely lost. The *second* time means the same manifestation and appearance as in His *first* coming. How can the Jews see Jesus in the earthly Jerusalem and Canaan, as is promised to them (Zech. 12: 10; John 19: 34; Matt. 23: 37-39), if their Messiah will reside in an aerial city or in the air? If the resurrected saints shall remain in the suspended city during that period, we ask, How can they have rule over ten and over five cities (Luke 19: 17, 19), and how can the saints reign on the earth? (Rev. 5: 10; Ps. 110: 2, 3.) It must draw our attention that their new song ends in the words, "And we shall reign *on the earth*." The Greek says, "*Reign as kings*." Now, it is plain that in their *delegated power* they must have subjects who do belong to the earth, and they cannot reign over their subjects except they are visible to them.

It is beyond cavil that Israel's Messiah is the second Adam (1 Cor. 15: 45-50), and "that the nations are given to Him as His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth as His possession" (Ps. 2: 8). It was on earth that the promise was given (Gen. 3: 5); it was on earth that the victory over Satan was achieved and where Jesus, as the second Adam, was crowned "with the crown of thorns" (John 19: 2), being condemned by the representative of the fourth-world dominion, and where He bore "the curse of the earth," being made "a curse" (Gal. 3: 13; 1 Pet. 2: 34). What place is more proper than this earth to see the coronation of the Lord of all? We say none (Rom. 8: 19). It is even without cavil that Jesus is the born King of the Jews (Matt. 2: 2); that "He must sit on the throne of David His father" (Luke 1: 32, 33). The throne of David was not in the airy regions; it was in Jerusalem (Ps. 110: 2). The Messiah must rule over the twelve tribes of Israel in their promised land (Luke 22: 29, 30). He was appointed by covenant, and has appointed His apostles also, saying: "That ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel" (Matt. 19: 28). At that time shall the living "nations be summoned before Him" (Matt. 25: 31-46). In this connection He is also called "the Husband of Israel and the God of the whole earth" (Isa. 54: 5), and Jerusalem "Jehovah Shammah" (Ezek. 48: 35), and "the city of the Great King" (Matt. 5: 35). Considering all these texts quoted, we do not see *one convincing reason* why the New Jerusalem should remain suspended in the air during the Millennial period.

(To be concluded.)



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE.

"The Christian Herald"
has for many years had
full permission to publish
my sermons. I shall continue
to revise them for this
paper which is growing
with miraculous
rapidity in circulation
influence and moral
power.

T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn May 4th 1886

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Step in the Right Direction was taken by the Senate on June 10th, when it passed a bill introduced by Senator Beck, of Kentucky, restricting the legal services of legislators. It declares that it shall be unlawful for any member of either House of Congress to accept employment as attorney-at-law or payment for services of any kind from any railroad company or any officer or agent thereof which obtained its charter or any grant of lands or pecuniary aid from the United States, and any person who violates this provision shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction be fined in any sum not exceeding five thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than one year, in the discretion of the court. The bill passed by a vote of 37 to 11, and now goes to the House, where, it may be hoped, it will be received with similar favor. It will be better for all parties if Senators and Representatives are precluded from appearing as counsel in courts or in the Government departments. A Senator is out of place pleading before a judge whose nomination was confirmed by his help or in spite of his opposition in the Senate. That there is reason for such a bill is evident from the fact that a lawyer receives higher fees when he is in Congress than he would if he were not there. Rightly or wrongly, suitors are apt to think that the excess is paid for his influence in the Capitol.

The Nicaragua Canal Project will Receive all the assistance that can consistently be given to it by the Government if the bill is passed which has been prepared by Senator Edmunds and was introduced in the Senate last week. The published summary of its provisions indicates that the bill is a mere act of incorporation, prescribing the limits of capitalization and of charges, and giving the Government such control as may be provided by treaty, but leaving the projectors to raise their own capital and take

their own risk of the financial success of their venture. It is right that citizens engaged in so prodigious an undertaking, and one that, if successful, will be of enormous advantage to their country, should have all the support and protection that their Government can secure for them by treaty; but the Government should not be asked to guarantee them from pecuniary loss or to become a partner with them in a business speculation.

An Effort to Defeat the Civil Service Law was frustrated last week in the House. Mr. Randall and Mr. Holman urged the withholding of the appropriation of \$21,400 for the salaries of the Civil Service Commission until the rules had been altered. Their proposal was ruled out by the chairman of committee. A motion to strike out the appropriation altogether also failed. It is curious that these attacks on a law so conspicuously and emphatically indorsed by the people should continue. It was never supposed that the law would be popular with the politicians, but it was thought that when the people had approved it, the politicians would see that it would be to their interest to acquiesce.

The Oregon Election has Surprised Republican managers throughout the country, and they are now busy in trying to understand how it happens that a State which gave Mr. Blaine in 1884 a plurality of 2256 and an absolute majority of 988 has this year elected a Democratic governor by a majority estimated at 1500. It seems probable that machine methods have had something to do with producing the result. Indeed, the Portland *Oregonian* attributes it entirely to that cause, and says that the Republican Party in that State has fallen into the hands of rings, which must be placated by nominating unfit men to certain offices. It would appear, however, that another cause should not be overlooked in getting a true estimate of the situation. In 1884 the Prohibition vote in Oregon was 492; this year it is estimated at 2000. If, as is asserted, these Prohibitionists were formerly members of the Republican Party, their voting the Prohibition ticket this year alone would account for the result.

The Red American International Workingmen's Association is the name of a secret society unearthed in the investigation of the Grand Jury of Seattle, Wy. Terr. Full details of the society were not reported, but proof was obtained which satisfied the Grand Jury that its aim is the subversion of settled government, and that it has ramifications throughout the United States. The report was mentioned to a member of the Chicago Grand Jury, and he remarked, "I have no doubt that it is true. Similar evidence was given before our Grand Jury. The testimony went to show that there were Anarchist groups in many leading cities of the United States besides Chicago. A connection was established between the Chicago and the Milwaukee group. As far as we could make out, the Anarchist Society extends all over the country."

The British Parliament is to be Dissolved. The announcement was made by Mr. Gladstone to the House of Commons on Thursday last. It was generally expected as the result of the vote on the Home Rule bill, mentioned in these columns last week. Apparently the Premier thinks that the people are in accord with him on the Irish question rather than with the members of Parliament who voted against him on Monday night. In any case, the question is to be submitted to them for decision. If they are in favor of giving Ireland the power to legislate for herself they will elect men pledged to support Mr. Gladstone. The election is expected to take place early in July, and the result to be known by the middle of the month. Gigantic efforts are in preparation by both parties, and the struggle will be the most intense this generation of Englishmen has witnessed. Mr. Parnell will use his influence with the Irishmen who have votes in English constituencies in Mr. Gladstone's interest. Last year it was exerted in favor of the Conservatives. Mr. Parnell expects that the change will add forty votes to

Mr. Gladstone's party. The Conservatives, on the other hand, are confident that fifty seats now occupied by supporters of Mr. Gladstone will be filled, after the election, by men pledged to oppose Home Rule.

An Important Disclosure was Made by Mr. Parnell on the last night of the debate on the Home Rule Bill. It appears that prior to the election last year he received overtures from the Conservatives for his support. The Earl of Carnarvon, who at that time was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, sent for him, and Mr. Parnell went to see him. At the conference Lord Carnarvon told Mr. Parnell that he was in favor of giving Ireland a statutory Parliament, which should have the power, among other things, of protecting Irish industries. Carnarvon admitted that some of his colleagues were not prepared to go so far, but intimated that they would be persuaded to do so. The disclosure is somewhat embarrassing for the Conservatives, who are now endeavoring to convince the people that any statesman who advocates Home Rule is as dangerous in office as a madman or a traitor.

Fatal Riots are Reported from Belfast, Ireland. On Sunday, June 6th, a large funeral procession of Roman Catholics was attacked by Orangemen, and severe fighting ensued, which was with difficulty stopped by the police. Desultory fighting was renewed on Monday and Tuesday, and it culminated on Wednesday night in an organized riot. The mob attacked taverns owned by well-known Catholics, and sacked them. They drank the liquor, brought the furniture out and made a bonfire of it, and finally set fire to the buildings. The police charged the mob, but were beaten off. They then fired their carbines loaded with buckshot, before which the rioters fled, to collect again in other quarters and attack the dwellings of obnoxious Catholics. One hundred houses were wrecked in all and eight persons killed. The most severe fighting took place around the police station, where the police fled for shelter from the fury of the mob. A dense crowd assembled around it, and women pried up paving-stones and broke them into convenient size for the men to hurl at the windows of the station. Meanwhile the police were defending the place with their carbines. The arrival of two troops of dragoons and a regiment of infantry alarmed the rioters, and they fled. The soldiers then made a cordon around the police station. At the close of the week the city was said to be quiet, but a renewal of the outrages was impending. Lord Randolph Churchill was warned, when he spoke of the Protestants taking up arms, that his speeches might lead to bloodshed.

The Banishment of the Princes from France has been decreed by the Chamber of Deputies. On June 11th the question was submitted to the vote after a debate which had occupied several sessions, and the bill enforcing their expulsion was passed by an overwhelming majority. It declares that "the territory of the French Republic is and remains interdicted to the heads of families heretofore reigning over France, and to their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture; the Government is authorized to expel by decree the other members of these families." It also provides that "whoever, in violation of this interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria, or in the colonies shall be punished by imprisonment of from two to five years. At the expiration of the penalty he will be reconducted to the frontier." The violence of some of the speakers showed that Anarchist passions raged fiercely.

A Dynastic Crisis in Bavaria is Reported. The King of that country has been notorious for a long time for his eccentricities. He has displayed a remarkable disregard for his own dignity, and has been guilty of foolish freaks inconsistent with a sound mind. Prince Luitpold, the King's uncle, has now issued a proclamation declaring the King a lunatic, has assumed the duties of the Government as Regent, and has summoned the Landtag. A late cable dispatch states that the King has committed suicide by drowning.

An Encouraging Revival Extending through the State is reported from Alabama. At Troy Evangelist Porter has been preaching for ten days, and there have been large accessions to the churches. Thence he went to Tuskegee with similar results. At Tuscaloosa Evangelist Thomason has been laboring with many tokens of the Divine blessing. At Marion Dr. Davidson and Dr. Frost, of Selma, have been rejoiced by a great harvest from their united labors. Other towns have also been blessed by an outpouring of the Spirit.

The Convention of Christian Workers now in session in Chicago deserves the prayers of Christians of all denominations. Its object is to derive mutual assistance in practical work from consultation and a comparison of methods. The plan is to avoid long sermons, essays, and speeches, to encourage men actually engaged in evangelistic work to state the difficulties they have encountered, and to consider them and advise with each other on the best way of overcoming them. It is intended to make the meetings conferences in the true sense of the word, and to keep them steadily to practical questions. Men thoroughly in earnest for God and the cause of Christ cannot fail to bring away from such a gathering many valuable suggestions that will be helpful to them in their work.

The Work in Indianapolis Conducted by Rev. Sam Jones and Sam Small commenced on June 6th, with an enormous gathering in Tomlinson Hall. Fully three thousand persons were present. Mr. Small conducted the services, and Mr. M. J. Maxwell led the singing. The Presbyterian pastors of the city are co-operating with the Methodist pastors in the services. Some misunderstanding has arisen in regard to an utterance of Mr. Jones while in Cincinnati on the subject of baptism, and this has alienated the Baptists of Indianapolis. Mr. Jones has written an explanatory letter which, it may be hoped, will remove all obstacles to complete co-operation.

An Invitation to College Students has been issued by Mr. D. L. Moody. He is proposing to hold a College Students' Summer School during the entire month of July at his home in Northfield, Mass. The object of the school will be the study of the Bible and of such methods of Christian work as are adapted to college life. Mr. Moody, while himself conducting the meeting every day, will also bring to his aid men of wide experience in Bible study and Christian work. The regular exercises are not to exceed two hours a day, the balance of the time being devoted to such recreation as students need after the work of the college year. The entire cost of living is not to exceed five dollars a week, and there are no other expenses. The circular of invitation has been sent to all the colleges in the country, and preparations are made for the reception of, at least, two hundred students.

The Believers' Meeting for Bible Study Will be held at Niagara, Ont., July 22d-28th. This is the tenth annual meeting, and promises to equal its predecessors in attendance and influence. The circular of invitation is signed by Mr. W. J. Erdman, 193 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass. The blessing of the Lord has so evidently been upon these meetings, their influence has been so far-reaching, such unexpected testimonies of their usefulness have come from year to year from all parts of the country, and in missionary stations in the ends of the earth; so many Christian workers ascribe either their first or later and more powerful impulse to holy service to the truth and testimony heard in these conferences, that special request is again made for earnest and unceasing prayer for still greater blessing this year.

An Evidence of Progress in Japan is Afforded by the fact that Miss Kin Kats, a graduate of the Normal School of Tokio, has been chosen by the Japanese Government to receive three years' training at the Government's expense at the Normal School of Salem, Mass., for the purpose of taking supervisory charge of the Normal

Schools of Japan. She will be the first Japanese woman to be educated at the Government's expense in America.

A Prince under Discipline Experienced a disappointment last week. The booming of forty-two guns on June 6th in New York harbor announced the arrival of some distinguished visitor in the bay. It was Prince Leopoldo, the grandson of the Emperor of Brazil, who was on board the Brazilian war-ship *Almirante Borroso*. The young man wanted to go ashore immediately the ship anchored off Bedloe's Island, and the Brazilian Consul was prepared to give him a reception suitable to his exalted rank. But the Prince had dropped his royal character when he took service on the vessel, and was simply a midshipman under the captain's orders. It was contrary to rule for the midshipmen to go ashore at that time, and no exception was made in the Prince's case. He therefore remained on board, attending to his duties, and did not go ashore until the following day, when the other officers went. The fact is creditable to the Prince and the captain alike. The purpose for which the Prince entered the navy would not be served if his rank exempted him from the duties he had undertaken. It is to the loyalty of which this is a type that the world owes its redemption. Jesus, though the Son of God, was made in all things like unto His brethren, humbled Himself and became obedient, that He might save the world (Phil. 2:6-8).

A Curious Case of Inverted Vision is Described in a dispatch from Iowa to the *Chicago Herald*. It states that in Grant Township is a child ten years old, whose eyes are light blue, and in appearance like those of other children, but sees everything in reversed position that is placed within two feet of her. Beyond that distance objects appear to her as they do to others. She cannot read a book held in her hand, unless it is held upside down, though the lettering over the stores she reads easily. All her writing is done with inverted characters, and the lines commence on the right of the page. She is puzzled with vessels containing liquids which do not run out as she expects them to do, as the glass or cup seems to her bottom upward. Several prominent oculists are said to have examined her eyes, but they can detect no malformation in them. Specialists say that they have never heard before of a person having that defect in the physical eyesight. Defective *spiritual* vision is not at all uncommon, but it does not show itself as in the case of the child. The things near at hand—the things of this world appear as they are, but the things of God are wrongly seen. At first men are apt to think God more lenient than He is, but after they are awakened, it is difficult to get them to see Him as a God of mercy and love (Rom. 11:22).

A Limited Marriage was Applied for at the office of the justice of the peace in Jersey City, N. J., on June 9th. The applicant entered the room with a neatly-dressed young woman on his arm, and said, "We want to be married for three years." "I can't do that," said the squire, firmly; "it's against regulations." "Well, make it five years, then," pleaded the man. The young woman nodded acquiescence. "Can't do that, either," said the justice. "All marriages in New Jersey are for life, unlimited, and for better or worse." The man seemed greatly disappointed. There was a consultation, in which some friends who accompanied the couple participated. The man seemed inclined to abandon the project altogether rather than marriage without limitation, but he finally consented to the only contract which the justice would ratify, and the marriage ceremony was performed. The party were Poles, and they had probably been misled as to our laws by the proceedings of the divorce courts. Apart from the laws, however, a man has strangely misunderstood the true nature of the marriage relation who regards it as an experiment. No man ought to marry who is not certain that his wife will be dearer to him at the end of three or five years than she is at marriage. It is so with

the relation of which marriage is a type. In a healthy Christian life the love of the soul to its Saviour increases from day to day, and the thought of separation would be worse than death (Rom. 8:38, 39).

A German Baron Died in the Poorhouse of Cleveland, O., on June 5th. He was sixty-five years old, and had been in this country seven years. His name was Constantine von Zacha, and his family is one of the oldest in Germany. Baron Eulenburg, the Prussian Secretary of State, is his brother-in-law. He served as captain in the Twelfth Uhlans in the wars of 1865 and 1870-71. In 1877 he lost his property through dissipation, and he came to America. He was well known, and earned a bare living by hard work. Last winter he fell and broke an arm. Unable to work, he went to the poorhouse, and, suddenly attacked by bronchitis, died. A melancholy feature of his case was that he was to have gone back to Europe this week, a reconciliation having been effected with his friends. The reconciliation which would have been such a boon to him once is of no benefit to him now. The only question in which he is concerned is whether he availed himself of the opportunity offered to him and all men of being reconciled to his God. If he did that, though he missed going to his earthly home, he has gone to the eternal mansion prepared for him (11 Cor. 5:1, 20).

How to make Faded Ink on Old Parchments legible has been a problem which many have attempted to solve. A scientific journal announces that success has been achieved by a new discovery. The process consists in moistening the paper with water, and then passing over the lines in writing a brush which has been wet in a solution of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color; and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again; but it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the action of this substance is very simple. The iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by the reaction into the black sulphide. Antiquarians and historians will rejoice over this discovery; some men will take no interest in it. To them it would be gratifying to hear of the fading and complete obliteration of all writing, especially of that which records their own broken vows and their transgressions. That can never fade, though we know it will be blotted out by the blood of Christ when it is applied by faith (Isa. 43:25).

A Permanent Title for Mrs. Cleveland Has been found, according to a European journalist, who has probably more imagination than veracity. He states in a letter from Paris to his journal that while Miss Folsom was in Paris she was the guest on one occasion of the Duchess Lamotte. There was general recognition among the titled guests of the exalted position the young lady would have as the wife of a man at the head of a nation of fifty-five million people, but it seemed to them so unfortunate that she would have no title to distinguish her. One lady, the daughter-in-law of the Duchess de Permy, was especially distressed about it. "All would be well, only you will have no title," said she; "you will only be called Mrs. Cleveland." "The fair American's reply," says the journalist, "was, 'That name is only for strangers, the President has for intimacy conferred upon me a very particular title.' Everybody looked up curiously, and, blushing deeply, Miss Folsom added, 'He calls me—his darling. Can a wife desire a better title?' The hostess embraced her amiable guest, remarking, 'You are right, and you appear to me as if you would keep the title to the end of your life.'" If Miss Folsom had made the remark she would have been right; no wife need desire a better title than one denoting her husband's affection. It is so with the Christian who rightly appreciates his privileges. No earthly distinction compares with his title of the child of God (Rev. 2:17).

MYSTERIOUS MEAT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"In the mean while His disciples prayed Him, saying, Master, eat. But He said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought Him aught to eat? Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work," etc.—John 4 : 31-38.

The Careful Disciples—An Example for Imitation—Christ's Better Food—I. Refreshments Little Known—How Enjoyed—On a High Plane of Spirituality—By those who Sink Self—Who are in Harmony with God—The Weights and Scales Wrong—II. They Satisfied Jesus—The Chamois-Hunter's Forgetfulness—Converted in Hayti—III. Seek the Refreshment—Anticipate the Wages.

THE disciples had gone away into the city to buy meat, and for this they cannot be censured. It was necessary that food should be provided, and it naturally fell to their lot to perform that duty. Do not say that they were carnal or unspiritual because of this, for the most *spiritual people must eat* to live. When they came back from making their purchases, they found their Master sitting by the well, as they had left Him. They naturally expected that He would be as ready to partake of the provision as they were to offer it to Him; but He made no movement in that direction. Knowing how weary He had been when they left Him—so weary that He bade them go alone into the city—they were perplexed at His indifference to food, and perhaps judged that He was over-fatigued, and therefore they prayed Him to eat.

CHRIST'S REPRESENTATIVES.

I think the disciples did well to say: "Master, eat." What is more, I will hold them up to your imitation. Jesus has gone from you now in actual person, but His mystical body is still with you, and if you meet with any part of His body in need make it your earnest care. Still pray Him, saying: "Master, eat." If you know any of His people in poverty, ask them to partake of your abundance, lest haply your Lord should say to you at the last: "I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink." Our Lord's spirituality is not of that visionary sort which despises the feeding of hungry bodies. Look after His poor and needy ones. How can you be truly spiritual if you do not so?

Having done this justice to the twelve, let us do higher honor to the divine One about whom they gathered. His mind was at that time absorbed in spiritual objects; and, being so, He wished to lead them into that higher field wherein He Himself was so much at home, and therefore He transfigured their common words by giving them a higher meaning. "Ye pray Me to eat," said He; but "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." They did not comprehend what He meant: as the Samaritan woman did not understand Him when He spake of water, neither did His disciples when He spake of meat: but you see the Lord endeavored to use the lower expression as a ladder to something higher and more spiritual. In effect our Lord's reply to the request: "Master, eat," is this: "I have eaten in the best sense, and I wish you also to eat with Me."

I. First, there are refreshments which are

LITTLE KNOWN.

Generally men know enough about refreshments of the body. Those questions—What shall we eat, and what shall we drink?—have been long and carefully studied. It seems obvious to all men that if we are to be restored and lifted above fatigue or weakness it must be by corporeal food. Yet there is in the Word of God an intimation of another principle; as we read: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live." We are not so absolutely dependent upon the bread we eat as at first sight seems; food is but the vehicle of sustenance; God could sustain us without it. Now, brethren, our Lord Jesus Christ found for Himself a sus-

tenance other than that of food; a food superior to the ordinary meat of men. But these refreshments were not known to His disciples. The common ruck of mankind have no idea of spiritual food; but the disciples were not of the common ruck; they were chosen out of the world, and they had been with their Lord for some little time, and yet they had not grasped the idea of a man being fed and strengthened by an influence upon his spiritual nature which could raise him above the down-dragging of his bodily needs. They could not yet enter into their Lord's secret; He had a meat to eat which even they knew not of.

THE SPIRIT RULING.

The reason for His knowing what they knew not was in part the fact that this nourishment was enjoyed upon a higher plane than these servants of Christ had yet reached. They were spiritual men in some degree; but they were not highly spiritual; they were mere babes in grace, though men in physical development. They had not yet reached to the height of letting their spirits rule the rest of their nature, nor had they yet learned the proper occupation of their spirits. Further, these refreshments were unknown to the apostles as yet, because they implied a greater sinking of self than they as yet knew. "My meat," said Jesus, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me." How condescendingly does our Lord sink Himself in this expression! He does not even say: "My meat is to do My Father's will." He takes a lower position than that of sonship, and dwells chiefly upon His mission, its service, and the absorption in the will of God which it involved. He finds His refreshment in being the commissioned officer of God, and in carrying out that commission. Oh, believer, hast thou ever tried thy Lord's plan? Hast thou taken thy Lord's yoke upon thee, and learned of Him? Thus it is that thou shalt find rest unto thy soul. Not in self, but in self-surrender, is there fulness for the heart.

Further, our Lord not only lived on a higher plane, and felt a greater sinking of self, but He was in fuller harmony with God than His disciples. He says: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." God's will was His will, not only passively, but actively, so that He wished to do it; God's work was His work completely, so that He wished to finish it. He longed to go all the length of God's eternal purpose, and carry it out as far as that purpose concerned Himself. Now, when a man feels: "My one desire is that I may do God's will; I have

NO OTHER WILL

but His will; my will has fallen into God's will as a brook falls into a river"—then he is at peace. It is a blessed thing to rejoice in being crossed in our own purpose, in order that the purpose of the Lord may be more completely fulfilled. He that serves God in body, soul, and spirit, to the utmost of his power, finds new power given to him hour by hour, for God opens to him fresh springs. Perhaps you do not see this truth; but if you have ever experienced what it is to lay your whole soul on the altar, and feel that for Christ you live and for Christ you would die, why then you will know by experience that I speak the truth. When your will is God's will, you will have your will; when your will rings out in harmony with the will of God, there must be sweetest music all around your steps.

Once more: our dear Saviour was sustained by these secret refreshments, because He understood the art of seeing much in little. Our Master had been feasting. He had partaken of a more than royal banquet. How? He had been made a blessing to a woman—an ill-famed, much sinning woman. It was not an oration that He delivered; He had not even preached a sermon which would command admiration as a masterpiece of eloquence, and yet His whole soul was absorbed in what He had done. It was only a talk such as a city-missionary would have at any door, or such as would naturally fall from

a Bible-woman in her calls from room to room; yet our divine Exemplar saw so much in one soul, and so much valued one opportunity of enlightening it, that He felt a sacred satisfaction in His simple conversation. He saw in the woman the seed-corn of a harvest, and therefore drew a large refreshment from her conversion.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

We do not usually measure things rightly; I am persuaded that *our weights and scales are out of order*. We think we are doing a great deal when we get into a big controversy, or write an article that is read all over the nation, or create a sensation which startles thousands. But, indeed, it is not so. The Lord is not in the wind, nor in the tempest; we must go on with the still small voice of loving instruction and persuasion. You must go on talking with your little children in your classes; you must go on speaking to the few sick persons you are able to visit; you must try and preach Jesus Christ in little rooms, or to dozens and scores in the street corner or on the village green.

It is the old-fashioned, quiet personal work which is effectual. If we get to think that everything must be big to be good, we shall get into a sorry state of mind. In the little bit of work thoroughly well done God is glorified, much more than in the great scheme that is scamped. That word *scamped* gives a true description of very much Christian work nowadays. We want real work, not noisy work; work done in the centre of the soul of man, such as Jesus did upon the well. This sort of work will bring refreshment to our spirit, and any other will end in bitter disappointment.

II. Advance with me, dear friends, to our second theme: these secret refreshments

SATISFIED OUR LORD.

I bring this forward to remind you that where He found refreshment we also should find it. Why did it satisfy our Lord to be doing the will of Him that sent Him, and to be finishing His work? Well, first, because He had so long hungered to be at it. He longed to be at work saving men; He hungered to perform His chosen deeds of mercy. Read in the second chapter of John at the seventeenth verse. He went into the temple and He purged it; and then we read: "His disciples remembered that it was written of Him, the zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." That was before He had told them that it was His meat to do the will of Him that sent Him. Our Lord was full of such zeal to be serving God and blessing men that when He did get at it, He was so joyful that everything else fell into the background as if it were not worth a thought. If you and I felt our Lord's anxiety to be serving God and winning souls, we should find refreshment in the service itself, even as He did.

When our Lord did get at His work He gave Himself wholly up to it; He went in for soul-winning heart and soul. There was a wonderful concentration of purpose about our Saviour. His face is always steadfastly set to His work; He is instant and constant in it;

HE IS ALL THERE,

and always there. Time was—and I hope the time has gone forever—when there were professed ministers of Jesus Christ whose hearts were in the hunting-field. Do you wonder that their ministry was a scandal? Others have been *naturalists first and divines afterward*. Do you wonder that their ministry proved to be a failure? Time was, and time is, I am sorry to say, when many professed ministers of Christ have their hearts more set upon criticising the Gospel than preaching it; they are more at home in scattering doubts than in promoting faith. They preach what they are not sure of, and what they have no interest in. It is not their meat to do the Lord's will, for He never sent them. They get their meat by preaching, but it is not their meat to preach. Surely it must be misery to them to have to tell out an old tale which in their souls they despise. Wretches that they are! I cannot call them better. It seems an awful thing to me that a

man should profess to be a servant of Christ and not put his heart into the Redeemer's service.

I think the Lord forgot to eat bread that day partly because of the enthusiasm which filled Him in the pursuit of that soul.

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER

quits his hard couch long before the sun is up, and climbs the mountains. He watches from the first gray light for the creature which is the object of his pursuit. Ask him how it is when he returns late in the evening that he has had nothing to eat all day long. He answers: "I never thought of it; I saw a chamois on a distant crag and I hastened after it. I leaped the ravines, I climbed the steep faces of the rocks, I sprang down again; I was almost on my prey, but it was gone. I crept up within range again, holding my breath lest the scent of me should alarm the watchful chamois. It was not until I began to lift the game to my shoulder that I be thought me that I had neither eaten nor drunk that day." You understand what this enthusiasm means, and how it refreshes the hunter. Thus the Master was so taken up with soul saving that He had meat to eat that others knew not of.

Moreover, the Master had not only felt the enthusiasm of pursuit, but He was moved greatly by the sympathy of pity. The man that hunts the chamois has no sympathy with his prey, the man who would take his salmon has no pity for the creature; but he that labors to bless souls is full of tenderness. How mothers can and do endure with sick children! They feel that they cannot sleep while the dear one tosses to and fro in fever, or moans in pain. They have lost all care for eating while they guard the brittle thread which threatens so soon to snap. Thus was our Saviour carried away with pity for lost souls; He knew the danger of that Samaritan city, and that thought caused Him to forget to eat.

I do not know anything that can make a man forget his pain and weariness like grasping the hand of a sinner saved. I speak here from experience, for yesterday evening, when I was thinking of this subject, I was myself somewhat dull through pain and weakness, and as God would have it I took up the Report of the Baptist Missionary Society, which was issued on the 1st of June, and as I glanced over it, I saw my own name. It seems that our missionary in San Domingo has had a discouraging year, but it was lighted up with one most pleasing incident. A man had come down

FROM THE INTERIOR OF HAYTI

to ask for baptism. The missionary asked how he came to know anything about it. In reply he told him that he had fallen in with a sermon translated into the French language which was preached by Mr. Spurgeon. Oh, friends, I was dull no longer! I had meat to eat. Had an angel stood in the study, I could not have felt more delighted with his visit than I did when I read of a sinner saved. Here was a sermon translated into French, which was carried far away to Hayti, I do not know how, and there was read by a Romanist, who found by it salvation. God bless him! You cannot faint after such a success; can you? As for myself, despite my sickness, I resolve to go on again, preach with all my might, and print more sermons, and send them out to the ends of the earth. Brethren, *never say die*. Never dream of giving up. Let God's blessing on your work refresh you.

III. Thirdly, let us at once

SEEK THIS REFRESHMENT.

That is our practical business. If there is meat to eat that we know not of, let us try to know of it at once. I am speaking, of course, only to you who are converted, and are thus saved by faith in Jesus Christ. You who are not yet believers cannot eat of this secret meat, for you are not alive unto God; you need to be quickened by the Spirit of our God; you must be born again before you can eat the bread of heaven. May the Lord lead you to saving faith in Jesus Christ at once! But I speak to you

that know the Lord, you who labor for Him, and need to be refreshed this day. Look you to the right place for nourishment. Are we weary? Then let us seek refreshment by following out the directions of our Lord in the text before us.

First, let us remember that we are sent of God. Do not forget that. Say with your Lord: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." Each redeemed one is sent forth by his Redeemer. I do not know what the Lord has sent you to do. I hope you know that each man for himself; but when you know what work you are called to do, do not be held back by any one; wait for no man's consent, patronage, or help. Strengthen your soul upon the persuasion that God has sent you, and then go forward. Let opposers know that somebody will have to clear out; for if God sent you, in that sending there is a force and an energy which nothing can safely resist. Do not make a noise. Forbear all blustering; but quietly

SET TO WORK.

If God has sent you, you will be like the greater Sent One, of whom we read: "He shall not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets," but at the same time "he shall not fail, nor be discouraged."

Next, let us get to work. The Master says to His apostles: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest." This was a common saying among the lazy. The time for work was never come; they always found reason for delay; the harvest was always four months off. Many are going to do a lot of work one of these days. Just now they take things easy, but in four months they will let you see how they can labor. We have too many Christian people around us who find no joyful satisfaction in divine things, because they do not at once spend themselves for Christ.

Further, if we want to have joy and refreshment in our own Christian life let us leap into our place at once. These disciples were not to be sowers, but reapers. Many others are not to be reapers, but sowers. You must get to work in the place into which the Lord puts you; there must be no picking of positions; you must jump into the saddle and be off. It may be that you say: "I should like to begin an altogether new work;" but if the Lord appoints you to go on with the work that some one else has carried on for years, do not hesitate. Perhaps you say: "I should like to labor where the first rough work is done;" but if your Lord directs you to commence on the uncleared forest, do not raise an objection. We must be willing to hook on anywhere. Be leader or shaft-horse. Be first or last. Be sower or reaper, as the Lord ordains. Have no choice, and then you will find satisfaction.

If we are to get refreshment for our souls we may also

ANTICIPATE THE WAGES.

There is to be a time when workers together with Christ are to receive wages. The text says: "He that reapeth receiveth wages." There must be special money for mower and reaper. Let us work on; for our Master speaks to us of wages, and He always pays liberally. Your reward is not what you get at present; but it lies in the glorious future. *When the Lord Jesus comes* He will reward all His stewards and servants. No truth is more plain in the four gospels than this fact, that when Jesus returns to this earth He will distribute recompense in proportion to work done. Herein is meat for us to eat which may well sustain us under the burden and heat of the day.

Then cometh the end. If any of you wish to be refreshed, remember the end. What is the end of sowing and the end of reaping? Is it not the completed harvest? Sow on; work on; reap on; for there will come a day when heaven and earth shall be moved with joyous acclamations, because the Lord's purpose is accomplished, and His work is finished. Then shall we sit down at the supper of the Lamb and rejoice together, as many of us as have had a hand

in the blessed work and service in which our Master laid down His life. Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind; be sober, and hope to the end. Be encouraged and refreshed this morning. Feed upon the eternal dainties which are provided for you by your Lord, and be glad in His name.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BREASTS OF THE WORLD.*

THIS strange but suggestive phrase was used by the sages of India to describe that pure and life-giving water which lies in the bowels of the earth, far below the unwholesome and stagnant sheets of water which remain inactive in the earth's crust. The possibility of its existence and the difficulty of reaching it are questions which have puzzled many generations of men. One triumph in this direction was achieved in Paris, after eight years of labor, through the genius and energy of the famous M. Arago. Having proved that the subsoil of Paris was so formed as to collect the subterranean waters which were gathered there from all the surrounding country, and that nature herself seemed to have adopted the system of centralization also for the waves which travel through the interior of the earth, Arago induced the Municipal Council to provide for the welfare of the French metropolis by having certain wells sunk. Sheets of subterranean water existed beneath the level of the brilliant capital—so Arago and other geologists firmly maintained. But at what depth was the water to be found?

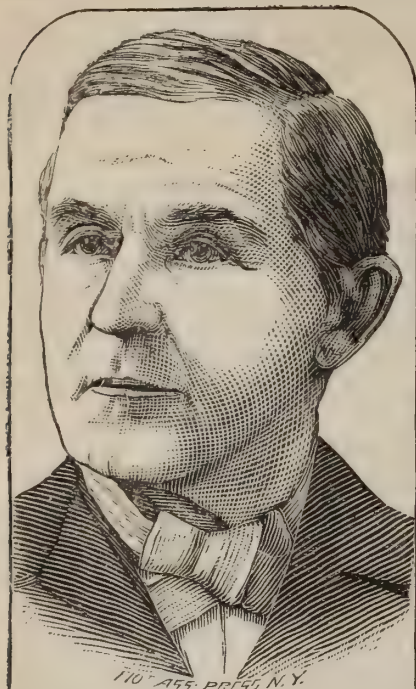
That was a point which no one could decide, and the result of the diggings afterward proved that these subterranean reservoirs were protected by a formidable stratum, the dimensions of which were worthy of one of the great capitals of the civilized world.

It was soon discovered that the subterranean mass of water, having already been utilized for the purpose of feeding countless wells in the neighborhood, no longer possessed sufficient upward power to rise to the level of Paris. Arago, noways disconcerted by this discovery, boldly proposed to dig below this liquid layer, to pierce the deposit of soil formed by the cretaceous ocean, and to reach the green sands, deposits of which appeared on the surface of the soil in the neighborhood of Troyes. On the 7th of November, 1833, the machinery which was to achieve one of the noblest works of excavation which have, perhaps, ever been executed was erected at Grenelle. The auger was first set in motion by a crane worked by several men, but these were soon replaced by horses.

The first portion of the work was completed without obstacle, but the difficulties increased as the work advanced. Many times during the progress of the work the borer broke, and was lost in the well. Imagine a steel implement so heavy that it has to be set in motion by a ram weighing nearly nine tons falling twelve hundred feet to the bottom of a hole less in diameter than a man's body! What a perplexity to the machinist, who has not only lost his instrument, but finds the hole which he wants to open into the ground blocked up by an enormous piece of steel. The only thing to be done is to throw into this hole enormous hooks or spoons, instruments which, after all, work by chance only, for they are hundreds of feet away from the hand that directs them.

On November 30th, 1834, the screw broke in seven pieces, and could only be gotten out again *three months later*. Again, four years after the commencement of the work, the auger fell for the third time, a cable having snapped suddenly. This time the work was delayed for the space of fourteen months. At last, on February 25th, 1841, the borer brought up a green sand very wet and clayey, which somewhat revived their

* From "The Wonders of Water," an illustrated work edited by Shele De Vere, D.D., LL.D., containing chapters on: The Ocean; Water on its Travels; The Action of Water on Continents; The Physical and Chemical Properties of Water; The Uses of Water. Pp. 350; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 750 Broadway, New York.



Dr. Byron Sunderland. (See page 370.)



Reception of Lord Thurlow's Clergy at Holyrood Palace, Scotland.

hopes. The following day the borer went down easily to the length of eighteen inches. It was a good omen. Suddenly the horses which were used in the work experienced a violent shock, which shook the whole machinery, and then they turned the crane without making any effort. Presently a sharp whistling sound was heard, and the water gushed up forcibly high above the spring work. This was on February 26th, 1841, nearly eight years after the work commenced.

IN A DEN OF INFAMY.

ONE of the courageous acts of self-sacrifice of which some Christian women are capable is described in the course of an address by Miss Frances E. Willard, which is issued in leaflet form at twenty-five cents the dozen by the Philanthropist, P. O. Box 2554, New York. The lady who performed the act was one of the true followers of Him who "made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant" (Phil. 2:7).

Madame de Pollalion was left a widow early in life; she became governess to the children of the Duchess of Orleans, but finding the atmosphere of the court prejudicial to moral health, she left it and devoted herself to the service of the most helpless of the human family. At one time she adopted the coarse dress of a *servant of the humblest class*, and engaged herself to wait upon eight young women who lived together in the profession of infamy. She spent the first week in almost constant prayer, silently offering up supplications to God, even while dressing up her mistresses for their orgies of iniquity. Gradually she began to add to her prayers gentle entreaties and warnings, and soon succeeded in shaking her employers out of their lethargy of sin. In less than three weeks every one of them had forsaken her evil life, and each was weeping and praying by herself in her own room. The event justified and God set His seal of approval on a step which to most people seemed to pass the bounds of prudence by granting her to witness the constancy in virtue of those eight women. Abundant reproaches fell upon Madame de Pollalion as they will fall upon any of us who may take up this work, and yet who knows but for this very sake we came into the world?

HOLYROOD PALACE.

(See Illustration.)

WITH great pomp and magnificence a levee as held on May 20th in the ancient Scottish palace, a picture of which appears on this page. The occasion was the Assembly of the Church

of Scotland. Queen Victoria is the head of that Church, as she is of the Protestant Episcopal Church in England.

When, therefore, the General Assembly came together, the dignitaries of the Church were received by the Queen's representative, specially appointed for the purpose, who has the title of High Commissioner. This year the Queen's proxy was Lord Thurlow. The Earl of Aberdeen, who has generally performed the duties, was this year in Ireland, acting as Lord Lieutenant. Lord Thurlow received the divines and civic dignitaries in the throne-room of the palace, and then went in state to St. Giles's Cathedral, where the Moderator preached a sermon, after which Lord Thurlow proceeded to the Presbyterian Assembly Hall and formally opened the session in the Queen's name.

Holyrood Palace has been the scene of many stately pageants. The troopers in their bright uniforms, drawn up as a guard of honor to the representative of royalty, on May 20th, were on ground rich in historic associations; for most of the stormy scenes of the stormiest period of Scottish history were connected with Holyrood. To the American traveller, however, its chief interest is in its association with Mary Queen of Scots. There she was married to Darnley, there Rizzio was stabbed to death, and there she married Bothwell. There, too, Knox confronted her and told her unpalatable truths. They were stormy scenes, those between the beautiful Queen and the sturdy reformer, who had nothing of the courtier in him but a conscience toward God, which would not let him remain silent when the Queen wanted to ruin his country. "Who are you," the Queen said once to the plebeian priest, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" "Madam," said Knox, "a subject born within the same."

The answer was grand, full of meaning for monarchs who think that the country they rule is theirs, and that their subjects have no rights. Mary, with her French relatives and French friends, would have trodden Scotland under foot if she could have had her own way; and as the nobles had not the courage to tell Her Majesty the truth and warn her of the consequences of her conduct, "a subject born within the realm" had a footing on which to speak. Knox went to her, as the Hebrew prophet Nathan went to David, and delivered the message of the Most High in plain, unequivocal terms. Knox has been blamed for his rudeness and harshness to the delicate lady, but it was necessary to speak

plainly to her, and it was the matter, not the manner, of his message that filled his mind when he went with it from his humble abode to the palace of Holyrood. As the American traveller stands within the old rooms and looks upon the very furniture that Mary used, it is those scenes with Knox, rather than the royal pageants, that occupy his thoughts. The brave old man standing in the presence of his sovereign, unmoved either by her majesty or her beauty, manfully doing his duty, when to have been silent would have been so much easier and more pleasant, has made those old rooms a shrine respected by every citizen of a free country.

COMMENCING FAMILY PRAYER.

(See Illustration on next page.)

A TRAVELLER from a distant State one evening rang the bell of a house in which resided an old school-fellow whom he had not seen since both were young men fresh from college.

His ring was not promptly answered, but his second application to the bell brought a child to the door, who ushered him into a parlor, and asked him to wait there a few minutes. The child spoke in a hushed voice, and involuntarily the traveller followed her example. Left to himself, he could hear a voice uttering a prayer, and he recognized it as that of his old friend. Looking up, he saw reflected in the mirror the scene in a room on the opposite side of the hall, the door of which was partially open. There was his friend, older now and more manly in appearance, but clearly recognizable. With closed eyes and clasped hands he was praying earnestly, and beside him were his wife and children. It was a surprise to him, for his friend had been, when they were intimate, thoroughly indifferent to religion, and was inclined to scepticism.

At the conclusion of family worship he received a warm welcome, and was introduced to his friend's wife, whom he found a gifted, charming lady. She retired early, leaving the two friends to talk over old times. In the course of conversation the traveller referred to the scene he had involuntarily witnessed, and asked what had led to so remarkable a change in him.

"I do not wonder at your surprise," was the reply; "it surprises me, but it fills my heart with joy and gratitude. I never knew what happiness was before. No one does who has not become a Christian. I was, as you know, about the last man likely to lead family worship in my home, or anywhere else. I grew more

opposed to religion after you left, for I fell in with a very pious set of people, who were very particular about attending church regularly, were horrified at the idea of a man even paring his nails on a Sunday, and generally on the lookout for the gnats of life; but they would lie, and deceive, and cheat more unblushingly than any one I ever knew. Of course that discovery made me more opposed to religion than ever."

"Naturally," said his friend. "I have myself suffered from people of that type."

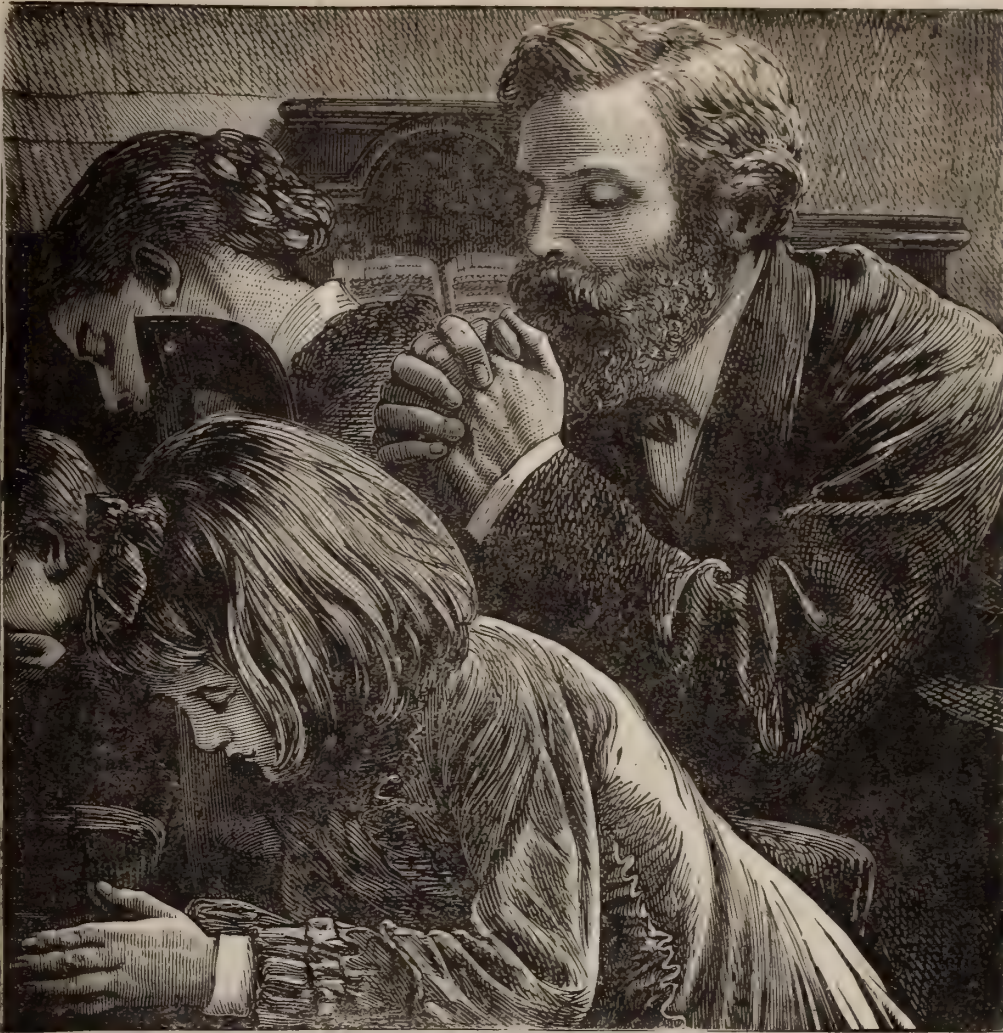
"But somehow I fell in love with a pious girl. It was a slow process, and I came to know her thoroughly before I spoke of love. I saw her in her home, and she was a blessing to it. You could not put her out of temper. She might be disappointed, or crossed, or troubled in a hundred ways, but was always as sweet and gentle as ever. *She was good*, I tell you; and though I would have wished she had not been religious, I made up my mind to win her if I could. I said nothing about my objections to religion, and as I had been brought up, you know, to know all about such things, I passed muster, and she did not find it out."

"I suppose she did eventually?"

"Yes; that is what I am coming to. After the wedding we did not go away for a tour, for we had very little money, but went straight to the flat I had rented. We had our little supper alone together, and then what do you think my wife did? She brought out a Bible and asked me to read and pray. Said in the most natural way in the world that we must begin right. I should not have been more dumbfounded if she had held a loaded pistol at my head. I did not know what to do. I could not give the dear creature a shock on her wedding-day, but I made up my mind to think it out and find some kind way of breaking it to her. So I just managed to worry through a chapter and a prayer somehow, and she excused my nervousness, I suppose, on the ground of the agitation of the day. But I felt horrible. I trembled like a leaf; it seemed to me as if it would not be surprising if God struck me dead for daring to address Him with such things in my heart as I had. All my past life came up before me as I prayed, and it was just as if a mocking fiend was taunting me with, 'You praying! You are a pretty fellow to be praying!' The next day was Sunday, and all day I was thinking how to tell her; but she was so loving and happy that I should have been a brute to wound her, as I should do by making my revelation. I tried to get through without prayer that night, but it was no use. She would not omit it, and I did as she wished. That thing went on for a week, until I became so miserable in keeping up the pretence that I thought I should lose my senses. At last I told her."

"How did she take it?"

"Grandly. I expected a storm of reproaches, but there was not a word of that kind. I could see she was almost heart-broken, but she bore up. She would have me pray still, but not as I



A Transformed Husband's Devotions.

had been doing. She begged me to pray that God would open my eyes and forgive me and save my soul. I did, and He heard me. I had a terrible time of anxiety, as I told you, for I did not believe God would pardon a man who had gone the length I had; but it came out right. One day I entered into such a sense of peace, and rest, and assurance as I cannot describe. I was a changed man—changed in feeling every way. I seemed to love everybody, and was as bright and happy as a child. I told my wife right away, and then she shed the first tears I ever saw in her eyes. But they were tears of joy, and I knew that they were shed over my conversion. Well, sir, we have never omitted family prayer since we were married, and I enjoy it now as much as my wife does. If you want my experience, I tell you I would not go back to what I was for a thousand worlds."

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 367.)

A Weighty Question.

THE missionaries and the captain alike opposed the idea of a marriage between Fritz and Juliet. Pastor Wilhelm heard them with amazement. The good man was somewhat impulsive, and did not remember that to them Juliet was an utter stranger, and was beside of a type utterly unlike in appearance and manner the ideal missionary's wife. It could not be expected that persons accustomed to act deliberately and on principle would indorse so sudden and extraordinary a project. Then, too, their first thought was of the work to which the young man had consecrated his life. The Apostle Paul certainly did not recommend marriage at all for men who in his time were engaged in missionary work. There were worse evils, he

admitted, as it was better to marry than to burn, but he said that men were apt, when they were married, to study how to please their wives, while the unmarried studied how to please the Lord. True, the Moravians had tried to bring Fritz a wife, but then she was to have been one chosen rather for her qualifications as a helper in the work than as a companion. Pastor Wilhelm's project seemed based on natural affection rather than on spiritual grounds. So it found no favor with the devoted missionaries. Pastor Smidt looked very grave, and shook his head. The captain observed with a good-humored smile:

"Yon pretty maiden does not look just like a Moravian missionary's wife. To start her for Labrador work would be something like my hoisting a white satin sail on the little Harmony; it would look mighty fine for awhile, but I doubt how it would stand a Nor'wester."

"The young lady looks delicate," observed Mrs. Smidt.

"Merely from recent illness—from a terrible fright," said Pastor Wilhelm, in his eager manner; "Juliet went through the winter bravely, with only a touch of frost-bite."

"But I understand from you that the damsel is of a worldly family, and has herself been given to a worldly life," said Ernest Smidt. "It would be grievous, indeed, if our Fritz were to be married to one whose influence would naturally tend to draw him down toward earth. Can you give me assurance, Brother Wilhelm, that a maid who may be likened to one of the mixed multitude, who followed the Israelites out of Egypt, would never wish to return to the melons and cucumbers, the onions and leeks of a wealthier land, that she would be content with the desert and the manna?"

"I will answer for her!" cried Pastor Wilhelm, with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"Could you answer for her?" asked Ernest Smidt, turning his searching eyes upon Sister Anna.

Anna was intensely desirous for a marriage between her two cherished friends, but in her simple truthfulness replied: "I cannot answer for it that Juliet would never in Labrador regret the comforts of England. She has been accustomed to such an utterly different life."

"That's it, that's it," said Brother Smidt.

"It is a very great risk for a Labrador missionary to wed a girl who is not a Moravian by birth, nor by habits, nor education. She can hardly be expected to submit to the drudgery or the hardships of a life like your own."

"If we find that she is willing to face them it will be a proof that she can and will bear them," said Pastor Wilhelm, with a little impatience.

"Calmly, calmly, my good brother," said Smidt. "There are times when a woman is ready, for one whom she loves, to face anything, dare anything, endure anything in the world. But this is no guarantee of a lifelong devotion—not to the worker, *but the work*. The rocket speeds upward with intense energy, as if

it would take heaven by storm, but it continues not in a steady course like the planets that, upheld by divine power, proceed in their circling course from one year's end to another."

"I think that Fritz's excellent father should be consulted before Fritz takes so important a step as that of marriage," observed Sister Louisa.

"Certainly, certainly," said her husband, "and our other elder brethren who bear the interests of the Mission constantly on their hearts."

Pastor Wilhelm gave a little sigh of disappointment; then, brightening up, he said: "I see; I see there can be no wedding here till next summer. Fritz's father and the brethren at home must be first consulted. In the mean time our Juliet will stay with my wife. Anna would be quite lost without her young friend; and we'll all draw up and sign a letter of recommendation, which will remove every difficulty at home."

"I am sorry to say one word to wound you, Brother," said Ernest Smidt; "but I fear that I, for one, could sign no such paper, unless much more convinced than I am now, that the union with this pleasing young maiden would be indeed for the happiness of Fritz, or the good of our Labrador Mission."

"It seems to me," observed his worthy partner, "that we are a little hasty in discussing the matter at all, since we know not exactly the wishes either of Fritz or the lady."

Fritz entered the room at the moment. He had heard nothing of what had been said, but he saw that he had broken on a solemn conclave, whose conversation ceased abruptly on his entrance. The young man was about hastily to retire, when Brother Smidt rising, said in a tone of parental kindness: "Fritz, can we pass a half hour alone together on the shore?"

"I was just seeking you to ask for a little private conversation," replied Fritz. "I greatly wish to consult you on a matter of great importance—at least to myself."

Anna and her husband exchanged glances, as the two friends went out together.

"You have not seen our schools yet, Sister Louisa," said Anna; "shall we visit them and the Esquimaux huts? I think that we shall find Juliet there; she spends much of her time with the people."

The proposal was gladly accepted.

"I must look after my tars," said the captain, "and see there's no mistake made with the cargo."

"I do heartily hope that my husband will see his way to signing the recommendation," said Louisa Smidt, as she accompanied Anna toward the *igloes*. "The sweet looks of that maiden have won my heart already, and I should so rejoice to see dear Fritz happily married. But my husband has so much experience, and is of so prayerful a spirit, that I never would venture to set up my opinion in opposition to his. But are you sure that the maiden would consent to stay in Eschol? would her relations not object to her doing so?"

"Her nearest relations are two step-sisters, who live much in the world," replied Anna; "I do not think that Juliet, as she is of age, is bound to ask their consent. As for her own, her words, spoken in delirium, make me feel little fear of its being withheld."

"Your heart is very much set on her staying?" asked Sister Louisa.

"So much so," said poor Anna, "that I dread taking any active part in the matter, lest I should be acting from selfish motives. And it does seem selfish to wish to transplant such a rose to a terrible climate like this;—only, the natives love her, and Fritz is just the man to make a wife happy."

The subject took in the whole of the party. While the two ladies were discussing it Pastor Wilhelm and the captain were engaged upon it, and Fritz Edelstein himself was talking of it with Missionary Smidt. Possibly, had it been left to the little party permanently resident at

Eschol, there would have been no doubt about the right course. Juliet's gradual Christian growth and development had taken place under their own eyes, and whoever may be mistaken about a pretended conversion, it is not the people who live with the convert and see the daily life. They know whether a change has really taken place. So it was at Eschol. It was the new-comers who doubted. Still, Fritz saw that there was reason in the arguments they urged.

"Certainly, I would never take such a step as marriage without consulting my dear father," said Fritz, after—to him—a very agitating conversation with his old friend, to whom he had opened his heart. "But I will tell him, as I have told you, that I do not believe that there is a more true-hearted Christian on earth than she who was so wonderfully, it seems almost miraculously, brought to this land. It was her kindness, her humility, her goodness, that first won my heart."

"But you yourself own that the young lady's conversion only took place last year. Since then she has had no companionship but that of missionaries; she has been as completely sheltered from worldly temptations as a hurricane-lamp from the wind."

"Miss Erle has visited the poor, taught in the school, helped Sister Anna in every way," said Fritz.

"Forgive me for suggesting that the maiden had no other occupation, no other amusement. Is it not possible to take to labors like these as a resource against the weariness caused by so lonely a life?"

Here the two missionaries met Sister Anna and Mrs. Smidt returning from their visit to the schools. The parties joined, and all went together to the house, where they found Brother Wilhelm and the captain. Another sitting of the little council ensued, at which Fritz, deeply, painfully interested, was present. He sat silent, with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the floor, feeling that all his earthly happiness was at stake, but that earthly happiness must be counted as nothing, when compared with his duty to his father, his mission, and his God.

After a brief discussion, it was decided that Anna should break the subject to Juliet before retiring to rest, when the Smidts should have returned to their cabin in the ship, to pass the night in the Harmony. They would not sleep at Eschol, though pressed to do so, being unwilling to put their hospitable brethren to such inconvenience as the crowding of the house would occasion.

If Anna, in execution of her delicate mission, should find Juliet willing to join the ancient Church of the Moravians, formally acknowledged, as it has been, as a sister Church by the highest dignitary in the Protestant Episcopal Church, she was then to be invited to a private conversation with Pastor Smidt and his wife. "Without such an opportunity of examining her as to her religious convictions," said the conscientious Moravian, "I could not—we could not possibly sign our names to a recommendation that our young sister here should become a missionary's wife."

It is not to be wondered at, if, with so difficult a mission before her, Sister Anna could not perform with her usual ease the office of hostess; she all but forgot that eggs require to be boiled. Pastor Wilhelm, though he made many inquiries about friends at home, and mission news from various Moravian settlements, did not contribute one of his stories to the general conversation, nay, betrayed that his attention was wandering, by repeating over and over some of his questions. His thoughts were evidently engaged on other matters. Pastor Smidt had an anxious, prepossessed expression on his face; Fritz was unusually silent, and never before had Juliet seen him so awkward at carving; his hand actually trembled!

Juliet herself felt in a singularly strange position, one of the Moravian circle, and yet hardly belonging to it, uncertain whether she was to return in the Harmony, or whether she would

be invited to remain where she could not but feel that her presence was urgently needed. No one was perfectly at ease but the captain and gentle, kindly Sister Louisa, who talked much to Juliet, and tried as much as she could to remove her natural shyness. Juliet wondered how she herself had at first done injustice to such a pleasant, benevolent-looking being as the wife of Pastor Smidt. When, after evening worship, the little party broke up, and the Pastor Wilhelm and Fritz escorted their guests back to the boat, Juliet felt that she had made a new friend in Sister Louisa. Nor was the impression a false one.

"Now for my dreaded explanation," thought poor Anna, as soon as she and Juliet were alone together. "How shall I possibly begin it?" A thought occurred to her; she arose, went to her room, and returned with the star-bordered feather quilt.

"The excitement of the arrival, and other things, had almost made me forget that this is my sweet child's birthday. She will accept and keep this for the sake of a friend who loves her."

Juliet embraced her friend, and thanked her warmly. Then in a hesitating voice observed: "It will be so much admired in England."

"Oh, my child, I had hoped that you would have used it here. But—but—perhaps you wish to return to your home." Anna felt the little hand which she held in her own grow suddenly cold.

"You have not asked me to stop," murmured Juliet.

"Would you—would you be willing, if—if circumstances made it possible for you to do so?"

Juliet could not keep her hand from trembling. What could be coming next? It was some time before she could break the awkward silence by saying, in a nervous tone: "I would be willing to stay with you, but—but—" Again a most awkward pause ensued.

"You could only stay as the betrothed of Fritz Edelstein," said Anna, breaking the ice of reserve with a bound.

Juliet hastily withdrew her hand from Anna's. "Has Fritz asked you to say this?" she inquired, with unuttered thoughts in her mind; "why did he not speak for himself?"

"Fritz knows that I am saying this," replied Anna, as it were floundering in the midst of the broken ice, unable to extricate herself from the unpleasant position. "Oh, dear Juliet, I am so perplexed, I don't know how to tell you of the difficulties in our way!"

"What difficulties?" asked Juliet, feeling bewildered.

"You see, dear, we don't just know whether a missionary life would suit you all your days. Brother Smidt fears that you might shrink back from the hardships, and—and—he knows that you have been brought up so differently from us. Unless he is allowed to examine you as to your principles and views, he could not—indeed, I don't see that he could—conscientiously recommend you for a Labrador station to the brethren at home."

"Recommend me to the brethren at home!" repeated Juliet, drawing herself up to her full height, with a flush on her cheek and pride on her lip.

"There is Fritz's father, you know, a very pious man; he would be afraid of his son's union with one who has been so long in the gay world. But if you would have a conversation with Brother Smidt, I think—I feel sure—almost sure—that all would come right."

Juliet was astonished at what she had heard. Conscious that she would be considered of higher social position than Fritz, and that she was possessed of independent means, she had been quite prepared for surprise and displeasure on the part of her own relations, should she unite her fortunes with his. She knew that Dora and Cecilia would regard her marriage as a very low one, and that her contracting it would be a subject of mirth among her fashionable acquaintance.

Juliet, after consultation with her own heart, had made up her mind to encounter this. But to be examined like a charity child, to be regarded as not quite good enough to be permitted to work in an obscure settlement in a dreary land, Juliet Erle's spirit resented the idea as insulting! With more haughtiness than she had believed to be left in her nature, the young lady rose from her seat.

"I will never stoop to be questioned on religious subjects by an utter stranger," said Juliet. "Where I give my labor or my affections, I give them freely; I will not consent to be bound by Puritanical chains. I shall certainly return to my home in England."

(To be continued.)

GO, AND SIN NO MORE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for June 27, John 8: 1-12.

The Malignity of the Scribes and Pharisees—A Dilemma Prepared for Christ—His Convicting Answer—None Fit to Execute Judgment—Alone with Jesus—His Keeping Power—Life and Being Redeemed and Sanctified—The Voice of Mortified Pride—The Light of the World—Following Jesus.

NONE could touch Jesus until His hour was come; and thus the disappointed Pharisees and scribes went every man to his own house, and Jesus was still at large; none of the officers of the people had been found proof against His words, for they were "with power" (Luke 4: 32). Jesus was at large; still in a position to bless; but the scribes and Pharisees left no stone unturned to bring Him into condemnation. The following morning they caused an interruption to His teaching by dragging into the midst of His audience a poor unhappy woman, who had been taken in the very act of grievous sin—that of unfaithfulness to her husband. Another had been her partner in sin, but he was not dragged before the public, and no question was raised as to whether he should suffer the penalty of the law, although they knew how it was written, "The adulterer, and adulteress shall surely be put to death" (Lev. 20: 10). God's Word is not responsible for the unjust and unequal standard by which men are judged in the world. He is

STRICTLY IMPARTIAL.

They said: "Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned; but what sayest Thou?" It was an implication that Jesus would differ with Moses. They thought to catch Him in a trap. If He should say that the poor woman must suffer the penalty of the law, then where would be His reputation for love and gentleness? He would lose all His popularity. If, on the contrary, He should decide the other way, they would at last have a just ground of accusation that He taught contrary to Moses. They thought to have Him this time, and they saw no way of escape. Little did they expect the reception which their question met with. At first He stopped in His teaching; but instead of answering them, He wrote with His finger on the ground. He who was of purer eyes than to behold iniquity turned away from the relation of the details of sin. But they were urgent, and continued asking Him. He raised Himself and answered: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." She must be dealt with according to the law, she must be stoned; but

WHO SHOULD BE THE EXECUTIONER?

Again He turned away, and with His finger wrote upon the ground. Truly, never man spake like this man. His hearers were silenced; the word had judged them; the oldest man of the company led the way, and went from the presence of Him whose word had searched and found him out; and then, one after another, the company who had condemned her filed out, and "the woman was left alone, and Jesus standing in the midst." Alone with Jesus! alone with Him who, of all that company, had a right to execute upon her the sentence of death which the law pronounced, and which He could never

make light of! "Woman," He said, "where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?" She answered: "No man, Lord," but attempted no self-justification and pleaded for no mercy. She was alone with Him who had her life for time and eternity in His hands, and He said what no other man on earth and no angel in heaven would have dared to say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Is Christ, then, "the Minister of sin"? (Gal. 2: 17.) Does He teach us to make more light of sin than did His Father under the law? God forbid. But He who did not condemn this sinful woman acted so because for her sake He Himself was condemned. He was made sin for her, though He knew no sin (11 Cor. 5: 21). He was made a curse for her to redeem her from the curse of the law; and thus He alone had a right to pronounce pardon.

Jesus came not to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved (John 3: 17), whether morally upright, like Nathanael, Saul of Tarsus, and Cornelius (John 1: 27; Acts 22: 3; 23: 1; 10: 1, 2), or whether shameless, open sinners, like the Samaritan woman, the woman of whom we have just spoken, and Mary Magdalene, out of whom He cast seven devils. Where He says, "Neither do I condemn thee," because our iniquities are laid on Him, He says also, with equal authority and equal power: "Go, and sin no more." He has as much

POWER TO KEEP

us from sinning as He has to pardon us our past sins. He has redeemed us, soul and body, and we have a right to go free. Oh, if those who are under the power of any fleshly lust, whether drunkenness, gluttony, or uncleanness, could but believe that every member of their bodies, as well as every power of their souls, has been redeemed and is capable of being holy unto the Lord, by being a part of the temple of the Holy Ghost, self-despair, the self-despair which often seizes this class of sinners, would come to an end! Satan crushes them by saying: "Your appetites are yours by birth; you cannot help them; they are sinful, but then you cannot control them; you are under the curse, and there is no help for it." Oh, how blessed is God's Word, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law; being made a curse for us." He has redeemed not our souls only, but our bodies, our appetites, our desires, our whole spiritual, moral, and physical man, from sin and from all impossibility; glory to His name! He has made eating and drinking holy, so long as it is under His control, for He ate and drank habitually here on earth. He has made marriage holy, so long as He controls it, by His presence at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. He has made our natural love of the beautiful holy, so long as He rules it, by His talk about the lilies of the field. All which Satan has used in our human nature to develop his germs of sin Christ has redeemed to be an instrument of righteousness, a vehicle for the life of Jesus, and for the working of the Holy Ghost. The man born blind (John 9) was so that the works of God might be made manifest in him. If our fallen nature had not fallen so low, the glory of God could not be so great in the glorious redemption which Christ has wrought.

"Neither do I condemn thee;" yet, "But

I CANNOT FORGIVE MYSELF,"

say some. Dear reader, this proceeds more from mortified pride than from real humility. To be angry with yourself shows that you have expected something from yourself and been disappointed. A friend remarked the other day: "While we condemn ourselves we are in an atmosphere of condemnation, and are ready to condemn every one else as well. One of the truest fruits of our accepting to the full the forgiveness of God is that we forgive ourselves and accept that command of power, Go, and sin no more."

When Jesus recommenced His teaching He said: "I am the light of the world." What light He had shed on that poor woman! She

came out of the thick darkness of a life blasted by her own sin; a family life broken up; the sentence of death upon her for soul and body; and the bitter thought that he who had equally sinned with her went scot-free, as far as human judgment went, perhaps walked in the streets, with large phylacteries and an added breadth to the border of his garment. She could look to no blessing in the future in family life, no possible reparation, no place of repentance. And a bright, broad, glorious light had shone in. Instead of the stones, which were her due, and a terrible public execution, with the curses of husband and child ringing in her ears, she who deserved it all had heard the Son of God say to her: "Neither do I condemn thee," and, joy of joys, "Go, and sin no more." Here was hope beyond all expectation; a new life, and a better, was opening before her, not for time only, but eternity.

"I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not abide in darkness, but shall have

THE LIGHT OF LIFE."

It is Satan's plan, when we are saved or when we are sanctified, to bring some darkness over our souls. He tries in some way or other to make the Word of God to be at issue with our own experience, and then he turns round with his old question, "Hath God said?" insinuating that, after all, God does not keep His word. There is but one way to meet him, and that is to follow Jesus in the dark or in the light, when we understand and when we do not understand, and we shall come out into the light some time. We may start on a railway journey when the rain is falling in torrents and the thunder rolling overhead; but we sit still, and are borne along, and by and by we have been carried right through the storm and out on the other side. And so it is if we continue following Jesus: He carries us through any time of darkness right out into the light; we may come into darkness, but cannot *abide* in it when we follow Him.

Looking into ourselves is more productive of darkness than any other thing. Light is not inherent in any man; all light comes from without; we are naturally without light, "Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord" (Eph. 5: 8).

FOLLOWING JESUS,

we see ourselves, as well as others, from His point of view; we see circumstances as He sees them, and oh, how different they are! we see in His light all things subject to Him; we see sin, Satan, the world, the flesh—all overcome; we see constant victory, because He has gained it, and whatever He does is forever. And thus seeing, how can we abide in the darkness of sin, or of self-condemnation, or of despair? How can we abide in the darkness of ignorance or of fear when His glorious light shines in? Thank God, He lights us to a life in which we are kept from sinning by His abiding power, just as we quite and forever yield ourselves up to Him; it is a life of joy and of liberty, in which "Neither do I condemn thee" is our ceaseless theme of praise, and "Go, and sin no more" our joyous warrant and power for a life in which we know that we please Him and walk in the light of His countenance. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For Thou art the glory of their strength" (Ps. 89: 15-17).

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER TO THE LORD?

BY W. W. HALLOWAY, JR.

What shall I bring to thee, O Lord—
Of what make offering?
What does my life, so poor, afford
That I to Thee may bring?

No lamb have I of bleating flock,
That feeds amid the grain,
Nor any bulls of noble stock
To be on altars slain.

No costly incense can I bring
To pour on glowing coals,
From thence in fragrant clouds to rise,
Like prayers from longing souls.

First fruits of harvests have I none
Before Thy gates to lay;
The wheat from flashing sickles won,
Grapes lit with sunshine's ray.

I have no power by which to build
A temple, Lord, to thee,
To be with gold and cedar filled,
And light and majesty.

No myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold,
Can I as gift present,
Like those, the Wise Men, who of old
With joy o'er Jesus bent.

No alabaster box have I
Of precious ointment sweet
To pour before Thee while I lie
In worship at Thy feet.

And yet my heart would prompt some gift
To prove my fervent love;
No empty hands would I uplift
Toward the throne above.

Then, since I have no earthly store,
Possessions, power nor pelf,
And since Thou dost desire no more,
O Lord I give myself!

My intellect, my will, my heart,
Whatever mine I call;
My time, my strength—with all I part,
To Thee I bring them all!

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No adv't taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

Bust of C. H. Spurgeon.

A beautiful piece of statuary in the shape of a bust of the Great English Divine can be had for the remarkably low rate of One Dollar, express prepaid. This bust is of a beautiful white material, stands 9½ inches high, is indestructible only by breakage, and makes a beautiful ornament. To the admirer of Spurgeon it is invaluable. Address C. E. LATHAM, Bloomington, Ill. Agents wanted in every town; write for territory.

A Literary Coup d'état.

An Elegant Half Morocco bound volume, containing Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," complete, 400 pages, offered (all September 1, 1886, only 10 cents, or by mail, 50 cents. The object of this low priced and valuable price is advertising, or direct, or of any responsible Bookeller or Agent. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk. It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods. Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of infants and invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

SAM JONES' Sermons. 600 pages. 50 Engravings. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid. Send for mammoth illustrated circular. Big Pay to Agents. WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

The Best \$1.00 Dictionary in the World!

The National Standard Dictionary is a universal Hand-Book for ready reference, handsomely illustrated, neatly printed from new plates, with plain type, on good paper, and beautifully bound in cloth, with ink and gold designs. Price, \$1.00.

608 Pages. This book contains 608 pages, and is a pronouncing lexicon of the English language, to which is added an appendix of useful and valuable information, containing a compilation of facts for reference on various subjects, being an epitome of matters Historical, Statistical, Biographical, Political, Geographical, and of general interest.

40,000 Words. This Dictionary contains about 40,000 words, CORRECTLY SPELLED, PROPERTY PRONOUNCED, and EXACTLY DEFINED, this number being all the words needed for daily use.

700 Illustrations. This reference book contains 700 pictorial illustrations, representing Birds, Animals, Fishes, Insects, Plants, Flowers, Seeds, Implements, perfectly showing hundreds of objects found in MECHANICS, MATHEMATICS, GEOMETRY, ARCHITECTURE, MILITARY, NAVAL, BOTANY, and the ANIMAL, VEGETABLE and MINERAL kingdoms, interspersed through 608 pages, in connection with the word and definition, showing at a glance what a thing is and means far better than the best word definition.

Mark This!! Besides being a complete Dictionary with 700 illustrations, it contains CONCRETE, IMPORTANT and CORRECT ARTICLES on the following subjects, viz.:—ABBREVIATIONS in common use. A full table of SYNONYMS. This table is of the greatest value to those who would write and speak smoothly and correctly. A BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER, containing date of birth and death of the FAMOUS PERSONAGES of HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, RELIGION and POLITICS, from the earliest known times to the present. This information alone is worth the price of the book. Also, FOREIGN WORDS and PHRASES: AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES: SKETCHES given to AMERICAN STATES, etc.; SYSTEM: MARKS and MEASURES: TABLES of METRIC: DIVISIONS of TIME: SIMPLE RULES for PUNCTUATION; USE of CAPITAL LETTERS: PARALLEL RULES and USAGES: VALUABLE INFORMATION for BUSINESS MEN; SIZES of BOOKS and PAPERS; GEOGRAPHICAL STATISTICS; CENSUS of CITIES, etc.; DISTANCE TABLES; COINAGE TABLES; and various other information.

This ELEGANT COMPANION and ENCYCLOPEDIA of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE will be sent, post-paid for \$1.00. Five Books for \$4.00. Get four friends to buy one each, and thus get your own book free. Address, J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

A Most Appropriate Gift Book for

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

Fifty Years and Beyond;

OR

OLD AGE AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.

A Book of Incalculable Value as well as Interest to all who have passed the Meridian of Life.

Compiled by Rev. S. G. LATHROP,

INTRODUCTION BY

Rev. ARTHUR EDWARDS, D.D.,

Editor N. W. Christian Advocate.

The object of this volume is to give to that great army who are fast hastening toward the "great beyond" some practical and helpful advice as to the best way to make the most of the remainder of the life that now is, and to give comfort and help as to the life that is to come.

"They are the writings of the most eminent men, living and dead. It is by no means a gloomy book, and can be read as excellent on every page."—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.

"It is a treatise on the Christianity that honors the gray head, and teaches us to consider the old man a burden or a blessing. The book will aid and comfort every one."—NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

"The lessons are very precious. Springing from such sources and pure fountains, they can but afford a refreshing and healthful draught for every aged traveller to the great beyond."—WITNESS.

A lady who received a copy of this book writes: "Fifty Years and Beyond" was bought for my aged parents; they are perfectly delighted with it, say "It is a gem." It is the very book I have been looking for, many, many years."

Price, Bound in rich cloth, 400 pages, \$1.00.

Presentation Edition, gilt edges, 1.50.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

The New Sunday School Song Book, by LOWRY & DOANE, is crowded with stirring Hymns set to fresh and delightful music by the authors and others, acknowledged to be among the most popular composers in the land.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Should be examined before you purchase. It is a book that will stand the test; the Hymns are first-class and the music is faultless.

Remember! The Glad Refrain

Is sold at \$25 per 100 copies, which is much cheaper than books of new music of its class have ever been offered before.

Sent for examination on receipt of price.

SPECIMEN PAGES FREE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 E. Ninth St., New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Genes of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., N. Y.

BLACK SILKS.

James M'Creery & Co.

Offer this week a large importation of rich Black Silks, in Satin effects, at the following concession in prices:

At 85 cents; marked down from \$1.00	
\$1.00; " " " 1.25	
" 1.25; " " " 1.50	
" 1.50; " " " 2.00	
" 1.85; " " " 2.50	

Their stock of Fancy Silks, Figured Surahs, Tricotines, Faille Francaise and other Novelties, imported for the present season, will also be disposed of at Reduced Prices.

Broadway & 11th St., N. Y.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a Dry Gelatin film for WET Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo-Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$2 to \$3. Is paying big with other business in stores or shops or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of a man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to secure profitable orders in nine out of ten homes; After Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit. TO EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process Illustrated FREE, Sample Photos. 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St., N. Y. Mention this paper.

TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By it aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher, CALDWELL, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

Canon Farrar's

TEMPERANCE Address, 2 Cents, or 15 copies 25 cents. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl St., New York.

Now is the Time to Paint EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK

A new work on INDOOR and OUTDOOR painting which is designed to teach people how to DO THEIR OWN PAINTING and save the expense of a professional painter. The most practical and valuable work of the kind ever issued. Full and plain directions are given for mixing paints for ALL PURPOSES. Tells all about PAPER HANGING, KALSOMINING, STAINING, VARNISHING, POLISHING, as well as how to RENOVATE FURNITURE, so that it will look as good as new. Tells all about HOUSE-CLEANING. Full directions are given for mixing and applying Kalsomine to ceilings and walls. It tells how to make and use stencils for ornamenting ceilings. Gives detailed directions for PAPER HANGING so that every one can paper a room successfully. Tells how to make DAMASK WALLS, etc. Tells how to paint a kitchen or chamber FLOOR. Tells how to paint OIL-CLOTHS, varnish WORK, restore CHAIRS and oil paint renovate PICTURE FRAMES, CLEAN MARBLE, etc. Many useful hints on ARTISTIC WORK for HOME DECORATION given. Full directions are given for making beautiful SPATTER-WORK pictures in which the ladies are so much interested. Tells how to paint OUTBUILDINGS, FENCES, FARM WAGONS, FARM IMPLEMENTS, and CAIRNS as well as how to polish a PIANO ORGAN—how to imitate GROUND GLASS make paint for BLACKBOARDS—GRAINING in oak and black walnut, painting in imitation of EBONY—MAHOGANY and ROSEWOOD, GILDING, BRONZING and SILVERING. Elegantly printed, handsomely bound in extra cloth, with ink and gold, contains a large number of illustrations. Will save its cost in a short time. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Five books for \$4.00. Get four friends to buy one each, and thus get your own book free. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

A 25-CENT BOOK FOR 25-CENT EUREKA RECITATIONS. BY MRS. ANNA RANDALL DIEHL the celebrated teacher and elocutionist. Sixty here now ready. Each one contains 128 pages handsome lithograph cover. Price, only 12 cts. each. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publisher (P. O. Box 2707,) 31 Rose St., New York.

New Temperance Publications.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has recently published the following valuable publications:

Readings and Recitations, No. 6. By Miss L. Penney. 12mo, 120 pages. Price in cloth binding, 50 cents; paper, 25

John B. Gough. His Anniversary Addresses for the National Temperance Society, with Sketches of his Life and Work by Rev. Joseph Cook and Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler. 12mo, 48 pages... 10

Prohibition Continues to Prohibit. By J. N. Stearns. 12mo, 24 pages... 05

The latest facts concerning the results of prohibition. Ritual and Manual for Bands of Hope and other Juvenile Organizations. By Thos. R. Thompson. 18mo, 36 pages... 05

The Two Bars. 12mo, 96 pages... 10

An excellent story, the religious and temperance teachings of which are excellent.

Band of Hope Songster. Compiled by J. N. Stearns. 12mo, 64 pages, board covers, 20 cents; paper, 15

This is an entirely new collection of words and music from the pens of the best authors, for use in Bands of Hope, Sunday-Schools, Juvenile Temperance Organizations, etc.

Besides these the Society publishes a large variety of Tracts, Cards, Song Books, Books for Sunday-School Libraries, Text-Books, etc., etc. Catalogue sent free on application. Address

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

PRICE \$193! We sell direct to families—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send our First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS, it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sent your order to me and I will attend to promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage at received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALT N., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 25.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF REV. JOHN WENGER, D.D., Missionary Translator of the Bible.
THE BATTLE FOR BREAD. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE MILLENNIUM. By Rev. A. O. Tris.
SAM JONES AT INDIANAPOLIS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Tariff Bill Defeated—The Fishery Dispute—Proposed American Congress—Maine Prohibitionists—Ovation to Mr. Gladstone—Lord Salisbury on his Defence—Cruelty to a Cripple—Good News for Prisoners—A Supplementary Marriage Fee—An Unsigned Confession, etc.

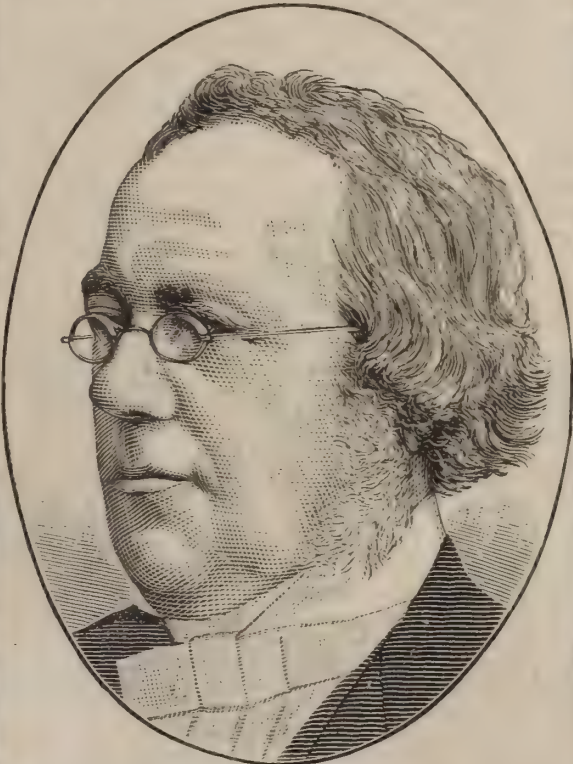
A DAILY TRIBUTE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: A Day in a Prison. Siamese Therapeutics—Healing and Holiness—Assured of a Harvest—A Remarkable Fraud.

PICTURE OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH.

JOHN BODEN'S RECRUIT. (With Illustration.)
AT THE MISSION. (Continued.)

Jesus and the Blind Man. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Rev. JOHN WENGER, D.D., Translator of the Bible in India—Scenes in his Life.

REV. JOHN WENGER, D.D.,

Swiss Missionary and Bible Translator.

Value of his Work—Born in 1811—Left an Orphan—Hardships and Privations—Two Uncles—First Communion—Religious Friends—First Sermon—Secession from the National Church—Goes to India—Arduous Labors—Completion of the Translation in 1874—A Brief Rest—Failing Energies—Death—American Recognition.

WHATEVER may be the obligation of a nation to its military heroes, statesmen, and scholars, there is no man entitled to more gratitude than the man who gives it the Word of God in the language of the people. A Bible that every man can read in his own tongue is a blessing beyond price to any nation. It is "quick and powerful," transforming individual lives, elevating and purifying the home, and promoting the righteousness which exalteth a nation. A man may not fight, nor make splendid orations, nor give large gifts, nor found colleges and hospitals; he may be poor, obscure, and utterly unrecognized; but if he puts in the hands of the people an open Bible, he has done more for the regeneration of that nation than any one can appreciate. That work was done for Bengal, one of the great provinces of India, by the noble Swiss missionary whose portrait appears on the preceding page. That province, apart from the surrounding districts which are joined with it by ties of race and government, contains sixty-seven million souls. To Dr. Wenger and his co-laborers that vast population owes the blessing of a Bible in the vernacular.

John Wenger was a native of Switzerland. He was born in the picturesque hamlet of Bruchenbühl, near the Lake of Thun, on August 30th, 1811, and died at Calcutta, on August 20th, 1880, at the age of sixty-nine. The sublime scenery of the country seems from his earliest days to have exercised an elevating influence on the sensitive mind of the boy. Yet his early experiences were such as would in ordinary cases have neutralized the influence and made him dull and sordid. He was left

AN ORPHAN

at the early age of five years. His father was called away from his peaceful life to take part in the wars which the ambition of Napoleon I. brought upon Europe. He was quartermaster of the local militia, and was sent to the frontier. There exposure and hardship undermined his health, and shortly after the downfall of the Emperor he sank under pulmonary disease and died. "My brother and I," writes Dr. Wenger, "were put on the same wagon as the coffin, wrapped in tablecloths to shelter us from the rain. Thus I became an orphan before completing my fifth year." That journey with the coffin containing his father's remains made an indelible impression on his memory.

The family removed to the house of Samuel Wenger, the eldest brother of the deceased, at Eriswyl, a village on the borders of the canton of Lucerne, where John began at once the study of the French language under the direction of his generous uncle. But in the autumn of 1817 Samuel Wenger removed to Berne, and there the bereaved family settled with him in January, 1818. John Wenger's

SCHOOL-DAYS

passed without much incident. He describes himself as a "feeble, timid, spiritless, awkward boy," fond of quiet, and ever trying to keep out of harm's way. He avoided play, and never possessed a marble in his life. It is probable that his dislike for the ordinary amusements of boys was largely the effect of the taste for reading which he had acquired. Geography was his delight, and much boyish pride was developed by his unusual skill in arithmetic.

But these pleasant school-days were broken up in July, 1819, when the little family was dispersed, and John became a member of the family of Jacob Wenger, another uncle, very different in his disposition from his brother who first had charge of the orphan boy. Jacob was a wheel-

wright by trade. The succeeding months, till September, 1820, was

A YEAR OF TOIL

at uncongenial employments for the timid, patient boy. In harvest time he had to take his full share in the work of getting in the fruits of the soil. It was his duty to press down the corn with a long stick, to facilitate its being cut with the scythe; to assist in tying the sheaves and drying the grain; to drive the oxen that drew the heavy laden wains; to aid in mowing and making the hay; to help in getting in and storing the apples, pears, cherries, potatoes, turnips, etc.; in winter to feed the cows and sheep stalled in the sheds; besides such housework as his boyish strength might enable him to do. Often in the bitter cold weather, when looking after the cows in the pastures, he would collect a few sticks, and make a fire under the lee of a hedge, to warm himself and dry his clothes. (See *Illustration No. 1 on first page.*)

In 1822 there was a welcome change in his life. John had left the hard work on the farm, for which he was unfitted, and was again in Berne under the hospitable roof of his uncle Gottlieb, where he made considerable progress with his education. In the following year he began the study of Greek and Latin, in which he made marked progress, and eventually became

A SCHOLAR AT THE GYMNASIUM.

In November, 1826, he being then more than fifteen years of age, it became necessary, after the usage of the established Church of Switzerland, that he should prepare for his first communion. This he did, and received the Lord's Supper for the first time on Whit-Sunday, 1827. "I felt it to be," he says, "a very solemn act, and was moved to tears." In April of that year he was promoted from the Gymnasium to the Academy, and entered upon his college career. At this time he began seriously to consider what he should do with his future life. Happily for him,

A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW,

the first of many, occurred under his uncle's roof. Staying there at that time was a young man named Morlet, who was studying for the ministry. He was a protégé of Robert Haldane, who had paid his collegiate expenses in Paris and elsewhere. Morlet had two intimate Christian friends named Schaffter and Hebler, who spent much of their time with him, and they welcomed to their circle the promising young student, John Wenger. (See *Illustration No. 2.*) They used to meet for mutual Christian converse, and at these social religious talks the eyes of the future missionary were opened to the nature of true religion. He became anxious for salvation, and soon found joy and peace at the feet of the Redeemer. Immediately he recognized his work, and the desire to enter the ministry of the National Church became the constant subject of his thoughts. His

FIRST SERMON

was preached in French, in Mr. Schaffter's pulpit, in Berne, on October 14th, 1830. The second sermon followed a fortnight later. As it was illegal for a divinity student to preach until after the completion of the first year's studies, the Berne Ecclesiastical Council interfered. Mr. Schaffter, however, successfully claimed exemption for his student. The spring of 1831 saw Mr. Wenger in possession of the right of using his gifts, and frequent engagements in the pulpits of Berne and its neighborhood were made and kept. Sometimes it was necessary to preach in German and sometimes in French. Mr. Wenger spoke both languages fluently and correctly. In all cases he followed the laborious practice enjoined on the students of reciting the discourse from memory.

The last year of Mr. Wenger's studies at the Academy of Berne (1832) witnessed a complete revolution in his relations with the National Church, and deeply affected his future career. "The old orthodox clergy, for the most part, were cold and formal preachers. The younger men were chiefly irreligious, and their sermons were little else than philosophical or moral essays, or sentimental addresses." These, and many

other considerations, resulted in his declining ordination, seceding from the Established Church, and devoting himself to teaching for a livelihood. He became

A TUTOR

in the family of an English clergyman, named Leeves, then at Geneva. It was at this time that Mr. Wenger first contemplated becoming a Baptist missionary in India. In 1838 he paid a visit to England, and had an interview with the Rev. John Dyer, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and through him, with the Rev. Dr. Steane, W. B. Gurney, Esq., Mr. Mack, and other prominent friends of the Mission. In February, 1839, he was baptized at Denmark Place Chapel, by Dr. Steane, in the presence of a large congregation, and the rupture with the National Church of his fatherland was consummated.

In the following June he sailed for Calcutta. The voyage, on the whole, was a pleasant one. Only once was the good order of the ship disturbed. This was when the vessel crossed the Equator. At that time it was the practice for the sailors to indulge in rough horse-play on any one on board, especially any soldiers who had never before crossed the Line. Scenes of brutality were common, entailing so much real suffering that the custom has since been summarily interdicted. The Line was crossed on July 25th, and, as usual, the sailors commenced their practical jokes. The soldiers lost patience at last, and stood together for defence. So high did passion rise on both sides, that words of command were disregarded, bayonets gleamed in the hands of the soldiers, and the sailors drew their knives. The fierceness of human passion seemed about to be let loose in all its fury. (See *Illustration No. 3.*) The officers were, however, able to separate the combatants. They wrested the weapons out of the hands of the men by main force. "To those who witnessed the scene," says Mr. Wenger, "it appeared next to impossible that bloodshed could be avoided, and it would be wrong not to attribute it to the faithfulness of that God who heareth prayer, that all ended as well as it did."

IN INDIA.

On September 25th, 1839, the vessel reached her moorings in the Hooghley, and Mr. Wenger, with his companions, saw for the first time the city of Calcutta. A few days later he began to qualify himself for the translation of the Scriptures into Bengali in company with Dr. Yates.

No man ever consecrated himself more heartily to any work than did Mr. Wenger to the labor he had undertaken on behalf of the people of India. With wonderful rapidity he acquired the difficult language, and could soon not only read and speak it fluently, but could so nicely discriminate between apparent synonyms, as to render himself an expert translator. Thus he spent his time teaching and preaching, and using every spare moment in the arduous task of translating the Bible. The severity of his daily toils was occasionally relieved by a brief visit to a country district, where he sought to invigorate his health, already suffering from the debility incident to life in the tropics, and to reach the people gathered at these health resorts. On one occasion

THE MARKET AT BACKERGUNGE

was visited, and there he remained a week in company with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. No European lady or child had ever been seen there before. The inhabitants came in crowds every afternoon (see *Illustration No. 4*), and gave the Mission band excellent opportunities for preaching and conversation. The women came freely to the boats to make the acquaintance of their English sisters. On the distribution of tracts and portions of Scripture, the missionaries, in order to escape the rush of the multitude, found it necessary to moor the boat in the middle of the stream; but it was difficult even then to keep the boats from rocking dangerously from side to side, as the people struggled to get into it. Some even fell into the river from the planks by which they could approach.

(See Illustration No. 5.) The surprising feature was, that so many showed such marvellous eagerness for Christian books who shortly before had been determined to drive the Gospel from their midst, and to persecute those who sought the knowledge of salvation. The toilsome and

INCESSANT LABORS

of Mr. Wenger were not carried on without much suffering from ill-health and domestic trial. In August, 1853, his beloved wife died. A short time afterward the doctor strongly advised the devoted missionary to pay a visit to Europe. Exhausting labors in a climate so debilitating had made serious inroads on his vitality, which nothing was so likely to restore as invigorating draughts of pure air from his native mountains in Switzerland.

After spending about two years amid the scenes of his earlier days, he joyfully resumed his labors in India, and, with assiduous and conscientious devotion, zealously gave himself to the discharge of the duties of his chosen lot. They were arduous but delightful. In addition to the great work of the translation, he took charge, in 1863, of the native church of Intally, near Calcutta, and for eleven years was active in the discharge of the duties of the pastorate. Meanwhile the

COMPLETION OF THE TRANSLATION

was approaching. In 1873 nothing remained to be done on the two editions—one in Bengali and one in Sanscrit—but revision and emendation. In 1839, when he landed in Calcutta, a young man of twenty-eight, he commenced his preparations for the gigantic task. It was not until thirty-five years afterward, in April, 1874, when he was sixty-three, that he laid down his pen and saw the work complete. Then, with the joy that comes from work well and faithfully done, he went again to Switzerland and rested from his labor once more in the shadow of his beloved mountains.

His holiday was a brief one. At the end of six months he was on board a steamer outward bound, and looking forward to a renewal of labor. Age and exhausted energies were, however, apparent to his colleagues. The old fire of mind and soul were there still, but the physical powers no longer responded as formerly to the calls he made upon them. He was enfeebled, and was dispirited by the indications he could not but recognize, that the activity of by-gone years was impossible for him. For five years, however, he worked on with unsparing vigor, eager that his Master should have all the years yet remaining to him of life. Then his strength failed him, and he reluctantly yielded to the inevitable.

DEATH.

At the close of 1879 he went to Orissa, and received in the missionary circle there a warm welcome. Affectionate friends ministered to his wants, and doubtless their care prolonged the waning life. On August 18th, 1880, it became clear that the end was very near. He was unable to rise, but continued cheerful and even joyous. Miss Leslie, a lady missionary, visited him in his room that morning, and finding him free from pain and in a sunny mood, she called in a few of the children of the missionaries to sing to him. They sang "Rock of Ages," and, to their surprise, the dying veteran joined in the hymn to the end. (See Illustration No. 6.) It was his last service of praise. On August 20th he calmly and peacefully passed away.

That night, after a solemn service, his remains were carried on the shoulders of the native preachers to their last resting-place (see Illustration No. 7), to await the resurrection morn.

It is gratifying to note that the recognition of the able missionary's learning and valuable labor to the cause of Christ, which his own country did not give and which was withheld by the land which sent him out to toil, and which the latter bestows readily in far less deserving cases, came to him from our own country. Brown University, Rhode Island, honored itself in honoring him. In 1872 he received at its hands the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a title of which he was eminently worthy.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Tired of One Subject.—A Christian Gentleman said at a recent meeting: "I heard not long ago of a minister who preached three successive Sundays on the subject of repentance. At the close of the third service his son said to him, 'Father, don't you think we have had enough of repentance? Would it not be better to change your subject, for I am sure your people will be tired of that one?' 'My son,' said the father, 'have they repented yet?' 'No, I do not believe they have,' replied the young man. 'Well, I will preach repentance again and again, until they have repented,' said the good minister."

A Deaf Mute's Beautiful Answer.—The Rev. R. Stewart said: "I knew of a gentleman who went to a deaf and dumb asylum to make known to the inmates the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. He asked questions by means of writing them on a blackboard. One day he wrote the question, 'What does God do with the sins of the people who believe in Him?' One of the lads wrote below the question, 'All our sins were written in God's book, but Jesus came and drew His bleeding hand across the pages where the sins of the people were entered who believe in Him, thus covering over with His own blood the transgressions of His people.'"

A Student without Money.—The Rev. M'Donald remarked: "Before beginning my university course of study, I had saved some money; but soon it was all expended, and what was I to do? for although I had one friend who generously offered to help me, I said, 'No; if I cannot help myself I will go back to the commercial office again.' Just at this time I was asked to preach in an iron church, some distance off, and I knew that if I were suitable they wanted a minister; but as my money was all gone, I could not see my way to go. I was then living in my father's house, and very comfortable, but it was not to him I turned for help. I went to my own room, and opening my Bible, I read, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' The difficulty was solved, and I at once wrote to say that I could not accept. Not long afterward the Lord opened up another place for me, as He always will provide for those who put their trust in Him."

Appeal of a "Plucked" Student.—The Rev. Mr. Ferrie remarked: "I heard lately of a young gentleman, a medical student, who, like many others, neglected his studies. Three times he failed to pass his examination. He went to London, thinking that in a place where he was not so well known he might have a chance of passing; but there he failed also. The first time he went up when in Glasgow, he had prayed to God to help him to pass; but he failed. The second time he went up he went to the Lord again, and asked His help. But God never supplies the want of knowledge brought about by our own carelessness, and a second time he failed. The third, when he went up to London, he was so afraid that he should fail, that he went down on his knees, and asked the devil for hell's sake, or for his own, to help him. But a third time he failed. This shows to what an extent a man will go when he is driven by the circumstances of this life. How presumptuous he will be! How he will blaspheme and curse the Lord! Often blaming Him for troubles and trials which have not been sent by the Lord, but have been brought on by his own conduct."

A Dying Soldier Saved.—The Rev. Mr. Ross remarked: "During the civil war in America a young man fell in battle. He was carried to the hospital, where a surgeon examined him and saw that the wound was fatal. Word was sent to his father to come at once if he wished to see his boy before he died. When the father arrived his son was sleeping, and was told that he could not see him until he awoke, for the sudden appearance of his father would instantly take his life, so weak was he. At length the father was

asked to come in, as his boy was awake, and was asking for him. 'Father,' he said, after the first salutation was over, 'I want to ask you what must I do to be saved? For, oh, father, I want to get life; I want to get salvation; and speak it plainly, father, speak it plainly, for I am dying.' After an inward struggle for help to be guided in the right way, the father said: 'John, do you remember when you were a boy, and did something wrong, and I punished you for it, and how angry you were with me for punishing you?' 'Yes, I remember it very well.' 'Were you happy then?' 'No, father, I was not.' 'Do you remember what you did then? You came to me and said: "Father, I am very sorry for what I did. I deserve to be punished, but I want you to forgive me." And I said, "Go to Jesus, and ask Him to forgive you also." 'Yes, father, I remember it all well.' 'My boy, go to your Heavenly Father now, and just say to Him what you said to me, and ask all for Jesus' sake.' In a few moments the dying man looked up and said: 'I thank God that He has saved me.' It did not take long; in a moment that lad had passed from death unto life, and was soon safe in the arms of Christ."

A Wife's Unsuspected Follower.—A Woman who had been anxious about her soul for some time went to the minister hoping that he could help her. 'Oh,' he said to her anxious inquiry, 'I always looked upon you as a godly woman.' But that did not bring peace or satisfaction to her; the Holy Spirit was striving within, and would not be stilled. She went to a meeting, and there she found peace in Christ through the singing of the hymn:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

She asked for it to be sung over again that she might grasp its full meaning. When she returned home that night she said to her husband, who was a drunkard: 'Oh, you must go to that meeting.' She urged him again and again, but never said: 'Oh, you must give your heart to the Lord Jesus!' But, unknown to her, her husband had followed her to the cottage service, and although he had not gone inside, when he heard his wife crying and sobbing, he said within himself: 'There is something in it.' Then, when at length she did plead with him to give his heart to the Saviour, as she had done, he said: 'Why did you not tell me that before?' And he did make a full surrender of himself to Christ, and now the whole family are rejoicing in the salvation of Christ."

A Swiss Orphan's Letter to Jesus.—Captain Hatfield related: "I heard a pleasing incident of a little boy's faith, in Switzerland, recently. A father and mother lived there with their two little children, a boy of seven and a girl two years' younger. The mother fell ill and died, and about a month afterward the father also suddenly died, leaving the orphaned children without any one on earth to take care of them. They lived in a solitary place, and no one heard of the man's death, and the poor little children had to live for days beside the corpse. The children had eaten all the food there was in the house, and on the fourth day the little girl was crying piteously for bread. The brother, who himself was suffering greatly, could do nothing to render help to his almost baby sister. At length a bright thought struck him. He took a small scrap of coarse brown paper, and wrote these words upon it: 'Dear Jesus, please give me one penny to buy bread for my little sister?' With this paper carefully rolled up he set out for a chapel some distance from their home. He walked up to the chapel and dropped the paper into a money-box which stood at the door. A priest saw the boy, and thought he had been taking money from the box, and ran after him and brought him back to the chapel, where the boy explained what he had done. The priest made the sad case known to his congregation, and money was raised to provide for the present necessities of those little ones."

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 20, 1886.

"And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening."—1 KINGS 17: 6.

Ornithological Teachers—An Ancient Fable of the Wren—The Feeding of Elijah—Black Servants of the Wilderness—Where they Got the Food—The Great Conflict of the Day—Champions of a Home Circle—Ravens Wanted—I. God Sent them—Infantile Wishes Disregarded—Unlimited Resources—II. A Surplus not Provided—The Great Fret of the World—Gold Eagles Preferred to Ravens—The City of Rochelle Supplied—A Connecticut Farmer's Prayer—III. The Unexpected Purveyors—The Color of God's Providence—A Widow's Prayer for Coal.

THE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What

WONDERFUL CREATURES

of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the *songs of heaven let loose*, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebrae of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients

THE KING OF BIRDS,

because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who could fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be *feathered imperials*. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the keynote to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God,

ELIJAH, WAITING

for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and

pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these *black servants of the wilderness* table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and

A SUPPER-BELL

sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck! cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and that ceremonially unclean; or it was carrion, and it would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs;" so it would have read, "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic, and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you

WHO THESE PURVEYORS WERE

—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power—"If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take away His part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City."

While, then, this morning we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's Spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that

THE GREAT CONFLICT

to-day is on the Thames, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Kennebec, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are fourteen hundred millions, and those who have fallen are vaster in numbers than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slipped feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the

ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES

of the cases, nine tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking-houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing-machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against

Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers.

THE GREAT QUESTION

with the vast majority of people to-day is not "Home Rule," but whether there shall be *any home to rule*; not one of tariff, but whether they shall have anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing, and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem, the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed-birds; but this morning I am out for ravens.

I. Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah

DIRECTLY FROM GOD.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; but God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at His table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you act like a naughty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God has a *vast family*, and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need, down to the last suit in which you shall be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat, down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer.

THE SENSIBLE PARENT

depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say, "Give me sugars and confections." "Oh, no," says the parent; "you must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me these great blotches of color in the garment." "No," says the parent; "that wouldn't be suitable."

Now, God is our Father and we are minors, and He is going to clothe us and feed us, although He may not always yield to our infantile wish for sweets and glitter. These ravens of the text did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Ahab. They brought bread and meat. God had all the heavens and the earth before Him and under Him, and yet He sends this plain food, because it was best for Elijah to have it. Oh, be strong, my hearer, in the fact that the same God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with Him. His ships never break on the rocks. His banks never fail. He has the supply for you and He has the means for sending it. He has not only the cargo, but the ship. If it were necessary, He would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from His gate to yours, until the food would be flung down the sky from beak to beak and from talon to talon.

II. Notice again in this story of the text, that the ravens *did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus*. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I, that

THE GREAT FRET

of the world is that we want a surplus; we want

the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. You have more confidence in the Fulton Bank, or Nassau Bank, or Bank of England than you have in the Royal Bank of Heaven. You say, "All that is very poetic, but you may have the *black ravens*; give me the *gold eagles*." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eat up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say, "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About five, or six, or seven o'clock in the morning just look up, and you will see two black spots on the sky, and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or the two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—*plumed butcher and baker*.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shell-fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you
A FAMILY INCIDENT.

Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after a while began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and they brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances

PRAY AND DIG,

dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My loving-kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move this morning for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

III. Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with *seemingly impossible conveyance*. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle-dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicious that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—*ravenous*. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with voracious gizzard everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from

AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The Providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to

THE COLOR OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

A white providence comes to us, and we say, "Oh, it is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say, "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have fifty thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh, and fierce, and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was

A CHILD BORN

in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet-fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

As the great Friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in His arms and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow Him, and

YOU FOLLOWED THE TREASURE

He carried, and you have been following them ever since; and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self-righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery; it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven—it was a raven! Dear Lord, teach this people that white-providences do not always

mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your despondency. The Lord never had so

MANY RAVENS

as He has this morning. Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said, under some childish vexation, "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it; ask God in the right way for what you want, and you shall have it if it is best for you.

Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "You have not asked for coal, and

THE COAL IS OUT."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I could give you; had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has He not done it two or three times every day? That is most marvellous. I look back and I wonder that God has given me food three times a day regularly all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains; but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish all this people would

TRUST HIM

with the two lives—the life you are now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock inform you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul comes to-day. See! They alight on the platform. They alight on the backs of all the pews. They swing among the arches. Ravens! Ravens! "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled." To all the sinning, and the sorrowing, and the tempted deliverance comes this hour. Look down, and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back, and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eye forward, and you have a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary. But look up, and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ, and the face of a pardoning God, and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whirr of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of the air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask: How many of this audience are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the hoofs and the clang of the wheels of the judgment-chariot the whole matter will be demonstrated.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

ASSURED OF A HARVEST.

A FARMER who sows his seed knows well that at the proper time he will be reaping a harvest. The Christian laborer ought to have the same confidence. It may be delayed; the time of its ingathering may be uncertain, but at the time appointed it will be there. An incident illustrating this fact, and showing how sometimes the Christian worker, in spite of discouragements, grasps it firmly, is related by the Rev. G. O. Newport, of Madras, India. He says:

There is one field in South India where, many years ago, an American missionary was sent, to make it his station. He labored alone for ten years. At the end of that period there were eight converts. At the end of the second ten years there were twelve converts, and at the close of thirty years twenty-three converts. Then the American Society to which the missionary was attached discussed whether he should not be removed, and although he pleaded that he might stay, the committee thought that the results pointed to the necessity for his removal to another field. The old man said: "Well, brethren, be it so. You have decided that where I have spent my youth and my manhood, where I have prayed and labored, that there I must pray and labor no more. But, whether you send me back or not, there I will go; there I will labor; there I will die. Prayers have been offered; efforts have been put forth, and they must be gathering over that field, in clouds that will come down in blessing in God's own time, and somebody must be there to receive it when it falls." The chairman said: "Well, brother, if you are determined to die there, we must, in all decency, give you Christian burial," and so they sent him a colleague. The two men went back, and when the next ten years had passed away, the twenty-three converts had become twenty-three hundred, and during the last four or five years there have been added to the Church of Christ in that district four or five thousand every year, so that we have there an illustration of God's promise: "In due time ye shall reap if ye faint not."

HEALING INVOLVES HOLINESS.

In the current number of *Thy Healer* a testimony is printed in which there are significant words, indicating the solemn position of one who has experienced divine healing (John 5:14).

The lady who records her experience suffered from heart-disease, and being a Christian, was chiefly anxious to discover the Lord's will. She was prepared to seek divine healing if she could be convinced that it was really to be had. This is her account of her struggle: "Lord," I said, "I can believe it, if I may believe it, but I cannot take it if it is not Thy meaning. Nothing would be more delightful than to take it, if I may." Then the verse came to mind, "If thou canst believe," and, "All things are possible to him that believeth." I saw then that it was to be a matter of faith, that I might take it if I would take it, and I told the Lord that I gave my body to Him to be quickened by His Spirit. I did not ask Him to heal me; I had nothing to do with that. All I saw was, that I might give my body over to Him to be quickened by His Spirit, to be restored and strengthened by His Spirit; and as I told the Lord that I gave it to Him, it seemed as if a voice said to me, "You will suffer for it;" but at the same moment there came these words, "Fear not, for I am with thee." I thought, "You will suffer for it," "is that from the great enemy?" And then again I remembered the words, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." I said again, "Lord, if it brings suffering?" And then there came before my mind such a rush of possible consequences. My heart was very bad, and any who have suffered from a weak heart know that it often makes you feel very ill, and if you have no remedies at hand, there is nothing so naturally frightening as attacks of heart complaint. Well, all the possibilities rushed to my mind of suffering with no relief. But I looked up above it all, and said, "Yes, Lord;

even if it is suffering, I will have it." And I gave myself definitely to Him in the face of suffering. He has not allowed suffering to come. Twice after that, the day after and the day following, I had worse attacks from my heart than I had ever had; but it was a device of Satan. The whole time the Lord kept me in perfect peace, and, from that time He has been so faithful. So surprisingly glorious is this life! *But it needs a very close walk with the Lord; we cannot live anyhow when we give our bodies to Him.*

SIAMESE THERAPEUTICS.

DR. GEORGE D. DOWKONTT reports in his excellent periodical, the *Medical Missionary Record*, an address by Dr. Sturge, who has spent five years as a medical missionary in Siam. In the course of his remarks he thus described the medical system of the native physicians:

When the cholera broke out, the natives, believing it the work of the spirits, made rafts of bamboo, and loading them with fruits and flowers, sent them floating down the rivers to appease the spirits. By day they hung a yellow flag out with the family name, and by night a lantern, so that the spirits would not enter. But in Bangkok alone *five hundred a day died*. They have no proper medical treatment, and now he is home, there is no medical missionary in all Siam. The doctor told of the crude way of giving medicine. A lot of herbs are boiled, then prayed over, and the liquid squirted over the patient from the native doctor's mouth.

The treatment of women's ailments was terrible, the doctor remarked. In delayed maternity the spirit doctor stands over the poor woman brandishing a large knife in each hand and shouting at each pain. They believe in the possession by evil spirits. Often children are tortured to confess, by having a tiger's tooth forced into their flesh, what family's spirit possesses them, and the family named by the child is ill-treated and banished. After maternity the woman is made to lie on a hard plank for thirty days in the front of a large fire until the flesh is scorched. Measles are treated by pouring the *coldest water* over the body several times a day. Truly, "the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel." The doctor then appealed to his brethren very earnestly to go to the rescue. Hundreds of blind people are waiting for physical and spiritual sight. If you give them the one they will possibly be led to seek the other. Ten millions in Siam, and now no medical missionary among them!

AN IMPOSTURE.

A CURIOUS case of personation appears to have occurred in New York recently. When the City of Berlin arrived on May 18th there were two girls among the steerage passengers both aged about fifteen, and both named Susan Williamson. One of them has applied to the Superintendent at Castle Garden for assistance under peculiar circumstances. She says that when she was only five years old her parents left her in Liverpool to come to America. When she was old enough she earned a living by silk weaving, and at last saved enough money to buy a steerage passage across the Atlantic. Finding among her fellow-passengers the other Susan Williamson, she was drawn to her by the coincidence of the name and became intimate with her. She told her new friend all about her history and prospects, her expectation of meeting her parents, and showed her the letters and papers she had brought to prove her identity. On landing at New York she lost sight of the other Susan, and she did not meet her parents. Her letters, papers and trinkets, and the address of her parents had been abstracted from her trunk, and she believes that her namesake stole them, met her parents, and, aided by what she had told her, and by the possession of the letters, had convinced them that she was their daughter, and had been taken to their home. The poor girl was in great distress, as she did not know where her father lived, and is not sure,

even if she finds him, that she can convince him that she is the genuine Susan. Christians of weak faith often fear that they will not be received by their heavenly Father at the end of life's journey, but their fear is not like that of the immigrant girl. They are assured that "the Lord knoweth them that are His" (II Tim. 2:19).

THE NEW JERUSALEM IN THE MILLENNIUM.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

(Continued from page 375.)

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND FIRE.

IT might be argued that there is an idea of suspension in the air in the beautiful prophecy (Isa. 4:5) "that Jehovah will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for above all the glory shall be a covering" (margin). This text leads us back to the journey of the children of Israel (Ps. 68:7; Exod. 13:21), and also to the return of Israel in Canaan, and gives us a description of the glory which shall be revealed, but does not prove anything to sustain the idea of a suspended city in the air.

We also surely know that "the heaven (singular) must receive Jesus Christ until the times of the restitution of all things," and that period is called in Acts 3:19 "the times of refreshing coming from (or caused by) the presence of the Lord." The heaven mentioned is placed in connection with the restoration of Israel, and not with the aerial heaven or atmosphere.

It might be farther argued that we are told in I Thess. 4:17 "of meeting the Lord in the air," and this truth will be verified *before* the coming and the appearing of our Lord to the mundane regions; yet it shall not stand in opposition to the words spoken by the angels (Acts 1:11), "That this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven;" neither to Zech. 14:4, 5, where we read: "And His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east . . . and the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee." There is no discrepancy between those three texts, only a difference in the order of time. We have a precedent of a *like trio of difficulties* at the first coming of our Lord. In Micah 5:2 is said that the ruler should be "born in Bethlehem;" in Hos. 11:1, "Out of Egypt have I called My Son;" and in Isa. 9:1, 2 "that Galilee of the Gentiles should be the country." In Matt. 2:6, 2:14 and 4:13-16 we find the problem solved, every difficulty is removed, and everything is made plain.

PROPHECY MYSTERIOUS.

No person can dispute the fact that the New or Heavenly Jerusalem will bring and manifest a glory passing all description and all understanding, a grandeur extending far above our comprehension; but, conceding this fact, we ask, Is not prophecy mysterious in all its different parts? Who is able to explain the picture drawn by the king-prophet (Isa. 11:6-8), "That the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a child shall feed them. . . . That they shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain (says Jehovah): for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." *Shall the brute creation be changed so fully?* Paul answers (Rom. 8:21), "That the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into (eis, Greek, 'with a view to,' Dr. Young) the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Who can explain the words of the same prophet (Isa. 2:4) and of Micah (4:3), that "nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"? Shall the warlike, revolutionary, and hatred spirit of the nations be taken away? The Psalmist answers that question in Ps. 46:9: "Jehovah maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear asunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire." And all this will be done in the Millennial age, when Israel shall dwell in peace in Emmanuel's land (Hos. 2: 18, 19; Zech. 9: 9, 10; Acts 3: 19-25). Not less, but omnipotence and the creative power of Jehovah shall be required to bring to pass all these events; every one of them surpass the boundaries of our imagination, and are even great in magnitude, as that kings and nations shall bring their glory and honor in Jerusalem the Golden.

TOO GREAT.

If we had been contemporaries of Methusaleh and Noah, and had been informed of the destruction to come, "that everything that is in the earth should die" (Gen. 6: 17), and also that the same earth should be renewed, would such an announcement not have been too great in our eyes? Would it not have been an enigma which we could not have unravelled? Now we are informed that "the heavens (*lit.*, 'the present heavens') and the earth by the same word have been treasured up for fire, being kept to a day of judgment and destruction of the impious men" (Dr. Young) (II Pet. 3: 7); and also we read in Ps. 46: 2-8 an appalling description of that earth's catastrophe, and of the place where safety shall be found. Is this word of prophecy too great for us, because we do not fully understand how it shall be fulfilled? The time surely shall come that this prophecy shall have become history, and that everything shall be as plain as we know now concerning the deluge and the destruction of the Deluvian Age.

If we had stood eighteen hundred years ago in Jerusalem, and had seen Jesus arraigned before Pilate, or had seen that blessed sufferer hanging on His cross, could we have fathomed the great truth that He was the God-man bearing our sins? Should we have thought that the death of that Israelite, crucified between two thieves, should be extolled in the heaven above and on the earth below as the greatest miracle of mercy known in the universe? Where can be found *greater depth of misery* and untold suffering than in the words, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27: 46.) Shall we accept the truth of Christ's passion, and shall we tremble to accept the untold glory of a New Jerusalem? Let us ever keep in mind that *both events* are recorded *side by side* in the prophecies—yea, often mentioned in the same verse (Isa. 9: 6; 11: 1 in connection with 9: 7; 11: 2-10; 53: 9 in connection with 53: 12).

AN INTERPOLATION.

Before we close we have to make one remark more. In Rev. 21: 24 is said: "And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it." Reading those words, "*which are saved*," our thoughts are directed to resurrected nations, and this gives to the description of the New Jerusalem a most peculiar, mystical appearance. Yet we know that *the nations* in verse 24 are a part of *the men* mentioned in verses 3 and 4, and that we have in those nations *the representatives of the Gentiles* (Zech. 14: 16). The words, "*of them which are saved*," were added by Erasmus, and so did innumerable editors, following his authority without further examination. If Erasmus was alive now he would no doubt immediately expunge the commentary of Andreas, which he took in as the text ("Bengel," Gnomon II., vol.). The Revised Version has omitted to mention the words added by Erasmus as being an interpolation.

CONCLUSION.

When the Queen of Sheba heard of the glorious and mighty works which Solomon had executed she was anxious to go to Jerusalem, and meet the son of David. Now, the greater Solomon, the King of Peace, will come into His glory and reign; let us shake off the dust and put on our bridal garments to meet Him, when and where He shall come, and enter into His glory.

[Mr. Tris appears to have mistaken the views of those who believe that the New Jerusalem

will be a suspended city. Their idea is not one of separation but of constant communication with the earth. We are explicitly told that the gates of it will not be shut (Rev. 21: 25). Jacob's vision (Gen. 28: 12) typified the scene. Each detail of John's description applies more readily to a city above than on the earth. Three may be mentioned: He was particularly impressed with the foundations of the city, which in a terrestrial city would not have been so conspicuous as they appear to have been to him. His Jewish mind revels in their marvellous value and beauty, as if they were prominent features of the city, as they will be to dwellers on the earth. Again: the city was equal in length, breadth, and *height* (Rev. 21: 16), fifteen hundred miles each way—a cube, in fact. Imagine a city on earth *fifteen hundred miles high*! In the air it is not so difficult. Then, as Mr. Tris reminds us, the nations are to walk in the light of it, which they could not do wherever it might be located on the surface of the earth. But suspended above the world, each revolution of the earth on its axis would bring every land in turn during a part of the twenty-four hours within view of its dazzling refulgence.—ED.]

REV. SAM JONES AT INDIANAPOLIS.

TOMLINSON HALL, Indianapolis, was crowded on Sunday, June 13th, with persons eager to hear the famous Georgian revivalist. Fully five thousand hearers succeeded in entering, and many hundreds went away unable to gain admittance. The preacher was heard with rapt attention, and at the conclusion of the service many rose to ask for prayer. Taking his text from Acts 10: 2, Mr. Jones drew a vivid sketch of the character of a devout man. He said:

The first century of the Christian world produced some of the most remarkable characters of this world's history, and perhaps this man, Cornelius, was the most remarkable character of this century of characters save Christ Himself. Cornelius's character was remarkable in that it was symmetrical. It presented a perfectly rounded completeness, and, after all, a symmetrical, well-rounded character is the most charming thing at which angels can gaze. You may take one key of that piano. If it be out of tune, out of harmony, it is not only out of tune and out of harmony with every other key in the piano, but out of harmony with everything in heaven and earth that is in harmony. Put it in tune, and it is in harmony with everything on earth. Religion, after all, is

NOTHING BUT HARMONY—

harmony with right, harmony with God. Christianity sets the Ten Commandments to music in the soul. Christianity makes every good word and work in me like a chord which, when touched with the divine fingers, makes music that would charm the angels of the Lord. If I would seek the basis of Christian character I could not rest character upon the will, I could not make conscience the basis for character, but I would base character upon the affection. What I love and what I hate determined my character. If you will tell me what you love and what you hate, I will tell you what you are. Now, Cornelius, as I said, was a remarkable character in that he presents a symmetrical character, and I shall present the Scripture portrait of this great, good man, and I declare when I look upon this character as Scripture portrays him, I am ashamed of myself and ashamed of every man living upon the earth. The nineteenth century does not present such a character as this man Cornelius, and we simply hold the portrait of this man up to your eyes, that you and I may look, repent, and resolve by the grace of God to mould our future character upon his more than we have done in the past.

He was a devout man. Sometimes we say of our best character that Brother A. is a good man. Sometimes we say of Brother B. that he is a zealous man, and sometimes of Brother C. that he is a prayerful man. Sometimes we say he is a pious man, but when inspiration tells us that Cornelius was a devout man, that covers all

the graces. In other words, he was thoroughly religious. He was religious through and through, and at home and abroad—everywhere.

Cornelius had made up his mind to be religious, and this is the only basis upon which you can begin to build a religious life—the mind must be made up. I like the sentiment of earnest abandonment at the altar. My brother, have you counted the cost? "No, I haven't had time to count the cost. I am going to heaven, I don't care what it costs."

The prettiest picture angels ever looked at is a home consecrated to pious influences, where father, mother, and each child is thoroughly consecrated to God. I want to say that revivals are but

A SUBTERFUGE

of an unfaithful church—understand me, now, it is an *abnormal state of things* in any community that makes a revival necessary, but I will say that a revival is necessary in Indianapolis. When a man will assert openly on the streets of this town that there are five thousand lost women walking these streets, will anybody say that there is not need of a revival in Indianapolis?

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

is for every man to be the priest of his own home, and see to it that his own home is thoroughly religious. I want to see the day come in the history of the world when every father shall be the priest of his own home, the Word of God shall be read and prayed over by him, the wife and husband unite in instructing and training their children for God, and when little Mary is ten years old, or six, or eight years of age, the father walks up to the preacher, of a Wednesday night, and says: "Open the doors of the church, at our family meeting, on Sunday morning

MY LITTLE MARY

was converted, and yesterday morning, by the family altar, she gave her happy experience." Again, the same father is at the door of the church saying that "Willie was converted to God last Tuesday night, and he has rich experience in Christ Jesus." That father brings his children to God and to God's church. If such could be the influence in this country it would make a revival an unheard-of thing.

I am engaged in revival work, and as long as this world stays like it is, and parents neglect themselves and neglect their children like they do, no man of sense has a word to say against a revival of religion. You say, "We had a big revival here last year. What has come of it? Why, we are worse than we were before." Why, where do you reckon you would have been if you hadn't had a revival? That is the way to look at it.

It was but a little over a year ago, that I was at Nashville, Tenn., when the citizens of that town said to me, "We have subscribed ten thousand dollars and more to procure you a home in this town, which we will present to you if you will move here." "Well," I said, "brethren, I am just as grateful as a little-hearted man like me can be, but I have got a little cottage home down in Georgia that is good enough for me, and I am afraid if I move the devil might work it to my disadvantage. I am contented where I am."

Then they said, "We will fix
THE COTTAGE HOME."

I felt that God did that through my friends, and on the 25th day of December last we dedicated that home solemnly to God. Just like your church is—the same ritual, the same process. I did not give my house and lot to God because I thought I was good, or because my wife was so good, but I will tell you, I gave the home to God because we had six of God's children there to raise for Him, and I wanted to raise them in God's house, and I want to tell them that it is a house solemnly dedicated to God. It was the sweetest service I was ever at in my life. I tell you, my congregation, this afternoon, if every man and woman in Indianapolis, when they went home this afternoon, would solemnly dedicate their houses to God, it would be a different city from this time on.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Defeat of the Tariff Bill in the House on Thursday was not a surprise to the country. It has been evident from an early date that it would not pass. It was thought, however, that the proposed changes would have been examined and debated, but the House, by a vote of 157 to 140, refused to take the bill into consideration. Four Republicans voted with the minority, and thirty-six Democrats voted with the majority. Ten of these were from New York, eight from Ohio, and five from Pennsylvania. There are rumors that another tariff bill will be prepared, as both political parties are pledged to revision, and without making some movement in the matter they will stand convicted of breaking their pledges. The political conscience will not be disturbed by shame on that account, but those who seek re-election may have doubts about the safety of their seats if they openly desert their platform. The Republican platform pledges the party "to correct the irregularities of the tariff; and the Democratic platform pledges the party "to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests." It would seem that both parties are substantially agreed on the subject; yet the vote of Thursday is a contradiction. Perhaps the plank was inserted in the platform merely to catch votes. We hope not; that would be bad in policy as it would be bad in principle.

The Proposed Congress of American Nations assumed tangible shape last week by the passage in the Senate of Senator Frye's bill providing for its expenses. It authorizes the President of the United States to invite, on behalf of the people of the United States, delegates from Mexico and Central and South America to a conference in Washington, October 1st, 1887, to meet delegates on the part of the United States, to consider such questions and recommend such measures as shall be to the mutual interest and common welfare of the American States. One hundred thousand dollars is appropriated for the incidental expenses of the conference. The delegates of the United States are to be twenty-four in number, and are to serve without compensation.

The Fishery Dispute with Canada Assumed a more amicable phase last week. Rumors have been current for some days that the British Government was using its influence with the Dominion to induce it to cancel the instructions issued in connection with American vessels purchasing bait. A despatch from Halifax on Friday last states that the circular directing the seizure of American vessels has been withdrawn and another substituted, ordering the collectors to serve a printed warning on foreign fishing vessels; and if, after the warning, they are found fishing or preparing to fish, and do not depart in twenty-four hours, an officer is to be placed

on board and the facts reported to Ottawa. This order, if it has really been issued, shows a more conciliatory spirit, and encourages the hope of a mutually satisfactory arrangement.

The Movement to Change Inauguration Day is making progress. On Friday the senate passed, by a two-thirds vote, the joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Ingalls, providing for the submission to the several States of a Constitutional amendment extending the period of the President's term and the session of the Fiftieth Congress until April 30th, 1889; and substituting April 30th for March 4th as the beginning in future of the Presidential and Congressional terms. The measure now goes to the House.

The Declarations of the Prohibition Convention of Maine last week were an indictment of both the great parties. The impression in the country was that in Maine the Prohibition law was being enforced by the Republicans, but the convention declared that the contest is not over in Maine, as both the Republican and Democratic parties contain an aggressive rum element, which aims to defeat the enforcement of the prohibitory laws. While ready to argue the question whether prohibition is a proper remedy for intemperance with those who hold opposite views, the party insists that at all events the laws now on the statute books should be enforced, and claims that neither of the old parties demands such enforcement from the officers elected. In the principal cities of the State, it is charged, there is no impartial enforcement of the law. The convention nominated Aaron Clark, of Buxton, as its candidate for governor, and proposes to make a strong fight. Their hopes of success are based on the fact that the Republican candidate is not satisfactory to a section of his party, who assert, rightly or wrongly, that his nomination was due solely to Mr. Blaine's influence.

The Marriage of Mr. Archibald Forbes, the renowned war correspondent, took place in Washington on June 19th. The bride was Miss Louisa R. Meigs, daughter of General M. C. Meigs, of the United States Army. Mr. Forbes has made many friends in this country, a large number of whom filled St. John's Episcopal Church at his wedding. His wedding present to his bride was a remarkable necklace, composed of decorations which had been presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Servia and Spain, the Emperor of Germany, and the Kings of Roumania and Saxony for bravery and daring on the field. He has acted as special war correspondent in all the wars of the decade from 1870 to 1880.

Lord Salisbury has Opened the Campaign on the Conservative side by a speech delivered at Leeds on June 18th. He received an enthusiastic reception, and the utmost anxiety to hear him was manifested. He appeared to be aware that his speech prescribing coercion and emigration as remedies for Irish discontent had produced an unfavorable impression in England as well as in America. He therefore explained what he meant by coercion. He said, "Our coercion, which Mr. Gladstone denounces, was directed against robbery, murder, mutilation, terrorism, and a system of organized intimidation, which made life bitter to thousands of innocent persons. All that we desire is that the law be sufficiently businesslike and efficacious to carry out its own behests. Coercion means nothing else in our mouths." In defending himself from the charge of inconsistency, Lord Salisbury said, "England sympathized deeply and rightly with the efforts of Greece and Italy to obtain independence, but they were large bodies of men, speaking with a single voice. But in Ireland you have a quarter to a third of the whole population absolutely opposed to the residue upon this identical question. You must not be deceived by the word 'self-government,' which, in Ireland, means being governed by somebody who detests you; and you tell Ulster loyalists, when you have fastened the manacles and chains of the National League around their

legs and laid the rod of the League on their backs that they are enjoying the inestimable benefits of self government." In spite of the truth there is in these remarks, the American people agree with a large number of the English people that Lord Salisbury would be better employed in endeavoring to find some way of devising a system of government which would satisfy two thirds of Ireland while securing protection for the liberties and rights of the other third.

Mr. Gladstone's Confidence in the People would appear to be well founded, if we may judge by the demonstrations in his honor made on Thursday last. The aged statesman travelled to Scotland, speaking at various towns on his way, where enthusiastic crowds assembled to greet him. In London the throng was so dense that the police had difficulty in clearing a passage for his carriage into the station. He delivered an address from the coach window before the train left. It is estimated that ten thousand people were present. At Luton, Bedford, and other stations on his way there were crowds who cheered him as the train sped by. At every stoppage the train was quickly surrounded, and the Premier was greeted with enthusiasm, and delivered a short speech. His reception in Edinburgh was an ovation, which an American, who was present, declared he had never seen equalled since the days of Henry Clay. The Masonic Hall, which holds two thousand persons, was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear his address, and listened spellbound by its eloquence.

The Mysterious Death of the King of Bavaria is unexplained. On June 13th, about seven in the evening, he went for a walk with his physician, Dr. Gudden, by the shores of Lake Starnberg. As they had not returned at eight o'clock, parties were sent in search of them. It was not until eleven that any trace of them was found. Then marks were seen on the sand indicating that a violent struggle had taken place there, and near by the bodies of the King and Dr. Gudden were found floating in the water. Whether the King killed the doctor and afterward committed suicide, or whether they were both drowned in the struggle, is matter for conjecture. The King's brother, who is naturally his successor, is a drivelling idiot, who could not be made to understand what had taken place. The Regent, Prince Luitpold, will practically be King, as Otto is pronounced incurable.

The Reported Seizure by France of the islands of New Hebrides in the South Pacific near New Zealand occasioned some excitement last week. On June 17th a despatch from New Caledonia was received stating that the French man-of-war Dives had visited New Hebrides and taken formal possession of the islands, run up the French flag, and left a garrison. As this was a violation of an Anglo-French treaty, a protest was made by England to the French Government. President Grévy promptly telegraphed to New Caledonia an order that if the French flag had been hoisted it should be taken down. He also assured the British Minister that France had no intention of annexing the islands.

Apprehensions of a Revolution in Spain are prevalent. The Queen Regent is threatened from two quarters. Zorilla is actively engaged in disseminating republican doctrines, and asserts that several regiments are prepared to rise at a signal and declare a republic. Recognizing that the chief reliance of the Government is upon the army, his agents are busy among the officers exciting their jealousies and fostering discontent. On the other hand, the Carlists are steadily preparing for a rising in Catalonia and in the provinces along the French frontier. They are recruiting men and distributing arms, but it is expected that they will wait for a Republican outbreak before moving. When the Royalists are engaged with the Republicans the Carlists believe that they can interpose with success. It appears probable that the Queen will have no little difficulty in protecting the throne for her infant son.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$9. From London, Ont., \$1; Denbigh, Ont., \$5; Sterling, Kan., \$3.

Rev. Sam Jones is Meeting with Much Success in Indianapolis. In spite of the intense heat the meetings are crowded morning and evening, and a very earnest spirit is manifested. The inquiry meetings are also thronged, and many conversions are reported. Here, as in other places, Mr. Jones is being traduced on the money question. It is alleged that he charges a thousand dollars a week for his services. Mr. Jones emphatically declares that he never made a charge in his life, never stipulates for any remuneration when he accepts an invitation, and has repeatedly declared that "if the people of a city will go in and help" him to save souls, he is willing to accept anything or nothing at their hands. An extract from one of his sermons at Indianapolis, specially reported for this journal, appears on page 391. Mr. Jones now goes to St. Paul, Minn., for a series of services.

The Rev. W. F. Re Qua Writes that he has received a large number of letters in response to his proposal to the readers of this journal. He is much encouraged by the favor with which his project has been received, and regards it as an indication of God's will in the matter. It would appear that God has called him to the work of preaching the Gospel to the Indians, but he is fully aware that his own ardent longing to enter upon it must not be accepted as positive proof of the fact. If, however, the necessary funds are supplied by Christian people who sympathize with him in his long-cherished desire, he believes that he will be justified in concluding that God is opening the way for him to go, and he will gladly set out for his field of labor. He promises in that event to send reports of his progress for publication in this journal. If, after all, he should find that he is mistaken, and the mission is not for him, he will return to subscribers the money they have sent. The matter is committed to the Lord, and Mr. Re Qua has no desire but that of obeying His will when that is made clear. Mr. Re Qua's address is 137 North Fourth Street, Aurora, Ill.

The Northfield Conference will be Held this year from August 4th to 15th. Mr. Moody's circular of invitation states that most of those who have been present as speakers, teachers, and singers in past years may be again expected. Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of London, rector of Church of England, will be present. The meetings of the conference will be held in the hall of Northfield Young Ladies' Seminary. Lodging and board for a limited number of guests will be provided in the seminary building at the rate of two dollars a day. Applications for rooms should be addressed to "H. N. F. Marshall, Treasurer, Northfield, Mass.," and should be made as early as possible, that suitable provision may be made for those who expect to be present. A general invitation is extended to all ministers and Christian workers who are in sympathy with the object of the conference, which is for Bible study and upon methods of work in home and foreign evangelization, and for the promotion of individual consecration to Christ.

A Gospel Wagon has been Started by the Central Union Mission, of Washington, D. C. We learn from a circular received from the mission that the wagon, an ordinary omnibus, containing a cabinet organ, six or eight good singers, several persons to make addresses, etc., visits three centres of non church-going people every Sabbath afternoon. Singing, prayer, and brief addresses occupy an hour at each point, when all present are invited to visit the mission. The last stop is made near the mission, and just before its evening service. From one hundred to five or six hundred persons of all ages and classes give quiet and respectful attention to the services. No policeman is needed. The attendance, especially at the Sabbath services of the

mission, has largely increased. This mission is conducted by a committee representing the evangelical churches of the city. The committee are a body of able, zealous, active men, who are responsible for the financial support and the conduct of the weekly meetings.

Unintentional but Unnecessary Cruelty has been practised on a cripple who was brought last week to a New York surgeon for examination. The surgeon was in his office when a man and boy entered. The lad limped painfully along, dragging his right leg after him, as if it was a burden. The man explained the case by saying that "Dick was throwed down-stairs by his nurse when he was a baby, and he hasn't ever got over it. Seems to be getting worse every day." The surgeon picked up the boy's useless foot, and let it drop with an exclamation of surprise. "What makes it so heavy?" The father explained that it was four pounds of lead which had been put in the shoe to stretch the limb to its proper length, and added that the boy had carried it two years. An expression of pain and pity settled on the surgeon's face as he looked from father to son. Instantly he cut the lead from the shoe and had it replaced with cork before he did anything else, and then he was almost too angry with the father to speak to him. He knew something of what the boy must have suffered during those two years through the ignorance of his family. So men have suffered in soul, in our day, as they did in the time of Christ, cruelly and unnecessarily through the ignorance of their spiritual guides (Luke 11: 46).

A Child's Marvellous Escape from Death is reported from Albany, N. Y. On June 15th a lady, accompanied by her son, aged three years, and little daughter, aged eighteen months, left Olean on a visit to Boston. At Binghamton she took a sleeper on the Boston express. In the early morning she allowed the children to go out into the passage way of the sleeping car while she was dressing. This completed, she turned to look for the children. The partly-opened door and the absence of the boy told its own story. On arriving at Albany telegrams were despatched to the nearest stations to search for the body of the child, no one supposing he could be alive. Two hours later the welcome intelligence was received, "found unhurt." When discovered, he was sturdily trudging along the track in the direction of Albany, and had already covered a mile of the distance. Joy and thankfulness took the place in the mother's heart of the agony and self-reproaches she was suffering while she thought her child had lost his life through her negligence. What will be the remorse of those parents who are so engrossed with themselves that their children lose their souls for lack of warning (Prov. 29: 15)!

A Supplementary Marriage Fee was Paid to a clergyman in Connecticut some time ago. At a reception recently tendered to the Rev. Dr. Seward at New Britain, he related some incidents from his ministerial experience. One of them was unique. Dr. Seward said that he once received as a fee for marrying a couple a *bushel of turnips*. Considered as a fee, it was not very liberal, but the clergyman accepted it without protest. He did not see either of the persons for some years afterward; but one day the bridegroom called upon him. He recalled the circumstance to the clergyman's memory, and taking out a ten-dollar bill, he handed it to Dr. Seward with the remark that his wife had turned out so well, that he "felt justified in the expenditure." Dr. Seward congratulated him, and accepted the gift as affably as he had accepted the turnips. He does not appear to have made any attempt to analyze the mental process which resulted in the gift or to set the man right if he had wrong ideas about marriage fees. Perhaps he would have done so had the bridegroom called to complain that his wife had not turned out well, and wanted the turnips back. Dr. Seward should have resisted an innovation of that kind, lest other men, hearing of it, should also make the marriage fee contingent on the

conduct of the ladies they marry. The results might not always be so favorable to the clergyman as in this case. Happily for him, he is not responsible for the marriages he solemnizes; the mistakes that are made in that matter are made by those who suffer for them. In this life, as in that which is to come, men reap as they sow, and will not be allowed to shift upon others the responsibility that belongs to themselves (Gal. 6: 5).

Good News for the Prisoners Came to a New York jail on June 16th. On that day the intelligence was received that Governor Hill had signed the bill passed by the Legislature last session, limiting imprisonment for debt to six months. In Ludlow Street Jail there are several prisoners who will be entitled to their liberty under that law, having already been incarcerated more than six months. One of them has been within the gloomy walls nearly seven years, being held under a judgment for fifty thousand dollars. They expected to be released immediately, but they were kept until the courts decide whether the law is constitutional. If the judges uphold the law, the imprisoned debtors will then be liberated. Their joy at hearing that the governor had signed the law showed that they would not be slow to avail themselves of liberty if it were offered to them. They would not act as men do in spiritual bondage, who voluntarily remain captive to Satan after they are told that Christ has redeemed them (Isa. 61: 1).

Two Puzzled Experts in a Railroad Depot in Boston recently had to seek information from an employé. A professor whose manual on railroad systems is authority the world over was puzzling over the time card on the wall of the station, without making out what he wanted to know, when the president of the road came by and accosted him. "I am very glad to see you," the professor said. "I wish you would help me out with this time-table. I cannot make head or tail out of it." The President joined in the investigation, and for some moments the pair floundered about among the figures, with no satisfactory results whatever. "Oh, I never can make anything out of these things!" the president of the road exclaimed at length. "Let's ask somebody!" And they went and asked a brakeman, who promptly gave them the information they wanted. The practical knowledge he had acquired in his daily work on the road solved the difficulty, which was incomprehensible to men whose knowledge was only theoretical. It is so in spiritual matters. It is not the simple, faithful doer who is perplexed by doctrinal difficulties (John 7: 17).

A Confession Written, but Never Signed, was the means of reclaiming a drunken workman some time ago. The *Youth's Companion*, describing the methods adopted by John Roach, the shipbuilder, in the management of the twenty-five thousand men he has had in his employ, mentions the case of a smart workman who was apparently an irreclaimable drunkard. Mr. Roach forgave him, and reinstated him so many times that the man himself was ashamed, and asked to be discharged. "No," said Mr. Roach, "you shall resign, but not now. I will write your resignation for you, and you must promise me to carry it around with you, and when you feel tempted to drink, to take it out, read it, sign it, and mail it to me before you take your glass. The man promised, and Mr. Roach wrote, "JOHN ROACH—SIR: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you or love for my wife and children to behave like a man, and I withdraw from your employment." The man touched liquor no more and was in Mr. Roach's employ many years afterward. In keeping his promise, the heinousness of the thing he was tempted to do was forced on his mind, and the temptation was vanquished. It is the heedless and unwary whom Satan captures (Deut. 4: 9).

A DAILY TRIBUTE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name forever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name forever and ever."—PSALM 145: 1, 2.

Degrees of Excellence in Family Worship—Praise a Preparation for Heaven—David's Resolve—I. A Resolve of Personal Loyalty—To God as his King—His Personal Appropriation—Four I Wills—II. Of Intelligent Appreciation—An Unpoetical Criticism—III. A Pledge of Daily Remembrance—The Sweetest Praise in Pain—A Cupboard Love—IV. Hope of Eternal Adoration.

If I were to put to you the question, "Do you pray?" the answer would be very quickly given by every Christian person, "Of course I do." Suppose I then added, "And do you pray every day?" the prompt reply would be, "Yes; many times in the day. I could not live without prayer." This is no more than I expect, and I will not put the question. But let me change the inquiry, and say, "Do you bless God every day? Is praise as certain and constant a practice with you as prayer?" I am not sure that the answer would be quite so certain, so general, or so prompt. You would have to stop a little while before you gave the reply; and I fear, in some cases, when the reply did come, it would be, "I am afraid I have been negligent in praise." Well, then, dear friend, have you not been wrong?

Praise is certainly not at all so common in

FAMILY PRAYER

as other forms of worship. We cannot all of us praise God in the family by joining in song, because we are not all able to raise a tune, but it would be well if we could. I agree with Matthew Henry when he says, "They that pray in the family do well; they that pray and read the Scriptures do better; but they that pray, and read, and sing do best of all." There is a completeness in that kind of family worship which is much to be desired.

Whether in the family or not, yet personally and privately, let us endeavor to be filled with God's praise and with His honor all the day. Be this our resolve—"I will extol Thee, my God, O King; and I will bless Thy name forever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name forever and ever."

Brethren, praise cannot be a second-class business; for it is evidently due to God, and that in a very high degree. A sense of justice ought to make us praise the Lord; it is the least we can do, and in some senses it is the most that we can do, in return for the multiplied benefits which He bestows upon us. Praise is good and pleasant and delightful. Let us rank it among those debts which we would not wish to forget, but are eager to pay at once.

Praising God is singularly beneficial to ourselves. If we had more of it we should be greatly blest. What would lift us so much above the trials of life, what would help us to bear the burden and heat of the day, so well as songs of praise unto the Most High? The soldier marches without weariness when the band is playing inspiring strains; the sailor, as he pulls the rope or lifts the anchor, utters a cheery cry to aid his toil; let us try the animating power of hymns of praise. Nothing would oil the wheels of the chariot of life so well as more of the praising of God.

Besides, brethren, unless we praise God here, are we preparing for our eternal home? There all is praise; how can we hope to enter there if we are strangers to that exercise? This life is a preparatory school, and in it we are preparing for the high engagements of the perfected. Are you not eager to rehearse the everlasting hallelujahs?

"I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!"

Learn the essential elements of heavenly praise by the practice of joyful thanksgiving, adoring

reverence, and wondering love; so that, when you step into heaven, you may take your place among the singers, and say, "I have been practising these songs for years."

To help us in this joyful duty of praise we will turn to our text, and keep to it. May the Holy Spirit instruct us by it!

I. In our text we have first of all the resolve of

PERSONAL LOYALTY,

"I will extol Thee, my God, O King." David personally comes before his God and King, and utters this deliberate resolution that he will praise the divine majesty forever. Note here, first, that he pays homage to God as his King. There is no praising God aright if we do not see Him upon the throne, reigning with unquestioned sway. Disobedient subjects cannot praise their sovereign. Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign; where God is truly known, He is always known as supreme. Over the united kingdom of our body, soul, and spirit the Lord must reign with undisputed authority. What a joy it is to have such a King! Let others exult that they are their own masters; our joy is that God is our King. Let others yield to this or that passion, or desire; as for us, we find our freedom in complete subjection to our heavenly King. Let us, then, praise God by loyally accepting Him as our King; let us repeat with exultation the hymn we just now sang—

"Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Let us not be satisfied that He should reign over us alone; but let us long that the whole earth should be filled with His glory.

Note that the Psalmist, also, in this first sentence, praises the Lord by a present personal appropriation of God to himself by faith, "I will extol Thee, my God." "My God" is as high a note as an angel can reach. What is another man's God to me? He must be my God or I shall not extol Him. Say, dear heart, have you ever taken God to be your God? Can you say with David in another place, "This God is our God forever and ever. He shall be our guide, even unto death"? O beloved, if you can say, "My God," you will be bound to exalt Him! If He has given Himself to you so that you can say, "My Beloved is mine" you will give yourself to Him, and you will add, "And I am His." Those two sentences, like two silken covers of a book, shut in within them the full score of the music of heaven.

Observe that David is firmly resolved to praise God. My text has

FOUR "I WILLS"

in it. Frequently it is foolish for us poor mortals to say "I will," because our will is so feeble and fickle; but when we resolve upon the praise of God, we may say, "I will," and "I will," and "I will," and "I will," till we make a solid square of determinations. Let me tell you you will have need to say "I will" a great many times, for many obstacles will hinder your resolve. There will come depression of spirit, and then you must say, "I will extol Thee, my God, O King." Poverty, sickness, losses, and crosses may assail you, and then you must say, "I will praise Thy name forever and ever." The devil will come and tell you that you have no interest in Christ; but you must say, "Every day will I bless Thee." Death will come, and perhaps you will be under the fear of it; then it will be incumbent upon you to cry, "And I will praise Thy name forever and ever."

"Sing, though sense and carnal reason
Fain would stop the joyful song:
Sing, and count it highest treason
For a saint to hold his tongue."

A bold man took this motto—"While I live I'll crow;" but our motto is, "While I live I'll praise." An old motto was, "*Dum spiro spero*," but the saint improves upon it, and cries, "*Dum expiro spero*." Not only while I live I will hope, but when I die I will hope; and he even gets beyond all that, and determines, "Whether I live or die I will praise my God."

Now, brothers and sisters, have you been losing your own personality in the multitude? As members of a great church, have you thought, "Things will go on very well without me"? Correct that mistake; each individuality must have its own note to bring to God.

Once more upon this head, while David is thus loyally resolving to praise God, you will observe that he is doing it all the time. For the resolution to praise can only come from the man who is already praising God. O brethren, do not let us say, "I will extol Thee to-morrow;" or, "I will hope to praise Thee when I grow old, or when I have less business on hand." No, no; thou art this day in debt; this day own thine obligation. We cannot praise God too soon. Our thanksgiving should echo the voice of divine loving-kindness. Before the Lord our King, let us continually rejoice as we bless Him, and speak well of His name. Thus, then, I have set before you the resolve of a loyal spirit. Are you loyal to your God and King? Then I charge you to glorify His name.

II. And now I must conduct you to the second clause of the text, which is equally full and instructive. We have in the second part of it the conclusion of an

INTELLIGENT APPRECIATION,

"And I will bless Thy name forever and ever." What is this act of blessing? Sometimes "bless" would appear to be used interchangeably with "praise;" yet there is a difference, for it is written, "All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee." You can praise a man, and yet you may never bless him. A great artist, for instance; you may praise him, but he may be so ungenerous to you and others that it may never occur to you to bless him. Blessing has something in it of love and delight. It is a nearer, dearer, heartier thing than praise. "I will bless Thy name"—that is to say, "I will take an intense delight in Thy name; I will lovingly rejoice in it."

The very thought of God is a source of happiness to our hearts; and the more we muse upon His character the more joyous we become. We would not have Him other than He is. We have a sweet contentment in God as He is revealed in Holy Scripture. It is not everybody that can say this, for a great many professors nowadays desire a god of their own making and shaping. The God that casts the wicked from His presence forever—they cannot believe in Him; they therefore make unto themselves a false deity, who is indifferent to sin. All that is revealed concerning God is to me abundantly satisfactory; if I do not comprehend its full meaning, I bow before its mystery. If I hear anything of my God which does not yield me delight, I feel that therein I must be out of order with Him, either through sin or ignorance, and I say, "What I know not, teach Thou me."

I think when David said, "I will bless Thy name," he meant that he wished well to the Lord. To bless a person means to do that person good. By blessing us what

UNTOLD BENEFITS

the Lord bestows! We cannot bless God in such a sense as that in which He blesses us; but we would if we could. If we cannot give anything to God, we can desire that He may be known, loved, and obeyed by all our fellow-men. We can wish well to His kingdom and cause in the world. We can bless Him by blessing His people, by working for the fulfilment of His purposes, by obeying His precepts, and by taking delight in His ordinances. We can bless Him by submission to His chastening hand, and by gratitude for His daily benefits.

Oh, that I could wash Jesus Christ's feet! Is there a believer here, man or woman, but would aspire to that office? It is not denied you; you can wash His feet by caring for His poor people, and relieving their wants. You cannot feast your Redeemer; He is not hungry; but some of His people are; feed them! He is not thirsty; but some of His disciples are. Give them a cup of cold water in the Master's name, and He will accept it as given to Himself. Do

you not feel to-day, you that love Him, as if you wanted to do something for Him? Arise, and do it, and so bless Him.

I beg you to notice how intense he grows over this—"I will bless Thy name forever and ever." You have heard the quaint saying of "forever and a day." Here you have an advance upon it; it is "forever," and then another "forever." He says, "I will bless Thy name forever." Is not that long enough? No; he adds, "and ever." Are there two forevers,

TWO ETERNITIES?

Brethren, if there were fifty eternities we would spend them all in blessing the name of the Lord our God. "I will bless Thy name forever and ever." It would be absurd to explain this hyperbolic expression. It runs parallel with the words of Addison, when he says—

"Through all eternity to thee
My song of joy I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!"

Somebody cavilled at that verse the other day. He said, "Eternity cannot be too short." Ah, my dear friend, you are not a poet, I can see; but if you could get just a spark of poetry into your soul, literalism would vanish. Truly, in poetry and in praise the letter killeth. Language is a poor vehicle of expression when the soul is on fire; words are good enough things for our cool judgment; but when thoughts are full of praise they break the back of words. David speaks as if he scorned to be limited by language. He was in much the same frame of mind as Dr. Watts when he sang—

"From thee, my God, my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds."

III. But time will fail me unless I pass on at once to the third sentence of our text, which is, the pledge of

DAILY REMEMBRANCE.

Upon this I would dwell with very great earnestness. All the year round will I extol my God. Why should it be so? The greatness of the gifts we have already received demands it. We can never fully express our gratitude for saving grace, and therefore we must keep on at it. A few years ago we were lost and dead; but we are found and made alive again. We must praise God every day for this. We were black as night with sin; but now we are washed whiter than snow; when can we leave off praising our Lord for this? He loved me and gave Himself for me; when can the day come that I shall cease to praise Him for this? The light which has risen upon us warms all our days with gladness; it shall also light them up with praise.

Each day has its mercy, and should render its praise. Fresh are the dews of each morning, and equally fresh are its blessings. "Fresh trouble," says one. Praise God for the trouble, for it is a richer form of blessing. "Fresh care," says one. Cast all your care on Him who careth for you, and that act will in itself bless you. "Fresh labor," says another. Yes, but fresh strength, too. There is never a night but what there comes a day after it; never an affliction without its consolation. Every day you must utter the memory of His great goodness.

If we cannot praise God on any one day for what we have had that day, *let us praise Him for to-morrow*. "It is better on before." Let us learn that quaint verse:

"And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-lived music set:—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet."

Let us forestall our future, and draw upon the promises. What if to-day I am down; to-morrow I shall be up! What if to-day I cast ashes on my head; to-morrow the Lord shall crown me with loving-kindness! What if to-day my pains trouble me, they will soon be gone! Begin to enjoy your heaven now. What

says the apostle? "For our citizenship is in heaven"—not is to be, but is. We belong to heaven now, our names are enrolled among its citizens, and the privileges of the new Jerusalem belong to us at this present moment. Christ is ours, and God is ours!

"This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home."

Wherefore let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, and praise the name of God this very day.

"Every day," saith he, "will I bless Thee." There is a seasonableness about the praising of God every day. One morning you awoke after a refreshing night's rest, and you praised God for it; but on another occasion you had tossed about through a sleepless night, and then you thanked God that the weary night was over. You smile, dear friends, but there is always some reason for praising God. Surely the sweetest praise that ever ascends to God is that which is poured forth by saints from beds of languishing. Praise in sad times is praise indeed. When your dog loves you because it is dinner-time, you are not sure of him; but when somebody else tempts him with a bone, and he will not leave you, though just now you struck him, then you feel that he is truly attached to you. We may learn from dogs that true affection is not dependent upon what it is just now receiving. Let us not have

A CUPBOARD LOVE FOR GOD

because of His kind providence; but let us love Him and praise Him for what He is, and what He has done. Let us follow hard after Him when He seems to forsake us, and praise Him when He deals hardly with us; for this is true praise. For my part, though I am not long without affliction, I have no faults to find with my Lord, but I desire to praise Him, and praise Him, and only to praise Him. Oh, that I knew how to do it worthily!

IV. The last sentence of the text sets forth, the hope of

ETERNAL ADORATION.

David here exclaims, "And I will praise Thy name forever and ever." I am quite sure when David said that, he believed that God was unchangeable; for if God can change, how can I be sure that He will always be worthy of my praise? David knew that what God had been, He was, and what He was then He always would be. Another point is also clear: David believed in the immortality of the soul. He says, "I will praise Thy name forever and ever." That truth was very dimly revealed in the Old Testament; but David knew it right well. He did not expect to sleep in oblivion, but to go on praising; and therefore he said, "I will praise Thy name forever and ever." When death shall come, it shall bring no destruction to us; though it shall change the conditions of our existence, it shall not change the object of our existence. Our tongue may be silenced for a little while, but our spirit, unaffected by the disease of the body, shall go on praising God in its own fashion; and then, by and by, in the resurrection, even this poor tongue shall be revived; and body, soul, and spirit shall together praise the God of resurrection and eternal glory. "I will praise Thy name forever and ever."

When once we have passed through

THE IRON GATE,

and forded the dividing river, then we will begin to praise God in a manner more satisfactory than we can reach at present. After a nobler sort we will sing and adore. Methinks, for a while, when we first behold the throne, we shall do no more than cast our crowns at the feet of Him that loved us, and then bow down under a weight of speechless praise. When we rise to our feet again, we will join in the strain of our brethren redeemed by blood, and only drop out of the song when again we feel overpowered with joyful adoration, and are constrained again in holy silence to shrink to nothing before the infinite, unchanging God of love. Oh, to be there! To be there soon! We may be much nearer than we think. I cannot tell

what I shall do, but I know this, I want no other heaven than to praise God perfectly and eternally. Is it not so with you? This day and onward be our watchword "Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!"

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A DAY IN A PRISON.*

THE visitor admires the fitness of the architecture. "Yes," the warden replies, "this is not a house of pleasure, and so we have not made it pretty. It is not an abode of crime, and so we have not made it ugly. It is not a place where men seek justice, and so we have not made it grandiose and majestic. But it is the house of chastisement, of chastening punishment, and so it is made solemn, severe, and calm." The visitor praises the grave and silent decency of the internal appointments.

"Yes," responds the warden, "the peace and dignity of the State are here asserting themselves over the person of the prisoner who has violated them; there is no more room here for merriment or confusion than for strife."

The visitor shows his surprise at the absence of all the traditional appliances for the correction of the refractory. "Yet be certain," is the rejoinder, "a discipline sure, prompt, and effectual meets every infraction of rules. How else could we have this perfection of order? But it is a discipline whose punishments are free from brutalizing tendencies, increasing dispassionately as the culprit's passions increase, and relenting only when he has repented."

The visitor is impressed with the educative value of the labor performed by the inmates.

"Yes," says the warden, "send a man out from here with knowledge of a trade, and maybe he will come back, but the chances are he will not. Send him away without a trade, and maybe he will not come back, but the chances are he will. So, for society's sake—in the community's interest and for its safety—these men are taught certain trades that they cannot turn to bad account. We do not teach burglars locksmithing."

Yet the visitor takes a momentary alarm. "You put the house-breaker and the robber, the sneak-thief and the pickpocket, into open competition with honest men in the community around them."

"Exactly," responds the other; "trying to live without competing in the fields of productive labor is just the essence of the crimes for which they were sent here. We make a short end of that."

"And your actual results?" asks the visitor. "Of those who come here for their first offence, a majority return to honest life."

"You have a model prison."

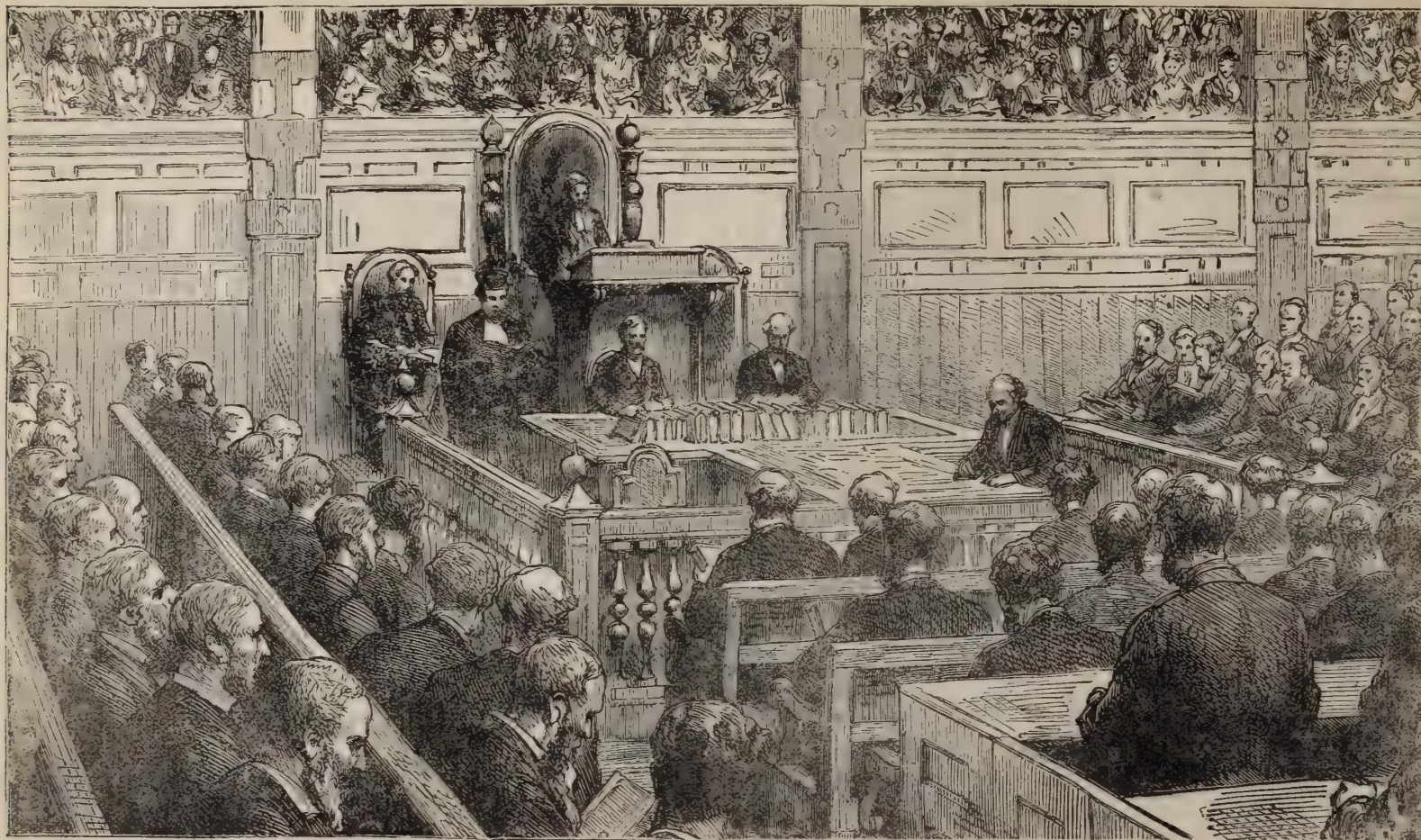
"No," says the warden, "not yet."

SWADDLING CLOTHES.†

It is safe to say that when the gospels were translated in our venerable version, it did not occur to any of the translators that this word, "swaddling-clothes" (Luke 2:12), would ever be an obsolete word, needing to be illustrated by a description of ancient or foreign customs. And yet so it is at this day. The usage which is alluded to in this word is to our American minds entirely strange. Few things among the

* From "The Silent South," by George W. Cable, a book dealing with some of the problems which are perplexing the most thoughtful minds in the Southern States to-day, among those problems, the Convict Lease System. Pp. 180; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

† From "The Simplicity that is in Christ," a volume of thirty sermons, by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, D.D., full of original thought, suggestive, bright, and fresh, and breathing the spirit of pure Christianity, not of sect. Pp. 339; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 20 Dey St., New York.



Sederunt of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.

old-world customs, I venture to say, strike some of us as more outlandish—more pitiable, even—more entirely removed from our notions of good care and right training, than the swaddling of little, helpless babies, as it is practised, for instance, in Germany. I do not believe many American mothers can pass one of those poor little *Wickelkinder* strapped down on its back to a pillow by spiral after spiral of convoluted bandages, without longing to apply the scissors and let the little prisoner go free. And yet it is only a few generations since this way of treating new-born children prevailed, with variations and aggravations in all nations, even the most civilized. . . . A book published in the middle of the last century speaks thus of the universally prevalent treatment of an infant child as it had continued to that day:

"Scarcely does the child begin to enjoy the liberty of moving and stretching its limbs when it is placed anew in confinement. It is wound in swaddling-clothes and laid down with its head fixed, its legs extended, its arms at its sides. It is surrounded with cloths and bandages of all sorts, that prevent it from changing its position. It is a good thing if they do not even draw the bands so tight as to hinder respiration; and if they have the foresight to lay it on its side to avoid the danger of strangulation. . . . More wretched than a criminal in irons, it frets and cries. The first gifts it receives are fetters; the first treatment it experiences is torture."

It is obvious from the matter-of-course way in which the thing is mentioned, that when the virgin mother of the Holy Child, having brought forth her first-born son, swathed Him in swaddling bands, she was only following the ordinary custom of the country. She did the best that she knew. But now, you will ask, is it not strange that when the shepherds were given a sign by which they should know their new-born Saviour, they should be told not of something distinguishing Him from all children beside, but of something common to all the infants that were born that night in all Judea? "Ye shall find Him wrapped in swaddling-clothes. . . ."

The very question brings its answer: You are to know that He is to all appearance just a helpless human infant; the most helpless thing in the whole creation, bound and bandaged in swaddling-clothes. And if you would know how to distinguish Him from other such, it is not by His grandeur but by His poverty. There is no room in the inn for such as He, and they have laid Him in the manger among the cattle.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

(See Illustration.)

If the four hundred ministers who, on Thursday, May 18th, 1843, were assembled in solemn conference in the Hall of Canon-Mills could have looked in at Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on Thursday, May 20th, 1886, they would have seen the fruit of the momentous step they took forty-three years ago. The vast hall crowded with clergymen, and the galleries filled with ladies and gentlemen, showed that there was no lack of vitality in the Church represented by that gathering. Only forty-three years ago the Church then founded was without property, the ministers had no stipend, and were homeless. The comfortable manses they occupied were theirs no longer, and the pulpits from which they preached were given up to their successors. They went forth trusting in God for support, and God honored and blessed their faith. Neither church edifices nor pastoral incomes have been withheld, and the Church, since resigning Government funds and prestige, has grown and prospered. The *sederunt* of May 20th, in number, influence, and record of work, was a notable proof that those who trust in God instead of in men have no ground for fear.

Dr. A. N. Somerville, who was chosen Moderator, appropriately selected for the subject of his address the *Evangelization of the World*, a theme on which he is pre-eminently fitted to speak. He admitted that the Bible is now issuing by the million in three hundred and forty languages; that twelve and a half million dollars are annually spent in foreign missionary work;

that the missionaries, male and female, number upward of five thousand, while there are nearly thirty thousand native helpers at work; and that all this has taken place since 1793. But, he added, "my impression is that had the Church proved faithful to the trust committed to her, the entire human race might by this time have been reached with the message of the Gospel." With apostolic fervor and using the *apostolic argument*, he said, "We hail the thought of the Lord's coming. And should He come while we are engaged fulfilling His orders, 'blessed shall that servant be whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing.' If Christ comes soon, then the present is our one priceless opportunity before He appears, to labor on behalf of His kingdom. Let us then as one man arise, and ever lovingly waiting for our Lord's appearing, let us, at the risk of the world's ridicule, not be ashamed to say that the business immediately laid to our hand is to face the heathenism of one thousand millions of our fellow-creatures who have never yet heard the Gospel. Let us sound the trumpet throughout Christendom, and summon these millions to the rescue."

Not only in the Scottish Church but in every church assembly in Christendom and in every place where Christian men meet together ought this war-cry of the eminent divine to find a response. The time is at hand; work while it is called to-day.

JOHN BODEN'S VISIT TO A SICK MESSMATE.

(See Illustration on page 397.)

In a close, ill-ventilated room a sick man lay tossing uneasily on a bed. It was a wretched place for a man to be in who was racked with pain and weary from long suffering. The blank walls had once been white, but they were now dirty and blotched here and there with damp. The stains were of odd shape, and a well man might not have noticed it; but the sick man, lying there alone, found it forced upon him with distressing persistence by his disordered

imagination. He seemed compelled to find some resemblance to some familiar object in the unsightly marks, as if they were enigmatic pictures which must be solved. A large sea-chest, on which stood a pitcher and a mug, was the only furniture beside the bed that the room contained.

The hours passed slowly with the sufferer, a broad-chested, bronzed and bearded man of middle age, whose appearance was that of a sailor. He moaned and sighed heavily at times, as much from weariness as from pain. There was no other sound except the drip, drip of the rain and the noises of the street below, which were heard up there in a muffled, subdued tone. Robert Wild felt that it would be a relief to hear a human voice, even if it came from an enemy in a curse.

About noon the door opened and admitted an elderly man, whom Wild recognized not as a friend, though not precisely as an enemy. Any unfriendliness there might be between them was on Wild's part, not on that of his visitor. The two were old shipmates, and Wild had taken the lead in tormenting the man on the last voyage they took together, the ground of offence being that the man had "got religion." Wild's attacks were not resented by their victim, whose patience seemed to increase the hatred of his persecutors. But now John Boden seemed to have forgotten the gibes and taunts which Wild had lavished upon him, and was the one man of all his acquaintance to visit him in his trouble.

"I heard you were on the sick list, old boy," he said, as he entered, "and I thought mayhap you'd be glad to see some of us. It's pretty dull, I guess, up here by yourself."

"That's so, John; I was wishing I could see something beside the walls. I've been here above a week, and I'm getting tired of them. Sit down and tell me what's going on."

John seated himself on the foot of the bed and told the sick man such news as he knew would interest him—what vessels were in, what weather they had met with, what ships were going to sail, and who were engaged among the crews. That brought the conversation round to the sick man himself, and John asked him when he expected to be able to go to sea again.

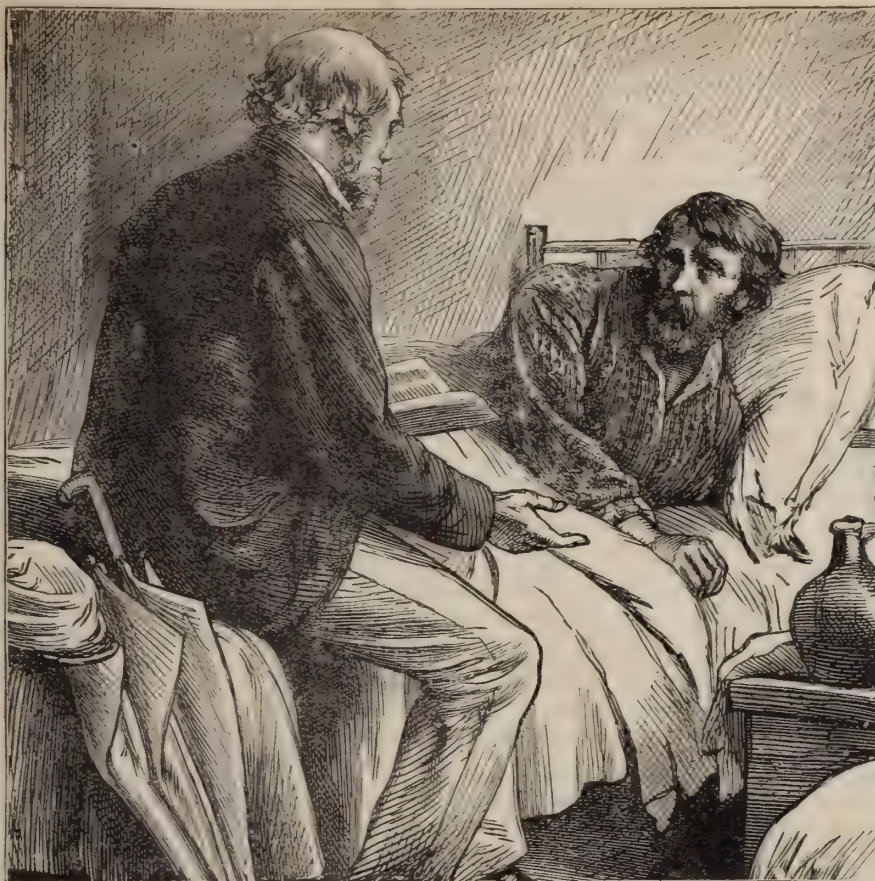
Wild sighed, and said he did not know; it seemed as if he was getting worse instead of better. He did not know whether he should ever put foot on shipboard again.

"Don't get down-hearted," said John. "I hope you will soon get about again, but you are wise in considering the other possibility. That is a voyage you need to be prepared for. We have all got to take it some day, and the sooner we prepare for it the happier we are. I never was so happy in my life as I have been since I took my papers under the great Captain. When He calls me I'm ready, and it's good to feel that way. I wish you'd join; there's no service like it."

"Maybe, John; I guess you're right, but you had a pretty rough time of it. I couldn't stand what you did. You must have liked religion a good deal to stick to it after what it cost you. I should have dropped it."

"Not you, Bob; not when you found out what it was worth. You run up the colors, and you'll never pull 'em down. Religion's a good thing, anyway, whether you live or die."

"I don't deny it, John; but I've always thought it was better for a man who was going



John Boden Enlists a Recruit.

to die than one that had to go before the mast. It's a hard place. I was not a bad fellow till I went there. Now I've got so used to drinking and swearing and fighting, I guess I'll have to go to hell if I die. There's no hope for me."

"That shows you don't know. Now just listen, and I'll read you what the rules are. You'll see, if you really want to ship, the Captain will take you." Boden opened his Bible and read one invitation after another, ending with "Whosoever will." "That fits your case, Bob," he said. "No condition at all, only that you want to enter the service."

"But I'm such a bad fellow, John—though I need not tell you that. I can't think the Lord would take me if I didn't reform and quit swearing and all that."

"If you were going into Uncle Sam's service, and knew you were going to have a regular new rig out, you wouldn't wait to patch up your old rig, would you? That's the case here. All that ever you could do, you could not make yourself fit for the Lord's service. He gives you all you need. You just go as you are, and He attends to the rest when you're sworn in."

This was a new view of the case to the sick man, and Boden thought it would be well to leave it for him to meditate upon. He therefore offered a brief prayer, and laying his Bible within Wild's reach, he bade him good-by, promising to look in again the next day. He paid him many visits afterward, and had the joy of enlisting a new recruit in the army of the Cross.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 383.)

An Ordeal.

JULIET, in declaring her determination to quit Labrador and return to her home, showed a spirit of self-respect which would be applauded by every man and woman of the world. Had the proposed marriage been one that would raise her in the social scale, it would have been an insult to propose that she should be examined and her fitness demonstrated. As it was, the position of the wife of an unknown mission-

ary involved a social degradation which Juliet clearly understood, though she did not feel. The old worldly pride was therefore stirred when it appeared that the question of her fitness was to be passed upon, and that a preliminary examination was necessary to secure certificates which were indispensable to her acceptance. In any social circle capable of judging of the proprieties, Juliet's resentment would have been pronounced just and perfectly well grounded.

Yet the missionaries were right in principle, though Sister Anna was deficient in tact. This was no unreasonable intrusion that she proposed. Fritz showed a becoming respect for his father in desiring his approval of the momentous step he contemplated, and that approval would be more surely gained by the recommendation of trusted friends. The recommendation would itself be worthless, and the friends who gave it would be unworthy of confidence if they gave it lightly or on insufficient evidence. Thus from the Moravian standpoint the proposed examination was perfectly fit and proper.

The question now brought to an issue was as to Juliet's own standing. If she stood with the world and self-respect continued dear to her, she would persist in her resolution;

but if self-respect and all that belonged to self had died to her, then she would see her own inconsistency. Perhaps the very proposal itself, with the humiliation it implied, was a better test than any that Pastor Smidt could apply. And it appeared that Juliet had failed under it.

Sister Anna was greatly distressed. The thought passed through her mind: "Brother Smidt is only too right; he read her character better than we did." But the affectionate Moravian could not bear that her friend should leave her thus. She threw her arms lovingly round Juliet, as if to detain her, and exclaimed: "Oh, do not be angry because a good man has fears and doubts where the welfare of the mission is concerned! You know that only a year ago you were a very different being from what you are now!"

A year ago! Anna's words were to Juliet like a flash of lightning over the past. Just one year ago—yes, on that very day, at that very hour, how had she been engaged? There rose before Juliet, with startling distinctness, the lighted saloon of the lost Quebec, and the gay little party at the table—poor Captain Fincham with his gold pencil-case in his hand. She remembered her own joining in the laugh at the jest uttered by mocking lips now cold under the salt waves, at the pious scruples of Maria.

"And I, 'the worldling,'" she thought, "am offended at a missionary who has devoted his life to spreading the Gospel, one who has left five children and home behind to live and die in a land such as this, because he doubts my fitness to be the wife of the noblest of men!" Yes, Juliet saw, as by lightning glare, her own presumption and pride. She threw herself, sobbing like a penitent child, on the bosom of Anna.

"O, forgive me! forgive me!" she cried. "I am not fit to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water to such a mission as this!"

"And you will not refuse to let our brother and sister satisfy their minds as to your earnest love for souls, your devotion to the work?" cried Anna, pressing the weeping girl closer and closer to her heart.

"I will submit to whatever you think right,"

said Juliet, humbly; "but questioning will only show that I am not—never could be—a worthy partner for Fritz."

"Hist! I hear steps without!" exclaimed Anna; "my husband and Fritz have come back from the boat."

Juliet hurried into her own apartment to hide her agitated face from those who now re-entered the missionary dwelling, full of eagerness to hear the result of the conversation with Juliet.

"Is all right?" cried the elder missionary; the younger asked the same question with his anxious eyes.

"Juliet consents to be examined by our friends; and if they find that she is indeed what we know her to be, then—"

"Dare I hope?" exclaimed Fritz, eagerly.

"Ah! Fritz, you will have a treasure indeed!" No sleep was there on that night for Juliet; she felt that her earthly fate depended on the result of one momentous interview. She revolved in her mind all the probable questions that the Moravians might put, and could not satisfy herself with her answers. Juliet arose at midnight to search the Scriptures, but her brain was so dizzy and confused that she could not take in what she read. There was to her no resource but prayer, and she knew that Fritz also would be praying; if they could meet nowhere else, they would meet at the throne of grace. Juliet dared not compare herself with Anna or Louisa, she felt so utterly humbled when she remembered the past; so many years lost, thrown away, so much folly and self-seeking.

It was not till dawn that the weary girl sank to repose. She awoke with a heavy weight on her heart, and could hardly dress in time to obey the summons of the church bell for morning prayer. The party from the ship had already landed; Juliet felt very shy at meeting them, and dared not raise her eyes when she exchanged her morning greeting with Fritz. At breakfast Juliet hardly heard a word of the conversation going on around her; it seemed a confused murmur to her ear. Her manner was very subdued and humble. Sister Louisa said to herself: "The maiden looks more like a Moravian missionary to-day."

Juliet found her dreaded interview with the Smidts by no means so painful as she had expected. Sister Louisa, quietly knitting a sock, sat almost perfectly silent, while her husband talked on religious subjects in such a parental manner, that it seemed as if he was rather imparting instruction than sifting, as he was very carefully doing, the spiritual knowledge possessed by his less experienced sister. Juliet would have almost enjoyed the first part of the interview had she not felt anxiety regarding its result.

"Your views are very clear, my daughter; you have been well instructed," said the Moravian pastor at length. "Where did you receive these views, for I understood that in earlier youth you had not many spiritual advantages?"

"I came here dreadfully ignorant of everything religious," said Juliet, hurriedly; "any little knowledge that I have, has been almost entirely received from the friends under this roof."

"You have had a higher Teacher, my daughter; One whose lessons are often given through trial, sickness, and danger. Is it true that you formerly mixed much with the world?"

Juliet bowed her head in assent.

"Did you go to theatres and balls?"

"Sometimes—often," said Juliet, frankly, though she felt that the avowal must shock her hearers, brought up as they were, in disapproval of all such worldly amusements.

"Would you wish to return to such pleasures?" asked the pastor.

"I do not think that they would be pleasures now; I never wish to enter such scenes again."

"Yet would you not think it well to return in our vessel to England, to avoid the winter, to consult your friends, to test the sincerity of your own desire to give up the world? Our Lord

Himself bade His followers count the cost. Have you fully done so? Could you not better do so when in the midst of your former surroundings? Remember the suffering involved in wintering here. Contrast the piercing cold, the deprivations, the darkness, the manifold trials of life in a Labrador mission, with the comfort, the cheerfulness, the amusements of a pleasant English home?"

"I have done so; I have counted the cost. I have gone through a winter here, and, though tried, I was not unhappy."

"But—till this matter be decided—if Fritz Edelstein was removed to some other station, would not this make you wish to return to London?"

"No," said Juliet, after a minute's consideration. "I have reasons against going back, both as regards myself and others."

"May I ask these reasons?" said the pastor.

"Sister Anna is almost blind, and she suffers so much from rheumatic pains, that she ought never to venture to the schools or the huts during the winter. She really needs some help."

"Good—good," murmured Sister Louisa.

"But do you intend to venture?" said Ernest Smidt, looking with interest at the fair, slight girl before him. "I heard that you suffered from frostbite last winter."

"I will be more careful; I will put down my veil."

"You have given me one reason, a most excellent reason for not returning to winter in England; but you alluded to more than one. You would wish to stay here for the sake of others, but—supposing the absence of Fritz—scarcely, I should think, for your own."

"Yes," said Juliet, simply; "the truth is, that I hardly dare to go back."

"You feel that you could not stand the world's temptations?"

"Not exactly that, for God would help me to bear them."

"You shrink from the tears—the entreaties of loving relatives?"

Juliet had no very loving relatives. She caught sight of Sister Louisa's sympathizing look, and felt that she might be given undue credit for sacrificing earthly affection to duty. Juliet was quite ashamed to tell the simple truth, but she did it; "I am afraid of being so laughed at," she said.

"Laughed at—yes, no doubt you would be laughed at," said Ernest Smidt, in a tone that set Juliet quite at her ease. "No doubt Daniel was laughed at when he chose to live on pulse, instead of Babylonish dainties. No doubt Moses was laughed at, when he esteemed the reproach of Christ a greater treasure than all the riches of Egypt. But would not your faith bear you up against this formidable laughter?"

"I hope so, if it were my duty to meet it; but I think that I had better stay here, if it be but—until—till someone else is sent to help Sister Anna."

"I don't think that anyone else is required," said the pastor, kindly; "I feel now no doubt that the arrangement, which everyone here so desires, will be sanctioned at home. You must forgive me if I have caused you any distress by my doubts; they have been all removed by your unselfishness and frankness. But I have seen, not so much in our own Moravian Mission as in others with which I have come in contact, so much injury done by workers marrying rather to please themselves than to promote the good of the cause, that I have become, perhaps, over-cautious. If a missionary's wife be not a helper, she is of necessity a hinderer to the Lord's work."

"A hinderer! may the Lord preserve me from being that!" murmured Juliet.

"One hears it observed," said Sister Louisa, "such a missionary is not the same worker that he was before he took unto himself a wife."

"There are the *worldly* women," pursued Pastor Smidt; "we have their type in Lot's wife, who was doubtless at the bottom of that good man's ever residing in Sodom. These like

to be in what they call 'good society;' they must not be different from the world; they must dress well, entertain well, make advantageous connections for their sons and daughters."

"Then there are the *touchy* wives, who are like pieces of a dissected map, all angles and corners, or odd pieces that never fit into the proper place. These cannot get on with other missionaries; they take offence at a word—they tend to separate their husbands from their old friends. Zipporah may have been of such a spirit, for we never hear of her helping or encouraging Moses, and she does not appear to have got on well with his sister."

"Then there are the *exacting* wives, who must always take the first place in their husband's thoughts and attention. If one of them ails, her spouse must give up his time to nursing; if she needs a change of air, he must leave his work, however important, to be her companion in travel. Souls may be perishing, but she must be petted; she is to her husband's career of usefulness not a wheel, but a clog."

"Oh, spare the poor wives!" laughed Sister Louisa.

"I wish but to speak of one other," said Ernest Smidt, looking kindly at his wife. "I would tell of the woman who loves her husband much, but her Saviour more. She thinks of herself last, and the glory of God first. If her husband be perplexed, kneeling with his partner they together seek counsel from God; if the missionary be weary and perplexed, she has always ready a word of hope. This wife is like oil on the troubled waters, or balm on a bleeding wound; her very presence brings calm, her influence piety and peace."

"And if her husband fall in the struggle," continued Ernest, "she is ready to take the banner from his dying hand, fill his post as best she may, and show her love to the departed, not so much by wailing and tears as by following bravely in his footsteps so far as he followed the Lord!" A moisture rose to the missionary's eyes as he concluded, and Juliet felt that he was drawing a portrait from life.

There was now nothing to mar the cheerfulness of the party at the White Bear's Den, but that the circle must be so soon broken up, the Harmony, with the Smidts on board, departing for a more northern station. On its return the missionary ship was to anchor again off Eschol, bearing the all-important dispatch to the brethren in England, drawn up by Pastor Smidt, to be signed by Sister Anna and her husband. This the captain was to take charge of.

"I'll add my scratch," said the seaman, gaily, "and give a bit of my mind at home; and mind you, Fritz," he continued (Juliet was not present), "I'll not keep you and your sweetheart longer in suspense than is needful. If all be favorable, as I doubt not, I'll hoist up a big white flag on the mast; when you see it, you'll lose no time in decking the church for a wedding."

While the Harmony proceeded northward, Juliet gave much time to letter-writing, as after the missionary ship should sail for England she would probably for a year have no opportunity of corresponding with friends at home, and she had much—oh, how much, to tell! Juliet's first epistle was not written without tears. It was addressed to the parents of Maria Selden, whose place of residence she chanced to remember, and gave a long and touching account of her intercourse with her friend on board the Quebec, and of its sudden termination.

Juliet knew that her letter would be read and re-read, pondered over, wept over, and she dwelt on every detail which would soothe and interest a loving family. Juliet expressed her life-long gratitude to Maria for her own preservation, and begged that a trifling tribute which she was sending an order for might be employed in helping any charitable object in the vicar's parish that would have interested her loved and lamented friend.

This letter being closed and sealed, Juliet wrote two others, both addressed to her sisters.

The captain could take charge of both, but was only to mail the second should the decision of the Moravian brethren be favorable, as it contained the announcement of her engagement to Fritz Edelstein.

"The captain *may* have to burn this, said Juliet, thoughtfully; "the uncertainty is so trying—so strange!"

"I am not at all afraid that your letter will have to go into the fire," observed Anna, cheerfully. "No, it will arrive in your great house."

"And what astonishment it will create if it does!" exclaimed Juliet, as she stamped her little seal on the envelope of that very important dispatch. "I wish that I could be present—invisible—at the opening and reading of this letter!"

(To be continued.)

JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 4, John 9:1-17. Golden Text, ver. 5.

Jesus Withdrawing from His Enemies—Unconcerned for His Own Safety—Will Not Pass the Blind Man—The Disciples Theorizing—A Reproof—The Works Jesus was Sent to Do—An Arbitrary and Unwarranted Limitation—The Healing Investigated—The Man's Own Avowal—Knew the Main Thing—Sight Doubly Given.

WHEN Jesus left the temple, where the scribes and Pharisees had been wroth with His saying, "Before Abraham was I am," they had taken up stones to cast at Him; "but Jesus hid Himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." But Jesus, ever at leisure from Himself, was not occupied with His flight from these His enemies. Coming into the world to do His Father's will, living all the time as a sacrifice yielded up to do the Father's will, it was His Father's responsibility, not His own, to preserve Him from danger so long as His life was needed for His ministry of love and of salvation.

"As He passed by, out of the temple, He saw a man which was blind from his birth." No thoughts concerning His own safety hindered Jesus from His

WONTED COMPASSION;

it would not have been like Him to pass this man by. Truly he had no other claim on Him but that Jesus was anointed "to preach recovering of sight to the blind" (Luke 4:18). The disciples knew the law that blindness, among other evils, was the curse of the broken law. "It shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee. . . . The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart: and thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind gropeth in darkness" (Deut. 28:15, 28, 29). They had not entered into the force of their Lord's words, "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3:17). They said, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered, "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Jesus did not say, "He has not sinned," nor yet, "His parents have not sinned;" but that even if they had, the point now was that the works of God should be made manifest in him. It was as much as to say, "You have not to be occupied with

THE CAUSE

of this blindness, but that the man should be brought in contact with Him who opens the eyes of the blind. No sickness nor physical infirmity could have existed if sin had never existed; but the part of His disciples is not to judge sufferers, but to bring them to Jesus. *Suffering is by no means* always the result of the sufferer's own sin.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me

while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."

WHAT WERE THE WORKS

which the Father sent Jesus to do? He Himself enumerates them. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them" (Matt. 11:5). Yet how many there are who say that we are not to expect the healing of the sick and of the blind and deaf in these days, although we are to expect the preaching of the Gospel to the poor! Who has obtained commandment from on high thus to tamper with the Word of God, and to divide asunder what God has joined together? Jesus continued, "As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world." And this in connection with the opening of the eyes of the blind! Accordingly, He who is light itself "spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go unto the pool of Siloam. . . . He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing." "There," you see, say many, "Jesus used means and blessed them in the healing of the sick; He used the clay for the blind man, and saliva is an excellent thing for the eyes." Oh, how short-sighted is human reasoning! Surely, if clay made of saliva had in itself the property of curing birth blindness, it would be now commonly in use, and institutions for the blind would be done away with!

In this case, however, the man was healed, not by the clay, but by the Lord. It was indeed

A GREAT TEST OF FAITH

that, being blind-born, he should have been rendered doubly so by the clay, and then directed to go to Siloam. But the man trusted Jesus to tell him the right thing to do, and he did it in all simplicity, and was healed. But a great stir was raised up in the neighborhood. The neighbors began talking among themselves as to his identity; but he soon settled that, and told them it was he who aforetime was blind, and, moreover, he related the circumstances of his healing. But it was only right that the Pharisees, the great religionists of the day, should judge about this unusual matter. No one attempted to say that the man was deluded, or that he could not see, after all; but they could not make up their minds that it was quite right he should be healed. So he underwent an examination by the Pharisees, who at last discovered a flaw in the proceeding. It was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes, so the Pharisees pronounced the verdict, "This man is not of God, because He keepeth not the Sabbath day." How would it have been if the high-priest or if one of the Pharisees had had power to open his eyes?

They had settled to their own perfect satisfaction that Jesus was a sinner, but still they could not undo the fact that He had opened the eyes of a man born blind, and they could not hinder the people from saying, "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" So they

ATTEMPTED TO DISPROVE

that he was born blind, sent for his parents, questioned them circumstantially, and received proof that he was born blind, and that now he could see. But the parents were mean and cowardly; they knew the threat of the Pharisees, that if any man acknowledged Jesus to be Christ he should be excommunicated or put out of the synagogue—the greatest public disgrace which could happen to him—and they were not prepared to face anything which cost so much; and therefore they refused all testimony as to how his sight had been given, and said, "He is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself."

One would have thought that at least a murder had been committed, so great was the stir, so particular the investigation in this case of the Lord's healing. But in even the present day men look at the hand of God in healing in the greatest suspicion, as something unholy and doubtful. The man who had received sight was called again, and they said to him, "Give

God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." He answered and said, "Whether He be a sinner or no I know not."

ONE THING I KNOW,

that whereas I was blind, now I see." This was conclusive to himself, and this is the testimony of such as have been brought out of the darkness of nature to see the kingdom of God, such as are born again of the Spirit of God, who know their sins are pardoned. It is with them no matter of opinion of theory; there is no supposition about it; it is a matter of personal experience, so real that nothing can make them doubt it. One thing I *know*, that whereas I was lost, now I am saved; and so with those who see Jesus as a Saviour from the power and dominion and presence of sin; one thing I *know*, that whereas I was a bond-slave, now I am free; and those who have known the Lord's touch in healing will bear this testimony, "Whereas I was sick, now I am healed; I was blind, now I see; I was deaf, now I hear; I was lame, now I walk; I was always in pain, now I am free from it."

Persistent to the last, the Pharisees urged him to give his testimony yet another time; he very naturally asked them, "Wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be His disciples?" Of this they had not the slightest thought. No, no; they wanted to accuse Him who was pouring out blessings on all. "They reviled him and said, *Thou art His disciple*; but *we are Moses' disciples*." As though this assertion were conclusive, and as though to be healed by Jesus made a man cease to be a true Jew! "We know that God spoke by Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence He is." This was a cause of wonder to the man. "Why herein is

A MARVELLOUS THING

that ye (who have had sight, and therefore the opportunity) know not from whence He is, and yet He hath opened mine eyes!" He marvelled at their ignorance of Jesus, and, inspired by the Spirit, continued, "Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, He could do nothing." Oh, how we see that the touch of Jesus for healing of the body blesses the soul, too; the body is reached through the soul! The Pharisees could not answer; there was only one alternative, either to believe or to persecute; they chose the latter. Unable to disprove the words of the healed man, they said, "Thou was altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?" And so they cast him out of the synagogue.

DISGRACED AND ABANDONED

by man, he was found by Jesus, who said to His ignorant disciple, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" His heart was already won, and he only answered, "Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" Jesus said unto him, "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." He needed nothing more; heart and soul went out to Jesus, and he said, "Lord, I believe. And he worshipped Him." Twice blind, soul and body, he had opened to Jesus, and now the Light of the world shone into and through his whole being.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for June:

The Irish Home Rule Agitation.

The Fanaticism of Anarchy.

The Extraordinary Course of Present Events. By Rev. E. Cornwall.

The Philosophy of the Millennium.

Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant, of Chicago.

Israel's Trouble—The Battle of Armageddon. Part II. By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

A New False Christ in Persia.

The Sorrows of a Persecuted Russian Jew. By Rev. G. F. Schwartz, of Dresden.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, by CHARLES WALTON, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 26.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF MESSRS. GLADSTONE AND CHILDERS.

AN ISLAND VISION. Dr. Talmage's Sermon at Alexandria Bay, Last Sunday Morning.

THE COMING THEOCRACY. By H. Varley. An Infidel Lady's Testimony—An Afghan Brigand—A Knife-Grinder's Mistake—Christian Ladies in Memphis Jail.

THE FATAL VIRUS. A Sermon by Sam Jones.

CURRENT EVENTS: A Flood of Vetoes—The River and Harbor Bill—Death of Ex-Senator David Davis—An Exploration of Alaska, etc.

WHO FOUND IT OUT? A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

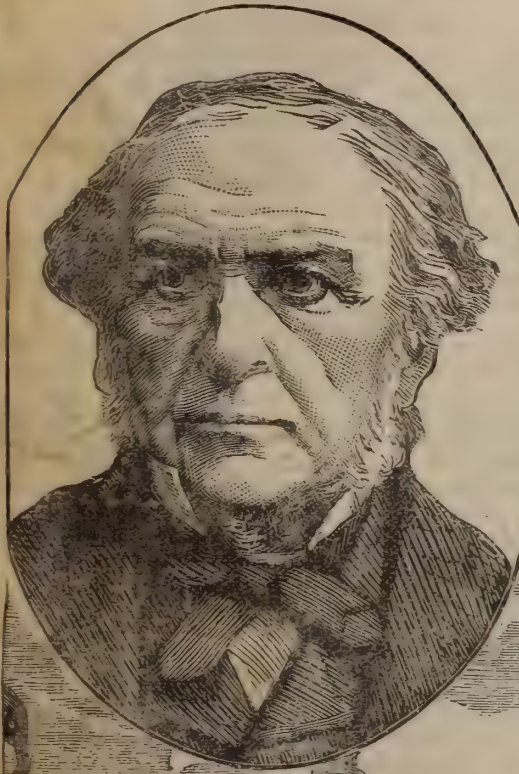
PICTURE OF LEVUKA, THE SCENE OF THE TORNADO.

THE STARVING IRISH FISHERMEN.

A LITTLE COMFORTER. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. (Continued.)

Jesus the Good Shepherd. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



10s.
flect
fig-God
ood in th

The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE and H. C. CHILDERS—The Home Rule Demonstration in Edinburgh.

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

The British Premier.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, was never so popular on this side the Atlantic as he is at the present time. He has in the course of his long life said some hard things of us—things hard to bear. We have been angry with him, have condemned him and denounced him, but among all the leaders of the British Parliament, he has all the time been the one man whose character and abilities commanded general respect in America. When he has hurt us most, when we have been most exasperated with him, we have felt that his errors were due to wrong-headedness, and that at heart he was genuine, sincere, and conscientious. During the past few weeks, as we have seen him bravely struggling against overwhelming opposition to settle the Irish question, we have admired his courage, and have forgiven him all his past offences. The record of

HIS WONDERFUL CAREER

of fifty-four years in Parliament was published in this journal on January 28th. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more here than briefly recapitulate its prominent features. He was born in 1809, and is, therefore, now *seventy-seven years of age*. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, graduating with double first-class honors in 1831. In December, 1832, he entered Parliament, and in 1834 took office under Sir Robert Peel. He held various offices subsequently, but it was as Secretary of the Treasury or, as the office is called in England, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that his extraordinary ability first received general recognition. He first held that office in 1852, and he held it in every subsequent Liberal Administration until the death of Earl Russell left him the most conspicuous statesman of the party, and rendered it impossible for him to serve under any leader. He, therefore, became Premier when his party was called to power in 1868, and is now enjoying his third term in that office.

Though he has given away titles and honors, and made other men dukes and earls, he has taken no title himself. He remains plain Mr. Gladstone, and apparently like "the great commoner," considers the title of "Mr." good against any title in Europe. It is generally understood that he is a poor man. Though he has had control of the immense revenue of the empire for long periods, and has wielded enormous power and patronage, with offices and titles at his disposal, he has more than once been in private need, and on one occasion was obliged to dispose of some cherished personal property to extricate himself from financial embarrassment. The knowledge of this fact has won for him unbounded confidence and respect among the people.

AN ANALYSIS OF CHARACTER.

by an eminent writer, which was published a short time ago, is so true to the life that it may stand here as a pen-and-ink portrait of this wonderful man. "Mr. Gladstone connects the commercial—even the ultra-commercial—with the ultra-ecclesiastical element in the State. He links the school of aristocratic criticism with the school of democratic progress. He mediates between a spirited foreign policy and the soft principles of the peace, or the selfish principles of the non-intervention party. He cares more than trades-unions for the welfare of the workingmen; more than the manufacturers for the interests of capital; more for economy than the most jealous and avowed foes of Government expenditure; more for the spread of education than the advocates of a compulsory national system; more for careful constitutional precedent than the Whigs; and more for the spiritual independence of the Church than the highest Tories. He unites cotton with culture, Manchester with Oxford, the deep classical joy over the Italian resurrection and Greek independence with the deep English interest in the amount of the duty on Zante raisins and Italian rags."

This estimate throws light on Mr. Gladstone's latest effort. Its intention is manifestly grand and noble. He wants to do justice to Ireland, to remove the grievances which have exasperated her people, to give her a government under which she will be contented, happy, and prosperous; but the measure by which he sought to give effect to his principle has been encumbered with defects on which his opponents have fastened, and by which it has been defeated. That the bill would have had unhappy and disastrous results if it had been passed, we believe, because it would have produced anomalies that must have ruined the experiment of self-government. But the design and the object of the bill were so good that we can but hope that those who are now opposing it will yet cease their opposition, and assist in making it a really practicable scheme. Mr. Gladstone will then have won the distinction of having led the way to the solution of the most difficult problem in the Government of the British Empire.

THE RT. HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S companion in his excursion to Scotland was the statesman who is at the head of the Department of the Interior, Mr. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers. His portrait accompanies that of Mr. Gladstone on the first page. He was born in London on June 25th, 1827, and is now in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His father, the Rev. Eardley Childers, was Vicar of Cantley, Yorkshire, at the period of his birth. His preliminary school training was received at the seminary at Cheam, in Surrey. Thence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with distinction in 1850. It had been his intention to devote himself to the study of law, but this he deferred for financial reasons for a time. At the date of his leaving the University, he proceeded with his newly-married wife to Australia, the Government of Victoria having been just established by Royal Charter. Of this new Government he was a member from the time of his arrival until 1857.

At the close of his political apprenticeship in the colonies in 1857, Mr. Childers returned to England in the capacity of Agent-General for Victoria. Upon his return he proceeded to take his M.A. degree at Cambridge, and entered upon the study of law, but was never called to the bar. In 1860 he was elected to Parliament. There he devoted himself to the task of securing better government for Australia and the other colonies. They have no representation in the Imperial Parliament, and the Colonists were aware that such friends as they had at Westminster did not understand their position nor their needs. Measures introduced with the object of benefiting them were really injurious, and thus with the best intentions they were misgoverned. Mr. Childers knew by practical experience what the colonies needed, and he labored assiduously to gain for them the legislative independence necessary to their prosperity. The ability he displayed in that work attracted the notice of the Liberal leaders, and Mr. Childers was invited to take office. He has shown general capacity for any kind of administrative work, and has been tried in a variety of places. In each he has acquitted himself with credit as an intelligent, clear-sighted, though not brilliant statesman.

Mr. Childers heartily supports Mr. Gladstone in his Irish policy. In speaking upon it in the House of Commons, he referred to his experience in Australia, and demanded for Ireland the same liberty which had been given, with the happiest results, to that colony. Observing that he had been in favor of Home Rule for Ireland for the last five years, he insisted that the bill maintained the sovereignty of Parliament and the unity of the Empire. He denied that it repealed the union between Great Britain and Ireland; on the contrary, it substituted something for it which the Government believed would be more agreeable to the Irish people than the state of things before the union. Quoting from

the speeches of Mr. Pitt in 1799, disclosing his reasons for proposing the union, he contended that this bill fulfilled all the conditions then sought to be gained by Mr. Pitt, and he explained also in detail the example of the Australian colonies and Canada, contending that to confer self-government on Ireland would in like manner lead to the permanent attachment of the Irish people to the Crown as it did in Canada and Australia. Mr. Gladstone's opponents might reasonably have given more attention than they did to the testimony of a man who had actually witnessed the beneficial results of an experiment the principle of which it was proposed to extend to Ireland.

THE EDINBURGH OVATION.

THE picture on the first page represents the scene of Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Edinburgh, on June 18th. The large open space in front of the Caledonian Railroad Depot, where six thoroughfares converge, was crammed with a throng of people wild with enthusiasm. Good order and good humor prevailed, but there being no groans for the Premier, as there would have been if so large a crowd had gathered in London, the patience of the people was not put to the test. The enthusiasm reached its climax when the carriage appeared in which the Premier was seated, and hearty, deafening cheer after cheer rent the air. It was a fitting termination to the greetings which he had received all along the way from London to the Scottish capital. Wherever his train stopped, deputations awaited him with addresses of encouragement and confidence, and at the stations by which the train whirled on its way northward there were groups of persons anxious to catch a glimpse of him, and give a cheer to the "Grand Old Man." Through such a series of greetings he emerged into the streets of Edinburgh to receive the welcome of the Scottish citizens.

THE MEETING IN MUSIC HALL

was a scene never to be forgotten. The European correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables a graphic account of it, from which the following is an extract:

All parts of the realm were represented, even the United States, many tourists from which had expressly journeyed here for the occasion. The propinquity of the auditors was quite suggestive of the progress toward universal suffrage. Laborers bronzed by the sun sat side by side with large landlords.

I surveyed the scene from a side platform, where a proscenium box had been extemporized for journalists to see the curtain rise upon the first act of the election drama. Just as a great vase of magnificent orchids was being deposited upon a table on the platform a huge roar from tens of thousands of people, outside, unable to get any standing room, announced the arrival at the doors of Midlothian's pride.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Then the audience took up the cry as Mr. Gladstone and his wife, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Childers, were seen moving toward the platform, and the roar of welcome was really magnificent when the orator's slender, tall figure, clad in irreproachable evening dress, stood erect against the table, with its background of waving hats and handkerchiefs.

He began with short breath, as if fatigued, and spoke with nervous gasps, but soon, encouraged by the stormy enthusiasm that accentuated his first sentences, his mobile upper lip folds resolutely upon the flexible lower lip, and his eyes grow keener as the orator, with increasing power and almost pathetic earnestness, alternates argument with searching sarcasm. Now the lingering twilight of the long northern day fades, and the shadows retire as the brilliant lights are turned up.

I realized at times the phrase applied to audiences—"spellbound." Now I saw scorn compressing his features as he referred to the Liberals who shirked the principle of Home Rule; then I saw an ironical smile under his elevated eyebrows when touching upon Toryism. Each

time that the audience cheered, the orator, as if yielding to the physical weakness of age, rested his hands and slightly leaned his body on the table.

When he came to his peroration the Gladstone "bell" voice of old returned, the youthful play of earnestness was again recognized, and age seemed to retire. At the end of the last sentence the audience broke into such applause as one hears when, at the opera, a great diva unites vocal power and dramatic force in some grand finale. He spoke an hour and forty minutes, but seemed only half that time. Then he put on his large gray Inverness cloak, and the proceedings terminated.

THE SPEECH

was an eloquent defence of his policy, and a withering indictment of the "no policy of his opponents, and the timidity of the friends who have deserted him." Turning from them, Mr. Gladstone eloquently declared that it was in the people that he placed his confidence. "Do not," he cried, "let it be said that the nation is unequal to the task of dealing with the question. Some flinch from difficulty. Some turn their backs in the hour of trouble. Let the nation not do likewise. Rest assured that if the nation's voice be given in defence of our cause, when the contest is settled and the excitement has passed away, it will resemble the old questions of religious disability, Parliamentary reform and free trade. The people will wonder why opposition was raised. As before they forgot the opposition to the repeal of the corn laws and the removal of religious disability, so will they now forget the opposition to the change we are striving to attain."

A SIGNIFICANT HINT,

the most hopeful that has fallen from Mr. Gladstone's lips, was that which intimated his tendency toward the only true solution of the difficult question—the solution of Federal Government. It is evident that if he lives he will yet be heard advocating the system of government which has in it the promise of preserving the British Empire from disintegration. That system will be a distinct and independent legislature for each land under the British flag, and an Imperial Council for Imperial interests, in which each land is fairly represented, a system that has been in operation in our own land with a success that has extorted the wonder and admiration of the world.

A glimmering of this fact was evidently in Mr. Gladstone's mind, when he said to his Edinburgh audience: "At another time I will discuss the plan of local government for England, Ireland, and Scotland as a mode of dealing with the great and crying subject of social disorder in Ireland. The one broad, blazing, glaring difference between these countries is that whereas these are well governed, well constituted, and contented communities, Ireland has not attained the primary purposes of civilized life."

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL,

almost pathetic in its solemn earnestness, closed the wonderful speech. He said: "Reflect, each one of you, in the name of Almighty God; each one in the sanctuary of his chamber, in the sanctuary of his heart, his soul, what it is in this year of 1886, after nearly a century of continued coercion, becoming weaker and weaker, more and more odious, and less and less effective as we go along, repudiated by a large majority of the Irish members—what it is to propose coercion as an alternative to local government in Ireland. Do not allow yourselves to be carried away by craven fears, but believe that by acting justly you will act strongly. Justice is always strong. Join us in our effort to close this painful, terrible, awful chapter of the relations between England and Ireland, which for centuries and centuries has been the opprobrium of our country in the eyes and judgment of the world. Join us in this happy, yea, holy, effort, and rely upon it, if we attain our end, it shall be done more, perhaps, to the honor of Great Britain than even the happiness of Ireland."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Young Foreigner's Testimony.—At a recent evangelist meeting, a young man from a foreign country said: "Three years ago I went to a meeting in Bethany Hall, Glasgow. I did not understand what these words meant, 'Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.' The speaker quoted the text, 'Ye must be born again,' which made a deep and lasting impression on me. Before the meeting was closed, all those who wished to be prayed for were asked to hold up their hands. I did hold up mine, and after prayer a gentleman spoke to me, and pointed me to Christ as my Refuge. On the way home that night I resolved I would not sleep unsaved. And I did not, although Satan tempted me in many ways. I overcame through Jesus my Saviour. And now, thanks be unto Him who hath redeemed me and bought me with His blood."

Rebuked by a Swearer.—Sergeant Mathers said: "A lad who had enlisted was one day looking over the barracks, where everything was new and strange to him; suddenly he heard a young man swearing. 'Man,' he said, 'you would get on as well if you would not say these wicked words.' 'Are you a Christian?' asked the young man who had been swearing. 'Yes, I am,' said the other. 'You are not like any Christian I ever saw before, for they always knelt down in prayer to God before getting into bed, and you do not do that.' He told me afterward that it was the best thing that could have happened to him, for he had been ashamed to kneel before so many. He was not consistent in all things, but this rebuke from one who did not profess to be a Christian brought him to his right mind, and ever after he knelt in the presence of thirty men, and committed himself to God's keeping."

An Unexpected Discovery.—Mr. Calder Related: "Having occasion once to take the place of a friend in his adult class, I had to visit the absentees. One woman was in the infirmary, and was much troubled about her sister, who was addicted to drink. Often I had spoken to her concerning the peril of her soul, but with no evident result. But we are told to cast our bread upon the waters, and we shall find it after many days. I had not heard anything of this woman for some time, as I had left the place; but lately I visited the district again, and while speaking at a meeting there, a woman in the audience rose and asked who I was. On being informed, she became very much excited, for she was none other than the woman to whom I had spoken in the infirmary, and my voice and presence had roused in her old memories of better days. Before she went home that night, the poor woman met with Jesus, and yielded her heart to Him who came, 'Not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

"Who Will Bid for a Young Lady?"—The Rev. Mr. Cruickshanks, speaking of the power of the Gospel, observed: "On one occasion Rowland Hill was delivering a sermon at the foot of a hill. When he was half way through he stopped, and looking at the throng he had gathered to hear him, he said, 'As I do not seem to be making any impression by my sermon I will turn to auctioneering.' And he began just as a young lady drove up in her carriage, stopping near the speaker. 'Who will bid for a young lady? What will you give for her? Who will offer the highest?' The audience stood bewildered at the turn the speaker's words had taken. It seemed to have the desired effect of arresting the people's attention, and all eyes were directed toward the carriage where the young lady sat. And then presumably addressing the devil, the preacher continued, 'And, Satan, what will you offer for her?' 'I,' replied Satan, 'if she gives herself completely to me, will give her wealth, pleasure, and everything that this world can afford!' Then came the soft whisper of Jesus floating through the air, 'I have died for her, and if she gives herself to Me I promise her everlasting life, and pleasures,

and joys that will never fail.' The young lady drove home, and shutting herself in her room, she dropped on her knees, and through many tears gave herself up to Jesus, and lived devoted to His service."

An Actor's Disappointment.—A Minister Related that "a clever actor settled in a large northern city, some time ago, to make money, as he said. He was successful in his undertaking; he made very much money. But one day he fell ill, and sent for a medical friend, whom he asked to prescribe for him. 'I will,' said the doctor, 'but as your friend, I am sorry to tell you that you are in your last illness.' 'Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that I am going to die soon?' inquired the man. 'Yes,' replied his friend; 'it cannot be otherwise.' 'Do you mean that I shall never rise from my bed again; that after I have wrought so hard I am to die? Oh, doctor, this cannot be.' And as the dying man uttered these words he wept, and complained bitterly of his lot. It was not long before he passed away. He had achieved his object, and yet was disappointed. That was because he had worked for a purpose that did not satisfy when it was gained. Ask yourself what you are working for, and whether, if you gain it, it will satisfy you on your death-bed."

A Shilling Lost and Found.—"A Friend of mine went to visit a woman for the purpose of taking her a little money because she had heard she was in great temporal need, and, putting a shilling into her pocket she set out for the woman's house. But while she was there she thought, 'This woman is not in so great need as I was told; she has a little fire and seems quite cheerful! And then, to ease her conscience, she thought, if she requires the money I am sure she will ask for it.' Thus she reasoned within herself, and the intended kind act was put aside, and she left the house without giving the woman the much-needed shilling. But when she arrived home, displeased with herself for being so selfish, she found that she had lost the shilling, and she now regretted not giving it as she had intended. She paid a second visit to the woman, who said: 'The last time you were here you dropped a shilling, and I used it, because I was sure it was sent by the Lord. I had had no food that day, and I asked Him to send me some, and I was sure He would do it, although I did not know by what means.' My friend had now to confess with much shame that she had brought the shilling intending to give it, but that she had tried to keep it back, although the Lord would not permit her to carry it away."

A Blind Man's Cutting Rebuke.—Mr. R. B. Stewart said: "There was a friend of mine preaching on Glasgow Green a few years ago, when some one from the crowd called out: 'May I speak?' After getting permission, he pushed his way through the crowd, until he was standing on the platform beside my friend. 'Friends,' he exclaimed, 'I do not believe what this man has been talking about. I do not believe in a hell, I do not believe in a judgment, I do not believe in a God, for I never saw any of them.' He continued talking in this way for a while, when another voice was heard from the crowd: 'May I speak?' The infidel sat down, and the next man began: 'Friends, you say there is a river running not far from this place, the River Clyde. There is no such thing; it is not true. You tell me that there are grass and trees growing around me where I now stand; there is no such thing; that also is untrue. You tell me that there are a great many people standing here. Again I say, that is not true; there is no person standing here save myself. I suppose you wonder what I am talking about; but, friends, I was born blind. I never have seen one of you, and while I talk, it only shows that I am blind, or I would not say such things. And, you,' he said, turning to the infidel, 'the more you talk, the more it exposes your own ignorance, because you are *spiritually blind*, and cannot see. Dear friends, try the life that Christ lived. There you will find life and love and everlasting joy.'"

AN ISLAND VISION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, June 27, 1886.*

"I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos."—
REV. 1: 9.
"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—
REV. 21: 21.

An Original Theory—Islands Famous in History—
—A Great Metropolis—The Corporeal Conception of Heaven—A Place not a State—
Herschel's Discovery of a Group of Worlds—
I. The Architecture of the Gates—The Gorgeous Idea of a Pearl Gate—II. The Number of the Gates—Persons who Want only one Gate—III. The Aspects of the Gates—A Gate for Every Race—Heaven not a Monopoly—No Home-sickness—A Statistical Estimate—IV. The Gates Wide Open—The Time of Closing—V. The Gate-keeper—Protecting the Gold Pavement—The Password.

SABBATH morning finds us amid the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence. Amid the enchantment of the scenery some of us are like Paul when he said, "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." Not having read the geologists' account of how this region was formed, I may surmise that after the St. Lawrence began its majestic roll these islands were dropped into it out of the heavenly landscape. Islands above us, islands below us, islands all around us, I am reminded how much

THE ISLANDS OF THE WORLD have had to do with sacred and profane history. Elba, from which Napoleon started for his last struggle; and St. Helena, where he ended it; Island of Guernsey, where the great soul of Victor Hugo chafed in exile until republicanism in France drove back despotism; Isle of Borneo, where Adoniram Judson stood, a flaming evangel; the Island of Caprera, where Garibaldi rested after the emancipation of Italy; Island of Cyprus, where Barnabas preached; Island of Melita, on which Paul was shipwrecked; and last of all, but mightier than all, and more impressive than all, the Island of Patmos, of which my text speaks, and from which St. John, the exiled Ephesian Gospelizer, saw the twelve pearl-gates. If God will help us, we can from these Thousand Isles, on this Sabbath morning, see the same glittering portals.

Our subject speaks of

A GREAT METROPOLIS,

the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top-gallants, you immediately make up your mind that those vessels came from foreign ports, and you say, "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana;" and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no weather-beaten merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkhead have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our natural vision can descry.

"There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon, but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets, no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what Christ said, and He ought to know, "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment, but "I go to prepare

A PLACE FOR YOU."

The resurrected body implies this. If my foot is to be reformed from the dust, it must have

* This sermon was preached at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., to which place the Tabernacle Congregation went for their annual picnic. They left Brooklyn by special train on Saturday morning, arriving at Alexandria Bay the same night and returning on Tuesday.

something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed, it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body is to be hung on nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say, If there be material organisms, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer, Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the Garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God in the immensities can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his Alpine stock between the glaciers, and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds, and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds; and he peers out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than that occupied by our solar system, in which there are

FIFTY THOUSAND WORLDS

moving. And Professor Lang says that, by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine; so that I do not know but that it is simply because we have no telescope powerful enough that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles.

As a conquering army marching on to take a city comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which in the midst of the landscape they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers and halt and take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night, so, now, coming as we do on this mountain-top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take one good long look at the gates of the great city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

I. In the first place, I want you to examine

THE ARCHITECTURE

of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamented gateway. Sometimes they spring an arch of masonry, the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary, the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted, all its life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates, so had Thebes. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There have been a great many fine gateways, but Christ set His hand to the work, and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inscription. With the nail of His own cross He cut into its wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and of gladness to come.

There is no wood or stone or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the Island of Margarette, but

ONE SOLID PEARL

picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and Bohemian diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash under the gaslight. But oh, the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday!

Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The Government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl

larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An Almighty hand hewed this, strung this, polished this. Against this gateway on the one side dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. Oh, the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of that gate, and we are paupers. One step the other side of that gate, and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. Oh, gate of light, gate of pearl, gate of heaven, for our weary souls at last swing open!

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

Oh, heaven is not a dull place! Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

II. In the second place, I want you to count
THE NUMBER OF THE GATES.

Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens! Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarianisms. If a Presbyterian is bigoted he brings his Westminster Assembly Catechism, and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world, "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted he plants two posts, and he says, "Now you crowd in between those two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say, "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate; go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say, "Here is a water-gate; you go through that or you must stay out." And so in all our churches and in all our denominations there are men who make

ONE GATE FOR THEMSELVES,

and then demand that the whole world go through it. I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O small souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly I will not go in at that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says, "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say, "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says, "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say, "Let me plunge you." Anyhow, I say, Away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates, and they are twelve pearls.

The fact is, that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctored to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oarlocks. God intended us to know some things, and intended us not to know others. I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner

—Christ, a saviour. Any man who adopts these two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel and drop everything he has in his hands. He

MUST GO EMPTY-HANDED

if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you, when we have come down to the river of death, and find it swift and raging, we will have to put off all our sectarianism, and lay down our cumbrous creed, and empty-handed put out for the other shore.

"What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian Church into one kind of church? Would you make all Christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" Oh, no! You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surroundings, will decide whether you go to this or that church, and adopt this or that polity. One church will best get one man to heaven, and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you only go through one of the twelve gates that Jesus lifted.

Looking out at the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and you cannot tell at what gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate?" "Glory to God, twelve gates, but one heaven!"

THE ASPECTS OF THE GATES.

III. In the third place, notice the points of the compass toward which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement. On the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; on the east, three gates; on the west, three gates. What does that mean? Why, it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up; if his heart is right, there is a gate open before him. On the north, three gates. That means mercy for Lapland, and Siberia, and Norway, and Sweden. On the south, three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algiers, and Ethiopia. On the east, three gates. That means salvation for China, and Japan, and Borneo. On the west, three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them. Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman Campana, from Chinese tea-field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch Highlands, they come, they come.

NO MONOPOLY.

Heaven is *not* a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle for royal families. It is not a small town with small population; but John saw it, and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and he measured it this way, and then he measured it that, and whichever way he measured it, it was fifteen hundred miles; so that Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Nineveh, and St. Petersburg and Canton, and Peking and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present, added together, would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Walking along the street, you can, by the

contour of the dress or of the face, guess where a man came from. You say, "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in

IRRESPECTIVE OF NATIONALITY.

Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime, and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss coming to the high residence of heaven will not long any more for the Alps, standing in the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest-fields he left, now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court, now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who once lived amid the groves of spice and oranges will not long to return, now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit. While I speak

AN EVER-INCREASING THrong

is passing through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What!" you say, "do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is, that the majority of the people in those climes die in infancy, and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be *fifteen thousand million children in glory*. If at a concert two thousand children sing, your soul is raptured within you. Oh, the transport, when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drawing out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic, and Boston!

Pour in through the twelve gates, oh ye redeemed! banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp. Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the glens echo it. Let missionaries tell it in pagoda and colporteurs sound it across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News! news! A glorious heaven, and twelve gates to get into it! Hear it, oh you thin-blooded nations of eternal winter! on the north three gates. Hear it, oh you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats! on the south three gates.

IV. But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—

WIDE OPEN.

They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one. Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all the other nations that have called on God. The captives all freed. The harvests all gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery

clang. 'Tis done! It thunders! The twelfth gate shut!

V. Once more, I want to show you

THE GATE-KEEPER.

There is one angel at each one of these gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defences before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after awhile, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after awhile; and heaven, instead of being a world of light, and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror. So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out.

Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of these nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God. If a miser should get in there, he would *pull up the golden pavement*. If a house-breaker should get in there, he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there, he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. Oh, my brother, if you should at last come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a *pass written* by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one glance wither you forever! There will be

A PASSWORD

at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say, "Let me in. Let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges. I built churches and was famous for my charities; and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up and they try to get through. They say, "We were highly honorable on earth, and the earth bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven;" and a voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another crowd advances and says, "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we come up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers, "I never knew you."

After awhile I see another throng approach the gate, and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, although their voices ever and anon cry, "Amen! Amen!" This one stands at the gate and says, "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place not because I deserve it, but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus." The gate-keeper says, "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they pass in, and they surround the throne, and the cry is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Oh, when heaven is all done and the troops of God shout, "The castle is taken," how grand it will be if you and I are among them! Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 20 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

AN INFIDEL LADY'S TESTIMONY.

In the Report of the Berachah Mission, founded and supported by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Naylor, at 405 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York—a locality known by the suggestive name of "Hell's Kitchen"—is the following testimony, among many others:

I seem to have but just begun the assigned purpose of my life; reared from my birth in another faith, I had religious training; my feet were not upon the rock, not having the loving Saviour to lean upon; impulse was generally my basis of conduct; troubles came, I rebelled; impatient at another's errors, I vented manifold curses upon both mankind and Jehovah Himself. Thus passed whole years. I drifted into unbelief and infidelity, and was teaching these doctrines to a class of young ladies. To gratify my dear husband, and much against my own will, on the evening of April 7th I went with him to the Gospel services at Berachah Mission; there I became fully conscious of my sins, and like a sunburst the revealed glory of a loving Saviour came to my heart, bringing peace to my troubled soul. I felt like Bunyan's Christian at the foot of the cross. All my burden was lightened, peace, joy, and gladness unutterable took complete possession of me. It so overpowered me with ecstatic bliss that I, the chief of sinners, had been taken to the bosom of a loving, pardoning, forgiving Saviour and Redeemer. I have much more to tell of my long-continued fears, doubts, and misgivings, but will now thus give all thanks, and raise my feeble voice to praise the Lord for all His goodness. Jesus is mighty to save, to keep, sanctify, and heal.

THE CAMBRIDGE STUDENTS IN CHINA.

A FEW incidents of a journey in China taken by the devoted young men who were graduates of the University of Cambridge, but are now engaged as missionaries to the Chinese, are reported in a letter from one of the party to the *Indian Witness*. The writer says: We have had many accidents, but the Lord was ever at hand and delivered us. The first six weeks it was not altogether comfortable to take a constitutional, as having one's pig-tail pulled and having stones thrown was a frequent result; but later on the people got more civil; we had some narrow shaves of annihilation; on one occasion a big landslide from a high bank came right down on our boat, nearly but not quite swamping us, and causing a stoppage of two whole days in which to repair; then at Hing-ngan we had a serious affair: some of our boatmen (Chinese) got a quarrel with some of the lookers-on; the latter on a high bank began to throw stones: they threw not merely stones but brickbats into our boats; they came like a shower of hail, thud! thud! thud! They struck, yet the Lord delivered us, caused nobody to be hit, and the boats to be but little damaged, praise the Lord! The rats we found a little trying, for they not only stole handkerchiefs and stocks and carried them off to their nest in the bottom of the boat, where we presently found them, but they would run over us of a night, sometimes over our faces, causing unpleasant sensations; however, we had good things also, good swims frequently, and peaches to any amount.

MR. R. T. BOOTH IN AUSTRALIA.

THE Warrnambool Independent of April 10th gives the following account of Mr. Booth's mission in New South Wales: On Thursday night, April 8th, the Orderly Room was no less crowded than it had been on any of the preceding evenings. Mr. Booth's war lecture "took," and deservedly so, as it well merited all the attention and applause which the audience bestowed upon it. He told the story of his experience throughout the great American civil war with a mixture of simplicity, pathos, and spirit which well became the subject, nor did a single point fall flat. The lecture brought out prominently woman's worth in life, and we venture to say that if the majority of men only placed the

same value upon the gentler sex, especially upon the influence for good of wives and mothers, the moral tone of society would very quickly improve. His war incidents were thrilling, truthful to history, and well pointed, while throughout the whole there was an artistic alternation of glory and gloom. In conclusion he propounded his personal views upon the federation of the English-speaking people of the earth, but in doing so, and even while he raised the enthusiasm of a sympathetic audience to the utmost, he was careful to announce himself as a dreamer rather than a practical man. He was practical enough on the subject of "Gospel temperance," however, and the result was a considerable acquisition to the number of pledge-takers.

CHRISTIAN LADIES IN MEMPHIS JAIL.

A GOOD work among prisoners, and patients in the hospitals is being done in Memphis, Tenn., by a few devoted young ladies, who are using the opportunities God has placed in their way to tell the good tidings of salvation to those who are sick and in prison. Miss S. C. Bateham sends to the *American Missionary* the following incidents of one of her visits:

One day I carried with me to the jail a number of worn Bibles and Testaments for distribution. One was gratefully accepted by a young man, who in that place had signified a wish to become a Christian. Another man took his, remarking thoughtfully, "I used to read one of those when I was a boy. Thank you, ma'am." One old man seized in both hands the one offered him, exclaiming, "Bless the Lord! How I've wanted one of these books!" I became quite interested in a young lad whose pleasant countenance spoke of sadness but no viciousness. I learned that a year ago, fired with a boy's ideal of making his way in life, he had wandered away from a good home and Christian parents in Cincinnati. In this city of strangers he had fallen into bad company, and now was awaiting his trial. The next Sabbath I learned that the sentence had been given, and he was soon to be taken to State prison for one year's confinement. He very gratefully accepted a pocket Testament to take with him, and with tears in his eyes assured me, "I'll be a different kind of a fellow if I live to get out of that." And the last thing I saw as we left the great stone court was his wistful face, nodding a long good-by. It will seem a long year to those praying parents in their distant home.

A KNIFE-GRINDER'S MISTAKE.

IN undertaking Christian work, it is quite as important to beware of acting on impulse and running where God has not called as of being laggards slow to hear and obey the voice of the Lord. An instance in point is narrated in the current number of *Thy Healer*.

An itinerant knife-grinder whom the Lord brought to Himself, began preaching the Gospel, and was greatly blessed as he went round with his knife-grinding machine. After awhile, through various circumstances, he came to think he was called to live by faith, and to do nothing else but to preach the Gospel. He commenced in a small village where there were a few Christians, about half a dozen, who gathered round him. It was utterly impossible for these Christians to support him, because they were agricultural laborers. He went on in this way for a little while, without any tokens of God's blessing. His own wife and children were really wanting food, yet he did not see his mistake. A Christian lady went down there, and saw the whole thing. She saw that he had missed God's will and mistaken his calling. She wrote to him, and the Lord touched his heart, and opened his eyes, and directly he turned round to resume his former occupation, all was well. He had sold his apparatus, and had not a shilling to start with; but as soon as he saw and came into the will of God, friends were raised up to buy an apparatus, and God began to bless him in preaching the Gospel as He gave him opportunity.

The mistake made by him was in throwing up his daily occupation, when the Lord had barred every way. He was not glorified, for people had been talking about it, and saying the man was sponging upon the few Christians who were pinching themselves to keep him.

THE COMING THEOCRACY.

By Henry Varley.

Human Incapacity for Government—The Experiments of the Centuries—Ignominious Failure—Ancient Governments—The Europe of to-day—The Grand American Effort—Its Complex Elements—Lawlessness Rampant—God about to Close the Chapter—He who will Reign in Righteousness.

It appears to me that, as we look back upon human history, conclusive proof exists that the living God has been permitting the sons of men the opportunity of proving to themselves their unfitness either for personal independence or national government. For six thousand years nearly man has been tried and tested in every conceivable condition. From the most degrading heathenism of the dark past on the one hand, to the highest manifestations of nineteenth century civilization on the other, man has had place, part, and opportunity. We unhesitatingly affirm that on all hands man has proved

AN IGNOMINIOUS BREAK-DOWN

and failure. I do not deny that there have been large numbers of individual exceptions to the rule, exceptions, be it remembered, induced through the restraining grace and Word of God. I am speaking of human history in its vast majorities, in every century, throughout the habitable earth. From the standpoint of righteous judgment, national life and character has been, and continues to be, a melancholy disappointment. I am simply appealing to

THE FACTS OF HISTORY

when I say that the development of national life has never produced righteousness. Has it done this, either in ancient or modern times? Let Babylon, Egypt, or Israel, up to date, answer. Let Greece or Rome give evidence. Is Europe at the close of the nineteenth century the abode of truth and righteousness? Are the nations ashamed of sin? Is it possible to identify

EXISTING CONDITIONS.

e. g., each European nation armed to the teeth, and, as a whole, ready to put ten millions of soldiers on the field of slaughter, as having anything in common with the will of God? When our Lord Jesus Christ reigns in power and great glory, as He assuredly will, "the nations will learn war no more."

Is it not the fact that national history has been a pitiable spectacle and a splendid failure? Nation has risen against nation, kingdom against kingdom, ruthless ambitions and devastating wars have been the rule. From the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the great despotic king, right onward through monarchical and constitutional governments of modern times, the same testimony of violence, corruption, and failure comes; six thousand years of human rule is closing amid universal disquiet, unrest, and fear. Not a single European government rules in righteousness today!

Then, too, it is important to bear in mind that *there is no form of government possible to man which has not been tried*. Notice the remarkable fact that the verge of the last century of the sixth thousand years (the limit, as I believe, of man's trial in regard to fitness for government) sees

THE NEW WORLD

yielding the latest exhibition of national life in a manifold and complex sense. English, German, Irish, French, Italian, Chinese, Asian and African, indeed all Old World national life, is being incorporated in the structure of the United States Republic. Can this latest manifestation of human government be pronounced a success? Are the great cities of the United States eminent for righteousness and the diminution of iniquity? Is it not true that the drift of government in the New World is not the way of God? Far be it

from me to speak ungenerously of a great people among whom I love to preach Christ; but I cannot say that I have returned to England enamored of

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

In the year 1884 no less than thirty-three hundred and seventy-seven men and women were murdered. This is an appalling fact, indicating a condition of lawlessness and a disregard of the sacredness of human life alike fearful and terrible. Not less alarming is the fact that one hundred and eleven only of these murderers suffered the penalty of the divine law. In one large city a prominent judge told me that the year 1884 yielded no less than three Divorce Court cases a day; in round numbers, eleven hundred cases of divorce in that section of the population, which does not exceed one hundred thousand men and women. Preaching in one of the prisons of the city, I counted *twenty-three murderers in one row of cells.*

In the light of these facts, can it be contended that the latter end of the nineteenth century shows man to be improving or approximating to good government? Can we wonder that God is about to close the long and dark chapter of human iniquity? Shall we not adore His wisdom and goodness in that He has invested all governmental power and authority in His blessed Son, who, as Paul puts it, "in His times shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords"? (1 Tim. 6: 14, 15).

THE GREAT CRISIS DRAWS NEAR

when the Lord Jesus Christ shall "dash in pieces like a potter's vessel" existing governmental power (Ps. 2: 9; Rev. 2: 27). We are looking for the fulfilment of the words of the Prophet Daniel, "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and break them in pieces . . . and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth" (Dan. 2: 34, 35). We await with intense expectancy the supreme crisis of which the everlasting Word thus speaks, "And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in Heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our God, and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever" (Rev. 11: 15).

The world smiles at such an expectation. The Apostle Peter, speaking of the last days of this wicked and adulterous age, says, that "there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as from the beginning of the creation." Their objection to the truth of the Lord's coming, you will notice, is described as an outcome of lust, not the lust of the flesh, but of the *mind*, the scoffer's jest. That is what we see. The Materialists regard our strong confidence in the personal appearing of our Lord as the delusion of childish minds, minds without intellectual growth, children in the sense of weakness and non-discernment of "the great strides which humanity is making." Our strong confidence in

"THE BLESSED HOPE"

excites the smile of pity; they neither care for these things, nor do they believe them. But all the scoffers and doubters will be silenced by the wonders which will take place when He comes whose right it is to reign. There will be no room for the scoffer's ribald jest then, "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God."

May we not console ourselves and rejoice in the prospect described in the prophetic words of the Seventy-second Psalm concerning the reign of Christ, "In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall worship Him. His name shall endure forever. His name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him. All nations shall call Him

blessed, and blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and amen."

THE FATAL VIRUS.

From a Sermon preached by Rev. Sam Jones at Indianapolis.

(Specially Reported for the Christian Herald.)

"As righteousness tendeth to life; so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death."—PROV. 11: 19.

REALLY, brethren, I need no Bible or preacher to convince me that sin will ruin a man. I can walk the streets of the city of Indianapolis twenty-four hours and find living,

WALKING DEMONSTRATIONS

that sin is ruining, that sin is dooming, not only individuals, but whole families in this city. Every poor, drunken wretch that staggers along the streets of your city looks out of his bleared eyes and tells me sin is ruining him. Every thin, pale, halting woman, whose character is gone forever, as she gazes at me in her lost estate, tells me too plainly, "I am ruined; I am lost, world without end." Brethren, it is sin that dooms and sin that damns, and the duration of hell will be determined by the duration of sin, of unpardoned sin. If you will tell me how long that lie you told yesterday will last, I will tell you how long hell will endure; if you will tell me how long that act of murder committed will live in the annals of history, I will tell you how long the punishment for that crime will last, brother, for all sin is the very essence of hell; and *when I am delivered from sin I am delivered from hell.* It is sin I fear, and whatever there is in hell is the natural, legitimate consequences of sin.

I rode in my buggy only two miles from my own town, some months ago, at the request and earnest solicitations of

A WIFE AND MOTHER.

When I walked up on the front porch, the wife met me, and the little children—six of them—stood around the mother and the wife, and the children with the tears running from their eyes. They looked up in my face, and I spoke to them. I thought in my heart, "Oh, what is the trouble? What is the matter?" I walked into the hall and passed the first door and entered the second door, the wife leading the way, and when we walked into the room there was the poor, besotted, drunken husband lying on his bed; and when I looked at him and looked at his family, I said in my heart, "Oh, God! Sin is dooming and sin is damning this whole family; they are being dragged down to death—down to death and hell by the sin of the father." And we say to you, brother, that the natural, legitimate end of a wicked life is hell—of a good life is heaven. Now, as righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death.

I have not time or disposition to-night to stand here and discuss the meaning of this word "evil" in the text. Brethren, I am no theologian; I never aspired to be one; but I will say this to you: whether depravity is partial or total, or simply developed, this much I can look in the face of every man and tell him, "*You have got enough natural meanness in you to damn you, and if you ever want any more than that, you are greedier than ever I have been.*" I am conscious I can say that to every man, and that is the truth of this whole question. Leaving the theological hair-splitting out of the question, all that a man needs to do is to follow the natural bent and tendencies of his own wicked nature. Sin is an awful thing. It is a disease as well as a fearfully wicked life.

When Senator Hill, of our State, of national reputation, the most gifted orator the South ever produced, had some trouble on the side of his tongue, they made light of it, and said it was caused by a fractured tooth. A few more days, and I read that he had been under the knife of

THE SURGEON AT PHILADELPHIA,

and they had cut out about one third of the

tongue. The next I read they said, "He will soon recover." Again I read, "He is back under the knife of the surgeon at Philadelphia;" they had taken all the glands out of this side of his face and neck; and a son of the Senator said, "Now, doctor, is there any chance for my father?" The doctor said, "Yes, sir; *if we have extracted all that virus of cancer from his system he will certainly get well; but if there is the least particle of that virus of cancer that has strayed off into some other gland he will certainly die.*" A few more days and I read he was at the famous mineral springs in the West. A few more days and I walked down to the depot of my town; I was standing there waiting for the passenger train. In a few moments it rolled down and, trembling under its air-brakes, stopped, and I thought I saw the outlines of Senator Hill's face as I looked through the car window. I walked down toward the car, and he pushed his bony hand out through the window and took my hand, and I looked him in the face, and I thought to myself, "Is this all that is left of Senator Hill, the grandest man that this State ever produced on the forum or rostrum?" In a few more days I picked up the *Atlanta Constitution*. It said Senator Hill's remains were carried to the cemetery and followed by the grandest procession that ever marched out of Atlanta to the cemetery.

IT KILLS.

Now, my brother and my sister, hear me. Just as certain as the virus of cancer killed Senator Hill's body, just that certain the virus of the cancer of sin will kill your soul at last, and it is not a question of where you have been baptized. Understand that. It is not a question of what church you belong to. It is not a question of your official capacity in that church. It is not a question of how much you pay to maintain that church. The question for time and eternity is, Have you been down under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and has this taint been washed out of your nature, and have you been redeemed by the only remedy in heaven or on earth that can cure the human soul? I say the natural tendency of men and of man is downward and hellward. If you follow your greed for gold, your licentious passions, your wayward life—if you follow it, you just as naturally and legitimately tend toward hell as grace ever helped a man toward heaven.

We propose always to be practical at the expense of everything except truth; and to be practical sometimes costs a man a good deal in the way of criticism. I want to say right here, I don't care what you think of me. If you say you have got

NO CONFIDENCE IN SAM JONES,

if you will write it out and bring it to me, I will sign it, for God knows I have got none in him. I have not. I tried him for twenty-four years, and he took me right to the gates of hell, and I never intend to have anything more to do with him, if I can help it, God being my helper. I put my hand in the hand of my Heavenly Father, and say, "Father, lead me by Thy right hand; I cannot go—I will not go unless Thou dost help me and guide me," and I do not give myself any uneasiness upon that score. I do not care what you say that is bad about me. If it is true, I am so sorry that I cannot get mad about it, and if it is a lie, I am so glad it is a lie that I cannot get mad, and I am going to stay in a good humor until God calls me home to heaven.

I don't care what you say about my grammar. I have found out at last that if the pulpit will use the language that you all use down in your stores to convey your ideas and transact your business, that is the nearest way to a man. You can go away from here and say what you please about my rhetoric and my grammar, but if you have got a thimbleful of brains, you cannot, none of you, say, "Well, I didn't understand that fellow; I didn't understand him." I say, to give a practical turn to the discussion, I hope you will give me your prayers, that God may stop some soul in its downward career to-night.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Unprecedented Number of Vetoes were sent by the President to Congress last week. On one day six were sent to the Senate and nine to the House. On another day he added thirty to the list. They were chiefly private pension bills and appropriations for public buildings. The President intimates in his messages that Congress has fallen into a habit of hasty legislation on both these matters. One of the pension bills is for the relief of a woman whose name has been on the rolls nearly a year, and who was therefore in no need of the special bill. In other cases it appears Congress has acted hastily and carelessly. The principle laid down by the President as to public buildings will involve him in some unpopularity. He is opposed to the erection of a federal building in all places where the needs of the public service do not call for it. He contends that the fact of a thriving community desiring the erection of a handsome building is not sufficient to justify an appropriation. He also reminds Congress that there are eighty buildings now in process of construction upon which two millions and a half have been expended in a single year.

The Senate Voted to Reconsider the Measure to prevent members of Congress acting as attorneys for railroads which have received aid from the Government, and last week sent it to the Judiciary Committee, where it will probably be killed. There is nothing surprising about this decision; the surprise was about the previous vote in its favor. Of the seventy-six Senators, sixty-five are lawyers, and many of them would lose about half their incomes if this bill became a law. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Edmunds strongly opposed the bill, though Senator Hawley was the nominal leader of the movement. Thirteen Senators who voted for the bill in the first instance voted against it last week, and it was lost by a vote of thirty-one to twenty-one. In spite of the decision of the Senate, there is a strong feeling in the public mind that men who are paid by corporations ought not to have the power of voting public money to those corporations.

The Fishery Difficulty with Canada is Placed in a new light by the statement of the Hon. Peter Mitchell, one of the Queen's Privy Counsellors, in an interview with a reporter of the Boston Globe. He said that he held that there was no authority for seizing the Adams or any United States vessel that had observed the customs laws, and had urged the Dominion Government not to engage in any international contest on such "a weak and worthless case, as the opinion of the commercial world would be against them, and we could not afford, as a country aspiring to a national position, to have this influential element condemning us." The concessions now made cover the whole case ex-

cept the headland question. It still remains to be determined whether the three-line limit is to be measured from the headlands or from the shores of the bays. The position now is more favorable to American fishermen than it was under the treaty of 1818.

The Famous River and Harbor Bill which President Arthur vetoed is likely to be equalled, if not exceeded, by that now in progress. When it was reported to the House it was a little over eleven millions; but as the committee had looked too well after their own districts to the neglect of others, other appropriations were added during its passage until, when it reached the Senate, it called for more than fifteen millions. The Senate Committee now has it in hand, and has cut off \$615,000 and added \$3,483,275. It is now over eighteen millions, and it is not through the Senate yet. Members of Congress seem to have forgotten what happened to their predecessors in 1882 who engineered the former bill.

Renewed Labor Troubles are Reported from Chicago. On June 23d seventy-seven switchmen on the Lake Shore Railroad went on strike, and the railroad officials apprehend that the step is the initial one in a general movement. The trouble grows out of the agreement under which the men went back to work after the recent strike. The employees allege that the company has not fulfilled its promises, and that men whom it promised to discharge are still in its employ. On Friday the switchmen prevented any freight being moved, and on Saturday, though four freight cars were sent off, there was a regular fight, in which revolvers were used and much damage was done.

An Expedition to Explore Alaska Territory has been fitted out by the New York Times, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, of Arctic fame. Although nineteen years have passed since this territory was acquired, little is known of it beyond the coast. In 1883 Lieutenant Schwatka explored the Yukon, the great river of Alaska, from its source to its mouth. During his journey he conceived the desire for a more extended exploration, which, through the liberality of the Times, he is now enabled to take. One of the most important features of the expedition will be the attempt to scale the St. Elias range of mountains, which are the highest on the North American Continent. The explorer hopes to climb to the top of St. Elias itself, which is nineteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea level. The expedition intends to carefully examine the timber lands between the mountains and the sea, as, if the wood growing there proves merchantable, there are good harbors for its transportation, and the discovery will be valuable.

The Death of Ex-Senator David Davis, who during President Arthur's term was acting Vice-President of the United States, occurred at Bloomington, Ill., early on Saturday morning last. For a long time past Mr. Davis has been suffering from diabetes, and since the beginning of May he has also suffered from a carbuncle and erysipelas. He was seventy-one years old, having been born in Maryland in 1815. Though well known and respected throughout Illinois, to which State he removed in 1835, he did not gain a national reputation until President Lincoln's term. Lincoln and he were warm friends, practised in the same courts, travelled together, and spent much of their time in each other's society. Mr. Davis worked enthusiastically in his friend's interest at the Chicago Convention and during the campaign. After the election Mr. Lincoln nominated Mr. Davis Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and while serving in that capacity Mr. Davis won general esteem as an upright judge, against whose integrity there was never a whisper. He drifted away from the Republican Party in the Reconstruction days, and was nominated for the Presidency by the Liberal Party in 1872. He was in the same year before the Democratic Convention which finally nominated Horace Greeley,

In 1877 the Illinois Legislature elected him United States Senator, and it is a remarkable testimony to his high character that the election gave as much pleasure to Republicans as to Democrats. When General Arthur succeeded to the Presidency in 1881 Judge Davis was elected acting Vice-President, and presided in the Senate until the close of his term, to the satisfaction of both parties. Since 1883 he has lived in retirement.

The Prorogation of the British Parliament took place on Friday last. It was explained by the first paragraph of the Queen speech, in which she said, "I have determined to release you from your high duties before the full accomplishment of the regular work of the session in order to ascertain the sense of my people on the important proposal to establish a legislative body in Ireland for the management of Irish as distinguished from imperial affairs. With this object it is my intention to immediately dissolve Parliament." The elections commence on July 2d and end on July 14th.

A Manifesto by Lord Randolph Churchill was issued last week, which ought to do the cause he represents serious injury in the minds of thinking men. It consists mainly of personal abuse of Mr. Gladstone, and its language is that of an angry boy or a maniac rather than of a statesman. He says, "Gladstone has reserved for his closing days a conspiracy against the honor of Great Britain and welfare of Ireland more startling, base, and nefarious than any of those numerous designs and plots that for a quarter of a century have occupied his imagination." Further on he stigmatizes the Home Rule Bill as "insanity, trafficking in treason, condoning crime, exalting disloyalty, abasing loyalty, and a monstrous mixture of imbecility, extravagance, and political hysterics." Comparing these utterances with those of the man he assails, there would be no difficulty in deciding, even if there were no other grounds, as to which of the two men is best fitted to guide the policy of a great empire.

The Expulsion of the Princes from France was effected last week. The Comte de Paris has gone to England, where he received a cordial welcome from the municipal authorities at Dover. The Queen has also offered him hospitality, which, it is said, he has declined, preferring to remain in privacy. Before leaving France he issued a manifesto in which he intimated his expectation that his exile would be short, and that he would yet be needed there, and promised that he would be ready to respond to the call. There is pathos in the passage in which he says: "Passionately attached to my native land, whose misfortunes have but rendered it the more dear to me, I have hitherto observed without infringing the laws. To effect a breach between us the moment has been chosen when I return thither, happy in having formed a new alliance between France and a friendly nation." He adds: "They seek to separate from France the chief of that glorious family which led her during nine centuries in the work of her national unity, and who, associated with the people, alike in prosperity and adversity, laid the foundation of her greatness and prosperity. They hope that she has forgotten the happy and prosperous reign of my grandsire, Louis Philippe." The Count was scarcely wise to allude to his family. It is to his interest that they should be forgotten. If the French people think that he resembles his ancestors in any way they will be little likely to offer him the throne.

A Discovery in Central Africa, Announced last week, leads to the hope that the whole of the continent will be opened to Christian effort sooner than was expected. A cablegram to the New York Herald from Brussels states that the Congo State Department has received from its agents a report of the grand discovery that the rivers of Sankauron and Kassai are fully navigable, by which also the eastern region of the Congo State can be reached without a long detour to the North. These rivers have valuable resources on their banks.

The Appointment of the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem has since 1841 been vested alternately in the Governments of Prussia and England. Since the death of Dr. Gobat, in 1881, there has been a difficulty between the two Governments about the appointment of his successor. The deadlock having continued five years, and there being no prospect of breaking it, Prussia has decided to withdraw from the agreement and found an independent bishopric. Dr. Reitter, the missionary, is expected to be the German bishop.

The Gospel Meetings Conducted by Messrs. Avis and Brown at Brainerd, Minn., closed on June 20th. The Brainerd *Tribune* says that the interest continued unabated to the last, and a large number of persons have made a profession of faith. The singing of Mr. Avis appears to have been much blessed, the audiences listening spellbound to his melodious voice, which seemed to thrill them, and often melt them to tears. Many of the solos and choruses he uses are his own composition. Mr. Avis is a Canadian, and was born in Leamington, Ont. He has been actively engaged in Christian work for eleven years. For the past five years he has devoted his entire time to this work, having travelled with the well-known English Evangelists, Henry Varley and George and Thomas Needham.

A Successful Evangelistic Effort in New York has been conducted for some time in a modest way with many tokens of encouragement. It commenced in December, 1884, by the preaching of Mr. Jarvis Worden, in a hired hall on East Eighty-eighth Street, where there is much need of Christian work. During last summer the meetings were held in a tent, and, in the fall, finding that there was a regular congregation of four hundred persons, with a membership of about a hundred, and a Sunday-school of two hundred children, a fund was opened for the building of a church. A plain, commodious building was erected, at a cost of \$3000, half of which was collected before commencing operations. The church is filled with a poor but earnest people, who are working earnestly to raise the remainder of the debt. It is one of the most interesting cases in this city of God's blessing on single unaided effort.

The White Cross Army in New York Now numbers seven hundred members. Bishop Potter has received a letter of congratulation on this result from Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, England, who originated the movement. In the course of it he says: "We have heard with much joy, from time to time, through Dr. de Costa, of the efforts which are made to promote the White Cross movement in New York. It is a great encouragement to us in England to hear of its progress on the other side of the Atlantic, and we shall be stimulated, I trust, by the tidings to fresh exertions. I am glad that the movement seems to be taking root in several British colonies, and I trust we may live to see a network spread over all the English-speaking peoples of the world. In England we have taken the step of appointing a general secretary, who will devote his whole time to the work of organizing the movement and of spreading information. This has already borne good fruit, and I look confidently forward to greater results from it in the future. But nothing will cheer our hearts more than news of progress from you across the wide ocean."

A Series of Resolutions Passed by the Christian Convention held at Topeka, Kan., at the close of Major Whittle's labors in that city, show that the Christian community there have made a discovery which cannot too soon be realized throughout the world. It is that card-playing, theatre-going, dancing, and non-observance of the Sabbath are practices inconsistent with the Christian life. It would be well if Christian ministers in New York arrived at the same conclusion. We should then be spared the humiliating spectacle of a clergyman sanctioning dancing parties by his presence. The keynote of the resolutions passed at Topeka is the following: "Resolved, That we, as a body

of Christian people of various denominational connections, do hereby solemnly place on record our belief that the spirit, principles, and purposes of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ and those of the kingdom of this world, are wholly and forever irreconcilable—and that the effort to bring them into harmony, by whomsoever or under whatever pretext made, is confronted by the irreversible word of Christ: 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'"

A Curious Old Prophecy, Worded in the style common to these old sayings, is published in the New York *Telegram*. It states that in the church at Oberom-thal, near Prevon, in Germany, is the following inscription, centuries old, in stone: "When Mark shall bring us Easter, and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John shall swing the censer at the Feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the whole earth resound with weepings and wailings." The whole of these coincidences are found in ecclesiastical almanacs this year: Easter falls on St. Mark's Day, April 25th; Pentecost on St. Anthony of Padua, June 13th; St. John Baptist on Corpus Christi, June 24th.

An Immigrant's Shawl Caused Her to be Returned to Europe last week by the immigration commissioners at New York. Uncle Sam's hospitality is so lavish that it will be a surprise to most people to learn that although he has opened his doors to the scum of Europe he refused to allow a woman to land because she was wearing a particular shawl. It is true, however, as the disappointed woman has discovered to her cost. She was among the steerage passengers on the steamship City of Berlin. Her demeanor was quiet, and she appeared modest and well behaved, but the commissioner singled her out from among the other passengers, and calling her to his desk, questioned her about the shawl she was wearing. A consultation with the superintendent followed, and then the woman was kindly but firmly informed that she must not remain in the United States, and she was taken back on board the vessel to be returned to Europe. On being asked if he had become fastidious about the fashions, the commissioner said, "No;" but he had recognized the shawl as one of those which the prison authorities in Ireland give to discharged prisoners, and though he was sorry for the woman, it would have been a violation of the law to allow her to remain. When Christ scrutinizes the garments of those who seek an entrance into His kingdom He will not reject those whose dress indicates that they have been evil-doers, but those whose dress shows that they claim to be righteous (Matt. 22: 11-13).

An Anomalous Decision Was Rendered by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on June 21st. An indictment was before the court of an agent who was charged with defrauding the Cherokee Indians of a quarter of a million dollars. After a brief argument, the court granted a motion of the defence to quash the indictments, on the ground that the Cherokee Indians, against whom the offence was alleged to have been committed, are a foreign nation; and, therefore, the offence could not be a violation of the laws of the United States. This decision may be good in law, but it is inconsistent with the conduct of Congress, which during its present session has passed several bills granting rights of way to railway companies through the various Indian reservations, and has in past sessions been very generous in this respect to several companies that want to run lines through the Territory of these same Cherokees who are pronounced a foreign nation. If this decision is right, Congress has no more authority to vote a right of way through the Cherokee nation than through India or Persia. Senator Dawes, who is Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, referring to the decision, said that he considered our relations with the Indians were anomalous and ridiculous. When we fed them they were the wards of the nation; when we made treaties with them they were foreign powers; and when we wanted their lands they were without rights,

like the bears and buffaloes. They appear now to have no standing at all in law. Happily the missionaries who go preach the Gospel to them can tell them of a better kingdom, from which foreigners are not excluded (Eph. 2: 13, 19).

A Prayer Boycott on the President Has Been adopted in a church in Washington, D. C. The Baltimore *Sun* states that an elder in one of the Washington churches was recently dismissed from a lucrative position in the civil service. He had done no wrong, had not been remiss in his duties, and no charge was made against him. His place was wanted for a friend of the Administration, and consequently his services were dispensed with. His discharge has awakened a strong feeling in the church of which he is a leading member, and both pastor and people show much sympathy with him. The pastor, it is stated, criticizes the Administration very freely in his sermons, and has even gone so far as to omit the usual prayer for the President in the services. If the report is true, it would appear that the pastor has allowed his sympathy to get the better of his discretion. On all accounts the prayer should be resumed, and should be all the more earnest and frequent on account of the trouble. Mr. Cleveland has, as President a claim on the prayers of all Christian ministers (1 Tim 2: 2), and as an enemy he has a special claim on the prayers of this particular minister (Matt. 5: 44).

Two Brothers in Prison in Huron County, Ohio, owe their ruin and disgrace to stock gambling. Local journals say that only three years ago no family in the county seemed more secure in the esteem and confidence of the public. The brothers were conducting a large and apparently profitable business in the town, where they had lived for many years, and there was no reason to expect anything less than their continued prosperity and good repute among their fellow-townsmen. One was the popular and trusted treasurer of the county, and both were men of influence. Now both are in confinement for defrauding the public. This is all the work of speculation. Margin gambling is responsible for the whole work of ruin from first to last. It was the craze for sudden and easy gains through this machinery of evil which tempted one to squander the money intrusted to his care, and the other to raise money by fraudulent means. A moderate fortune would have been secure to each of them from the prosperous business they were in, but by embarking in speculation they were brought to poverty. In a frantic effort to retrieve their losses they committed crime. In these days of mammon worship the apostolic warning ought to be kept constantly before every man (1 Tim. 6: 9, 10).

A Clergyman Successfully Treated a Baby who was disturbing him in a recent lecture. The Indianapolis *Sentinel* says that while the Rev. J. H. Carroll, D.D., was delivering a lecture he was much annoyed by the crying of an infant. He went on speaking, but it was evident that the noise seriously disturbed him. The room being crowded, the mother and child could not easily retire, and in spite of all the mother could do to soothe the baby the wailing continued. The doctor stopped at last, and for a minute or two the child had the privilege of entertaining the audience without the competition of the lecturer. Dr. Carroll made another effort, but was again overpowered by his infantile rival. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and the Doctor of Divinity left the platform, walked down the aisle to where the baby was, and drawing a large stick of licorice from his pocket presented it to the child. The youngster thrust one end into its mouth, the squalling ceased, and amid laughter and applause the doctor returned to the platform and resumed his lecture. The lecturer acted prudently in thus purchasing the good behavior of his disturber, but it may be hoped the parents will not follow his example, or the child, as it grows older, may think that the best way to get the sweets of life is to do evil. That would be bad for them and the child, too (Sam. 3: 27).

WHO FOUND IT OUT?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, Why sit we here until we die? If we say, We will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die, etc."—II KINGS 7: 3-7.

Biblical Annals of the Poor—I. A Great Work Entirely Unknown—The Horrors of the Besieged City—Famine and Cannibalism—The Siege Raised—Unconscious Freedom—Starving in the Midst of Plenty—A Sad Parallel—II. The Singular Discoverers—Diseased and Starved—A Personal Reminiscence—Driven by Despair—Discover Food and Riches—Their Report—Testimony not Argument—III. Why They were the Discoverers—Their Extremity Direst—Could not be Worse—Only One Course Open.

THE story of four leprous men inserted in the Book of the Kings of Israel: is it not singular? No; it is not singular for the Bible. If you were to take out of the Scriptures all the stories that have to do with poor, afflicted men and women, what a very small book the Bible would become, especially if together with the stories you removed all the psalms of the sorrowful, all the promises for the distressed, and all the passages which belong to the children of grief! This Book, indeed, for the most part is made up of

THE ANNALS OF THE POOR

and despised. Think for a minute what a space is occupied with the life of the man who was separated from his brethren, sold for a slave, and put in prison in Egypt! What a large part of the Bible is occupied by the writings of one who was a babe exposed on the Nile, and afterward kept a flock for forty years in the wilderness! We could not part with the account of the man who lost all his property and children in one day, and sat among the ashes, covered with sore boils. We could not spare the story of the two widows who came together empty-handed from the land of Moab, one of whom went to glean in the fields of Boaz; nor the history of that woman of a sorrowful spirit, and her little boy, around whom the hope of Israel gathered in the dark days of Eli's feeble rule.

Page after page of holy writ is enriched with the experience of that youth who was taken from tending the flock to become the champion of his country, and was afterward hunted like a partridge upon the mountain by the envious king. We could not give up the history of the prophet of sorrow, nor of the fugitive who was cast into the sea, nor even the minor incidents of the widow of Sarepta, and her barrel of meal, and the prophet's widow whose creditor was about to seize her children for her husband's debts. Nor do lepers fall behind; we have two stories of lepers close together—Naaman the Syrian, and the four in our text at Samaria's gate. They were wisely put forth from Israel, but they were not put forth from Israel's God.

Remember that the New Testament runs in the same strain. Under the economy of grace our Lord Jesus Christ is seen living among fishermen and peasants, and calling the poor to be His disciples. 'It is worth while to be among the poor, the despised, and the sad, to have your record on high, and to magnify the condescension of the Lord. It is in the hope that some disconsolate ones may be cheered that I speak at this time. Oh, that some leprous ones may go forth to-day, and make a grand discovery!

I. First, I call your attention to

A GREAT WORK ENTIRELY UNKNOWN.

The city of Samaria had been shut up for some time by the Syrian army; famine had fallen upon the people, and driven them to horrible straits. One can hardly bear to read of mothers devouring their own babes through stress of hunger. God sent His servant, Elisha, to tell them that the next day there should be a super-

abundance of food in the gates of Samaria, but the message was received with open ridicule. No sooner was the promise given than the Lord began to carry it out. *It is the way with Him*, to be true to His word. However great the promise, it is as sure as it is great. And so, ere the sun went down, the Lord had caused Israel's enemies to flee away, and had opened magazines of food for hungry Samaria. Without human aid Jehovah had accomplished His promise, and much more.

The siege was raised from around Samaria. Armed men had stood in their places, and kept the way, so that none could go in or out; but they are all gone, not one of them is left. The troopers had fled on foot, and left their steeds tethered in rows; captains and common soldiers had alike taken to their heels in hot haste, flying helter-skelter, like frightened sheep. No host threatened the city; it sat on its hill in the twilight, lonely and free. Yet in the city of Samaria they thought themselves cooped up, and set their warders on the wall because of fear in the night. Everybody who went to bed that night felt that he was still in that horrible den where grim death seemed actually present in the skeleton forms of the hunger-bitten. They were as free as the harts of the wilderness had they known it: but their ignorance held them in duration vile.

God has provided plenty for them. The wretched Samaritans drew the hunger-belt more closely about them, and each man hoped that he might sleep for many an hour, and forget his bitter pangs; yet within a stone's throw there was more fine flour and barley than they could consume. They were

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY,

pinning, when they might have been feasting. They believed not God, and looked not for relief. Was not that a strange thing? A city besieged, and not besieged; girt with enemies, as they thought, and yet not an enemy left; starving, and yet near to a feast! See, dear friends, what unbelief can do. They had been promised plenty right speedily by God's own prophet; but they did not believe the promise, nor look out for its fulfilment. Had they been upon the watch, they might have seen the unusual movement in the Syrian camp, and noticed the absolute stillness which succeeded it.

I know a *sad parallel* to this. The Lord Jesus Christ has come into the world, and has put away the sin of His people; and yet many of them are complaining that their sin can never be put away. The Lord Jesus Christ has routed all the enemies of His people, and yet they are afraid of innumerable evils. None is left to harm them, but they do not remember that the Lord reigneth: they are afraid of this, and afraid of that, and yet in one tremendous battle the Champion of the cross has routed all their foes. They are no longer shut up as prisoners; the Lord has brought them liberty; but they are not aware of it by reason of their unbelief.

Out of the whole population of Samaria there was not one who had such faith in Elisha's promise as to drop over the wall from a window, and go out to see whether the Lord was fulfilling His word. It was solemnly promised, it was grievously needed, and yet not a soul believed in it. Even thus we are constantly seeing the Lord's elect and redeemed ones counting themselves rejected, and fearing that they shall perish. Alas, the case is common!

II. When you have realized the picture of the city abiding in sorrow though its deliverance had already come, I want, in the second place, to remark upon a band of very

SINGULAR DISCOVERERS.

A choice quaternion at last found out what the Lord had done, proved it for themselves, and made it known to their fellow-townsmen. Is it not remarkable that these discoverers were lepers? These were the first to discover that Jehovah had gotten the victory, and scattered the armies of Syria, and brought help to His people. These poor diseased beings were compelled to live in shanties outside the city gate,

and to keep themselves apart from all others. Fed from day to day with food passed over the wall, so long as there was any to pass over, they rotted away in horrible loathsomeness. What a wretched sight!

I will not ask you to step into the hut. There are four living skeletons; for what of flesh remains to them is foul with the hideous marks of leprosy. Their bodies are corrupting in life. They move about, poor sick things as they are, more than half dead. They have had no food sent to them of late, and they must not go for relief. No man cares for them; the best thing that could possibly happen to them would be to die, and yet they have a clinging to life. They were outcasts, offcasts. *These were the discoverers of what God had done!* It is a wonderful thing that those who are most conscious of sin, most despised of men, and least likely to be favored, are often those upon whom Jehovah has fixed the eye of His electing love. Lepers are not the only ones whom men cast out, nor are they the only persons whom

GOD FULL OFTEN STOOPS

to bless. Some who feel loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred may be before me now, dreaming that it is impossible for God to bless them; yet these are the characters whom He delights to save.

These men could not hope for a welcome from the Syrians; poor objects that they were, they would be hated as Israelites, and abhorred as lepers; yet they went, and in that camp they found all that they wanted, and much more than they expected. Am I not speaking to some who are saying, "For me to go to Christ would be all in vain: I can suppose His blessing my brother or my friend, but He will never receive one so altogether unworthy as I am?" That was my imagination once. I believed in the salvation of everybody except myself. It seemed to me as if a special plague and a peculiar curse had lighted upon my nature, and withered my heart. It was not so, as I soon proved when once I went to Jesus.

O poor soul! I wish I could take you by the hand, and go myself with you again to my dear Lord as I went to Him at first. I went to Him in the most despairing fashion. You have heard the story of the English king who is wroth with the burgesses of Calais, and declared that he would hang six of them. They came to him with ropes about their necks, submitting to their doom. That is the way in which I came to Jesus. I accepted my punishment, pleaded guilty, and begged for pardon.

Another thing to be noticed about these discoverers of the Lord's work is that they were a people who dared not have joined themselves to God's people. They were not allowed inside the city walls:

THEIR WRETCHED HOSPITAL

was without the gate. They were recognized in some sort of a way as belonging to the congregation of Israel, for their place was near the city gates; still, Israel would have none of them; they must not enter one of her houses to take a meal. Some of you have been attending the Tabernacle for years, I know, but you dare not join the Church; you would not venture to baptism, or to the Lord's Supper, because you feel so unworthy. You hang on to us after a sort; you would not like quite to give up all connection with the people of God; but yet you would not dare to say that you belong to them. In your secret hearts, your bitter cry is that of the leper, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" These poor creatures Israel would not own, and yet they were the first to find out what the Lord had done for His people. How often does it happen that those who are rejected of men are accepted of God!

To describe these discoverers yet more fully, they were men who at last were driven to give themselves up. They said, "We will fall unto the Syrians; and if they kill us we shall but die." Blessed is that man who has given himself up, not to the Syrians, but to the Lord! As long as we can do something, we keep on doing that

something to our ruin; but when it is all over with us, and we can do no more, then man's extremity is God's opportunity. The man who struggles as he sinks is hard to be rescued; but when the drowning man has gone down twice, and is just going down for the third time—now is the opportunity for the strong swimmer, who comes in and grasps him firmly, and swims with him to shore. You that are going down a third time, you lost ones, listen to this, "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost."

These four lepers went to the Syrian camp, and

SAW FOR THEMSELVES.

I think I can see them in the dim twilight, stealing along until they come to the first tent, expecting to be challenged by a picket, and wondering that they are not. They heard no sound of human voice. "There are no men about," cried one of them, "nor signs of men. Let us go into this tent." They stepped in. A supper was ready. He who had spread that table will never taste it again. The hungry men needed no persuasion, but immediately began to carve for themselves. They took possession of the spoils of war left on the field. After they had feasted, they said, "To whom does this gold and silver belong? The prey belongs to us, for our enemies have left the treasure behind them." They took as many of the valuables as they could carry, then went into another tent: still no living soul was seen. Who can conceive the delicious joy of those four lepers in the midst of such abundance?

Do you see what these men did? First, they went and saw for themselves, and then they took possession for themselves. The whole four of them did not own a penny before, and now they are rich beyond a miser's dream. They have enjoyed the feast, and they are

FILLED TO THE FULL.

They are fully qualified to go and tell the starving city of their discovery, because they are clear that they have made no mistake. They have satisfied their own hunger, gratified their own desire, and tasted and handled for themselves, and so they can speak as men who know and are sure.

The leper, fed and enriched, stands outside the city gate, and calls to the porter, and wakes him up at the dead of night, for he has news worth telling. The experienced believer speaks with the accent of conviction, and therein imitates his Master, who spake with authority. The Lord made a good choice when He selected these lepers to be discoverers of His great work. He does wisely when He takes those who are saddest, and fills their mouths with laughter, and their tongues with singing, for these will command attention. These poor wretches could not have made up so amazing a story, nor feigned such joy: sorrowing castaways could not have invented the story of free grace. It must be true. Oh, that men would believe it!

III. So far we have come by the Lord's help. I now wish to spend a minute or two in noticing

HOW THEY CAME

to make this discovery. These four lepers, how did they come to find out the flight of Syria? First, I suppose, they made the discovery rather than anybody else, because the famine was sorest with them. You see they were lepers outside the gate. In good times they received a daily portion from the town; but you may be pretty sure that the townsmen did not deny themselves on their account. If anybody has to go short, it will probably be those who are dependent upon charity. Nobody in the East is excessively eager to feed lepers in times of famine. Probably the Samaritans thought, and even said, "They are best dead; they are no good to anybody; they are suffering; they cannot earn anything, let them die." Besides, when the supplies within the city were exhausted, you could hardly blame the citizens if they sent nothing to the lepers; for those who were themselves without food had nothing to give. Then it was that they woke up.

Truly, necessity is the mother of invention;

and the mother of that blessed invention which finds the Lord Jesus Christ and His finished salvation is the awful necessity of a perishing soul. Let but some men feel the burden of sin, and they will never rest till they come to Jesus. Oh, that you were utterly bankrupt! Not a kind wish, say you. Yes, it is. Our complete emptiness constrains us to seek the divine fulness. Look at the prodigal son; so long as he had anything left he did not go home to his Father; but when he had spent all his substance, and had become so hungry that he envied the very hogs he fed, then he said, "I will arise, and go to my Father." Spiritual necessity is that which nerves the soul with courage to cast itself upon sovereign grace in Jesus Christ.

These lepers were driven to go to make the discovery because they felt that they

COULD NOT BE ANY WORSE

than they were. They said, "If we sit here we shall die; and if the Syrians kill us, we shall but die." That feeling has often driven souls to Christ.

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

They could but die, and they were sure to die if they sat where they were. Poor soul! are you within reach of my voice? Is your case desperate? Well, then, try faith. You cannot be any worse, and you may be better. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. If He should reject you, you cannot be any worse; but then, He cannot reject you; for He says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in nowise cast out." *I would pray for mercy if I were you.* Suppose you are not heard; you cannot be the worse for praying. I would cast myself on Jesus if I were you; you could not be the worse for doing so. Every day I say to myself:

"What though my eye of faith be dim,
I'll hold on Jesus, sink or swim."

I cannot be blamed for trusting to One who has saved so many. Oh, my hearer, there is no risk in the matter: you must be infinitely better for coming to the appointed Saviour! Come and try Him. Come at this moment.

These lepers went to the camp of the Syrians because they were shut up to that one course—"If we say, we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there; and if we sit still here, we die also."

ONLY ONE ROAD

was open. I am always glad when I am in that condition. If many courses are open to me, I may make a mistake; but when I see only one road I know which way to go. It is a blessed thing to be shut up to faith in Christ—to be compelled to look to grace alone. I spoke to a friend this week who is sore sick, and I said, "You are resting in Christ, my brother." He replied, "I have nothing else to rest in." While we have fifty ways of salvation we shall be lost; but when we see that "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, even Jesus Christ the righteous," then we shall build upon it and be safe.

These lepers were not the men to theorize; they were in such a plight that they must come to prompt action. Many ladies and gentlemen treat religion as a science, and therefore they never know its real powers. Many professors and learned doctors speculate upon theology as if it were part of a liberal education, but by no means a practical matter. People who have no sin to wash away, and no great spiritual trouble to bear, play at religion; but those who are ready to perish look on matters in another light.

These lepers discovered what the Lord had done because they did not give themselves up to dreams and guesses, but came to downright matters of fact. May God drive every unconverted sinner into a corner, and so compel him to yield to grace! May He bring you to act in earnest; may He drive you by the extreme necessities of your case to seek and to find, to search and to discover!

You poor lepers you poor lost and ruined ones, come to my Lord Jesus! Believe it, the whole land is before you; the land that floweth with milk and honey is for you. This world is yours, and worlds to come. Christ is yours; yea, God Himself is yours. Everything is to be had for nothing. Heaven and all its joys are to be had upon believing. God make you the discoverers this day of His wondrous grace, and to Him shall be praise forever and ever! Amen.

If this sermon comforts you, circulate it.—C. H. S.

AN AFGHAN BRIGAND.

THE remarkable conversion of a notorious brigand is related by Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, formerly missionary among the Afghans, in an interesting letter to the *Independent*. The facts related leave no doubt either of the desperate character of the man before the change or of the earnest, vigorous Christian life that followed it. The following is a brief summary of the narrative:

Dilawar the "Brave" was born in a little village on the right bank of the Cabul River, and not far from its confluence with the Indus. He belonged to one of the most renowned Afghan tribes, and was descended in direct line from Khushhal, the warrior-poet of the Khat-taks. When a youth he received the usual theological instruction of a village mosque, and in course of time became the favorite pupil of a celebrated teacher, the Gamaliel of his day. He attained great eminence as a student of religion; but as the sedentary life of the mosque did not suit the physical energies of Dilawar, he, in due time, exchanged the life of the sanctuary for that of the highway, and commenced to earn his living by plunder and robbery.

His favorite plan of operation was to get early intelligence of aristocratic marriages, and then waylay the bridegroom and carry him off to one of his fastnesses, where he would be held for ransom, and killed if the ransom was not paid, which was a rare case.

When the British occupied the Peshawur Valley Dilawar was induced by Major Lumsden to enter the British service in the newly-formed corps of guides. A great deal of fighting was going on, and Dilawar's daring and intrepidity won him the respect of the British generals, and he was promoted and enjoyed much distinction.

One day, when he was strolling along the streets of Peshawur, he saw an English officer seated on his horse and preaching to the people. Dilawar understood very little of the officer's sermon, but he was much impressed with the sincerity of the religion which would prompt an officer of the army to preach to a bigoted and fanatical crowd. He begged for instruction. Colonel Wheeler (for that was the officer's name) said, "I cannot discuss with you, for I am a poor, ignorant soldier, like yourself. If you want to discuss, you must go to the missionaries." Dilawar went to the missionaries in Peshawur, and was after some instruction baptized, at the close of the year 1858.

Mr. Hughes met him when he went to Afghanistan in 1865, and soon a warm friendship was formed between them. It was Dilawar's delight to accompany his friend on his preaching excursions. One incident from among others, related by Mr. Hughes, shows the character of the assistance he rendered. Mr. Hughes says: "We encamped close to a well-known shrine where there was a mosque and a school of divinity. We were soon visited by the Moslem priest and his students. Dilawar was quietly seated in the corner of my tent as I commenced an exposition of Christian truth. To my great annoyance, he interrupted my discourse and engaged me in a religious discussion. The people were intensely interested, while I was somewhat pained at the spirit of opposition which seemed to characterize his conversation. When the crowd became thoroughly interested he threw off the mask of an inquirer and vigorously attacked Mohammed and his religion, quoting passage after passage from the Koran and the traditions in the original Arabic, to the astonishment and the complete



Starving Irish Peasants Hailing the Relief Ship.



Levuka, the Capital of the Fiji Islands.

discomfiture of the moulvies of the place. 'Who is he?' 'Who is he?' said one after another in suppressed whispers, when an old man of the company exclaimed, 'It must be Dilawar.' I was often distressed at his polemical spirit. 'Every man to his work,' he would say. 'It is mine to cast down; it is yours to build up.'"

TWENTY DOLLARS FOR SMILES.

IN a recent sermon, while expounding the passage, "Delight thyself in the Lord" (Ps. 37:4), Rev. Sam Jones said: Down in a town in Georgia, where I was a pastor of a church, there was a carriage-maker, and he called up all his hands one Christmas eve and had a full settlement with them. After he had settled with all the hands he called back a yellow boy, Jerry, and said to him, "Jerry, come here; here is twenty dollars, and he handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece." Jerry said, "Why, boss, you've paid me once." "I paid you for working, but this twenty-dollar gold piece is for the smiles that have played over your face all the year. Whatever I bid you do during the whole year, you always went about the task with a smiling countenance." Brethren, the Lord pays you clean cash for what you do, and pays you double for the way you do it. Good Lord, help us to get into this double-pay business!

THE IRISH DISTRESS.

(See Illustration.)

WHILE the electoral battle is going on in Great Britain a question even more urgent than that submitted to the voters demands settlement. In Mayo, Galway, and Kerry on the south, and Donegal on the north, all along the coast, the fishermen and their families are absolutely without food or the means of procuring any. On June 20th Father Grealy, the parish priest at Newport County, Mayo, telegraphed that "the work of relieving the starving fishermen on the west coast is at a standstill, and myself and my curates are in a state of siege, with crying applicants craving food to save the lives of their little children."

This state of affairs has been gradually developing for more than seven years. In 1879 it was seen by visitors that unless prompt measures were taken a famine was inevitable. The fishermen could only just live; they could save nothing for a rainy day. At the year's end there was nothing left; their families had been fed and clothed after a fashion, but to do that had exhausted the proceeds of their year's labor. Meanwhile boats were wearing out, new appli-

ances were needed, and the quantity of potatoes saved for seed diminished year by year. It was a steady progress toward starvation, and now it has reached that goal.

Private generosity has done something to alleviate the distress, but it can do nothing toward providing a radical and effective remedy. The fund raised by Mr. James H. Tuke, a member of the Society of Friends, has kept alive many families which must without it have perished. But relief is merely a reprieve. At Achill, where there is a population of seven thousand, there are six thousand who have nothing to eat but what is supplied by charity. At Inishboffin the whole place was destitute of food until the Government war ship arrived there with a cargo of meal and potatoes. From the decks of the ship a lean, hungry crowd could be seen on the beach pointing to the ship and encouraging each other with the prospect of food. It is a sad case, and it may be hoped that it will commend itself to the Christian sympathy of all alike, and that political passion will not deter any from co-operating in the work of relief.

LEVUKA, THE CAPITAL OF FIJI

THE SCENE OF THE RECENT CYCLONE.

(See Illustration.)

IN our issue of February 11th was a report of the Jubilee services held in the Fiji Islands to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity. Then all was joy and thankfulness; now the place is the scene of wide and complete desolation. The island has been visited by a cyclone which has swept the place clear of buildings of all kinds and has scattered the contents over the island.

The details of the disaster which have come to hand indicate that the visitation was of the most destructive character. On March 4th the barometer at Levuka, which is the metropolis of the Fiji group, sank to 27.62. The wind had been gradually rising for several days previously, but on that morning it assumed the character of a cyclone, which struck the town and passed clear across the island. The roofs, which were chiefly made of corrugated iron, flew about like scraps of paper; the air was thick with them and with heavy beams, planks, and lesser articles of all kinds. The Good Templar's Hall was "lifted ten feet bodily out of position, and utterly wrecked." Churches, clubs, and public buildings were turned into heaps of ruins. At Vuna Messrs. Connell and Tarfe had to dig their goods out of the beach. They found their

safe, weighing over a quarter of a ton, fifty yards from its usual position."

The heavy rain which fell caused disastrous floods, which have deposited sand in large masses; while the sea, on the other side, sent high waves, sweeping away by its force roads, piers, houses, and whatever came in its way, at the same time throwing up far from the usual shore beaches of rubbish. The damage to crops has been great. The bread trees are all destroyed, as well as the fruit trees of every kind. This means threatened starvation to the natives. Among those who are acquainted with the Fijians there seems to be some fear that this terrible storm might tempt them back to their old custom of cannibalism. It is not so long since it was given up. Miss Gordon Cumming in her work, entitled "At Home in Fiji," states that only about ten years ago she saw men who had eaten their fellow-creatures; and on being asked if *bokola*—the Fiji word for human flesh—was better than beef or pork their answer was that no other meat could compare with it. From this it will be seen that the old taste for this, to them delicate kind of feeding, must yet be a memory of many still living in the South Sea Islands; and should famine come as one of the results of the late storm, a backsliding to their old heathenish practices is perfectly within the possibilities of the case.

So great is the fear regarding the natives and their danger of relapsing, that the Rev. Mr. Calvert, one of the oldest and most experienced missionaries in that part of the world (*whose portrait appeared in this journal on February 11th*), has, although now an old man, determined to start immediately for Fiji, to exert his influence on the distressed natives, and assist in devising means to rescue them from famine.

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

(See Illustration on page 413.)

"HEADLEY looks as if he had received a death-blow," said a gentleman to an acquaintance, as they were riding in a horse-car.

"That is so," said the other. "I believe he got off here lest we should speak to him. This is not his block. I tried to console him the other day, and as soon as I mentioned his loss, he turned and walked away as if I had struck him. His heart seems to be broken."

"There are not many men who would grieve like that over a wife, and they say she was no beauty. A common, mean-looking woman!"

"You did not know her, I see. Why, sir, she made Headley what he is. I knew him at col-

lege. He was a wild, random fellow then, as lazy and shiftless as any fellow there. He seemed booked for State Prison or the poor-house. Well, sir, he fell in love with that girl and married her. They had to live in a flat at first, but he set to work like a beaver, dropped his idle acquaintances, turned sober, got religion, and became altogether respectable. I went to see them two or three times, and I soon learned how the change was wrought. His wife just loved him, and her love seemed like new life to him. She believed in him, and got him to believe in himself. She encouraged him to work, painted the future for him in bright colors, persuaded him that life was too good to waste, and led him to church and among religious people. She had more sense than most women; instead of trying to extirpate the evil by rating and scolding, she tried to foster the good in him by praising every good thing he did. I tell you she educated that fellow, and made a man of him. 'A common, mean-looking woman,' I think you said. She was a queen among women, and Headley owes her all he is and has."

"She must have been a paragon. I never saw you so enthusiastic."

"Well, sir, the subject is worthy of it. I have seen dozens of promising young men drop into poverty and misery under the influence of the frivolous girls whom they have married, and it does me good to see something on the credit side of the account. She was the only woman I ever saw who came up to Solomon's notion of a good wife—one who does her husband 'good, and not evil, all the days of her life.' I don't wonder Headley is broken by her death."

While this conversation was going on in the car, the bereaved husband was plodding homeward with spiritless step. Formerly, he hurried home cheerfully, with a heart that grew lighter as he neared his threshold. He knew then that, whatever his worry might be, there was one heart that would respond with sympathy and encouragement—one who would help him to see the bright side of things and remind him of the joy and privileges of his Christian standing. Now that home was desolate, and the desolation was in his heart, too.

He entered wearily, ate his solitary supper, and then went into his parlor to seek consolation in the book that has cheered many a generation of mourners. As he read, the door opened and his little two-year-old son came in and climbed on his knee. The father stooped and kissed the little fellow tenderly. Was he not a fellow-sufferer? And in his own agony he had almost forgotten the child. Now he put his arm around him caressingly, and spoke kindly to him. But Harry had come on business, and soon he propounded his question. Pointing to the portrait of his mother over the mantel, he said:

"Is mamma like that now, papa? Nurse says she is an angel, with wings and a gold crown."

"We don't know, my boy. She is worthy a crown. She is very happy, that is all we know."

"Did God take her, papa?"

"Yes; she is gone to be with Him."

"What for did God take her? Mamma said God loved Harry. I don't think He does, if He took my mamma."

That was a dreadful idea to get into the child's mind. The father knew that, but was not his own intense grief an indication that he, too, doubted whether God loved him? But the child must be put right; so Mr. Headley told him in simple language about the joy of the blessed dead, of their freedom from pain and distress, and their boundless happiness, and that God



Fellow-Mourners.

was good to take mamma to the place where she would be blessed.

Yes, the boy could understand that; but did He love those who were left? That was a more difficult matter; but the father did his best, and the very persistency of the child's scepticism drew him into clearer proof until, as the boy went away satisfied, the father applied his teaching to himself; and as he bent the knee in prayer, he was able to say, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 399.)

A Change of Scene.

It was well for Juliet's peace of mind that her wish could not be gratified. If she had been present when her letters were opened, she would have seen something more than astonishment on the faces of her relations. It was something not unlike embarrassment. When the news of the wreck came, more than a year before, it was of course concluded that Juliet must have perished with the other passengers. No tidings of any survivor came to hand, and it was therefore natural to suppose that Juliet must have been drowned.

It was a shock at the time, but in the fashionable world there is too much excitement for protracted emotion. Becoming mourning was ordered and duly worn, but the wearers were more concerned about the effect on their complexions of the sombre garments than about the death of the lost one. Then there was, too, substantial consolation, as Juliet's fortune would fall into hands always active in disbursement. The money happened at the time to be more welcome than usual.

Imagine, therefore, the scene when the letters from Eschol are brought into a very elegantly furnished mansion in a fashionable quarter of London, where Lady Gathorne is entertaining

her sister, Mrs. Delany, and a few other relations and intimate friends.

How came they all to be in London at the most unfashionable of seasons—in September, when all the world is shooting on the moors, yachting in the Channel, crowding seaside resorts, or flying over the Continent on the wings of steam? Are not the shutters of all the other houses in the "Gardens" scrupulously shut; are not painters sedulously at work at the fronts of mansions; are not carriages few in Belgravia, and the parks well-nigh deserted save by those whom Lady Gathorne would call the *canaille*?

It is a wedding that has recalled the family to their mansion in London. The *Morning Post* has already informed the fashionable world that "a marriage has been arranged between the Honorable Fitzwilliam Spendfast, fifth son of the Earl of—, and Gertrude Cecilia, only daughter of Sir Theodore and Lady Gathorne," and the ceremony of tying the nuptial knot is to be solemnized in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on the morrow, with the due accompaniment of eight bridesmaids attired in dresses *couleur de rose*.

A casual visitor, on entering the drawing-room, would see at once that a wedding is at hand. On an ottoman is a box of bridal favors, white satin and leaves, with about as much depth of silver upon them as there is of real affection in the hearts of those about to vow, before Heaven, love to each other "till death us do part." Two large tables are adorned with wedding presents—bracelets, and envelope-cases, silver candelabra, carved card-cases, and elegant trifles. But the eyes of half a dozen ladies present are all directed toward the bride, or rather to the dress which she has been trying on, and has come down-stairs to display. The readers may imagine it, with its train of ivory satin and flounces of real Brussels lace, as it will be described, a few days later, in a fashionable lady's paper.

"Perfection, simply perfection!" cried Mrs. Delany, as the bride, by no means dissatisfied with the reflection, glanced at herself in a large mirror which was one of the ornaments of the room. "And how well poor Juliet's diamonds and pearls become you; they are just the thing for a bride!"

Yes, that was Juliet's necklace, inherited from her grandmother, which adorned the white neck of the bride; Juliet's diamond spray brooch that rested on the rich ivory satin; Juliet's bracelets that sparkled on Gertrude's wrists. And Juliet's five thousand pounds, divided between her sisters, had much to do with the elegancies of the coming wedding. Sir Theodore always lived up to his income, or a little beyond it, and the expenses of milliner, confectioner, and other tradesmen employed on the grand occasion would not have been easily met but for the windfall which, Lady Gathorne pathetically observed, had come in such a very sad way! Juliet's money is to pay for the costly trousseau, the carriage and pair spoken of as a magnificent gift from Gertrude's father, and the grand piano which is a wedding present from her aunt, Mrs. Delany.

The door opens, and a powdered footman, in livery of scarlet and green, brings in two letters on a silver salver.

"I declare, the letters give me quite a turn!" cries Lady Gathorne, "the handwriting is so like that of poor Juliet!"

"Exactly, one could have sworn to it!" cried Mrs. Delany; looking over her sister's shoulder, "and the postmark is London!"

Lady Gathorne broke the seal of the first letter, and gave such a start as she read the beginning, that the second epistle dropped from her hand, and lay unnoticed at her feet. She rather screamed than read aloud, "My dear Sisters; it is from Juliet, indeed!"

Every one in the room gathered around in eager curiosity on hearing the exclamation. Even the bride forgot her train, and crushed her flounces, pressing between two cousins who had stood between herself and her mother.

"Where is it dated from—where is it dated from?" she breathlessly cried out.

"Eschol, Labrador."

"It must be some heartless joke!" exclaimed one of the cousins.

"No joke at all," said Lady Gathorne, and she read aloud, to an interested audience, Juliet's account of her shipwreck, her voyage in the fishing-vessel, and landing on the Labrador coast. The lady was often interrupted by exclamations of "wonderful!" "thrilling!" "most romantic!" but not once by an earnest "thank God!"

"But where is she now—where is she now?" the postmark is "London," cried the bride. "Is there not a word of her return—of her plans? How could she send the letter? Why has she not come herself?"

"I can't see anything about it," said Lady Gathorne; "there is a long, mercilessly long, list of commissions."

"Perhaps this will tell us something," said Mrs. Delany, picking up the second letter from the ground. "How well one knows Juliet's seal—the impression of that seal which she always wore on her chain!"

Lady Gathorne eagerly took the second letter (the commissions might wait), and opening it, read aloud the following note:

"MY DEAR SISTERS: My first letter will have informed you of my merciful preservation from a terrible death, for which I was totally unprepared. This, if it ever reach you, will tell you of more blessings poured into my cup. I have met here, in Labrador, with one with whom I have consented to share the rest of my life."

"In Labrador! a bear's den! what a place for a wedding!" exclaimed Gertie Gathorne. The other ladies exchanged looks of surprise.

"Read on—read on!" burst from several lips, as the astonished reader paused. Lady Gathorne went on:

"I cannot expect that you, dear sisters, will approve of, or understand, my entering on a course of life so very, very different from what you—or I myself—ever expected. I am to remain as a missionary here."

"A what?" exclaimed every voice in amazement, as if no one could credit her own ears.

"For he to whom I trust to be united next July is one of the noble Moravian Brethren, who devote their lives to spreading the Gospel among the poor Esquimaux."

"She is crazed—perfectly crazed!" exclaimed Mrs. Delany; while Gertrude threw herself down on a chair, convulsed with laughter, which was so infectious that her aunt could not help joining in it with the rest of the ladies, except Lady Gathorne, who was too angry to laugh.

"To think of one of our family so degrading herself!" cried the indignant woman of the world.

"Then the list of commissions is doubtless for the bride's outfit—one would be curious to see the items required for a Labrador trousseau," said the youngest lady present, possessing herself of the first letter.

"Read it *pro bono publico*," cried another of the bridesmaids.

"First item: 'five hundred yards of thick red flannel.'"

"Five hundred!" was echoed around; "surely it must be fifty!"

"A small but fine-toned church organ formed to endure a climate where the thermometer sinks below zero."

"Poor Juliet!" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"Then here come directions about a double

set of linens, plain and good, one to be marked Anna S., and the other J. E. But—but here is the oddest thing of all!"—the reader paused, for her mirth made it difficult to bring out the words—"a doll-house."

"Juliet has gone mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Delany.

The reader went on rapidly with the list of boxes fitted with thread, needles, bobbins, and tape—knives, scissors, and many other articles more or less needful, till she stopped in amazement at "a large strong axe."

"That will be for chopping up wood; I wonder if Juliet means to perform that duty herself," cried Gertrude, with a satirical laugh.

"I still think that the whole thing must be a hoax," said the incredulous cousin.

"It is no hoax at all!" cried Lady Gathorne, who had impatiently taken the letter out of the hand of the reader, and was now, with flushed face and knitted brow, perusing its contents.

"It is a regular business affair, signed and countersigned by witnesses, too! 'I request that all my money be placed in the hands of the Managing Committee of the United Brethren, who will yearly forward to us according to our need.'"

"The will, for I can call it nothing else, must be disputed!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"Nor are the jewels forgotten!" exclaimed Lady Gathorne, biting her lip with vexation.

"Look here! 'My jewels must all be sold; as they are valuable, the money which they will bring will go far to cover the expense of my various commissions, including fifty pounds to be forwarded to the Rev. J. Selden, of Carey Vicarage, Devon.'"

The bride petulantly unclasped the diamond necklace which she wore, and threw it down on the ottoman near.

"Will you fulfil all these commissions?" asked a bridesmaid; "there seem a good many more on the list."

"I will never go bargaining about the sale of paltry jewels, or trouble myself with the purchase of tapes, flannel, and rep," exclaimed Lady Gathorne, haughtily. "Cecilia, I will make over the list to you!"

"I wash my hands of it!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If these Brethren—whatever they call themselves—are to have charge of the money, they may have charge of the commissions, too!" said Lady Gathorne. "Juliet has chosen to break away from all her early associations—she has cast in her lot with Esquimaux—I never wish to hear her name uttered again."

The lady had not recovered her temper or spirits even on her daughter's wedding-day; and Sir Theodore certainly lost his when long bills from milliner, coachmaker, etc., came in.

Juliet's commissions were far more carefully and economically executed by the Moravians than they would have been by her sisters. The warm-hearted Brethren exulted over the mighty rolls of flannel, and rejoiced in selecting the sweetest-toned organ for the little Labrador church. One thing that Juliet had sent for she was not allowed to pay for.

"She asks for a Bible," said Fritz's father, who had read with more than usual interest and pleasure this year his son's annual journal dispatch. "The most beautiful copy that I can find in London shall go to my new daughter as a wedding gift from the most thankful of fathers."

He was truly thankful. He had sufficient acquaintance with human nature to be aware that such a commission as he and his brethren attempted to execute the year before involved a heavy responsibility. Fathers do often choose wives for their sons, and are sometimes more ready to choose than their sons are to acquiesce in the choice; but to the Moravian father the task had been one calling for much anxious thought and earnest prayer. The choice had been made, and at the last hour it seemed that it had been wrongly made. The chosen one could not go, and the father had found it difficult to understand the leadings of Providence. Having sought God's guidance, and acted as He

supposed in accordance with the light given him, it appeared strange that the arrangement should break down when it was too late to find another lady suitable and willing to become his son's wife. The ways of Providence were mysterious to the old man, but he had walked with God too long to doubt that all things were working together for good. He did not understand, but he could trust.

Now all was explained. He could see why he had been led to choose the lady who proved unfit for the sphere of labor, and why her unfitness had not been manifested until the last moment. His son's letter showed that the marriage would have clouded his whole future life, and on his knees the father thanked God for frustrating his plans. Of Juliet's fitness for the relationship there could be no doubt, since the brethren at the mission and the captain of the Harmony indorsed the glowing report of Fritz. And then it had pleased God to give wealth in addition to spiritual gifts. The cause would be benefited, for already the lady was consecrating her money to the Lord's service. He spoke truly when he spoke of himself as the most thankful of fathers. He thanked God most sincerely, and prayed for a blessing on the young couple far away.

The blessing descended on the little mission home among the pines. There, even when the days were shortening, and the departure of the winged tribes gave notice that winter was at hand, Juliet had no cause to envy the lot of her relatives in a milder clime. The fair Gertie, with expensive tastes but narrow means, trying vainly to forget her difficulties, and get rid of the ennui of a loveless life in the pleasures of the world, was far less happy than Juliet, busy from morn till night in the Labrador home.

There was now no painful restraint in her intercourse with Fritz. Young Edelstein, no longer constrained by honor and conscience to wrestle with his inclinations, and shun the presence of her whom he loved, showed all the frank joyousness of a genial nature. The pendulum of his feelings had been so powerfully drawn in the direction of self-restraint, that it rebounded into exuberance of spirits. No task seemed difficult, no effort painful.

Juliet's lessons in the Esquimaux language were resumed, and many a pause was made in them to talk over future plans, or to review with thankfulness both the blessings and trials of the past. Fritz saw with admiration which he could not conceal the cheerful courage with which Juliet faced the numerous hardships of her lot, making the inconveniences inseparable from Labrador life a subject of playful mirth.

"You are a good pupil," said Fritz to her one day, as they were busy over their little Labrador Grammar, "but there is one thing which I think that you never will learn."

"You think me so stupid, then, when I have mastered all these verbs!" said Juliet, gaily.

"What is it that I never will learn?"

"To grumble," was Fritz's smiling reply.

"Oh, but you have never tried to teach me! You have never mastered the art yourself."

"I have nothing on earth to grumble at!" exclaimed Fritz. "I had many blessings before, and now to all is added one of the richest, most precious gifts that man can receive or a kind Providence bestow."

"I remember some one—but she had more romance in her than religion—observing, that where there is mutual love there is nothing else needed for happiness," said Juliet; "she affirmed that to wish to add aught to such perfect bliss would be, as Shakespeare says, to gild refined gold or paint the lily."

"She forgot that it is the sunshine that makes the lily grow and the gold glitter," observed Fritz. "How unspeakably is our happiness enhanced by the knowledge that it is bestowed by Him who delights in making His people joyful."

"And that ours is a lily that will not wither—gold, that not even death can rob us of!" said Juliet, her eyes glistening with thankful tears.

In these happy days, when she realized what

it is to have hearts united "in the Lord"—when she proved how different a Christian's deep, pure love is to that of the worldling. Juliet despised herself for the folly which had once held possession of her light and frivolous heart. How could she ever have been pleased by the empty flattering of Captain Fincham, or have felt gratified by the attentions of Dermot Denis! All her former bubbles had broken, but jewels lay in their place. With Juliet

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

And the good pastor and Anna heartily sympathized with and shared in the happiness of their young friends.

(To be continued.)

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 11, John 10: 1-18. Golden Text, ver. 11.

Characteristics of the Sheep—Negligent Shepherds—Only One True Shepherd—One Approach—Messengers Running Unsent—The Shepherd's Voice—Doubts about it—How to Be Sure—Jesus Going Before—The More Abundant Life—The Other Sheep.

"I AM the good Shepherd," said our blessed Lord, when He walked on earth. But more than a thousand years before He had said the same thing to the heart of David, and the sacred Psalmist from the fulness of his heart returned the answer, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want" (Ps. 23: 1). Few there were in David's time who entered more fully into this relationship of God than did he, and few there are still whose freedom from all the burdens which try others, and whose constant confidence in God says, "The Lord has undertaken me; I shall not, do not, cannot know want in any respect whatever." The sheep is the most helpless and most defenceless of all animals, therefore the shepherd must do everything for it. It is not adventurous enough to find pasture for itself, therefore the Shepherd says, "I will feed My flock." Sheep cannot find their way alone, therefore He says, "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick" (Ezek. 34: 15, 16).

Our blessed Lord spoke His parable of the good Shepherd to the Pharisees, who were offended with Him because He had healed the man born blind, and because He had done so on the Sabbath day. They were, professedly, the shepherds or leaders of the people, but the diseased had they not strengthened, nor healed that which was sick, nor bound up the broken; nor brought again that which was driven away, nor sought that which was lost (Ezek. 34: 4); and when a poor man, blind from his birth, was healed in their very midst, instead of rejoicing and congratulating him, they persecuted him. Theirs was no true shepherding.

Jesus said to them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." There is but one Shepherd of Christ's sheep. To approach them except through Jesus, in His name, in His authority, in His spirit, is to wrong Him and His sheep too.

"I AM THE DOOR:

by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." "He that . . . climbeth up some other way" robs God and his own soul, and he can do nothing but steal, and kill, and destroy. "Ye have caused many to stumble at the law," is the Lord's condemnation of unspiritual pastors (Mal. 2: 8). Jeremiah says, "Mine heart within me is broken because of the prophets. . . . For both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in My house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord. . . . I have seen also in the prophets of

Jerusalem a horrible thing: they commit adultery, and walk in lies; they strengthen also the hands of evil doers, that none doth return from his wickedness" (Jer. 23: 9, 11, 14). What was at the root of all this terrible defection in the spiritual shepherds of Israel? It was that they had not entered the sheepfold by the Door; they had not come to God; they had not been sent by Him into the work; they had thrust themselves in all unprepared, and Satan had taken advantage, and made them the ministers of unrighteousness! It is an awful thing for a man to enter the ministry, or for a woman to take up any spiritual work (Sunday-school teaching or aught else), if he or she have not entered by the Door, and have not been sent of God to the work. "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in My counsel, and had caused My people to hear My words, then they should have

TURNUED THEM FROM THEIR EVIL WAYS and from the evil of their doings." Yet these were they who strengthened the hands of evil doers!

"But He that entereth by the Door is the Shepherd of the sheep." Can Jesus enter by Himself? Yes, truly; "by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place" (Heb. 9: 12). The under shepherds enter in only by Him. They are not mentioned in the parable. Why should they be? Only as they are one with Christ, only as they manifest Him, can they feed the flock; their office is to lead to Him. "To Him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear His voice; and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out." An Eastern shepherd guides by his voice, whether by night or by day; it is essential, therefore, that the sheep shall know their Shepherd's voice. Perhaps the greatest mistakes which we make about guidance arise from a doubt about the Shepherd's voice. "How may I always know whether it is the Lord's voice which speaks to me, or whether it is the enemy?" said one. A friend answered, "You cannot always know; but you can ask Jesus, and He will tell you." There are many times when the voice of Jesus is so distinct that we cannot mistake it. But His voice always calls us to follow Him. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him; for

THEY KNOW HIS VOICE."

His voice speaks His presence just at hand, just on before, making the way plain for His sheep. His voice makes it perfectly easy to follow Him. When, therefore, a suggestion arises to do some impossible, impracticable thing, with an awful sense of condemnation if we do not do it, which clouds out Jesus from our view, we may be sure that this voice is not His. The true sheep of Jesus will not follow a stranger; "they will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." Nothing fills our hearts more with joy and praise than to know certainly the mind and will of God, and to have the presence of Jesus with us to perform His will. When, therefore, an impression which arises in our minds fills us with perplexity, it is either because, for some reason, we are not willing to do the will of God, and are kicking against that which He shows us, or it is because Satan is deceiving us and attempting to break our rest in the Lord by imitating the voice of Jesus, and so misleading us.

Wherever Jesus leads His own sheep, He always goes before them. We cannot have a temptation or a trial of any kind in which Jesus is not on before us. "In all their affliction He was afflicted" (Isa. 63: 9). He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4: 15). But what about those who go before Jesus? "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers." Every bit of self-dependence, every dependence on others, everything that takes the place He is so jealous over, robs Him and robs His sheep, too. "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy; I am come that they might have life,

and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep; and that, not by compulsion. "I lay down My life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." He came that we might have life, but it was "newness of life" (Rom. 6: 4), not a strengthening of our own life, but an impartation of His. "If when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Rom. 5: 10). We are saved indeed from condemnation by the death and resurrection of Jesus, but only His life in us, that life more abundant, can save us from the power of sin day by day, as our life, our self, our will, yields before it. It is Christ's vocation to care that we have life, and equally so that we may have life more abundant. Let us trust Him with the care of it, and so, without any feeling, say to our souls, "I shall not want, for it is impossible that He should fail me." If He came that we "might have life . . . more abundantly," then He only waits to bring about that abundance in our hearts.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know Mine own, and Mine own know Me, even as the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father" (Rev. Ver.). Thank God, this is

OUR PRECIOUS PRIVILEGE:

to know Jesus as He knows the Father, to know Him as He knows us. How do we come to know one another? It is not by a forced acquaintance, but by letting ourselves go out into sympathy and interest one with another. We form deeper acquaintance with Jesus as we acknowledge Him, listen to Him, refer to Him on all occasions, and take His word always for true. We never rightly know a man until we have trusted him, and so with Jesus—we know Him as we recognize Him, speak with Him, listen to Him, and, above all, venture upon Him. We may have to experience something of "the valley of the shadow of death," but if there we are occupied with Him, and know that the very "Light of the world" is with us, though we see only darkness and perplexity, we can still say, with David, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me." But if we know Him, we follow Him. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them,

AND THEY FOLLOW ME;

and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." There are many who profess to be Christ's sheep, and stand persistently on this word, who neither know Christ nor follow Him, but who follow their own wills and inclinations. Are not these they of whom Jesus says, "Not every one which saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 7: 21)?

The Jews were not enough for the heart of Jesus; "other sheep I have which are not of this fold," He said. Seven hundred years before His Father had said to Him, "It is a light thing that Thou shouldest be My servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel; I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be My Salvation unto the end of the earth." Thank God, the Gentiles are being gathered from all parts of the earth, and the good Shepherd is increasing His fold. Lord, go on, until Thou hast made up Thy bride and canst come again.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THY SWEET WILL.

Clouds that gather round my head
Seem the wings of God outspread;
Hours of thought and worldly care
Full of sweetest comfort are;
Words of bitterness and sneer
Fall like music on my ear.

Once I could not thus partake
Of each cup for Jesus' sake,
But I learned, one bitter day,
To look up and meekly say,
"Thy sweet will, dear Lord, not mine,
Thy sweet will, and only Thine."

As the dear Christ on the sea
Hushed the billows, so to me
Did He speak, and gently say,
"Peace, my brother, peace away;"
And upon my soul He breathed,
I the peace of heaven received.

Like a quiet little child,
Striving to be meek and mild,
Day by day I try to take
All that comes for Jesus' sake.
On this thought my soul doth rest,
"God for me will do the best."

Oh! how easy now to see
All things are for good to me;
Pain and loss, or smile and cheer,
Christ in all is very dear;
For my heart is whispering still,
"Thy sweet will, Lord, thy sweet will."
—Selected.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

The Glad Refrain.
FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This New Song Book, by Lowry and Doane, is crowded with stirring Hymns set to fresh and delightful music by the authors and others, the most popular composers in the land.

The GLAD REFRAIN will stand the test; the Hymns are first-class, the Music faultless. It is sold at \$25 per 100 copies, which is much cheaper than books of new music of this class have ever been offered before. Sent for review without any receipt of price.

SPECIMEN PAGES FREE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th Street, New York.
Chicago House, 31 Randolph St.

PRICE \$1.25

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7½ Octave Rosewood Piano, Warrented 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to
Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N.Y.

Lactated Food
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER
For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

SAM JONES' Sermons. 600 pages. 50 Engravings. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid. Send for mammoth illustrated circular. Big Pay to Agents. WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N.Y.

A WIDE-SPREAD DESIRE GRATIFIED.
DR. TALMAGE'S LABOR SERMONS.
As Authorized and Personally Revised by Dr. Talmage.

In response to a wide-spread desire, the entire series of sermons on "The Labor Question," just completed by Dr. Talmage, has been reprinted in NEAT PAMPHLET FORM suitable for permanent preservation, which we are now ready to supply. Every reader of Dr. Talmage's sermons should have the series in this form, as authorized by the Tabernacle pastor.

AUTHORIZED EDITION, BEARING DR. TALMAGE'S PERSONAL AUTHORIZATION, sent, post-paid, to any address, for **Twenty-five Cents.** Address
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA.
A Volume for Universal Reference!

THE NATIONAL STANDARD ENCYCLOPEDIA is a new and valuable book for popular use, compiled by competent editors, after consultation of the best authorities, printed from new, large, clear type, and handsomely bound in cloth. It contains information on every conceivable subject, and its reliability has been assured by the most careful preparation. It is of the greatest use in answering the ten thousand questions that constantly arise in regard to dates, places, persons, incidents, statistics, etc., etc. It contains
700 Pages and 20,000 Articles
Pertaining to questions of—
Agriculture, Astronomy, Architecture, Biography, Botany, Chemistry, Engineering, Geography, Geology, History, Horticulture, Literature, Mechanics, Medicine, Mythology, Natural History, Physiology, and the various Arts and Sciences.

Complete in One Volume, With Over 1,000 Illustrations

This is an entirely new work, unlike any other, and the only ENCYCLOPEDIA ever published and sold for less than five dollars; it is indispensable to all who desire a work of reference for every department of human knowledge.

This ENCYCLOPEDIA will be sent, postpaid, for \$1.00. Five Books for \$1.00. Get four friends to buy one each, and you will get your book free.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

TEACH Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agents wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher,
Caldwell,
Racine Co., Wisconsin.

SCHOOL

DON'T YOU MARRY,
At least until you have your new book, entitled "Don't Marry." Some marry too soon, others wait too long. This book will tell you how, when, and whom to marry, giving you valuable hints and helps not found in any other book. It contains 100 pages, paper covers, and is worth \$10 to you. Sold by all booksellers, or mailed on receipt of only 25 cents, by
J. C. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
31 Rose Street, New York.

Best of C. H. Spurgeon.

A beautiful piece of statuary in the shape of a bust of the Great English Divine can be had for the remarkably low rate of One Dollar.

This bust is of a beautiful white material, stands 9½ inches high, is indestructible only by breakage, and makes a beautiful ornament.

To the admirers of Spurgeon it is invaluable.

Address **C. E. LATHAM,**
Bloomington, Ill.

Agents wanted in every town; write for territory.

A PERFECT MODEL
OF ONE OF SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES

"SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES" No. 3
(Just Published, July 1, 1886) CONTAINS:
A colored frontispiece showing the modern style of painting.
* A cardboard supplement, ingeniously drawn and colored, to supply all the necessary pieces for constructing a model house, with plain directions for putting them together.
55 New Designs for Residences (cost varying from \$500 to \$15,000).
2 New Designs for Barns.
1 New Design for a Chapel.
Drawings and description of a model Kitchen (by Maria Parloa) and a perfect Cistern.
An article on Villa Park Associations.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1. Address
THE CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASS'N,
191 Broadway (Box 2702), New York.

* While the supplement affords both old and young the greatest amusement, it is more than a toy. It is, in fact, a most practical lesson in Architecture; a perfect, scaled model of one of our most popular designs, so exact that it is useful to builders.

THE "MANHATTAN"
OF NEW YORK,
156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."
This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary life plan. "It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but I must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.
This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advancing years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest age, and a statement will be sent to you. Mention this paper.

PREACHERS, STUDENTS, BIBLE READERS all want a complete
Cruden's Concordance.
WARNE'S EDITION is the Best.
\$2.00. F. WARNE & Co., 20 Lafayette Place, N.Y.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS
James M'Creery & Co.

offer, previous to their regular Summer inventory, extraordinary bargains in Dress Goods.

A large variety of fancy suitings at 50c. 75c., \$1, and \$1.25 per yard; reduced from \$1, \$1.25, \$2, and \$2.25 per yard respectively.

Also offer 1000 yards printed China Pongee Silks—Dark Colors—at 75c. per yard; reduced from \$1.25.

Broadway & 11th St., N. Y.

I START MEN
OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatin film for Wet Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and sold READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$4 to \$5. Is paying big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in nine out of ten homes; After Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit.

To EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process illustrated FREE, Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St., N.Y. Mention this paper.

New works by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.
NOW READY.

Healing and Service.
A New Volume of Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in 1885.
12mo, cloth, 416 pages.....\$1.00

A partial list of the sermons:
First Healing and then Service.
A Sweet Silver Bell Ringing in Each Believer's Heart.
Certain Curious Calculations about Leaves and Fishes.
The Singular Origin of a Christian Mission.
A Great Gospel to Great Sinners.
God Our continual Refuge.
Departed Saints Yet Living.
And Others.

MY SERMON NOTES.
A Selection from Outlines of Discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

With Suitable Anecdotes and Illustrations.
To be completed in four uniform volumes.

Vol. I. GENESIS TO PROVERBS. Now Ready.
Vol. II. ECCLESIASTES TO MALACHI.

"Preachers of every grade will find some fresh suggestion under every head."—Christian World, London.
"The thoughts here offered are practical and devout."—Congregationalist.
"Valuable in showing how to proceed to produce an effective sermon."—National Baptist.
The briefs are, full, embracing all the salient points in a sermon."—Christian Intelligencer.
12mo, handsome cloth binding, price, \$1.00 per vol.

SPURGEON'S OTHER WORKS:

The Treasury of David (his great life work). 7 vols. Published price, \$2 each; \$14 the set. Reduced to \$1.75 each, \$11 the set. Volumes sold separately, if desired.

Hands Full of Honey, and other Sermons preached in 1883.....\$1 00

Return, O Shulamite, and other Sermons preached in 1884.....\$1 00

Celebrated Sermons. 10 vols. Published price, \$1.50 each, \$10 the set. Reduced to \$1 each, \$8.50 the set. Volumes sold separately, if desired.

Talks to Farmers. Containing 19 Sermons to Farmers. A useful work for every clergyman who has farmers in his congregation. Price, cloth.....\$1 00

The Present Truth. A new volume of Sermons.....\$1 00

Types and Emblems (Sermons). \$1 00

Feathers for Arrows: A compilation of illustrations for teachers and preachers. \$1 00

Morning by Morning.....\$1 00

Evening by Evening.....\$1 00

Lectures to Students.....\$1 00

The Saint and the Saviour.....\$1 00

Spurgeon's Gems.....\$1 00

Gleanings Among the Sheaves.....\$1 00

The Clue of the Maze.....\$1 00

John Ploughman's Talk.....\$1 00

Talk and Pictures. In one vol. 1 00

* * * The above books are handsomely bound in extra cloth, and will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by addressing
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 27.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF DR. JOSEPH WOLFF, THE JEWISH MISSIONARY.

VOICES OF GARDENS AND FIELDS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Year's Financial Record—Mr. Randall's Ideas of Tariff Reform—The Pennsylvania Republicans and the Prohibition Plank—The Pan-Electric Muddle—The English Electoral Struggle—An Extraordinary Prayer in a Hurricane—A Train Derailed by a Rat—A Costly Curse, etc.

THE GLORIOUS HOPE. A New Sermon by O. H. Spurgeon.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: A Lightning Fatality on a Mountain.

SAM JONES ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

ARMAGEDDON. By Rev. Capel Molyneux.

A Peculiar Tribe in India—Two More Martyrs in Africa—A Native Christian Farmer.

PICTURE OF A SCENE ON AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

Mrs. Flynne's Matrimonial Project. (With Illustration.)

AT THE MISSION. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

The Death of Lazarus. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Dr. JOSEPH WOLFF, the Jewish Missionary—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE REV. DR. JOSEPH WOLFF.

Born in Franconia 1795—His Father's Opinion about Jesus—A Barber's Advice—Leaves Home—A Friendly Shepherd—Teaches Hebrew at Frankfort—Enters the University of Vienna in 1812—Baptism at Prague—Meeting with Mr. Haldane—Embarks for Gibraltar 1821—Missionary Experiences at Alexandria—Made Prisoner by Arabs—Earthquake at Aleppo—Bastinadoed by Kurds—Marriage—Flogged and Robbed in Khorassan—Death.

THE Jewish race in our day is like a magnificent cathedral that is being used as a market—a place in which the worship of mammon has superseded the worship of God. The race possesses still its old superiority of mental gifts. In every clime where Jews are to be found we hear of their prominence, and often the report is made with howls of execration and hatred. In the professions and in business they succeed, notwithstanding the prejudice against them. Their shrewdness, genius, and persistence give them the victory over obstacles that would be insurmountable to ordinary men. Though no longer the recognized leaders in spiritual matters, their powers are not dead, but slumbering, and the time is coming when they will awake, the veil will be taken from their eyes, and the gifts now used in sordid employment will be consecrated to the service of the Son of David. How much may yet be accomplished through their instrumentality when they accept Christ we can infer from a few bright examples. Such an example is that of the venerable Hebrew whose portrait appears on the first page. To him toil and travel, danger and hardship, were of no account if he could only preach Christ to the world. His life was so full of labor and successful service, that it is impossible even to summarize it; we can but give a few isolated incidents from it, which must serve as indications of the whole.

Joseph Wolff was a German. He was born near Forchheim, in Franconia, in 1795, and died on May 31st, 1862, at the age of sixty-seven. In 1802 his father removed to Ulfield, Bavaria, where he had been appointed rabbi of the Jewish synagogue. The child displayed, even at this early age, a bright and versatile intellect, listening with eager interest to the daily conversations in his father's house, where devout Hebrews assembled to talk of the glories of their far-off Zion, and of the prospects of the restoration of their people. These were favorite themes of his father, who never wearied of predicting the prosperous future of his nation, when "the true Messiah" should come.

Sometimes he spoke of Jesus of Nazareth, and always with profound respect. The boy heard him, and inquired who this Jesus was. "A man of the greatest talent," was the reply; "but because He pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced Him to death." "Why, then," said

THE YOUTHFUL INQUIRER,

"why is Jerusalem in ruins, and why are we in exile?" "Alas, alas!" replied his father, "because the Jews murdered the prophets." Suddenly the thought flashed upon the boy, "Perhaps Jesus was also a prophet, and the Jews killed Him when He was innocent!" and it took such strong hold upon him, that whenever he passed a Christian church he would stand outside, listen to the preaching, hoping to learn more.

While he was occupied with these reflections, he made daily visits to the house of a neighboring barber-chirurgeon, to whom he often spoke of the Jewish faith. One day the old barber gravely said to him, "Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was: He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors crucified. Go home and read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." These words "entered like a flash of lightning into the boy's heart; conviction came to him suddenly; he believed and was dumb."

Returning home, he read the chapter in Hebrew, and then said to his father, "Dear

father, tell me of whom does the prophet speak here?" His father gave him the current Jewish theory, but the boy was unconvinced. He continued to read and study until he was sent to Bamberg, where he studied at the Gymnasium, and there finding some Roman Catholic students, he sought from them Christian instruction.

He remained but a short time there. A spirit of roving and adventure took possession of him, and he set off toward Wurtzburg, without a farthing in his pocket. On his way he fell in with a shepherd, who proved to be a Roman Catholic, and he asked him to give him shelter for the night. The shepherd at once assented, and led him to his humble cottage. He then asked Wolff of what religion he was. The lad replied by giving him a short outline of his story, and after they had partaken of a frugal meal, the shepherd knelt down with his family to pray "for the good of the soul of this poor Jew." In the morning, before Wolff left, the shepherd said to him, "Friend, you are in distress; allow me to share with you what I have. I will give you a couple of florins, which will carry you well to Frankfort." (See Illustration No. 1.)

Wolff went to Frankfort, where he gained a bare livelihood by teaching Hebrew; thence to Halle, and finally to Weimar, where he had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Goethe. Toward the end of 1812, when he was in his seventeenth year, he

RECEIVED BAPTISM

at the hands of a Roman Catholic priest, and entered the University of Vienna. As a student, his fame increased, and he made his way into the highest circles of Vienna. A perusal of the life of Xavier inspired him with a fervent, and ultimately an irresistible desire to become a missionary, like the famous Jesuit, and to preach in every part of the world where his Jewish brethren were scattered the Gospel of Jesus.

After a brief residence at Tübingen, Wolff visited Rome, in 1816. As a convert from Judaism, he attracted much notice, and was introduced to Pope Pius VII., who treated him with marked favor. Young Wolff, however, carried away by the condescension of the Pontiff, forgot the difference of position, and by an act of familiarity horrified the court. (See Illustration No. 2.) Other acts of youthful levity followed, and after a short time it was thought best to get rid of the young man. One night messengers from the Vatican aroused him, hurried him into a carriage, and took him to Vienna. (See Illustration No. 3.)

After wandering for some time through Austria and Prussia, from monastery to monastery, he found his way into Switzerland, and thence into France. At Paris he made the acquaintance of the well-known Mr. Robert Haldane, who conceived a strong liking for the young man, and discerning his gifts, sent him to England, with introductions to eminent Protestant clergymen. Among these were Rev. Charles Simeon, the leader of the Evangelicals, Dr. Marsh, and Dr. Hawtrey. Under their teaching, he saw and abjured the errors of the Papacy, and henceforward became an earnest Protestant. Funds were found to support him at the University of Cambridge, and he went there to prepare for a missionary career. Two years later—in April, 1821—he

EMBARKED FOR GIBRALTAR,

being then twenty-six years of age. From that time on his life was consecrated to the work of preaching to his Jewish brethren Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world.

His first halting-place was at Alexandria, in Egypt, where he encountered an aged Polish Jew on his way to Jerusalem (see Illustration No. 4), to whom he preached Christ. In November, 1821, Wolff paid a visit to the Holy Land, and there met with a serious adventure at the outset of his journey. Just as the party had left the monastery on Mount Horeb they were captured by Arab brigands, who, finding that no ransom could be obtained for them, insisted on their going back to the monastery and getting the monks to pray for rain. They were con-

ducted to the walls, and a colloquy was held. (See Illustration No. 5.) Prayers were promised, and the prisoners were soon after set at liberty.

AT JERUSALEM,

where Wolff arrived in 1822, he commenced active work of the severest kind, arguing with the rabbis and preaching Jesus in the streets. He often visited the place of wailing, joined in the prayers for the restoration of Jerusalem, and afterward spoke of Jesus to his fellow-worshippers there. (See Illustration No. 6.)

The missionary next proceeded to

ALEPPO,

where he freely circulated copies of the Word of God in Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. Leaving Aleppo for Latakia, Wolff halted for the night at the village of Jascea. Its inhabitants, the ancient Anzairees, offered him the shelter of their homes, but he preferred sleeping in the open air. The Anzairees and Wolff then smoked the customary pipe of peace together, while a party of Bedouin Arabs, who had their tents pitched close by, sat silent around their fires. Presently Wolff took out his Bible, and began to read from it to the Anzairees, when suddenly he felt something move under him, and he started to his feet with the feeling of terror that is produced by an earthquake. The ground moved with a sickening motion, and around them were falling houses and public buildings all cast to the earth in ruins. The next day they learned that Aleppo, Antioch, Latakia, Hama and Hama had suffered from the earthquake, and that large numbers of persons—some said sixty thousand—had been killed.

From this scene of wretchedness, after having rendered all the assistance in his power, Wolff went to Cyprus, and arrived there just after the massacre of the Christians of Nikosia by the Turks. He afterward travelled in Upper Egypt, preaching the Gospel among the Coptic inhabitants of Thebes and Assouan, and made a second visit to Jerusalem, where he engaged in Gospel work with increasing energy until checked by an attack of fever. On his recovery he revisited Aleppo, proceeding to Mesopotamia, visiting Haran and Padan-aram. On the road to Mardun he was taken prisoner by some Kurds, who robbed him of everything, and

SAVAGELY BASTINADOED HIM

with two hundred strokes on the soles of his feet. But the undaunted missionary went joyfully forward, preaching Jesus Christ at every opportunity, and awing the wild tribes of the desert by his serene indifference to death. Next he ascended the Tigris to Bassora, and discovered a Jewish community, with whom he had much conversation about Christ. After visiting the Mandaye or Sabeans, he went on to Bushire, where and at Bussora he established a school for the Christian education of children. We find him next at Shiraz, the ancient capital of Persia, whence he journeyed on until he arrived at Constantinople in February, 1826. A brief respite from labor became necessary, and he therefore returned to England on a visit to his friend, Mr. Drummond. During this visit

HIS MARRIAGE

took place. He was introduced to Lady Georgiana Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford. Between the brilliant Christianized Hebrew and this accomplished daughter of a noble house a warm attachment sprang up, and in the following February they were married by the Rev. Charles Simeon. Accompanied by his wife, he resumed his wanderings, and by way of Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Lisbon, proceeded to Malta, where he went on alone to Smyrna, Athens, and the Ionian Islands. At Alexandria he was rejoined by his wife, and in May, 1828, they embarked for Beirut. After many adventures, they crossed the Syrian Desert to Gaza, and thence proceeded to Jerusalem, where some enemies made an attempt to poison the indefatigable and self-denying missionary. The attempt happily failed, but Wolff felt the effects of the poison for a year afterward. In July, 1829, Wolff and his wife were at Cyprus, where the latter fell dangerously ill with fever. On her recovery, they sailed for

Alexandria. Leaving Lady Georgiana there with his friends, Wolff went to Salonica, Rhodes, Mitylene, Lemnos, and on to Mount Athos and Kartalia. Arriving in due course at Malta, he was rejoined by his wife and son, who has since become the famous British diplomatist, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and on December 31st, 1830, he started for Bokhara. Having hired four camels, which he loaded with Bibles for distribution on the journey, and engaged two Persian servants for protection, he joined a caravan bound for Khorassan. (See *Illustration No. 8*.) On the way the devoted missionary was captured at a place called Sangford by a company of Turkoman marauders, and was *stripped naked and*

SEVERELY FLOGGED.

They then dragged him to Torbud-Hydarca, where they threw him into a dungeon; but eventually he obtained an audience of the Khan, and was allowed to purchase his freedom.

We next find him at Meshed, "the holy city," preaching the Gospel of Christ to both Jews and Mohammedans, and in February, 1832, he once more set out for Bokhara. Sarakhs, Merv, and the frozen Oxus being passed, he safely arrived at his destination, where in a mixed population of 180,000 persons he found 15,000 Jews. He spent some time there preaching, and then set out for Cabul. On the way he fell into the hands of Mohammedan marauders, who threatened him with death unless he became a Mohammedan. He refused, and expected nothing less than a prompt execution. His captors, however, spared his life, but took everything from him, even his clothes. He travelled slowly and painfully forward until he arrived at Cabul, where he was welcomed and relieved. He then proceeded to India, visiting most of the chief cities and towns, and arrived at Calcutta in March, 1833.

A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

In August, 1837, Wolff visited the United States. At New York he was admitted to the diaconate, and later preached before the Houses of Congress. The following spring he was admitted to the priesthood by the Irish Bishop of Dromore, and having preached before the University of Dublin, the diploma of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him.

HIS LAST JOURNEY

was on an errand of mercy. In the year 1844, leaving home and family, he set out on a mission to the King or Ameer of Bokhara. His object was, if possible, to save the lives of two officers, named Stoddart and Conolly. His arrival, however, was too late to effect his humane mission. In his clergyman's gown, doctor's hood, and shovel-hat, which he wore for prudential reasons, Wolff presented so novel an appearance that crowds of curious sightseers frequented his tent. He wore these full canonicals all the way from Merv to Bokhara, being resolute never to lose sight of his dignity as a moollah, or priest, on which he saw clearly his safety depended. "I also kept," he says, "the Bible in my hand. I felt my power was in the Book, and that its might would sustain me." Wolff's account of

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE AMEER

must be given in his own words. "On entering the audience chamber I was placed opposite 'the prince of believers,' as disagreeable-looking a fellow as I had ever seen. He stared at me, and I stared at him. He presently said, 'Come up-stairs to me, and I will look at you.' I went up and sat down opposite to him, and the King, swaying himself from right to left, looked at me all the while, scrutinizing me. Then he said, 'Thou eccentric man! thou star with a tail! neither like a Jew nor a Christian, nor like a Hindoo, nor like a Russian, nor like an Osbeg—thou art Joseph Wolff.'" (See *Illustration No. 9*.)

In April, 1845, Wolff once more reached England, and he finally ceased from his wandering to and fro upon the earth. The remainder of his life was usefully spent as Vicar of Isle Brewers, near Taunton. There, in the midst of self-denying labors, he passed away on May 5th, 1862, at the age of sixty-seven.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Wealthy Man's Confession.—Mr. Cumming, in speaking of the uselessness of riches recently, said: "A very wealthy man, perhaps one of the richest in Scotland at that time, said to me, 'You are as rich as I am.' 'No,' I said, 'I am not.' 'But I maintain that you are.' 'Yes,' I rejoined; 'but not in this world's goods.' But still he held that I was. 'You get all you want,' he said. 'If you had any more you would just have more anxiety, and more than you need is only vanity and vexation of spirit. Many men have envied me for the fortune which I have, but not many men would like the care it brings.' He was a Christian, but he might have been a better one."

A Gloomy Heart Made Glad.—The Rev. Mr. Andrews said: "During one of our prayer-meetings lately I noticed a young man who had just arrived from the country. It was laid upon my heart to speak to him, and at the close I said to him, 'I would just like to know how it is with you, my young friend.' He shook his head sorrowfully, but did not speak, and then I guessed that all was not right, that he was not at peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ. I called one of our friends and asked him to lay the Gospel plainly before him. About half an hour afterward I was asked to come in and see the bright face, and shake hands with the lad, for he had found Jesus to be his Saviour."

Singing in a North-East Wind.—Mr. Bamford, a devoted Christian friend, observed: "The other night, when a cold north-east wind was blowing, there were twelve men standing singing, at our open-air meeting, a sweet Gospel hymn. Less than a year ago eleven of those men were intemperate, and far down in sin, and that night by their singing they were the means of leading four souls into our evangelistic hall, who saw their need of salvation, and gave their hearts to Christ. So we have proof after proof that God can and does forgive and cleanse the most wicked, and even qualify and use them for His glory in leading others into the joy of His great Salvation."

A Negligent Lighthouse Keeper.—Sergeant Mather said: "There was a lighthouse keeper who had the light, which should have been shining brightly to warn mariners of their danger, very dimly lighted—scarcely visible. A vessel steering its course homeward noticed the dim light, and when they got to land the captain at once went to the Board of Trade, reported the case, and lodged a complaint against the lighthouse-keeper, who was at once called to account for his carelessness. He could not give any reason for it, pleading that he was not aware such was the case. Dear Christian friends, shall it be said in heaven that your light is shining dimly, that it is scarcely perceptible by the mariners who are steering their way through a dangerous channel?"

Who Broke the Window?—The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie said: "Love your enemies" is good advice. I heard the story of a boy who had learned this very difficult lesson. He was only an errand-boy, and much disliked by the other boys in the same house of business, because he would not join them in planning mischief, and wasting their master's time. One day they set upon the poor boy as he passed, and threw stones at him. But they hit more than they bargained for, for one stone missed its mark, and broke a shop-window. Then all these cowardly boys fled, and when the enraged shopman came out to ascertain who had done the mischief, there was only the boy whom they had injured. 'Who broke the window?' demanded the shopman. 'I do not know,' said the boy, 'but I will pay for it.' Much doubting, the shopkeeper, who was a rough, godless man, went to the boy's master to make sure that the boy would keep his word. But there was no need for that; he was a Christian, and meant what he said. Week after week the boy, out of his scanty earnings, went with a shilling to the shopkeeper until the price of the window was

paid. The shopkeeper saw the Christ-like action; his hard heart was touched. His wife, one day, found him in tears, and he told her that through the self-denying action of that boy he was led to give himself to Christ. That boy is now a man, and all is well with him, because he had early given his heart to the Lord."

A Reprieve on the Scaffold.—Mr. Somerville remarked: "Some time ago I heard of a man who was condemned to execution, but who built himself up in the hope of getting a reprieve. But his hopes were not likely to be realized. About two minutes before the time for his appointed execution a messenger arrived to say that no reprieve could be granted, and the execution was to go on. But though it was so near, it had not taken place, when another messenger arrived in breathless haste with the long-looked-for pardon. Thus, dear unforgiven and condemned sinner, sunk though you are in hopelessness and despair, know that for you there is a pardon, full and free; despond, then, no longer, but 'look unto Jesus, and be ye saved.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanses from all sin.'"

A Godly Clerk's Influence.—Mr. R. B. Stewart observed: "On one occasion when aboard a steamer, I spoke to a gentleman about the concerns of his soul, and his reply was, 'I suppose you are one of those simple fellows who believe everything that is in the Bible.' 'That is just what I am,' I replied. 'What is therein,' he rejoined, 'may or may not be facts, but it is the godly consistent life of one of the clerks in my office that attracts me; I cannot get over that; it is that which holds me back from becoming altogether an infidel.' Oh, how the world looks on and watches closely the Christian's life, to see if it harmonizes in all things with the profession which has been made! 'Be ye therefore not hearers only, but also doers of the word.' 'Living epistles of Christ, know and read of all men.'"

"The Manliest Young Men in the City."—A friend reports that a good work has been going on among young men, the sons of merchants, residing in Pollokshields, Glasgow. He said: "The converts are nearly all between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. The awakening is largely due to the efforts of a young Glasgow merchant, who, addressing himself to the young men of his own class, exhorted them in a manly way to become Christians, and not to think of religion as fit only for women and weaklings. 'Go to my uncle,' he said one night, 'the head of our firm, and ask him if I am not a better business man now than I was nine years ago; go to my friends and ask them if I am not a better friend than I was then. I attribute it all to my religion. I am happier and I am better in health than I was before I decided to be Christ's. And no one can deny that among the young men who have recently come out on Christ's side in our city are the very manliest young men in our midst.'"

A Good Thing Done at Last.—The Rev. Mr. M'Kay reported: "We have had some Gospel meetings lately with the very happiest results. There were two young men whom I had been watching for some time, who were striving against God. At length, one night, I saw that in one of them a great change had taken place: yes, a saving change, out of darkness into the marvellous light of God. With him old things had passed away and all things had become new. The second one was the son of one of my office-bearers, and the eldest and only one of the family who was unsaved. I told him that he was fighting against God so long as he would not yield his heart to Him. Nothing seemed to move him, until last Sunday night he could resist no longer; he broke down completely, repenting deeply for trying so long to resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and that night he sweetly rested his weary soul on the word of God. I was telling this case to two friends, when they joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God, we have been praying for that young man, and now God has graciously answered our prayer.'"

VOICES OF GARDENS AND FIELDS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, July 4, 1886.*

"My beloved is to me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi."—SONG OF SOLOMON I : 14.

Criticisms on Solomon's Poem—This Century Unfit to Criticize—Floral Representations of Christ—The Camphire Plant as a Symbol—I. By its Fragrance—The Import of Names—The Child Alarmed at an Eclipse—Experience of Great Men—II. It Gives Coloring—Grace in Business—III. It is a Restorative—For the Dying—For the Backslider—The Ghastliest Thing on Earth—Fragments of a Regiment—The Deathless Place.

SOLOMON'S song has been considered by many as fit only for moonstruck sentimentalists; written by a voluptuary, the story of a man crazed by a fair maiden; fit neither for family prayers nor for church. Indeed, we must admit that there were years in Solomon's life when he had several hundred more wives than he was entitled to; but he repented of his sin, and God chose him to write some of the best things about Christ that have ever been written. Besides that, I think the

CRITICISM OF MODERN TIMES

upon the immodesty of the Bible comes with poor grace from a century in which the writings of George Sand come to their fortieth edition, and Christians cannot get to the prayer-meeting because they have tickets for places of amusement so depraved that they make the "Black Crook" respectable. I think, however, as far as I can see, in my stupidity, that there are things turned out upon the community to-day that bid fair to do more damage than the Song of Solomon.

Hear, now, one of his fresh and fair descriptions of Jesus. If I had twenty years to preach, I would like to employ ten of them in bringing out to observation those representations of Christ that have as yet been passed by. I do not know why the pulpit should hover over a few types of Christ when there are so many symbols of Jesus that have never been discoursed upon. Why should we employ all our time in examining a few lilies when the Bible is

A GREAT GARDEN

filled with fuchsias, and with daffodils, and with amaranths, and with evening primroses for the close of life's day, and crocuses at the foot of the snow bank of sorrow, and heart's-ease for the troubled, and passion-flowers planted at the foot of a cross, and morning-glories spreading out under the splendors of the breaking day? Some years ago I discoursed to you about "the white hairs of Jesus," and some of the newspapers supposed it was a mere fancy of my own—the poor fools not knowing that in Revelation, the first and the fourteenth, the Bible speaks of Christ—"His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow"—symbolizing the eternity of Jesus.

Terraced on the side of the mountain were the vineyards of Engedi. Oh, they were sweet places! From a shelving of the mountain, four hundred feet high, waters came down in beautiful baptism on the faces of the leaves; the grapes intoxicate with their own wine; pomegranates with juices bursting from the rind; all fruits, and flowers, and aromatic woods—among the sweetest of these

THE CAMPHIRE-PLANT

of the text. Its flowers are in clusters like our lilac—graceful, fragrant, symbolical of Jesus; for "my beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

I. I will carry out the idea of my text, and in the first place show you that this camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ, because of its fragrance. If I had a branch of it and should wave it in your midst, it would fill all the house with its redolence. The camphor, as we have it, is offensive to some; but the camphire plant of the text had a fragrance gracious to all. The vineyards of Engedi bathed in it—the branches,

the buds, the blossoms, dripping with sweetness, typical of the sweetness of Christ.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

The name of Cæsar means power; the name of Herod means cruelty; the name of Alexander means conquest; the name of Demosthenes means eloquence; the name of Milton means poetry; the name of Benjamin West means painting; the name of Phidias means sculpture; the name of Beethoven means music; the name of Howard means reform; but the name of Christ means love. It is

THE SWEETEST NAME

that ever melted from lip or heart. As you open an old chest that has long been closed, the first thing that strikes you is the perfume of the herbs that were packed amid the clothing; so there are hundreds of hearts here which, if opened, would first offer to you the name of Jesus. Have you not seen Him? Through the dark night of your sin has He not flashed upon your vision? Beautiful when He comes to help, beautiful when He comes to save. A little child was crying very much during the time of an eclipse. It got so dark at noon that she was afraid and kept sobbing, and could not be silenced, until after awhile the sun came out again, and she clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, the sun! the sun!" Some of us have been in the darkness of our sin; eclipse after eclipse has passed over our soul; but after awhile the Sun of Righteousness poured His beams upon our hearts, and we cried, "The sun! the sun!"

Beautiful dawn in the straw of the Bethlehem khan! Beautiful in His mother's shawl, a fugitive to Egypt! Beautiful with His feet in the Galilean surf! Beautiful with the children hanging about His neck!

BEAUTIFUL IN THE HOME

circle of Bethany! Fairer than the sons of men; dayspring from on high; light for those who sit in darkness; rose of Sharon; lily-of-the-valley—altogether lovely! Oh, He is such a sinner-sunder, such a trouble-soother, such a wound-binder, such a grave-breaker, that the faintest pronunciation of His name rouses up all the incense of the garden and all the perfume of the tropics, while the soul, in ecstasy of affection, cries out, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

FELT BY GREAT MINDS.

But how shall I talk of the sweetness of Christ's pardon to those who have never felt it; of the sweetness of His comfort to those who have refused His promise; of the sweetness of His face to those who have turned their back upon His love? Now, a great many people may think this is merely sickly sentimentalism. Jonathan Edwards was a cool man. He was harsh in some of his opinions, he was never afflicted with any sentimental ardor; and yet, when the name of Christ was mentioned, it threw him into a transport. Paul was a cool logician, with nerves unshaken in the Mediterranean shipwreck, a granitic nature, comfortable with the whole world against him, shaking his fist in the face of the governments of earth and the forces of darkness; yet the thought of Christ thrilled him, transported him, overwhelmed him. John Knox was unbending in his nature, and hard in some respects. The flash of his indignation made the queen shiver and the duchess quake; yet he sat down as a little child at the feet of Jesus.

Solomon was surrounded by all palatial splendor—his ships going out from Ezion-geber on voyages of three years, bringing back all the wonders of the world; his parks afloat with myrrh and frankincense and a-rustle with trees brought from foreign lands; the traces of his stupendous gardens found by the traveller at this day. Solomon sits down in this place to think of Christ, the altogether lovely and the altogether fair; and while seated, there comes a breath of the spices and aromatic woods and of the blos-

soms in through the palace window, and he cries out, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

Oh, rich and rare, exquisite and
EVERLASTING PERFUME!

Let it be in every poor man's windows; plant it on every grave; put its leaves under every dying head; wreath its blossoms for every garland; wave its branches in every home; and when I am about to die, and my hand lies cold, and stiff, and white upon the pillow, let some plain and humble soul come and put in my dying grasp this living branch with clusters "of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

It is many years now since I found the Lord, and I must in your presence tell you how good He has been to my soul. Often since then I have given Him a hard thrust in His sore side; but He has been patient with me by day and by night. It is the grief of my life that I have treated Him so badly; but He has never let me go. I have seen no wonderful sights, I have heard no wonderful sounds, I have no marvelous experience; it has been a plain story of patience on His part and of unworthiness on my part. Some of my dear friends before me have had more rapturous experiences. Christ to them has been the conqueror on the white horse, or the Sun of Righteousness, setting everything ablaze with light, or the Bridegroom, coming with lantern and torches. To me it has been a very quiet and undemonstrative experience. It has been something very sweet but very still. How shall I describe it? I have it now, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

II. But I remark further: This camphire plant of the text was a symbol of Christ in the fact that

IT GIVES COLORING.

From the Mediterranean to the Ganges the people of the East gathered it, dried the leaves, pulverized them, and then used them as a dye for beautifying garments or their own persons. It was that fact that gave the camphire plant of the text its commercial value in the time of King Solomon; a type of my Lord Jesus, who beautifies and adorns and colors everything He touches.

I have no faith in that man's conversion whose religion does not color his entire life. It was intended so to do. If a man has the grace of God in his heart, it ought to show itself in the life. There ought to be this "cluster of camphire" in the ledger, in the roll of Government securities, in the medical prescription, in the law book. A religion is of no value to a merchant unless it keeps him from putting false labels on his goods; or to the plasterer, unless it keeps him from putting up a ceiling which he knows will crack in six months; or to the driver, unless it keeps him from lashing his horses to eight miles an hour when the thermometer is at ninety; or to the farmer, unless it keeps him from putting the only sound pippins on the top of the barrel; or to the shoemaker, unless it keeps him from substituting brown paper for good leather in the soles. In other words, the religion of Christ is good for everything or it is good for nothing.

The grace of God never affects us by piecemeal. If the heart is changed the head is changed, and the liver is changed, and the spleen is changed, and the hands are changed, and the feet are changed, and the store is changed, and the house is changed, and everything over which the man has any influence comes to a complete and radical change. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is not a pot of hyacinth to be set in a parlor bay-window for passers-by to look at, and to be examined only by ourselves when we have company; but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart as "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi."

The trouble is men do not take their religion with them. The merchant leaves it outside the counter, lest it disturb the goods. The house-keeper will not let her religion trail its robes in the kitchen on washing-day. The philosopher

* This sermon is the first of a series of rural sermons, suggested by the scenes among which Dr. Talmage is spending his vacation.

will not let his religion come in amid the batteries, lest it get a galvanic shock. But I tell you, unless your religion goes with you everywhere, it goes nowhere. That religion was intended to color all the heart and the life.

But, mark you, it was a bright color. For the most part it was

AN ORANGE DYE

made of this camphire plant, one of the most brilliant of all the colors; and so the religion of Jesus Christ casts no blackness or gloom upon the soul. It brightens up life; it brightens up everything. There is no more religion in a funeral than there is in a wedding; no more religion in tears than in smiles. David was no better when he said he cried out of the depths of hell than he was when he said that his mouth was filled with laughter and his tongue with singing. The best men that I have ever known have laughed the loudest. Religion was intended to brighten up all our character. Take out the sprig of cypress from your coat and put in "a cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi." Religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." I have found it so. There are hundreds in this house who have found it so.

III. I remark again, that the camphire plant was a symbol of Jesus Christ, because it is

A MIGHTY RESTORATIVE.

You know that there is nothing that starts respiration so soon in one who has fainted as camphor, as we have it. Put upon a sponge or handkerchief, the effects are almost immediate. Well, this camphire plant of the text, though somewhat different from that which we have, was a pungent aromatic, and in that respect it becomes a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the mightiest of all restoratives. I have carried this Camphire plant into the sick-room, after the doctors had held their consultation and said there was no hope and nothing more could be done, and the soul brightened up under the spiritual restorative. There is no fever, no marasmus, no neuralgia, no consumption, no disease of the body that the grace of God will not help.

I wish that over every bed of pain and through every hospital of distress we might swing this "cluster of camphire from the vineyards of Engedi." Christ's hand is the softest pillow, Christ's pardon is the strongest stimulus, Christ's comfort is the mightiest anodyne, Christ's salvation is the grandest restorative. It makes a man mightier than his physical distress.

"Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed?"

'Come to me,' saith One—and coming, be at rest. If I ask Him to receive me, will He say me nay? Not till earth, and not till heaven pass away.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?

Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer—"Yes!"

Nero tarred and put pitch upon the Christians of his day, and then set them on fire, that they might illumine the night round about the palace; but while they were burning and the crowd beneath were jeering, louder than all the noise went up the song of praise and triumph from the dying martyrs. John Bradford came out in the presence of the instrument of torture that was to put him to death, and said, "I am a Christian now. I have never been before." And so, again and again, the Lion of Judah's tribe has torn to pieces the wild beasts of martyrdom.

This grace is also a restorative

FOR THE BACKSLIDER.

Who do you mean by that? you say. I mean you who used to frequent the house of God, but seldom go there now; you who once used to pray, but never pray now; you who once sat at the holy communion, but take not the Lord's cup now; I mean you who once rejoiced in Christian society, but now sit amid scoffers. Backslider! Oh, what a suggestive word! Backslider! From what have you slid back? You have slid back from your father's faith, from your early good habits. You have been

sliding back from Christ, from the cross—sliding back from Heaven.

When a man begins to slide he knows not where he will go. You have been sliding back toward darkness. You have been sliding back toward an unblessed grave, toward a precipice, the first ten million miles of which downward are only a small part of the eternal plunge. You were, perhaps, professors in the country; you have made shipwreck in the town. It may be that the club blasted you; it may be that fashionable society destroyed you; it may be the kind of wife whom you married. You have no more hope for Heaven now than if you had lived in Central Asia and never heard of Christ and the judgment.

Oh, where is that Bible you used to read? Where is that room where you used to pray? What have you done with that Jesus whose voice you once heard? Oh, murdered hours! Oh, massacred privileges! Oh, dead opportunities! Wake up now and shriek in that man's ear until he shall rouse himself from the horrible somnambulism, walking as he does, fast asleep, within an inch of hell. Oh, that he might cry out now: "Golden Sabbaths, come back! Communion seasons, come back! Wooings of the Holy Ghost, come back!" But they will not come. Gone! gone! gone! Sorrow will come, but not they. Oh, that you might save the few remaining years of your life, and consecrate them to Christ! I have seen sad sights, I have heard sad sounds; but I tell you

THE GHOSTLIEST THING

outside the gates of the damned is a backslider's death-bed. Do you not feel like having applied to your soul this divine restorative? Do you not feel like crying out with David: "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation?" For great sin, great pardon. For deep wounds, omnipotent surgery. For deaf ears, a divine aurist. For blind eyes, a heavenly oculist. For the dead in sin, the upheaval of a great resurrection.

But in the heavenly world we shall feel the chief restorative power of religion. This is a planet of weeping we are living on. We enter upon life with a cry and leave it with a long sigh. If I could gather up the griefs of this audience and put them in one sentence and then utter it, it would make everything between here and the throne of God shudder and howl. The earth is gashed deep with graves. As at the close of the war, sometimes we saw a regiment of one hundred and fifty men, the

FRAGMENTS OF THE THOUSAND

men that went out, so, as I stand before you, I cannot but realize the fact that you are the fragments representing hundreds of regiments of joyful associations that have been broken up forever. Oh, this is a world of sorrow! But, blessed be God! there will be no sorrow in Heaven. The undertaker will have to have some other business there. In the summer-time our cities have bills of mortality which are frightful—sometimes in New York a thousand deaths in a week; sometimes it has been two thousand in London; but in that great heavenly city there will be not a single case of sickness or death; not one black dress of mourning, but plenty of white robes of joy; hand-shaking of welcome, but none of separation. Why, if one trouble should attempt to enter Heaven, the shining police of the city would put it under everlasting arrest. If all the sorrows of life, mailed and sworded under Apollyon, should attempt to force that gate, one company from the tower would strike them back howling to the pit. Room in Heaven for all the raptures that ever knocked at the gate, but no room for the smallest annoyance, though slight as a summer insect. Doxology, but no dirge. Banqueting, but no "funeral baked meats."

NO DARKNESS AT ALL;

no grief at all; no sickness at all; no death at all. A soul waking up in that place will say: "Can it be that I am here? Will my head never ache again? Shall I never stumble over a grave again? Will I never say good-by to loved ones again? Can it be possible that the

stream is past, that the bank is gained, that the glory is begun? Show me Jesus that I may kiss His feet." When the clock of Christian suffering has run down, it will never be wound up again. Amid the vineyards of the heavenly Engedi, that will be restoration without any relapse. That will be "The Saints' Everlasting Rest!"

A SERVICE OF PERIL IN BRAZIL.

UNDER date of Bahia, May 14th, the Rev. J. B. Kolb, writing to the *Foreign Missionary*, says: "After Dr. Blackford's return from Lorangeiras, in Sergipe, where he had been so badly treated, it was deemed proper that we should visit and remain in the same town for some weeks.

"It was with some trepidation that we approached Lorangeiras, but remembering the 'promises,' we landed. We were met by two or three of the believers, one of them a leading merchant, Senor David, and were by them escorted through the town to the house which we were to occupy, but never a word was spoken or thing done against us. But a few weeks before Dr. Blackford's life had been threatened, and a mob of hundreds of people escorted our colporteur to his home with clubs and stones, and tore up his books, throwing them into the river. Surely the Holy Spirit had quieted the troubled waters. The same quiet continued throughout our stay. When we arrived at our new home we found it all nicely furnished, a bountiful meal on the table, a cook in the kitchen, and a supply of food, all showing much forethought on the part of the brethren. You can imagine how much rejoiced the brethren were to have a pastor among them again.

"The first Sabbath there was a happy day. The services were well attended, fifty to sixty persons being present morning and evening. The attendance continued with the same interest until the end of our visit; at times our audiences were limited by the size of the room."

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT IN MEXICO.

IN the course of a letter published in the *Foreign Missionary* from Rev. E. M. Haymaker, describing a journey across the Sierra Madre, he says: "Our next trip out from Tlaltenango was to the rancho of Picacho and the city of Teul, one of the ancient residences of the Toltecs of historic note. Here we found an interesting congregation of only twenty-nine in number, but of unusual intelligence. This congregation has raised \$60 to go toward the purchase of their church. Preaching here and visiting some ranchos in which there are beginnings of work, we returned to Tlaltenango, which we left on the following Monday morning. On our return we passed through the city of Colotlan, where we learned of three families of Creyentes (believers), and a little further on we heard of another believer who had become Protestant by reading his Bible. On our next trip it is our intention to hunt him up, not merely to get him, but because he is a man of considerable influence and great force of character, and also is well known among the Indians of the mountains, where we wish to get a foothold.

"We also passed on our return through the rancho del Fraile (of the Friar). A few years ago this rancho turned out one of the fiercest mobs that has ever been witnessed in Mexico. They caught a native minister and two Creyentes, and had the fire made and the victims stripped when the authorities arrived and persuaded the mob to give them over into the hands of the law, to be dealt with in the legal way, which they consented to do on the condition that they should be executed on the following morning. During the night, however, the authorities managed to contrive an escape for them, and the mob went home vowing vengeance at some future day. On this trip we passed the night here, and though we did not know whether they would cook us or not, nothing happened save that one stone was thrown against the house, and a good many looks were given that were considerably harder than the stone."

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN FARMER IN CHINA.

IN a letter from Ningpo to the *Foreign Missionary* the Rev. George F. Fitch relates an incident as an illustration of the work that is done by converts to Christianity. He says: It is among the people settled on the shores of Hangchow Bay, between the fourth and fifth dikes, the poorest people I have yet come upon, even in China, that the Gospel has found a fertile soil, and there is the most encouraging work going on that it has yet been my privilege to witness. A few years ago a native Christian, a member of one of our churches, an unlettered man, went to live among them—not as a paid agent, but a *pioneer farmer*, seeking to reclaim the waste land and obtain a living. In the course of time he brought to the church with which he was connected, which was some five or six miles away, nine applicants for baptism. The pastor was doubtful about receiving them at first, and proposed that they be tested, suggesting that each try to get another person to become a Christian. In the course of a year the nine came bringing nine more as fruits of their labors and proofs of their sincerity. The first nine were then received, and all exhorted to continue their efforts to secure more converts. To-day there are over twenty members in that region and some forty inquirers.

TWO MORE MARTYRS IN AFRICA.

THE massacre of Bishop Hannington on the borders of Uganda, Central Africa, has been followed by the death of the Rev. John Houghton and his wife, missionaries in the Galla country, at the hands of members of the Massai tribe. The particulars of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton have not yet been received, but from statements in a letter of Mrs. Houghton to her brother in England, it is believed that the motive of the murderers was money. Mrs. Houghton wrote as follows:

"We have been much unsettled ever since our arrival, partly owing to the difficulties inherent in missionary life, and partly owing to the excessive demands upon us by the chief and people here. This is an expensive mission, and we need to be careful. They have had a lot of money from the mission, and seem to regard us only as a means of supply. My husband has shown to them our true position, and tried to stop their constant begging, with results not very pleasing at first, but now they are much quieter and more respectful. To be on good terms with these people you must needs give much. We have given the chief a present, but it was not enough."

Mrs. Houghton was the first white woman ever seen in that part of Africa. With no European missionaries nearer than Mombasa she and her husband were quite isolated.

A PECULIAR TRIBE IN INDIA.

THE Rev. S. Knowles writes in the *Indian Witness* of May 22d an exhaustive description of the tribe of Tharus, among whom the Gospel has recently been preached with glorious success. He says: "The Tharus are the children of the forest; and live in the cleared opened spaces to be found in the Oudh and Nepaul jungles, stretching from Bhagwanpur to the foot of the mountains on one side, and from Pachperwa to the Bahraich borders on the other. They are the best agriculturists in the land. They cultivate rice for food and wheat for the market. They also own large herds of cattle, which graze on the outskirts of the forest, where they are often successfully attacked by tigers and panthers. Though the men and boys go about almost in a nude state, with only a piece of cloth hanging loose in front, held by a string fastened round the waist, yet the wives and daughters are so well clothed, that only the arms and feet are left exposed. They say the husband and wife never quarrel! A respectable *Banya* from Pachperwa, whom we baptized, and who has traded among them for years, assured me of this as a fact. This is not because the women are kept under; for they seem as free and in-

dependent as the men. A Tharu woman will look as straight at you when you speak to her as a European woman would do. I notice another good trait in the social character of these people. The parents seem as fond of the girls as the boys, and make no degrading distinction between them, as the natives of the plains make.

"Their religion is as simple as themselves. A very primitive piece of wood, in the shape of a Mahadeo-stone, near which is erected a long stick with a bit of red cloth fastened to the top, is all they have as an object of worship; and I found very few in a village paid any attention to even this. They have some idea of a Supreme Being they call *Narain*, who gives them sunshine, and rain, and harvests; but they have no proper idea how this great, far-off Being is to be approached or worshipped.

"The Tharus burn their dead; but have no particular ceremony over it. Their marriage custom is a very primitive thing. The bride and bridegroom simply join hands together before their elders, and they are husband and wife. There are feasting and drinking, of course, wherever the ceremony takes place. The Tharus make their principal intoxicating drink from rice. This rice-liquor is drunk more or less every day; and every member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, drinks it.

"Every now and then they have a big *nach*, or dance, of a very debasing kind. In it they act a regular play, in which there is a plot and grand finale. A Nepaul prince, who carries off a beautiful Tharu girl, figure in this play. The women take part in it; and I am told that the curtain might better fall over the last act. The Tharus proper have no caste among them; but they are divided into tribes or clans. The three principal are the *Dangwariya*, the *Jogi*, and the *Umra*. Our work has been altogether confined to the first tribe, *nearly the whole of whom have been won over to our faith and baptized.*"

ARMAGEDDON.

THE PREPARATION AND FIRST STAGE OF THE BATTLE.

By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

Baseless Hopes of Peace—The Greatest Battle in History Yet to be Fought—The Situation—Descriptive Predictions—The Two Stages—Antichrist's Purpose—His Preparations—The Intensity of the Siege—The Results of the Battle—The Saved Multitude.

"WHEN ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars," saith our Lord, speaking in reference to the latter times—"when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for such things must needs be; but the end shall not be yet!" War in perfection is yet to come. "Overturn, overturn, overturn," till He comes, whose it shall be "to make wars to cease unto the end of the earth;" then there shall be peace indeed; men "shall learn war no more," and peace, even universal peace, shall prevail; for "the knowledge of the glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." But this, not yet—oh, no; not yet! As yet, "wars and rumors of wars," and, worst of all wars, "the battle of the great day of God Almighty!" This has yet to be fought, and to this, with what it immediately involves, I purpose now, the Lord helping me, to direct your attention.

THE SITUATION.

The Man of sin and the witnesses have appeared on the stage. The history of the witnesses closes in their death, resurrection, and ascension. Their end is supposed to occur toward the termination of the last three years and a half of Antichrist's power and reign, and, therefore, closely in connection with the battle of Armageddon; but whether previous to its actual commencement, or during the strife itself, I presume not to say. Now, however, is the time for the battle; during these three and a half years, or the latter portion of them, the preparation has been going on for "gathering the nations against Jerusalem," and there we are

now to suppose their presence, Antichrist himself at their head.

The battle is plainly predicted in several passages of Scripture, notably in Rev. 16: 14. Ezekiel 38: 14, 15 also evidently refers to it. The following passages also foretell it, in significant and appalling terms: Jeremiah 4: 6, 7; Joel 3: 1; Zech. 14: 1, 2.

In regard to this battle it must be noticed, that it is, when fully viewed, divisible into

TWO PARTS, OR ACTS.

The first relates to the assault of Antichrist and the nations on Israel at Jerusalem; the second to the assault of Christ, and the host of heaven, conquering Antichrist and the nations. These parts or acts, essentially distinct as they are, when viewed in a cursory way, or, as it were, at a distance, seem but one; though upon a closer inspection the distinction between them is decided in the extreme, and as palpable as possible. The nations come up against the camp of the saints, mark! the camp of the saints! But will Jerusalem, as encompassed by nations under Antichrist, be the camp of saints? Verily, it will be the camp of unconverted, unbelieving Israelites; gathered in anger, and gathered for chastisement. The beast is at the head of the army of nations, commissioned there by God as the scourge of Israel; nor is he disposed of till the siege is closed, and the Lord Himself has made His appearance.

ANTICHRIST'S PURPOSE

is the gratification of savage revenge and terrible destruction. "It is in his heart to destroy!" Probably desperate enmity against Israel now burns in his heart. Israel has by this time rejected his yoke, and refused any longer allegiance to him. They have discovered, probably, in the setting up of "the abomination of desolation," if in nothing else, his true character, and the monstrous lie he has acted—that he is not the Messiah, the first-born of God, but the "son of perdition," the first-born of the father of lies! And all the hatred, and malignity, and revenge, which now, alas! actuate them against the true Christ, will then, with one accord, be transferred to the antichrist! "His heart is therefore to destroy!"

ANTICHRIST'S PREPARATIONS

for the battle are clearly revealed in Revelation 16: 13, 14: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." This is antichrist's, and his great energizer's, the devil's, preparation for the battle. Judge what will be the character of the assembled host; what the disposition and tendencies, actings and object, of the besiegers, schooled by such teachers, led on by such captains! Alas! for Israel when delivered up, as she shall be for a season, into their hands; no marvel that her trouble will be "great," even unequalled before or since.

NOTE THE INTENSITY OF THE SIEGE.

This we believe admits of no description. It stands alone in history—history past and future. It is once to occur, and but once—The Battle, The Great Day of God Almighty!—and will concentrate in itself all that can be comprehended in that truly solemn and significant expression. The terrible desolation and distress predicted in Deuteronomy 28, and realized already in no light measure in the siege under Titus, will, we believe, at Armageddon receive their perfect fulfillment.

THE RESULTS OF THE BATTLE

will be first: A terrible destruction of many of Israel in the city and in the land, even two-thirds of the whole (Zech. 13: 8).

Secondly: The deep humiliation, repentance, and purification of the remnant of the "one third" who are spared and brought through the fire; and who receive the Lord at His coming with joy and gladness, and are subsequently commissioned to go forth and proclaim His name

and glory to the isles and nations afar off (Isaiah 66).

Thirdly: Supreme self-exaltation, and pride to the uttermost, on the part of antichrist! Flushed with victory—for victory for the moment is his (Zech. 14: 2)—he will arrogate to himself more than ever what the nations will readily concede, the power and supremacy and glory of God. The shout of the world's assembly will, we verily believe, be nothing less than, "There is no God but antichrist, and antichrist is God!"

Fourthly: The salvation of the great multitude which I believe will be saved by means of the tribulation connected therewith. For the tribulation, though centring in Judea, will probably extend itself far beyond, and bring within its range multitudes in Christendom generally. The beast "has power over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations;" and all who refuse to worship his image, and bow down to him, he causes to be put to death (Rev. 13: 7, 15). And doubtless the number who suffer will be great, and doubtless also that number, great as it may be, who do so suffer, and suffer as they then do for Christ's sake, shall be included among the number of the saved, and glorified together with the Lord.

Such we believe will be found to be, substantially at least, the immediate results of the battle of Armageddon and the great tribulation; and these prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man in the glory of His Father—the Deliverer of Israel and Destroyer of antichrist. This glorious subject awaits our consideration in another lecture. In the mean time bear in mind the point in prophetic history at which we stand—the battle of Armageddon in its first act is closed; antichrist and the nations have taken the city; two parts of Israel in the land are destroyed; the third part spared, but in terrible distress, in the enemy's power, exposed to terrible atrocities (Zech. 14: 2), and anxiously looking for help and deliverance. Also multitudes of all nations, slain for Christ's sake during the tribulation, ready with the rest of the saints, whether living or dead, to meet the Lord when He comes, and together with Him to execute judgment on apostate Christendom—this is the point at which we stand, and here we close for the present.

SAM JONES ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

From a Sermon at Indianapolis.

(Specially Reported for the Christian Herald.)

THE trouble with America to-day is that America's conscience is dead. Our national conscience is dead. Our State conscience is dead. Our municipal conscience is dead. I will tell you if the Lord God will come down on Indianapolis to-night and burst the tombstone off of her conscience, and take her out of her grave, and bring her forth a living conscience, if a justice of the peace fined a man one dollar for keeping his bar-room open on Sunday, he would be impeached and run out of the settlement in twenty-four hours. And yet, since we have been in this town, it is a published fact in your newspapers that a liquor dealer was fined one dollar for keeping his bar-room open on Sunday. I believe if a fellow was to violate a law of hell and some justice of the peace down there was to fine him a dollar

THE DEVIL WOULD KICK HIM

out of his kingdom. Do you reckon, if the devil was a justice of the peace, he would trot a fellow through for a dollar? Now, understand me, I don't blame the justice of the peace or the court at all. A judge and a justice of the peace always act, in their judicial conduct, upon a level with the conscience of the community. Understand me, now, right square up, and I will tell you the reason why I think that dollar business pleases you all. You have not said a word about it since. That is pretty good evidence, is it not?

What does your city council charge for selling liquor? A hundred dollars a year. Let us put it in this shape. Suppose I walk up to the mayor to-morrow and say, "I want to open a bar-room

here, and if you and the council will grant me the privilege to make drunkards out of every one of your boys for a hundred dollars, I will give you the hundred dollars." What would your council and what would your mayor say to me? The mayor would say to me, "If you come to me talking about making drunkards out of my boys, old fellow, I will put my fist aside of your head," or "I will put a bullet through you." But you know that every fellow he licenses he licenses to make drunkards out of everybody else's boy in town. Don't you know that?

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP,

the boys are marching, sixty thousand a year, into a drunkard's grave, and Indianapolis is furnishing her *pro rata*. And for every old drunkard that tumbles into his grave these recruiting officers of hell, these bar-rooms, are around drumming up your boys to fill up the ranks; and the mayor and your aldermen give them the privilege of debauching, dooming, and damning your husbands and your children for a hundred dollars apiece. That is a big business. Over in some States they run a higher license. I would just as soon put a high license on highway robbery, or murder, or small-pox, or cholera, I had. I would as lief let one fellow pay a big license, and do all the killing for the State. Just let him go around and shoot just whom or anybody down that he wants to, and if anybody went to bother him, let him say, "I am the only man in the State that can pay the license, and for this license that I pay I can kill anybody that I please." A fellow going around with a basket of old small-pox scabs and peddling them around, offering them to your children, you say to him, "Here, don't you do that. Don't bring those things into my home, sir." He says, "Oh, but I have a right to; I have paid a license; I have a license to sell these things." Let me tell you I would rather a man would sell small-pox to my boy than to sell whiskey. Small-pox kills the body only, but whiskey kills both body and soul and puts the soul in hell forever.

Now, I believe, if I was going to sell liquor, I would come to Indianapolis. You have quite a nice city here. You have got nice councilmen and nice aldermen. I don't know how many of them belong to the church. I don't know whether your mayor belongs to the church. I don't know his name nor who he is, but I will tell you if ever I sold whiskey I would want to go to a town where the mayor was a Presbyterian elder, and the councilmen were Methodist stewards, and the board of aldermen were Baptist deacons. I would get my license signed up and take it home and say to my wife, "Preserve that, put that in the trunk, and lock it up well, and when I die, I want them to

PUT THAT IN MY COFFIN

with me," and when the trump should wake me from the dead, the first thing I would think about would be my license; and when God summoned me before the great white throne and showed me the devastation I had made among the children of men, I would pull out my license and say, "Lord, I didn't know it was any harm; here is my license, signed by Presbyterian elders, Methodist stewards, and Baptist deacons;" and God Almighty will put the whole shebang in hell together. Now you mark that.

You have got this liquor question in a great muddle here in Indiana. Let me tell you, we fired our gun down in old Georgia, and you will hear it reverberating all over this country pretty soon, if you have not already heard it here. We have stripped it of politics down there. Now, in our counties where we have elections, the tickets read this way, "For whiskey"—"Against whiskey." And as I have told them on the stump down in Georgia, when a fellow can walk up and vote one of those tickets "for whiskey" he is

ELEVEN TENTHS DOG.

All the human in him is dog, and the animal is turned to dog, too, and he is just dog all over. You strip politics out of this question up here in Indiana, and vote on it as simply a moral question. If you want it here, vote it in, and if you don't want it, vote it out. That is the way

to do it. We have got it out of twenty counties in Georgia. We have got seven counties left and we are manufacturing

LEGS FOR THE BARRELS

in those counties, and we are just going to walk them out.

You Indiana people come to the front and put it out forever. I know there are some fellows here that will not stay with you, if you put whiskey out. Well, God bless them, let them emigrate. We don't want them, nohow. That is what I told them down in Georgia. "If you fellows don't want to stay in a sober State, we will furnish you emigrant tickets anywhere you want to go; we don't want you nohow; you need never have come to start with." That is the way we feel about it. And we want to wake up the conscience of this country on the liquor question. Hear me, my brother, it is your conscience that must be stirred on that. It is not a question of how many men are engaged in it. It is not a question of how many bushels of grain are distilled up. We can put up with all that. But these precious wives are tired seeing their husbands stagger home, and these poor mothers are tired seeing their boys stagger into the drunkard's grave. It is

A QUESTION OF BLOOD,

and death, and hell. It is not a question of money, and grain, and dollars and cents. Now they say wherever I go, "Jones is a fanatic on whiskey, on prohibition." I will tell why. I used to drink it somewhat, but I have tried a sober life, and if you ever looked into the face of a sober man you see one now. A hundred gallons of what I drink now wouldn't make a man drunk in a year, and I intend to die sober, no matter where or how I die. I said when I was preaching in Chattanooga, nobody but an infernal fool will drink liquor, and nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it. Some folks got angry at that, and talked about riding the boy on a rail next day. They said it was a hard saying for a preacher to make. Why, Jesus Christ said some things sometimes Himself that He would not have said if He had had a better crowd listening to Him. If He had been preaching to angels He wouldn't have said anything about adultery. You see, you have to come down to your crowd. You have to put the fodder on the ground, where everything can reach it, from a giraffe to a goat. I said to those Chattanooga people, "Some of you liquor men are mad at what I said. If you will meet me in a body I will take you to a certain place where our knock will be answered, and when we get

INSIDE THE MISERABLE DWELLING,

we will see a poor, pale, desolate woman, and get her to give us the history of her married life. We will look around at the ragged, hungry children and get her to tell us that her husband is in the penitentiary for life, for murder committed while drunk, and if you put your ear to her side, you will hear the drip, drip of the blood from her breaking heart. If you go with me and then want me to take it back as untrue, on my knees next morning before ten thousand people, I will." But they wouldn't come and make that visit with me.

Every element of anarchy and riot is fed by the fuel that liquor puts in it. If I wanted to muster an army that the devil would not lead, or could not let into hell, until it was disbanded, I would open my recruiting offices in every bar-room in the country. Oh, Lord, stir our consciences on this liquor question until we will stand up for these women and children of our land who suffer by the traffic; and if the men do not do away with it, I trust that God and the good women will put it out of this country forever. Thirteen years ago I walked up to the bedside of my dying father, who wished to bid his boy good-by. "My poor, wayward boy," he said, "you have given me more trouble than all my other children. Will you promise your dying father to meet him in heaven?" "Yes," I said, "I will," and, glory to God that every wilful step I have taken since has been toward that better world.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement for the Fiscal Year, which closed June 30th, is a much more gratifying record than was expected in the depressed state of business. The debt proper has been decreased during the year by \$44,612,286. The cash in the Treasury has been increased in the same period \$51,485,479. The gold and gold bullion in the Treasury have been increased during the year \$36,494,853. And the silver dollars and silver bullion on hand have increased during the year \$28,308,488, while 13,000,000 more of the silver dollars are in circulation now than at this time last year. The statement also shows an increase of revenue over that of last year of about \$12,500,000, and a decrease in the expenditures of about \$14,500,000. The increase of revenue is chiefly from customs receipts, which are about \$11,000,000 more; the increase in internal revenue is \$4,500,000, while under the head of miscellaneous there is an actual decrease of \$3,000,000. The ordinary expenses are \$22,400,000 less than last year, interest is nearly \$1,000,000 less, but the account is brought up by the increase of pensions, which are \$8,600,000 more than last year.

The Pan-Electric Telephone Investigation by the committee appointed by the House has ended in the presentation of three reports. Mr. Garland and his colleagues in the Pan-Electric business are acquitted in one report, which is signed by four Democratic members of the committee; they are condemned, in a second report signed by the four Republican members; while Mr. Hale, a Democratic member, disagrees with all his fellow-members and presents a report embodying his own individual views. Practically, therefore, there is no report from the committee, as no report is signed by a majority. It is not a gratifying fact for the Attorney-General nor for the nation that the investigation ends in a hung jury. A man occupying so exalted a position ought to have been above suspicion of using a public office for his private advantage, and if suspicion did arise, so thorough an investigation as that now completed should have established his innocence, even with his enemies.

Mr. Randall's Scheme for the Reform of the tariff has, as is usual with every proposal on that subject, caused much dispute as to its probable effects if it should become law. Mr. Morrison, who must be recognized as an authority in matters of fact, even by persons who do not share his opinions, maintains that Mr. Randall's reductions of the tariff would really increase it, and if they had been in force last year the increase would have been five millions. On the other hand, Mr. Morrison thinks that Mr. Randall underestimates the effect of the changes he proposes to make in the Internal Revenue. Mr. Morrison places the reduction at thirty-six millions, while Mr. Randall figures it at twenty mil-

ions. The tax on tobacco which Mr. Randall proposes to abolish in all its forms, and to remove all restrictions on its sale, would alone, in his rival's opinion, involve a loss of twenty-six millions. The additions to the present free list are squared timber, boards and lumber in the rough, hubs for wheels, staves, and wood of all kinds in the rough, jute butts, and bristles. The bill taken as a whole has the appearance of having been prepared for campaign purposes rather than for legislation. It will, however, serve a useful purpose in showing what is the extent of reform deemed necessary by the protective wing of the Democratic Party. The majority of the Republicans in Congress are opposed to any change.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg on Thursday last, was chiefly remarkable for the prominence of the Prohibition question. Several leaders, notably Colonel Quay, whose grasp on Pennsylvanian politics has been tightening for some time, strongly advocated the insertion of a Prohibition plank in the platform, and warned the delegates privately and in convention that by neglecting to do so they would render a large split in the party inevitable. The plank was opposed chiefly by the delegates from Allegheny County, which gives from fifteen to twenty thousand Republican majority on a full vote. They alleged that any plank favoring prohibition would demoralize the party in their district. The fight was a very spirited and persistent one, but eventually Colonel Quay succeeded, and the platform contains this plank: *Whereas* there is an evident desire on the part of a large number of intelligent and respectable citizens of Pennsylvania to amend the Constitution by inserting a clause prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage within the limits of this Commonwealth, therefore *resolved*, that it is the opinion and judgment of this Convention that the Legislature of the State should at once adopt measures providing for the submission of this great question to a vote of the people in accordance with the true spirit of our free institutions. The other planks are of the regulation pattern, denouncing the President and all Democratic men and things, and pledging the party to protection. The candidates are the machine men, with General Beaver at the head of the ticket as the candidate for the governorship.

A Handsome Gift to Employees Comes from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. At a meeting of directors of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, held on June 30th, a letter was read from Mr. Vanderbilt asking them to appropriate a lot of unoccupied land in their possession for the benefit of the employees. He said: "I have had plans prepared for a building eighty feet front by forty feet in depth, to be used for the benefit of railroad men in the service of the companies centring at the Grand Central Depot. It will be a substantial structure, with bath-rooms and gymnasium in the basement; reading-room, library, room for games and offices on the first floor; a large hall for general meetings and rooms for classes on the second floor, and rooms for janitor's family and sleeping-rooms for men coming in late or detained in the city over night in the upper story. I wish you to lay before the Board of Directors this proposition: If the company will set apart the land at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street for the uses and purposes for which such a building would be erected, I will bear all the expenses of construction and of fitting and furnishing it ready for use."

A Refuge for Women in New York City, is deserving of notice both by liberal Christian people and by Christians of other cities who are anxious to do good to the bodies as well as the souls of their needy sisters. It was established three years ago by a few benevolent persons at 207 East Forty-second Street, and since that time it has sheltered many thousand homeless women and found employment and help for large numbers. Its efficient matron gives daily care and counsel to many a burdened spirit. The house is open until ten P.M., and accommo-

dates forty-four women at the nominal price of twenty cents per night each. It has a free bath, library, sitting-rooms, piano, sewing-machines, etc. A plain, but clean and nicely prepared meal is served. Many grateful letters are received from former inmates, and from the friends of others in their distant homes throughout the country.

The Elections in Great Britain last Week demonstrated only one fact, and that is that the contest will be a very close one. Several members were re-elected without opposition. Among them were Mr. Gladstone, Mr. A. W. Peel, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Chamberlain. One hundred and fifty members in all were elected, of whom thirty-nine are supporters of Mr. Gladstone. The most interesting contest was one in Scotland. It was the effort to re-elect a man of the name of Jacks by the people of Leith. Jacks is a Liberal who voted against Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question. His personal influence was so strong in the borough that it was supposed he would be elected in spite of the ill-feeling produced by his vote. The electors, however, failing to get any candidate to oppose him, deliberately nominated Mr. Gladstone himself, though he was already secure of his old seat for Midlothian, and elected him. That will, of course, necessitate another election either at Leith or Midlothian, but the Premier's triumph may be regarded as an indication that the seat will be won by an adherent pledged to his support.

The Most Conspicuous Feature of the Stump speeches of Parliamentary candidates is the personal assaults on Mr. Gladstone. We are accustomed to personalities in this country, but hitherto in England it has been the policy of a statesman that has been assailed rather than the man himself. In this case, however, the attack has been fierce and unrelenting. Even Mr. John Bright has joined in the fray with his most caustic utterances, and Mr. Gladstone has on two occasions felt it necessary to call his attention in private letters to errors of fact into which his political animosity has led him. Mr. Bright, with a little personal vanity pardonable in so old a man, was careful in one of his speeches to point out that he was never "a follower" of Mr. Gladstone, though he had more than once been his colleague. Mr. Chamberlain, who is the most active of the Liberals who are opposing Mr. Gladstone, has surprised his friends throughout the country by his speeches. It was supposed that he was a gentleman even by those who would not admit that he was a statesman. His speeches now prove that he lacks the qualities of a gentleman. They are full of coarse vulgarity.

The Government of Bavaria has Passed peacefully into the hands of the Regent in spite of the discontent of some sections of the people. On June 28th he was formally inaugurated, and took the oath of office administered by the Minister of Justice. Afterward Herr von Franstein, the President of the Reichsrath, made a short speech, alluding to the mournful circumstances inaugurating the regency, but expressing confidence in the Regent's devotion to the national interests, and that he would faithfully uphold the treaties, which for sixteen years had held together the different branches of the Germanic race, and would, as a worthy scion of the House of Wittelsbach, maintain intact and unimpaired the rights of Bavaria.

Uneasiness on the Eastern Question is Still felt in the Cabinets of Europe. It is mainly due to the plots of Russia, who is trying to foment a quarrel between Turkey and Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria. Chakir Pasha has lately reported that he received several hints from Russia respecting Turkish apathy with regard to the Prince's proceedings, also the failure to meet the indemnity payments now due. Meanwhile Germany makes a favorable demonstration by directing Radowitz in the name of the Emperor to compliment the Turkish wounded. Turkey reciprocates by promoting all German officers in the service of the Porte.

A McAll Mission for Chicago is a Project conceived by Mr. Moody. It is stated by the *Witness* that in October Mr. Moody expects to return to Chicago and devote three months to establishing permanent missions throughout the city, on the plan of the McAll Mission in Paris. In these missions services will be held every evening, and will be made self-supporting, if possible. At Mr. Moody's school in Northfield, there are between three and four hundred young men now preparing for missionary work, many of whom will be stationed in Chicago to carry forward the enterprise of evangelization.

The Old Orchard Convention for Christian Life and Work and Divine Healing will be held on the Old Orchard Camp-grounds, Old Orchard, near Portland, Me., for ten days—from Sabbath, August 1st, to Tuesday, August 10th, 1886. The meetings will, it is expected, combine the educational and evangelistic idea with the spiritual and devotional. A certain portion of every day will be devoted to systematic addresses and instructions upon Christian Truth, Life, and Work, especially the doctrines of Spiritual Holiness, Divine Healing, and the Lord's Coming, and the great themes of Christian missions and evangelistic work. An earnest effort will also be made to reach by evangelistic services the great masses who throng this popular resort. Return tickets at reduced rates can be obtained by writing to Rev. I. Luce, Old Orchard, Me., or at the railroad depots in Boston.

Two Large Donations to the Cause of Christ are announced, both of which are for objects urgently needed. The first is a gift of \$45,000 by Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, for the purpose of buying a vacant church in the city for the use of the Italian Mission. The large number of Italians now here renders mission work among them a matter of necessity, and the efforts of the evangelists in that field have been cramped by the need of a church home, which through this generous lady's munificence is now provided. The second gift is also from a lady, but her name is not disclosed. She has placed in the hands of Rev. H. S. Hoffman and Mr. C. M. Morton the sum of \$200,000 for the purpose of establishing in West Philadelphia a divinity school for the Reformed Episcopal Church. With the seminary a church is to be established, and the parish and seminary are to be so connected that the pastors shall be Professors, and the young students are to assist in parochial work.

The United States Christian Commission desire to call attention to their forthcoming reunion (the seventh) at Allegheny Valley Camp-ground, near Pittsburgh, Pa. The convention is to open at 2 P.M. on Thursday, July 29th, and to continue in session four days. An effort is being made for a central organization, to become a centre for information and concert of action, with different departments, ready with accredited committees to meet any emergency; also the location of known and experienced persons ready to take charge of and superintend the distribution of supplies and moneys when and wherever needed. The secretary is John O. Foster, 1509 Wolfram Street, North Chicago, Ill.

The Gospel Wagon to be Used by Mr. Ferdinand Schiverea was dedicated last week in Brooklyn. It is a substantial road wagon, covered over, with the exception of about two feet of the front, which is protected by a hood. On the top are two lamps. The dashboard is so arranged that it can be turned down so as, with the turned-over seat, to make a good-sized platform. The back part of the wagon will be filled with Bibles and tracts. The evangelist proposes to drive about the city until he reaches a likely spot, when he will stop, arrange his platform, distribute tracts, and, under the form of recommending his Bibles, which he will sell for a nominal sum, preach to the crowds which he expects will collect. The wagon cost \$310.35. The horse has not been bought as yet. The one hitched to the wagon can be had for \$200

and a set of harness for \$35. As peddlers are allowed by the city laws to declaim as much as they choose in selling their wares, it may be hoped that Mr. Schiverea will in future be able to preach as a peddler, without the molestation under which he has been suffering of late.

A Costly Curse was Uttered in New York last week. A truckman who uses many horses has an agreement with the horse market to take back any horses that he finds unsuitable for his business after purchasing. He bought a horse for \$250 two weeks ago; which, though worth the money for lighter work, was of no use to him. He lost patience after trying him for a few days, and calling one of his men, who happened to be a new hand, and who did not know of his arrangement, told him to take the horse back to the market, adding a curse, from which the man inferred that his employer did not care what became of the animal. Arriving at the market, the only man there was also in ignorance of the arrangement and refused to admit the horse, whereupon the horse's keeper, not knowing what to do with him, and supposing him to be worthless, took him to the offal dock and left him there. The offal dock-keeper, thinking the horse must be hopelessly diseased, killed him, and sent him with the offal to Barren Island. Now the truckman learns that his imprecation cost him just \$250. It would be a good thing if this loss led him to reflect on the wickedness of profanity and the far heavier punishment that awaits those who wantonly break God's commandments (Ps. 109 : 17, 18).

A Heroic Mother Saved Her Child from death at Fankford, Mo., a few days ago. The child, a little girl only three years old, eluded her mother's vigilance, and trotted out into the forbidden ground at the back of the house, where there was a well containing nine feet of water. With the perversity common in children, the girl made straight for the well, and, impelled by curiosity, peered down into its depths. One piercing cry was heard, and the child disappeared. The mother heard, and divining what had occurred, rushed to the well, and saw the child rise to the surface of the water, which was ten feet from the edge. Instantly the mother jumped, and steadying herself by the rope, grasped her child, and raised it above the water. She fixed the child's feet firmly on a projecting ledge of the wall, and keeping herself above water by clinging to the rope, she began calling for help. After long waiting her cries were heard, and both mother and child were saved. The mother must have known when she leaped into the well that there was small chance of her coming out alive; but maternal love was stronger than the instinct of self-preservation. Many mothers would do the same thing in the same circumstances, but who would do it for a stranger? Who for an enemy? What, then, must be the love which God commends toward us! (Rom. 5 : 8.)

An Extraordinary Prayer in a Hurricane was offered by a gentleman in Kansas City, Mo., recently. The *Journal* of that city says that when the terrible storm was raging there the other day, a gentleman took refuge in a house where several ladies were clinging to each other in abject terror. The storm increased and the house swayed before the wind as if it would fall. A window was blown in, and the ladies screamed and wrung their hands. Suddenly one of them came to the gentleman and besought him to offer up prayer. In a moment he was surrounded by the others, all begging him to pray. He was much agitated himself, and besides it was many years since he had prayed or heard any one else pray. But the ladies would not be denied, so he knelt with them. He wanted to pray, but words would not come. He could think of no suitable petition, and was dumb. At last, growing desperate, and without a thought of appropriateness, he uttered the words he remembered hearing his father use as a grace before meals, "Oh, Lord, make us thankful for that which we are about to receive." Almost instantly several bricks from a falling chimney fell

into the room, and the party all started to their feet in confusion. Happily no one was hurt, so there was cause for thankfulness. The gentleman's predicament was unusual. Generally when in danger, if at no other time, prayers come from the heart. It too often happens, however, that at ordinary times, as in this case, the words uttered are an incantation rather than a prayer (Isa. 29 : 13, 14).

A Prodigal Father is in Trouble in Pennsylvania. On June 24th an aged man, whose long white hair hung on his shoulders, and who walked with feeble and uncertain steps, entered the city of Scranton, Pa., and inquired where a certain man lived. Some children directed him to the house of an industrious young blacksmith. On arriving there he knocked, and the blacksmith appeared. "I am your father," said the old man. "Do you not know me?" The blacksmith did not recognize him, but admitted that his father had disappeared twenty-four years ago, and that the old man was probably he. The old man told his story of wandering, weariness, and poverty, but the son answered that having left his wife and children to starve, he had forfeited all claim on them for support, and he must go to the poorhouse. It was a hard fate, but the father could not deny that it was just. Happily no fear of such a reception can be felt by wanderers from God, who also have forfeited every claim upon Him. A welcome is offered to all who come through Christ (Jer. 3 : 12).

A Train was Derailed by a Rat on the Consolidated Railroad recently. The *Bridgeport Standard* says that a singular accident has occurred there. The regular freight train, while passing East Bridgeport, came near the place where there is what is known to railroad men as a split switch. The all right signal was given by the switchman, who operates the switch from a little round-house built for the purpose. As the lever worked freely he was astonished to hear by the engine whistle that an accident had happened. Running to the spot, he found the train off the rails. He at once examined the switch, and discovered the cause of the catastrophe. A huge rat was caught in the jaws of the switch, and its body had prevented the two rails from completely closing. Providentially, the train was going very slowly when it left the rails, or there would have been a loss of life as well as of property. Rats have a bad record for destructiveness, but this is the first time one of them has been known to wreck a train. Insignificant causes often lead to great disasters in morals as well as on railroads. The sins men call small and venial are to be dreaded and watched against with vigilance lest they lead to spiritual disaster (Eccles. 10 : 1).

A Car Conductor's Patience and Forbearance were unexpectedly rewarded in New York last week. As a Fourth Avenue car was on its way down-town on July 1st, the conductor, an elderly man, while passing through the car to collect fares, accidentally trod on the foot of a foppishly-dressed young man, who had extended his legs across the car, and was gazing through the window. The conductor apologized, and returned to his place on the rear platform. The young man would not accept the apology, but poured forth a torrent of foul abuse on the old man, and kept it up until he left the car, some twenty minutes afterward. The conductor bore the attack good-naturedly, and refrained from recriminating. When he went to the car depot on his return trip he received a letter from an old lady who was a passenger in the car and witnessed the dispute. In it the lady expressed her admiration of his conduct under provocation, and enclosed ten dollars as a substantial mark of her esteem. The conductor was further told that should he ever be in need he might communicate with the writer, who would aid him. The lady, had she obeyed the maxims of the world, would have despised the conductor as a coward. In admiring and rewarding him she showed that her standard of excellence was that of the Bible (Prov. 16 : 32).

THE GLORIOUS HOPE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—ROMANS 5: 5.

Christ's Life in Miniature—When Trouble Works Patience—God's High School—I. The Confidence of the Hope—Unbelievers Hopeless—Not Ashamed of the Object of the Hope—Nor the Ground of it—II. The Reason of the Confidence—Its Main Support—The Figure of the Perfume—The Special Sweetness—The Reception of the Atonement—III. The Result—Joy—Boldness—The Perfume Factory.

PENTECOST is repeated in the heart of every believer. Let me give you a little bit of *historical analogy* to illustrate the text. The Lord's disciples were made to sorrow at His cross. Sore was the tribulation which came upon them as they thought upon His death, and His burial in Joseph's sepulchre. But after a little patience and experience, their hope revived; for their Lord rose from the dead, and they beheld Him ascending into heaven. Their hopes were bright concerning their Lord, who had gone into glory, and had left them a promise to come again, and to make them partakers of His victory. After that hope had been begotten in them, they were in due time made partakers of the Holy Spirit, whose divine influence was shed abroad upon them, so that they were filled with His power. Then were they made bold. They were not ashamed of their hope, but proclaimed it by the preaching of Peter and the rest of them. The Holy Spirit had visited them, and therefore they fearlessly proclaimed to the world the Lord Jesus, their hope of glory.

Truly, history repeats itself. The history of our Lord is

THE FORESHADOWING

of the experience of all His people; that which happeneth to the First-born befalleth in measure all the brethren. We have before us in our text an admirable example. First comes our tribulation, our agony, our cross-bearing. Out of our patience and experience there arises in due season a blessed hope: we are quickened by our Lord's resurrection life, and come forth from our sorrow: He raiseth us up from the grave of our woe. Then comes the divine visitation of the Holy Ghost, and we enjoy our Pentecost: "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." I trust we know what this means, and are now enjoying it. Consequent upon that visitation, our hope becomes clear and assured, and we are led to make a full outspoken testimony concerning our hope, and that blessed One who is the substance of it. I hope that many of us have already proved that we are not ashamed, and that others of you will yet do so.

Now let me give you a little passage of experimental mystery. You have it here spread before you in a little

MAP OF THE INNER LIFE.

"Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." This passage can only be fully understood by those people of God who have had it written in capital letters on their own hearts. "Tribulation worketh patience," says the apostle. Naturally it is not so. Tribulation worketh impatience, and impatience misses the fruit of experience, and sours into hopelessness. Ask many who have buried a dear child, or have lost their wealth, or have suffered pain of body, and they will tell you that the natural result of affliction is to produce irritation against Providence, rebellion against God, questioning, unbelief, petulance, and all sorts of evils. But what a wonderful alteration takes place when the heart is renewed by the Holy Spirit! Then, but not till then, tribulation worketh patience.

It comes to pass that this patience worketh in us experience; that is to say, the more we endure, the more we test the faithfulness of God, the more we prove His love, and the more we

perceive His wisdom. He that hath never endured may believe in the sustaining power of grace, but he has never had experience of it. You must put to sea to know the skill of the divine Pilot, and you must be buffeted with tempest before you can know His power over winds and waves. How can we see Jesus in His full power unless there be a storm for Him to turn into a calm? Our patience works in us an experimental acquaintance with the truth, the faithfulness, the love, and the power of our God. We bow in patience, and then we rise in happy experience of Heavenly support. What better wealth can a man have than to be rich in experience? Experience teaches. This is the real High School for God's children.

The text runneth thus: "Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The apostle had worked up the subject till he came to the hope of glory. When he had reached that height he could not help saying somewhat concerning it. Turning away from his main subject, as is often his custom, he makes a diversion, and gives us a few glowing sentences upon the believer's hope.

I. First, then, consider

THE CONFIDENCE OF OUR HOPE.

We are not ashamed of our hope. Some persons have no hope, or only one of which they might justly be ashamed. Ask many who deny the Scriptures what is their hope for the future. "I shall die like a dog," says one. "When I'm dead there's an end of me." If I had such a wretched hope as that, I certainly would not go about the world proclaiming it. I should not think of gathering a large congregation like this, and saying to you, "Brethren, rejoice with me, for we are all to die like cats and dogs." It would never strike me as being a matter to be gloried in.

The Agnostic knows nothing, and therefore I suppose he hopes nothing. Here, also, I do not see much to stir enthusiasm. If I had no more hope than that, I should be ashamed. The Romanist's best hope when he dies is that he may come right in the end, but that meanwhile he will have to undergo the purging fires of purgatory. I do not know much about that place, for I cannot find mention of it in Holy Scripture; but those who know it well, because they invented it, and keep its keys, describe it as a dreary region, to which even great bishops and cardinals must go. I have seen, personally seen, invitations to the faithful to pray for the repose of the soul of a late eminent cardinal; and if such be the lot of the princes of the Church, where must ordinary people go?

There is no great excellence in this hope. I do not think I should call you all together in order to say to you, "Rejoice with me, for when we die we shall all go to purgatory." You would fail to see the special ground of rejoicing. I do not think I should say much about it; and when anybody questioned me thereon, I should endeavor to evade the point, and declare that it was a deep mystery, which had better be left to the clergy. But we are not ashamed of our hope, we Christian people, who believe that those believers who are absent from the body are present with the Lord. We look for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. We are not ashamed to hope for glory, and immortality, and eternal life.

We are not ashamed of

THE OBJECT OF OUR HOPE.

We do not believe in gross carnal delights as making up our heaven. We do not believe in a Mahometan paradise of sensual delights, or we might very well be ashamed of our hope. Whatever imagery we may use, we intend thereby pure, holy, spiritual, and refined happiness, such as the False Prophet would not have regarded as a sufficient bait for his followers. Our hope is this: that *our Lord will come a second time*, and all His holy angels with Him; then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. We believe that if we fall asleep before that time we shall sleep in Jesus,

and shall be blessed with Him. "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise," is not for the thief only, but for all of us who have trusted our souls with the crucified Saviour.

COMPLETED MANHOOD.

At His coming we expect a glorious resurrection. When He shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God, then shall our souls be restored to our bodies, and our complete manhood shall live with Christ. We believe, and are sure, that from that day we shall be forever with Him. He will give us to be partakers of His throne, and of His crown, and of His heaven; and that forever and ever. The more we talk about the promised bliss, the more we feel that we could not be ashamed of the hope of glory.

Furthermore, we are not ashamed of the ground of our hope. Our hope rests upon the solemn promises of God, which He hath made to us by His prophets and apostles, and confirmed in the person and work of His dear Son. Inasmuch as Jesus Christ died and rose from the dead, we that are one with Him by faith are sure that we shall rise again from the dead, and live with Him. The fact of Christ's resurrection is the assurance of our resurrection, and His entrance into glory is the pledge of our glorification, because we are made one with Him by the purpose and grace of God. Our hope is founded, not upon reasoning, which, possibly, may dimly prove the immortality of the soul and the future reward of the righteous; but upon Revelation, which states it clearly and plainly, and leaves no room for question.

Brethren, we are not ashamed as to the absolute certainty that our

HOPE WILL BE REALIZED.

We believe that if in deed we are justified by faith, and have peace with God, we have a hope of glory which will not fail us in the end, nor on the way to the end. We do not expect to be deserted, and to be left to fall from grace, for "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." We do not expect to be left to ourselves, which would mean our sure and certain ruin; but we do expect that He that hath begun a good work in us will perfect it unto the day of Christ; we are certain that He that hath wrought this hope in us will justify that hope by fulfilling it in due time. He will preserve us through long life if we are to live long; will maintain a living hope in us when we come to die; and will remember even our dust and ashes when these are hidden in the tomb. We shall not be ashamed of our hope.

II. As I have introduced to you that confidence which makes believers—especially tried and experienced believers—full of hope which maketh not ashamed, my second object is to dwell upon

THE REASON OF THIS CONFIDENCE.

Why is it that men who possess the good hope are so far from being ashamed of it that they rejoice in it?

My answer is, first, because that hope has for one of its main supports the love of God. I expect one day to sit among the angels, and to behold the face of my Best-beloved; but I do not expect this because of anything in me, or anything which may ever be done by me, but simply because of the infinite love of God. I trust not to my love of God, but to God's love to me. We trust Him because He loves us. We are sure that He will fulfil our hope because He is too loving to fail us. It is from the love of God that all our hopes begin, and it is upon the love of God that all our hopes depend. Do not your hearts confess this? If that love could be suspended for a moment, if its outgoings were for an instant to cease, where would you be? We fall back upon the love of God as the final reason of our hope in Him.

Observe, dear brethren, the actual cause of our confidence is that the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Let me try and explain what this means. The Holy Spirit is in the heart of every believer, and He is occupied in many gracious acts. Among

other things, He sheds abroad the love of God in the heart wherein He resides. The figure is taken from a box of precious perfume being poured out in a chamber. There lies the slumbering scent within the alabaster box; it is a very choice thing, but no one has yet perceived its odor. The love of God brought within the soul is that rare fragrance; but till it is shed abroad it is not enjoyed. Now the Holy Spirit takes that box and opens it, and the sweet savor of divine love streams forth, and fills all the capacity of the believer.

Then follows, as a matter of course, that

RETURN OF LOVE

which the human heart must feel: we love Him because He first loved us. We did doubt His love once; we cannot doubt it now. If we were asked three times, "Lovest thou me?" we should answer humbly, but most emphatically, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love Thee. I could not live without loving Thee. I would rather a thousand times that I had never been born than be without love to Thee; and though I do not love Thee as I ought, and my heart craves after a far greater love, yet I do love Thee in deed and in truth. Thou knowest that I do; and I should be false to my own consciousness if I denied it." This is to have the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given to us; to know it, enjoy it, appropriate it, rejoice in it, and come under its divine influence. May this bundle of myrrh never be removed from the chamber of my soul!

But I want you to notice the special sweetness which struck our apostle as being so amazingly noteworthy. He goes on to tell us what most affected him. He says, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." That is the first point to be dwelt upon; that God should give His Son to die *for the ungodly*. That God should love those who love Him, that God should love His renewed people who are striving after holiness, is indeed delightful; but the most overpowering thought of all is that He loved us when there was nothing good in us whatever.

The apostle is not content with bringing that point before us; he would not have us forget that Christ *died for us*. Brethren, that Christ should love us in heaven was a great thing; that He should then come down to earth and be born in Bethlehem was a greater thing. That He should live a life of obedience for our sakes was a wonderful thing; but that He should die, this is the climax of love's sacrifice: the summit of the Alp of love. Some sights in the world astonish us once or twice, and then grow commonplace; but the cross of Christ grows upon us: the more we know of it the more it surpasses knowledge. Nothing can ever rival in interest the cross of Christ. Let us study what books we may, the knowledge of a crucified Saviour will still remain the sublimest of all the sciences.

Furthermore, the apostle then goes on to say that the Lord

MUST EVER LOVE US

now that we are reconciled. He puts it thus—If God loved us when we were enemies, He will surely continue to love us now that we are friends. If Jesus died for us when we were rebels, He will refuse us nothing now that He has reconciled us. If He reconciled us by His death, surely He can and will save us by His life. If He died to reconcile enemies, surely He will preserve the reconciled. Do you see the whole argument? It is very full of reasons for the upholding of our hope of glory, and causing us not to be ashamed of it.

Once more: the apostle reminds us in the eleventh verse that "we have now received the atonement." We already feel that we are at one with God. Through the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus we are at peace with God. We love Him; our quarrel with Him is ended; we delight in Him, we long to glorify Him. If we are under the dominion of holiness; if there is no wish in our soul but what we would unwind if we knew it to be contrary to the mind of our holy Lord,

then are we assured that He has accepted us, and that we have His life in us, and shall finally come to His glory. Therefore we are not ashamed of our hope.

One word more on this point: note well that the apostle not only mentions the love of God and its being shed abroad in our hearts, but he mentions the divine Person by whom this has been done. The shedding abroad of God's love in the heart has been wrought by the Holy Ghost who has been given to us. "Thank God," saith one, "I sat under an earnest ministry!" So you might, and yet have never felt the love of God within your heart. We can shed that love abroad by preaching, but we cannot shed it abroad *in the heart*. A higher influence than that of human oratory must deal with the inner nature. Perhaps you were alone in your chamber, or walking by the roadside, when the sweet savor of love stole into your soul. Oh, the love of God! The amazing, immeasurable, incomprehensible love of the Father! Oh, to feel this till our very souls are inflamed with it, and our unloving nature is all on fire with love to the great Lover of the souls of men! Who can do this but the Holy Ghost?

III. Lastly, let us hint at

THE RESULT

of this confident hope. Let the context instruct us. First, this confident hope breeds inward joy. The man that knows that his hope of glory will never fail him because of the great love of God, of which he has tasted, that man will hear music at midnight; the mountains and the hills will break forth before Him into singing wherever He goes. Especially in times of tribulation He will be found "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God." His profoundest comfort will often be enjoyed in his deepest affliction, because then the love of God will specially be revealed in His heart by the Holy Ghost, whose name is "the Comforter." Then he will perceive that the rod is dipped in mercy, that his losses are sent in fatherly love, and that his aches and pains are all measured out with gracious design. In our affliction God is doing nothing to us which we should not wish for ourselves if we were as wise and loving as God is.

This brings with it the grace of holy boldness in the avowal of our hope. Christian people do not often enough show worldlings the joy of their hope. We do not

WEAR OUR BEST LIVERIES,

nor say enough of the joy of being in the Lord's service, nor speak enough of the wages which our Lord will pay at the end of the day. We are as silent as if we were ashamed of our hope. We even grow mourning, although we have reason to be the happiest men on God's earth. I fear we have not enough experience of divine love shed abroad in our hearts. If the perfume were within, it would be perceived by those who are around us. You pass a factory of perfume, and at once perceive that sweetness steals abroad.

Let us make worldlings know the fragrance of our joyous hope; especially let us tell those who seem most likely to laugh at us; for we have learned by experience that some of these are most likely to be impressed. Often has a new convert written to a worldly friend to tell him of his great change and of his new joy, and that worldly friend has put the letter aside with a sneer or a jest; but after awhile he has thought it over, and he has said to himself, "There may be something in it. I am a stranger to this joy of which my friend speaks, and I certainly need all the joy I can get, for I am dull enough." Let me tell you, that all worldlings are not such fools as some would take them for; they are aware of an unrest within their bosoms, and they hunger after something better than this vain world can give them; so that it frequently happens that as soon as they learn where the good is they accept it.

Come, then, you that have a hope of glory; let all men see that you are not ashamed of it. Act as decoy birds to others: let the sweet notes of your happy life charm them to Jesus! May the Lord cause you to spread abroad what He

has shed abroad, and may that which perfumes your heart also perfume your house, your business, your conversation, and your whole life! May we so enjoy true godliness that we may never bring shame upon it, nor feel shame concerning it! Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A LIGHTNING FATALITY ON A MOUNTAIN.*

A SWISS engineer, M. Buchwalder, was engaged in geodesic operations on the summit of Mont Sentis, at a height of seventy-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, when he was caught in a violent storm. "Heavy clouds," he says, "coming from the west, enveloped the mountain. Very soon a violent wind announced a tempest; thunder was heard in the distance, and the hail fell in such abundance that in a few minutes it covered Mont Sentis with a sheet of ice. We took refuge in our tent, and I carefully closed all the openings, so as to leave no hold to the wind. For a few moments the storm seemed to abate, but it was only an interval of silence, a respite, during which a terrible crisis was in preparation. In fine, at eight o'clock in the morning the thunder was heard again, but much nearer and more violent, and it continued thus, for hours together, without cessation.

"Tired of my long imprisonment under the tent, I went outside to note the condition of the sky and measure the depth of the hail that had fallen. Scarcely had I taken a few steps in the open air ere the thunder burst over my head with such fury that I deemed it prudent to regain the shelter of my tent, and my aide followed my example. In order to diminish the danger of being struck by the lightning, we lay down side by side upon some planks. At this moment a cloud as dense and black as night enveloped Sentis. The rain and hail fell in torrents; the wind blew with fury, and the flashes of lightning succeeded each other incessantly, crossing and recrossing in every direction, and surrounded us with a lurid light like the reflection of a fire. The crashes of thunder, rebounding from the precipitous sides of the mountain, leaped from echo to echo with such vehemence that we could scarcely hear ourselves speak. The sound was a sharp, rending noise—a quivering crash, as though the heavens had fallen in, and a dull, prolonged roar all in one.

"At length the fierceness of the storm became so terrible that my companion could not restrain an emotion of alarm, and asked me if we were not in imminent danger of losing our lives. I endeavored to reassure him by mentioning the fact that Arago and Biot, during their observations in Spain, were surprised by a similar tempest. The lightning had struck their tent, but had glanced off from the cloth without hurting them. Hardly had I told him this, ere I heard a cry of distress: 'O my God!' and at the same instant I saw a ball of fire flash from the feet to the head of my companion; the unfortunate man had been struck by the thunderbolt! In the light yielded by the tearing open of the tent I saw the left side of his face dotted with red and brown spots, caused by the electric fluid. His hair, his eyelashes and his eyebrows were singed and burnt; his lips and nostrils were a livid blue; his breast heaved for a moment, and then the sound of his breathing ceased.

"I was suffering horribly myself; but, forgetting my own mishap in my anxiety to aid my companion, who I saw was dying, I called him

* From "Wonders of Science: Meteors, Aerolites, Storms, and Atmospheric Phenomena," a beautifully illustrated work translated by William Lackland, from the French of Zürcher and Margollé. Pp. 324; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Scene on an Atlantic Steamer—"A Man Overboard."

aloud, I shook him, but he made no response. His right eye, which was wide open, brilliant and full of intelligent meaning, seemed turned upon me to implore my assistance; but the left eye remained closed, and on parting the lids, I saw that it was dull and leaden. I still thought that there was a remnant of life in him—but only for a moment; three times I tried to close that right eye, which was still gazing fixedly at me, and three times it opened again, with all the look of life. I then placed my hand over his heart; it no longer beat.

"At last my grief put an end to this distressing examination. My own left leg was paralyzed, and I felt an actually painful shivering in it, accompanied by an extraordinary agitation or *boiling* of the blood. A convulsive tremor ran through my whole body; a general stifling sensation half choked me, and my heart beat in the most tumultuously irregular manner. Was I to perish like my hapless companion? Thank God, however, I managed to reach the nearest village, after extreme exertion. Subsequently I discovered that my instruments had been struck by the lightning, for every metallic article that the tent contained when the thunderbolt fell bore traces of the passage of the fluid. The points, edges, and most delicate parts were softened and melted."

A MAN OVERBOARD.

(See Illustration.)

THE scene depicted in the illustration is one that has often been described by transatlantic travellers. The cry of "A man overboard!" arouses an excitement on a steamer that infects every one. Passengers rush to the side and fling over chairs or anything that may serve to support the struggling man until a boat can be lowered for his rescue. Some hunt for life-preservers and fling them out toward him, and on every face there is distress and anxiety. The captain's voice is heard directing the sailors, who are hurriedly climbing to the boat, and the

engines are stopped and the vessel "brought to."

The man in the water, be he only a steerage passenger or a common sailor, becomes at once an object of absorbing interest for every one on the ship. Ladies and gentlemen who would have passed by him in indifference an hour before are deeply concerned about him, and would do anything to help in rescuing him.

It is not strange that a life in danger should so move those who witness the spectacle. It is an awful thing for the majority of men to go suddenly without preparation into the presence of God. Life is so precious, death so appalling, that men shrink from it, and as they hope for sympathy and help in like case, they instinctively render them to others. The really strange thing is that the feeling does not manifest itself more thoughtfully and more wisely. All around us men are dying daily, and few do anything to render death less awful. If we realized what the Bible teaches about the doom of the impenitent, it would be the first and all-absorbing duty we should enter upon to implore every unsaved man to accept the salvation offered him. As it is, Christian men and women are brought into daily and hourly contact in business and in the home with those who will perish eternally, and who, going down to their doom from a Christian land, can yet say truthfully, "No man cared for my soul."

MRS. FLYNNE'S MATRIMONIAL PROJECT.

(See Illustration on page 429.)

"I RECEIVED a letter from Gertrude this morning," said Mrs. Wilson, as she and her husband were sitting in the twilight waiting for their only daughter, Amy, to return from visiting a sick child belonging to her Sunday-school class. "She is very eloquent about Mr. Golding, that young millionaire friend of hers, who paid attention to Amy last year when she was staying with Gertrude. She seems certain that

he wants to marry Amy, and is very delighted about it."

"Would you like to have her marry this young Cræsus?"

"It would be a splendid match for Amy. In our position we could not hope for anything so good in a money point of view. I am not certain that in other respects it would be so satisfactory. The young man seemed to me, when I saw him, to be a frivolous person, with no aim in life but to enjoy himself and get all the pleasure he could."

"Then you do not share your sister's enthusiasm?"

"I am anxious that Amy should be happy. I am not convinced that money alone would secure that. Even last year she would have wanted the man she consented to marry to be something more than a man of pleasure, and since she has been converted, I think she would not accept any one who was not a Christian man."

The subject of their conversation, a bright, intelligent young lady, entered the room at that moment. She was deeply affected, and described with much emotion the scene in the chamber of the dying child she had been visiting. "She was a dear little child of God," Amy said. "I hope her death will be blessed to her father. With all his prosperity, he is a poor creature, without hope for eternity."

"That remark," said Mr. Wilson, when Amy left the husband and wife alone again, "is not an augury of success for her aunt's scheme. Evidently a suitor with nothing but his money to recommend him would fail."

"Gertrude would be terribly disappointed," said Mrs. Wilson. "I think I will write her."

"Why not write to Mr. Golding himself?" suggested the father.

"I cannot think how you can bring yourself to joke about such a matter," said the wife. "You ought to be serious when your daughter's whole future is concerned."

"I will be, then ; but really, my dear, I think you may let your sister take her own course. If she is intriguing for this match, she will be all the better for a little chagrin," and Mr. Wilson, with the air of a man who had no great affection for his wife's sister or regard for her officious meddling with his family, rose and left the room.

The mother sat thinking. Would this chance be really a good thing for Amy? Many mothers would have been delighted with it. Some would have planned and plotted for it. Amy would be almost portionless, and it would be a great relief to know that, whatever befell, she would be safe from poverty and hardship. Still Amy should decide for herself, and perhaps, after all, the offer might never come.

But it did come, or what was equivalent to it. A few days later Mrs. Gertrude Flynne appeared in person to carry her niece away on a visit. To her surprise, she found Amy disinclined to go. Amy did not wish to leave the Christian work in which she was engaged, and when her aunt grew eloquent about the balls and parties that were arranged, Amy frankly said she did not care for them. Driven to her last position, Mrs. Flynne disclosed that Mr. Golding had intimated to her that he was looking forward to the pleasure of Amy's presence in the city for the season. Amy quietly observed that Mr. Golding would doubtless enjoy himself without her; and then Mrs. Flynne turned her attention to her sister, who surely would realize, if Amy could not, the advantages promised by the visit. Mrs. Wilson fully understood them, but said Amy must have her own way.

"We will let her sleep upon it," said Mrs. Flynne. "I cannot believe that a sensible girl will throw so splendid a chance away."

"I am not sure, Gertrude, that Amy considers the chance splendid, or that she would accept Mr. Golding if he made her an offer."

"Then you must have neglected her training. You have let those religious notions become fanatical. You should insist on her going back with me. You ought to think for her, if she is too stupid to think for herself."

"No, Gertrude," said Mrs. Wilson ; "in this case Amy shall decide. I will not force her."

"Well, I will speak to her again in the morning, and if she persists, I will never do any more for her."

At the breakfast-table Mrs. Flynne was affectionately cordial, but said nothing about the proposed trip, hoping that Mr. Wilson would leave when the meal was over. But he did not. Instead, he took his newspaper, and settled himself as if for a prolonged sitting. Seeing that there was no prospect of a private conference, Mrs. Flynne spoke, and with less reticence than before. She plainly said that Mr. Golding desired to propose for Amy's hand, and that she ought to give him the opportunity.

Amy turned and looked at her aunt in astonishment. "Why should I do so?" she asked. "I would spare him pain if possible."

"What pain would you spare him?" said her aunt, pushing her chair from the table and folding her arms.

"The pain of a rejection," said Amy, calmly. "Of course you know, Aunt Gertrude, I could not accept him?"

"I know nothing of the kind, and I do not believe you would be so foolish."

"I should indeed," Amy said. "I would



Mrs. Flynne Astonished by her Niece.

not consider it for a moment. Mr. Golding and I are utterly unlike, and should both be miserable if I married him."

"You are the most—"

"Excuse me, Gertrude," said Mr. Wilson, rising and leaning against the mantelpiece, while he regarded his daughter admiringly ; "Amy must not be abused. She has conscientious motives for her conduct, and I heartily approve them."

"Thank you, papa," said Amy, rising to kiss him. "I am sure I am right."

Mrs. Flynne rose in disgust and quitted her brother-in-law's home with a very sore spirit and an utter contempt for people who allowed religious scruples to hinder worldly advancement. "I will never try to bring another wedding about," she said, firmly, and it may be hoped she kept her word. Certain it is that Amy was much happier in the parsonage which she occupied some years later, as the faithful wife of a hard-working clergyman, poor in this world's goods, than she would have been as the bride of the wealthy but Christless Mr. Golding.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 415.)

"One Man Should Die for the People."

THE Esquimaux were as anxious as the party in the little Mission House about the tidings the Harmony would bring on its next visit. It would have been impossible to make them understand the situation as it was understood by Juliet and the Moravians, but they understood that Juliet was to remain another year, and might remain permanently. That was what they desired, and to them it appeared only fitting that she should be the wife of the young missionary. But the foreigners had their own customs, and this year of waiting was apparently one of them. Perhaps the consent of the Government of the distant country from which they

came must be obtained, or papers must be procured to render the marriage legal with them. They did not know. One thing they knew, and that was that it would be a happy day for Eshcol that would give the young lady a permanent residence among them.

So far had the public sentiment among the Esquimaux manifested itself. The day was forgotten when Juliet ran in disgust from the igloo, and could not bear to touch an Esquimau. Every household could tell of deeds of kindness and tenderness the young lady had done. Gentle, kind, sympathetic, helpful, her name was dear to them all. Could they have known it, they were witnessing in her altered manner one of the best proofs they could have of the power of the religion the Moravians were preaching to them—the proof of a changed life. In what she was when they first looked curiously at her and in what she had now become they saw, without recognizing the cause, the change that the Spirit works on the human soul. "The fruits of the Spirit" they saw and rejoiced in, for their little world was made brighter and happier thereby.

That winter, too, there was another matter for conversation in the igloos. Samson, the friend of every one, the recognized leader in all business and pleasure, was to be married. He and the dusky maiden of his choice had been making preparations for a year past to set up their little home, and now they were complete, and the festivities were close at hand.

The wedding gave pleasant occupation to Juliet and Fritz. They set on foot, and successfully carried out a plan, to give by subscription to the bridegroom a most coveted gift—a little sledge drawn by a swift reindeer. The honest Esquimau was far more delighted with his equipage than Gertie had been with her carriage and pair.

"Many a long trudge this will save me, when I lay my traps or visit them again," said Samson. "I shall outstrip the wolves when my Springer bears me swiftly along over the snow." Springer was the name which the Esquimau gave to his reindeer ; and he was so fond of the creature, so proud of his swift limbs and branching horns, that it was matter of doubt which he valued most—his stag or his little brown bride.

Thus even cold November days were passing pleasantly away, when suddenly in the horizon a dark cloud appeared, which was to overspread the sky with blackness.

"Samson must have returned from his hunting sooner than we expected," said Fritz Edelstein one day, as he entered the parlor where Anna and Juliet were seated at work.

"I do not think that he can have returned," observed Juliet, glancing up ; "I saw no track of reindeer's feet when I walked home from the igloes five minutes ago."

"There are fresh tracks now," said Fritz ; "he must have just arrived. I will go to his hut, and see why our brave hunter has returned three days sooner than he intended to do."

"I will go with you !" cried Juliet. "Just wait a moment till I swathe myself up in fur in the most approved Esquimau fashion."

Cheerfully the maiden tripped on her way at the side of her betrothed, but before they reached the huts they were struck by a loud sound of wailing, such as was seldom heard save when a death had occurred.

"Something has happened !" exclaimed Fritz,

quicken his steps. At the outside of Samson's hut was the reindeer, unyoked from the sledge, feeding on some moss which had been thrown before it. The hut itself was so crowded with people that some, unable to get in, were pressing around the door. There was evidently a good deal of excitement, a great contrast to the quietness which had prevailed when Juliet, shortly before, had passed that way. Extreme alarm was painted on the faces of the women, and even on those of the men. On seeing Fritz and Juliet, all began speaking at once, so that it was difficult to make out any distinct meaning from the words of any.

"What is it that they are saying about 'Red-hand! Red-hand,'" asked Juliet, rather anxiously, of Fritz.

"It is the name of a tribe of Indians. Here, make way! make way!" Fritz cried to the people, and at the wave of his hand the crowd sufficiently parted to let him and the lady enter through the low door, and pass through the narrow passage into the smoky Esquimau hut.

The sight within was anything but reassuring. Close to the central fire, on a heap of blankets, lay Samson, feebly attempting to pull out a barbed arrow from his right arm. His skin and clothes were stained with blood; his sobbing wife and relatives clustered around him.

Fritz had some surgical skill. He knelt down by Samson, and soon succeeded in extracting the arrow. Juliet dipped her handkerchief in warm water which was at hand and offered it for binding up of the wound. All the while the babel of voices went on; but Fritz, ere he proceeded to swathe the arm, ordered all but Samson's family to quit the igloo at once.

"Let's carry the news to Pastor Wilhelm!" cried one of the neighbors, and off rushed the larger part of the crowd, leaving, however, several men and women in the hut.

Fritz would not suffer Samson to speak until the poor fellow, who was pale with excitement and faint with pain, had relieved his thirst by a copious draught. In the mean time his mother, the most loquacious of the party, poured forth an incoherent jargon of words, which gave the Europeans some clue as to what had happened.

"The monsters, the wolves, to shoot my son, and he just married—and the arrows in the sledge—and they'll be down on us like bears among the seals. Oh, ho! Oh, ho! they scalped my grandfather long afore I was born; that I should ever have lived to see such a day!"

"Hush, hush, my good woman," said Edelstein, kindly. "If we only could have a little quiet, your son might be able to tell us what has occurred."

Samson rolled his eyes wildly, clenched his left hand, and gnashed his teeth. He seemed for a few moments to be too much excited to speak. But there was something soothing and calming in the voice of Fritz and the pressure of his kind hand, and Samson, with a few interruptions from mother and wife, was able to give the following account of his adventure:

"I drove a good way; I set my traps. I found on returning to my sledge that some sly beast had made off with my store of pemmican, or maybe it had fallen out; anyways, it was gone. I was hungry, for I can't, like Springer, dig a moss dinner out of the snow. Just then I saw a red light some way off; it was a fire, so I knew that I could not be far from some sort of encampment.

"Says I to myself, 'Whom have we here? There are no Indians about in these parts; maybe some Esquimaux are setting traps like myself. Anyhow, I'll go and have a warm at their fire, and a bite at their food.' I was too cautious to drive up in my sledge; I tied Springer to a bit of a pine-tree that was sticking out of the snow. I went on foot up to the fire, hoping to meet with brothers; but what should I light on but a set of Red-hands. I'd as lief have met with a pack of wolves."

Juliet glanced anxiously into Fritz's face, and its grave expression alarmed her as much as the groans and exclamations of the women.

"Go on—go on!" said Fritz to Samson, silencing the others by a gesture of his hand.

"They pounced upon me, and dragged me into their midst," said Samson, assisting his description by expressive movements of his unwounded arm. "They asked me all about our station here; if we'd had a good season, and plenty of fish and oil; and how many guns we could muster among us. I'd a mind to have told them that we've a lot of fighting fellows at Nannock Igloo, each with a hatchet and a gun, and that Brother Fritz here could shoot down Indians as easy as puffins. But you've taught us that the Great Father forbids His children to lie. So I told the truth, and the Red-hands looked ready to dance round their big fire with joy; I reckon they think they've Nannock Igloo and all of us safe as fish in a net."

Samson's pause was filled up by a chorus of wailing.

"How many Red-hands were there?" asked Fritz, in a voice perfectly calm.

"More than I could count; I guess enough to eat us up," was the reply.

"Did you see the chief? I think that his name is Northwind."

"Northwind his name, and Northwind his nature!" cried Samson. "He looks like a deadly blast, with his war-paint and feathers sticking up above his tattooed face!"

"He spared you, however," observed Fritz, "or how came you to be here?"

"No thanks to Northwind or his wolves," replied Samson, "but to my strong arms and quick wit, or, maybe I should say, to the goodness of God. These fellows knew nothing of Springer, and with their longer legs had no fear of my getting away. But I watched my time—I watched my time. With one good blow to my right, and one to my left, I sent two tall fellows sprawling, and then off I ran for my life."

"I knew where I had left my sledge, for I saw the top of the pine—an ice-mound hid all the rest. I got to the sledge, jumped in—was off; I shook my reins and shouted; Springer flew like the wind! The Red-hands could not overtake my reindeer, and they sent a flight of arrows after us; one stuck in my arm and three in my sledge, but I reached the igloes in safety!"

"How far off are these Indians?" inquired Fritz, with the calm manner of a judge questioning a witness.

"Near enough to be down upon us to-night."

Then from Juliet's white lips burst an exclamation of terror. "Oh, Fritz! Fritz! what are you going to do?" she cried in English.

"The only practicable thing which, with God's blessing, may avert a possible danger to the station," replied the Moravian in the same tongue. "I met Northwind a few years ago in one of my missionary expeditions. The chief was not unfriendly. I will seek him out now, and if the Lord prosper my efforts, there may be no attack—no trouble with those Red Indians."

"You will not venture alone!" gasped Juliet.

"Far better, dearest, that I should. The reindeer, already tired, would scarcely draw two men. I know the Indian language; and a single unarmed missionary is more likely to prevail as an ambassador of peace than if he had half a dozen guns and a party of warriors to back him."

"Oh, Fritz! I can never, never let you go!" exclaimed Juliet, her terror increased by the old mother's repeated croning, "The Red-hands scalped my grandfather; they don't spare man, woman, or child! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! they'll be down on us to-night—they'll murder us all!"

"Let us return to the mission-house," said Fritz. Then, in Esquimaux, he continued, turning to Samson, "Let some one see that Springer is well fed and ready at our door in an hour."

Fritz and Juliet quitted the hut; the latter could scarcely have walked but for the support of a firm, strong arm.

"I will never let you go!" cried Juliet.

"Not if the Lord calls me?" said Fritz, very gently. "Oh, Juliet, my heart's beloved, are you not a missionary's promised bride, and can

you not trust him to the care of his Lord? He who preserved me from the bear, can He not give me favor with the Indians? To throw myself on the generosity of these children of the wilds is my best chance of winning them to listen to my word. Is the power of the Gospel to melt the hardest heart weakened? Is there still not a mighty force in the Word of God?"

They reached the mission-house, and found the Pastor and his wife surrounded by Esquimaux on their knees, engaged in prayer. Silently Fritz and Juliet knelt down beside them. There was a calming influence in the holy exercise. The poor maiden in her anguish felt that the Master was present, and that in her terror she could cling to His feet, and look up to Him for deliverance. It was a terrible sacrifice required of her, something worse than martyrdom; but the Lord whom she loved and trusted could give strength even for this.

The party arose from their knees. Then Fritz, in brief words, explained his intentions to the Pastor and Anna. Juliet saw that they were startled, alarmed, but that they could propose no better plan. Brother Wilhelm indeed offered to accompany Fritz, but to this proposal no one would listen.

Fritz's preparations were quickly made. Juliet, with her trembling fingers, wrapt closely over his bear-skin garment the plaid of Maria.

"If you are long in hearing from me, beloved, do not conclude that I am lost," said Edelstein, cheerfully, as the sledge appeared at the door. "Nothing will induce me to send an Indian here, and however safe and well and prosperous I may be, much may occur to prevent my being able to come myself. Do not slacken your Christmas preparations," he added; "I hope to look on the white flag yet, and, God permitting, place the ring upon this dear little hand."

Fritz's parting word was of cheer, his parting look was a smile, but his parting thought was a prayer. Fritz was gone, and Juliet sought her own chamber to pray and to weep.

During the terrible period of suspense which succeeded this day of terror, Juliet had full experience of what a missionary's wife may be called upon to endure. Often she recalled her conversation with Ernest Smidt. In vain the maiden waited, with agonizing suspense, for the return of the sledge. Day after day passed, and it came not; but neither did the Indians make their appearance. Whatever fate Edelstein might have met, his self-devotion seemed to have been crowned with success.

During the first week there were constant alarms. Esquimaux took it in turns to watch. No night passed without a cry being raised of "The Red-hands! the Red-hands!" The inhabitants of the hamlet seemed to be unable to sleep. Juliet could hardly close her eyes. She went mechanically about her usual avocations, neglecting no duty, forgetting no work, never complaining, but with a dull aching pain at her heart.

Grief is often selfish. Had Juliet encountered this terrible sorrow ere she had given herself to the Lord, she would have shut herself up in her misery. Sympathy would have been painful to her, and she would have refused all comfort either from earth or Heaven. But her spirit had been softened, elevated, purified by the influence of religion. Juliet could whisper to her almost breaking heart,

"The very hand that dealt the blow
Was wounded once for me."

Juliet knew that not even death could separate her beloved from the Lord, and that for herself, even if widowed ere yet a wife, there would be a blissful reunion in that land of light which sorrow never can enter.

After the first week excitement in the igloes fast subsided. Nothing was heard of the Indians, though some Esquimaux youth ventured forth to explore. There was a mournful idea prevailing that Brother Fritz had been murdered, and that the Red-hands, struck with fear that his death would be avenged, had fled into the in-

terior. Samson's wound healed well under the care of Juliet, but he grieved sorely over the loss both of his friend and his reindeer. The double loss was the constant subject of the poor fellow's thoughts and conversation, except in the presence of Juliet. With intuitive delicacy, the rough Esquimaux respected her grief, and was silent before her.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 18, John 11:1-16. Golden Text, ver. 26.

The Plea of the Sisters—Where its Strength Lay—Mary's Faith to be Tried—Trusting even in Extremity—The Timorous Disciples—No Risk in Obedience—The Disciples Bewildered—The Word Apparently Falsified—The Intent of the Test—The Unlimited Power Offered to the Believer.

"Now, a certain man was sick, Lazarus of Bethany, of the village of Mary and her sister Martha" (R. V.). Is it a matter of any interest to one so great as our God whether His children are sick or well? Let Him answer, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zec. 2:8). "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows" (Matt. 10:29-31). Thank God, there is neither chance nor accident: His hand is arranging or over-ruling everything which happens. It was of more import to Him than to Mary or Martha, or even to Lazarus himself, that His disciple was sick. Lazarus belonged to Him, Lazarus was one of the vents for the love of Jesus' heart; every breath he drew was of consequence to Jesus, and thus his sisters were in the right when they sent to Him the message, "Lord, behold

HE WHOM THOU LOVEST

is sick." On, how often some of us, even some of us who know Jesus as our Healer, come to Him with somewhat of suspicion in our hearts, and say inwardly, "Lord, behold he whom Thou art vexed with is sick," or, "Lord, he who cannot understand Thee is sick," "He who wants to find out Thy mind regarding him and fails to do so is sick." The plea of the sisters was not the relation of Lazarus to Jesus, but the relation of Jesus to him—"He whom *Thou lovest*."

The sisters began well. They took the true position of loving confidence in Jesus. But it is just when we are most in the Spirit that God permits us to be most tried, so that our faith may be kept in exercise, and that we may gain deeper acquaintance with God. The only answer of Jesus to the messenger (and, perhaps, it was spoken as much for the disciples who were present as for the sisters of Lazarus who were absent) was this, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." This was the Word of God, part of that Word which shall stand when heaven and earth shall pass away; part of that Word of which Jesus said, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John 6:63). How, then, should this Word have been received? One of the sisters to whom the message was sent knew more of Jesus than any one of His disciples—Mary "sat at Jesus' feet and heard His Word" (Luke 10:39). We are expressly told, "It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." Jesus said of this anointing, "She hath done what she could; she hath anointed My body aforehand for the burying" (Mark 14:8, R. V.). Mary had learned what no other disciple knew as yet, that Jesus must die. Therefore

MARY'S FAITH

must be put to a stronger test than that of others. "Now, Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus;" His only interest in Bethany was that it was their home. "When He had heard

therefore that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was." To human ideas this sounds strange. Mary would have expected it would be written, "Because Jesus loved this family, He waited not one moment, but hasted with all speed to Bethany." Human love brings us down to the level of the sufferer or the tried one, to sympathize with him in his trial. But Jesus is God, and Almighty, and His love comes down to take us right out of the trial or suffering up into Himself, and He takes the way whereby the end which He has in view from the beginning shall be secured. *Because* Jesus loved Lazarus, He did not heal him at once; *because* He loved Mary and Martha, He did not immediately appear upon the scene. *Because* He loves thee, tried child of God, He lets things go on to the very extreme, to see if thou wilt trust Him still.

"Then after that saith He to His disciples, Let us go into Judæa again." The disciples, who were slow learners in the path of faith, said, "Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee; and goest Thou thither again?" Oh, how little they understood their Lord! He had been teaching them that He laid down His life for the sheep; that no man took it from Him, but He laid it down of Himself; that He had power to lay it down and to take it again; and yet they suggest to Him fear for the safety of His life as a reason why He should not go into Judæa. Oh, how far was He

ABOVE THE CIRCUMSTANCES,

above the Jews—"In Him was life"! He answered them, "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." Jesus walked in the day, in the continual light of His Father's countenance, "I do always those things which please Him," He said (John 8:29), consequently there was no stumbling, no false step. It is our precious privilege "to walk even as He walked" (1 John 2:6); but this can only be "if we walk in the light, as He is in the light" (1 John 1:7). It had been His Father's will that He should not immediately heal Lazarus, and that He should not, during those two days, venture into Judæa. We cannot run any risk in doing the will of God; danger is not danger when God sends us into it; risk is not risk when the Shepherd is on before, and we are simply, obediently following after Him.

"These things said He: and after that He saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." Jesus knew that Lazarus was dead, but the word had gone forth, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." This sickness not unto death, and yet Lazarus dead! Yes; because He who is "the Resurrection and the Life" had the whole thing in hand, and death is but sleep to Him. The disciples did not understand; they had not understood that Jesus was to die and to rise again; they were full of their own thoughts, and so were not free to take in the thoughts of Jesus. Were we not preoccupied with our own views and thoughts of things, we should learn more of God than we do.

The disciples had their own view of Jesus' message to the sisters. They thought it meant simply healing. They said, "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." "Jesus spake of his death," but they did not understand His language. Peter, James, and John had been with Him when He said of Jairus' daughter, "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth" (Mark 5:39); yet so dull were they, that they did not connect His words then with His words now! "Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him." Had the disciples believed in the word which Jesus had spoken, they would not have been staggered at the death of Lazarus. They had had proof that death was subject to Jesus, but never had they had proof that one

word He spoke had failed; and *if He said*, "This sickness is not unto death," then death was not to be death in this case, for it should be reversed. The test of their faith was a severe one—it seemed as though the fact of Lazarus' death gave the lie to the word of Jesus; it remained yet to be seen whether Christ or death should conquer. Thomas took it for granted that death would get the upper hand; he gave way to one of his habitual fits of depression, the infection of which has come down to our own day; and he said, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

But why did Jesus say, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to

THE INTENT

ye may believe"? The disciples heard these words as though they heard them not. All seemed to have failed; for once it seemed to them as though the Word of Jesus were falsified. Is not this often the case with us? Are there not many who seem to have staked all upon the word of the Lord—"Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. 6:14), "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness" (Col. 1:13), "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up" (James 5:16), and yet the deliverance seems to be delayed? Can God fail to keep His word? Never. Then what means the dead Lazarus? What means the re-appearance of that sin which God said should have no dominion? What means the presence of that sickness which has been placed in the Lord's hands for healing? It all means, "Believe God through thick and thin; take His word against all." "The Resurrection and the Life" is stronger than the death which binds Lazarus; Christ our Sanctification is stronger than the sin which asserts dominion; Christ our Physician is stronger than the sickness which asserts itself. Which shall we believe, with which shall we be occupied—Christ and His Word, or that which seems to contradict Him?

Had Mary and Martha been occupied with Jesus, had they believed their brother's sickness was "not unto death," nothing would have daunted them, their hearts would have been full of praise; and while Lazarus grew weaker and weaker, and even when he died, they would have said, "Jesus cannot fail us; we do not understand this happening, but death is not going to hold our brother, for He has said, 'This sickness is not unto death.'" Later on Jesus said unto Martha, "Said I not unto thee, that,

IF THOU WOLDEST BELIEVE,

thou shouldest see the glory of God?" and He said to His disciples, regarding Lazarus, "I go that I may awake him out of sleep;" yet neither the sisters nor the disciples took Jesus' word against appearances; neither the one nor the other believed Jesus. What *could* not the Lord do, what *would* He not do if we but believed Him? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father." There may be a trial of our faith, "if need be" (1 Pet. 1:6); things may seem to be as unlike the fulfilment of God's promise as did the death of Lazarus seem unlike the fulfilment of the words, "This sickness is not unto death"; but if we remain loyal to God, the sequel will proclaim Him faithful, and we shall find that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 8:38, 39).

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to Mr. Charles Walton, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

BY REV. E. B. MINER.

Yes, leave it to Him;
The lilies all do,
And they grow—
They grow in the rain
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow:
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night—
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow—
Dropped down in the valley,
Sweet'ning the air—
There they grow:
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white—
They grow clothed in glory by Heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded, and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you, feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him, He is everywhere,
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart
You will know,
Than the lilies in bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow:
Whatever the need, if you seek it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him—for you are His care,
You, you know.

SEND for Illustrated Handbook of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page.

All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week.

All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

DON'T YOU MARRY,

At least until you have read our new book, entitled "Don't Marry." Some marry too soon, others wait too long. This book will tell you how, when, and whom to marry. Besides giving you valuable hints and helps not found in any other book. It contains 100 pages, paper covers, and is worth \$10 to you. Sold by all booksellers, or mailed on receipt of only 25 cents, by
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
31 Rose Street, New York.

Lactated Food



FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is STARCH & MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Bust of C. H. Spurgeon.

A beautiful piece of statuary in the shape of a bust of the Great English Divine can be had for the remarkably low rate of One Dollar.

This bust is of a beautiful white material, stands 9 1/2 inches high, is indestructible only by breakage, and makes a beautiful ornament.

To the admirers of Spurgeon it is invaluable.

Address: C. E. LATHAM, Bloomington, Ill.

Agents wanted in every town; write for territory.

THE KINGDOM.

A New Monthly, devoted to Full Salvation, Divine Healing, and the Deep Things of God:

Edited by Capt. R. KELSO CARTER.

First number will appear July 1, 1886. Send your address now for any number of specimen copies free, to

THE KINGDOM PUBLISHING CO., Chester, Pa.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD!

12mo, 135 pages. Paper cover, 25 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents.

THIS book contains the series of SERMONS just delivered ON THE LABOR QUESTION by Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, and should be read by all workmen and all who employ labor.

Sold by all booksellers, or mailed, on receipt of price, by
P. O. Box 2767. J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.

Boys' Useful Pastimes.



Boys' Useful Pastimes: Pleasant and profitable amusement for spare hours. By PROF. ROBERT GRIFFITH, A. M. This volume comprises chapters on the use and care of tools, and detailed instruction by means of which boys can make, with their own hands, a large number of toys, household ornaments, scientific appliances, and many pretty, amusing and necessary articles for the play-ground, the home and out of doors. It is bound in

Handsome Cloth Binding, with 300 Illustrations, showing how to make Boats, Steam Engines, Steamers, Dobb-Sleds, Ice-Boats, Windmills, Aquariums, Hand Carts, Tops, "Tags, Photograph Camera, Telephone, Telegraph, Microscope, Kites, Steam Acrobats, Bats, Traps, Dog Houses, Bird Cages, Coops, Dove Cotes, Squirrel Cages, Summer Houses, Fences, Fountains, Furniture, Gymnasium, Step Ladders, Trunks, Nets, Wire Work, Modeling, Brass Work, Picture Frames, Electric Batteries, Electrotyping, Running Mills, Wig-Wags and many other useful articles.

In looking for a book to put into the hands of your boy which will be of real and genuine use, and at the same time a source of healthful entertainment, this is the one you should choose.

Handsome Cloth Binding. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00.

Address **J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.**

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums of the hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is a matter of science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884 was less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMER,
President of the Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call on person.

WE SELL TO FAMILIES—
(avoiding the Dealer's) and send this Bell Chimes Organ for \$70 for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matchless in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith,
235 East 21st Street, N. Y.

SAM JONES'

Sermons, 600 pages, 50 Engravings. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid. Send for mammoth illustrated circular.

Big Pay to Agents.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

THE "MANHATTAN"

OF NEW YORK,
156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."

This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary life plan. It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but I must die to win.

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.

This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advancing years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest age, and a statement will be sent to you. Mention this paper.

LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Having become the sole Publishers of the "Ladies of the White House," by Laura C. Holloway, we take pleasure in announcing a

BRIDAL EDITION, in two large, entirely re-written, and containing portraits of every Lady, from Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Cleveland. Extended authentic biographies of each and every Hostess of the White House are given, together with a full history of the historic mansion. This superb Bridal Edition is so greatly improved and enlarged, and is illustrated so extensively, that it is a wholly new book. Both volumes will be ready August 1.

Sold only by subscription.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Liberal terms.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, 10-12 Dey St., N. Y.

FOR GAS.



BAILEY'S COMPOUND
Light-Spreading Silver-Plated CORRUATED GLASS REFLECTORS! A wonderful invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue & price list free.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR OIL.



HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 1,200 to 1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$12 a dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success. Ten hens will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4 cts. for new 36 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG, STEAM
No. Evanston, Ill.

BOYS AND GIRLS

LOTS OF MONEY DURING HOLIDAYS. The grandest and most taking picture of the century now ready for America. Everybody will over it. For all classes, all creeds, all ages. Agents being allotted now, first come, first served. The happiest hit of the age. **GRAHAM & MILLAR,** Box 700, New York.

SUMMER DRESS GOOD

James M'Creery & Co

offer, previous to their regular Summer inventory, extraordinary bargains Dress Goods.

A large variety of fancy suitings at 50, 75c., \$1, and \$1.25 per yard; reduced from \$1, \$1.25, \$2, and \$2.25 per yard respectively.

Also offer 1000 yards printed China Pongee Silks—Dark Colors—at 75c. per yard; reduced from \$1.25.

Broadway & 11th St., N. Y.

The Glad Refrain

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This New Song Book, by LOWRY and DOANE, crowded with stirring Hymns set to fresh and delightful music by the authors and others, the most popular composers in the land.

THE GLAD REFRAIN will stand the test; the Hymns are first-class, the Music faultless. It is sold at 1 per 100 copies, which is much cheaper than books new music of this class have ever been offered before.

Send for examination on receipt of price.

SPECIMEN PAGES FREE.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 9th Street, New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

QUICK AS A WINK

We offer earnest men and women the greatest chance of lives to make money rapidly with our new business of "QUICK PHOTOGRAPHY." Easily learned, requires no expert and very small capital. Profits are 300 to 500 per cent as what costs 50 cts. sells for \$4 to \$6, and DAILY PROFITS WILL RUN FROM \$5 to \$25. Can be worked in connection with other business, with minimum expense and no side issue with anything. The apparatus is ALWAYS READY to carry, and by a visiting about, visiting the farmer's field, the mechanic in the shop, the housewife in sitting room you will in nine times out of ten get an order to "take a picture" of them "just as they are," or of the baby, the cow, or the favorite pet cat or dog, or a group of the whole lot or of the old homestead. You can do as good work as any and please all your patrons. It is a steady, pleasant and profitable calling. In connection with the Photo business you can at nights a Magic Lantern entertainment with our ELECTRIC RADIANT MAGIC LANTERN and views, advertising during the day, and easily adding \$1.00 to \$75 a day to income, as many are doing. It is a new, easy, and very profitable. Students and teachers will find this very profitable. If you have an earnest desire to better your financial, see something of the world, acquire a good art, you can do it by taking our advice and sending for literature. Address **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.** 122 Nassau St., New York. P. O. Box 2633

Any of our readers who will give few hours time can easily get a splendid Photo Outfit and Magic Lantern FREE. Write at once the World Man'g Co. for particulars.

A NEW BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life"

THE OPEN SECRET.

OR,
The Bible Explaining Itself.

By Hannah Whitall Smith.

That the author of this work has a faculty of presenting the "Secret Things" that are revealed in the Word of God is apparent to all who have read this exceedingly popular work, "THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE" and such will not be disappointed in expecting to find in this new volume, fullness and sweetness in unfolding of God's Word, in its application to practical and daily duties of Christian living.

The subjects treated may be seen from the following list of

CONTENTS:

1. Our Saviour.
2. God is Love.
3. The Law and the Gospel.
4. Assurance of Faith.
5. Keeping Power of God.
6. Rest of Soul.
7. Consecration.
8. Be Careful for Nothing.
9. God as Our Mother.
10. As a Little Child.
11. The Three F's—Fact, Faith, Feeling.
12. Our Relationship to God.
13. Fruit-Bearing.
14. Five Talents, One.
15. God's Ownership.
16. Resurrection Life of the Believer.
17. God's Workmanship.
18. Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.
19. The Religion versus the Not Religion.

320 pages. Rich Cloth, stamped in gold, \$1.00. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 28.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL MIDSHIPMEN, and Sketch of their Voyage Around the World.
THE SUPERNAL GARDEN. Dr. Talmage's Latest Sermon.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
THE SUMMONS TO THE CLOUDS. By Rev. W. Haslam.

PRINCELY CHRISTIANS. By Rev. Sam Jones.
CURRENT EVENTS: The Senate Rejecting a Nomination—The Fitz John Porter Case—The Randall Tariff Proposals—More Fishery Trouble—Boycotting Punished in New York—A Mayor Threatened—The British Elections—Russian Encroachment—A Polish Immigrant's Education—A Rich Man's Disquietude—An Adventure with a Bear, etc.
PORTRAIT OF THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

HEALING AND PARDON. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: Castles in the Air. A Persian Student in New York—An Adventure with Lions—An Intrepid Mexican Judge.
PICTURE OF WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.
The Rule of Jonathan Evans. (With Illustration.)
AT THE MISSION. (Concluded.)
The Resurrection of Lazarus. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—Scenes in their Voyages Around the World.

THE ROYAL MIDSHIPMEN:

THEIR JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

The Apprenticeship for a King—Mental and Moral Training—Setting out on a Three Years' Cruise—No Favor Allowed—Daily Routine—The Route—Reception in the West Indies—Intelligent Interest—A Rough Passage to Australia—Roughing it up Country—Dr. Rogers Spins American Yarns—Arrival at Fiji—A Visit to the Mikado of Japan—Japanese Music—Homeward Bound.

CARLYLE observes in the most delightful of all his works, "Past and Present," that Abbot Samson, who was called to the Herculean task of reforming and governing a community of monks, after a long period of lax discipline, and who performed that and other duties with extraordinary success, had when he entered upon his work no experience in governing; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing—alas! only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. Carlyle adds: "But, indeed, what say we, apprenticeship?"

TO LEARN OBEYING

is the fundamental art of governing. Had a duke now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time on seven shillings a week, what a light would it have thrown on several things for him!" Some such thought was probably in the mind of the Prince of Wales when he took his two sons, nine years ago, out of the idleness and luxury of court life and put them on board ship, with instructions to the officers to treat them as ordinary boys and allow them no privileges on account of their rank.

The power of the throne in Great Britain has been steadily diminishing of late years, and the process shows no signs of terminating. It is therefore probable that if one or both of these young men inherit the crown, there will not, by that time, be much governing left among its functions. It would, however, be all the more necessary that the young king should be wise and prudent. If he proved obstinate and stupid like his ancestor, George III., or priggish and self-opinionated like his grandfather, Prince Albert, the very fact of his prerogatives being limited might lead to a conflict between himself and Parliament. A spoiled child, accustomed to have his own way, who has never been thwarted, has had every wish and whim gratified would be very likely to make trouble as a man invested with the titles and prerogatives of a king, but precluded by new customs from governing as a king and using the prerogative, which the constitution undoubtedly confers upon him. It is important, both for himself and the country, that he learn how to bear annoyances and vexations cheerfully, how to bear having his will crossed, and how to restrain and govern his own passions. It was therefore very wise of the Prince of Wales to put his sons where they might, as Carlyle said, serve an apprenticeship to the trade of obeying.

THE APPRENTICESHIP

commenced in 1877, when the elder of the two, Prince Albert Victor, was thirteen years of age, and the younger, Prince George Frederick, was twelve, and continued until 1882, when they were respectively eighteen and seventeen years old. Two years of the period were passed on board the training ship, *Britannia*, in port, and the latter three on the *Bacchante*, voyaging around the world. The lads were encouraged to keep a diary of their wanderings, and this diary carefully posted up every night was published last month. It is edited and annotated by their tutor, Canon Dalton, and is a very bright and readable book. There is abundant evidence in it that the princes are possessed of sound common-sense and well cultivated powers of observation. Though the sayings and doings of kings and princes are not much esteemed among us, being distinguished as a rule from those of ordinary mortals only by a larger proportion of silliness and inanity, this diary is so far an ex-

ception to the rule, as to render a few extracts from it acceptable to American readers.

SETTING OUT.

The *Bacchante* (a picture of which is on the lower right of the picture on first page) received the two youths as midshipmen one day in September, 1879, when she was lying off Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The first few days Neptune claimed as his own, and the princes spent them in paying the tributes he exacts from all who brave his terrors, whether princes or paupers. Sea-sickness over, the boys were instructed in their duties. They were required to take their turn with the other midshipmen in all weathers, by day or night, at watch-keeping and going aloft, at sail-drill or boat-duty. Not the slightest difference was made between them and their messmates of the gun-room. They were under the authority of the captain like the other midships. The day's routine was: At 6.15 A.M. drill; at 6.45 A.M. breakfast; 9 A.M. prayers; 12 noon dinner; 1.30 P.M. rifle, cutlass and sail-drill; at 3 P.M. dismiss drills; 4.15 P.M. supper; 8.30 P.M. out lights in messes and fires in galley.

THE CRUISE

was divided into two well-marked sections. The first, extending to May, 1880, included visits to Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, Madeira, the Canaries, West Indies, and Bermudas. After a brief visit to Vigo, the second and much longer part of the cruise was begun in August, 1880, and included the *circumnavigation of the globe*. By Ferrol, Madeira, and the Cape Verd Islands, the River Plate was made, and here some time was spent on shore. A run was made to the Falklands; but, just as preparations were made for a day or two on the islands, peremptory orders came out to proceed at once to the Cape to "demonstrate," as then they were in the thick of their Boer troubles. Here the *Bacchante* was kept idling for some weeks to no purpose, though it gave the princes and their shipmates an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with Cape Colony and its complicated conditions.

Then came, in the spring of 1881, a long and tempestuous run right across the Southern Ocean on about the 40th parallel south, from Cape Town to Albany, in Western Australia. Here the princes had an exceedingly pleasant and profitable time, followed by long visits to South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. Then on to the Fiji Islands, where the princes greatly enjoyed themselves, followed by a long and straight run to Japan, where a considerable time was spent visiting the many places and objects of curious interest which that strange country still has to show. Then down to Shanghai, Canton, the Straits Settlements, and Ceylon, up the Red Sea without touching at Aden, and on to Cairo.

In Egypt and the Holy Land about three months were spent—three months of really hard work, in visiting many of the places of interest, and getting up, through the specialists who accompanied the party, much useful information about them. Then home through the Mediterranean, touching at Athens, Crete, Corfu, Sicily and Gibraltar, until, on August 5th, the two far-travelled middies were received on board the Osborne in Swanage Bay by their royal father, mother, and sisters. The distance travelled by the *Bacchante* during its commission was 54,679 miles. India, Canada, and New Zealand were not touched at. To have done justice to them might have added another year or two to the length of the voyage. Doubtless they will be visited at a future time when extended tours, impossible in the course of a voyage undertaken for a definite object, will be made.

The young men received an enthusiastic

RECEPTION AT BARBADOES,

the most eastern of the West Indian Islands. They arrived there on Christmas Day. This is their record of the event: Swarms of shore boats, with grinning, laughing negro washerwomen, at once surrounded us, eager to welcome "the queen's pickanninies!" Jane Anne Smith was the only one (she stands over six feet

who sat in solemn dignity in the stern sheets of her boat, the *prima donna* of the occasion, having already washed for Prince Alfred [now Duke of Edinburgh, uncle of the two travellers], on more than one occasion, and fully intending to do so for other princes yet. The other negresses gesticulated, each from her own boat, and saluted the officers on the poop with many endearing terms; claiming also former acquaintance with the elder and sedate, and, of all things in the world, flourishing cotton, Manchester-made, pocket-handkerchiefs, flag-fashion, with likenesses of us both woven in colors on them; and one or two triumphantly produced framed photographs of us, taken at Dartmouth, which they waved about, bobbing and kissing their hands, all one huge grin of delight.

AT TRINIDAD,

next to Jamaica, the largest of the islands, the youths visited the woods and explored the wonders of tropic vegetation. A visit to Martinique gave occasion for some remarks full of good sense on the superiority of the French to British islands, and the reason of it. "The chief thing that has made the French negro so much better than the British is that the French proprietors have never ceased to be resident on and to take a pride in their own estates, and therefore the island presents the appearance it does, with its fields well cultivated, its roads in good repair, alongside which are the Hawthorn hedges well-trimmed and kept, and the planters' houses, many like small villas outside Paris, bright with their jalousies and green shutters." Jamaica, of course, required a lengthened visit, and is duly described. The long disquisitions on coolie and negro labor and on the future of the West Indies are significant as showing that the boys were interested in what they saw, and were intelligently curious to ascertain the causes of the social condition of the people.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

introduced the middies to some rough weather. The *Bacchante* labored heavily (*see illustration on first page*), damaged her rudder severely, and put in at Albany in a condition requiring repairs. This gave the young men the chance of a run ashore. They made several excursions of which the one to Mardup, thirty miles from Albany, is described in detail. On their way they were entertained much to their delight as their diary proves by some expert performances with the lasso (*see illustration on first page*). This visit, the enjoyment of which was enhanced by an American companion, is thus described by the princes:

"ROUGHING IT.

"May 20, 1881.—Left the ship at 9 A.M. with the ward-room and the gun-room messmates. Walked to the police barracks, and there mounted on horseback, and started with Mr. Loftie for Marblup and Wilson's Creek. Dr. Rogers overtook us, having started later from Albany; he was in an American cavalry regiment all through the war. He gave us also many amusing stories of his adventures in other parts of the world. We arrived about 4 P.M. at Mr. Young's farmhouse and clearing.

"A small two-wheeled cart that has brought our mattresses and rugs, and what few things we want for the night, has arrived before us, and we proceed at once to make *our toilet in the open air*, for there is plenty of fresh water in the tank outside, and the small wooden trough does duty by turns for each of the party. Bevis, a large kangaroo dog, a sort of huge brown Scotch grayhound, looks on as we make ourselves ready for Mrs. Young's tea-supper, for which we went back to the farmhouse, and there every one was very hearty and jolly, and did ample justice to the fowls, minced kangaroo, the jam, cream, scones, and no end of beautiful fresh milk and butter, such as we had not tasted since we had left England.

"After tea found our way up across the paddock, to our night-quarters, and there we slept as soundly as possible (*nine in the two rooms*), with the windows open and the fires burning.

There are two pails of fresh milk set out for us, which some drink neat and others prefer to take mixed with a little whiskey before turning in. Some fall asleep at once, others not so soon; the American doctor's cheery ringing laugh sounding long on the quiet night air, as he and the commander tell alternately the most astounding yarns, each with a *dénouement* more startling than the last. In the silent pauses between the tales, while they are collecting their wits, we can hear the croaking of the frogs away in the distance on the borders of the marsh, and with these two sounds alternately ringing in our ears we fall asleep."

At Adelaide an enthusiastically LOYAL RECEPTION

was tendered to the Royal visitors, and afterward they set out for Melbourne. On the way they stopped at the southern end of Lake Albert, and had a kangaroo and cattle hunt. At Ballarat the gold mines were visited, and the young princes were photographed in mining attire. At Sydney the festivities to greet the arrivals were on a grand scale, and the distinguished guests seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely. Brisbane was next visited, and then the travellers left for

FIJI.

There they received a hearty welcome from King Thakombau, which is the subject of many most interesting pages. The royal kitchen (as shown in our front page picture, No. 4) was kept in a state of continual activity, in the desire of the King to provide what he considered to be befitting hospitality to the sons of the Queen.

JAPAN

was the next point, and after experiencing some truly tropical weather, they arrived at Yokohama, and were presented to the Mikado, in due form and with considerable pomp and ceremony (see first page picture, No. 7). Evidently the young men had learned a lesson that many older persons never learn—that of tolerance for the tastes of others. It comes out in the following shrewd remarks on the music which the Mikado provided for their entertainment: "During dinner the Mikado sent his own private band, the Reijin, to play on old Japanese, Chinese, and Korean instruments, most of them over 1500 years old; it is a very rare performance, and the only place you can hear it is in the Emperor's palace."

"The sounds that proceeded from the inner room where these musicians were placed were so faint and plaintive that some of the party ignorantly mistook them for preparations of a band tuning up, and as it went on for some time inquired when they were going to begin to play. This music in fact, like all Oriental music to a western ear, appears altogether out of tune and full of discords, being set in a wholly different key, and seeming to speak a wholly different language to our own. But after listening to it attentively for some time, although we cannot say we like it, yet we can quite understand how some people do, just as others admire Whistler's pictures or a piece of faded old silk work, or the faint flavor or smell of some, to our taste, sickly flower or fruit."

HOMEWARD.

We regret that space does not permit of our following the interesting travellers throughout their visits to China, the Straits, Ceylon, and above all Egypt and the Holy Land. These last were done in the most thorough manner, under the guidance of Captain Conder, and Sir Charles Wilson. Enough, however, has been said to show the character of the voyage which came to an end when the Bacchante let go her anchor on August 5th, 1882, in Cowes Roads from which place she sailed three years before. The record of the voyage contained in the diary so conscientiously kept by the young men proves that it was a valuable education to them mentally and morally, and their father evidently adopted the best means at his command to fit them for the throne, if, when he and his mother have passed away, the British people should still think a monarch necessary to their well-being.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Disloyal Deserter.—At a Recent Meeting a Christian worker remarked: "I recollect the sad case of a young man who professed conversion to Christ, and for a number of years stood firm to his colors; but oh, it makes me shudder when I recall it; he turned back like the swine to its wallowing in the mire, and set his face against all that was good, and then there was nothing too bad for him to do; he became one of the worst of men. But the God of love holds out a promise to even such as he. 'Return to Me, ye backsliding children; I will heal your backsliding. I will forgive you freely.'"

'Twon't be for Long!'—A Little Girl between seven and eight years of age lay dying recently. Her mother, sitting by her side, said, "Maria, do you want to die?" "Yes, I do!" she answered, with great emphasis. "What! want to go and leave your father and mother and brother?" "Yes," replied the child; "'twon't be for long! You and father and brother will soon follow; I want to go and be with Jesus." In a few hours after the child looked up and smiled with inexpressible sweetness, and then said, as though she looked upon the face of an angel, "Wait a minute; I am coming!" She then sank back quietly on her pillow. "God's finger touched her, and she slept." "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Landlady's Troublesome Card.—Sergeant Mathers said: "I knew a young man who went to lodge with a Christian lady. She had a card placed upon her wall with these words printed on it: 'The eye of God is everywhere, beholding the evil and the good.' Every time this young man entered the house this card was the first thing on which his eyes rested. He got wearied with the sight of it, for his life was such that he shrank from God's all-seeing eye. Whatever he did or wherever he went, he felt that the eye of God was upon him. He turned the front of the card to the wall several times, that these awful words might not be seen by him, for unconsciously his eyes were always being directed to the card. His landlady noticed this, and every time he turned it she put it right again. At length he resolved to leave his comfortable lodgings, for this little card kept his life in constant misery, and he *did* leave them rather than feel he was under the penetrating eye of God, from whom he could not flee."

End of a Gambler and Cockfighter.—A Visitor said: "I was just concluding our subject at the working lads' Bible-class one Saturday evening, when there was a loud and hasty knock at the door. 'Will the doctor come at once and see father, mother thinks he is dying?' were the words of a girl about sixteen. Such a summons as this was hastily obeyed; but though no time was lost, it was already too late. The day of grace was gone. Again and again had God knocked at the door of a stony heart, and now the door of heaven stood no longer open. There in the bed lay the corpse of a fine strong man, so recently in the prime of life. Five years ago he took to drink, and since then he has never helped to keep his wife or family, his time being spent in drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, etc. The children had to go on the stage, and the wife had to work hard to provide food and shelter for him and themselves. He died suddenly during an attack of inflammation of the lungs, after a week of heavy drinking. To see her husband thus suddenly called before the great Judge was a solemn warning to the widow. But her lesson was not yet learned. A few weeks after her daughter had rheumatic fever, and again I had a hasty summons, as she also was thought to be dying. She was, however, only faint from the accompanying heart disease, and is now somewhat improved, though I fear only temporarily. We believe that at last the poor mother, nearly worn out with trouble and anxiety, has been led to cast her burden on the Lord, and, 'weary and heavy laden,' found rest in Him. The eldest girl in this family is a bright, happy Christian, and was

brought to know the Lord in our Sunday-school some years ago. We were able to give much help in this case, in the way of food and clothing."

A Revenge on the Rum-seller.—A Minister of the Gospel remarked: "On New Year's morning a man, under the influence of liquor, entered a saloon without any money, and demanded some whiskey. The bar-tender refused to give it, when the man said that he would be revenged upon him by going to a temperance meeting and signing the pledge. The bar-tender advised him to do so, saying that it was just his kind they wanted. The man did go to the meeting and sign the pledge. The next day he had a vague recollection of taking the pledge, but he thought it must have been a dream; but, no, he had positive proof, for he had his pledge card. He attended the meeting after that in a state of deep anxiety for some time, and at length gave himself to Christ. When applying for membership into my church, last week, he told me that my saying a few words of sympathy and encouragement to him in the early days of his struggle was the beginning of his awakening to his lost condition. Since that time he had by prayer and faith sought and found forgiveness for his sins. He is now giving every proof that he is a child of God through faith in Jesus Christ."

Tragic History of Four Sergeants.—Sergeant Mathers said: "I remember a very sad case of four sergeants in the army. These four men had often been pleaded with to flee from the wrath to come, but they hardened their hearts to all entreaties and all four became out and out infidels. Once in a drunken bout they resolved to gather all the Bibles in the barracks together, and make a bonfire of them; and one night they collected all the Bibles, and gathering them together into a large heap, they set fire to them, and danced round about the blaze with fiendish glee. All four within that year were still in death. The first one was carried to a hospital and there died in fearful agony from *delirium tremens*. One of the number went to see him while he was writhing in fever. He looked at the victim of drink for a moment, and said with a sneer upon his lips, 'So that is how it is with a fellow that has *delirium tremens*? I am glad I know it.' With these words he returned home, and shutting himself into his own room he took a pistol and blew out his brains. The third, when on sentry duty one night at Gibraltar, shot himself with his rifle. The fourth came home with his company, and one day when riding through a lonely part of the country, he was thrown from his horse and killed without a moment's warning."

Saved by a Child's Hymn.—There was a very wretched home where a drunken father dwelt with one little girl, his only child. He took no care of either her body or soul, but left her to grow up as she could. Someone, however, had led her to the Sabbath-school, and there she had learned to love Jesus, and to sing His praises. So she often cheered herself in her miserable home by singing her Sabbath-school hymns as she went about her tasks, which her father's misconduct made so heavy. One day he was within the house sleeping off his drunkenness, when waking up he heard her as she went to and fro singing softly,

"There is a happy land
Far, far away."

"Yes," he said to himself, "it must be far away for her, poor thing; it cannot be here with me." And the thought, like a heavenly seed fallen into his heart, wrought and sprang up, till he asked to be taught by the little singer, and became himself a little child, saved by a child's hymn. By-and-by the song from her lips ceased on earth, but she went not away home to Christ till she knew that she had left one behind who would sing that strain all the more fondly, that he would think of her as gone away to the "far" country, and of himself as following her thither.

A SUPERNAL GARDEN.

The Second of Dr. Talmage's Vacation Sermons on the Voices of Gardens and Fields.

"I am come into my garden."—SOLOMON'S SONG 5:1.

Bible Lyrics—Their Endless Variety—The Poem of the Garden—Famous Historical Gardens—Shenstone's Triumph—The Garden of the Church—Blood-Bought—I. A Place of Choice Flowers—The Violets of the Church—The Cactus—A Minister's Temper—A Milkman Knocked Down—The Roses and Snowdrops—The Century Plant—II. A Place of Fruits—Some Very Poor—Others Very Rich—Paul's Pomological Catalogue—III. A Place Well Irrigated—The Aqueducts—The Owner—His Reproof to the Irreverent—Takes the Best—The Wide Open Gate.

THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser.

THIS GREAT POEM

brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels; from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean, and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you to-day of

A RICHER GARDEN

than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it." If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it.

Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself!

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits, and of thorough irrigation.

ITS WEALTH OF FLOWERS.

I. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to His garden and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are *violets*, unobtrusive, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the new window-curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the *ranunculus*, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night blooming *cereuses*.

But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to

THE MEXICAN CACTUS

—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City Ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like

THE ROSES

of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle;" the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffs, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the

Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons." God gives to some ten talents, to another, one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted I also find the *snowdrops*, beautiful, but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see

A CENTURY PLANT

your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the *passion-plant of the cross*! Prophets foretold it; Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, oh winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

"His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

II. Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is

A PLACE OF FRUITS.

That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, or peaches, or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church.

Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus He laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk," He laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited Me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit.

I know there is

SOME POOR FRUIT

in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fon-

tainable, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs-Élysées. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the Church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated, and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than

THE COLLECTION OF CHRISTIANS.

There are Christian men in this house whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation, as it ever kept them at the communion-table. There are women here to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul threw to us a *pomologist's catalogue* of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy; glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

III. Again, the Church in my text is appropriately called a garden, because it is

THOROUGHLY IRRIGATED.

No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the Church. The Church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God." Preaching the Gospel is one of

THE AQUEDUCTS.

The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place, Chatsworth, one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but by an inducement which always seemed as potent with an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the Church of God. Everything comes from above; pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above.

THE OWNER.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden-gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ. "I am come into My garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus! we have been wait-

ing for Thee; walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man, and touches him, and says, "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee; I will never leave thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble and says, "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! He is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says, "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them; and in better soil and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face and said, "Well, it is His garden, and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done!"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

It has seemed as if Jesus

CHRIST TOOK THE BEST;

from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affections; and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure, you said, "Lord Jesus, take it—it is the best we have; take it. Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mould. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven. They are all well there."

NO FENCES.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this king's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said, "There, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was of Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said, "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls! come into Christ's garden

to-day and pluck a little heartsease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it, five, ten, twenty, thirty years—do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come to-day in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had

ONLY ONE LIFEBOAT.

In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered, and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this moment, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

This Sabbath is the last for some of you. It is about to sail away forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not? Behold your house is left unto you desolate." Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert. May God Almighty, before it is too late, break that infatuation.

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

(See Illustration on page 444.)

THE two princes whose portraits appear on the first page were on August 8th, 1882, the chief figures in a ceremony conducted in the little church of St. Mildred at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. There at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury they received the rite of confirmation. The church is, in its way, an architectural gem. It is square in form, with wings built to suggest a Latin cross. It has in its centre front a little Norman tower and small Norman windows of stained glass. The edifice is dwarfed by towering elms that shade the sloping churchyard, filled with moss-covered marbles, the inscriptions of which run into the times of many of Victoria's predecessors. The churchyard bank at one point is kissed by the silver ripples of the Medina River, a broad waterway between Newport and Cowes. The church was built from designs by the late Prince Albert, who laid its corner-stone. Against the church wall which separates the chancel from the nave there is a piece of sculpture in marble comprising a medallion of the Prince; under a canopy two angels are holding a crown over his head, and below it is this inscription:

IN THIS CHURCH,
ERECTED UNDER HIS DIRECTION,
IS PLACED THIS MONUMENT,
BY HIS BROKEN HEARTED AND DEVOTED
WIDOW,
VICTORIA.

Though it will not hold more than two hundred persons, the edifice was selected for the ceremony by the Queen on account of its association with her husband. That was the reason, also, why her youngest daughter was married there, on July 23d, last year.

A PERSIAN STUDENT IN NEW YORK.

A SHORT time ago a Christian gentleman traveling in Connecticut noticed with surprise two strangely attired men working on a farm. In conversation with the farmer he learned that they were two young Persians who, having been converted to Christianity, in their own country had come to the United States for an education that they might preach Christ to their Mohammedan fellow-countrymen. An interview was arranged with the young men, and it was found that one of them was able to make himself understood in English, while the other was laboriously studying the language, beginning at the alphabet. They had decided to support themselves by farm work while they were mastering the rudiments of the language, and by diligent study were qualifying themselves for admission into some theological college. The self-reliance and earnest devotion of the young men pleased their new friend, who, having some influence, secured their admission into the General Theological Seminary in New York.

One of the young men has completed his education and has returned to Persia, the other, Yaroo M. Neesan, is still studying in the college and expects to remain one or two years longer. He is a native of Oroomiah in Persia, and bears a strong testimonial from the Rev. P. Z. Easton, the American missionary at Tabreez, who speaks in the highest terms of his personal piety, and the devotion with which he entered into evangelistic work in Persia before coming to America. His intelligence and his command of the English language impress all who talk with him, and learn how short a time has elapsed since he did not know a single letter of the English alphabet. Dr. E. A. Hoffman, Dean of the Theological Seminary, and Dr. R. B. Fairbairn, of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y., testify in the highest terms to the diligence and ability he has manifested in his studies. He is eagerly looking forward to the time when he will be qualified for labor in his native country, where the subtlety and argumentative skill of the Mohammedan leaders require the advocates of Christianity to be men such as the Apostle Paul described, "furnished completely to every good work" (II Tim. 3: 17).

BISHOP HANNINGTON AMONG LIONS.

A THRILLING incident in the life of the devoted bishop who recently fell a victim to African heathen savagery is narrated among some personal reminiscences furnished to a daily journal by a friend of the martyred missionary. He relates that during one of his first missionary expeditions into the interior of Africa, the missionary left the camp one day for a stroll hoping to collect some new botanical specimens. When about a mile from the camp he saw some animal moving through the dense mimosa scrub, and, firing, killed it. His prey proved to be a large lion's cub. His attendant ran off in terror, and his warning shout of "Run, bwana, run!" were accentuated by a double roar. Looking round, Hannington saw the bereaved parents, a fine lion and lioness, coming toward him with long, bounding leaps over the scrub. An ordinary man, encountering lions for the first time, would probably have lost all presence of mind, and, turning to run, have been inevitably destroyed. He deliberately faced round upon his enemy. The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away. Hannington determined to return and secure the skin of the cub he had killed. So he retraced his steps. When near enough to observe their motions, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its

body, and filling the air with low growlings. With coolness perfectly amazing he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms, and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tail, and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, from the spot and then shouldered and brought it into camp.

A FEARLESS MEXICAN JUDGE.

THE Rev. E. M. Haymaker, of Zacatecas, mentions in a private letter to a friend his meeting during a recent journey with a judge who is now a member of the Church. Mr. Haymaker was impressed with his dignity, intelligence, and strong faith. He relates the following incident in his past life, which shows that the judge is also possessed of high moral courage: "Five years ago, when worship was first opened in that place, he freely professed himself in our favor, and his house was consequently attacked by a mob at night. He coolly opened the doors and walked out into the mob as fearless as if it were but a picnic, and began to take down the names of the principal insurgents, all of whom he knew, and commanded them to appear at his office the next day for judgment. This made them afraid of him, and so he chased the whole mob away, unarmed and alone. He afterward joined our Church, and has never allowed our worship to be interfered with in any way."

THE SIOUX COMMISSIONER.

AT the recent General Assembly one of the commissioners attracted much attention. He was Anawangmane, the commissioner from the Sioux Indians. He is now eighty years of age, and it is forty-five years since he was received into the Church by Dr. S. R. Riggs, one of the pioneer missionaries sent to the Sioux by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The following details are extracted from this month's *Foreign Missionary*, which gives a full sketch of his life:

"Simon Anawangmane was at the time of his conversion the foremost brave of the Sioux nation. He was 'above law.' That is, he had so distinguished himself by savage bravery that, according to a singular custom, he could not be punished for anything he did, and was entitled to hold that position until some other man excelled him in during. He was the first full-blooded Sioux to accept Christ. Dr. Riggs says of him: 'He immediately put on white man's clothes, and made and planted a field of corn and potatoes adjoining the mission field. No Dakota brave dared to cut up his tent, or kill his dog, or break his gun; but this did not prevent the boys nor the women from pointing the finger at him, and saying, "There goes the man who has made himself a woman!"' But Simon could not be turned aside from his Christian purpose. Thirty years have passed, and still he stands fast. Nearly all that time he has been a ruling elder, and for twenty years a licensed preacher.

"At the time of the Minnesota massacre, in 1862, Simon, with other Dakotas, nobly illustrated the power of Christian principle. In the soldiers' lodge and at the council-fire he opposed the war, he pleaded for the whites, and when the tempest broke, he befriended them at the peril of his life. Mrs. Newman and her children, taken captive by the Sioux of the Lower Agency, heard the voice of prayer from Simon's tent. She committed herself to his hands, and he, waiting until the Indians' camp was moved further north, stayed behind, and then placing her and her children in a one-horse wagon, he drove them in safety from Yellow Medicine to Fort Ridgely.

"These facts in Simon's history were alluded to by Rev. John P. Williamson in his speech at the Foreign Missionary meeting of the Assembly. The request instantly came from all parts of the house, 'Call him to the platform!' After repeated calls, the aged Dakota left his seat and ascended the platform stairs, greeted warmly by

the presiding officer of the meeting, and welcomed with a round of applause.

"It would seem as if God had spared this old warrior of the Sioux, the very leader in other days of their ferocious bands, and had brought him face to face with the General Assembly of our Church as a living and unanswerable witness of the power of the Gospel over the Indian heart."

THE SUMMONS TO THE CLOUDS.

By Rev. W. Haslam, M.A.

The Event Now Impending—None to Surely Intervene—The Disappearance of Believers—Invisible, Sudden, Secret—Who Will Meet Them—The Dead in the Intermediate State—The People Left Behind—The Parabolic Key.

LET us consider the first actual event for which as Christians we are instructed to look. This is none other than the taking-up or translation of the Church to be with Christ when He comes to the "air" or the heavenlies. We are not told to watch for any sign or to look for any token, but simply to "wait and be ready."

The Jews may or may not be restored to their own land before this event; there may or may not be signs in the heavens and upon the earth; but we are commanded to fix our expectation upon the Advent of the Lord only. We are not even told that we shall die first. The Lord is gone to receive for Himself a kingdom and to return. He may come at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning (Mark 13: 35); but we are bidden to be as servants waiting for their Master.

In the plainest words our blessed Lord taught His disciples that He was going away to prepare a place for them. He said, "I go to prepare a place for you," and "I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14: 2, 3). Again, upon the Mount of Ascension, when the Lord was departing, the two men in white apparel said to the disciples, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts 1: 10, 11). Afterward it was more fully and distinctly revealed to the Apostle Paul by the Lord Himself that He would come and take His believing people to Himself.

This is the definite hope and expectation of the Christian Church as given in the Word of God—the hope which is now being revived and established upon the authority of the Lord Himself. When the Church of Christ is fully formed by the preaching of the Gospel of grace and the operation of the Holy Spirit, she will be presented to Christ, and welcomed by Him. Even now the union of believers with the risen Christ is so complete that the apostle says, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones" (Eph. 5: 30). How much greater and more complete will be this union hereafter!

This Church is saved, cleansed, and united with Christ, not for any merit or suffering of hers, but for His sake alone.

NO SUFFERING

on her part is needful for her acceptance; nor is it conditionally required to fit her for the glory which is to be. Therefore it cannot be necessary for this part of the Church to go through the tribulation in order to be partaker of the Lord's glory. The world

WILL NOT SEE THEM GO;

nor does it appear anywhere in Scripture that the graves even of those who sleep in Jesus will be disturbed. This translation will be sudden as it is certain, and secret as it is sure. It will, no doubt, be a startling fact to the world, a surprising event to those who are not ready. Enoch was taken up to be with God, and no one saw him go. Elijah ascended up in a chariot of fire, with horses of fire; and yet he was seen of none but Elisha and some of the sons of the prophets. (See II Kings 2.) Christ was taken up into heaven in the presence of His disciples, but the world did not see Him depart. Such was the manner of the Lord's ascension; and

the same will be the manner of the translation of the saints when the Lord comes to the heavenlies. This is the Parousia, or secret Coming of the Lord, for which believers should be waiting. We must not omit to mention here

ANOTHER LARGE PORTION

of the Church of Christ who are to be partakers of the glory. I mean those saints who are already departed to be with Christ. No doubt many of them before their removal from earth rejoiced in the hope of the Lord's Coming; but we may be sure that a far greater number left this world with no definite knowledge concerning it. As soon as they were gone from the body, they understood at once that they had passed only to an intermediate or waiting state. There they remain, looking and hoping for the day when they shall be clothed upon with glorified bodies, and their salvation be completed. It may be that some of them had great prejudices against the Christian hope, and preferred, as many do still, to stand before the "judgment" bar. They, it may be, clung to their catechism and the hymns of their youth—the traditional lore in which they had been brought up. But when they died, they left all that was human behind and entered upon the divine state, with divine, and not human, surroundings. There, with more distinct apprehension than we can have here, they are able to say, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Phil. 3:20).

If the question be asked, Is not a great part of that which is commonly called the "Christian Church"

TO BE LEFT BEHIND

at the translation of the saints? unhappily the answer must be in the affirmative. It is sadly true that a large portion of that body which professes and calls itself Christian is so only in name, and not in spiritual power and vitality. From the beginning of the Christian dispensation there have always been those who have departed from the simplicity of the faith as it is in Jesus. The Lord predicted this, in the

SIX PARABLES

which He spoke concerning the Christian Church, or the kingdom of heaven. (Matt. 13.) It will be seen there that three parables were spoken outside the house to the multitude, and three inside to the disciples. These last three, namely, the parables of the treasure hid in the field, the pearl of great price, and the net that was cast into the sea, refer to the inward or Spiritual Church. Those parables outside the house, namely, the tares and the wheat, the mustard-tree, and the leaven, refer to the outward Church.

In the first of these parables the Lord represents the enemy sowing tares among the wheat, and tells how both are allowed to grow together until the harvest. In the second, He shows how the outward Church from a very small beginning will become an important organization, and how it will shelter in its arms that which destroys the good seed. In the third, He shows that as the woman took and hid leaven in the pure meal so that all the lump was leavened, so the Church will hide in or mix with the simple truth of God a leaven of evil or error which will vitiate the whole outward Church.

Notice that God never leaves Himself without witness. However evil an organization may be, there are always some members of it who are better than their system. We may be sure that in every generation there are

THE LORD'S HIDDEN ONES,

who have not bowed the knee to Baal. The prophet Elijah did not know them; but God did. Through all ecclesiastical ages and systems there have been persons who were not really Roman, or Greek, or Anglican; though they were numbered among one or the other of these sections. They did not believe in receiving grace through sacraments, but by direct and personal faith in Christ. They made use of the sacraments or ordinances not in order to obtain grace, but to show that they were already

partakers of it. They were persons who had been raised from the death of sin, as Lazarus was raised from his grave; though they continued to be wrapped in many ecclesiastical grave-clothes. These, no doubt, will be found among the living believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, though, it may be, they knew nothing whatever about the Lord's Coming.

PRINCELY CHRISTIANS.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

Responsibility of a Young Man of Family—The Prince of Wales in America—What is Expected of a Child of God—Horses that Kick under the Curry-comb—The Ribbon Badge on a Prince's Shoulder.

The text reads: "He that is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—I JOHN 3:9.

We must go to this text through the context, and I drop back a few lines, and read first, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Now the first thought suggested in the context is this: The princely character of a Christian man. Brother, it is worth a great deal to a man to know that he belongs to a good family. It is worth a good deal to a boy to know that he belongs to a good family; and that boy is bound by every sacred tie of honor to maintain the character of the family to which he belongs. And many a boy has drifted right to the very verge of destruction, and in some thoughtful moment a kind spirit walked up and put his hand on his shoulder and said: "Young man, why will you live as you do? Your father was a princely, noble man; your mother was a sweet-spirited, saintly woman; why will you live as you do?" And the boy goes off to one side and buries his face in his hands, and he says: "My father was a noble, princely man; my mother was the sweetest-spirited Christian woman that I ever saw, and, by the grace of God, I will reform my life at this hour, and I will no longer bring reproach and shame upon the name of such a father and mother as God gave me." And many a boy has been redeemed by that precious thought.

When the Prince of Wales came to this country, a few years ago, he was met at the harbor in New York by an American delegation. They took his hand and welcomed him as the son of Queen Victoria, and they said to him in substance: "We greet you as the son of the royal household of Europe, and we bid you welcome to America; but you are the son of a queen; you are a prince; you must

BEHAVE LIKE A PRINCE,

and talk like a prince, and act like a prince, and go where a prince should go, and stay away from where a prince ought not to go," and everywhere he went he heard it; almost every word that he said was copied into the papers, and when he shook hands with us and bid us good-by and left for his English home, the verdict of America was, "He has behaved himself like a prince of England, like the son of a royal household." Brother, I am not the son of a queen, but I am the son of the Lord God Almighty, and I am heir apparent to all things. And when I step out before the world and make a profession like that, you expect something of me. And so it is with you. We expect you to live like a prince, to act like a prince, to go where a prince ought to go, and to stay away from where a prince ought not to go.

If you make a profession like that this world expects something of you, and, thank God, it has got a right to expect something of you. Everywhere you go and in everything you do you are to uphold the dignity of a child of God, and if you do not, this world criticises you, and I am glad it does. I am glad it does. I know

how it is. I lived out of the church twenty-four years. I recollect how I used to criticise professional Christians when I saw them in the barrooms, and ball-rooms, and card-rooms. I never saw one of them in my life in one of those places that I had the least particle of confidence in. As God is my judge, that is true. And I never saw one of them there that I did not criticise him to his face and say to him, "Are you not a nice Christian? Are you not a nice professor of religion? This is our concern here. This belongs to the world, the flesh and the devil. What part have you got in this matter?"

And I declare to you I never had respect for any man who would belie his profession enough to go to these places and make himself at home there. A princely man! A princely woman!

THE SADDEST PLIGHT.

Of all the sad plights that the immortal soul ever found itself in, the greatest was at last, when it leaped from the heights of profession and fell into the depths of damnation. A man from the church of God doomed and damned! After your professions, and after your oath of allegiance to God, then to turn around and serve sin, and serve the world, and serve the devil! We not only bring reproach upon the cause of Jesus Christ, but we stultify ourselves, and advertise ourselves as false to God and false to ourselves. The highest ambition of my life is to live to see the day when every man who pines the name of Christ will be careful to depart from iniquity, and say that my life in Christ shall be hid and I shall live His life over again among the children of men.

Everybody despises a liar in the church. Everybody despises a man who professes one thing and lives another. And these people that you see living that way are the very ones that don't want to be criticised. You take a horse when he has got unsound spots on him, walk up to him, and he sees you with the curry-comb in your hand, and he will commence kicking before you get up to him. Have you not seen that? What is the matter? He has got unsound spots on him. But if the horse is sound all over from head to foot he will lean up to the curry-comb; he likes it—he likes it. I never did like these sensitive Christians. Always getting their feelings hurt. They go about with their feelings stuck out like porcupine quills. And if you go within ten feet of them you will hurt their feelings. Now let me tell you if your feelings are not hurt, and you don't improve your life, there is a clime toward which you are tending where your feelings will be eternally hurt.

When you bring a man face to face with the fact that he is a child of God, and that the noblest blood of all worlds courseth through his veins, and bring him face to face with the fact that to bring reproach and shame upon the family of God is the worst sin he can commit, you will bring that man face to face with a fact that will straighten him up and let him see his life in all its outlines and in all of its phases and see that it is trimmed right in the presence of God; the princely character of a Christian!

Once one of the Eastern emperors turned his son over to a tutor to train and educate; he was a ten or twelve year-old boy, and was a rude and unmanageable boy; and the question was with the tutor, "How will I manage him?" He could not whip the king's son. And the plan he fell upon was this: He made a bow of ribbon and pinned it on the lapel of the boy's coat, and the boy said: "What does this mean?" The tutor said: "This is the emblem of your royalty; that is the signet of your princely character; that is the sign that you are the son of the king." And ever after that when the boy misbehaved the tutor just pointed his finger at the badge and the boy subsided in a moment. St. Paul said: "I carry about with me the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ," and the very minute the good spirit drops his finger on the mark I subside in a minute, and I say "Lord help me to wipe my life away for having grieved that love." That is the true Christian spirit.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Nomination of Fitz-John Porter Sent to the Senate on July 6th, is the outcome of the most persistent and protracted struggle of the kind on record. For more than twenty years Mr. Porter has been seeking vindication. At every session the bill for his relief has been presented and argued with energy and no little acrimony. Senator Logan has been its most inveterate, and for many years, its successful opponent, but this year, in spite of his efforts, it has been passed and signed by the President. The nomination follows as a matter of course. The President nominates him as colonel, that being the rank he held at the date of his dismissal from the army. The appointment takes date from May 14th, 1861.

The Senate, in Rejecting the Nomination of Mr. John Goode as solicitor-general, has caused general astonishment. The solicitor-general is only one remove from the Cabinet and is actually ex-officio a member of the Cabinet in the absence of the attorney-general. The unusual procedure has given rise to speculation as to its motive. Four reasons for the rejection were furnished to the Senate by Mr. Hoar who led the opposition to Mr. Goode. They were incompetency, alleged bribery and ballot-box-stuffing, the sale of official influence and the part he has taken in the Pan-Electric business. The Senate considered the case for six hours, and finally by a strict party vote of 28 to 25 rejected the nomination. Press-correspondents at Washington, who claim to speak on good authority, aver that the first three reasons advanced by Mr. Hoar did not weigh with the Senate as they were not clearly proved, and that it was really Mr. Goode's action in the Pan-Electric case which caused his rejection. It is evident that Mr. Garland's presence in the Cabinet will be a source of embarrassment to the President. Influential Democratic, Republican, and Independent journals unite in urging Mr. Cleveland to set himself right on the Pan-Electric question by asking for Mr. Garland's resignation. He appears, however, to be satisfied that his attorney-general is free from blame in the matter.

An Adverse Report on the Randall Tariff bill was presented to the House last week. In bringing in the report from the Ways and Means Committee Mr. Morrison said that the effect of the bill would be to produce a deficiency of forty-eight million dollars, and added that the committee while "unwilling to credit a purpose so lacking in patriotism, so forgetful of the public faith, must believe the bill the result of fiscal distemper, hindering a just comprehension and intelligent treatment of the subject." He went on to show that Mr. Randall must have miscalculated the effect of his reductions of internal revenue, when he stated it at twenty-six mil-

ions, as the taxes he proposed to abolish produced last year between thirty-nine and forty millions. The tariff clauses would not entail a serious reduction—indeed Mr. Morrison contends that they would increase the present list. They were probably inserted to give a name and title to the bill. Its main purpose is to abolish the tax on tobacco and other articles, so as to prevent any tariff reductions being effected. Evidently no agreement on this question is possible between the two sections of the Democratic Party.

Three More Fishing Schooners have Been seized by the Canadian authorities. Their owners have been notified that a fine of four hundred dollars and costs has been imposed in each case. Intense indignation has been aroused in Portland, Me., by the seizures, and an urgent appeal has been sent to Secretary Bayard for his intervention. It would appear that the negotiations are complicated by having to deal with two governments, but Mr. Bayard has notified the English Government that he will look to it for compensation. It is admitted, however, that Canada regulates her own customs and has acted in this matter on her own responsibility. In a letter to the owners of the David J. Adams, Mr. Bayard says: "More than one year ago I sought to protect our citizens engaged in fishing from the results which might attend any possible misunderstanding between the governments of Great Britain and the United States as to the measure of their mutual rights and privileges in the territorial waters of British North America. But other counsels prevailed, and my efforts further to protect the fishermen from such trouble as you now suffer were unavailing." Mr. Bayard adds that he still hopes to secure a clear and comprehensive agreement on the subject, and to obtain reparation for all losses unlawfully caused.

Six Men Convicted of Boycotting were Sentenced last week in New York by Judge Barrett. This is the first case in this State in which boycotting has been declared a crime and punished. There was a case some time ago in which boycotting was an element, but in that it was coupled with extorting money, which was the crime really punished. In the case decided last week the men were charged with boycotting a bakery. No violence was alleged and a conviction was asked for by the counsel for the people on the ground that it was a conspiracy. The jury recommended the prisoners to mercy, and the judge said that as the prisoners probably were unaware that what they did was illegal, he would administer a light punishment, but in future any one convicted of the crime before him would get all the law allowed. Three of the men were sentenced to ten days' imprisonment and the other three to thirty days. The full penalty is a year in the Penitentiary.

The Enormous Number of Liquor Licenses granted in Brooklyn since the accession of the new mayor has alarmed the citizens, and as several other places not yet licensed are being prepared for the sale of liquor, an effort has been made to check the lavish issue of licenses. Indignation meetings have been held in several churches, and last Thursday one was summoned in the Sands Street Methodist Church, of which Mayor Whitney is a trustee and a prominent member. The immediate cause of the meeting was the building and decoration of an aristocratic bar-room within half a block of the church. No license has yet been granted for it, and the members of the church are in earnest in trying to prevent a license being obtained for it. Mayor Whitney was present and heard the indignant protests. One speaker, Dr. George L. Taylor, quoted from the Methodist book of discipline to show that as a member and a trustee of a Methodist church, Mayor Whitney was bound in the most solemn manner to oppose the liquor traffic, and he called upon the mayor to observe his vows or withdraw from the church. "If the mayor does not do his duty," continued the speaker, "the noblest service this historic church can do will be to expel the mayor of Brooklyn."

This is the first time, we believe, that the mayor of a city has been threatened with expulsion from a church for neglecting his official duties.

The Russian Government Formally Notified the respective European courts that she had decided to close the port of Batoum, which under the treaty of Berlin she was pledged to keep open. Batoum was formerly a seaport of Asiatic Turkey, but at the Berlin Congress it was ceded to Russia on condition that free entry should be maintained. Since then it has become a place of considerable importance to commerce, and the centre of a large import and export trade. The impudence with which Russia disregards treaty obligations when they become irksome to her was never more glaringly manifested than in this case.

Mr. Gladstone's Defeat at the Polls was Assured last week. The number of members elected to the new House of Commons was 573, leaving 97 still to be chosen. The Conservatives numbered 289, and the Liberals opposed to Home Rule 63, making a total of 352, or a majority of the House antagonistic to Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question. Mr. Gladstone's supporters, already elected, numbered 149, and the Parnellites 72. It is a curious fact that the disparity in the numbers of Gladstonians and anti-Gladstonians in the House is not found in the poll lists. The total number of votes cast up to the close of last week was 2,328,847. Of these 1,118,973 or nearly one half were cast for supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Tories and Liberal deserters combined exceeded Mr. Gladstone's followers by only 90,901 votes—a very slender majority. No less than forty of the Liberal deserters have lost their seats. Until the remaining seats are filled the exact complexion of the House cannot be predicted, but if the voters choose men of the same character as they did at the election last year, no party will have an absolute majority. It would, however, be possible by a few mutual concessions to form a coalition between the Conservatives and the Liberal deserters, but not all of the latter—John Bright, for example—could be carried into the Tory camp. Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Goschen would not be out of place among the Tories, and on Monday last it was cabled that overtures for an alliance had been made to them by the Tory leader, the Marquis of Salisbury. If the alliance can be arranged it would seem possible to form an administration that would command a working majority. Mr. Gladstone's immediate resignation is expected.

The Government of Ireland Under the changed circumstances will be a work of serious responsibility. The hopes of the Irish people having been raised by their securing such a champion as Mr. Gladstone, their disappointment will be proportionately great. Whether they have sufficient self-control to wait patiently for a better day, or whether Parnell and his colleagues can restrain them has yet to be seen, but it is evident already that, whatever their action may be, their hatred of England has been intensified by the result of the election. It will not be an easy task to go on with coercion and the eviction of tenants in the present temper of the people. The policy of coercion and emigration which Lord Salisbury formulated a few weeks ago as the remedy for Irish discontent may produce sullen submission in Ireland, but it is little likely to promote loyalty or good-will. The Irish will continue to regard English rule as foreign domination, and will hate it accordingly. Nor will England herself be at ease. Having sympathized with Poland and other oppressed nations, she must eventually feel that she is inconsistent in refusing to Ireland the right to legislate for herself. She has lost the opportunity of securing Irish loyalty and gratitude by the means which were conspicuously successful in Canada and Australia; she has suffered in the respect of the world, and when she fully realizes those two facts she will probably retrace the ill-advised step she has taken. It will be a bad time then for the nobles, the gentry, and the clergy, whose counsel she has taken at this crisis.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received, since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of \$14.50. They are as follows: From Boston, Mass., \$2; Rockland, Wis., \$5; Boreta, La., 50 cents; E. Des Moines, Ia., \$5; Auburn, Ala., \$1; New Brunswick, N. J., \$1. Colored ministers who are concerned about the terms being near expiration for which they are getting the paper through this fund may be assured that their names will be replaced on the list in regular order as fast as possible. For every dollar sent us one name is added for a year. This is the utmost we can do. Reading the expressions of gratitude sent to us, and realizing how much benefit both ministers and congregations derive from the sermons and other matter published in this journal every week, we would gladly renew every name and add others to the list, but the low price at which the paper is sold, and the heavy cost of production renders the accumulation of a fund for gratuitous circulation impossible. We are grateful for the kind assistance which has enabled us to do so much as has been done for the benefit of our colored friends.

Some Interesting Lectures are Being Delivered by the brilliant young Persian student, Yaroo M. Neesan, an account of whom appears on page 438 of this issue. Mr. Neesan has a number of Persian costumes in which he appears to illustrate his lectures. He has also a collection of Persian books, coins, seals, etc., ancient and modern, which he exhibits. Much light on Bible history is gained from his descriptions of Oriental customs. Mr. Neesan has been enabled to continue his studies here by the help he has received from the proceeds of these lectures. From the pastors of several churches in which he has lectured testimonials have been received, speaking in the highest terms of their interesting and instructive character. Among them are Revs. J. G. Van Slyke, D.D., of Kingston, N. Y., Henry Bedinger, of Matteawan, N. Y., A. A. Zabriskie, of Flatbush, N. Y., and William N. Searles, of Kingston, N. Y. Mr. Neesan's address is 403 West Twentieth Street, New York City.

Successful Evangelistic Services are Being conducted by Rev. E. W. Oakes in Philadelphia. They were commenced in a quiet way, but the numbers of those attending grew until it was found necessary to obtain more commodious quarters. A tent has now been erected on the corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets and the work is going on with renewed energy. The work is wholly unsectarian. The services are simple evangelistic meetings adapted to non-churchgoers, and special attention is given to Gospel temperance. Mr. Oakes asks the prayers of our readers for a continuance of God's blessing on the effort.

The Services Conducted by Sam Jones and Sam Small at Indianapolis, which closed on June 29th, have been much blessed. The Rev. N. A. Hyde, D.D., of that city, writing to the *Independent*, says: "Great crowds of every class in the community thronged the services of the evangelists; they were deeply moved at the time, by the stirring words they heard; hundreds expressed a determination to live better lives; several hundred professed conversion. The interest was spreading and deepening up to the very last service. There has not yet been time to ascertain what the effect will be on the membership of the various churches. But there is no doubt that a great number of persons have been benefited by the meetings. At one evening service at least two thousand persons rose, to testify by that act that they personally had been profited. A large part of that number were Christian people, and they undoubtedly were sincere and honest in their expressions. They had received from these preachers of righteousness and a consecrated life a new spiritual impulse; they have a better understanding of what it means to be a Christian; many have been made ashamed of their frivolous, pleasure-seeking lives. Many of our leading lawyers were attracted to the

meetings." Many sceptics attended the meetings and were impressed, and, it may be hoped, permanently changed.

An Organ-Grinder's Troubles have Come into court for settlement, and the judge is asked to decide whether the man who owns the organ or the man who hired it, ought to put it in repair. The organ-grinder in broken English said that the organ was good at first, but, after a time, whenever a certain note should have been produced the instrument was silent. Soon a second and a third note passed beyond the capacity of the organ. There were now embarrassing breaks and pauses in what the man called "the music," and he took the instrument back to the padrone for repairs. The barrel was taken out and examined, but was found in good order. Another trial was made, but the gaps in the performance increased until not more than one half the score was audible. Another application was made to the padrone, and the organ was opened and thoroughly examined. Inside were two little mice, who had become fat on the catgut strings, each of which had cost the organ one note. Perhaps the mystery of the organ may furnish a clue to the mystery of some gloomy lives. Instead of being full of praise they are silent and inharmonious, because little secret sins are eating away spiritual power (Ps. 51:9, 14).

The Disquietude that Riches Entail on their possessor was forcibly demonstrated in the case of a man who died at a farm-house near Troy, N. Y., on July 4th. He was very nervous, and the dread of being robbed made his life wretched, and unquestionably shortened it. He had accumulated considerable wealth, which he was afraid to deposit in any bank. He kept most of it in gold at his home. The balance was in Government bonds, which he was also afraid might be stolen. The bedroom he occupied, and in which he died, was a burglar-proof apartment. A door leading from it into the kitchen was made of heavy oak timber, three inches thick, with bars and bolts. The only window was a network of iron bars, with a two-inch oak shutter and a porihole through which he might defend himself from an attack by burglars. These bars were so arranged that no one but himself could remove them except by tearing down the casings. In his room were constantly kept a brace of pistols and a rifle, and he never ventured out of his house without being armed with a couple of seven-shooters. It was not uncommon to see a loaded revolver drop out of his pocket as he climbed a fence. He never had a quiet night's rest, and was so timid even in the daytime that any sudden noise caused him to start and tremble like a leaf. He grew prematurely old with anxiety, and died before his time. It is a pity that he did not make a practical study of the Bible. There he might have found for his case both an accurate diagnosis (Eccles. 5:12) and a remedy (Matt. 6:20).

A Polish Immigrant Received his First Lesson in American civilization from a New York policeman last week. The immigrant and his wife arrived on Wednesday, and were walking up Broadway on their way to some cheap boarding-house. The thermometer was registering ninety-five in the shade, and all pedestrians were suffering from the heat. The Pole, a strong, sturdy man, was sauntering along with his hands behind him, smoking his pipe and enjoying his first glimpse of the land of the free. Behind him his wife was painfully toiling under the burden of an immense bundle, apparently containing clothing, swung on her back, a tin can that could hold a gallon in her right hand, while a healthy child was carried on her left arm. A policeman caught sight of the couple, and immediately proceeded to rectify the injustice. Striding up to the man he wheeled him around by the shoulder, and taking the bundle and the big can from the woman, put them into his hands and motioned to him to proceed. The fellow grinned, and intimated by a gesture that the duty belonged to the wife. The ominous scowl on the officer's face and the minatory flourish

of his club ended the argument. The immigrant walked on sulkily with his load, the woman smiled her thanks, and the crowd applauded the policeman. The Pole had learned his first lesson by being made bear his own burden. It may be hoped his education will not stop there. Christians can tell him of a still higher law existing, but very much neglected even in this land of Bibles, which he will do well to obey (Gal. 6:2).

A Narrow Escape from Shipwreck is Reported by the captain of the brigantine *Evangeline*, which arrived at Halifax, N. S., on July 2d from Montego Bay. He states that while beating to windward between Jamaica and Cuba she encountered a violent easterly gale, which lasted for three days, accompanied by fog and rain. The vessel lay to most of the time, and while in this position struck a reef on the south side of Cuba. The sea was running high, and commenced to break over the ship. The first sea which boarded her filled the cabin, and the captain's wife was nearly drowned. The second sea drove the vessel further up on the reef, but this was quickly followed by another and heavier sea, which carried her off the rocks into deep water, where she made her escape. That is very like the experience often met with in the voyage of life. Many a man, stranded in his way through the world, owes his deliverance to some dreaded trial that has lifted him into faith and peace instead of overwhelming him (Job 36:16).

A Man Pursued by a Bear in Michigan saved his life by a curious expedient a few days ago. The man, while out fishing, encountered the cub of a bear, which he imprudently made captive. He was making his way with it through the woods when he was pursued by the cub's mother. The fisherman dropped the cub very soon, but this act failed to placate or divert the attention of the parent bear, which pressed him hotly. At one moment she was so close that she was enabled to secure a mouthful of the fugitive's apparel. His strength was fast giving way, and the bear betrayed no sign of fatigue or of relenting, when the fisherman bethought him of an expedient. He had heard that the most ferocious of wild animals were subdued and terrified by fire, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket, he touched a match to it, and dashed it blazing into the bear's face. The effect was magical. The bear rolled over and over, screaming with terror, and on regaining her feet forsook the field with astonishing rapidity. The fisherman's knowledge of his enemy's weakness proved his best weapon. The same knowledge is supplied to every man who is assailed by the great enemy of souls (Eph. 6:11-17).

A Brave Little Girl Imperilled her Life to save her brothers and sisters at Belmont, Mass., on July 7th. Nellie is only ten years old, but since the death of her mother a few months ago she has been her father's housekeeper, and has taken care of her smaller brothers and sisters, of whom there are four. On Wednesday of last week the father was late in returning from his work, and the children were all asleep in the frame house where they lived, when a fire broke out. They slept on unconscious of their danger until the rear part of the house was nearly consumed, when Nellie was awakened by a falling timber. Without waiting to dress she caught up the baby, two years old, and ran through the thick smoke with it out upon the green sward. She then hastened back to carry forth another, and so continued until she had the whole four securely nestled together in front of the burning building. Just as the fire department arrived the room in which the children had been sleeping fell through with a crash, sending a shower of sparks far into the heavens. To their sister's love and self-forgetfulness the children undoubtedly owe their lives. As we picture the little heroine venturing into the burning building to rescue her brothers and sisters unmindful of her own danger, we are reminded of our Elder Brother, who came to this lost world to save our race (Mark 15:31).

HEALING AND PARDON.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."—ISAIAH 33: 24.

A Message to People in Trouble—Deliverance in Extremity—I. Present Forgiveness—Essential to Joy—To Love—Plainly Promised—Granted in Answer to Prayer—To the Humble—When God's Rule is Acknowledged—II. Removal of the Consequences of Sin—Special Chastisement for Special Sin—Traces Often Left—III. The Tone of Speech Changed—No Need to Complain—Past Ills Forgotten—The Perfect Health at Hand.

THIS whole chapter was a gracious message from God to a people who were *in extremis*. They were made to drink the foulest dregs of sorrow through the invasion of the Assyrians. The highways were waste, the wayfarer ceased; the earth mourned and languished; Lebanon was ashamed and hewn down; Sharon was like a wilderness; and Bashan and Carmel shook off their fruits. Then did God arise. When the worst had come to the worst, He laid bare His arm and brought deliverance for His people. Is not this

A GENERAL RULE WITH GOD?

Is it not a truth fraught with comfort to any of you whose day has darkened down into a sevenfold midnight? When nothing else is left you God remains and God appears. When all your own strength fails you your strength shall be to sit still while God arises and becomes your arm every morning, your salvation in the time of trouble. I would encourage all who are in spiritual distress to gather hope from this chapter, since it is addressed to Zion in her sore affliction. If it be really so, that the joys and blessings which are described in the passage before us come to a people who are driven to the last extremity, why should not such blessings come to you?

As we saw in the reading of this chapter, the prophet seems to take wing as he proceeds; he rises from note to note, as if like David he said "Selah;" lift up the strain. He makes each note more high, more sweet, more loud than those which preceded it; for he sings unto Him that doeth great things for His people.

THE CLIMAX

is in this sweet verse: "The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." One of the highest notes of praise which we can ever raise unto God is that which tells of pardoning love. Note the opening of the one hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." Our text is another form of that verse: "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Healing and forgiveness are placed in happy conjunction, and both bestowed on the Lord's people when they looked not for them.

I. First, then, beloved, I introduce to you a topic upon which I am sure you have no question; but still it may do you good to be confirmed in the acknowledged truth. There is such a thing as the

PRESENT FORGIVENESS

of sin. "The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." There must be a present conscious enjoyable pardon of sin, else there would be no joy in the world for thoughtful minds. To the thoughtless and careless there might be a flash in the pan, a noisy mirth as the crackling of thorns under a pot; but to the penitent, to the serious, to the careful, where could there be a spark of joy if sin were unforgiven? When we once begin to feel what sin is, to discern its true nature, and to understand the just punishment which must follow upon it, we cannot rest under its condemnation. Sin is the blast which withers all the flowers of life. Sin is the gall of bitterness; a drop of it would turn an ocean of pleasure into wormwood. Sin would again blight Paradise, could it be restored; yea, it would turn heaven into

hell could it enter there. Sin is a burden which an awakened conscience cannot bear; it crushes the spirit into the dust, and threatens further to bear it down, even to the lowest hell. Believers are spoken of as a blessed people who joy in God; they are bidden to rejoice evermore; the apostle saith, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." Such rejoicing would be impossible if sin were not pardoned; and therefore we conclude that

SIN MAY BE PARDONED,

that it may be pardoned now, and that we may know it.

Further, dear brethren, there must be forgiveness of sin, else the main motive and fountain of love would be dried up. Forgiveness begets gratitude, gratitude creates love, and love brings forth holiness. She that washed the Saviour's feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, would she have done it if she had not loved much because she felt that much had been forgiven her? The motive power of action to a believing man lies hard by the realization that God for Christ's sake hath forgiven his iniquities. When I see my Lord, His own self, bearing my sins in His own body on the tree, and blotting out my faults forever by His death, then my spirit glows with love, my eyes stream with tears, my heart dedicates itself wholly to Jesus, and my life begins to show the effect of my inward emotion. Sin forgiven

LEADS TO SIN FORSAKEN.

Is it not so? Doubt whether you are forgiven, and what can you do? There must be a consciousness of forgiveness, or our lives will be limp, weak, purposeless.

It must be so, that sin can be pardoned and that we can know it, else we should be always in bondage through fear of death. In what jeopardy should we stand every hour, since we might at once sink into hell! The prospect of death, how terrible would it be to us if sin still accused us unto God! Many of us now contemplate the approach of death with a calm, quiet patience of hope. As our years advance, we are not distressed with the thought that the time of our departure draws daily nearer. This world is not our rest, and we do not desire to live always. To be willing to be offered up, and joyfully to say, "The time of my departure is at hand," would be utterly impossible if believers did not know, and know of a certainty, that their sins are all forgiven.

Once more: there must be forgiveness, for else the whole system of grace would be a dead letter, and its glorious privileges would be mere shells without a kernel. Where would be salvation itself without pardon? How could we be saved from our sins if not forgiven? There is certainly no possibility of acceptance or justification while sin is unforgiven. I have shown you already that there is no motive to seek sanctification if we are hopelessly condemned for sin. What is even the gift of Christ Himself if He does not put away our sin? The whole of the blessings of the Gospel seem to me to have lost their charm unless, first of all, there is cleansing from all iniquity.

Let us now bend our thoughts to a consideration of this great blessing as it is treated of in this chapter. It is

PLAINLY PROMISED

in the text: "The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Nor is this a lone word; the like is often declared. I will not occupy your time by quoting the many passages of Scripture in which the pardon of sin is expressly promised. If we wish to obtain this free pardon it will be granted in answer to prayer. If you want pardon of Him who is waiting to be gracious, seek it. It is to be had without money and without price by the man who will stretch out his empty hand to take it. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Go to your knees, and see if the Lord will not be gracious unto you.

God grants pardon when men are humbled. See the seventh verse: "Their valiant ones shall cry without; the ambassadors of peace

shall weep bitterly." Crying and weeping are good

PREPARATIONS FOR PARDON.

In the dust of self-abasement is the place for hope. Jeremiah saith of the afflicted, "He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope." God never pardons the proud; He knows them "afar off," and has enough of them at a distance. With the humble and contrite He dwells, delighting to hear them honor His law by bemoaning their breaches of it. When thou sayest, "God be merciful to me a sinner," though thou darest not lift up thine eyes to Heaven, the eyes of Heaven look down on thee. Thou shalt go to thine house justified, if in God's house thou hast confessed thyself to be condemned.

God will also pardon us when He is acknowledged to be our Ruler and Lord. Look at the twenty-second verse: "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king." Wilt thou have God to reign over thee? If so, He will forgive thee; but if thou wilt continue to rebel, His wrath shall abide upon thee. How canst thou receive the kiss of love if thou dost not give the kiss of allegiance? "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry." Accept His rule, and He will accept thy prayer. We must love His law, or we cannot be discharged from its curse. Be willing to obey, and He is ready to forgive.

He will also forgive us when we put our trust in Him. Read the last clause of the twenty-second verse: "He will save us." Faith must look for salvation from the Lord alone, and then salvation will come to it. Oh, how I wish that some poor heart here present would cry this morning, "He will save me; I will take Him to be my King and my Lawgiver, and I will believe for myself that He will save me!" It is that touch of personal faith which brings peace to the soul. If thou wilt not trust God, neither shalt thou have peace; but if thou wilt come now just as thou art, and believe that He is able to forgive thee, and trust Him so to do, then thou shalt have this promise verified in thine experience—"The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

Is not this a large promise? One might desecrate upon it by the week together; and, indeed, one might rejoice in it to all eternity. I leave it to your quiet musings. If the prophet says, "Your heart shall meditate terror," viewing it as past and gone, how much more may you muse on mercy world without end, viewing it as forever your own?

II. Now, with extreme brevity, I want, in the second place, to say that, when sin is pardoned,

THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN

are also removed. Sin had made these people sick, as Isaiah saith in his first chapter—"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." But when iniquity is forgiven, then "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." Special chastisement is usually removed when any peculiar sin is forgiven. God, under a former age, very manifestly visited sin with chastisement in this life; and when He forgave it, He removed the weight of His hand from the offender. Read the history of Israel, and see a host of instances.

There are still instances in which personal chastisement does follow personal sin in this life, especially among believers, and especially among believers in church fellowship. We read of the Corinthians, when they misbehaved themselves, "For this cause some are sickly among you, and many sleep." Within the chosen family there are chastisements unknown to the outside world. But when we go with our confession, and find pardon of the Lord, the temporal chastisement is usually removed, or else it is so changed in its purpose as to become quite another thing.

But, further, when I speak of the consequences of sin being taken away, this is very apparent in respect of certain sins. A man being a drunkard brings himself to poverty; he asks forgiveness for the drunkenness, he ceases from it; by honest industry his abject poverty is soon ended. Within a few weeks you see a

difference in the very aspect of the man. Oftentimes when by some sin of impurity a sinner weakens his body and injures his health, his cure is much helped by his repenting and forsaking his uncleanness. It may not be so with some great transgressions, for

THEY MAY LEAVE SCARS

which cannot be healed in this life; but true repentance will turn even these into a means of humiliation, and make them serve as safeguards against any return to folly. When sins are frankly confessed and forsaken, then the gracious message comes—"The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die."

Believers do not escape the sorrows of this life; but, then, no sorrow that comes to a Christian is sent as a penal infliction. It is not sent as a vindication of law, but as a tender parental discipline. Vast is the difference between the chastisement of love and the infliction of justice. To the forgiven man "all things work together for good;" yea, even those things which naturally follow upon the sin which is now forgiven. The curse is turned into a blessing; the poison acts as a medicine; that which kills the impenitent helps the cure of a believer. Yea, look at death itself. Do Christians die as a punishment for sin? God forbid. Death is no punishment to the believer; it is the gate of endless joy. It is not death to die, now that Jesus hath died, yea, rather, hath risen and gone into glory, on our behalf. We thank God that the bitterness of death is past. Death itself is mentioned in the list of our possessions: "All things are yours, whether life or death."

MAYBE, WE SHALL NOT DIE

at all; for our Lord may come on a sudden; and if He comes while we are alive and remain, we shall not sleep, though we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.

Believe, once more, that all the eternal penal consequences are gone from the forgiven man. For him there can be no condemnation at the day of judgment; for him there can be no "Depart, ye cursed;" for him there is no blackness of darkness forever; for him no worm that dieth not, no fire that never can be quenched.

III. The speciality of what I want to say lies in my last point—that the Lord even

CHANGES THE TONE OF SPEECH

of His people. "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick;" there is the point. Why shall they not say, "I am sick?" First, they have no need to say it when the Lord comes and dwells with them; for the Sun of Righteousness hath risen upon them with healing in His wings. When Jesus healed the sick of the palsy, He said to him, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Pardon and healing were one. Spiritually the pardoned one shall not need to say, "I am sick," because his soul-diseases then receive a healing medicine.

All spiritual disease receives its death-blow when sin is forgiven. Sin is crucified by the same cross which brings atonement. You may have to struggle with it, for the corruption of the flesh still remaineth, but "sin shall not have dominion over you; for you are not under the law, but under grace." "Whatsoever is born of God, sinneth not."

THE NEW NATURE SINS NOT.

John saith, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," that is to say he cannot sin as others do; it is not the rule and drift of his life. God will avert the pestilence of sin from pardoned men; they shall be preserved from those moral pests which slay their thousands. You were once the victim of every fever of sin, but now your sin is forgiven. You pass unharmed through the temptations which surround you. God will preserve the true believer from the malaria of corruption which is in the world through lust; he shall be "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Next, they shall have no thought of saying, "I am sick." He that feels the joy of pardoned sin forgets all his pains and griefs. In my own per-

son I know what it is to be vexed with sore pains and yet to feel such rest of heart that I have felt no desire to complain. When we rejoice in divine love we make small account of our bodily condition? If deaf, blind, or otherwise full of infirmities of the flesh, we make small reckoning of the whole when we know

THE JOY OF PARDONED SIN.

The inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick," because he says, "I am forgiven." The Lord gives to His people at times such peace and joy in believing that though they are poor, they do not say, "I am poor," but sing, "I am forgiven, I am forgiven."

A brother had grievously offended, and had been put out from church fellowship for his sin; and he so behaved that his pastor thought of him with pain, and was glad to avoid an interview with him, for it only produced a sad attempt at self-justification. At length the Lord brought him to a better mind. He sought his pastor, and said, with tears, "Will you shake hands with me?" The pastor replied, "Right gladly. I rejoice to feel that the past is all forgiven. How are you?" The repentant one made this reply, "I am quite well now that you restore me to your esteem." The poor man was extremely ill, but the joy of being once more in his old place in his friend's thoughts made him refuse to say, "I am sick." The news of victory has made lame men leap. How much more shall it be so when the Lord Jesus manifests His power to save, and the Holy Spirit assures the heart of blood-bought pardon; then, indeed, "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."

I find some read this sentence in the past tense: "The inhabitant shall not say, I have been sick." The joy of pardon makes us ignore the sorrow of the past.

THOU SHALT NOT REMEMBER

the reproach of thy widowhood any more." Since their enemies were all gone, the citizens of Jerusalem rejoiced in their safety, and said nothing about what they had suffered. Many of the sick quitted their couches, crowded the battlements, and looked out with pleasure toward the quarter where the foe had been. The Assyrian power was broken; the great king had fled; the men of Jerusalem forgot they had been half-starved, and that the plague had been among them. The inhabitant did not say, "I am sick." Their misery was swallowed up in victory. Glory be to God for such mercy as this. When God changes our estate from condemnation to acceptance, then is our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing, because "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Yet once again, and I have done. Pardoned people shall not say they are sick, for by a little anticipation they shall declare the very contrary. In a little time—how little a time none of us can tell—we shall be where the inhabitant shall never be sick again. We are on our way to eternal health; we have the life within us which is to be perfect forever and ever. Why should we then say, "I am sick?" If a man could be quite sure that he would be in perfect health tomorrow, he would say little about the sickness of an hour. A blind man who will see tomorrow hardly numbers himself with the blind. Before another Sabbath comes round some of you may be with the angels; yea, before tomorrow's sun shall rise you may be where they "need no candle, neither light of the sun." Happy men to be so nearly well—so nearly home! Happy beings who shall so soon be

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in!"

Then shall you realize the fullest meaning of these words, "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

Who comes this way? Who comes this way? Welcome, brother, to pardon and healing through our Lord Jesus. Who is going the other way? Let such a sad wanderer consider

his way, and retrace his steps, and seek his God, who in Christ Jesus can heal him. Oh ye who are now sick unto death, ask to be forgiven, and healing will come from the pardoning hand. God bless you! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.*

THE youthful mind, especially if of a vain or of a pensive and indolent turn, is much tempted to exercise the imagination in castle-building. Speaking of his younger years, Sir James Mackintosh tells us: "Reading of Echarde's Roman history led me into a ridiculous habit from which I shall never be totally free. I used to fancy myself Emperor of Constantinople. I distributed offices and provinces among my school-fellows. I loaded my favorites with dignity and power, and I often made the objects of my dislike feel the weight of my Imperial resentment. I carried on the series of political events in solitude for several hours. I resumed them and continued them from day to day for months. Ever since I have been more prone to building castles in the air than most others. My castle-building has always been of a singular kind. It was not the anticipation of a sanguine disposition expecting extraordinary success in its pursuits. My disposition is not sanguine, and my visions have generally regarded things as much unconnected with my ordinary pursuits and as little to be expected as the crown of Constantinople at the school of Fortrose. These fancies, indeed, have never amounted to conviction, or, in other words, they have never influenced my action, but I must confess they have often been as steady and of as regular occurrence as conviction itself, and that they have sometimes created a little faint expectation, or state of mind in which my wonder that they should be realized would not be so great as it naturally ought to be."

A person of a very different temperament, Charlotte Elizabeth, describes herself as falling in her younger years, into a similar habit, which, however, she speedily corrected. "I acquired that habit of dreamy excursiveness into imaginary scenes and among unreal personages, which is alike inimical to rational pursuits and opposed to spiritual-mindedness."

I have remarked in my own experience, for I confess to have been an architect of these airy fabrics, that all such vain thoughts sooner or later end in sadness; after the height comes the hollow, deep in proportion to the previous elevation; after the flow comes the ebb, to leave us stranded on a very sandy waste. The mind when it awakes, as it must, revenges itself for the dreams by which it has been deceived. For the time they enfeeble the will, they relax the resolution, they dissipate the energies, and they issue in chagrin, disappointment with the world, ennui, and not unfrequently bitterness of spirit. The indulgence in such weak imaginings is like the sultry heat of a summer day; it is close and disagreeable at the time, and it is ever liable to be broken in upon by thunders and lightnings. These gathering clouds, though they may seem light and floating, will sooner or later pour forth tempests. They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. If the imagination is unlawfully engaged when building palaces among the gilded clouds, it is equally misemployed when under

* From Psychology: The Cognitive Powers, by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., etc., President of Princeton College. A singularly successful effort to present in an attractive form, a science usually uninviting. Also a triumphant refutation of the philosophic errors which are ruining the brightest minds among the young students of our day, forcing them into either Idealism or Agnosticism. Pp. 245; price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Ludwig, the Late King of Bavaria.



St. Mildred's Church at Whippingham, Isle of Wight.

the guidance of a melancholy spirit; it is hewing out sepulchres in desolate and gloomy places, and peopling them with ghosts and demons to keep the timid from going out into the dark night when duty calls. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

This vain spirit is much fostered and increased by the excessive novel-reading of the age. I am not to enter upon a crusade against the perusal of works of fiction. I should be sorry to debar the child from "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress," or to prevent any one from becoming acquainted with the character of Jeannie Deans or Uncle Tom. But I do protest against that constant and indiscriminate perusal of romances in which so many indulge. Those who consume *this garbage* will soon take its hue, as the worm takes the color of the herbage on which it feeds.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

(See Portrait on this page.)

MENTION has been made in our news columns of the deposition and subsequent suicide of the King of Bavaria, whose portrait appears here. The history of this eccentric sovereign is one of the most striking illustrations in our day of the absurdity of hereditary monarchy.

He was born August 25th, 1845, and succeeded to the Bavarian throne at the age of nineteen, on the sudden death of his father, Maximilian II., March 10th, 1864. His boyhood was passed in virtual seclusion with his ecclesiastical instructors. They allowed him no boyish companions and no indulgence in boyish sports and games. To these he had recourse after he ascended the throne, and he has been known to *play at marbles for hours with his courtiers* in one of his palaces just outside of Munich.

His first political step of any importance proved to be a blunder. When, in 1866, war was declared between Prussia and Austria, King Ludwig threw in his lot with the latter. After the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, Prince Bismarck treated him with far more leniency than was accorded to the other States which had fought against Prussia. In return for this, when, in 1870, France declared war against Prussia, King Ludwig at once placed his army at the

disposal of King William. Utterly devoid of military tastes, he took no active part in the campaign, but he was foremost among the Teutonic sovereigns in offering the German Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia at Versailles.

After the war the first incipient signs of his malady began to be manifest. As years went on, stories of his vagaries were circulated throughout Europe. He would have magnificent dramatic performances produced at great cost, and played before him as he sat alone in a darkened auditorium. He would rise at midnight and with a troop of light cavalry to attend him drive through the streets of his capital and away on to the mountains like a whirlwind. During a visit which he made *incognito* to Paris, after the conclusion of the war of 1870-71, his mania received a new direction. He visited Versailles, and thenceforward determined to outdo Louis XIV. in architectural extravagance. Various gorgeous and almost inaccessible Alpine palaces were put in hand and fabulous sums spent upon their decoration, until the Royal Exchequer became bankrupt.

Until a year ago King Ludwig's vagaries were politely referred to as eccentricities, but it then became impossible to ignore the fact that the man was insane. The King's uncle, as the nearest of kin, accordingly interfered. Physicians disguised as common soldiers visited the King and certified to his mental incapacity. He was deposed, and Prince Luitpold was made Regent. The King was placed under the care of Dr. Gudden, a specialist in mental disease, but on June 13th last he succeeded in killing the physician and committing suicide.

THE RULE OF JONATHAN EVANS.

(See Illustration on page 445.)

"WHERE is Lucy? Is she out again?" The inquiries were addressed to his wife by Jonathan Evans, a middle-aged, industrious mechanic, who had just returned to his home from an evening service at the little church of which he was a leading member. "Yes, father; she is only gone for a walk; she will be home presently." The conciliatory tone in which his wife answered indicated that she was the peacemaker in the home, and that Jonathan was not prone

to the fault of Eli, who saw his children do evil and "restrained them not." But Mrs. Evans could not make peace this time. She saw with fear that one of those explosions of parental wrath was impending which led her to doubt whether "the second blessing" which Jonathan professed to have received had been effectual.

"You are always making excuses for Lucy," he said. "Eh! I'll see if I am not to be obeyed in my own house. I've told her before that she shall not be out after sundown unless she goes to a prayer-meeting."

"O Jonathan, don't be hard on the girl. She is in the factory all day. She must have a little change, and a walk on a summer night does no harm."

"You don't now what harm it does. 'A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame,' the Bible says, and I reckon we might say herself as well as himself."

"Lucy ain't a child now, Jonathan; she's eighteen next Thanksgiving. I'm scared of treating her hard. She's got your spirit, father; you can lead her with love anywhere, but you can't drive her."

"I don't want to drive her, but she's got to obey. Now, you go to bed and I'll stay up and let her in, and we'll have this thing settled once for all."

The mother obeyed tearfully, and when she reached her chamber prayed earnestly that God would soften her husband's heart and show him how to rule by love. The sounds that reached her ear told her that a stormy scene was taking place down stairs; but she was helpless to interfere, and she dare not speak to her husband when, with a stern face, he retired to rest an hour later.

There were no traces of weeping on Lucy's handsome face when she came down to breakfast next morning, but a hard, cold look which the mother dreaded beyond all other signs. She kissed the girl affectionately, and in a hurried whisper, for Jonathan's step was already heard on the stairs, she said, "Don't cross your father, Lucy; he means well; he only wants your good."

"He don't, mother," said Lucy, her dark eyes flashing. "He wants to break my

heart. You don't know the cruel things he said. I won't bear it!"

No more could be said then, and the meal was eaten in silence. Lucy dressed to go to the factory, and her father rose to go to his work. The girl gave her mother a hug and a kiss, but she took no leave of her father, and would have passed out silently had he not called her back.

"You remember what I said last night," he said. "I mean it, and I'll do it, too, if you give me cause."

Lucy gave him a look inflexible as his own, and said, "I am not likely to forget," and so saying, she went her way.

It was late that evening when Jonathan returned from his work, but Lucy had not come home, and her mother was in tears. Something had happened, she was sure, for Lucy had never been so late before. The factory must have been closed more than two hours. She would have gone to search for her daughter, but her husband would not allow it. Lucy was sulky, he said, and meant to defy him, but she would "have to come down from her high horse."

He went to a meeting of the church, and while he was away a hastily-written note was placed in the mother's hands. It contained only a few words, but they were enough to tell the old, sad story. Lucy had left home forever. Ease and luxury with dishonor had been offered her before, and indignantly rejected, but when, smarting under her father's threats and restive under his restraint, the temptation was renewed, Lucy had listened and yielded.

Jonathan found the mother weeping with this letter before her when he returned to his home. He had no tears to shed. His face took a sterner look as he turned to where the family Bible lay on its special stand. Opening to the fly-leaf containing the family register, he deliberately blotted out Lucy's name from the record, and bade his wife never mention her to him again. "She is dead to us for the future," he said; "she has chosen her portion; let her reap her reward." His wife obeyed him uncomplainingly, as she always did, but she could not forget her child, and prayed for her continually. Jonathan did not forget either, but having done his duty as he saw it, there was no pity for the erring one in his heart.

One moonlight night five years afterward Mrs. Evans was sitting at home alone, with her Bible open before her, but with her thoughts far away with the absent one. She heard a timid tap on the window, and, looking up, saw a white, scared face. Hurrying to the door she held out her arms, and Lucy sank weeping on her bosom. Beautiful still, and elegantly clothed, the prodigal had tremblingly come home for refuge. Deserted and despairing, it was her last hope. For a few brief minutes the mother and daughter rejoiced together in the reunion, but in both hearts there was a dread soon to be realized. Lucy sank to the floor and buried her face in her mother's lap as she heard her father's step approaching. She heard the door open, heard as in a dream her mother's pleading tones, and then she was taken roughly by the shoulders and thrust out into the night. Swiftly, with the strength of despair, she flew before the bitter words of reproach her relentless father hurled at her, making her way instinctively to the river.

Oh, had there been some one to tell her of the love of God for the lost, of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no



The Outcast. (See page 444.)

more"—if only some pitying hand had at that supreme crisis pointed her to the cross, she might have been saved. There was none. She felt herself an outcast, and with mad haste plunged into the pitiless stream.

There was much sympathy manifested for Jonathan Evans when the body was found and recognized. It was an inscrutable dispensation, his friends said, that so good a man should be so disgraced by his sinful daughter, and in the prayer-meetings petitions were offered for "the brother on whom God had been pleased to lay His afflicting hand." The Sunday-school children were warned by Lucy's fate, and the sad event was "improved" in a special sermon. Only one poor heart-broken woman, rapidly sinking into the grave, bowed down by sorrow, took a different view of the calamity, and she was silent. It might be that the others were right; they were better instructed than she; but she loved the transgressor, and mourned for her who had found no place for repentance, though she had sought it carefully and with tears.

AT THE MISSION.

A SERIAL STORY.

(Continued from page 431.)

Trust.

THE completeness with which Fritz Edelstein had disappeared seemed like death to his betrothed. No word, no sign, no message came from him, and the days passed on, each one like another stone upon his grave, making his return to his life and duty and his waiting love more improbable. The Moravians, who knew something of the intensity with which Juliet loved their friend, saw, while they sympathized with her, that she was gaining new strength from this heavy trial. Only a soul born again could live as she was living. The torturing suspense did not incapacitate her for duty; nor was she buoying herself up with hope of her lover's return. She did hope, as they all did; but that was not the source of her strength and

cheerfulness. It was clearly the acquiescence in God's will that the true Christian feels, which was Juliet's support. All her future was in the hands of a loving Father, and as she believed for herself so she believed for him who was dearer to her than herself.

The third week had nearly reached its close when a special messenger arrived from Bethabara with letters from Pastor Smidt, who was not well enough to come himself. The news of Edelstein's disappearance had reached the Northern station, and all that the deepest sympathy could suggest was written to the afflicted missionaries at Eschol. Letters from both Smidt and Sister Louisa were enclosed for Juliet. She retired into her own little room to read them alone.

Pastor Wilhelm was greatly depressed. Submissive as the good Moravian ever was to the will of God, he bitterly sorrowed for his dear companion.

"I miss Fritz at every point," the Pastor said to his wife. "He was more than a right hand. Fritz was ever ready to help, always prompt with resources—never at fault, never desponding."

"And we must not despond now," said Sister Anna, in her quiet, practical way. "Does not Brother Smidt in his letter write about cherishing hope?"

"I have none, dearest wife, I have none; I feel no doubt of Fritz's death. You do not

know these Red-hands. They are a tribe in which Christianity has not made a single convert. Some sixty years ago they utterly destroyed an Esquimaux settlement, plundering, burning, slaying; only a few poor creatures escaped. I used to think, in my youth, that it would be a grand thing for a missionary to go among them, to carry the Gospel of peace even to these men of blood. But now all my energies seem gone. The loss of our Fritz has made me ten years older; I can scarcely struggle through necessary work."

"When the Harmony comes again," said Anna, very sadly, "we must apply for other help, if dear Fritz do not return."

The Pastor pressed his hand over his eyes; he could scarcely suppress a groan. "Yes, another missionary couple must come here," he said, "to take the place of our lost Fritz and his Juliet." Anna touched her husband suddenly on the arm, for Juliet, leaving her room, now stood in the doorway.

"Oh! my dear child, forgive!" cried the Pastor, aware that she must have heard his last words.

"There is nothing to forgive," said Juliet, gently, coming forward and seating herself at the Pastor's feet. She spoke with effort, but in a voice distinct though low.

"Other Moravians will be needed," she continued, "if—if all that we fear be true. But, my father and mother, why should not your Juliet stay, too? May I not, at my own expense, have an additional little room built here? I wish never to leave Eschol; I wish never to leave the place where he labored; I want to follow in his steps. Where I first met him, first worked with him—where he first helped to guide my wandering feet to Christ, there be my home, there be my grave! I, too, would be a missionary, and one enlisted for life!"

"Oh, brave and true—" began Pastor Wilhelm, but he could not finish his sentence, for Juliet suddenly sprang to her feet almost with a scream.

"Hark! hark! a shout!" she cried, with quivering lips.

"I hear nothing," said the Pastor and his wife in a breath.

"I hear—'tis *his* voice! Oh, Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Juliet, and forth from the room and out of the house she rushed, heedless of all but the one hope which had dazzled her like a sudden flash of lightning.

That hope was no transient flash. The ear of love had not been deceived. Again comes the shout—the shout of triumph—and all now can hear it. See the sledge rapidly driven over the snow, with one form in it standing upright! Fritz is impelling Springer to utmost speed; a few minutes more, and his betrothed is sobbing with delight in his arms.

The whole station was in an uproar of joy. Men shouted, women clapped their hands, and the children made more noise than all. There was such laughing, and crying, and shaking of hands as never had been known in Eshcol before. It was some time before Fritz, quiet in the missionary home, could give to his nearest and dearest friends an account of his past adventures.

Lightly he passed over his dangers, though they had been great. The expedition, bravely undertaken, had proved successful. Northwind had not only been restrained from his resolve to make a raid in Eshcol, but had, after a time, seemed impressed by the preaching of Fritz. Its effect had been greatly increased by the relief which the Moravian, by his medical skill, had been enabled to give to the chief's brother, suffering under a painful disease which the medicine-man of the tribe had attempted in vain to cure.

Edelstein had found it impossible to quit his patient at once, and most undesirable not to follow up the spiritual work commenced. He had accompanied the tribe for some distance, thankful to see them going further from Eshcol. Fritz had not left the Indians till Northwind's brother had asked for baptism at his hands. The first Christian Red-hand was the fruit of the venture of faith, when a solitary missionary had gone forth alone to meet savages thirsting for blood, and, like the Prophet arresting the wild current of Jordan, had stayed their fierce course in the name of the Lord.

It was strange to see how quietly Fritz resumed his duties as if he had done nothing out of the ordinary course. There he was, going from one igloo to another on his pastoral visits, conducting the services in the little church, and doing the work temporarily suspended, in the calm, placid way that he was wont to do it. The man was a true hero, but he did not appear to have the slightest consciousness of the fact. Had he been questioned about his expedition he would probably have answered that he had done his duty in the circumstances, and no more. His life was consecrated, and if the Lord called him to lay it down he was ready. But God had not required the sacrifice. As Abraham received Isaac back as from the dead, so his life had been given back to him and those who loved him. To both Fritz and Juliet the trial had been a blessing, and, chastened and invigorated by it, they were drawn nearer to God as well as to each other.

"And so if you had been bereaved," said Fritz one day, as he and Juliet were returning from a visit to Samson's hut, "you would not have deserted Eschol? Sister Anna told me last night that you were going to build an extension to the Mission House for a domicile."

"I would have remained, dear Fritz. I could not have gone home. I could go anywhere with you, but, without you, Eschol would have been the only place where life would have been possible for me. Besides, at Eschol I might have done something for the people; they would have missed you so much."

"The old life has no attractions for you now, Juliet? Do you never long for the old pleasures? They were very sweet once, I suppose?"

"Very sweet, indeed. I was thoroughly absorbed in them. But their charm is completely gone now. I could no more go back to them than I could go back still farther and enjoy playing with the doll I loved so when I was five years old. I am completely disillusioned. No, I have not the slightest longing for the old delights; they would seem frivolous now."

"And you are not less happy?"

"No; I never was so happy as now. There were times when I thought I could never be so happy as I was then, but my capacity for enjoyment is enlarged. The joy of service and usefulness, small as my experience of it is compared with yours, is greater and more lasting than the joys of the most brilliant social triumph I ever achieved. I am truly happy at Eschol, dear Fritz, and I hope I may be made more useful."

Fritz looked at the beautiful lady by his side, whose grace of form and movement not even the uncouth dress necessary in that climate could conceal, and was thankful that God had so changed a heart that Satan must have thought would be an easy prey. Little as he knew of the gay world in which Juliet had moved he could understand that the triumphs to which she had alluded were likely to have been very brilliant. Flashes of wit, quick, keen intelligence, unflinching good-humor and an inexhaustible store of kindness combined with her rare beauty to make Juliet one who would reign as a queen in any social circle. Yet he could not doubt the sincerity of her words nor question the purity and depth of her love for himself. Truly God had been very good to him, and with an humble, grateful heart he blessed Him for this crowning gift so strangely brought into his life.

The winter was now breaking. Already the cold was less intense and the days were lengthening perceptibly. Both Pastor Wilhelm and Sister Anna welcomed the brighter weather, though Fritz and Juliet insisted on their resting, and gladly relieved them of duties that would have entailed exposure. The old couple loved them as their own children, and no children could be more dutiful or thoughtful of their comfort. The aged pastor rejoiced with his young colleague, and seemed to grow more youthful in contact with Fritz's exuberant vitality. So the last weeks of winter glided swiftly by, and in no country on earth was there a home so full of happiness and love as that little Mission House on the inhospitable shores of Labrador.

Again came the welcome spring; all was sunshine and joy. Fritz and his betrothed looked forward with longing to the return of the Harmony. It would bring them, as they both hoped and prayed, the favorable answer from Fritz's father and the other Moravian Brethren.

Again it was on a day of July, a bright, balmy, joyous day, that the missionary party, when seated at breakfast, were startled by Samson's stentorian cry, "The big ship! the big ship is in sight!"

All started up at the call. The Pastor and Fritz rushed eagerly out of the house. They would not have outstripped Juliet, had she not stayed to aid the feeble steps of Sister Anna.

"You are too anxious, darling," said Anna, who, with her arm thrown fondly around Juliet, could feel how fast the maiden's heart was beating.

"No, I am not anxious," replied Juliet, softly; "I have put all into the hands of our Heavenly Father. He knows—" She was interrupted by Fritz's loud exclamation of delight, "The white flag, the white flag is waving!" He had recognized it before it was visible to any eye but his own.

Anna, with thoughtful kindness, left Juliet and joined her own husband, leaving the happy ones to wander a little away from the crowd on the beach. At such a blissful moment the betrothed pair would need to be a little alone together.

"Oh, Juliet! mine own, are we not happy?" exclaimed Fritz.

"I feel as if the Lord's blessing were upon

us," said Juliet; "He will be at our wedding-feast, and turn the water into wine."

"He hath done so already," said Fritz. "Truly may I say, My cup runneth over!" Then, as a thought struck him, he cried, "I must send instant notice to Brother Smidt; you know that he and his wife promised to be present at our wedding."

"They will return in the Harmony," said Juliet; "you know that it must visit Bethabara, and touch at Eschol when it comes back."

"Such a delay!" exclaimed the impatient bridegroom; "I had hoped to have had our marriage to-morrow."

"Oh, no; that would never do!" cried Juliet. "Not do! What can you mean?" exclaimed Fritz.

"Why, how could I cut up five hundred yards of red flannel? How could our good folk get their new bridal garments ready?" replied Juliet, laughing. "Do you think that I could bid them to my feast in their dirty seal and bear skins?"

Fritz gleefully joined in her laugh. "So you are going to array all our guests in scarlet! What a gaudy display we shall have; our Esquimaux will look like a bed of poppies."

"No color so warm nor so picturesque with a background of snow," said Juliet. "I hope that dear old Samson's axe has not been forgotten nor the present for my little Puffin. I have hardly been able to keep my secret from the child."

"The white flag is plain enough now!" cried Fritz, turning to look at the ship.

"Oh, that I could lend the Harmony wings!" cried Juliet, with a child's gleeful impatience. "But still we have something to do while we wait. Fritz, will you and one or two of the men remove the poor little harmonium from the church to the house?"

"Will you teach me to say 'No' on such a day as this?" exclaimed Fritz. "The harmonium is small and feeble indeed, but we really need it in church for the hymns."

"An organ will be better," said Juliet, with a smile.

"An organ! You do not mean to say that there is one in the ship?" exclaimed Fritz, who was passionately fond of music.

"I want you, dear Fritz, as you carve so well, to cut a little inscription on the organ which I have ordered. I wish it to contain a dear name, a date, and a verse."

Fritz noticed that his betrothed's joyous manner had changed to one of deep feeling; Juliet's eyes filled with tears as she went on.

"I have for long wished to raise some monument to her—my first friend, who died for me two years ago. I thought sometimes of a marble slab in our chapel; then of a tall cross on yon mount, to be the first thing which sailors should see when approaching Eschol. But one night it came into my mind that the best memorial of her, whose whole life was like a hymn of praise, would be an instrument for sacred music. When we sing to the praise and glory of God, we will remember Maria, whose voice now joins in the anthems of heaven."

"It is well thought of," said Fritz, gently pressing the hand of Juliet.

"I owe so much to Maria," continued his betrothed. "Words from her which I thought little of when they were uttered often occur to my memory now. I remember her saying—on that last day, 'You are like a harp whose deeper chords have never yet been sounded; there has been a light running over the upper strings, but the instrument has not been struck by a master's hand.' Maria spoke too well of me, Fritz. I was more like a mere frame of a harp, with not a single string—the shell of an organ, through which no wind had ever sounded."

"The Lord has strung the harp, His Spirit has breathed through the organ," said Fritz, looking on his betrothed with fond admiration.

"And you will try to bring out some music," murmured Juliet, "music like Maria's, which has left its echo on earth."

"Will yours be joyful music, my Juliet? Will there never be a minor chord of regret for all which you have given up so bravely?"

The reply was conveyed in Juliet's bright eyes raised to his own, before her lips softly replied, "What can you and I ever regret of the pleasures of the world, the dainties of Egypt, as we go hand in hand on our pilgrim way to the happy land, fed with manna, the bread of angels?"

THE END,

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for July 25, John 11: 17-44. Golden Text, ver. 25.

The Power Superior to Corruption—Where Martha's Faith Stopped—Christ's Assurance Misunderstood—A Life Death Cannot Touch—The Receptive Sister—Superfluous Comforters—Why Jesus Wept—The Stone a Sign of Unbelief—The Dead Comes Forth.

WHEN Jesus came to Bethany, He found that Lazarus had lain in the grave "four days already." To human sense, the last vestige of hope was gone. True, Jesus had before this raised the dead, but in both cases He had recalled the spirit to a body which was still perfect. Here, however, was a body which had for four days been undergoing a process of corruption. But He who is above sickness and above death is

ABOVE CORRUPTION TOO.

"The Resurrection and the Life," in His creative power, is above decay, and has, vested in Himself, the power to reverse its laws.

Yet Mary and Martha acted still as though the eternal Word of God had never said, "This sickness is not unto death." According to custom, the Jews came from Jerusalem to mourn with them, and their faith never rose to the point of saying, "There is nothing to mourn about for Jesus will raise our brother from the dead, He has said, 'This sickness is not unto death,'" for the promise, as they understood it, was not fulfilled, Lazarus's sickness was unto death. Martha, hearing that He was coming, went out to meet Jesus, but, instead of meeting Him with joyous gratitude for His Word regarding Lazarus, she met Him with reproach, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Are there none of us who meet Jesus with reproaches when we do not see the fulfilment of His promises, and who miss the glorious, never-to-be-repeated opportunity to testify that we know that heaven and earth may pass away but that not one jot or one tittle shall pass away from His Word, till all be fulfilled (Matt. 5: 18). Appearances may be all against it, but if we leave Him to work out His purpose, He will be true to Himself.

Martha had, nevertheless, some kind of expectation from Jesus, "I know," she said, "that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee. Jesus saith unto her,

THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN."

The words met every need of her heart, explained the apparently unfulfilled promise of Jesus, but Martha could not see in them an actual, present deliverance; her unbelief gave them a future meaning, and she said, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Oh, how unbelief detracts from the force of the Word of God! "This sickness is not unto death" could never be fulfilled by Lazarus rising again at the last day! Martha's unbelief represented Jesus as overcome and conquered by death, and His power as something yet to come! Oh how strong is the habit of unbelief among us! "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin," says the Word of God (Rom. 6: 11). "I pray, Lord, make me dead to sin, but I cannot say I am so," is the utterance of unbelief. "I am the Lord that healeth thee," says God. "I hope the Lord will heal me, but I cannot feel any change," says unbelief. Mary and Martha

judged Jesus by what they saw, and when His Word was not fulfilled in the way they had expected it to be, and Lazarus was not healed, but was actually dead, they looked upon His Word as contradicted by fact, and acted accordingly.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection and the Life." Yes, Jesus has life in Himself. "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will" (John 5: 21, 26). "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto Him, Yea, Lord; I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." Thank God, whosoever believeth *hath* everlasting life, and is "born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever" (1 Peter 1: 23). Thank God, the life of Christ within us is

INDEPENDENT OF THE ACCIDENT OF DEATH.

Death touches and puts out that life which we have in common with the beasts which perish, but it cannot touch that life which we have in common with the Son of God, Jesus Christ. Just as in the seed which is sown in the earth and dies there exists the living germ of the plant which shall be a germ that lives through the death and decay of the seed, so the germ of Christ-life, eternal life, which we have through believing in Jesus, shall never die with the death of the body, but develop into a glorified soul and body in the resurrection. Martha had most imperfect conceptions of the resurrection, but she believed in the Person of Jesus, "I believe that Thou art the Christ." Oh, it is blessed, when we are conscious how poor are our conceptions of the truth of God, yet to turn back to the Person of our Lord, and to say, "I believe, Thou art the Christ, God's anointed."

Then Martha "went her way and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee." To Mary the disappointment to her faith had been so great that she could not go out as Martha had done to meet Jesus. More, Mary was a listener, she did not initiate, she was not all action like her sister, so now she was still, and

WAITED FOR A SIGN

from the Master. Mary was receptive, and thus, though her faith was sorely tried, she did not go out to reproach Jesus as Martha had done. But no sooner did she know that Jesus called for her, then she arose quickly and came unto Him. If she was deceived, if her hopes were all blasted, still no one but Himself could explain it to her, so Mary went quickly to meet Him. The company of Jews who were there to comfort her followed. There are around us many whose minds are not made up as to what they think of Jesus. What effect have our lives upon them? Are they attempting to comfort us about our cares, or do they find that we so really believe that God cares for us, that we have ceased to be anxious, because we have cast all our care upon Him? Are they sympathizing with us about our sicknesses, or do they find that between Jesus and us there is such an understanding that when sickness does come upon us, we look upon it as but

AN OPPORTUNITY TO TRUST

Him farther on? When temptation assails us, do they comfort us that so many others are tempted in the same way, or do they see the Lord's deliverance so quickly in us, that they cannot but praise Him?

Had Martha and Mary taken the divine side in this extraordinary trial of their faith, they would have remained still, and would have been able to comfort the Jews instead of being comforted by them. They would have said, "He who has power over life and death has pledged His word that this sickness is not unto death; we do not know how that is to come about, but we know that death cannot hold our brother." But Mary, as well as Martha, was conquered by the seeming failure of the Word of Jesus, and she uttered the same reproach, "Lord, if Thou

hadst been here, my brother had not died." This unbelief of Mary's, of the one disciple who had taken in more of His teaching than any other, troubled Jesus so much that He groaned in spirit and said, "Where have ye laid him?" and when "They said unto Him, Lord, come and see,

JESUS WEPT."

Surely it was man's unbelief that caused the groans and the tears of Jesus. He knew He was going to raise Lazarus, so that it would have been idle sentimentality to weep because he was dead. The Jews misunderstood Him, and suggested that He might have rescued Lazarus from death.

There was one thing between the dead Lazarus and Him who named Himself the Resurrection and the Life, and *they* must take it away, "Take ye away the stone." That stone was a monument of their unbelief, it was a sign that they thought the grave of Lazarus was to endure undisturbed, and that they expected no resurrection. Martha raised the objection, "Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days;" she was still occupied with things on human lines. Jesus saith unto her, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?" What had He said? "This sickness is not unto death," "Thy brother shall rise again," and "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God." The test of faith to which the sisters were put could not, perhaps, have been greater, and they failed under it. But, thank God, Jesus did not fail. "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful; He cannot deny himself" (11 Tim. 2: 13). All the time we are looking at the apparent failure of God's promises, we are unbelieving; but if we will believe, we shall see the glory of God. The believing eye is the eye which sees God and is blind to all else.

"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up His eyes, and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And when He had thus spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And

HE THAT WAS DEAD CAME FORTH, bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin." All these things were requisites for death; there was no sign of looking for resurrection. "Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." The word of Jesus had conquered, the sickness of Lazarus was not unto death; when the word of Jesus was spoken, death was obliged to relinquish his prey. But what about the sisters? Would they most rejoice that Lazarus was raised, or would they be most ashamed for their unbelief? Probably not one of us would have acted differently, but, oh, how glorious it would have been if Mary and Martha had stood firmly upon the word of Jesus in spite of everything that took place. How they might have glorified Him in telling the Jews when their brother was buried that he was going to be raised again. Oh, how few of us can stand on God's Word against the apparent evidence of our senses; how few of us believe and speak, and act for the glory of God, in such a way that the Son of God may be glorified thereby.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address
J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, - - New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 29.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS OF THE LATE REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, LEOPOLD VON RANKE, AND PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

THE INSIGNIFICANT SPARROW. Dr. Talmage's Latest Sermon.

PURITY OF LIFE. By Rev. Sam Jones.

THE COMING OF THE LORD. By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

CURRENT EVENTS: The River and Harbor Bill—The New Extradition Treaty—The Anarchists on Trial—Failure of Two Banks—A Remarkable Funeral Procession, etc.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: A Judge Silenced, etc.

THE TENDER MERCY OF GOD. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURE OF NICOLASI AND THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

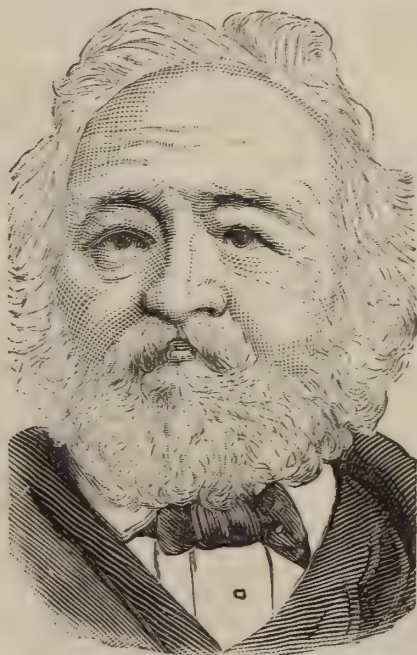
A Boatman's Battle with a Pipe. (Illustrated.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story.

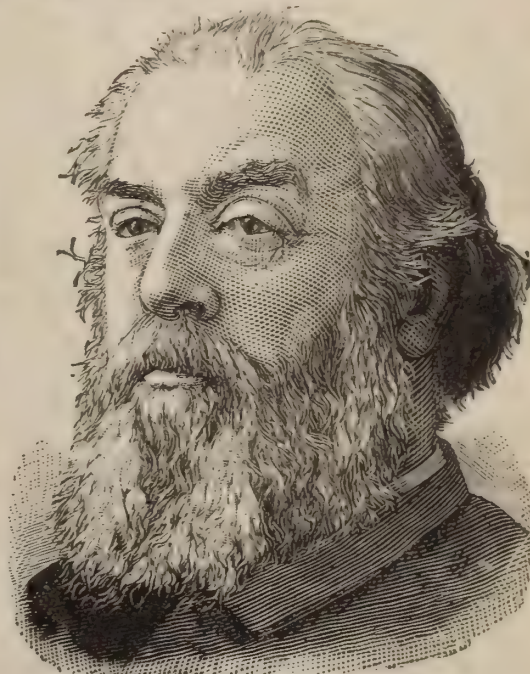
Jesus Honored. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



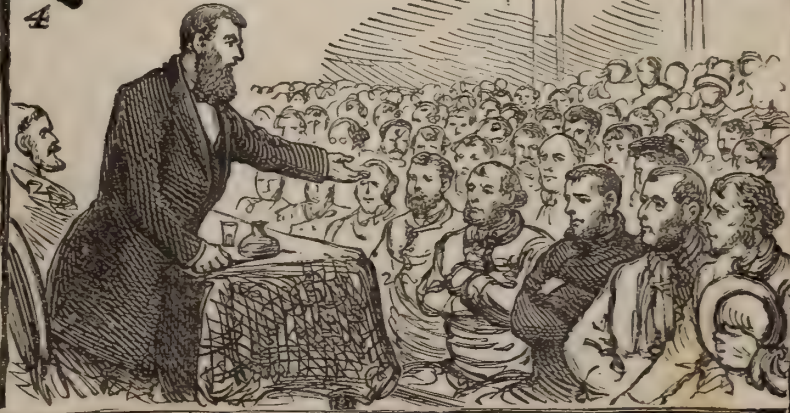
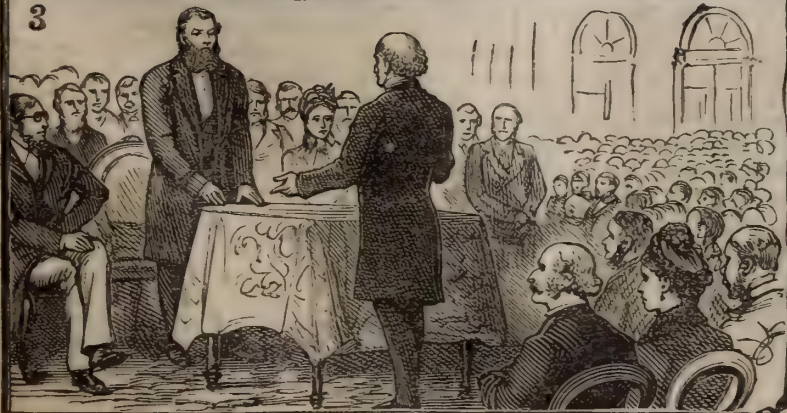
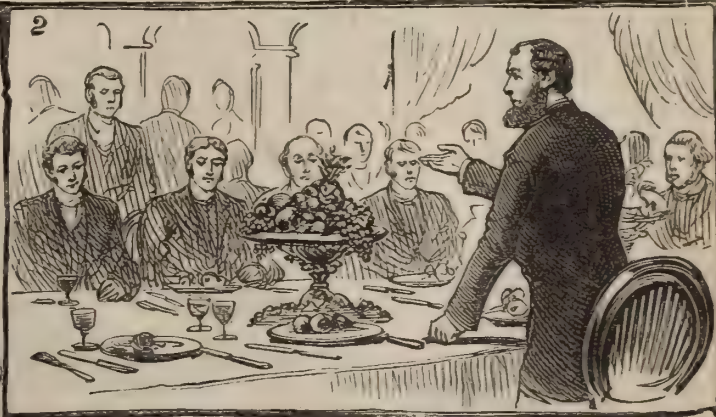
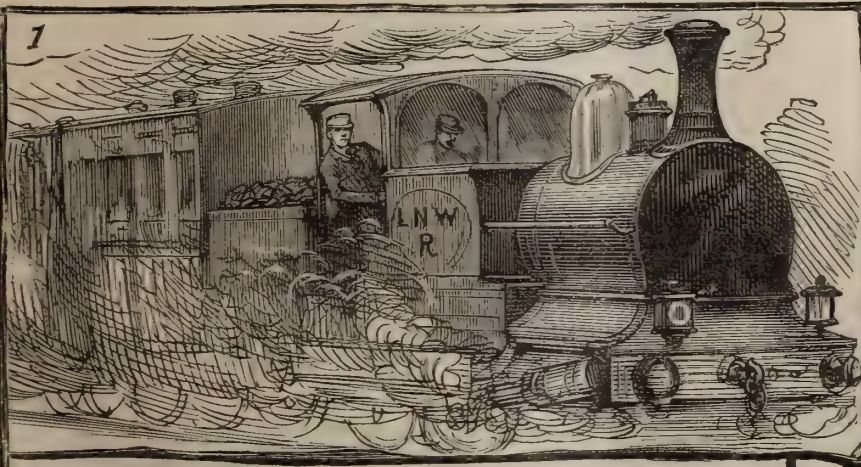
THE LATE REV. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.



THE LATE LEOPOLD VON RANKE.



THE LATE PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.



Scenes in the Life of the Late Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

A Restless, Active Boyhood—Becomes an Engineer—Greek Characters in the Locomotive Cab—Becomes a City Missionary—Services in the Dives—Pastor of a Church—The Sunday Lecture.

PROMINENT among the many names already recorded on this year's obituary list are those of the three eminent men, whose portraits appear on the first page. Each in his own department won world-wide renown, and has left the world poorer by his death.

The first in order is Hugh Stowell Brown, the famous preacher, lecturer, and earnest Christian worker, who died on February 24th, last. He was born August 10th, 1823, and was therefore less than sixty-three years old when he died. He was a native of Douglas, in the Isle of Man, and came of a family of noted preachers. His father was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and one of his maternal uncles was the eminent Canon Stowell of the same Church.

Under his father's care he acquired the rudiments of his education, and subsequently went to the Douglas Grammar School. He decided that he would be a land-surveyor and for a time studied for that profession. After a brief experience he left his studies and announced his determination to be

AN ENGINEER.

That occupation he followed until he was twenty-one years old, and during that period the future preacher might have been seen daily driving his locomotive between Wolverton and Crewe, on the London and North Western Railroad. (See illustration No. 1.)

It was while he was so engaged that the young man was brought under the power of the Gospel and became a converted man. His was not the nature to enter half-heartedly into the service of Christ. He resolved to consecrate himself and all his powers to the cause of his Master. He commenced the study of Greek, getting up his first lesson with a piece of chalk on the coal-box of his engine, one evening, in an interval of his work. At the termination of his engagement with the railroad company he entered King William's College, in the Isle of Man, to prepare for his life-work. It was his intention to become a clergyman of the Established Church of England with which his family was so conspicuously identified, but he was attracted to the Baptist Communion, and though he had no friends among the Baptists and no prospects of advancement there, he joined a Baptist church and commenced work in that denomination.

The beginning was humble. He served as

CITY MISSIONARY

in Liverpool. Never was man better fitted for the duty. His burly figure, cheery, good-humored face, and hearty manner made him a favorite everywhere. His ready wit disarmed opposition, and more than once he was forced to accept an invitation to some sailors' haunt where, under the charm of his speeches, liquor was laid aside, and the lewd songs that were the regular entertainment were omitted for that night. Sound common-sense talks, brightened by sparkling humor, in his genial style, kept the audience in a roar of laughter for a time, and then having won their attention he passed by some touching, pathetic story to a more serious mood, carrying his hearers with him until the sailors who had come together for a debauch were on their knees, while the man who had been entertaining them prayed for their salvation. He preached anywhere and everywhere as he had opportunity, and the common people heard him gladly. Such a man could not be hid. His services were eagerly sought, and he was at length induced to become the

PASTOR OF A BAPTIST CHURCH.

His sole stipulation was that he was not to be expected to go from the house of one wealthy member to another drinking tea and chatting with the ladies, but might continue his work among the lost and those who were out

of the way. Many a staid, ultra-respectable clergyman visiting Liverpool has been shocked at seeing the popular pastor of the Myrtle Street church dressed in a common suit of dark blue, such as sailors wear, a soft felt hat on his head, entering some disreputable dive to spend his evening. Hundreds of men, however, were rescued from those haunts, under his labors, who became a blessing to the ships to which they belonged, they were saved themselves and laboring for the salvation of others.

Though a vigorous total abstainer his presence was always earnestly sought at public dinners and banquets, and occasionally he was induced to attend. On one occasion he was requested to respond to the toast of "The ministers of other denominations," after a sleek, aristocratic curate had replied for the bishops and clergy of the Established Church. Mr. Brown's half-humorous, half-apologetic reproof of the curate's somewhat supercilious reference to himself as belonging, as a Baptist, to an inferior order of the clergy, was the cause of much comment there and in the press (see illustration No. 2), and brought him into a discussion from which he came out with greatly increased popularity.

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement over the Myrtle Street church was made a matter of public concern. By that time the value of his services was known throughout Liverpool, and Christian men of all denominations and public-spirited men who were not Christians, united in doing honor to the man whose work had been a blessing to the town. It was a perfect ovation (see illustration No. 3).

The most remarkable success, however, with which the name of Hugh Stowell Brown was connected was the innovation of the

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE.

He was deeply concerned at the failure of his efforts and those of other ministers to draw non-churchgoers to a place of worship on Sunday. He tried the experiment then unprecedented of hiring a hall and delivering a lecture with some homely title. "Five Shillings and Costs" was one of these. Another, and that, perhaps, the best known, was one on "Manliness." The lectures drew an audience from the first of two thousand persons (see illustration No. 4), and much good was accomplished.

Mr. Brown was twice married. His second wife died in 1884. Her death was a severe blow to her husband. His elasticity of mind and body failed, and he seemed unable to recover from the shock. He continued his work, however, until the commencement of this year when his health completely broke down. The scene at his funeral will never be forgotten. Thousands of the poor of the city, all wearing some sign of mourning, procured in many cases at the cost of a meal, lined the route of the procession, their sad faces showing that they knew how true a friend they had lost.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

AT the beginning of this year one of the most interesting and remarkable men this world contained was the eminent historian whose portrait appears on the first page. He had then entered upon his ninety-first year, and was busily engaged on a work that he expected would require nearly ten years to complete. It was a history of the world, commenced when he was eighty years old, and six volumes of which had already been published. A visitor who called upon him in the early days of January found "the little, unimposing, and hermit-looking man, with bald head and waving beard," full of life and energy, laboring hard in his humble abode in Berlin, and showing but little trace in body and none in mind of the decrepitude associated with ninety years of life. He was then doing his usual two hours of walking a day, and eight hours a day of literary labor. Even in a country renowned for the industry of its scholars, Von Ranke was reckoned a prodigy.

He was born at Wiehe, in Thuringia, December 21st, 1795, and died, May 23d, this year, in

his ninety-first year. His father was a wealthy lawyer who had a farm at Wiehe, and it was on that farm that Leopold and his brothers—all of whom became famous as scholars or divines—spent their early years. Leopold was educated for a teacher, and graduated from the college of Schulpforta, in Prussia, in 1814. Shortly afterward he was appointed head-master of the gymnasium of Frankfort on the Oder. His extraordinary love of history manifested itself while he held that position, and the publication of his "History of the Nations of Europe in the Sixteenth Century" at once won him public recognition. He was appointed Professor of History in the University of Berlin, and he held the position and performed its duties for more than forty years.

With Von Ranke a new era in historical work was inaugurated. He had an abhorrence of "literary hash." He was the first of the greater race of historians who think no time lost, no labor too great that is spent in discovering original documents. Leaving abstractions to others, Von Ranke hugged his fact. It was for facts he searched, and he ransacked the archives of Europe for letters and musty documents that had not seen the light for a century. He believed in the homely, but always little appreciated, truth that only by a critical examination of authorities, by carefully weighing their merits as witnesses, can good work be produced. With this view Ranke dispassionately examined Guicciardini, Beaucaire, the many Florentine historians, and a cloud of Spanish and German writers, the very names of whom are unknown to most readers. This modest work was the fit preface to his future labors. His precept and example forever put an end to the idea that the sole, or for many periods the chief, materials are to be found in printed books.

In a speech which he made on the occasion of his jubilee, he claimed for German historians that they made it a rule to be as much conversant with foreign as domestic materials. None among them has conformed to this lofty standard more closely than Ranke. But he had other qualities very rare in the historical literature of Germany. In greater degree than almost any other historian, he had the gift of seeing the course of events as a whole. That history should have a wide intellectual horizon is a lesson which he constantly taught by precept and example, and in not the least remarkable of his productions he sharply reproves those who confound it, a science universal in its nature, with politics, as if its object were to glorify a particular land or people. Lord Acton said little more than the truth when he observed of Ranke that he was the first German to pursue the study of history for no ulterior purpose.

In 1827 he was commissioned by the Prussian Government to undertake the congenial task of making researches in the archives in Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Florence; and he procured, especially from Venetian sources, a vast mass of materials totally unknown to his predecessors. The results of his labors were seen in a group of works, published between 1829 and 1834, and since that time, every year has seen one volume of history issued from his pen. More than fifty volumes in all, each one the product of laborious research, he has given to the world, and it must be remembered that during all that time that he was writing these volumes he was delivering daily lectures in the university, before an audience learned and critical, who, as he knew, were looking to him for an education, and whose claims his conscience never permitted him to neglect. Yet all those forty years eight hours of the day were given to the preparation of his books. "My first spell," he said, to a visitor who inquired how he performed such labors, "is from ten in the morning until two. I get back to my desk again at nine, and work till one in the morning. Midnight is my most congenial hour, and that is the time I find when I can produce most." Here is revealed much of the secret of Ranke's unique position. Hard work strenuously pursued for many years, almost as

much as native genius, had gained for him the place of *præceptor Germaniæ*.

Von Ranke's earlier works were: "Princes and People of Southern Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," and the "Conspiracy Against Venice in 1688." These were followed by the "Popes of Rome: Their Church and Their State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," which is his most famous and interesting work, many persons having read that who have never opened another volume of his writings. His most complete and elaborate effort, however, is his "German History in the Times of the Reformation." He also published "Annals of the German Monarchy Under the House of Saxony," nine books of Russian history, "Civil Wars and Monarchy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," a "History of France" and many other works. In 1865, Von Ranke ceased to lecture. It was not that he was unable to work, but, being seventy years old, he feared that his remaining years would not be sufficient to allow him to accomplish the task on which he had set his heart, the "History of the World," already referred to. A "History of England in the Seventeenth Century" and a "History of Frederick the Great" were also in hand, and those had to be completed. The "History of the World" is brought down to about the year 1000, but it is reported that Von Ranke's secretaries have material left in order by the great historian which will enable them to issue at least two more volumes.

The Emperor William was a warm friend of his distinguished subject. In Germany, it is not the fashion, as it is elsewhere, to despise "them literary fellers." The Emperor visited the historian frequently, presented him with a full-length portrait of himself, ennobled him, and made him Chancellor of the Order of Merit.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

In the death of the Very Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., senior Principal of St. Andrews University, which occurred on February 13th last, Scotland has lost one of the foremost of its representative men, and the English-speaking world a most thoughtful and brilliant author. The loss will be all the more keenly felt because the learned principal has been cut off in the vigor of his days and when he was in full possession of his widely diversified powers.

He was born near Tippermuir, in Perthshire, in 1823, and he has therefore died in his sixty-third year. He entered the United College of St. Andrews when in his fifteenth year, and after completing his literary and philosophical studies there he passed into the College of St. Mary as a student of theology, the college of which he afterward became principal. After completing his course there he was licensed as a preacher, and in a short time thereafter obtained a church in Dundee.

In 1854, that is, at the early age of thirty-one, he succeeded Principal Haldane as the head of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, and as Professor of Divinity there. In the discharge of the duties of the twofold office he spent the remainder of his years. He was the author of many works, the chief of which are the "Leaders of the Reformation," "English Puritanism and its Leaders," and "Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century."

In the public business of his own Church he took a prominent part. He was for many years one of the clerks of the General Assembly, and in 1878 he was raised to the Moderator's chair, and his graceful and genial manners enabled him to fill such public offices with dignity and acceptance.

In 1874 he paid a visit to this country, but as it was at a time when his indefatigable labors had rendered absolute rest essential to him, he was obliged to decline all invitations to preach. His books, however, are widely read here and are much prized by theological students and intelligent young men.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Good Work in These "Hard Times."—At a large meeting of workmen Mr. Watt observed: "The other night I was urging a man to give up his evil ways, and turn to God, who alone could supply all his need; and he replied, 'I have enough to do in these hard times to look after the needs of my body, without thinking anything of the welfare of my soul; I have no time for such things.' Like many others, this poor man had never realized that in Christ he had and might enjoy everything. People will not give Christ a trial. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

Opening Wide the Door.—A Devoted Servant of Christ told us that recently "he spoke to a young woman about her need of Christ to save her and make her happy. She was deeply concerned, and seemed really anxious to find the way of salvation. I repeated that beautiful verse, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' etc. 'I think I see it,' she said, in a hesitating voice. 'Read it again, yourself,' I said. After doing so, she said, 'Yes, I will not go out of this building until I find Christ. I will throw open wide the door of my heart, and let the waiting Saviour come in!' She did so, and He took up His abode with her. If there is one condition more miserable than another, it is that of a man who is near the kingdom, but not in it—a hungry man in sight and within easy reach of a feast, but not partaking of it."

The Hand on the Knocker.—A Scotch Minister remarked: "I was in the far north, recently, and attended a series of evangelistic meetings in Aberdeen, and I have not for many years, seen such a wonderful work of divine grace; so many are taking an interest in the things of Christ, and pressing into His kingdom, while many more, though not inside, are not far from the kingdom of God, for their hand is even on the knocker. I was speaking to two men in Stirling, one of whom was deeply anxious about his soul. When I asked him to enter in at the strait gate, he said, 'No, not to-night; I will be better prepared to take Christ by the end of next week.' 'But what,' I said, 'if your soul be in the eternal world before then?' But he went away hoping that God would hold out His arms of mercy until that time. He was not far from the kingdom, but he was running an awful risk."

A Mischievous Audience.—"As I was One day walking into a meeting in Birmingham which I had to address, Major Bond, the chief of the police, told me that of the seven hundred men who were inside the chapel, four hundred of them were convicted thieves. He advised me to call in the police if the least sign of disturbance took place; but I replied that I was there to show the men that I loved them, and to keep them outside the jail and not in it. But I soon found that these men were bent on mischief. They destroyed a small organ in the back gallery by turning round the pipes of it; they broke a clock which was placed in the front of the gallery, and then broke every window, without exception, in the place. But we were not daunted, and never appealed to the police, and now I am glad to tell you that the ring-leaders of these men are our truest friends, thus proving that love is a greater power than physical force."

The Irish Occupants of a Wooden Shed.—Mr. McFarlane said: "I was once in the north of Ireland and spoke to a man there of God's readiness to pardon sinners. He and his wife were in the habit of drinking, and so notorious had they become that their neighbors objected to live beside them, and when they were refused a house they went to live in a wooden shed where no one would be annoyed by them. But this man would not forsake his evil way, and once when I was urging him to give up drinking, and turn to the Lord, he said, 'Young man, there is no use you talking to me. Dr. Chalmers and Mr. McCheyne have both spoken to me on that

subject, and do you think you can do me any good, after they have failed? No, no, I am Gospel hardened; there is no use you talking to me.' I have heard of people being Gospel hardened, but I never heard of any one before confess that they themselves were in this hopeless condition. And yet that man was once a respectable church-going person, and his wife at one time thought she was a Christian. I am sorry to say that the man died as I found him. I tried to direct his wife in the right way, but nothing would do it; and yet, there was a time when she wept listening to the story of Christ on the cross."

Visit to a Pretty White Cottage.—A Minister remarked: "When I was a little fellow our nurse used to take me and the other children for a walk through a village where there was a cluster of white cottages; but there was one cottage that was far whiter than any of the others; it was of a dazzling whiteness, and we thought it very pretty. October, November, and December passed, and we continued our walk through the village, and looked at the pretty white cottage. One morning the snow came, and covered the ground, and when we took our usual walk we looked for the pretty white cottage, but, alas, it was no longer white; it was a dingy yellow color, and brown streaks all over it! 'What is the matter with the cottage?' we asked each other. But the owner told us that it was just as white as ever; but it was in comparison with the snow only that it now looked so dingy. Friends, let us give up comparing ourselves with one another, and like the snow and the cottage, let us compare ourselves with the perfect purity of Christ, and then we shall see ourselves as never before."

In a Churchyard at Midnight.—"One Night," said Mr. Wookey, "I was speaking at an open-air meeting, which lasted until half-past ten. At the close of it, a young man said to me, 'I suppose, sir, you are very tired.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am quite done up.' 'Can you come with me for half an hour?' he asked. 'No,' I said, 'I must go home now, and have supper.' 'Well, go in and have your supper, and then give me half an hour,' pressed the young man. And past eleven o'clock he led me to what I think the grimmiest churchyard in the three kingdoms. As we entered the gate I saw by the moonlight that he was leading me toward a green mound, and as the tender moon looked down the young man threw himself across the mound and exclaimed, 'Mother, dear mother, I have started at last.' He again repeated these words, and by them I learned that he had begun a Christian life. Could that mother, who had long prayed for her boy, have seen him at that moment, her heart would have been rejoiced. Pray on, mothers, for although you may not live to see your prayers answered, He who has promised will not fail."

A Doctor in the Middle Ages had Found a cure for a certain disease which was very prevalent in the centre of Europe at that time, and was bringing thousands of people to a speedy and early grave. No one could find the medicine which could cure this disease, save this one doctor, who kept it a profound secret. Thousands seized with the disease went to him who had the blessed cure, and all were healed who came to him. At length, he himself fell ill, very ill, and was nigh unto death. Many physicians came to him, pleading that he would make known his secret to them, that the people might not suffer without chance of salvation. But he shook his head to all their entreaties, and said, 'No, I will not tell you, for I may get better, and it might be of use to me yet.' He died, however, and the valuable secret went to the grave with him, which might have done so much good to others. Many followed his funeral bewailing their great loss. Oh, could that doctor have heard the cry of sorrow that rose from the suffering throng, it would have been a great reproach to him. It is not so with the malady of sin. The cure is offered openly "without money and without price."

THE INSIGNIFICANT SPARROW.

The third of Dr. Talmage's Vacation Sermons on the Voices of Gardens and Fields.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12: 6.

God in the Insignificant—In the Trivial—I. He Chooses our Occupation—Intentions Thwarted—Each in his Appointed Place—II. Chooses our Location—III. Arranges Friendships—IV. Circumscribes our Prosperity—Two Things Not to be Fretted Over—The Slate Cleaned—God's Map of Your Life—V. Guides our Steps—A Missionary's Child Killed at St. Helena—The Shawls being Woven—Contentment the Great Lesson.

YOU see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In Oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it, what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprel. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, won't He care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, in the contrivance of the needle-gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see

GOD IN THE MINUTE.

personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that He knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with His presence; but cannot understand how He encamps in the crystal palace of a dewdrop, or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of a pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting Him there to act out His stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander, or a Washington, or an archangel, is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because He so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough! but no more certainly than He is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! but no more certain truth than that He decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that He sits down beside you to day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

I. In the first place

GOD CHOOSES OUR OCCUPATION

for us. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law

and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says: "I will be a stonemason;" God says: "You will be a geologist." David goes out to tend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of mighty dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us!

GOD SAW YOUR TEMPERAMENT

and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands and the wheels and the springs are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jewelers and say, "Overhaul that watch, and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plough that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

II. I remark further, that God has arranged THE PLACE OF OUR DWELLING.

What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in, seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and He selected just that one house as better for you than any one of the ten thousand habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say, Proverbs 3: 33: "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

III. I remark further that God arranges

ALL OUR FRIENDSHIPS.

You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say: "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certain as He sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outpost of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends, warm-hearted friends, magnanimous friends; and when sickness comes to your dwelling, there will be watchers; when trouble comes to your heart, there will be sympathizers; when death comes, there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands, and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh, we are compassed by a body-guard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends! He has not behaved well.*

* [Dr. Talmage's dictum needs a word of qualification, or it may lead his readers to form an unfavorable opinion of men who do not deserve it. It would be rash to conclude that every friendless man has misbehaved. Some have lost their friends by falling into poverty. Solomon said: "All the brethren of the poor hate him, and his friends go far from him." (Prov. 19: 7.) It is so in our country and in our day. If the friendless man had only misbehaved, he might have retained his friends, who would have forgiven him. If he is absolutely without a friend, it is safe to conclude that he has committed the unpardonable crime of becoming poor, which would cause old friends to fall away from him and preclude him from making new ones. Misbehavior is not half so expeditious or so potent an isolator as poverty.—E.B.]

IV. I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our

TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly shuts in bankruptcy, while one of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock-gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children.

My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up, and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will, Rom. 8: 28: "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see twenty or thirty wheels, and they are going in different directions. This hand is rolling off this way, and another hand another way; one down and another up. You say: "What confusion in a factory!" Oh, no! all these different hands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way, and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well-being.

Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage, is often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart, if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say, "O Lord, I have done the best I could; I commit this whole transaction into Thy hands!" That is what religion is good for, or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb,

YOU OUGHT NOT TO FRET

about: First, things that you can help; and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so desponding upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm; and, although your debtors may abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results.

Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably, and employ usefully, and control righteously; and at the end of 1886 you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you one hundred dollars for every penny beyond that. God has looked over your life. He

KNOWS WHAT IS BEST

for you, and He is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity; and He will do it in the best way. Your little child says: "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No,"

you say, "it is a sharp knife and you will cut yourself." He says: "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats His children. I say, "I wish, heavenly Father, to get that." God says: "No, my child." I say, "I must have it." God says, "You cannot have it." I get angry and say, "I will have it." God says: "You shall not have it;" and I do not get it. Is He not

KIND AND LOVING

and the best of Fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me!

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons: "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says: "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it; and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop or our store, and says: "Things are going wrong, I come to take charge. I am master, and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are

MERELY SUBORDINATES.

It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up; and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and cleaning the slate, says: "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and He rubs everything out and says: "Begin again!" Is He not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is, that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to

WHAT IS ENOUGH.

I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man, man calls too little. What man calls enough, God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Park Bank, or the Nassau Bank, or the Fulton Bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

I want to bring this truth close up to the heart of those people in this audience who have to calculate rigid economy, who are perplexed how they will make the old garment hold out a little longer, with whom the great question is not which is the best investment or the most lucrative security, but how shall I make the two ends meet? To such people I bring the condolence of this Christian truth.

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the Promised Land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed the river and went through the sea. Do you know

GOD HAS MADE A MAP

of your life with paths leading up to this bitterness and that success, through this river and across that sea? but, blessed be God! the path always comes out at the Promised Land. Mark that! Mark that!

V. I remark, again, that all those things that

seem to be but accidents in our life, are under the divine supervision. We sometimes seem to be going helmless and anchorless. You say, "If I had some other trade; if I had not gone there this summer; if I had lived in some other house." You have no right to say that. Every tear you wept, every step you have taken, every burden you have carried, is under divine inspection, and that event which startled your whole household with horror, God met with perfect placidity, because He knew it was for your good. It was part of a great plan projected long ago. In eternity when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings.

POLISHED DIAMONDS.

God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit; and to many a Christian down is up. The wheat must be flailed; the quarry must be blasted; the diamond must be ground; the Christian must be afflicted; and that single event, which you supposed stood entirely alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through all eternity past, and the other chain reaching through all eternity future, so small an event fastening two eternities together.

A missionary, coming from India to the United States, stopped at St. Helena while the vessel was taking water. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment became loosened, and falling instantly, killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had He allowed His servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial? Not such is my God. There are no accidents in the divine mind, though they may seem so to us. God is good, and by every single incident of our life, whether it be adverse or otherwise, before earth and heaven, God will demonstrate His mercy.

I hear a man say, "That idea belittles God. You bring Him down to such little things." Oh, I have a more thorough appreciation of

GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.

than I have in great things! The mother does not wait until the child has mashed its foot or broken its arm before she administers sympathy. The child comes in with the least bruise, and the mother kisses it. God does not wait for some tremendous crisis in our life, but comes down to us in our most insignificant trials, and throws over us the arms of His mercy.

Going up the White Mountains some years ago, I thought of that passage in the Bible that speaks of God as weighing mountains in a balance. As I looked at those great mountains, I thought can it be possible that God can put these great mountains in scales? It was an idea too great for me to grasp; but when I saw a blue-bell down by the mule's foot, on my way up Mount Washington, then I understood the kindness and goodness of God. It is not so much of God in great things I can understand, but of God in little things.

There is a man who says: "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is

NO INCONSISTENCY

on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor, and see only the raw materials, and I ask: "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer; "go up to the next floor;" and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here; go up to the top floor of the factory, and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience, we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher, until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of

mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say: "Just and true are all Thy ways." It is all right at the bottom. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you have been disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be

DISAPPOINTMENTS

but whatever have been your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East, and I went to the West; all the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass-blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth, that "five sparrows are sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God." Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

ROUGHING IT ON THE CONGO.

IN the course of an article on medical mission-work in Africa, published in Dr. Dowkontt's excellent *Medical Record*, Dr. A. Sims, who has recently left his labors on the Congo to visit this country, gives some valuable advice to persons contemplating mission-work. It is easy to gather from his remarks how arduous must be the work of a physician laboring as a missionary on the Congo.

"African equatorial medical missions," says Dr. Sims, "are quite different from those at home and in China. If you want to be a medical missionary, pure and simple, you cannot do it; the people do not come up in sufficient numbers daily; you may pass whole days, with a populous town near you, without applications for advice or medicine. You are generally among people who object to a rational system of medicine, who only believe in charms, and among whom, therefore, you have to *push your medical work, to go out and find it* with a medicine-box under your arm, visiting from house to house, searching for the poor, suffering creatures to minister to. On the Congo, for instance, unless you do that you will have next to no work, and you will begin to consider that your choice of a mission was bad, and that China were better. You will not find a hospital ready for you, or even a house; you must be prepared to build them both. You may have to receive patients in your dining-room or bedroom, and to keep the in-patients in a mere shed. The patients will come at all hours, and any day. Punctuality and times have no importance for them, and it will be years before you can induce them to come regularly.

"A peculiar trial of the Central Africa Missionary is that he will generally be placed among people speaking various dialects; let him meet this by learning as many of them as possible. In such a case quit narrow ideas of work, think more of the poor, dying world than of personal trouble. It may be desirable to teach in the day-school for two or three hours in the morning. While I was at Stanley Pool I found the languages were not reduced, so I worked away in my spare time at Kiteke, Kiyansi, and another Upper Congo tongue. If he wants to see souls converted and accept God's gift, if he can conform himself to, and do cheerfully these miscellaneous things and varied works, if he is loyal to the Saviour's cause, the medical missionary will get a rich reward in Central Africa."

Volume VIII. of the *Christian Herald*, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

A MAN PARALYZED BY FRENZY.

IN an interesting letter to the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Perkins, who is laboring at Tientsin, in China, describes a curious case in which his services were requested, but whether as physician or missionary he does not say: "I was called by a church-member to go to the home of a relative and do what I could for a man who had lately been prostrated by passion. I went, and found that exactly the case. He had been rendered helpless and speechless by his frenzy of passion. His eyes were contorted, and the muscles of the mouth and tongue so much paralyzed that he could only make sounds between a grunt and a squeal. This I proved to my own satisfaction by forcing him to drink some not very pleasant medicine which he tried to escape. After this sedative he went to sleep, but did not get about until some thirty-six hours after. He slowly improved, at first being able to speak only very slowly. It sometimes happens that after these frenzies of passion the voice is lost for weeks.

"But the curious feature of this case was its origin. It seems that the father, very severely, and probably, harshly, scolded him for certain real or supposed sins, and as it came from his father there was nothing to do but to bear it all without retort. The pressure proved too much for him, even though some of it was allowed to escape upon other members of the family. A Chinaman is a strange compound of stoicism and passion. Sometimes this latter amounts practically to madness or insanity. The question as to its being a demoniacal possession is of no practical interest. It must come from infernal sources; whether directly or indirectly makes but little difference."

AN INDIAN COLPORTEUR OFFENDED.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indian Witness* tells an amusing story of his resentment at a supposed lack of courtesy when calling with tracts at a gentleman's house in India.

"A few days ago," he says, "I was visiting from house to house, and distributing tracts, at one of our railway stations. At a certain house there was no one about, and so I called out, 'Is any one at home?' when an answer was given in an abrupt and most uninviting tone, 'Who are you?' I felt somewhat discouraged at this, but decided to take no notice of it, and repeated my question, 'Is any one at home?' when, again, an answer was returned in a voice which sounded as if the speaker was provoked and out of temper, 'What do you want?' The words were uttered most deliberately, and each one was emphasized. I was about to say who I was, when, on looking into the veranda, I saw a magnificent parrot eyeing me most intelligently, and he repeated the question in the same deliberate, emphatic way, 'What do you want?' I was considerably relieved and amused, and thought of saying, 'Poll, I want your master, to give him a tract,' when the said master appeared. After my errand was delivered, I told the gentleman about his parrot's answers to my calls, and he told me that his parrot was known to be a very clear and good talker." He did not appear to have any idea that a person of quick temper might be annoyed by so clear and good a talker being guilty of rudeness.

THE MISSION TO ALASKA.

THE Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church has undertaken mission-work in Alaska. The *Spirit of Missions* states that the board has founded a mission-station at St. Michael's, and appointed the Rev. Octavius Parker to take charge of the work. Mr. Parker sailed early in May with his family from San Francisco for St. Michael's, which he will make his place of residence, and the headquarters of his missionary duty in the Yukon district. By a joint arrangement between this Society and the United States Government, an important part of Mr. Parker's duties will be the teaching of a native school at St. Michael's, the Government paying a stipend to Mr. Parker as a teacher

and providing a house for him to live in. St. Michael's is situated on the sea-coast, north of the delta of the Yukon River, which is lined with a number of native Indian villages, which aggregate a population of about 700. It is a trading post originally founded by the Russians in 1835.

When Alaska came into the possession of the United States by purchase from Russia, in October, 1867, the latter government had been sustaining a mission there of the Russian Church for about seventy years, and at one time there had been seven missionary districts, with their clergy, and a lay membership of several thousand, and with a number of schools, but under the new government the Russian missionaries were withdrawn, and for about ten years no effort was made to continue Christian mission-work, until in 1877, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. A. R. McFarland, two devoted Presbyterians, went to Fort Wrangell and established a station there, as the first two American missionaries to Alaska. The territory covers an area of 580,107 square miles, more than twice the size of Texas, and a larger area than is covered by Germany, France, and the British Isles combined.

AN ASTONISHED BORROWER.

CHRISTIAN men often suffer disappointment and humiliation unnecessarily when they seek human help in trouble, instead of availing themselves of the inexhaustible treasures which God has placed at their disposal (Mal. 3: 10). A man who, like them had no faith in the promises made to him, had a surprise in Wall Street, New York, a few days ago.

His experience, as related in the *Times*, explains his amazement. He had just come from the office of a well-known broker, whom he visited pretty frequently two years ago, but whom he had not seen since the great panic. Then he was in Wall Street as an investor, and was a partner with the broker on equal terms in a joint speculation. It ended disastrously, and the loss was equally divided. The broker could afford to bear his share without acute embarrassment, but his friend's share took all the savings of a life of industry and frugality. He was too much distressed to pay much attention to the broker's attempt to cheer him, and placed no confidence in the broker's promise that if he would wait things would come right. He went away sorrowfully, and avoided Wall Street until the other day, when, being in urgent need of money, he went to the broker's office to see if he could raise a loan. He went to the cashier's desk, and laying down some engrossed parchments, asked if he could borrow two thousand dollars on that as collateral. The clerk looked up in surprise. "Raise two thousand dollars!" he ejaculated. "What do you want to put up collateral for? Why don't you draw on your own account?" "I have no account," said the man, sadly. The clerk produced the office ledger, and spreading it out before him, showed him an account, from which it appeared that over fifty thousand dollars stood to his credit. The broker had kept his word, and the borrower's delight equalled his amazement.

AN EAST INDIAN'S TESTIMONY.

A CHRISTIAN lady in India reports an interesting case which she recently heard from Mrs. L—, the wife of an English judge in that country. A native boy, of good family, and large prospective means, was converted in the Church Missionary Society's schools, and declared his wish to be baptized as soon as he should be of age, which is eighteen in India. His family opposed this and did all they could to dissuade him. He was heir to a lakh of rupees, but was to be disinherited if he became a Christian. However, as soon as he was eighteen he came to the principal missionary there, Mr. B—, and asked to be baptized. Mr. B— took legal advice, and finding it was all right, baptized him. Then the family instituted proceedings against him on the grounds that he was not of age.

Major L— had to try the case, and it was one that excited the deepest interest. Two brothers, pleaders, asked to be allowed to conduct it free of charge, the one, a Christian, on the boy's side; the other, a virulent heathen, on the opposite. One question that was put to the lad was, "What do you believe in?" On which he got up and repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then they asked him why he believed in the Lord Jesus? He made answer that in no other religion could he find that the gods so loved their people that they were willing to suffer and die for them, and in no other religion could he find so much love and such rewards.

The case was never completed. While it was in progress the boy's relatives came around him in a friendly manner and offered him some candy. He took some and ate one. He was immediately seized with violent convulsions, and his life was saved only by the prompt use of the stomach-pump. *The candy was poisoned.* As the boy's relatives were arrested on a charge of attempted murder, there were no witnesses in the original case, and the trial collapsed.

PURITY OF LIFE.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the *Christian Herald*.)

The Fastidious Ermine—The Politeness of the Devil—Quits when Requested—The Sins that Thrive—A Hateful Penknife.

"HE that hath this desire," says the Book, "to be like Christ purifies himself even as Christ is pure." Above all things, a Christian ought to be a pure man—pure in life, pure in all manner of conversation. Purity, purity like that of the little ermine, the most fastidious animal in the world. Its hair and skin is white almost as the driven snow, and when they seek to capture the little ermine—for it is very sly and shy—when it comes out of its den, they sprinkle dirt and mud along its pathway, and when it returns and sees the mud and dirt in its pathway, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death before it will smirch one of its little white hairs. And I want to see God's people reach the point where they will lie down and die any minute before they will smirch their Christian characters, or say or do anything that is improper or unclean before the eyes of God. That is what we mean. Character like that will win this world to Christ.

We talk about heaven and about going to heaven. I will tell you, my brother, when you reach that purity of heart and life where you will die before you will do wrong, you just stay right where you are, and if God don't call you home to heaven some of these days, I will tell you what He will do—He will bring the streets of the New Jerusalem right on in front of your building, and incorporate you right into heaven, where you shall live in the sight of God forever and ever. You

BE A PURE MAN,

and if heaven don't draw you to it, you will draw heaven to you, and you will be incorporated into the family of God.

I tell you, my brethren, the time has come for us to wake up and ask ourselves in the Church and in the community, "Are we pure people before God?" Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. There is the secret of pure life. It is pure heart. The hardest thing a man can try to do is to be a Christian without religion, to be a good man with a bad heart. It is like the man down yonder in the branch trying to clear the water so that he can drink from the branch; and a friend looked at him and said: "If you will go up there and run that hog out that is wallowing in the spring, the water will clear itself." It is a mighty hard matter to keep the stream of your life pure, with the devil wallowing in the fountain, old fellow. You must get the devil out of there. The devil goes bogging around and goes a heap of places where he is not invited, but he is *too much of a gentleman* to stay where he is not welcome; and if he puts up on you, old fellow, it is because you treat him well and because you give him a hearty welcome.

and good hospitality. That is the truth about it.

I say in my place here to-night that

IF A MAN WANTS TO QUIT

sin he will quit it, and he is not going to quit it until he does want to quit it. I overhauled my life four years ago and I will tell you how I wound up. I found out I had quit every sin in the world that I wanted to quit, and them that I did not want to quit I was still running. Now is not that where you stand, brother? That is the truth of the whole matter.

A GOOD OLD METHODIST

brother said to me once, "Jones, my trouble is, I lose my temper and I swear when I get mad, and I cannot help it to save my life." "Well," I says, "go on and swear then. I don't care. I will not turn you out of the church, nor the Lord won't bother you about it; if you cannot help it, old fellow, go ahead." "Oh, well," he says, "why, why, I—I, maybe I could help it." "Well, now," I said, "if you can help it, God will put you in hell for doing it just as sure as we are standing here talking, and I will turn you out of church for it, you rascal, you." I met him about six months after that and he said to me, "Brother Jones, I have not cussed a single oath since I talked to you that day about swearing."

Whenever a fellow wants to quit he will quit; and he is not going to quit until he does want to quit. Here, let's look at the thing from a sensible, reasonable standpoint now. Suppose a fellow is a merchant. It is a sin, you know, to cheat. Well, now, honesty and fair dealing says thirty-six inches to the yard. Now, can a good old Methodist deacon cut an inch off the yardstick and measure cloth by it and get to heaven? That is not the way to get to heaven. Can a good old Baptist deacon take one ounce off his pound weight and weigh everything out to his customers with it and get to heaven? If your good old Presbyterian miller dips his toll dish twice into one of my bushels of corn, can he get to heaven? That is the way to bring it down, right now. Lookee here, brothers, its the principle of the heart that makes you do those things, that makes you unfit for heaven, and you will never get there. That is the truth about it.

Here is a mother, sitting in her room, quietly sewing, and little Willie, four years old, runs in and stands around his mother's knee, and he sees

HER LITTLE PENKNIFE,

a beautiful little pearl-handled penknife, lying open before his eyes, and he takes the little penknife up. Mother does not see him come in or go. In about an hour mother calls the nurse and says, "Where is Willie?" And nurse commences hunting for Willie. Mother begins to look about for him. Nurse walks out into the flower-yard and as she is walking out behind the rose bushes, she sees little Willie lying prostrate. She goes up close to him and she sees the blood all scattered around his head and face; and she saw the blood on that little penknife, on the open blade. As he fell the open blade jobbed into his jugular veins, and there he is gasping his last in his own blood. The nurse picks him up carefully in her arms, runs into the house, and mother takes him up in her arms, and says, "Oh, precious Willie, speak one time to mamma." But the poor little bloody angel is gone; the spirit of the little one is gone.

Mother takes the little one and dresses it for its coffin, and the next day she buries it out of the sight of man and comes back to her desolate home, and in a few minutes the nurse walked in and said: "Madam, here is the little knife Willie had yesterday." Mother looked at its blade that was covered with the blood of her precious child, and she shrank back in horror and said, "Oh, take that knife out of my presence; I never want to look at it again; it has the blood of my precious little child upon it." And whenever Christians in this world can reach the point in their purity of life where they see that every sin in the moral universe is covered with the precious blood of the Son of God, and

turn in horror and say, "Away with it; my soul loathes it; it has got the blood of the precious Saviour upon it; I will have nothing to do with it." There is no safe ground for the Christian this side of a total abhorrence of sin.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

By Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

At Israel's Supreme Crisis—Israel His First Concern—How He will Come—Personally in Glory—Suddenly—Manifestly—When He will Come—At the Beginning of the Millennium—Where He will Come—The Mount of Olives.

THE crisis of Israel's "trouble" will be the signal for her deliverance, the prelude to her everlasting exultation; Antichrist's triumph the signal for his ruin, the prelude to the "lake of fire burning with brimstone"—his endless doom. It is remarkable that as with Israel's King, so with Israel herself; when her King expired on Calvary, and Satan apparently triumphed, at that moment the cry was heard, "It is finished!" and salvation, complete and everlasting was accomplished for a perishing world. And again when Israel herself shall be expiring in Jerusalem, and Antichrist apparently triumphant, even at that moment shall the cry be uttered, "It is done!" (Rev. 17:17), and salvation, complete and everlasting, be vouchsafed to that otherwise lost and perishing people; for then it is, as the prophet tells us, even then, that the Lord will fight for His people; and "His feet"—the feet of their Deliverer "shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives." (Zech. 14:3, 4).

As at the First Advent, though Christ came "the Saviour of all men," and to die for all, yet, by His own confession, was

ISRAEL FIRST

in His esteem, and first as His object—"I am not sent," said He, "but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel"—so at the Second, though He will come to judge the world, to settle the world's affairs, to take its kingdoms to Himself, and reign over the same forever, yet, evidently, even then, will Israel be first before Him, and her well-being His prime concern. Hence, mention of His Advent is rarely found in Scripture, but in immediate connection with Israel's circumstances, and Israel's prospects.

It is in order to close her tribulation (Matt. 24:29); it is for the purpose of rescuing her from the hands of her enemies, and destroying the same (Zech. 14:2, 3); it is to meet her heart's desire when she shall cry, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord" (Matt. 23:39); it is that the true David may be her king (Ezek. 37:24); it is that a fountain may be opened to her for sin and for uncleanness (Zech. 13:1); it is to turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and save all Israel (Rom. 11:26); it is that He Himself may be her light, and that she may herself arise and shine (Isaiah 60:1).

Thus, the bearing of the Advent on Israel's prospects, and its connection therewith, is abundantly evident; but for the more particular illustration of this, as well as of this subject generally, let us now proceed to consider,

HOW WILL THE LORD COME?

Personally, I reply, *personally in glory*. Jesus Christ, who lived and died on earth, and afterward rose and ascended into heaven, will Himself return, the same Jesus Christ, the same Man, who once trod earth's highway, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" even He the same, though in highest glory instead of deepest humiliation; though garbed in light instead of shrouded in a "body marred more than any man"—otherwise the same, even as the angels testified, "this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

HE WILL COME SUDDENLY!

When the world is crying "peace, peace;" when the most remote expectation of His Coming shall not generally prevail; when men are eating and drinking; marrying and giving in

marriage; planting, buying, selling; absorbed in their ordinary concerns; overcharged with cares, interests, and pleasures of this world; when the heart whispers, if the lips give not birth to the sentiment, "Where is the promise of His Coming?" Then, at such a time, even then, He will come!

HE WILL COME MANIFESTLY.

There will be no doubt or possibility of question about His Coming; no need to go forth and search and look for it; it shall not be in a corner, or in a chamber, or in the desert! No man shall tell his neighbor it is come—for his neighbor, like himself, shall see it! It shall be terribly obvious—seen alike in the palace and the cottage; in the mansion and the cabin; in the court, and on 'change, and in the field; in the squares and the lanes of the city; in the brilliant assembly and the darkest abode of squalid destitution; where men are revelling, and where men are praying; where the world is decked out in fashion's gaudiest plumage, and where rags and tatters are the only habiliment. It will burst on all—an appalling, unmistakable reality—on all alike, all without exception, all at once. "Even as the lightning which lighteneth from one end of heaven to the other, so shall also the Coming of the Son of Man be."

WHEN HE WILL COME.

It is clear, and we need not fear to assert it, that the time of the Advent, relatively considered, will be, when Israel's trouble closes; when Antichrist's work is done, and when the Gospel shall be preached throughout the world as a witness; then Christ will come, but not till then.*

Scripture literally interposes nothing but the preaching the Gospel for a witness unto all nations—the restoration of Israel in part—the revelation of the man of sin—and the battle of Armageddon; these are the only events Scripture interposes, and these, literally understood, would not of necessity, and (with the exception of the first) will not, we believe, in fact, require more than a few years—some seven years or so—for their entire accomplishment. Perfectly, therefore, does this principle harmonize with the exhortations and admonitions in question; fairly does it invest them with their full and legitimate force; from the ascension to the present moment, unto the Advent, their application is palpable and unquestionable!

So much for the time of the Advent; it will occur at the close of the great tribulation, and be introductory to the Millennial age.

WHERE WILL THE LORD COME?

Everywhere! Everywhere, I conceive, as far as the "brightness" of that Coming is intended; this will be universal throughout the earth: "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the Coming of the Son of Man be." But personally, the Advent must have relation to some particular locality; and that locality is distinctly revealed. Not only are we expressly taught that the host, for the destruction of which the Lord will come, will be gathered around Jerusalem, and congregated in the valley of Jehoshaphat, contiguous to Jerusalem; but my text specially states that "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives;" and this conclusively settles the point—He shall come to the Mount of Olives! The mount so often visited by Him in the day of His humiliation; so often His chosen retreat from the world and its persecutions; so often the place of His rest and communion with His Father—the Mount of Olives! Endured in its recollections, precious in its associations to every soul that loves the Lord! That shall be the place—the first place on earth for the "soles of His feet;" "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives."

Thus, then, the Lord will come. He will come personally. He will come at the close of the great tribulation. He will come to the Mount of Olives.

* [The lecturer is here speaking of the second stage of the Lord's Coming, when He comes to take vengeance; not of the first stage when He comes into the air and the waiting believers and the dead saints are caught up to meet Him there.]

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Timely Warning to Office-holders was Issued last week by the President. This is usually a period of activity with them, as the primaries must be influenced now if at all. This year it appears that activity will be attended with danger. The President says: "I deem this a proper time to especially warn all subordinates in the several departments, and all office-holders under the General Government against the use of their official positions in attempts to control political movements in their localities. Office-holders are the agents of the people, not their masters. Not only is their time and labor due to the Government, but they should scrupulously avoid in their political action, as well as in the discharge of their official duty, offending by a display of obtrusive partisanship their neighbors who have relations with them as public officials." If the President's warning is heeded the primaries will this year miss some of their most conspicuous features.

A Horizontal Reduction on the River and Harbor bill was made in the Senate last week. Whether the conscience of the Senators was awakened, or they were disturbed by apprehensions about their political future, does not appear. There was abundant room for both influences. The reduction was a scaling of each appropriation twenty-five per cent. The total called for by the bill had risen by industrious log-rolling in the Senate to nearly nineteen millions, or three millions and a half since it left the House. The reduction leaves the total a little less than fifteen millions. The total number of items is nearly three hundred and fifty, a large number having been added in the Senate. It was passed on Friday by a vote of 42 to 14. A conference committee will now be needed, and when that has completed its work the bill has still to pass the ordeal of the President. Both political parties must be held responsible for the bill; it remains for the people to deal with individuals. There was no hesitation in the performance of that duty four years ago.

A New Extradition Treaty with Great Britain is said to have been arranged. One report states that it has already been sent to the Senate for ratification. Though its provisions have not been authoritatively published, there is a general feeling of satisfaction that the subject is being dealt with. It has long been a scandal to the two Governments that criminals have found a safe refuge from justice by crossing the border between this country and Canada. There are many persons here, too, who ought to be in English prisons. Under the treaty of extradition now in force there are only seven crimes for which the perpetrators may be extradited. They are: murder, assault with intent to commit

murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, and the utterance of forged paper. How incomplete this list is may be inferred from the fact that in some of our later extradition treaties more than twenty crimes are enumerated. The new treaty is said to add four crimes to the seven now extraditable. They are manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny, involving the amount of \$50 or £10, or upward, and, finally, malicious destruction of property which endangers the life of others, and which in either country is made a crime by law. As the treaty is not to be applied to crimes committed before its ratification, there will be no raid, under its provisions, on the colony of American citizens in Canada, living in peace and safety on the funds they have stolen from widows and orphans.

A Surprise to Financiers was Administered on July 14th by the passage in the House of Mr. Morrison's joint resolution. It provides that "Whenever the surplus or balance in the Treasury, including amount held for redemption of United States notes, shall exceed the sum of \$100,000,000, it shall be and is hereby made the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to apply such excess, in sums not less than \$10,000,000 per month, during the existence of any such surplus or excess, to the payment of the interest-bearing indebtedness of the United States payable at the option of the Government." The resolution passed by an overwhelming vote—209 to 67. Its significance consists in the fact that it is a reproof to the Administration by its own friends, and an implied censure on its policy. It also requires the use of silver in the payment of the public debt, and will, if it passes the Senate and is approved by the President, compel a large number of national banks to close their business. The wisdom or folly of the resolution is not a question between the political parties, but between the sections.

The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists who were concerned in the dynamite outrage on May 4th commenced on Thursday last after twenty-one days had been consumed in obtaining a jury. Nine hundred and eighty-two men were examined before the twelfth man was agreed upon. The task of the people was simplified by the ruling of Judge Gary that, "If it is agreed to use violence for the destruction of human lives upon an occasion which was not yet foreseen, but upon some general principle on which the conspirators substantially agree, as in the case of a large number of men agreeing to kill the police if they were found in conflict with strikers, the occasion being left to their judgment, then, if that violence was used and resulted in the death of the police, those who were a party to the conspiracy are guilty of murder." The State attorney promised to prove to the jury who made the bomb, who threw it, and by whom the signal was given.

The Failure of Two Banks has Caused Much distress in the West. On July 14th, the Provident Savings Bank, of St. Louis, Mo., closed its doors. The petition for a receiver stated that the cashier had embezzled the available assets and absconded. The principal depositors are workmen, many of whom see the small provision they have made for sickness and old age swept away. On the same day the Dundy County Bank, at Benkleman, Neb., failed. The president of the bank went to its vault on the night before and stole everything available. It is stated that he left nothing belonging to the bank behind but its real estate and its furniture. The chief sufferers in this case are small tradesmen, who will be unable to meet their notes. Both the defaulters are understood to be in Canada.

Last Week's Elections of Members of the British Parliament bring the total to 663, leaving only seven seats to be filled. The classification is: Conservatives, 318; Unionist Liberals 74; Gladstonites, 187; Nationalists, 83—a Unionist muster of 392 ranked against 270 Home Rulers. Thus far there is a majority of 122 against Mr. Gladstone on his Irish policy. The seven constituencies still to be heard from were

represented in the last Parliament by 1 Conservative, 3 Gladstonites, and 3 Nationalists. If they hold their former political complexion the new House will be composed of 319 Conservatives, 74 Unionist Liberals, 190 Gladstonites, and 86 Nationalists, a Unionist total of 393 and a Ministerial total of 276 on the Irish question. It thus appears that on general questions Mr. Gladstone would have a majority in the House of 26; but on the Irish question he is in a minority of 117. The people appear to be more equally divided. The total number of votes cast for Gladstone candidates was about 1,400,000, while those cast for Conservatives and Liberal deserters combined, numbered about 1,500,000.

An Attempt to Arrange a Coalition Government was reported last week by cable, but was probably premature. The terms stated were that four seats in the Cabinet and a proportion of smaller offices were to be placed at the disposal of Lord Hartington, with Lord Salisbury as Premier and Secretary of the State Department. The prevailing opinion is that even if the offer were made, Lord Hartington would not accept it, as he is shrewd enough to know that his prospect of succeeding Mr. Gladstone as head of the Liberal Party would be forfeited by accepting a seat in a Conservative Cabinet. Nor would he be able to carry the bolting Liberals with him. Mr. Chamberlain and John Bright certainly would not act with the Tories. As there is clearly a deadlock, the Parnellites, notably Justin M'Carthy, the historian, cherish the hope that the Conservatives will purchase a term of office by the concession of Home Rule to Ireland under the name of a comprehensive scheme of Local Government. It seems improbable, but there is a precedent for the policy. In 1867, under Disraeli, the Conservatives voted for an extension of the franchise still more advanced than the one they had opposed.

The Action of Russia in Closing Batoum as a free port is eliciting expressions of indignant remonstrance from the European governments. The London correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* says that the Earl of Roseberry, British Foreign Minister, has sent to Russia a precise and emphatic protest on the subject, characterizing Russia's action as a "flagrant violation of the Treaty of Berlin." In the event of Lord Salisbury being called to the premiership of England the incident is likely to assume serious proportions. He is known to be hostile to Russia, and his party has always favored a vigorous foreign policy. Besides this, Lord Salisbury has a personal interest in the matter, as he was one of the diplomatists who arranged the treaty of Berlin which Russia now proposes to disregard.

The Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions in New Zealand briefly reported by cable are graphically described in the local newspapers. On June 10th, about two in the morning, the side of Tarawera Mountain, an extinct volcano nineteen hundred and sixty-four feet high, was blown out, amid a storm of the elements—thunder, lightning and earthquake. On another peak of the same mountain another enormous crater was opened, sending forth showers of earth in the direction of Te Teko. An eye-witness reports that he saw a huge mass of flame rise in the heavens, and instantly lava and smoke covered the ground. Soon after a volume of flame issued from Runanga, close to Tarawera. Large balls of fire were thrown from the gaping mouth toward Taupo, this accompanied by terrible reports, which shook the whole place. Forked lightning followed close upon the balls of fire. The fall of earth into the open crater seemed to stop the fiery balls from coming up, but forked lightning still continued. Shortly afterward shocks of earthquakes were felt. The disturbances continued at intervals for two days. The immediate damage consists in the loss of seven Europeans and ninety-seven natives, and the destruction of five native villages, two hotels, two houses, and a mission hall, and the over-spreading of the country for one hundred and twenty miles with debris.

The Death of the Rev. Robert Nelson, D.D., who was for thirty years a missionary in China, is announced. Dr. Nelson returned from China six years ago with health completely broken down by his protracted labors. A slight improvement encouraged him to hope that he might engage in ministerial work at home. He accordingly settled in Connecticut as Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Woodbury. A month ago his health again failed, and he went to Oakland, Va., his native place, for rest and recuperation. At first there was hope that he was deriving benefit from the change, but on July 15th he was seized with sudden pain, and died in a few minutes. Dr. Nelson was sixty-eight years old. He was a grandson of General Thomas Nelson, in whose house at Yorktown Lord Cornwallis surrendered the British forces in 1781. Mr. Nelson made the opening prayer at the Yorktown centennial celebration in 1881. Mrs. Nelson, his beloved wife and faithful helper during his long sojourn in China, died last September.

Dr. Whittaker, of Nevada, has been Elected by the Protestant Episcopal Convention of Pennsylvania Assistant Bishop for the diocese. Dr. Whittaker was chosen on the first ballot. Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar was the candidate of the Low Church clergy. The High Church clergy, recognizing the impossibility of electing a candidate who should be distinctly a representative of their wing of the Church, agreed to support the Rev. Dr. Ozi William Whittaker, who is an Evangelical Churchman. Dr. Whittaker was consecrated as Missionary Bishop of Nevada and Arizona in St. George's Church, New York, on October 13th, 1869. Besides performing the duties of Missionary Bishop, Dr. Whittaker has served as Rector of St. Paul's Church, in Virginia City. He is described by his friends as mentally one of the best furnished men in the Church.

The Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street New York, is now under the charge of Mr. S. H. Hadley, the former superintendent, Mr. Shorey, being now engaged in evangelistic work in the South. Mr. Hadley is a convert from the Cremorne Mission in Thirty-second Street. Four years ago no man seemed more unlikely than he to undertake mission work, but entering the Cremorne Mission one night, as it seemed by chance, he was led to Christ, and became earnestly desirous to labor for Him. Mr. Hadley has been rendering assistance at various missions since that time, and now enters on this hallowed sphere of Jerry McAuley's early labors with the best wishes and prayers of the Christian community.

The Translation of the Bible into Choctaw has been commenced by an Indian missionary. The *Observer* states that the Rev. John Edwards, who has been preaching among the Choctaws for many years, has undertaken the work, and has gone to Salem, Va., in order to have the assistance of Mr. William H. McKinney. Mr. McKinney, who is a full Indian, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Roanoke College in 1883, his graduating address being delivered first in Choctaw and then in English. On the 20th of last month he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the Theological Department of Yale College, presenting as his thesis a translation of the Book of Malachi into Choctaw with a critical and exegetical commentary on the same. On his return to his home in the Indian Territory in the fall, Mr. McKinney and Mr. Edwards hope to complete the translation.

A Touching Appeal for Prayer has been Sent to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting by an evangelist in Arkansas. He writes: "I find several churches in this city of ten thousand people. But two thousand will more than cover the number who attend either regularly or occasionally; therefore, the larger part know not God, and are in darkness and sin. They are also the young and promising men and women. Now I find no helper, have no place to hold services except a high-priced opera house, no organist, and in all

measures, so far as man is concerned, alone. And hence I ask you to pray for me.

A Dangerous Sleeping-place was Chosen by four tramps on July 12th. They were walking from Chicago to St. Louis, and on Monday followed the Chicago and Alton Railroad track. Being tired at night they lay down by the side of the track to sleep. One of them says that the midnight passenger train awakened him, and, in a half-dazed condition he aroused his companions, who quickly jumped to their feet, and, being only half awake, they staggered on the track and were struck by the train. Three were terribly injured about the head and body, and two of them will probably die. It would have been better for them if their companion had not awakened them. Lying motionless they would probably have been unharmed. That is never the case with men who are spiritually asleep. Unless they are aroused to a sense of their danger their destruction is certain (Eph. 5:14).

A Voyage Through the Whirlpool of Niagara was made by a cooper named Carlisle D. Graham on July 11th. The man had constructed a cask with oak staves and iron bands. It was seven feet long, and was weighted with lead at the lower end to keep it upright in the water. Inside was a canvas sack to hold his body, fitted with strong belts to keep it from striking the sides. He crawled into the sack, drew the cover over his head, and was set afloat on the edge of the pool. The cask kept pretty well in the centre of the river until it reached the whirlpool, when it struck a strong side current and was swiftly carried through, reaching the waters beyond in safety. There some fishermen saw the queer vessel, and, thinking it was a buoy, took it out of the water. The man inside was almost suffocated, and much shaken, but was otherwise unhurt. He said that his passage through the whirlpool seemed to him one series of jerks, but his chief suffering came from want of air. His sole object was to make money, and he probably succeeded. Though it was Sunday, thousands of excursionists went to witness the daring feat. They went to see a man risk his life, for it was not an exhibition of skill, as the man could do nothing to save himself; he simply lay still, inside the barrel, which at any moment might have been dashed against a rock, stove in and sunk. It was a pitiful exhibition, and every man who went to see it disgraced himself (Prov. 2:14).

Elephants Dragging the Funeral Car of a rhinoceros was the strange spectacle witnessed in New York a few nights ago. On June 19th a huge rhinoceros, Bombi by name, was brought at a cost of five thousand dollars to the menagerie in Central Park. He was docile at first, but when the hoarding in front of his cage was taken down that visitors might see him, he became violent. It was the sight of the elephants close by that enraged him. The bars in the front of his cage were an inch and a half in diameter, and the huge beast was unable to break them, but he made frantic efforts to climb over the top of his cage. The keepers tried to force him back with pitchforks, but the tines were turned by his hide, which in some places was two inches thick. The struggle lasted over an hour, and its termination was still doubtful when Bombi's foot slipped and he fell to the bottom of his cage panting and exhausted. He was perspiring profusely, and the cold night air blowing over him gave him a chill, which turned to pneumonia, and in two days the huge beast was dead. His carcass weighed nearly four tons, and all the horses available could not move it. Eventually the elephants were attached to the bier, and they drew the body to its last resting-place. The scene was a strange one to witness in an American city. As the procession of elephants yoked to the massive car, on which lay the dead body of their enemy, moved slowly in the calm moonlight under the trees of the Park, the spectator might have imagined himself in some Oriental land. It was a suggestive reflection, too, that the enormous creature, imper-

vicious to the weapons of the keepers, had so quickly succumbed to disease. It is as God said of such a beast (Job 40:19), "He only that made him can make His sword to approach unto him." All power, whether of man or beast, is mixed with weakness, and Bombi met his death, as many mighty men have done, because he could not control his passions (Prov. 25:28).

A Fortune from the Bottom of the Sea was received last week by a sick, and almost destitute, widow at Newark, N. J. She came to this country with her husband some years ago from Scotland, where her relatives were in good circumstances. Her husband's health failed soon after their arrival, and after a long illness he died, leaving her in poverty. She struggled for a livelihood, and received assistance from charitable Christian friends, but encountered many hardships. For some reason unexplained, she did not apply to her family in Scotland for help. Last February, however, she heard that an aunt was dead and had left her a handsome legacy. It did not arrive, and the widow had almost ceased to hope for it, when last week a package was delivered to her by mail which had been recovered from the wreck of the Oregon after lying four months at the bottom of the sea. In it was a draft on the Bank of England for the amount of her legacy. It may be hoped that this precious package so strangely recovered will encourage the widow to put her trust in the Lord, who has control over the heaven and the earth and in the sea (Ps. 135:6).

An Attempt to Put the Probate Court to a new use was made recently in Connecticut. The Litchfield *Enquirer* reports that a petition has been presented to the Probate Court of that district for the appointment of a conservator, to take charge of a middle-aged lady well known in the locality. The court was embarrassed by the fact that it was not alleged that she was demented in any way. The sole ground on which the petition was presented was that the lady was about to make an imprudent marriage. The petitioner asserted that the man to whom she was about to ally herself was a worthless fellow, whose only object was to gain the comfortable property the lady possessed. If the judge is a sagacious, far-seeing man he will decline to allow the powers of his court to be applied to any such useful purpose. To grant the petition would be to establish a precedent that would encourage similar applications. A court that would place every one under a conservator, who designs to marry foolishly, would be a busy tribunal. It is with marriage as with the still more momentous concerns of the soul: the will is free. Wise friends may warn and implore when they foresee misery, but they cannot use coercion (Luke 10:11).

A Party Lost in the Mammoth Cave Wandered around for eight hours in constant danger, on July 8th. A despatch from Louisville states that a guide led into the cave a gay party of twenty-seven persons, who selected the long route of nine miles in and nine miles out. While the party were travelling through the winding passages, nine of them, who were in the rear, became separated from the main body, and those in front did not notice their absence for some time. From one till nine o'clock at night the unfortunates wandered about aimlessly, but constantly getting farther and farther away from the main track. To add to the terror of the situation, their lights went out, leaving them to wander on in the darkness and unknown dangers of the cavern. The wanderers finally adopted the plan of leaving small articles of clothing in their path as they walked along, and by these means a guide who went in search of them found them sitting on the banks of Echo River, to which they had finally arrived. The ladies in the party suffered greatly from nervous excitement, and all the others were very tired and distressed. That is the spiritual experience of the human race. Hopelessly lost and straying ever farther in darkness and danger, the Almighty Guide brought light and salvation to all who would follow Him (1 Peter 2:25.)

"THE TENDER MERCY OF OUR GOD."

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"To give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—LUKE I: 77-79.

A Proof of Mercy—Greatness Combined with Tenderness—The Mercy of the Heart—How Shown—I. In Visiting Man—The Visit of the Incarnation—Intimate and Condescending—The Payment of the Debt—The Coining of the Heart—The Visit of Preaching—Of the Holy Spirit—Special Visits—II. In Visiting as the Dawn—Adapted to the Eye—Ends the Darkness—An Earnest of the Day—III. In Visiting the Troubled—IV. With Joyful Results.

OBSERVE how Zacharias, in this his joyful song, extolled the remission of sins as one of the most extraordinary proofs of the tender mercy of our God. He had been dumb for a season, as a chastisement for his unbelief; and therefore he used his recovered speech to sing of pardoning mercy. No salvation is possible without forgiveness, and so Zacharias says, "To give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins." At the very outset, I want any soul here that is burdened with sin to believe in the forgiveness of sins, and to believe in it because God is love, and has a great tenderness toward the work of His hands.

The main point of this morning's sermon will be to bring out into prominence those few words, "*the tender mercy of our God.*" If you think of this tenderness in connection with God, it will strike you with wonder, for an instant, that one so great should be so tender; for we are apt to impute to Omnipotence a crushing energy, which can scarcely take account of little and feeble and suffering things. Yet if we think again, the surprise will disappear, and we shall see, with a new wonder of admiration that it must be so. He that is truly great among men is tender because he is great in heart as well as in brain and hand. The truly great spirit is always gentle; and because God is so infinitely great, He is, therefore, tender. Just as the leader to our psalmody sounds his tuning-fork at the commencement of our song, so have I done in these opening remarks. "Tender mercy" is the key-note of my discourse, I want you to keep it still in your ears.

I. In the first place, I invite you to observe that He shows this tender mercy in that

HE DEIGNS TO VISIT US.

"Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us." Observe that God has not merely pitied us from a distance, and sent us relief by way of the ladder which Jacob saw, but He hath Himself visited us. It needs no studied language to preach from this text, the expressions themselves are full of holy thought. A visit from God, what must it be! "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" A visit from the Queen would be remembered by most of you all your lives; you would feel yourselves half-enobled. But a visit from God, what shall I say of it?—that He should stoop to leave His high abode, and the majesty wherein He reigns, to visit insignificant beings like ourselves? This Bible is a letter from Him, and we prize it beyond the finest gold; but an actual visit from God Himself, what shall we say of such a favor?

In what ways has the Lord shown His tender mercy in deigning to visit us? I answer, first, God's great visit to us is the incarnation of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Many visits of God to men had been paid before that—read your Bibles, and see; but the most wonderful visit of all was when He came to tarry here, some thirty years and more, to work out our salvation. What but "tender mercy," hearty mercy, intense mercy, could bring the great God to visit us so closely that He actually assumed our nature? Kings may visit their subjects, but they do not think of taking upon

themselves their poverty, sickness, or sorrow; they could not if they would, and would not if they could; this were more than we could expect from them. But our divine Lord, when He came hither, came into our flesh. This was a kind of visit such as none could have thought of granting save the infinitely tender and merciful God. The man is our next kinsman, a brother born for adversity; in all our affliction he is afflicted; he is tenderness itself.

Remember that He not only took our nature but He dwelt among us

IN THIS WORLD OF SIN

and sorrow. This great Prince entered our abode—what if I call it this hut and hovel?—wherein our poor humanity finds its home for a season. "He went about doing good." He mingled among men with scarcely any reservation; being through His purity separate from sinners as to His character, yet He was the visitor of all men. He was found eating bread with a Pharisee, which, perhaps, is a more wonderful thing than when He received sinners, and ate with them. A fallen woman was not too far gone for Him to sit on the curb of the well, and talk to her; nor were any of the poor and ignorant too mean for Him to care for them. He disdained no man's lowliness; He turned aside from no man's sin.

But remember that He visited us not merely to look upon us, and to talk with us, and to teach us, and set us a high and divine example, which, as I have said, were incomparably gracious, if it went no further, but He so visited us that He went down into our condemnation, that He might deliver us from it. He was made a curse for us, as it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." He took our debts upon Him that He might pay them,

MINTING HIS OWN HEART

to create the coinage. He gave Himself for us, which is more than if I said, "He gave His blood and His life;" His own self He gave. So did He visit us that He took away with Him our ill, and left all good behind. He did not come into our nature, and yet keep Himself reserved from all the consequences of our sin; nor come into our world, and yet maintain a status superior to the usual denizens of it; but He came to be a man among men, and to bear all that train of woes which had fallen upon human nature through its departure from the ways of God. Since God has visited us, not in form of vengeance, nor as a cherub with a flaming sword, but in the gentle person of that lowliest of the lowly, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," we are herein made to see the tender mercy of our God. Nothing could be more tender than the divine appearance of the Man of Sorrows.

To this day we are visited of God in other respects, but with equal mercy. The proclamation of the Gospel in a nation, or

TO ANY INDIVIDUAL,

is a visit of God's mercy. Whenever you come and hear the Gospel, be you sure of this, whether you receive it or not, the kingdom of God has come nigh unto you. It is a monstrosity—what if I say a miracle?—of iniquity, that men having sinned, and God having done so much to work out a way of remission of those sins, men should refuse to accept God's pardoning love. Oh, my hearers, why are you so besotted? Wherefore do you hate your own souls? Surely, the devils themselves would at the first have scarce believed it, that there could exist a race of creatures so hardened as to refuse the love which visits them in grace.

But, blessed be His name, He has visited some of us in a more remarkable manner still, for by the Holy Spirit He has entered into our hearts, and changed the current of our lives. What a visit is this! This visit of the Holy Ghost, when He comes to dwell in us, is surpassingly condescending. I have often said that I never know which to admire most, the incarnation of the Son of God, or the indwelling of the Spirit of God. This last is a wonderful condescension, for the Holy Ghost does not take a pure body

of His own, but He makes our bodies to be His temples; He dwells not only in one of these, but in tens of thousands; and that not only by the space of thirty years, but throughout the whole life of the believer. He dwelleth in us notwithstanding all our provocations and rebellions. Mark the word, not only with us, but *in* us, and that evermore. Oh, this tender mercy! Who can describe it?

Often and often, since our first visitation by the Lord, I trust we have had

SPECIAL VISITS

from Him, bringing with them rapturous joys, singular deliverances, and countless blessings. This hath often happened when we have been in great trouble. When we were depressed in spirit, when we were burdened with unusual cares, or weeping over heart-breaking bereavements, the mercy of our God has made the dayspring from on high to visit us at just such times; and therein we have seen His tenderness. Our life is bright with these visits as the sky with stars.

II. I call your attention now to a second point. There is so much sea-room here that one scarce knows which way to steer. Secondly, He shows His tender mercy in that He visits us

AS THE DAYSPRING

from on high. This means the dawning in the east, the rising of the sun at break of day. He does not come to us in Christ, or by His Spirit, as a tempest, but He has visited us as smiling morn, which in gentle glory floods the world with joy. While this Gospel visitation is apparently less in splendor than that of the law, yet it is not deficient in efficacy or in true glory. God has not visited us as a candle, which might suffice to cheer our darkness, but could not change it into day. David rejoiced, saying, "The Lord will light my candle;" but in this we go far beyond him; we need no candle, for the Lord has visited us with the day-dawn. He has come, moreover, not as a blaze which will soon die down, but as a light which will last our day, yea, last forever. After the long dark and cold night of our misery, the Lord cometh in the fittest and most effectual manner; neither as lightning, nor candle, nor flaming meteor, but as the sun which begins the day.

The visitation of the Lord to us is as the dayspring, because it suits our eye. Observe how the eye is suited to the light, and the light to the eye, in the economy of nature; and it is even so in the realm of grace. Day, when it first breaks in the east, has not the blaze of burning noon about it; but it peeps forth as a gray light, which gradually increases to the perfect day. So did the Lord Jesus Christ come; dimly as it were, at first, at Bethlehem, but by and by He will appear in all the glory of the Father. So doth the Spirit of God come to us in gradual progress.

The visits of God are like the dayspring, because

THEY END OUR DARKNESS.

The dayspring banishes the night. Without noise or effort, it removes the ebony blackness, and sows the earth with Orient pearl. Night stretches her bat's wings, and is gone; she flies before the arrows of the advancing sun; and the Coming of Jesus to us when He does really come into our hearts, takes away the darkness of ignorance, sorrow, carelessness, fear, and despair. Our night is ended once for all when we behold God visiting us in Christ Jesus. Our day may cloud over, but night will not return. Oh, you that are in the blackest midnight, if you can but get a view of Christ, morning will have come to you! There is no light for you elsewhere, believe us in this; but if Jesus be seen by faith, you shall need no candles of human confidence, nor sparks of feelings and impressions; the beholding of Christ shall be the ending of all night for you. "They looked unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed."

When the Lord visits us, it is as the dayspring, because He brings us hope of greater

glory yet to come. The first Coming of Christ has not at once manifested everything; the dayspring is not the noon; but it is the sure guarantee of it; and so is the First Advent the pledge of the glory to be revealed. The sun never rises in error to set upon a sudden; he rises to complete his course, as the strong man cometh out of his chamber to fulfil his race. When we receive a visit from the Lord, it may be in the way of rebuke, or of feeble hope; but let us be patient, for the dawn shall grow with constant increase of light, and there is no fear of its dying down into the old sinful darkness. Now all this seems to me to be a wonderful instance of the tenderness of divine mercy. Think you not so? This Coming of the Lord, and of His light, so gradually, and yet so lavishly; so fittingly, and yet so effectually, does it not fill you with gratitude?

III. Thirdly, there is another instance of great tenderness in this, in that the Lord visits us in OUR VERY LOWEST

estate. Permit me to read the text to you—"To give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins," from which it appears that God comes to visit us when we are in our sins. Let it never be forgotten that "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." God comes to us as the morning, which does not wait for man, nor tarry for the sons of men. I cannot bear the spirit which I see spreading among us in reference to a'msgiving. It should not be indiscriminate, but it should be bounteous. Many cry, "We shall give help only to the deserving." If God were to adopt that rule, where would you and I be? It has even been muttered in an undertone that, with regard to hospitals, no doubt they are used by persons who ought to provide for themselves, and so help to support struggling medical men. It may be so; but I like not the hard and niggardly spirit which suggests such criticisms. Talk not so; this is fit chatter for barbarians. Those who know the tender mercy of God will recollect that, when we ourselves had no good about us whatsoever, His tender mercy visited us, even as the sun ariseth upon the just and upon the unjust.

Furthermore, our God visits us

WHEN WE ARE IN DARKNESS;

when we are in such darkness as to know nothing, see nothing, believe nothing, hope nothing; even then the Lord's mercy comes to us. Is not this tenderness? "Educate a man up to a certain point," says one, "and then we may hope that God's grace will visit him." Educate him by all means, but have hope that God may visit even those who have no education of any sort. "Follow the advance of civilization," cries one, "and do not risk your missionaries among barbarians." Not so; our marching orders are, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." The Gospel is to precede and produce civilization. Did you notice that it is said "to those that sit in darkness?" This is more than being in the dark. The man who sits in darkness does so because he feels that his case is hopeless, and therefore he forbears all further action. Those who have lost hope are lost indeed, and such the Saviour has come to save.

Then it is added, "and in the shadow of death." Did you ever feel that shadow? It has a horrible influence. Chill and cold, it freezes the marrow of the bones, and stops the genial current of life in the veins. Death stands over the man, and if his hand does not smite, yet his shadow darkens joy, and chills hope, benumbing the heart, and making life itself a mode of death. The shadow of death is confusion of mind, depression of spirit, dread of the unknown, horror at the past, and terror of the future. Are any of you at this time bowing down under the shadow of death? Knowing your guilt, the Lord visits you this morning, and bids you look up. Look and live; look, and be delivered at once, even from the horrible death-shadow which now broods over you.

Is not this tender mercy? If He had not come to shine on such I should never have been saved. A Gospel for the cheerful would never have met my case; I wanted a Gospel for the despairing. I know some here who must have perished if the Gospel had only been suitable to those who are of good character, and have the beginnings of natural religion within them. As the good Samaritan did to the wounded man, "he came where he was," so did Jesus come to us in our ruin. The benefactor of the wounded did not stand and say to him, "Come here, and get on my beast, and he shall carry you to the inn." But he went to him when he was lying half dead, and therefore helpless; and he poured the oil and wine into his wounds while the poor wretch could not move an inch, nor stir hand or foot. He bound up his wounds, and then set him on his own beast, and took him to the inn. This is tender mercy; and in this fashion Jesus deals with us.

IV. Both time and strength fail me, so now I must finish with a fourth reflection from the text—Our God shows His tender mercy in that He visits us with such wonderful and

JOYFUL RESULTS

—"to give light to them that sit in darkness, to guide our feet into the way of peace." One sketch must suffice. Help me as I make an outline. Imagine a caravan in the desert, which has long lost its way, and is famishing. The sun has long gone down, and the darkness has caused every one's heart to droop. All around them is a waste of sand, and an Egyptian darkness. There they must remain and die unless they can find the track. They feel themselves to be in a fearful case, for, hungry and thirsty, their soul faineth in them. They cannot even sleep for fear. Heavier and heavier the night comes down, and the damps are on the tents chilling the souls of the travellers. What is to be done? How they watch! Alas, no star comforts them! At last the watchmen cry, "The morning cometh." It breaks over the sea of sand, and, what is better, it reveals a heap which had been set up as a way-mark, and the travellers have found the track. The dayspring has saved them from swift destruction by discovering the way of peace.

Our point is this, that when the Lord Jesus Christ visits us, He actually brings light to our darkness; really leads into the way, and makes that way a way of peace to us.

PUT ALL TOGETHER,

and remember what the Lord has done for you. You did not know the way once, and all the preaching in the world would not have made you know it, if Jesus had not by His Spirit visited you as the dayspring. When you did know the way, you could not reach it of yourself; you saw it as from a distance, and could not enter upon it, but when Jesus came near, He actually guided your feet into that way. He put your feet upon a rock, and established your goings. That way, good as it was, would have been to you a way of doubt and fear and hesitation, if the Lord had not so sweetly shone upon you that your road became a way of perfect peace. Peace in our text means prosperity, plenty, rest, joy. I ask you, friends, whether you have not found it so. Since the Lord has visited you, have you not gone forth with joy, and been led forth with peace?

Well, now, the conclusion of all this is a practical matter. If the tender mercy of God has visited us, and done so much more for us than I can tell, or than you can hear, let us ourselves exhibit tender mercy in our dealings with our fellow-men. It is a wretched business for a man to call himself a Christian, and have a soul which never peeps out from between his own ribs. It is horrible to be living to be saved, living to get to Heaven, living to enjoy religion, and yet never to live to bless others, and ease the misery of a moaning world. Do you not know that it is all nonsense to regard religion as a selfish spiritual trade by which we save our own souls. It is useless to hope for peace till you know how to love. Only the way of unselfishness is the

way of peace. I ask you, therefore, to think very tenderly of all poor people. These are hard times; let those who have more than they actually want be ready always to relieve distress, which is very urgent just now. All must be generous for the sake of that tender mercy which is the dayspring of our hope and life.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A JUDGE SILENCED.*

A WELL-KNOWN judge in Ohio was noted for his defence of slavery, upon the ground that the slaves knew what was best for themselves, and should be allowed to remain in the condition which admittedly brought them a degree of happiness seldom if ever attained by laborers in the North. His conversion to the opposite opinion was suddenly brought about by a runaway who had crossed the Ohio River from Kentucky, and entered the village in which our friend resided. Said the judge to the fugitive:

"What did you run away for?"

"Well, judge, 'wanted to be free.'"

"Oh! wanted to be free, did you? Bad master, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; berry good man, judge."

"You had to work too hard, then?"

"Oh, no; fair day's work."

"Well, you had not a good home?"

"Hadn't I, though! You should see my pretty cabin in Kentucky."

"Well, you didn't get enough to eat?"

"Oh, golly! Not enough to eat in Kentucky! Plenty to eat!"

The judge, somewhat annoyed: "You had a good master, plenty to eat, wasn't overworked, a good home. I don't see what on earth you wanted to run away for!"

"Well, judge, I left de situation down dar open. You kin go right down and git it."

The result was a five-dollar bill to start the unreasonable slave who had left well-being behind to become a free man.

LINCOLN AND BISMARCK.

THIS master trait of the British race shows resplendently in Lincoln, the greatest political genius of our era—greatest, judged either by the inherent qualities of the man, or by the material results of his administration. Even Bismarck's reorganization of Germany dealt with far less imposing, far less gigantic forces than those which Lincoln was called upon to control. Nor has Bismarck achieved the highest degree of political success; he has not harmonized—fused into one united whole the people he has consolidated, as Lincoln did. His weapons have been those of force alone—blood and iron his cry. Even in peace a master by brutal force alone. Lincoln was as generous, as conciliatory, as gentle in peace as he was always sad and merciful, yet ever immovable, in war. Bismarck excited the fears of the masses; Lincoln won their love. The one a rude conqueror only, the other not only that, but also the guider of the highest and best aspirations of his people. With monarchical Bismarck "might made right," with republican Lincoln "right made might." That's the difference. Hence the fame of one is to be ephemeral; that of the other immortal.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE MONARCH.

All the Presidents have been poor men. I have known three of them so well as to state, of my own knowledge, that they left office without

* From "Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic," by Andrew Carnegie. A glowing tribute to America and American Institutions, by a Scotchman who is not blinded by prejudice and is able to see that there may be somewhere in the world a better system of government than his own. Pp. 519; price \$2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Recent Eruption of Mount Etna and View of the Threatened Town of Nicolosi.

means enough upon which to live respectably. Of every American President it may be said as it was said of Pitt: "Dispensing for years the favors of the State, he lived without ostentation and died poor."

One turns from the dignified, simple life of the republican ruler to that of the nominal head of Britain, feeling that there he meets a coarser and less finely developed civilization. The parade and vulgar ostentation which surrounds at every turn the nominal ruler of the parent land is, indeed, in striking contrast. The cost to the State is as ten thousand to six hundred thousand pounds. "The entire family, mother and brother, and his cousins, and his aunts," are supported, and bands of retainers who are supposed to dignify the throne. The State processions strike an American as grotesque masquerades, and the official coaches in which royalty moves provoke the inquiry, "What circus has come to the town?" One instinctively looks inside for the clown.

THANKFUL FOR AN UNFAVORABLE DICTUM.

The last mail from China contains the melancholy intelligence of the death at Shanghai, of Mrs. S. C. Partridge of pulmonary disease. The *Spirit of Missions*, in the course of a notice of her life and death, says that some weeks before her death she was taken by the advice of her physician to Wuhu on the Yang-tse River. The change, however, did her no good, and she gladly returned to Shanghai to die in the midst of her work. The project of trying as a last hope of saving her life a return to the United States was mooted and discussed. The physicians, however, decided that she was too weak to be moved and that the journey would do her no good. When informed of their despairing verdict Mrs. Partridge said, in a cheerful tone, "Oh, I am so glad; for I can keep right on with my work and perhaps accomplish a great deal yet." She continued her labors until she was too weak to speak, and died on May 3d. Her husband is anxious that her friends in this country should know that "there were no indications of any trouble in Mrs. Partridge's case before we left the United States. A natural chain of events, which might have happened anywhere, culminated in pulmonary difficulties, which she was too weak to resist. She was a

'faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end.'

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

(See Picture on this page.)

THE recent eruption of Mount Etna, in Sicily, which began on May 18th, was a startling phenomenon. Mount Etna comprises a group of mountains lying more than 3000 metres above the level of the sea, and bearing different names, according to their position. The eruption began at the principal crater, a mile south of the house where the Government observatory is situated. A few hours before the lava stream was visible, came premonitory warning of earthquakes and a burst of hot cinders, which were thrown as far as Messina, a distance of fully eighty miles. Twenty-four hours afterward streams of lava were seen coming out at seven points, and a day later these seven new mouths all joined the principal crater, so that red-hot lava was poured down simultaneously in a volume nearly two miles in breadth.

The rate of descent is reckoned at an average of twenty yards an hour. From time to time massive stones were cast down, together with a deluge of hot water. It was an appalling spectacle as seen from Nicolosi, a small village of some 4000 inhabitants, in a valley to the south-east of the amalgamated volcanoes. An eye-witness writes:

"I started on Saturday last from Catania in a carriage, and after two hours' journey reached Nicolosi. Here I hired a mule and a guide, and in company with a dozen other tourists I ascended as far as the Monte Rossi—the nearest prominent position from which the phenomenon could be seen with safety. A splendid sight awaited us. We found ourselves face to face with the downpour of lava. The stream was then fully three feet in depth. Within a few minutes of our arrival the lava came within so short a distance from where we were standing that we were compelled to beat a retreat. The heat was so intense that our straw hats were scorched as though we had put them in an oven. The lava shifted so that there was no hope of saving Nicolosi. The catastrophe was deemed so imminent that the authorities at Catania requisitioned every available conveyance, and carried to town all the property of the villagers which was

thought worth rescuing. The scenes of distress were heart-rending. Some of the poor people, having already lost the few acres of land they owned, preferred to die where they were born rather than live on and become homeless and penniless elsewhere. An attempt was made by soldiers and firemen to cut a new road, so as to divert the stream into a fresh channel and thus avert the threatened fate of Nicolosi. After a hard day's work the lava undid all that had been done, and followed the same direction as before. At length the stream deviated to the north side, and Nicolosi was saved. On June 4th the eruption ceased, but the villagers have not yet recovered their composure, and many of them are utterly ruined."

A BOATMAN'S BATTLE WITH A PIPE.

(See Illustration on page 461.)

A YOUNG city clerk, spending his Fourth of July at a little seaside village, received an unexpected lesson from a boatman. He was an inveterate smoker, and being away from the city streets where he would have been ashamed to smoke anything but a cigar, he thought he might indulge in a pipe. Taking a well-colored meerschaum from his pocket, he examined it lovingly, polished it tenderly, and, filling it with fragrant Virginia, began to smoke.

It was rather a dull place, and the smoker did not feel that he was making the best of his holiday. He wanted society, and was glad to see a boatman pull his row-boat up on the sandy beach and walk in his direction. The man might be dull and ignorant, but his company would be better than solitude.

"Fine day!" said the smoker. "Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir, no. I don't smoke."

"Don't suit you, eh?" queried the smoker.

"Well, no; not in one way. I like it well enough, but I've quit."

"How was that?"

"I could not afford it. You see there is not much chance of getting money down here, and one time, not long ago, I had a spell of real hard luck. I had to go in debt, and was pretty hard put to it to keep bread on the loaf anyhow. I had a good customer—a lady—or I don't know how I should have worried through. She was one of the pious sort—gave tracts and that. She

knew all about me, and was a good friend to my wife. It was her talk made me quarrel with tobacco."

"Oh, you gave it up to please the ladies, did you?"

"No, sir; I gave it up to please myself. It was the lady's doing, though. She used to say, 'George, I wonder how you can smoke when times are so bad.' It didn't seem to cost much, and I said so, and, besides, it sort o' comforted me—kept me from grizzling. 'You don't know what it does cost,' says the lady. Well, next time I saw her, she'd got a tract about it. There it was figured up just how much it cost. Pretty fair, too. All the figuring in regular tables like an insurance circular. Twenty-five cents a week for one year, and five years, and ten years, and twenty. Fifty cents a week the same, and a dollar, and so on. Then there was a calculation of what the totals would buy."

"It surprised you, did it?"

"Yes; and it d'd more. It made me ashamed. I picked my line out—fifty cents a week for ten years—two hundred and sixty dollars. My, if I had only that in my pocket it would have cleared me, and given me a decent start! 'No more, George,' I said to myself; 'this day you quit!'"

"Did you have much difficulty?"

"Have you ever tried?"

"No."

"Then you can't have a notion of it. It was awful. I got so as I did not hardly know what I was doing, I wanted a smoke so bad. I carried the tract about with me and had a look at it when I was feeling bad. I had my pipe, too, and I used to take it out and say, 'Which is boss, you or I?' and that kind o' stirred my pride. I had to try all I knew, you see, for it was a hard fight. I won, and I have not had a smoke now these three years."

"If you had a fortune you would take to it again, I suppose?"

"I think not, sir. I've got to despise it. A man ought to be man enough to do without that sort of thing. Besides, it's a waste of money, and however much money I might have I would not like to waste it. If I had more than I knew what to do with, why, there's plenty of poor struggling folks, I'd be glad to help. A man who has been in a tight place himself can feel for other folks. And it really does cost a pile, does the pipe. Look here, sir; here's the tract, find your place on the map. It'll surprise you. Just think of what it would be to have that total in your hand."

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth and looked for his place as directed. He found it, and, as the boatman had predicted, he was surprised. His salary as clerk was not a large one, and he had saved nothing. Just now he was wishing he could get married, but had no money to furnish a house, and did not want to go to boarding. He saw that he had consumed in smoke a sum that would have sufficed for a modest home, and he was mortified.

"You have quite given it up?" he asked, at length.

"Yes," said the boatman. "A regular total cut off."



The Tract that Opened his Eyes.

"I guess I'll follow your example," said the clerk, and he did.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.*

The Young Student.

"DEAR BROTHER ALLAN: My school closes next Friday, after which I shall come home to remain a week. Then I shall go away to college. You remember I have expressed some dissatisfaction with the M— College, on account of its lack of scientific advantages, as well as considerable inefficiency in the faculty. I have carefully examined the catalogue of the N. S. College, and have corresponded with a student friend of mine there, and I believe that its facilities are better in every respect. So I have concluded to try it. During the winter I have been employing my leisure in pursuing certain studies, and I believe I can enter the third term of the Junior year."

"Meet me at Dover, on Saturday, at 2 P.M., with the buggy. Love to mother."

"Your brother,

"LEROY T. RANSOM."

This letter tells us something about the individual in whom we now claim an interest. He was a young man of considerable talent. Some people used the word "brilliant" in connection with his mental endowments, but as this adjective is used to qualify the talents of almost every college boy, we refrain from employing so trite a term. He was the son of a widow, his father having died when he was but eight years old. His mother was not able to furnish the money for his education, and so we find him remaining out of college for a time to

earn by teaching the needful funds.

Indeed, he was a young man of good—probably more than ordinary—general information. He devoured almost everything in the way of reading that he could secure, except, of course, trashy novels. Whatever were his faults, this was not one of them. In general literature, poetry, and on the stirring questions of the day, he was pretty good authority.

But there is one thing we must tell at the start, for it was a conspicuous and fatal blemish on his character—he was an infidel. He had imbibed these sentiments by reading Hume, Voltaire, and especially the modern scientific opposers of the Christian religion. Honest? Oh, yes, entirely honest. He had in a manner been driven into scepticism, and then into infidelity against his will. He would have preferred to remain in the faith both for his own comfort and for his own interest. To abandon his religious beliefs would, as he knew, be painful to himself and would give pain to others, especially to his mother, and would cost him the friendship of many whose influence would be helpful to him if he retained it. It was as if he had been living in an old mansion, which his family had dwelt in for many generations and which he loved. But some practical man had assured

him that it was unhealthy, that the walls were unsound, and that the foundations were faulty. Not being able to test the truth of these assertions for himself, he had made a superficial examination, had taken much on credit, and had finally quitted the house with reluctance and gone out into the open country without a shelter for his head. It was a pitiable condition, and there are many young men in it to-day. Perhaps the history of this one may be of service to some others. If so, the journey on which we are setting out will be profitable. Come, then, reader, with us, as we try to tell his difficulties and embarrassments, and the story of his love.

On Friday his school closed. Some tears were shed, good-bys spoken, and on Saturday he was flying on the "parallels of steel," toward the station nearest his home. Arriving at Dover, he had scarcely stepped upon the platform before a strong hand grasped his, and a hale voice said,

"Hello! old pilgrim, how are you?"

"Well, I'm nearly famished just now. But I'm well. How are you? You needn't answer, for I can see that bad health and you have not been introduced yet. How is mother?"

"Quite well."

By this time the two brothers were at the buggy.

"Ho, Bally!" said Leroy, patting the mare's neck. "Bless your soul, if you have one. You look as sleek as a sunshiny day."

After the delivery of this simile, they both leaped into the buggy and soon had left Dover far in the rear. They rode over delightful hills and along shady valleys for about five miles, when they reached their country home. It was a delightful place—such a humble home as many a great man has issued from to move the world.

Mrs. Ransom came out to the gate to meet

them, her face a-smile. She looked the dear, lovable woman she was. Cheery, contented, intelligent, there was also in her face that open, clear expression from which any one would have inferred that she was a *good* woman. There could not be an uneasy, accusing conscience behind that face. It was lighted up, too, at this moment with pleasure at the sight of her son, and glowed with the love and admiration that a widow cannot but feel in her boy, when he is not wholly unworthy of her confidence.

"Ah, mother, mine!" said Leroy, jumping from the buggy and taking her in his arms and kissing her energetically and affectionately. "'Tis good to see you again. I've hungered for the sight of your dear face. How are you? Well and strong, eh?"

"Yes, dear boy, thank God," said the old lady, devoutly. "It is only when I look at you two great lads that I see how old I must be. I don't feel old yet. The Lord has been very good to me. And how are you?"

"I'm in splendid health, but nearly famished. Have you any pie in the cupboard, mother?"

"Bless you, yes; and supper's already on the table, and there is pie there and in the cupboard, too, and you may eat until you can't get around any more."

"Thank you, mother; you don't know what a blessed thing it is to get home where you can do as you please, especially in regard to stomachables."

The days passed pleasantly. Leroy busied himself getting ready for college, visiting old friends, and now and then lending a helping hand to his brother in his spring work.

At last the time came for his departure. Leroy stood at the gate as his mother took his hand to say good-by.

"Leroy, put your trust in God," said his mother. "You don't know how soon death might come, and what then?" Poor, simple-hearted woman to fear death thus, and make her religion lie so much in her emotional nature. And yet, philosophers, ye who would bring everything through the crucible of reason, might there not be sound sense in her argument? Death might come—what then?

"Oh, mother," he replied lightly, "I'm not afraid of death coming; and, if it does come, it will come, and that's the end of it."

"How can you say so, Leroy? You know you are afraid of death. They tell me you are becoming an infidel. You know I can't argue with you, for I don't understand half of these learned things you talk about; but I believe one thing: It is better to be at peace with God, and be happy, than to be ever so learned and have no rest or hope. Do promise me, Leroy, that you will not oppose the Bible," she pleaded. "We want to be an unbroken family in eternity. Some have gone already, and we ought to follow them." And her tears fell fast.

Leroy was tender-hearted, and the fountains broke loose at the mention of the departed loved ones, and he wept with his mother; but against conviction he steeled his heart, and said,

"Mother, I will do everything I can to get the truth. I will reason this thing through and through until I get out into the light."

Then he said, "Good-by," and she said, "Good-by; God bless you," and he jumped into the buggy with his brother Allan. As they drove along, the tears fell silently down Leroy's cheeks. Soon he dried them and resumed his wonted gaiety. But at last he said,

"Mother is troubling herself about me. I wish she wouldn't talk to me about religion, and especially that she wouldn't try to rouse my feelings. I am willing to talk and argue this question with anybody but her. She always cries and refers so touchingly to heaven and all, that it completely unmans me. I don't intend to fight this out on emotional grounds, but by reason. It seems to me at any rate that religion is such a sentimental institution."

Allan mused awhile seriously as if some subject were powerfully stirring his mind, and at last remarked,

"And yet, Lee, mother may be right."

"Right, Allan, right!" exclaimed Leroy. "How can she be right when she has studied and investigated the subject so little, and knows nothing about the unanswerable scientific objections to the Bible, while I, who have examined this matter with patient study, do not believe, cannot believe?"

"Ah, Leroy, there are some things above reason, or at least that don't come within the reach of mere unaided reason. But I can't argue that question with you any more than can our mother, because I, too, have not investigated the difficulties. But I am going to make a confession to you. Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes, go ahead, brother, mine."

"Well, of course you know that I united with the church last winter. Now, let me give you some actual facts of experience, and see what your philosophy will do with them. The Christian people at W— held a series of meetings. They had an earnest and intelligent preacher, who, by the way, has, I think, been over the ground you speak of so much, and might give you some light on the subject."

Leroy winced under this remark, for we must confess that he had a good share of conceit, and the mere suggestion of the idea that a village preacher might enlighten him on any point was humiliating and hurtful to his self-esteem. So he said somewhat testily:

"These preachers are generally an uneducated set, and are the last persons I would go to for help on any subject."

"You, perhaps, would change your opinion," rejoined Allan, "if you were better acquainted with them. At least, Mr. Danton, the minister I refer to, is an educated man. But let that go. I wish to tell you of my experience."

"Go on, then."

"Well, quite a number of persons manifested a serious purpose to become Christians under the earnest preaching of the Gospel. In a few days I, myself, became convinced that I ought to change my course of life. My consciousness of sin became very vivid, for it seemed that every word from the pulpit was an arrow aimed at my heart. I could not restrain the tears. Mr. Danton noticed my seriousness, and inquired concerning my attitude toward God. I told him candidly, as near as I could, the state of my feelings. I was not frightened, but I felt that I had all my life sinned against One who had been very kind to me, and I wanted forgiveness."

"How could you feel that way, Allan, when you did not know whether such a Being exists or not?" queried the sceptical Leroy.

"Never mind about that now," Allan replied. "To be brief, this state of mind continued for a few days. At last, one night as I was returning home across the fields alone, my heart became heavy beyond endurance. The night was very bright, but my mind was in utter darkness. The burden seemed to weigh me down. I sank to my knees, and said, 'O God, I cannot find the way myself; show me the way, for Christ's sake!'"

"After a short time engaged in prayer, the burden was removed from my heart, like the burden of Bunyan's pilgrim when he came to the cross. I leaped to my feet a changed man. The distress, the horrible fear, the sense of alienation from God were entirely gone. I was bright, happy, and full of joy. I strode home through those fields a different being from the one who commenced the journey from the church."

"And now comes the problem. The feeling did not pass away. I was changed every way. I felt kindly to every one. My heart was opened so that I loved all about me. I had two or three quarrels on hand at the time, and I could not rest until I was reconciled to those who were feeling bad to me. I don't know that I was in the wrong. I am sure I was not in one case. But I did not care about that. I went and hunted the young fellow up and I put my hand on his shoulder, to his amazement, for we had parted

in anger and had not spoken for months, and I said, 'Come, old man, let us be friends; if I've hurt your feelings I apologize,' and we shook hands on it. I settled all the quarrels right off that day. I am pretty hot-tempered, as you know, but I have not had any quarrel since. I couldn't; that is a fact. I feel to love everybody and to be on good terms all around. Now, Lee, I want to ask you what did that? It's a phenomenon which I fancy your philosophers cannot explain."

"Allan, I do not wish to disturb your peace of mind. The experience might be explained on the ground of mental action and reaction. A study of the science of mind might solve the problem without any resort to a supernatural agency." Thus the sceptic argued.

"It is a little hard for me to follow you; but I should rather say that the soul is so constituted by the Creator that the plan of salvation fits and satisfies it," answered Allan.

"Maybe, maybe, Allan; I admit that it is all dark."

"It is not dark at all, my brother. God's mind simply operates upon our minds through the channels of truth."

Leroy hesitated for a time.

"Truth?" he exclaimed. "Truth is in science, in all the realms of knowledge."

"But there is a realm of spiritual knowledge," replied the younger brother, "that you ought not to ignore or despise."

"Well, Allan, do you dip into that spiritual knowledge now? I have made a specialty of metaphysical studies, and I should be glad to know your line of investigation."

"I doubt," said Allan, quietly, "whether the knowledge I have gained comes into the category of metaphysics. My mind doesn't run off into speculation. I am just trying to live the life God wants me to live. I am trying to find that out by reading the Bible and by asking Him to show it me. It is just quiet, practical effort. I distrust my own reason. When I am in a difficulty, and, of course, they come now as well as before, I try to get hold of the principle of the case. I ask God to show it me and I come out right."

"Do you get the principle in answer to your prayer?" Leroy asked, almost sneeringly.

"No; not always. And that is almost laughable. The difficulty seems to clear itself away. I have been amazed, sometimes, at my experience. I have made elaborate preparations for meeting it, have thought how I would act in certain phases of it, what I would say and do if it took this or that turn, and when I have gone out armed, as it were, for the conflict, there has been no difficulty, no opponent at all. The whole thing has vanished."

"In other words you made a mountain out of a molehill, and did not find out your mistake until you got close to it."

"No, it was not that," said Allan, seriously. "You may laugh, Lee, but the explanation is that God clears the way. The troubles were formidable enough as you would have said had I been near to you to consult you, but God removed them."

"Of course," said Leroy, "it is open to you to account for it in that way, but it is very unphilosophical. Instead of looking to the supernatural for an explanation I should expect to find it in the natural. Centuries ago people who saw an eclipse of the sun accounted for it by the action of their gods. We know what causes it and when it will come. In nature there is no need to introduce a Creator to explain its phenomena. Every natural effect is the result of a natural cause. We do not yet know them all, but our knowledge is growing, and we are far in advance of our fathers. Every step tends to the exclusion of God from the universe. The natural forces are sufficient without Him. It is so in the mental universe. It is the easiest solution for every problem to say 'God did it,' but it is, excuse my saying so, Allan, only the ignorant and stupid who solve difficulties in that way. You should be more practical."

"Oh, I am practical. I told you so. My life is intensely practical, and useful, too, I hope. I take a greater interest in the welfare of others; I am not so selfish. I labor now to instruct people and help them to become better. Do infidels work for the good of their fellow-men in a self-sacrificing way? Are they, as a class, doing anything, besides talking, to make the people better?"

"But here we are at the depot," Allan exclaimed, checking himself. "The train is almost ready to start. Get your ticket, quick, Leroy. And now good-by, big brother."

"Good-by, Allan. Write often."

And he was just able to enter the coach before the train went whirling away.

(To be continued.)

JESUS HONORED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 1, John 12: 1-16. Golden Text, Ps. 72: 17.

The Effects of the Miracle—Some Unconvinced—The Council Called—A Question of Policy—The Absorbing Topic—Mary's Significant Tribute—Blamed for Wasting the Ointment—Christ's Prediction—The Attraction at Bethany—The Jealousy of the Priests—An Exception to Christ's Habit—The Triumphs of Jesus.

THE raising of Lazarus produced two different results. Many of those who before had been only half persuaded of His Messiahship, now believed on Jesus. But His own words "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead" (Luke 16: 31), were strikingly fulfilled in some of the Jews, who, having come to comfort Martha and Mary, had been witnesses of the raising of their brother. Instead of becoming His disciples, they made it their business to go to the chief priests and tell them what had been done, and they, instead of proclaiming everywhere that He who had power over death and hell was in their very midst, obstinately determined that He was not the Christ, and gathered a council to consult what should be done with Him. Oh why did they not take counsel of the Word of God, the Old Testament Scriptures, to find out *who* He was, and whether His claim to be the Messiah was just or not? Why did they not ask, "Who is this to whom death itself is subject?" Because he did not

FULFIL THEIR IDEAS

of what the Messiah should be, they would not believe on Him. There was in Him nothing with which they had fellowship; they were of the world; He was not of the world, and thus all He was and all He did, silently, but surely, condemned them. They, the Pharisees, held to a future state as part of their boasted creed, but "the powers of the world to come" (Heb. 6: 5) were practically unknown to them. They were carnal and walked as men (1 Cor. 3: 3), and as the life and works of Jesus did not form part of their narrow idea of Messiahship, they condemned them as diabolical. Not one of them could deny that the works of Jesus were supernatural, but they would not acknowledge that they were of God. Their reasoning was very shallow, they did not so much as raise the question whether Jesus were the Messiah or no. They only said, "What do we? for this Man doeth many miracles. If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him, and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation." And where was God in their counsels? Was there no appeal to Him? No, not any, and so the

LEADERS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

of that day, for a cause professedly political, without so much as a pretence of prayer for God's guidance, agreed that they would put Jesus, the Son of God, to death. Caiaphas, the high priest, prophesied that one man should die for the people; but he knew not what he said, and, no doubt this prophecy strengthened the hand of Jesus' enemies.

The hour of Jesus' greatest honor, and the

hour of His deepest humiliation both approached as the days of the Passover, that Passover of Passovers, drew near. Jesus was in retirement with the disciples, and as Jerusalem began to fill with country people from Galilee, Samaria, and the more distant parts of Judæa, the one name in every mouth was that of Jesus. Men did not ask whether King Herod was going to take part in the feast, but every one asked if Jesus would be there.

The chief priests and Pharisees had not been idle, they were determined that, this time, He should not escape them, and an order had gone forth, and was, no doubt, widely published, that, "if any man knew where He was he should shew it, that they might take Him." But our beloved Lord knew that He was not yet delivered into the hands of men, and six days before the Passover, unhindered by all the plots which were brewing against Him, Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was, and the Resurrection and the Life sat at table with the man whom He had raised from the dead, in the house of a healed leper, called Simon. Martha was busy, as usual, in serving, Mary was occupied, as usual, with Jesus Himself; Martha was following out her thoughts of devotion, Mary was expressing in action how she had

TAKEN IN HIS THOUGHTS.

She took "a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." This was more to Jesus than all the service of Martha. Mary had been blamed by her sister (Luke 10: 40), and now she was blamed by Judas Iscariot, and by the other disciples, who were probably set on by him (Matt. 26: 8). Judas argued, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" But Judas's zeal for the poor was but a cloak for his covetousness. Judas "was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." The blame of Martha had been the occasion for Jesus to say "one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her" (Luke 10: 42). The blame of Judas led to His saying, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on Me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but Me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her" (Mark 14: 6-9). Why should there be so high a commendation of this simple action of Mary's? It was the token that a sinner recognized her Saviour, and it was the first testimony of man to a recognition of the death of Jesus. Mary in this quiet act of faith and devotion put more honor upon Jesus than did the multitude who cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David," for she shewed by it an

APPRECIATION OF HIS REDEMPTION WORK.

The poor are always at hand to be cared for, but only once in the history of the world could Jesus be anointed for His burying, and Mary seized the opportunity.

Jesus was not left in quiet retirement while in Bethany. The tidings of Lazarus having been raised from the dead had got abroad, and it was soon known in Jerusalem that Jesus was in Bethany, and so the people came out there in crowds to see both Jesus and Lazarus. It was impossible it should be otherwise. A man who had been four days subject to corruption, raised from the dead, this was something which cast into the shade the wonders of old time. In Moses's time, the firstborn of a nation were simultaneously slain; in the time of Hezekiah, Sennacherib's army lay dead around the walls of Jerusalem, slain by the sword of the Lord; and Elijah and Elisha were both used of God in the raising of the dead a few hours after death.

* The prediction is fulfilled, for this is one of the few incidents which every one of the four Evangelists is careful to mention.

But the raising of Lazarus was something beyond all the history of the past or the experience of the present, and the curious and the scientific, the gossip and the earnest inquirer alike turned their steps toward Bethany. This maddened the chief priests. In measure as the power of Jesus became more manifest, their power and influence among the people declined; and this must be maintained at any cost. Priestcraft is cruel and jealous. They "consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him, many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus." Jesus was to die because He

HEALED THE SICK AND RAISED THE DEAD.

Lazarus was to die because he had been raised from the dead by Jesus. If Caiaphas could have done what Jesus did, how it would have been blazoned abroad! But the chief priests knew nothing personally of the power of God.

The people, however, could not be restrained. Jesus had always avoided popularity; He received not honor from men. But there were just now in Jerusalem multitudes from all over the land who had been blessed by Him, and for once He permitted them to let out their hearts in an acknowledgment of Him. It was the day after His anointing at Bethany. He was going into Jerusalem, and sent His disciples to the owner of an ass's colt, with the simple message, "The Lord hath need of him." On His way, the multitudes who were coming out from Jerusalem, met Him, and gave Him an ovation. It was one which would have brought a smile to the faces of the great ones of this world. Neither horses nor chariots were there, neither gorgeous robes nor jewelry, no banners other than the branches of palm-trees, and, instead of costly carpets, there were the outer garments of His followers. This was all, but this was acceptable to Jesus. What made Jesus great? Nothing which this world could give. His greatness was in this hour of His triumph, invisible to man. He was "despised and rejected of men" yet this was He who raised the dead, healed the sick, stilled the storm, fed the multitude! And the triumphs of Jesus in the world are always of this kind. When He has full sway in a heart, there is nothing very striking except

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

I remember an old minister, called Peter Turner. There was nothing very learned or very eloquent in his preaching, but it always brought one into the presence of God; his prayers were always simple, there was nothing in them except that they always left one face to face with God; his features were not striking, but his face reminded one of Jesus, and he could not enter a room without the sweet sunshine of Jesus coming with him. In this dear man's life Jesus triumphed.

Who would have thought, except they knew the Scriptures well, that a prophecy was being fulfilled in this entry of Jesus into Jerusalem? "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass" (Zech. 9: 9). True, a few days later, the multitude were shouting, "Crucify Him, crucify Him;" but, among them were those who were being prepared to receive the Holy Ghost and to go out to witness for Jesus to the very ends of the earth.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for July:

The End of This Age About A.D., 1900. By the Rev. M. Baxter.

Will Prince Jerome Napoleon be the Man of Lawlessness?

The Unbelief of the Latter Days. By Henry Meymott.

The Rulers in the Coming Millennial Kingdom.

River-Miracles of the Last Days. By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant.

(Concluded.)

Israel's Deliverer in the Person of Christ. By the Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

THE LORD OUR BURDEN-BEARER.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—Ps. lv. 22.

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hast'ning,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee
When the fierce, wild storm is past;
But God only can console thee
When it breaks upon thee first
Go with words or tears of silence,
Only lay them at His feet;
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy divine Redeemer
Knew as thou canst never know
All the deepest depth of suffering—
All the weight of human woe;
And, though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry—
Even hear the stifled sighing
Of thy dumb heart's agony.

All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be;
And if, whilst they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer—
One untroubled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly now thou may'st not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All shall work for good to thee.
Therefore, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hast'ning,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

—Selected.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch.

No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising should be addressed to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

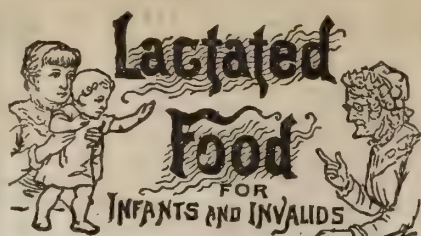
ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

5 STORIES FOR 30 CENTS!

Ogilvie's Popular Reading, Number Twenty-one, contains the following five complete stories, each one of which is worth \$1.00: "Her Face to the Sea," by Mary N. Holmes; "The Figure in the Corner," by Miss M. E. Braddon; "A Bridegroom's Sin," and other tales, by Miss Mulock; "Nineteen Choice Readings and Recitations," by J. S. Ogilvie; "The Diary of a Minister's Wife," by Almedia M. Brown. It contains also a handsome frontispiece, printed in colors, and is handsomely bound. Sold by all dealers, or mailed for 30 cents by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS, 31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk. It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of infants and invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE "MANHATTAN" OF NEW YORK, 156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."
This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary life plan. "It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but I must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.

This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advancing years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest agent, and a statement will be sent to you. Mention this paper.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS, President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

Books. The WELKIN RINGS!

The Literary Coup D'Etat, full particulars of which were given in a recent issue of this paper, wakes the echoes once more! One book-seller, away out in Kansas, writes for 1,000 copies of the specimen volume offered. A handsome \$3.00 half Morocco bound volume for 50 cents! Strange if it did not go. Of course the price would be ridiculous and ruinous, but for the benefit of the advertising.

Listen!

"Will you never stop, or do you intend to bankrupt the country by converting all the money in it into books? Well, just go ahead, if you think there is no hereafter. Inclosed find \$1.00, for which send me * * * *".—A. T. CREGER, Claverack, N. Y.

"It is a marvel of cheapness."—Enquirer, Philadelphia.

"In style worthy of Irving, at a surprisingly cheap rate, almost like giving it away."—Times, Hartford, Conn.

"We advise every one of our readers to take advantage of this exceptional offer. The book is easily worth four times the price."—Golden Rule, Boston, Mass.

"A remarkable opportunity. A handsome edition for a merely nominal price."—Herald, Rochester.

"Mechanical excellence and marvelous cheapness."—Evangelist, St. Louis, Mo.

"Irving received yesterday. I am delighted with them, and shall owe many pleasant hours to you; had not expected such good, pretty bindings. It almost seems too good to be true, that all these books belong to me, when I have wished for them so many times, but knew it would be too expensive a luxury for me to indulge in."—ANNA L. THOMAS, Springfield, Mo.

"No one need desire a finer edition of Irving's works than this."—Methodist Recorder, Pittsburgh.

"This is a rare chance to obtain choice books for very little money."—Transcript, Portland, Me.

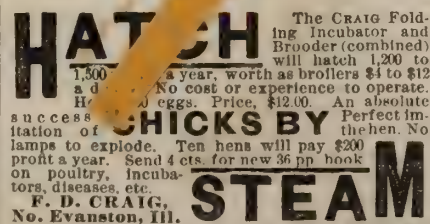
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD!

12mo, 18 pages. Paper cover, 25 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents.

THIS book contains the SERMONS just delivered ON THE LABOR QUESTION by Rev. T. DEWITT TAYLOR, and should be read by all workmen and all who employ labor. Sold by all booksellers, or mailed, on receipt of price, by P. O. Box 2767, J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, New York.



THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR New Sunday-School Song Book. Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies. TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK

AND Autographic Register, Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.

Bound in Rich English Cloth. Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

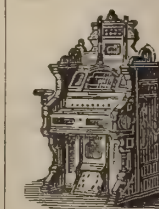
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, New York.

James M'Creery & Co.

At their Semi-Annual Stock Inventory on the 9th inst. selected several very large Assortments of COLORED and FANCY SILK VELVETS, etc., which they will dispose of during this month at extremely LOW PRICES.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoiding AGENTS & DEALERS)—and send this Beautiful 5 Octave Solid Walnut

BELL CHIMES ORGAN for \$70 for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Sub-Bass, Coupler, Celeste, Four Sets of Reeds and Bells. Matches in Sweetness, Beauty and Power. Circulars giving thousands of References and Testimonials sent free.

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st Street, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1859. INCORPORATED 1877.

S HORTHAND Text-Book (latest revised edition) and instruction by mail to master it, given by the Author of the system for \$6. Most popular and EASY method. Endorsed by 1,000 graduates and professional stenographers. Book containing all the principles of the art arranged in twenty-four lessons. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.—J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

"When the superior style of this edition is considered, it is a marvel of cheapness even in this age of cheap books."—Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.

"At the ridiculous price of 50 cents! We hope many of our readers will send for it."—Southern Churchman, Richmond, Va.

It is a rare opportunity."—Gospel Banner, Augusta, Me.

"Illustrating to what excellence the art of book-making combined with cheapness of price, has attained."—Democrat and Chronicle, Rochester, N. Y.

This

Is the offer that calls forth such responses: WASHINGTON IRVING'S "The Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," are just published in style worthy of this most widely celebrated and universally honored of American authors. The two books together form one of the nine volumes of his works just issued. The type is large, leaded, beautiful; the two volumes bound in one comprise 606 pages; the binding is half Morocco, marbled edges. The only other edition in the market that at all compares with this or rivals it, is advertised by the publisher at \$3.00 per volume.

MY PRICE when sold in sets of nine volumes, is \$8.00, a little less than \$1.00 per volume. I propose to offer this single specimen volume until September 1, 1886, for the price (if it can be called a price) of 50 cents, by mail, post-paid.

If you want to complete your set after you have received this volume you can do so by paying the additional price for the set.

Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

Heaven and Home.

A BOOK FOR THE FIRESIDE.

By Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D., of Barony Parish Church, Glasgow.

The Evangelist, of New York, says: "We should hardly know where to find another book so replete with profitable suggestions for a Christian family as this volume."

The N. Y. Observer says: "These words are Scriptural, simple, strong, personal, practical, appealing to the domestic sentiments and the highest instincts. They are the words of one who knows the mind of God in his word, and the need of the human heart in the labor of the ministry."

The Congregationalist says: "Practical, earnest and devout, touching lightly but effectively almost every point which a good man thinks of naturally when he tries to teach others how to gain and keep the spirit of Heaven in the homes of earth."

Bound in rich English cloth, beveled edges, gilt back and side. 12mo. Price, \$1.00.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 30.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES OF M. GREVY, THE COMTE DE PARIS, AND PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.

THE CENSOR'S DOOM. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

THE TIME OF CONSTERNATION. By Rev. W. Haslam.

DOUBLE COMPENSATION. By Rev. Sam Jones. The Light Shining—Laying the Foundation of a Fire Temple—Result of a Wife's Blindness—A Practical Joker in Trouble.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Morrison Resolution—The Extradition Treaty—The Fisheries Dispute—The Trial of Chicago Anarchists—Mr. Gladstone's Resignation—An English Government Scandal—An Attempt to Row Around the World—Applicants for Naturalization Rejected, etc.

WASHED TO GREATER FOULNESS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

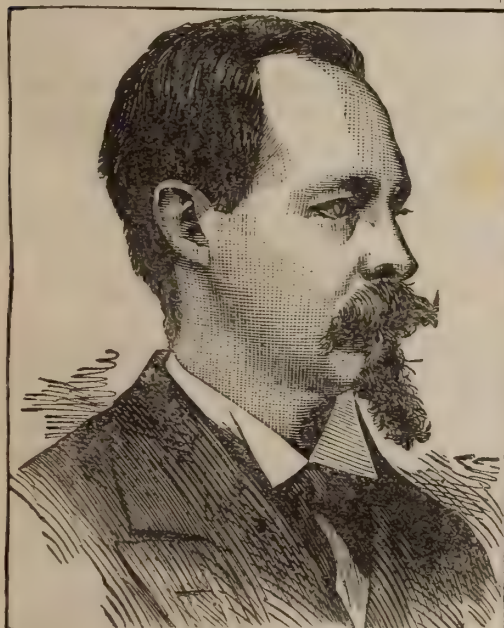
PORTRAIT OF MISS JOURNAUX AND SCENES ON HER VOYAGE.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

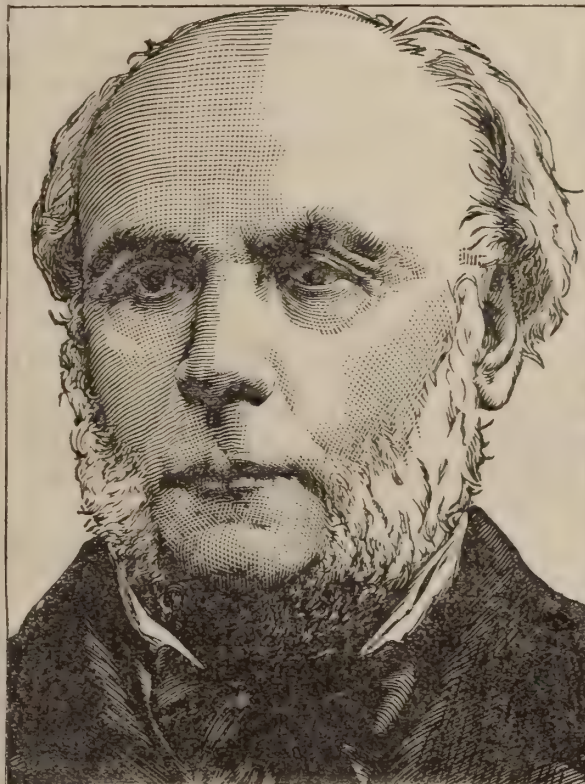
Gems from New Books: The Fall of Gotham. A KING'S SLUMBERS DISTURBED. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

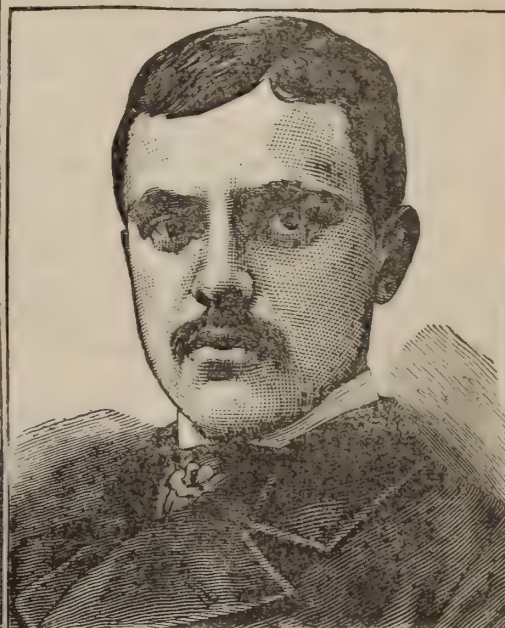
Gentiles Seeking Jesus. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



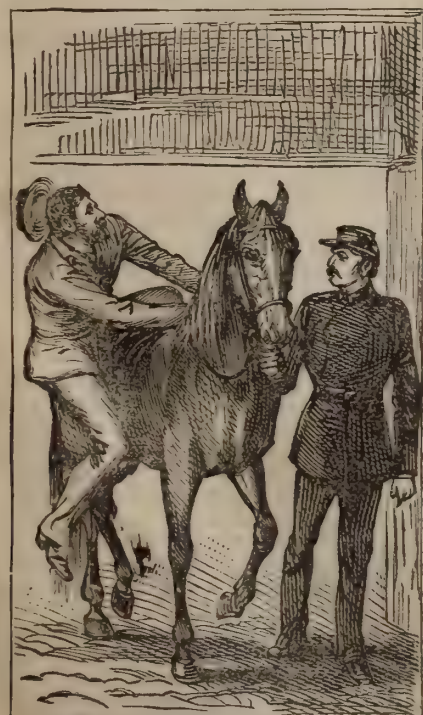
THE COMTE DE PARIS.



M. GRÉVY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.



CLAREMONT, the Residence of the COMTE DE PARIS—The Comte as McClellan's Aide-de-Camp.

THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH PRINCES.

MUCH has been said about the petty spite of the French Republic in exiling the princes who possess claims to the crown. There ought to be less sympathy in America than there is with such talk. We should give the leaders of the French Republic credit for knowing the circumstances of their case better than we do. In this country we should smile at the idea of any danger menacing our free institutions from the presence, in our midst, of a whole gang of kings and princes. But in France it is different. She is surrounded by countries governed by men who have a dread of republicanism, who hate the name of it, and who would be willing openly or secretly to aid any man who could put an end to it. Besides, the aristocracy of France, and the wealthy classes who have a longing for titles, would like to have a king or emperor to hold a court. So that within and without her borders France sees the existence of

THE REPUBLIC MENACED.

It is natural that when the Republic is fighting for its existence it should take extreme measures for its safety—measures which it may be reluctant to take, and which it would not take if, as in our own favored land, free institutions were strong enough to despise danger.

While we thus sympathize with the Republican leaders in the object they had in view—the perpetuation of Republican institutions—and applaud the patriotic motive which doubtless animated them, it is legitimate to doubt whether they have acted wisely. The method they have adopted for the defence of the Republic may be ill-chosen. It is possible that the princes will be more dangerous out of France than in it. They will now be beyond the control of the Government, and may plot with greater ease and safety than they could have done in France. They will also enjoy an accession of sympathy which, in France as elsewhere, is evoked toward men who are harshly treated. They will be regarded as martyrs, and people who would have been indifferent to them and their claims under other circumstances, may now feel more kindly toward them. Doubtless the statesmen who have advocated the expulsion of the princes recognized this danger and gave it due consideration in reaching a decision. Their position was a difficult one, and they are entitled to the sympathy of all the citizens of this sister Republic in their efforts to protect their Government, even if our judgment does not altogether indorse the mode of defence they have chosen.

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

(See Portrait on first page.)

The House of Orleans—His Ancestor Egalité—Birth and Early Life—Abdication of his Grandfather—His Mother's Character—Visit to America in 1861—Enters the Army—McClellan's Estimate of Him—Volunteers in the Franco-German War—Exile Revoked—Marriage of His Daughter—The Second Exile.

THE chief of the exiles, and the man whose virtues and generally estimable character render him the most dangerous of the foes of the French Republic, is Louis Albert Philippe D'Orleans Comte de Paris, whose portrait appears on the first page. He is the son of the late Duc D'Orleans, and grandson of the late Louis-Philippe, who reigned as King of the French from 1830 to 1848, when he abdicated. Thus the Comte de Paris is the head of the younger branch of

THE FAMOUS DYNASTY

which ruled the country for more than two centuries. King Louis-Philippe was the son of that Philippe nicknamed "Philip Equality," who in the revolution of 1789 voted in his place in the National Convention for the condemnation and execution of the king, his relative, and by so doing earned the hatred of all Royalists as a traitor to his order. The Comte de Paris is therefore the great-grandson of a man who made himself conspicuous in history as an extreme Republican, who carried his hatred of kings to

the extremity of regicide. It was a fresh offence to the Bourbon family when Louis-Philippe, in 1830, mounted the throne that belonged to Charles X., and it was not until a few months ago that a reconciliation was effected between the two branches of the family. Then, when the Comte de Chambord, the head of the elder house and the grandson and direct heir of Charles X., was dying childless and the long line was becoming extinct, he sent for the Comte de Paris, the head of the hated House of Orleans, and made him his heir. He thus became the recognized representative of royalty in France, and united in his own person the claims of the Bourbons and Orleanists to the throne.

The Comte de Paris was born August 24th, 1838, and is therefore now nearly forty-eight years old. As the

GRANDSON OF THE KING

he was regarded as the hope of the family and was treated with the utmost consideration. Reared in a palace, and expecting one day to be ruler of France, his childhood was a time of luxury and magnificence. All that was roughly ended in the convulsion of 1848, when he was ten years of age, and he accompanied his family into exile. The death of his father prior to the Revolution, and his grandfather two years afterward left him, at twelve years of age, the head of the House of Orleans. He was happy in the character of his mother, who devoted herself wholly to the education and training of himself and his brother, the Duc de Chartres. She was a staid, intelligent, German princess—a Lutheran, quiet and serious of disposition, and a model mother. Under her care the comte grew up a studious, well-informed youth, without the vicious habits which are often formed by royal persons. They lived at Claremont, in England, in the mansion a picture of which appears on the first page. The mother died there in 1858, leaving her two sons to the care of their uncle, the Prince de Joinville.

IN AMERICA

the young men and their uncle have many friends. They came here in 1861 and took a deep interest in the great struggle then going on. The young men were authorized by President Lincoln to join the army as aides-de-camp without pay. They were attached to General McClellan's staff, and in that capacity won the full confidence, respect, and regard of their commander and their comrades. Of the Comte de Paris especially, General McClellan always spoke in the highest terms. "At the battle of Gaines's Mill," says the general, "where I saw him under fire (see illustration on first page), he carried himself with perfect self-possession, and displayed courage of such an unassuming character that I was much impressed by his bearing. It was that of an earnest, gallant, God-fearing man in a moment of trial."

In another place General McClellan said: "In the dull routine of office work, in the intelligent analysis of reports in regard to the number and position of the enemy, in the labor of organizing the Army of the Potomac, in long and fatiguing rides with his general, whether through the widely extended camps around Washington, or from column to column in the field, in accompanying advanced guards and cavalry detachments, in carrying orders by day and night, in storm and rain (see illustration on first page), in the performance of his duties on great battlefields, he was excelled by none in the alacrity, tact, courage, and intelligence with which his work was done."

In 1862 at the close of the seven days' battles, and when an immediate attack on Richmond was declared improbable that the comte and his brother and uncle yielded to the urgent appeals of friends in Europe and resigned from the army. They left carrying with them the regard and good feeling of all who had been brought in contact with them. On his return to Europe the comte undertook the preparation of "A History of the Civil War" which is one of the standard works on the subject. It displays considerable literary ability as well as impar-

ality and soundness of judgment. He has published several other works of great merit, notably one on "The Trades-Unions of England."

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

of 1870 deeply stirred the comte's patriotism. He wrote offering his services in the French Army, and begged that he might be permitted to serve in any capacity. His application was curtly refused, but in 1871 the National Convention revoked the decree of banishment and permitted him to reside in France. He settled at the Château d'Eu, on the coast of Normandy, not far from Dieppe.

Probably the real, though not the ostensible, cause of the sudden outbreak of Republican antipathy to the Comte de Paris was a family celebration which took place recently. His eldest daughter, Princess Marie Amélie d'Orleans was married to the heir of the King of Portugal, and the comte with very natural feeling invited his friends to the wedding. When the Republicans read the names of the guests and noticed that the ministers in France of foreign countries attended the ceremony as if it had been the wedding of a member of the reigning family, they took alarm. The guests, too, returned with more pronounced and ostentatious loyalty, and uttered ominous words about what might be expected soon. The result was the enactment of the law expelling the princes, which passed on June 22d. There was no alternative but prompt obedience, and two days later the comte was again on English soil.

The Comte de Paris on May 30th, 1864, married his cousin, Princess Marie-Isabelle-Françoise, the daughter of his father's brother, the Duc de Montpensier. His eldest son, Prince Louis-Philippe Robert, is seventeen years of age.

M. JULES GREVY,

President of the French Republic.

(See Portrait on first page.)

THE quiet, unassuming gentleman who is now enjoying his second term of the Presidency was born at Mont St. Vaudrey, in the Province of the Jura, on August 15th, 1813. He is therefore now nearly seventy-three years of age. He studied at the College of Poligny, but when the Revolution of 1830 broke out he was a student in Paris. Although he was only seventeen years of age he took part in the fighting on the insurgents' side, and was one of a party that captured the Babylone Barracks in the city. He appears to have escaped any serious consequences of his conduct, and after his three days of fighting he quietly returned to his studies.

After the Revolution of 1848, which drove Louis-Philippe from power, M. Grévy was appointed Prefect of the Provisional Government of his native place. In his assuming this office the inhabitants were alarmed by his reputation for radicalism, but in a short time they gave him their confidence and elected him as their representative in the Assembly, and continued to do so with overwhelming majorities at each succeeding election. His keen insight into character led him to mistrust the aims of Louis Napoleon when the latter assumed the Presidency of the Republic of France in 1848. He endeavored to curtail the powers entrusted to him, and when later events justified his foresight the people remembered his warning.

His objections to the policy of Louis Napoleon brought him into trouble when the latter assumed the government as Emperor in 1851. As a suspected person M. Grévy was arrested, and for three weeks lodged in the State prison at Mazas, of which Napoleon himself had once been an occupant. On his release he was prohibited from becoming a candidate at the elections which were then about to be held. It was not until the amnesty of 1869 that he could hold office, when he was again enthusiastically returned as member for the Jura.

In the reconstruction days after the Franco-German War he was an ardent supporter of M. Thiers. He was elected President of the National Assembly and continued to hold the office until 1873. He was re-elected in 1877 but

resigned in 1879 to assume the duties of President of the Republic. At the conclusion of his seven years' term in December last he was re-elected for another seven years.

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.

(See Portrait on first page.)

THE decree of expulsion passed on June 22d was intended to apply to the representatives of Imperialism as well as to those of Royalty. Accordingly, Prince Jerome Napoleon and his two sons, Prince Victor and Prince Louis, have, like the Comte de Paris, gone into exile. Prince Jerome, better known as Plon-Plon, is a cousin of the late Emperor Napoleon III., who before the birth of his own son designated him heir to the throne. The birth of the Prince Imperial, however, put an end to his pretensions for the time, but they revived when that young man was killed by the Zulus on June 1st, 1879. He is now by hereditary right the heir to the Napoleonic traditions, and it may be assumed that should the French people become so demented as to desire a Napoleon to sit on the throne of France Prince Jerome Napoleon would be the man chosen, as he is certainly the head of the family.

Prince Victor, however, has been placed in the anomalous position of superseding his own father, and it is upon him rather than his father that the hopes of the Bonapartists are fixed. He is twenty-four years of age, having been born on July 18th, 1862. But little is known of him and that little is unfavorable. Scandal has been busy with his name, and, rightly or wrongly, he has a most unenviable reputation. The vices which have made his father's name a by-word through Europe are said to characterize the son. European correspondents of American journals describe him as stooping to conduct alike atrociously wicked and contemptibly mean, and recount acts which, if they are true, prove him to be unfit for decent society.

Prince Victor's position as a rival of his father is due to the fact that the late Prince Imperial made him his heir in a boyish will, which was opened after his death in Zululand. The motive of the Prince Imperial is easily understood. Prince Jerome Napoleon was regarded by the Empress Eugénie with feelings of abhorrence. He was her enemy, and she felt for him the loathing which is felt by every pure woman for a man of vicious life, to which, in her case, was added the horror of a devout Catholic at a blatant and coarse-minded infidel. The Prince Imperial, doubtless, shared in some degree his mother's views, and, with the arrogance that characterizes the Imperial mind, supposed that all he had to do to reverse the order of nature was to issue his edict in his will. Prince Jerome and his son, however, agreed to disregard the Prince Imperial's arrangement, and Prince Victor publicly announced his allegiance to his father. Since that time there has been a quarrel between them, and the father has of late suspected the son of intriguing against him.

In forming an estimate of Prince Victor's character it is only just to remember that his circumstances have been peculiarly unfavorable for the development of virtue. In his childhood he was deprived of his mother's care. The Princess Clotilde, to whom, for reasons of state, Prince Jerome was married, was unable to endure the affronts of her husband, and shortly after the birth of her second son she quitted his home forever. She went to reside at the Palace of Moncalieri, near Turin, which was left to her by her father, King Victor Emmanuel. She has since spent her time wholly in the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and in ministering with her own hands to the wants of the poor around her. Meanwhile her sons were left to their father's care, and were brought up under the influence of his infidel teaching and his vicious example. We cannot expect good of the son of a man whose character is so vile that it lends confirmation to the opinion which many have formed, on other grounds, that he is the Antichrist of prophecy.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Saved Woman's Regret.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Mr. Cumming said: "It was only a few weeks ago that I had the joy of seeing a woman being brought to Christ. After she had accepted Him as her personal Saviour she said, 'Oh, that I had given myself up to Christ, when I was quite a little girl.' Yes, had she done that, many sorrowful days would have been saved her, and also the evil influence which must have gone from her, which could not fail to have done harm to others, and must still be doing harm."

Dan's Answer to the Roll Call.—"I Recollect an old man who had fallen in the battle. A comrade was passing by unheeding, when he heard the old man say: 'Here, here.' 'What is it, man?' asked the comrade, bending over him. 'They are calling the roll in heaven, and I am only answering to my name,' responded Dan. After a few moments he again said: 'Here,' and his spirit took its flight from that battlefield into the presence of Him under whom he had long fought as the Great Captain of salvation. Oh, friends, are you ready to answer when your name shall be called from the roll in heaven? Take heed that you are not missing in that great day when the Lord shall gather His own together, and shall separate the sheep from the goats."

A Military Deserter.—Mr. Robertson said: "Beware of the danger of backsliding; how easy it is to go farther and farther astray when once a step is taken in the wrong direction. I knew a military officer who had been led to Christ, and continued in His service for a number of years, but he gradually turned back. At length, he took to drinking heavily and often, and was soon dismissed from his post. He then grew more careless than ever, and recklessly spent what money he had until he and his family were destitute of every comfort, and I have known of him getting money several times from his friends to keep them from starvation. He has again come to the Lord, but what a loss he has sustained by straying from His side, and what harm he has done. Oh, that Christians would fully realize the great necessity of keeping close to the Divine Master."

A Press Correspondent's Anxiety.—Mr. McDonald narrated the following incident: "A man came into my evangelist meeting one night, and I asked him, 'Were you in the meeting last night?' for I thought I had seen him the previous evening with a very troubled expression on his face, as if some heavy weight of black care had settled there. 'Yes, sir, I was,' he said, very quietly. 'Are you a Christian?' I asked. 'No, I am not,' was the reply, given in a mournful tone; and then he told me this story. He said: 'Some time ago I was correspondent to a newspaper in London, and I went to a Gospel meeting, and heard something there which deeply convicted me of sin; and since then so intense has become my anxiety that I had to give up my post, and have not been able to do anything since.' That night as we talked together the Holy Spirit clearly revealed Jesus Christ to him as the only source of forgiveness and true peace and happiness."

A Deceitful Peddler.—Mr. Love Observed: "Some time ago I was travelling along a country road when I saw before me a woman who was evidently a peddler. She came to a spot where the road divided into two lanes; one leading to a farm, and the other to a gentleman's castle. She stood at the junction and seemed uncertain as to which way she should take, and then in a superstitious manner she threw up her stick. She repeated this again and again, until she had done it no fewer than twelve times, and then she lifted her stick and walked on toward the farm. I thought she was working my divination, and when I got to the farm I spoke to her. 'What made you hesitate at the dividing of the road as you came along?' And she replied, 'Whenever I come to a place where the road divides, I always stand for a moment and ask the Lord to

guide me as to which way I should take.' 'But what was the meaning of throwing up the stick?' I asked. 'That is the sign by which I am to know the Lord's mind; I throw up the stick, and whichever road the head of the stick points to, I know that is the way I must go.' 'But if you take that as a sign from the Lord, for what purpose did you throw it up so often?' 'Because,' said the old woman, 'the head of the stick would not fall the way I wanted it until I had thrown it up so often.' I learned a lesson from that peddler which shall serve me until my dying day, namely, never to trifle or practise deceit with the Almighty under the pretence of prayer."

Can Dead Things Grow?—Mr. R. B. Stewart related the following: "I was once asked to speak in a little country place, and chose for my subject, 'A soul without Christ is dead.' On our way home that night a minister, who had been a fellow-student of mine, said to me: 'Do you know that I do not believe what you were saying to-day.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'what is it you do not believe?' 'I do not believe that a soul must be either dead or alive.' 'And what is your belief?' 'Well, a soul, in whatever condition, must be continually growing.' 'And did you ever see a dead thing growing?' 'Ah, no, dear friends, he could not say that he had. We must be either dead in our sins or alive through Jesus Christ our Lord. And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. But it is a blessed thought, that if we are once part and parcel of Christ, our communion may be broken, but our union can never be. He gives unto us eternal life.'"

A Wrong Confessed and Forgiveness.—A Devoted evangelist observed: "A gentleman came to my house the other night, and asked if he might have an interview. But I said, 'No, not now, for I am going out to a meeting, and will not be back until half-past ten.' When I came home he was waiting for me, and he said, 'I have come to tell you that I have wronged you.' 'Wronged me,' I replied; 'In what way?' 'I knew nothing of it.' After hearing his story, I told him that I freely forgave him for all he had done, and then he went on to tell me how much he had wronged God. 'Ask His forgiveness as you asked mine,' I said. 'But I do not see how I am to be forgiven,' he said. 'Do you mean to say that you believe that I have forgiven you, and you do not believe that the Lord will? Is God less forgiving than I?' 'No; I do not mean that.' 'Then ask Him as you asked me.' He did ask and received forgiveness of all his sins from Him who rejoices to see repenting sinners come to Him."

An Untrusting Wife.—The Rev. Mr. Sloan said: "Suppose a gentleman got married and took his young wife to live in a beautiful mansion, and lavished all sorts of kindnesses upon her. She was pleased with her husband's attention and devotion, for he withheld nothing from her; but one day she said to him, 'You have been very kind to me since we were married; everything have you given me that a wife could desire; but there is just one thing, I am almost afraid to speak of it; but it has given me unrest, and raised a feeling of uneasiness in my soul. When I look at you, you have a strange expression on your face which has almost settled there, and for which I cannot account, and those things which I would enjoy I cannot until this mystery is clear.' He looked at her and said, 'I will tell you what it is; I cannot trust you.' How, think you, would that wife feel when her husband disclosed such a fact? What were his kindness and devotion worth now? Nothing. Oh, how gladly she would have given up riches, position, and everything, if only her husband trusted her. And yet, that is just what many are doing daily with Christ. They will work for Him by giving their money and time to His service, but it profiteth nothing. Jesus Christ looks down, and says, 'These things are all very good, but they are worth nothing so long as you cannot trust Me. Trust must come first and service after.'"

THE CENSOR'S DOOM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, July 25th, 1886, at Asheville, N. C.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—MATT. 7:2.

Retribution for Critics—Judgment of Human Conduct—Extenuating Considerations—I. Hereditary Taints—The Princess Mary School—Criticising the Declaration of Independence—Margaret the Mother of Criminals—Swimming against the Current—Resistance Possible—II. Conjunction of Circumstances—Risking Trust Funds—The Uncharitable Man's Crisis—Ebullitions of Temper—A Touch of Malaria—Noble Victims of Dissipation—A Huntsman's Confession—A Bishop in a Cage—No Mercy for the Merciless.

In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long according to the ordinary rate of speech—a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the Preacher, sitting while He spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yard-stick that they employed upon others would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule, and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule, and you will be measured by a charitable rule. Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

There is a great deal of

UNFAIRNESS IN CRITICISM

of human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-echo of the divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others we must take into consideration the pressure of circumstances. It is never right to do wrong, but there are degrees of culpability. When men misbehave or commit some atrocious wickedness we are disposed indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought and suffer they must, but in difference of degree.

I. In the first place, in estimating the misdoing of others we must take into calculation the

HEREDITARY TENDENCY.

There is such a thing as good blood and there is such a thing as bad blood. There are families that have had a moral twist in them for a hundred years back. They have not been careful to keep the family record in that regard. There have been escapades and maraudings and scoundrelisms and moral deficits all the way back, whether you call it kleptomania or pyromania or dipsomania, or whether it be in a milder form, and amount to no mania at all. The strong probability is, that the present criminal started life with nerve, muscle, and bone contaminated. As some start life with a natural tendency to nobility and generosity and kindness and truthfulness, there are others who start life with just the opposite tendency and they are born liars, or born malcontents, or born outlaws, or born swindlers.

There is in England a school that is called the Princess Mary school. All the children in that school are the

CHILDREN OF CONVICTS.

The school is under high patronage. I had the pleasure of being present at one of their anniversaries, in 1879, presided over by the Earl of Kintore. By a wise law in England, after parents have committed a certain number of crimes and thereby shown themselves incompetent rightly to bring up their children, the little ones are taken from under pernicious influences and put in reformatory schools, where all gracious and kindly influences shall be brought upon them. Of course the experiment is young and it has got to be demonstrated how large a percentage of the children of convicts may be brought up to respectability and usefulness. But we all know that it is more difficult for children of bad parentage to do right than for children of good parentage.

In this country we are taught by the Declaration of American Independence that all people are born equal. There never was a greater misrepresentation put in one sentence than in that sentence which implies that we are all born equal. You may as well say that flowers are born equal, or trees are born equal, or animals are born equal. Why does one horse cost \$100 and another horse cost \$5000? Why does one sheep cost \$10 and another sheep cost \$500? DIFFERENCE IN BLOOD.

We are wise enough to recognize it in horses, in cattle, in sheep, but we are not wise enough to make allowance for the difference in the human blood. Now I demand by the law of eternal fairness, that you be more lenient in your criticism of those who were born wrong, in whose ancestral line there was a hangman's knot, or who came from a tree the fruit of which for centuries has been gnarled and worm-eaten.

Dr. Harris, a reformer, gave some marvellous statistics in his story of a woman he called "*Margaret, the Mother of Criminals.*" Ninety years ago she lived in a village in upper New York State. She was not only poor but she was vicious. She was not well provided for. There were no almshouses there. The public, however, somewhat looked after her, but chiefly scoffed at her, and derided her, and pushed her farther down in her crime. That was ninety years ago. There have been six hundred and twenty-three persons in that ancestral line, two hundred of them criminals. In one branch of that family there were twenty, and nine of them have been in State prison and nearly all of the others have turned out badly. It is estimated that that family cost the county and State \$100,000, to say nothing of the property they destroyed.

Are you not willing, as sensible, fair people, to acknowledge that it is a fearful disaster to be born in such an ancestral line? Does it not make a great difference whether one descends from Margaret, the mother of criminals, or from some mother in Israel? whether you are the son of Ahab or the son of Joshua?

It is a very different thing to swim with the current, from what it is to

SWIM AGAINST THE CURRENT

as some of you have no doubt found in your summer recreation. If a man find himself in an ancestral current where there is good blood flowing smoothly from generation to generation, it is not a very great credit to him if he turn out good and honest and pure and noble. He could hardly help it. But suppose he is born in an ancestral line, in an hereditary line, where the influences have been bad and there has been a coming down over a moral declivity, if the man surrender to the influences he will go down under the overmastering gravitation unless some supernatural aid be afforded him. Now, such a person deserves not your excommunication, but your pity.

Do not sit with the lip curled in scorn, and with an assumed air of angelic innocence looking down upon such moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and first pray Almighty God for their rescue, and next thank the Lord that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Juggernaut.

In Great Britain and in the United States, in every generation, there are

TENS OF THOUSANDS

of persons who are fully developed criminals and incarcerated. I say, in every generation. Then, I suppose, there are tens of thousands of persons not found out in their criminality. In addition to these there are tens of thousands of persons who, not positively becoming criminals, nevertheless have a criminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands by the grace of God may become Christian, and resist the ancestral influence, and open a new chapter of behavior; but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional, unprofessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian workers, to recognize the fact that there are these Atlantic and Pacific

surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries. I say, of course, a man can

RESIST THIS TENDENCY,

just as in the ancestral line mentioned in the first chapter of Matthew. You see in the same line in which there was a wicked Rehoboam and a desperate Manasses, there afterward came a pious Joseph and a glorious Christ. But, my friends, you must recognize the fact that these influences go on from generation to generation. I am glad to know, however, that a river which has produced nothing but miasma for a hundred miles, may, after a while, turn the wheels of factories and help support industrious and virtuous populations; and there are family lines which were poisoned that are a benediction now. At the last day it will be found out that there are men who have gone clear over into all forms of iniquity and plunged into utter abandonment, who before they yielded to the first temptation resisted more evil than many a man who has been moral and upright all his life.

But, supposing now, that in this age when there are so many good people, that I come down into this audience and select the very best man in it. I do not mean the man who would style himself the best, for *probably he is a hypocrite*; but I mean the man who before God is really the best. I will take you out from all your Christian surroundings. I will take you back to boyhood. I will put you

IN A DEPRAVED HOME.

I will put you in a cradle of iniquity. Who is that bending over that cradle? An intoxicated mother. Who is that swearing in the next room? Your father. The neighbors come in to talk, and their jokes are unclean. There is not in the house a Bible or a moral treatise, but only a few scraps of an old pictorial.

After a while you are old enough to get out of the cradle, and you are struck across the head for naughtiness, but never in any kindly manner reprimanded. After awhile you are old enough to go abroad, and you are sent out with a basket to steal. If you come home without any spoil you are whipped until the blood comes. At fifteen years of age you go out to fight your own battles in this world, which seems to care no more for you than the dog that has died of a fit under the fence. You are kicked and cuffed and buffeted. Some day, rallying your courage, you resent some wrong. A man says: "Who are you? I know who you are. Your father had free lodgings at Sing Sing. Your mother, she was up for drunkenness at the criminal court. Get out of my way, you low-lived wretch!"

My brother, suppose that had been the history of your advent, and the history of your earlier surroundings, would you have been the Christian man you are to-day, seated in this Christian assembly? I tell you nay. You would have been a vagabond, an outlaw, a murderer on the scaffold atoning for your crime. All these considerations ought to make us merciful in our dealings with the wandering and the lost.

II. Again, I have to remark, that in our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness, we must take into consideration the

CONJUNCTION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

In nine cases out of ten a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and strange to say at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge further ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children, he wants to save his home, he wants

to save his membership in the church. He takes one more plunge and all is lost.

Some morning at ten o'clock the bank-door is not opened, and there is a card on the door signed by an officer of the bank, indicating there is trouble, and the name of the defaulter or the defrauder heads the newspaper column, and hundreds of men say: "Good for him;" hundreds of other men say: "I'm glad he's found out at last;" hundreds of other men say: "Just as I told you;" hundreds of other men say: "We couldn't possibly have been tempted to do that—no conjunction of circumstances could ever have overthrown me;" and there is a superabundance of

INDIGNATION, BUT NO PITY.

The heavens full of lightning but not one drop of dew. If God treated us as society treats that man we would all have been in hell long ago!

Wait for the alleviating circumstances. Perhaps he may have been the dupe of others. Before you let all the hounds out from their kennel to maul and tear that man, find out if he has not been brought up in a commercial establishment where there was a wrong system of ethics taught; find out whether that man has not an extravagant wife who is not satisfied with his honest earnings, and in the temptation to please her he has gone into that ruin into which enough men have fallen, and by the same temptation, to make a procession of many miles. Perhaps some sudden sickness may have touched his brain, and his judgment may be unbalanced. He is wrong, he is awfully wrong, and he must be condemned, but there may be mitigating circumstances. Perhaps under the same temptation you might have fallen. The reason some men do not steal two hundred thousand dollars is because they do not get a chance! Have righteous indignation you must about that man's conduct, but temper it with mercy.

But, you say: "I am so sorry that the innocent should suffer." Yes, I am, too—sorry for the widows and orphans who lost their all by that defalcation. I am sorry also for the business men, the honest business men, who have had their affairs all crippled by that defalcation. I am sorry for the venerable bank president to whom the credit of that bank was a matter of pride. Yes, I am sorry also for that man who brought all the distress; sorry that he sacrificed body, mind, soul, reputation, heaven, and went into the blackness of darkness forever.

You defiantly say: "I could not be tempted in that way." Perhaps

YOU MAY BE TESTED

after awhile. God has a very good memory, and He sometimes seems to say: "This man feels so strong in his innate power and goodness he shall be tested; he is so full of bitter invective against that unfortunate it shall be shown now whether he has the power to stand." Fifteen years go by. The wheel of fortune turns several times, and you are in a crisis that you never could have anticipated. Now, all the powers of darkness come around, and they chuckle and they chatter and they say: "Aha! here is the old fellow who was so proud of his integrity, and who bragged he couldn't be overthrown by temptation, and was so uproarious in his demonstrations of indignation at the defalcation fifteen years ago. Let us see!"

God lets the man go. God, who had kept that man under His protecting care, lets the man go, and

TRY FOR HIMSELF

the majesty of his integrity. God letting the man go, the powers of darkness pounce upon him. I see you some day in your office in great excitement. One of two things you can do. Be honest, and be pauperized, and have your children brought home from school, your family dethroned in social influence. The other thing is, you can step a little aside from that which is right, you can only just go half an inch out of the proper path, you can only take a little risk, and then you have all your finances fair and right. You have a large property. You can

leave a fortune for your children, and endow a college, and build a public library in your native town.

You halt and wait, and halt and wait until your lips get white. You decide to risk it. Only a few strokes of the pen now. But, oh, how your hand trembles, how dreadfully it trembles! The die is cast. By the strangest and most awful conjunction of circumstances any one could have imagined, you are prostrated. Bankruptcy, commercial annihilation, exposure, crime. Good men mourn and devils hold carnival, and you see your own name at the head of the newspaper column in a whole congress of exclamation points; and while you are reading the anathema in the reportorial and editorial paragraph, it occurs to you how much this story is like that of the defalcation fifteen years ago, and a clap of thunder shakes the window-sill, saying: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!"

You look in another direction. There is nothing like

EBULLITIONS OF TEMPER

to put a man to disadvantage. You, a man with calm pulses and a fine digestion and perfect health, cannot understand how anybody should be capsize in temper by an infinitesimal annoyance. You say: "I couldn't be unbalanced in that way." Perhaps you smile at a provocation that makes another man swear. You pride yourself on your imperturbability. You say with your manner, though you have too much good taste to say it with your words: "I have a great deal more sense than that man has; I have a great deal more equipoise of temper than that man has; I never could make such a puerile exhibition of myself as that man has made."

Let me see. Did you not say that you could not be tempted to an ebullition of temper? Some September you come home from your summer watering-place and you have inside, away back in your liver or spleen, what we call in our day malaria, but what the old folks called chills and fever. You take quinine until your ears are first buzzing beehives and then roaring Niagaras. You take roots and herbs, you take everything. You get well. But the next day you feel uncomfortable, and you yawn, and you stretch, and you shiver, and you consume, and you suffer.

Vexed more than you can tell, you cannot sleep, you cannot eat, you cannot bear to see anything that looks happy, you go out to kick the cat that is asleep in the sun. Your children's mirth was once music to you; now, it is deafening. You say: "Boys, stop that racket!" You turn back from June to March. In the family and in the neighborhood your popularity is ninety-five per cent off. The world says: "What is the matter with that disagreeable man? What a woebegone countenance! I can't bear the sight of him." You have got your pay at last—got your pay. You feel just as the man felt, that man for whom you had no mercy, and my text comes in with marvellous appositeness: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

In the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of the

PEOPLE WANT TO BE GOOD

but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angelhood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the giants and they do not see the regiment. Temptation comes and says: "Take these bitters, take this nervine, take this aid to digestion, take this night-cap." The vast majority of men and women who are destroyed by opium and by rum first take them as medicines. In making up your dish of criticism in regard to them, take from the caster the cruet of sweet oil and not the cruet of cayenne pepper.

Do you know how that physician, that lawyer, that journalist became the victim of dissipation? Why, the physician was kept up night by night on professional duty. Life and death hovered in the balance. His nervous system was exhausted. There came a time of epidemic, and whole families were prostrated and his nervous strength was gone. He was all worn out in the service of the public. Now he must brace himself up. Now he stimulates. The life of this mother, the life of this child, the life of this father, the life of this whole family must be saved, and of all these families must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again and again. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the process. It was

NOT A SELFISH PROCESS

by which he went down. It was magnificent generosity through which he fell.

That attorney at the bar for weeks has been standing in a poorly ventilated court-room, listening to the testimony and contesting in the dry technicalities of the law, and now the time has come for him to wind up, and he must plead for the life of his client, and his nervous system is all gone. If he fails in that speech his client perishes. If he have eloquence enough in that hour his client is saved. He stimulates.

That journalist has had exhausting midnight work. He has had to report speeches and orations that kept him up till a very late hour. He has gone with much exposure working up some case of crime in company with a detective. He sits down at midnight to write out his notes from a memorandum scrawled on a pad under unfavorable circumstances. His strength is gone. Fidelity to the public intelligence, fidelity to his own livelihood demand that he keep up. He must keep up. He stimulates. Again and again he does that, and he goes down. You may criticise his judgment in the matter, but have mercy. Remember the process. Do not be hard.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

My friends, this text will come to fulfilment in some cases in this world. The huntsman in Farmsteen was shot by some unknown person. Twenty years after the son of the huntsman was in the same forest, and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "God is just; I shot your father just here twenty years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France: "Make an iron cage for all those who do not think as we do—an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up." It was fashioned—the awful instrument of punishment. After a while the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that same cage, and could neither lie down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Oh, my friends, let us be resolved to

SCOLD LESS AND PRAY MORE!

What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been hard on those who have gone astray? What headway will you and I make in the last great judgment, when we must have mercy or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have judgment without mercy that showed no mercy."

I see the scribes of heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying, "What! you plead for mercy, you, whom in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows? Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinions of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy! You must mis-speak yourself when you plead for mercy here. Mercy for others but no mercy for you. "Look," say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of judgment, the throne of God's judgment." See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF A FIRE-TEMPLE.

A REMARKABLE ceremony is described by the *Times of India*. It took place on Sunday, May 30th, when the foundation-stone of a new fire-temple of the Parsee community in India was laid by Dustoor Dr. Jamaspjee Minocherjee Jamasp Asana, M.A., Ph.D., high-priest of the Parsees, with great *éclat* and ceremony. There are at present three fire-temples in Bombay built by wealthy and charitably disposed members of the community. There are about thirty-three *agiarées* or smaller temples in Bombay, which are also built and endowed by private individuals, and the new temple accordingly will be the first institution of the kind built from general subscriptions raised by the community. About 2500 Parsees, males and females, have subscribed for the purpose of building the new temple, and more subscriptions will be forthcoming. It is not only that the building of a temple is very expensive, but that the process of the various ceremonies which last over a period of twelve months is very elaborate and costly. According to the Parsee religion no fire-temple could be founded unless 1001 pieces of fires of sixteen different denominations were obtained to form a collection of *that sacred fire* which has constantly to be fed with sandal-wood, frankincense, and other fragrant articles. According to *Vendidad* the sixteen denominations of fires required are from burning corpses of men, from mints, public baths, from the hearths of a dyer, a potter, a brick-maker, a mendicant devoted to prayers, a goldsmith, an iron-smith, a manufacturer of arms, a baker, a liquor distiller, a shepherd, a priest as well as a layman, a collection of fires from the house of a king, a nobleman, a judge, military officers and men, and pedestrians, and, lastly, fire produced by electricity. All these fires are collected after a long and elaborate ceremony, which, in itself, it is said, costs in the aggregate about Rs. 25,000 (\$12,500). The stone was laid with a silver trowel and after two prayers to "Ahura-Mazda, the most opulent Majestic, Greatest, Best, Most Beautiful, the Strongest, Most Intellectual, Most Virtuous, the Highest in Holiness, Wisest, the Giver of Great Comfort." The proceedings terminated with a distribution of flowers among those present.

RESULTS OF A WIFE'S BLINDNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indian Witness* thus describes the means which were blessed of God to his conversion: "I was born in this city, [Calcutta] and am now nearly fifty years old. I was left an orphan at an early age, and though kind friends undertook at my christening that I should be brought up as a child of God, I really grew up to be a servant of the devil. I never attended a Sunday-school, and received no religious instruction whatever. I was as ignorant of the Bible as any of our non-Christian brethren, and often presumed to criticise a book I had never read. I associated with evil companions, most of whom have perished in their sins, and disobeyed all God's commandments. I never prayed, and never attended at a house of worship. In fact, I lived a worldly, wicked life, and acted as if there was no God, no day of judgment; yet it pleased God to prosper me in worldly circumstances, but I made a base use of His gifts. Twice was I all but drowned, but, though rescued when at the last gasp, those escapes from death made no lasting impression on me.

"I now come to the point in my story. My wife, who had always been blessed with excellent eyesight, gradually lost the use of one eye from cataract, and the other became similarly affected. She underwent an operation, but it failed, and the eye was lost. After the lapse of several months, my wife became quite blind. In her deep affliction, she cried to me, 'Oh, put away your novels, and read the Bible to me.'

"The request was not at all agreeable to me, and I would have shirked complying with it if I could, but I could not find it in my heart to refuse my wife's appeal. I took up the Bible

and read steadily through its sacred pages. The truths revealed to me penetrated to my heart, and light shone into my soul. I looked in the mirror, and saw my own filthiness. At the same time the cleansing fountain was revealed to me, and I seized upon my Saviour's promises with the trust of a child.

"In conclusion, I ought to add that God has blessed us by a restoration of my wife's eyesight. An operation was performed—with God's blessing, it proved to be quite successful—and my wife is once more enjoying the eyesight of which she had been for years deprived; while her husband, whose mental vision was once totally obscured by sin, also joyfully exclaims, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see!'

A PRACTICAL JOKER IN TROUBLE.

ONE of those nuisances to society—the practical joker—was recently cured of his propensity by an experience he is not likely to forget. As he had paid no heed to the reproof of God's Word (Prov. 26 : 18, 19), he had to be taught by sharper measures. The man thus told his own story to a representative of a Boston journal:

"I am very particular about fastening the doors and windows of my house. I do not intend to leave them open nights as an invitation to burglars to enter. You see, I was robbed once in that way, and I never mean to be again, so when I go to bed I want to be sure that every door and window is securely fastened.

"About a month ago my wife changed hired girls, and the new-comer was very careless about the doors nights. On two or three occasions I came down-stairs to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to frighten her. I got some false whiskers and an old rig, and one night about ten o'clock I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen where she was. She was in her chair sound asleep, as I could tell by her breathing, but the minute I struck a match she awoke. I expected a great yelling and screaming, but nothing of the sort took place.

"She bounced out of her easy-chair with a 'You villain!' on her lips, seized a chair by the back, and before I had made a move she hit me over the head, felling me to my knees.

"I tried to get up, tried to explain who I was but in vain.

"Before I could get out of the room she struck me again, and it was only after I had tumbled down the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she went through to my room, rapped on the door, and coolly announced—

"'Mr. Dash, please get up—I've killed a burglar.'"

THE LIGHT SHINING.

THE Rev. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, writing of "Twenty-five Years of Missionary Work in the Province of Shantung, China," mentions the following striking incident in illustration of the estimation in which Christianity is held in China: "Lately a Christian was bringing his daughters from his home, several days' journey in the interior, to the school at Chefoo. A prominent merchant from the city spent the night at the same inn. After the evening meal the merchant asked the Christian if he would take charge of a parcel for him during the night, as he wished to visit some friends. In the morning, when he called for the parcel, he remarked, 'If I had not known that you were a member of the Christian Church I would not have ventured to intrust this parcel, containing many valuables, to you, hitherto a stranger to me. I have studied the Christian books and understand their teaching. I have watched closely the conduct and dealings of the missionaries and the converts, and am persuaded that the Gospel is true; but the observance of the Sabbath, and other difficulties connected with a Christian profession, make it impossible for me to be a Christian and carry on a successful business at present.' This man is undoubtedly a representative of many others. Another evidence of a change is that now landlords, instead of closing their doors when they

see the missionary approaching, hasten to welcome him, and frequently rival landlords contend for us as their guests. If it is not convenient to settle at the time, they will willingly wait for the money."

THE TIME OF CONSTERNATION.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

No Misunderstanding the Rapture—Inured to Surprises—A Climax in History—The Wide-Spread Bereavement—Four Classes Left Behind—I. The Foolish Virgins—Their Sorrow—They Get Grace—Their Disappointment—Will be the Lord's Witnesses—II. The Nominal Church—The Stage in Which We are Now—III. The Mohammedans and Heathen—IV. The Jews—The Last Opportunity.

WE can scarcely imagine, much less describe, the scene of dread and consternation which will seize the minds of the people who are left behind when the waiting saints are caught up to meet their Lord in the air. When so many are taken away quietly and suddenly, there will be no room for doubt, as there was when Enoch was taken to heaven. After his mysterious removal it would appear that the people of the time did not believe he was gone. They evidently instituted a search, but it was in vain; for we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews that "he (Enoch) was not found" (Heb. 11 : 5).

At the translation of the saints of God there will be no misunderstanding upon the subject. No doubt the startling event will bring into vivid remembrance many prophetic and familiar Scriptures, which had been too fatally neglected and overlooked. Indeed, we are

APPROACHING A CLIMAX

in the world's history. We are coming, as it were, into the rapids of a great river, nearer to the edge over which the torrent is to be precipitated. Men are getting more and more heedless, and used to marvels.

For all this, we cannot suppose that the removal of the saints of God from all parts of the world at the same instant will be an event of mere passing moment. It will surely command more than ordinary attention. In fact, it will be the beginning of the terrible end, and, as such, will stir the souls of men in one way or another.

Some men may rejoice at the removal of persons so obnoxious to themselves; but doubtless many more will quail with fear and tremble in suspense. In addition to this fear, there will be a widespread sense of bereavement, as in that dark night in Egypt when "there was not a house where there was not one dead." (See Exod. 12 : 30).

THOSE WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.

(1) What will become of those who are represented by the "foolish virgins"? If the wise virgins with oil in their vessels represent those who had grace in their hearts and were accepted, the foolish ones without oil represent those of the same company who had no grace. To all outward appearance they were one, possessing the same outward privileges, and having the same object before them, namely, to meet the Bridegroom.

How many there are even now who profess to be looking for the Bridegroom, and not for the Judge; but they are not washed in the blood. We can well understand how these persons will be stirred up when they see their companions separated from them. Knowing about the necessity of having grace, and also how to obtain it, they will lose no time in procuring it. They do this and return in all haste to the door, saying, "Lord, Lord, open to us. But He answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not" (Matt. 25 : 11, 12). Their disappointment would be bitter; and the more so now that they had oil and their lamps were trimmed and burning.

Left behind, they will nevertheless be a people separate from all others in their dispensation, just as spiritual persons are now separate from nominal professors. They will constitute the nucleus of those who are to be the Lord's wit-

nesses, confessors and martyrs, in the days of the Son of Man.

(2) What will become of

THE NOMINAL CHURCH,

with her various ecclesiastical organizations? Before the Reformation, when the ecclesiastical system held its sway over everything else, it made Church and priest and sacrament absolutely necessary for salvation. By this means it gained a mastery over the minds and consciences of the people; not by the Word of God, but by the traditions of the Church. The ministers and servants of God for the people became lords over God's heritage. This is what is manifestly coming on again, and this Antichristian system will have more power than before, and exercise greater control. Corrupt Christianity, with its sensuous ceremonial, will be the popular religion of the world in the days that are coming.

After this God interposed to save the Church in the time of the Reformation. Great numbers were then awakened to see the unscriptural character of the Romish superstition. They came out of her and testified against her, even to the stake; though, alas! too many afterward only retained the name to live, while they were yet dead.

Yet once again the Lord interposed, and revived His work and opened innumerable doors of usefulness all over the world in the way of missions. The Lord says of this period, "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown" (Rev. 3: 11). This is the stage in which we are now; and after this, that is, after the rapture of the saints, the final stage of Laodicean declension will begin. It will be the last opportunity given to those who remain on earth until the Lord comes to execute judgment.

(3) What will become of the

MOHAMMEDANS AND HEATHEN?

Judging of the future by what is now taking place, we may say that those who are not drawn to God will be absorbed into the false Christianity of the day. Already we see how Mohammedans are falling away from their original zeal and fire, and that the "sword or the Koran" is no longer their dire alternative for all other men. They are now content to remain within their own limits, and there they are diminishing in their numbers. They are learning and adopting the manners and customs of the formerly hated Giaour.

The same may be said of the heathen in all parts of the world. Western civilization and education are teaching them that their religions are superstitious and wrong, without showing them what is right. Modern instruction is puffing them up with knowledge, and turning those who have been obedient believers into dangerous rationalists. Besides this, indulgences of the flesh are put in their way which are contrary to the integrity of their old faith.

(4) What will become of

THE JEWS?

We may expect that, at the time of the rapture of the saints, the Jews will have been restored to their own land; if not then, very soon after. They are, without doubt, a people ready and waiting for a land; and their land is evidently waiting for a people. It is the land of the Jews, and it refuses to yield its abundance to strangers. When the rightful owners return to it, especially with all the wealth which is in their possession, we may anticipate that the desolate wastes will be rich with cultivation. The ruined cities will be rebuilt; and, in the case of Jerusalem, this will probably be done on a scale of great magnificence. The temple also will be re-edified, and will surpass the city in grandeur. Great advancement awaits this people among the nations of the world. Their wealth will command a conspicuous position, and will stir the envy of the great ones of the earth.

Will there be no further opportunity of salvation to the millions of Jews and Gentiles who are left behind when the Church is taken up? I answer, Yes. There will be a general and

widespread opportunity of salvation under the preaching of

"THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM;"

but the salvation offered by it will not be the same which is given to us under the Gospel of grace. If the question be asked, What is the difference between "the Gospel of grace" and "the Gospel of the kingdom?" I answer, The one calls us to salvation and oneness with Christ—the other calls men to salvation only; the one calls us to be children in the family of God—the other calls men to be subjects of the kingdom; the one commands us to believe in the finished work of Christ, and to rely upon the Risen Christ to keep us to the end—the other tells men to show their faith in God by their works, and to endure to the end in order to be saved. We look for a Christ to come and take us to Himself. They will look for a Christ to come in manifest glory to deliver them in a time of extremity and trouble.

Doubtless many persons from the nominal Christian Church will come out to join the ranks of those who are proclaiming this Gospel. Multitudes also from among the Mohammedan and heathen peoples who are looking for a prophet and deliverer will give heed to this preaching. The Jews, we may be sure, will listen with interest to the proclamation of a coming Messiah. Though very many will perish in their unbelief, yet we are told a great multitude, "which no man could number," will be saved, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues (Rev. 7: 9).

DOUBLE COMPENSATION.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially Reported for the Christian Herald.)

An Absorbing Theme—Whom It Does Not Interest—A Profitable Religion—The Hardest Thing a Blessing—A Young Man's Difficulty—Resigns His Situation—His Reward.

THE all-absorbing theme of God and angels and good men is the salvation of the living—the salvation of men and women who live and walk and talk upon the earth to-day. Is it not passing strange that this great theme should thus engage the mind and heart of God and angels, and that you and you and you (pointing over the audience) are the only beings in God's moral universe that seem to be indifferent to this great question.

It is my purpose to-night to talk with you face to face. It is my purpose to get you to think and think wisely and scripturally upon this great question. Am I living so in this world that I shall live forever in the world beyond? We shall take the exhortation of the text and impress it truthfully and scripturally, and, we trust, prayerfully, upon your consciences to-night.

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope; even to-day do I declare I will render double unto thee." (Zech. 9: 12.) I do believe, brothers, that religion is profitable unto all things, having the life that now is and everlasting life in the world to come. I am one who believes that God does not rob us of everything before He can give us heaven. I believe that if I shall do and suffer the will of God in this world, I shall have the best that this world can give, as well as the richest blessing at last that heaven can bestow. I am not one of those who believe that if we become religious, that we are shut off from all enjoyment, and that we must hang our harps on the willows, and sing no more songs of gladness and have no more hours of pleasure. Thank God for the offers which Christianity gives to man.

"I will render double—double—unto thee." I never read that expression that I do not think of an incident a preacher told me of. He said there was

A YOUNG MAN AT THE ALTAR

persistently seeking Christ for several services, and he approached the young man one morning after service, and said to him: "My young brother, you are in earnest, what is your trouble? Tell me all your trouble." "Well," said the young man, "I am in earnest; I would give all

the world for peace. I have been seeking religion, as you know, since the meeting commenced, and every time I go to the altar to beg for mercy, or kneel at home to pray—you know I am a clerk in a grocery store that sells provisions, and liquor by the quart and gallon—and whenever I go down on my knees before God those quart cups, and gallon cups, and barrels come up before my eyes, and I cannot pray, and I cannot do anything, and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said the preacher, "my young brother, give up your place and come from among those things."

"Well," said he, "I have thought about that, but I have a widowed mother and two orphaned sisters that are dependent upon me for every bite they eat—they are dependent upon me and my salary, and if I quit my place my mother and sisters will starve; but I am afraid if I hold on to my place I cannot be saved."

"Well," said the preacher, "trust God. He says He will render double. Trust God. Give up your employment and give yourself to Christ."

The young man went to his employer that evening and stated the case fairly to them, as he had stated it to the preacher. He said, "Gentlemen, you have been good and kind to me, but I must give up my employment; I must do it or I lose my soul." They paid him up. They settled up with him, and they said, "We are sorry to give you up; you have been a worthy, noble young man, and have done your duty well; we hate to give you up, but we cannot give up that part of our business, for there is where the money is." And the young man went home, ate his supper and came back to church that night, and at the altar was graciously blessed and converted. He went home and spent a happy night, with the breezes of heaven playing over his soul.

The next morning before he left the house, after breakfast, he received a note from his old employers, saying, "Call at our office this morning; we want to see you." Later in the morning he walked down to the office, and walked into the counting-room. The old senior member of the firm took his hand and said to him: "I am glad to shake your hand again in my store; come and walk with me into the liquor-room." And he walked with him into the liquor-room. Every barrel was rolled out, and the floor swept up. And he said, "Young man, we have rolled out that part of our business, and we are done with it forever; and we will give you double your old salary if you will come back and take your former place."

But you say, "Oh, how incredible that is." Well, brother, I can tell you a truth infinitely more incredible than that.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

I left my little home in Cartersville, Ga., to go out and preach the Gospel and follow Christ, and God has given me a thousand homes for that one I left, just as good, and as good to me as if they were my own loved ones in that home. I shook hands with one mother—a stepmother, but she was kind and good, and I bid her good-by, and God has given me a thousand mothers just as good as my own mother could be to me. I left a few friends in Cartersville, but God has given me a thousand friends for every one that I bid good-by there to go out and serve Him; and I am here to-night a living monument of the blessed truth that God will give a man a hundredfold more in this life; and I trust Him, indeed, for the blessed fact that I shall have everlasting life in the world to come.

I will render double unto thee. Brother, God don't rob men. God don't take all you have here and thrust you into a dark dungeon and keep you there until you die; but God only takes that which offends Him and harms you and would damn you at last, bursts every shackle of sin from your limbs, and lets you walk the earth a free man of the Lord, and makes you feel in deed and in truth that you are His child and on your way to heaven.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Morrison Surplus Resolution has Caused general discussion in and out of Congress. The Senate Committee to which it was referred has consulted Acting Secretary Fairchild on the subject. He declined to express any opinion upon it, but in explaining its effects he indicated his disapproval of the resolution. He regarded it as a withdrawal of a discretion from the Secretary of the Treasury which he better than anyone else could exercise with benefit to the country. He said: "This resolution, if it becomes a law, will rigidly fix the amount of the bond call to be made each month, and it must be made, no matter what may be the business state of the country or the prospects of Government receipts and expenditures. It directs the Secretary of the Treasury to do nothing which he may not do under existing law, if at the proper times and by the light of the information he may then have he shall deem it well for the country so to do. The fundamental idea of this resolution, so far as the Secretary of the Treasury is concerned, is that his judgment is not considered worthy of trust, even if guided by the circumstances existing at the time of each call. How much less valuable must it then be, when given many months in advance?" He added: "The Secretary of the Treasury is fully in accord with this resolution so far as it is a declaration of applying the surplus revenues of the Government to the extinction of the interest-bearing debt in such amounts and at such times as this may be prudently and beneficially done." The opinion outside of Congress appears to be growing that the management of the surplus should be left in the hands of the Secretary rather than regulated in advance by Congress. It is somewhat remarkable that the embarrassment of a Democratic administration should proceed from the Democratic Party.

Efforts to Arrange the Fishery Dispute with Canada are being made by Minister Phelps. He has prepared a circular wherein no point of interest regarding the fisheries has been forgotten, and this circular has been sent to all the leading fishing merchants in the United States and to others who have taken an active part in the debate on the question. It requests that the persons receiving it should carefully study the document, write out answers to its questions, and after having made and prepared such suggestions as the parties see fit to make about the fisheries that may advance the cause of American fishermen to return the circulars to the Minister in London. Mr. Phelps will, after considering all suggestions made by the fishing merchants, prepare an argument on the fishery laws and hand it to the English Government for their consideration and action, pressing for a speedy decision. Mr. Phelps contends on behalf of the United States and will not yield the

point that the three-mile limit is three marine miles from the shore to the point where the vessel may happen to be. He also claims that the fines imposed in the cases of United States vessels were excessive and not in accordance with international courtesy.

The Dynamite Clause of the New Treaty of extradition with England is, as was expected, provoking much opposition. It is alleged that the clause is superfluous because murder and arson are already extraditable offences, but obviously a dynamite outrage might occur and do grievous injury without involving the perpetrator in a charge of murder or arson. The real difficulty appears to be that, though several States have enacted laws applicable to the crime, there is no federal statute dealing with any such offence as "malicious injury to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered." An extraditable offence must be an offence punishable in both countries. It will be unfortunate if this or any other difficulty precludes this country from recovering from Canada the defaulters who fly there with their ill-gotten booty.

The Prisoners, Paupers, and Lunatics Sup-ported by the public in the United States at the time of the last census formed the subject of an interesting report sent to the Senate last week by the Secretary of the Interior. From among the voluminous details furnished, the following are important and significant facts: The total number of prisoners confined in jails, work-houses, and penitentiaries, etc., in the United States was 58,609, of which 53,604 were males and 5005 females; 45,802 natives, and 12,807 foreigners; 41,861 whites, and 16,748 colored. The number of prisoners to each 1,000,000 of population is given as 1069. At the previous census ten years before, it was 853. The number of insane persons in the United States is given as 91,959, or 1833 for each 1,000,000 of population. At the previous census the total number was 37,432, or 971 for each 1,000,000. The number of outdoor paupers is given as—males, 10,290; females, 11,305; 17,902 are natives and 3693 foreigners; 19,328 white and 2267 colored. The number of almshouse paupers was: Males, 35,564; females, 30,639, of which 37,603 were white and 5717 colored. There were 57,423 homeless children in the country under sixteen years of age of whom 30,171 were males and 27,252 females; 55,613 were native born and 18,210 of foreign birth. The number of white homeless children is given as 54,883, and that of colored as 25,040.

The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of Albany, N. Y., was celebrated on July 22d. The charter making Albany a city was granted to the Dutch settlers by Thomas Dongan, the English Colonial Governor, on July 22d, 1686. The President and his Cabinet took part in the celebration, which was of a most enthusiastic character. Military demonstrations, processions, speech-making and fireworks at night made the day a memorable one for the citizens of the capital of the Empire State.

At the Trial of the Chicago Anarchists last week the various prisoners were identified as having taken part in the meeting of May 4th, when the dynamite bombs were thrown. John E. Doyle, one of the wounded policemen, was brought into court and excited the commiseration of all who saw him. The once stalwart man was an utter wreck. His right arm hung useless at his side, he leaned upon crutches and testified that he had received *thirteen different wounds*. Another witness was a carpenter in whose house Lingg lived, and who helped Lingg make the bombs. He testified that he helped carry the bombs to a rendezvous where they were left open for the men to help themselves. He said that but for a ruse he adopted, Lingg would have thrown a bomb into a patrol wagon that they met on their way home. A reporter also testified that he had seen dynamite bombs in the possession of Spies and Parsons, who told him they were to be used against the police. A detective who had joined the anarchists as a spy gave important evidence, showing that Spies had

advocated the assassination of certain private persons obnoxious to the society. The trial lasted the whole week and excited the most profound interest.

Mr. Gladstone's Resignation has been Tendered to and accepted by the Queen. The promptitude with which Her Majesty sent her acceptance indicates that the resignation was very welcome to her. She has requested Lord Salisbury to undertake the Government. His course is beset with difficulties which he fully realizes. An attempt to govern the country without a majority in the House of Commons involves the liability to vexatious humiliations, because at any time that House can withhold funds for Government expenses and can embarrass the Cabinet in many other ways. If Lord Salisbury could rely on the support of the Liberal deserters he might hope to escape defeat, but at present there has been no statement published of any pledge being given. On the Irish question alone there is a majority in favor of the Government, and even upon that it is doubtful whether a majority would vote for coercion. There are 317 Tories in the House, 192 Gladstonites, 87 Parnellites, and 74 Liberal malcontents. As the entire House consists of 670 members the Tories are 19 short of a majority. In order to carry any measure over Mr. Gladstone's followers and the Irish members combined Lord Salisbury must have at least 57 votes from the Liberal deserters. It is evident, therefore, that the latter will hold in this Parliament the balance of power held by Mr. Parnell in the late Parliament. If they were to vote solid they could decide the fate of any measure.

The Fall of an Eminent English Statesman is definitely announced. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, the ablest man next to Mr. Gladstone in the Liberal Party, has been convicted by a jury of gross immorality and has sold his property and quitted England. An abandoned woman, whose behavior in court was characterized by shamelessness and levity, swore that she had committed adultery with him and another man. She was the wife of a member of Parliament who, on her confession, sued for and obtained a divorce. The jury apparently believed her statement, and the reports cabled here indicate that the judge coincided with them. Sir Charles Dilke emphatically and explicitly contradicted her and maintains still that he is the victim of a conspiracy gotten up to shield another man who is really guilty. He was, however, unable to prove his innocence, and is therefore ousted from public life. If he is really guilty his punishment is not too heavy, severe as it is. His loss will be a serious one to the Liberal Party. He is an admirer of republican institutions, and openly expressed his belief that they would be better for England than a monarchy.

The Tour of the Emperor of Germany through Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria has evoked an outburst of enthusiasm rarely witnessed in Germany. Everywhere his coming was welcomed with ovations, and he has been warmly received by princes and people. At Munich he was entertained by the Prince Regent. The people, who have been somewhat jealous of the predominance of Prussia, forgot their old prejudices and made spontaneous demonstrations of loyal attachment. The demented King Otto could not be made to understand what was going on. He *fancies himself a bird*, and was busily occupied in building an enormous nest of twigs and dried leaves, in which he sits at night. In the daytime he hops about the palace garden flapping his arms and pretending to fly. Still, he is King of Bavaria, and with a little more sense he would be allowed to govern.

Deaths from Cholera Continue to Occur in Italy. Brindisi has the most fatal record. Last week the deaths were averaged sixty a day, and the number of new cases was increasing. At Fontana, Latiano, St. Vito, Codigoro, and Venice the epidemic has shown itself, though with a smaller proportion of deaths than at Brindisi. Quarantine against all Austrian and Italian ports has been declared at many ports.

Mr. Moody's Summer School for Bible Study at Mt. Hermon is doing profitable work. There are two hundred and fifty young men there representing the College Young Men's Christian Associations in twenty-five different States. About ninety colleges and training schools have sent delegates. Among them are Germans, English, Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, and American Indians. The arrangements are: Breakfast at seven, conference with Mr. Wishard, College Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., at eight, when methods of work, duties of officers and members are discussed; at nine, a singing class conducted by Professor Towner; from ten to twelve Bible study conducted by Mr. Moody, Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, or some other eminent theologian. The afternoon is given up to excursions in the neighborhood, boating, driving, games, etc. In the evening there are meetings of praise and prayer. The month at this school will be one never to be forgotten by any young man there and we may hope that its influence will be fruitful in consecrated activity.

The Assembly of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor recently held at Saratoga, N. Y., showed marked progress not only in numbers but in spiritual devotion and activity. Over 500 persons were present. The organization comprises now 850 societies, with a total membership of about 60,000. It originated in a Congregational church at Portland, Me., with the object of enlisting in active service for Christ young Christians on entering the church. All who join the society pledge attendance and participation in the weekly prayer-meetings, unless detained at home by absolute necessity. The work is undenominational and is found among Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc. Each society is connected with some local church, and is, like the Sunday-school, under the control of the pastor. At the recent conference it was announced that the movement had spread to Ceylon, Turkey, and China.

A New Mission Church in Memorial of the late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is to be erected by the Board of Trustees of the Mission for Seamen of the City and Port of New York, with the \$50,000 which he bequeathed to the Mission. The building will be in West Houston, near West Street. The Mission has now a temporary chapel that was built several years ago at this place, but it is not large enough for the congregation that attends services there. When the new building is finished the present structure will be used for a library and reading-room for sailors. The Mission has now four lots, and another will be purchased, giving frontage of seventy and fifty feet for the new structure. A rectory will also be built in connection with the church.

A Valuable and Deeply Interesting Pamphlet of two hundred pages is sent to us by Mr. Richard C. Morse, the excellent secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. It contains a well-arranged report of the progress of the work during the past year, and a statement of its present condition. From this report it appears that 17 new buildings have been completed during the year, and 20 others are in course of erection. There are now 90 Association buildings in the United States and Canada, and the net value of Association property aggregates \$5,040,178; 365 Associations own libraries of 272,624 volumes, worth \$293,168; 444 reading-rooms, with a total daily average attendance of 22,587, are reported; 131 Associations report gymnasiums and other means of physical culture, and 592 report Bible-classes, with an aggregate average attendance of 7340; 487 men are devoting their whole time to the work as general secretaries, librarians, and gymnasium instructors. There are 1066 Associations in this country, including the College, Railroad, German, Colored, and Indian branches. The annual current expenses of these thousand societies amount to over \$80,000.

The book also contains a list of Associations in foreign countries—650 of these are in Germany, 79 in France, 570 in Great Britain, 491 in Holland, 8 in Russia, 2 in China, 3 in Japan, 6 in India, 12 in Africa, 14 in Australia, etc.

An Interesting Experiment, Described in a scientific journal, has been made with the object of discovering the effect upon plants of saturating the soil in which they grow with certain chemicals. In the case described, the soil about the roots of a vine was manured with sulphate of copper. The result was watched with intense interest, because it was expected to throw light on some important agricultural problems. It is now stated that the leaves of the plant absorbed nearly all the metal, scarcely a trace of it being found in the juice of the grapes. The roots received it from the soil, but did not make an equal distribution of it, the green coloring substance of the leaves having some affinity with the metal which attracted it, while the fruit was not impregnated. Something like this is seen in the realm of grace. Position and circumstances sometimes affect the manner and speech of a Christian, producing an unfavorable impression of him, while he is nevertheless bringing forth good fruit. Happily, it is by the fruit that the tree is to be known (Matt. 7 : 20).

Two Applications for Naturalization were rejected in New York by Judge O'Gorman on July 22d. The applicants had been in this country the prescribed time, were well-behaved, intelligent, and eager to adjure allegiance to Queen Victoria, but when they were examined by the judge it appeared that neither of them had read the Constitution of the United States. The judge, therefore, refused to give them papers, as they could not truthfully swear that they were "attached to the principles of the Constitution" if they did not know what the principles of the Constitution were. The two men left the court and made a careful study of the document. The next day they presented themselves again and renewed their application. They informed the judge that they had read the Constitution and approved of the principles it sets forth. Judge O'Gorman having satisfied himself of the fact, administered the oath, and the two men were admitted to the rights and privileges of citizenship. No one can blame the judge for being unduly cautious. The conduct of some naturalized citizens indicates that they are either ignorant of the Constitution to which they swore loyalty, or that they have broken their oaths. Unhappily the same sad fact applies to citizenship in Christ's kingdom. The Church and the world would be far other than they are if everyone who professes Christianity understood and adopted the principles laid down by its Founder (Luke 14 : 27-33).

An Attempt to Row Around the World is to be made by a man named Richard Chandler, who is a native of Northampton, Mass. Nearly two years ago a physician of Bath, Me., provided a man with a rowboat at a cost of \$300 on condition that he rowed across the Atlantic. The man set out, and as nothing has been heard of him, it is supposed that he was lost. Now Chandler has applied to the same doctor for a similar boat on the same conditions. "Crossing the Atlantic is only a small part of the voyage," said the doctor. "After arriving in England you are to go by water to the Mediterranean; across the Red Sea, through the Suez Canal, across the Indian Ocean and Southern Pacific to Australia; thence to Japan and China, and from there by steamer to San Francisco, then overland to the Mississippi, where the dory will be put into the water for you to row down that river to the Gulf, and around to New York." The terms were accepted, and the boat is being built for the perilous voyage. Chandler is sanguine of success. "He is to be supplied with life-suits, plenty of food, and all that he is likely to need," says the dispatch describing the arrangement. The primary need, however—that of strength and endurance to sustain the days and nights of ceaseless labor and watchfulness—the doctor

cannot supply, so the man will probably be drowned. It is so in the voyage of life. Parents may give their children wealth, education, and careful training to fit them for the voyage, but safety can be assured only by grace, which God alone can give (Jude 24).

A Personal Appeal to the President was Made at one of his recent receptions by a lady who was alarmed by the freedom with which he has recently exercised his veto power. It was near the end of the reception when an old lady in black, followed by seven children, came slowly along to shake hands with the President. When she got fairly in front of him she said, "I have come in person to see you. I am a poor widow, and my bill for a pension is before you. In the name of justice I ask you not to veto it. These are my children, and they depend on me for support." The President looked uncomfortable for a while, and said something in an undertone. The old lady gave him her card, and passed on with a happy smile on her face. It is thought the President will not veto her bill. The old lady was wise. No pension agent nor any man of influence could have done so much for her as her visit to the President himself. If Christian men would adopt the same principle in their straits they would save themselves many disappointments. Those who place no dependence on men, but go straight to God Himself for help, are sure of deliverance (Ps. 118 : 6-9).

The Groundless Terror of two Elephants afforded amusement to the visitors at the Zoological Garden, Philadelphia, on July 19th. "It is a well-known fact that elephants are afraid of small objects," says the head keeper at the garden, "and I have seen one of them almost scared into a fit at the sight of a mouse. These warm days we have been giving them a bath every afternoon. We threw half a dozen inflated bladders into the pond when they went in to swim. At first they almost scared them to death. Then Empress struck at one with her trunk, and when it bounded into the air both trumpeted and scrambled out of the pond. To-day Empress, who has the curiosity of her sex and a mind of her own, gently fished one of the bladders out of the water and then kicked at it with her hind feet. No serious results following, she continued her investigations, which ended by her putting her front foot on the bladder. It exploded with a loud report, and the two elephants scampered home in abject terror." Power and moral courage are not always united, it appears, in beasts any more than they are in men. God has the power to make the heart faint, and He has frequently used it for the protection of His people when some mighty foe threatened to crush them (Lev. 26 : 36).

A Literal Enforcement of the Levitical Law was made a few days ago in the office of a dentist at Cheyenne. A cowboy suffering from toothache consulted a practitioner who examined his mouth and informed him that a hollow tooth ought to be filled. The cowboy consented, and the dentist drilled a hole in it. He did it so clumsily that he caused the man severe pain, and eventually broke the tooth to pieces. The patient would not allow him to do any more and went to another dentist, who, on making an examination, told the cowboy that the wrong tooth had been operated upon, and that the other dentist must be an impostor. The aching tooth was extracted, and then the cowboy returned to the first man he had consulted. He upbraided him with his clumsiness, knocked him down, and, seizing the forceps, extracted one of his teeth. The dentist's cries brought in the neighbors, who rescued him just as the cowboy was preparing to draw a second tooth. The language of the cowboy proved that he was not a Bible-reader, and probably he had never heard of the law "tooth for tooth" (Ex. 21 : 24), nor of its abrogation (Matt. 5 : 38, 39). The former he would learn from his own heart and the conduct of the people around him, the latter he might learn from the Bible and, we wish we could add, from the life of any Christian man (1 Peter 2 : 19-23).

WASHED TO GREATER FOULNESS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—JOB 9: 30, 31.

A Private Message—For a Desperate Man—I. Quickened Souls Conscious of Guilt—A Lady's Contradictory Confession—The Benighted Times—Light in a Dark Basement—Horror the Way to Life—II. Use Ineffectual Means for Cleansing—The Snow Water—Hard to Get—Reputed Pure—Descends from the Clouds—III. Are Plunged in a Ditch—IV. Are Led to Look Alone to God for Cleansing.

I FEEL certain that I am sent on a special errand at this time. Before my mind's eye I see a soul whose awful reflections are hurrying him to despair. He refuses counsel, and will not listen to direction, for dread has made him desperate. I would have a word in the ear of that worried and wearied one. See ye not the man? He has battled long against a dark temptation, but at last he is beaten. He feels that he can hold out no longer. He can scarcely take breath; the air grows hot and stifling around him, as he faces the question—what next? Accustomed as I am to look down on these crowded aisles and up at these closely-packed galleries, I feel a strange curiosity as I gaze into the mass; for I know that there is one man among all of you to whom I have

A PRIVATE MESSAGE.

I carry despatches from the King of kings to one who is grievously troubled, and is become as a woman forsaken and despaired.

From my experience, as a patient myself, smitten down with soul-sickness; and from my observation as a pastor, into whose ears the woes of awakened sinners are constantly poured, I have somewhat learned to understand the imagery of Job. The sufferer is in double straits. While he is tossed about by Satan, his friends are discharging their arrows at him, and the Almighty troubleth him. To help such a sufferer we must be careful to distinguish between the causes of his sorrow, and divide between his affliction itself and the further sorrows which he has brought upon himself by his unwise efforts to escape from it.

I. At the outset, then, we observe that quickened souls are

CONSCIOUS OF GUILT.

They see it; they know it; they feel it, and they blush to find that they are without excuse for it. All men are sinners; to most men, however, sin appears to be a fashion of the times, a necessity of nature, a folly of youth, or an infirmity of age, which a slight apology will suffice to remove. You will scarcely meet with a man who will not acknowledge that he is a sinner. But it is one thing to call yourself a sinner, and quite another thing to feel it.

I have heard of a lady who owned to her minister that she was a great sinner. He questioned her kindly as to which of the ten commands she had broken. Beginning with the first, he asked her, "Did you ever break this?" to which inquiry she indignantly answered, "No." In like manner he dealt with the second, and right through the whole ten. She professed in detail to have observed each one, and yet pretended to confess that she had broken them all. By such equivocations multitudes of men and women deceive themselves, and it is unhappily the custom of many a preacher to address his congregation as if they were all good people, and every one of them knew the Lord, from the least even to the greatest. This is pleasing to the flesh, and flattering to pride; but it is most pernicious. How many are being deceived by this want of marking a difference where a vital difference exists!

Not till men are quickened by divine grace do they truly know that they are sinners. How is this? Some diseases are so insidious that the sufferers fancy that they are getting better, while in very truth they are hastening to the grave. After such manner does sin deceive the sons of

men; they think they are saved when they are still unrenewed. How often have I seen a poor girl, whose pale face, sunken eyes, shadowy hand, and languid step have clearly betokened that she was on the brink of death, yet she mistook the flush of consumption for the ruddiness of health. Slowly she waned; but within a day of her departure she planned cheerful projects which proved that she looked for life. Consumption is not, however, so deceitful as sin. Where it has full power over the soul, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" If sin were not so deceitful it would not be half so destructive as it is.

How is this? we inquire once more. To natural ignorance we may attribute much of the ordinary indifference of men to their own sinfulness. They live in

A BENIGHTED AGE.

In vain you boast the enlightenment of this nineteenth century; the nineteenth century is not one whit more enlightened as to the depravity of human nature than the first century. Men are as ignorant of the plague of their own hearts to-day as they were when Paul addressed them. I know that almost every man you meet with talks as if he were qualified to set up for a doctor of divinity; but is not this the confidence of ignorance? Many persons seem startled, and try to think that they misunderstand us when we say plainly that in the very best man in the world there is no virtue or grace that can be pleasing to God, unless he has been made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Does not this alarm you? It ought to do so.

How comes it to pass, then, that the best of saints on earth are prone to account themselves the chief of sinners? Their sincerity is unquestionable. This discovery is due to the Holy Spirit. The moment the Spirit of God comes into a man, the scales fall from his eyes, and he sees himself in quite a different light. To each saved soul it seems

A STRANGE MIRACLE.

I have heard the story from simple lips many a time. The new self talks of the old self with a kind of vacant wonderment. Yesterday our friend was on good terms with himself as a virtuous citizen, an honest trader, a sound churchman; in moral worth all that his neighbors could wish. To-day he is vile in his own sight; his hands are filthy, his heart is foul, his thoughts are loathsome. He perceives that he has been walking in a vain show, and therefore he writes himself down a hypocrite. No name too base by which to surname himself.

You may walk through a dark cellar without discerning by the eye that anything noisome is there concealed. Let the shutters be thrown open! Bid the light of day stream in! You soon perceive frogs upon the cold, clammy pavement, filthy cobwebs hanging on the walls in long festoons, foul vermin creeping about everywhere. Startled, alarmed, horrified, who would not wish to flee away, and find a healthier atmosphere? The rays of the sun are, however, but a faint image of that light divine shed by the Holy Spirit, which penetrates the thickest shades of human folly and infatuation, and exposes the treachery of the inmost heart. Then the soul cries out in agony, "Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" When brought to feel this, we think our doom is sealed, and everlasting destruction is close upon us. But it is not so. This is

THE WAY OF HOPE.

Through death to life every saved soul must pass. Ask us not to paint the sensations; nor blame us if we usually describe that experience which is most distinct. Sharp conviction, fainting heart, struggling hope, fear that haunts, terror that appals—an awful fight of fiercely strange emotions! This is the extreme measure of the life-change. In milder form, with one decisive pang the true heart is born again.

The Slough of Despond lies across every pilgrim's pathway. The years or hours it takes to wade through it must be left an open question.

Sudden death is an occasional fact, but more frequently the saints are peacefully welcomed to the realms above; so, in the Church on earth, sudden conversions happen, but, as a rule, men pass gradually into the kingdom of God. Between the sensual and the spiritual there is a great gulf, and it must be passed. Of the wind or weather in which you make the passage it is not for me to speak; the voyage may be long or short; but in some sort the gulf must be traversed. Conviction of sin is of the first importance; it cannot be dispensed with.

II. We pass on to notice that it often happens that awakened souls use many

INEFFECTUAL MEANS

to obtain cleansing. Job describes himself as washing in snow water, and making his hands never so clean. His expressions remind me of my own labor in vain. By how many experiments I tried to purify my own soul! Like all my fellows, I was always foiled in every attempt. See a squirrel in a cage; the poor thing is working away, trying to mount, yet he never rises one inch higher. In like case is the sinner who seeks to save himself by his own good works, or by any other means; he toils without result. It is astonishing what pains men will take in this useless drudgery. They prevent the dawn of day in their anxiety to attend matins or observe mass; they are austere in their fastings; they say prayers without stint and do penance to the full. The labor of the foolish in spinning a righteousness of their own, that is neither accredited by the divine law nor by the holy Gospel, is almost incredible; they would rather give their bodies to be burned and their goods to feed the poor, than submit to salvation by grace, though it is the only possible salvation.

In seeking to obtain absolution of their sins, to establish a righteousness of their own, and to secure peace of mind, men tax their ingenuity to the utmost. Job talks of washing himself with

SNOW WATER.

The imagery is, no doubt, meant to be instructive. Why is snow water selected? The reason probably was, first, because *it was hard to get*. Far easier, generally, to procure water from the running brooks than from melted snow. Men set a high value on that which is difficult to procure. Forms of worship which are expensive and difficult are greatly affected by many, as snow water was thought in Job's day to be a bath for kings; but, after all, it is an idle fashion, likely to mislead.

Besides, snow water enjoyed a reputation for purity. If you would have a natural filtered water gather the newly-fallen snow and melt it. The figure represents the religiousness which is of the most rigid kind—the cream of the cream. Specimens yet remain among us of piety more than possible to men, religiousness above the range of mortals; which piety is, however, not of God's grace, and consequently is a vain show. Though we should use the purest ceremonies, multiply the best of good works, and add thereto the costliest of gifts, yet we should be unable to make ourselves clean before God.

Once again, this snow water is probably extolled because it

DESCENDS FROM THE CLOUDS

of heaven, instead of bubbling up from the clods of earth. Religiousness which can color itself with an appearance of the supernatural is very taking with many. Some folks are fond of apostolical succession; it professes to come from heaven. No doubt the notion originated in cloudland. Others are fascinated by popery. His holiness the Pope is accounted to be a great cistern, full of grace, which is distilled in streams, and runs through capacious pipes called cardinals, and then through smaller tubes, styled bishops. At length by the still smaller pipes of the priests it comes to the people. No pretext was ever more paltry than this, and yet many are deceived by it. There is no peace in it for thoughtful minds.

If I "make my hands never so clean," is an expression peculiarly racy in the original. The Hebrew word has an allusion to soap or nitre.

Such was the ordinary and obvious method any one would take to whiten his hands when they were grimy. Tradition tells that certain stains of blood cleave to the floor. The idea is that human blood, shed in murder, can never be scrubbed or scraped off the boards. Thus it is most certainly with the dye of sin. These worthless experiments to cleanse yourselves would be ended once for all if you would have regard to the great truth of the Gospel: "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." God alone can remove sin, and He does so by the blood of Jesus.

III. But as sure as ever quickened souls try to get purity in the wrong way, God will thrust them down

INTO THE DITCH.

This is a terrible predicament. I find, on looking at the passage closely, that it means "head over ears in the ditch." It is not merely some filthy puddle in which a man treads till he is splashed all over, it is a slough of despond into which he sinks. His eyes, his ears, and his mouth, are filled with pollution; and his very clothes are so foul that he utterly abhors himself.

Often it happens with those who try to get better by their own good works, that their conscience is awakened by the effort, and they are more conscious of sin than ever. If a chosen man strives to save himself from his sins by his own righteousness the Lord permits him to see his own heart and he ceases from all glorying. "THOU shalt plunge me in the ditch." Is it not as though God Himself would undertake the business of causing His people to know that by their vain ablations they were making themselves yet more vile in His eyes?

Frequently our great Lord leaves a poor wayward soul to eat the fruits of its own ways, and this is the severest form of plunging in the ditch. While striving after righteousness in a wrong way, the man stumbles into the very sin against which he struggled. The young man, of whom I am now thinking, resolved, by the help of God, that he would be different henceforth from what he ever had been. His vows kept pace with his devotions. He started them at early morn—

"And felt, good, easy man, full surely
His goodness was a-ripening."

To the shop he went, as was his wont; but his thoughts were no longer set on earthly things; he stood, as he supposed, on heavenly ground. Because he had taken snow water and had washed his hands, he began to think that he was singularly clean. Toward evening a temptation suddenly crossed his path. At first he resisted, but it proved a feeble fight. The argument of another young man, that it was policy to yield, availed to break the covenant he had made with his own conscience. So he was led astray to a place of amusement, where the light of God's countenance never shines. The wretchedness of his reflections on the morrow could not easily be told.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn and vexed with petty provocations. Paltry annoyances are the bane of our peace. Some of you, dear sisters, spend your years and your thoughts in a narrow circle, and I deeply sympathize with you therein. The lot of many of you is to pass much of your time in loneliness; your temptations are therefore peculiar. For many a quiet hour you have been busy with domestic employments, distracted by no acute anxiety, but cheered by much quiet meditation. At such seasons you are apt to get on good terms with yourselves. Presently the shades of evening begin to fall. Evening! of which Cowper sweetly sings:

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet evening, and continue long!"

You are prepared to welcome home the husband, brother, son, who will look for his repast, and seek his well-earned repose. Possibly, my sisters, this is your season of temptation. His

rough word, his needless complaint, his vacant look, when you pine for sympathy puts you about. A sense of injustice stings you. It may be very natural, but all the same

IT IS VERY FATAL

to your sense of superior goodness. What more treacherous than one's temper? In a sudden gust of passion, you utter words of anger. How gladly would you recall them! but they are registered. Down into the ditch of despondency you sink. For days to come you feel that you cannot forgive yourself. Your rich mantle of righteousness after this tumble in the ditch looks mean enough to provoke your own ridicule.

Persons of sensitive disposition, and sedentary habits, are prone to seek a righteousness of inward feeling. Let me describe these good folks to you. They aim at a righteousness that renounces every fault, and they cultivate such graces as are naturally lovely, watching from moment to moment their own feelings of joy or grief. Yet these be they who get to know, with the keenest anguish, the plague of their own hearts. How it happens is sufficiently clear. One day you are all aglow, the flush of fervor is on your face; the next day you feel so dead and cold that prayer would freeze upon your lips. Your evidences are dark. You think you have none, and, seized with despondency, you lament that "there is no hope." Ah, me! the sin-sick soul, given to watch its own symptoms, is brought into perilous straits.

Let us not forget that the man who thus described his own case "was perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil." Such a case is a puzzle to those who are not enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Although Job was renowned for righteousness in his generation, a gleam from God's countenance exposed the faultiness of his soul. Does this prove him to have been a hypocrite? By no means. He appears before us at first in the vigor of health, in the height of prosperity, and in the charm of good repute. But oh, the vanity of man! At a touch of God's finger, his flesh develops a festering mass of corruption; at a glance of God's eye, which searched him through and through, the total depravity of human nature at its best estate becomes apparent. "He abhors himself in dust and ashes." What next? Utter ruin? Nay, friend, it is full redemption.

IV. By such severe training the awakened one is led to

LOOK ALONE TO GOD

for salvation, and to find the salvation he looks for. This is my last point, and I have no time left to enlarge upon it. What I want is that the truth may flash across your mind in a moment. There sits the man who is menaced with despair because every effort to extricate himself from the tangled web of his own strange experience has left him worse than before. Did I attempt to comfort him he would repel my kindest expressions. And why? He knows that it is God who condemns him. In a British court of justice, when the judge sums up against the prisoner, small cheer can he get from the honeyed words of his counsel. But hark—"It is God that justifieth." Whom does He justify? The ungodly. He first condemns them in their own consciences; and then He justifies them according to His grace.

I want you to notice a simple fact which seems to me to have escaped your observation. When the Almighty justified Job He commended him, and pronounced a high encomium on his conduct. Whatever mistakes he made about himself or his circumstances, in one matter he was clear as a bell; He has spoken right of me, saith the Lord. (Job 42:7.) Eliphaz and his friends transgressed in this respect. Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek it in yourselves, you are all on the wrong track. You begin below with the whole duty of man, and try to work upward; you are sure to fail. You should begin up yonder, with the righteousness of God; and then you could work downward to righteousness of daily life. God give

you knowledge of salvation by grace, to the glory of His own name, and to your own sanctification, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

CONTRASTS IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.*

"POLICEMAN WEMER arraigned before Justice O'Reilly, in the Tombs Police Court, yesterday, twelve filthy looking women. He charged them all with drunkenness. Justice O'Reilly sentenced them to the Island for one month. The janitor of the Tombs sprinkled carbolic acid about the room after the women were led off to jail."—*Evening Telegram*, New York.

"To-day when the car-driver, R—, arose to plead drunkenness, induced by want and overwork, in palliation of the crime for which he was to be sentenced, a baby voice cried out from down in the dirty crowd: 'Oh, mamma, dar's poor papa! Papa, tome and tiss baby.' But 'poor papa' was sent away from 'baby' fifteen years for his drunken crime. And we stop here to wonder where and what 'baby' will be when he comes back from State's prison."

But let us not multiply these daily reports. These are given merely as an example of the life here, the death here—the death of soul; the death of body and soul. These two examples are both from the lowly walks of life—the lowest, perhaps.

Let us now take two from the higher walks of life—the highest, perhaps—and then you can guess fairly well what lies between. By striking the highest possible average you can see clearly that a city lies here in the shadow of its doom; that its destruction is not far off if this condition of things long prevails. But here are the two examples of life from the higher walks. We quote from private letters:

"You should have come to the great dinner. It was the greatest affair that has ever been. Rome, in her palmy days was surpassed in every particular. It was a great mistake for you to have said what you did; for, beside the honor and the remembrance of the gorgeous event, we had at least fifty kinds of wines, to say nothing of the brandies, the Benedictines, the liquors of all names, nations, and cellars. I am told the dinner cost \$80,000. The *Herald* puts it at a round hundred thousand. Read its ten-column account of it. My head aches too much to write more now."

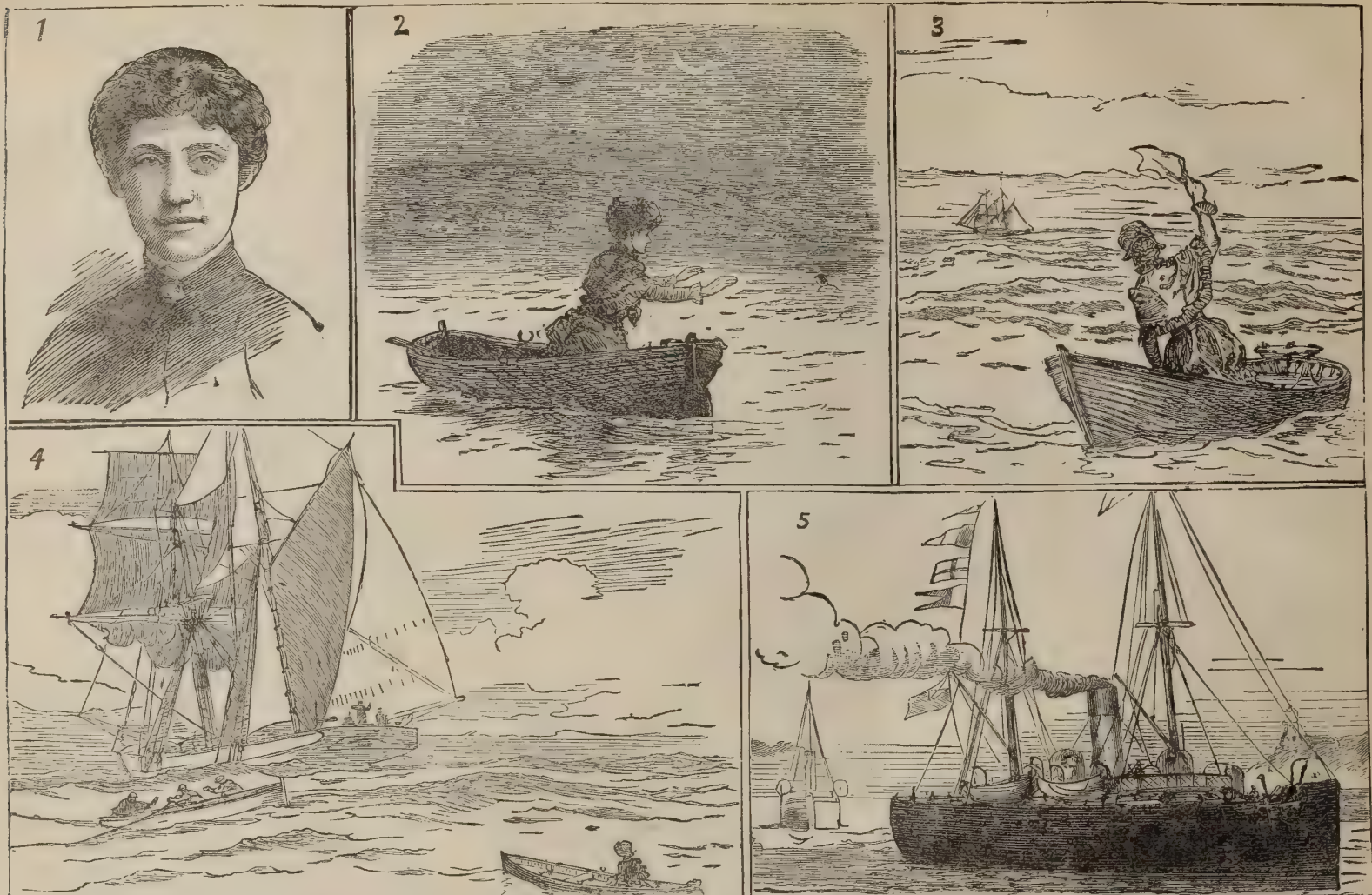
"You are entirely in the wrong about your great-little man 'Stone' of Wall Street. His habits are most exemplary. And if he has got hold of your money in Wall Street, why he has done no more than you or any other man would have done with his money if you only could have beaten him. No, my friend, the fact is that the little giant of Wall Street has more money-brains than you and his other enemies, so be manly enough to admit it and let him alone; for he has his load in life to bear as well as you and the others. Do you think it any easy thing to take care of fifty railroads and fifty millions of dollars?"

Dear and indulgent reader, from the foregoing notes you can gather the argument of this story, I think; motive enough surely to make a sketch of; a condition of things surely to challenge the pity and the help of every brave heart, and strong, clear head in this wondrous new land of ours.

The great city lies trembling, panting, quivering in her wild, white heat of intoxication, excitement, madness—drunken and devilish pursuits of power, pleasure, and gold.

It is the old story of the destruction of one whom the gods love. Never grew a city so great, so suddenly great. And her glory, her greatness, her sudden power and splendor have made her mad. She is drunk; not drunk entirely with drink, but she is drunk with riches and with the love of pleasure. Altogether, she is madly, desperately drunk.

* From "The Destruction of Gotham," by Joaquim Miller, a lurid description of the goal to which a city must be tending, which is made up of two classes widely separated in social condition. Pp. 214. Price, \$1; Published by Funk & Wagnalls, Dey St., New York.



Miss Journaux, the Jersey Castaway—Her Forty Hours' Drift and Rescue.

And where will it end? Where have such things always ended? Nay, do not turn back too hastily into history for the thousand examples there. You remember Paris? her twenty-five years of glory, recklessness, irreligion, ill-gotten riches? and then the conflagration!

In conversation with Gambetta soon after the murder of the bishops, the battles in the graveyards, where Parisians, slain by Parisians, lay as thick on top of the ground as under it, the great dictator told me that the new Paris had been built in madness, and so was burned in madness.

"Belleville," he cried, with energy, "should never have been left out there to herself! Champs Elysees should never have been permitted to exist apart from the people! The two should have been mixed up together, so that the poor could have shared the cares of the rich, and the rich the cares of the poor."

No; the people will not go out of the cities now; for it is the people who build the cities; and the people will possess them. If either class is compelled to retire, it will not be the poor—the people. Here in this wonderful city you have all the wealth at one end. You have all the poverty at the other. The poor are in the majority—"we, the people!" The distance between the rich and the poor is not great.

Hunger, oppression, drunkenness; a hundred drunken men; a puff of smoke! The end! In this story, as you follow poor "Dot" in her flight up Broadway and up on Fifth Avenue, pursued by the red-faced monster, you must keep in mind this condition of things; also this madness, this wild fever-heat, and this excitement, this drunkenness, where men, women—all things are strung up to a tension that is terrible to bear.

This desperate pursuit of wealth, this constant and prevailing resort to stimulants, even by the

most "exemplary," has made an order of life that is new upon earth. The blood in men's veins is at fever-heat. This drives them on to the consummation of deeds that have no parallel, that have had no historian.

But I have kept back this ugly and offensive beast in the dark places as far as possible. We catch a breath of the fumes of alcohol only as we hastily pass up and down Fifth Avenue now and then, and that is about all. More than that might offend just now, and mar the force of the story. But I am willing that you shall understand very clearly, and from the first, and all the time, that the paragraph at the head of this prologue is the argument and excuse for this work.

A TURKISH BEY AND A COLPORTEUR.

MR. COLE, of the Eastern Turkey Mission, who is laboring at Bitlis, writing under the date of April 5th to the *Missionary Herald*, mentions a remarkable instance of the failure of an attempt to stop the sale of God's Word. He says: "Certain Armenians complained to the Bey that a Protestant bookseller was in the village, selling books, turning people away from their religion, etc. He at once summoned the man with his books into his presence. The poor man trembled at such an ordeal, not knowing what might be done. Judge of his surprise when, after fumbling over the books, the Bey eagerly selected a Turkish Testament, and holding it up said: 'This is just what I have been seeking for a long time.' Gladly paying the price of it, he showed it to the Armenians, saying, 'This is just what I have been wanting; now you see if I do not meet your priests in argument!' True to his word, we heard of him as practising polemics with parties here and there; and, when they essayed to touch his new-found Testament, he would ask them if they

had washed their hands that they should touch the Holy Book. Turks are thus very particular as to their Koran. When the Kourds saw that their chief had purchased a Testament, they, too, began to see/ one; but no more were at hand. Thus it was that the betrayers unintentionally became hawkers of God's Word, and helped on the man's work they hoped to get punished.

MISS JOURNAUX, THE JERSEY CAST-AWAY.

(See Illustration.)

THE incident depicted in the above illustration was briefly described in our news columns (May 27th, p. 329), at the time of its occurrence. Fuller details are given in the European newspapers now received. It appears that on Sunday evening, April 18th, after attending divine worship, Miss Louise Journaux, a young lady residing in Jersey, an island near the coast of France, left the Victoria Pier at St. Helier's with a young man named Jules Farne, in a rowing-boat. They were accompanied by another boat, in which were two friends—a young lady and gentleman. Farne rowed out some distance farther from the shore than the others, and when lying off the coast at a point between the Victoria and Albert Piers, he let one of his oars fall overboard. In attempting to recover it he lost the other. Being a good swimmer, he at once sprang into the water and swam after the oars. Before he had secured them, however, the boat drifted seaward, leaving Farne some distance behind (see Illustration No. 2).

The terrified young lady heard his shouts but was unable to do anything. The boat was carried out to sea, and the young man was left behind. Seeing that it was impossible to overtake the boat, Farne swam to the shore, and related the circumstances. The story seemed so improbable that Farne was arrested on the charge

of murdering Miss Journaux, and was held for trial.

The boat in which Miss Journaux was continued its helpless course with the tide all that Sunday night. Happily for her the sea was calm, or the boat would have been swamped. The breaking of day brought her a gleam of hope. She thought that in the crowded channel she must surely be seen from some ship. Once she did see a ship which she supposed to be the mail steamer from Southampton to Jersey. She waved her handkerchief (see *Illustration No. 3*), but failed to gain attention. During the long hours of Monday and Monday night she saw no other vessels, and began to despair, believing that her boat must have drifted out of the track of the steamers.

Tuesday morning broke with no prospect of deliverance, but before noon her hopes were again raised by the sight of a sail. Her anxiety may be imagined. She felt that if that ship left her she must die of starvation, if she were not drowned. Moments passed that seemed like hours, while she waved her handkerchief and shouted. At last to her intense joy her ears caught the answering shout that told her she was observed. She saw that they were lowering a boat to come to her assistance (see *Illustration No. 4*). The vessel proved to be the *Tombola*, of St. Malo, Captain Landgren, bound for Canada. Miss Journaux was hospitably received on board, and after her forty hours of drifting ate and slept once more in peace. Twenty-six days afterward she was transferred to a passing steamer, and on May 19th was safely landed at St. George's Bay, Newfoundland (see *Illustration No. 5*).

The news of her strange experience and safe arrival was cabled to Europe, and none of her friends could have received it with more joy than Mr. Farne, to whose carelessness her peril and suffering were due. It vindicated him, and he was immediately released from custody. Miss Journaux returned to Europe by the next steamer, and it may be hoped that, led to serious reflection by her almost miraculous escape, she will in future be too much occupied with Christian service on the Lord's day to go on boating excursions.

A KING'S SLUMBER DISTURBED.

(See *Illustration*.)

THE Irishman who, being asked on his arrival in a new country what his politics were, replied, "I don't know, but I'm agin the Government," may be a fictitious personage, but, if not, he gave a characteristic answer. The Irish, as a rule, are opposed to the Government, and they have often done good work in many lands resisting tyranny and oppression. The Christian clergy are, as a rule, the very reverse of this disposition, as is their duty (1 Peter 2:13, 14). They would rather suffer oppression than resist it, and they have apostolic authority for that course (Rom. 13:1, 2). It has happened, however, at least once in history, that they have been placed in a dilemma, and while sincerely desiring to do right were in doubt as to what was right.

The instance referred to was in Great Britain in the seventeenth century. King James II., the most despicable of all the Stuarts, had, by



Carstairs Makes his Confession to William III.

his intolerance and disregard of right, driven his subjects into rebellion. They declared his deposition, invited the next heir to the throne, his daughter Mary and her husband, William Prince of Orange, to take his place. James ran away like the craven that he was, and William and Mary were crowned king and queen. Then came the difficulty. The clergy were commanded in the Bible to honor the king—but which king? The old king, who was king by right, or King William who had been made king by the Parliament? This difficulty was felt most severely in Scotland.

The prudent course of the king would have been to let matters alone, and content himself with the allegiance of the clergy without requiring them to pronounce his title to the crown a just one. William being one of the wisest men who ever wore a crown would have taken this course had he possessed sufficient accurate information, but he knew little of Scotch affairs, and was busily engaged with Continental politics which he did understand. He was, however, an excellent judge of men, and placed implicit reliance in Scotch matters on William Carstairs, a Presbyterian clergyman of remarkable ability, whose influence with the king was so potent that his enemies nicknamed him "The Cardinal." At the supreme crisis of affairs, Carstairs was absent on the king's business, and the meddlesome bigots who swarm about a court took advantage of his absence to persuade the king to an act foreign to his nature. They knew the dilemma in which the clergy were placed, and desiring their destruction urged William to require them to take the oath of allegiance. William consented, and the oath was so worded as to pledge the person taking it to the assertion that William was king by right. The king was tricked by selfish intriguers, as Ahasuerus was tricked by Haman.

The letters were signed by William and sent to Scotland. In a few days the country would

have been in a turmoil, and numbers of good, inoffensive men would have been expelled from their pulpits and parsonages. God interposed as He did at Shushan the palace. Carstairs returned to London late on the night when the king's messengers were starting to Scotland. He heard what had been done, and knew there was no time to be lost. If the messengers once left London the facilities of travel they enjoyed would prevent their being overtaken. There was no time to consult the king. Carstairs, therefore, took a course full of danger to himself. He went to the messengers, and, in the king's name, required them to give him the packet for Scotland. They knew his intimacy with the king, and supposing that William had sent him they obeyed.

With the precious packet in his hands, Carstairs went to the royal palace, and heard that the king had retired. He begged for an audience, and William admitted him to his bed-chamber. Throwing himself on his knees by the bedside (see *illustration*), he told the king what he had done, and besought pardon. The king listened, understood his motives, and not only pardoned him but told him to throw the dispatches into the fire. The heroic courage that prompted a man to commit a capital offence

that he might save his brethren has made the name of William Carstairs glorious in history.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 463.)

College Life.

LEROY was not disappointed in his hopes of the point at which he would commence his studies in the N. S. College. His examination proved that he was sufficiently advanced to take his place with the students who were in the third term of the Junior year. Charles Kingsley makes the immortal Sandy Mackaye observe, "A man kens just as much as he's taught himself' and na mair," and there is truth in the saying, whether it is applied to a man in college or out. "You may take a horse to the water," says the old adage, "but you cannot make him drink." Leroy was thirsty, and had been looking for the water of knowledge by himself; he was now to have guidance. That was what he wanted. Self-education is a toilsome process and slow withal. He was conscious that time had been lost in solving difficulties which an experienced professor would have explained in a few words. He lamented the loss of the precious time but he gloried in the strength he had gained. It was certainly a triumph that alone and unaided he had climbed as far as the young men with whom he was now to study.

His room-mate was congenial. That was an important matter. Leroy rejoiced in it beyond measure. True, it might have been better had there been less congeniality. Intelligent opposition is a strengthening discipline, unpleasant at times but invigorating. As it was, Leroy found no occasion in his room to stand to his defences or to ascertain whether his opinions were true or not. Henry S. Burt, his new

friend, was, like himself, a sceptic, and like himself was thoroughly in earnest in his scepticism. They encouraged each other in that attitude of hostility to religion, and both made rapid progress in the sad road of unbelief.

Some weeks passed, when one Sunday evening our two young sceptics went to church chiefly for the purpose of criticism. As they sat waiting for the services to begin, a young lady entered, and walked up the opposite aisle about half-way to the front. Leroy watched her until she was seated, and then he mentally ejaculated, "What a singular looking girl! I never saw a young woman like her. Whom can she be?"

As the services proceeded he grew interested in them, and, what with criticising the sermon and arguing on the way home with his chum, he forgot all about the mysterious lady.

One evening a few days later, he crossed the street to a store to make a purchase, when, to his surprise, the young lady whom he had noticed in church entered with a friend. Leroy eyed her as intently as courtesy would allow, and thought she certainly was different from any creature, of whatever species, he had ever seen. She laughed and talked gaily, though not unbecomingly, made a few purchases, and departed. Leroy went to his room and said to his chum:

"Henry, I've seen a strange creature!"

"Why, what? A mediæval fiend or a modern bigot?"

"Oh, hush, you miserable scoffer!" scolded Leroy. "No, it was neither, but a girl, a real live girl; and yet she didn't seem real. There's something un-understandable about her—what a Scotchman would call uncanny. She must be a foreigner, or, if such a thing were possible, a wanderer from another world. I couldn't help but think of Plato's Atlantis, the lost continent, and my opinion is she has escaped from that country at the bottom of the sea."

"Why, what an extraordinary being she must be!" laughed Burt. "But, come, let the feminine gender go now, and let's get at something more masculine."

The subject was dismissed and soon passed from the minds of both.

Leroy Ransom had, of course, joined the Franklin Literary Society connected with the college. It was a social association which gave a public entertainment every alternate week in Literary Hall. This hall was generally filled by the students and people of the village. The students of both sexes prepared elaborately for these public exercises. It was an institution adapted to prepare young men and women for public duties in after life, and it is a pity that all our colleges do not have these literary facilities. How many secluded, even anchorite, educational institutions go along in a dull routine of recitation, while the outside world knows as little about their life and work as if they were actual monasteries. How often, too, a young man who can really interest a little gathering of students, is perfectly helpless through lack of practice when before a public audience. Let college workers all understand that literary facilities, especially of a public character, are a great magnet to draw students of bright talents and high ambition. In this respect the N. S. College was a model institution.

Come with us, then, to this literary society on a pleasant Friday evening. As Leroy's roommate is otherwise engaged, our hero-doubter goes to the meeting to-night with another young man whose acquaintance he has formed since he came to Clayville, and toward whom he entertains strong feelings of friendship. As they walk up the campus, arms locked, Leroy says,

"Train, are you on performance to-night?"

"Yes," replied Francis Train, "I'm on debate, and what a half-witted question we have: 'Resolved, That the Government should have a special fund for the benefit of struggling genius.' Who cares for struggling geniuses? Let them struggle their way through as we do who are not geniuses. I'm glad I am on the negative side of that question."

By this time they have reached the building

and are going up the long flights of stairs. They enter the hall. How many voices were wont to resound there that are now heard in the great struggle of active life, while some are hushed forever. There is a bust of the great statesman and philosopher after whom the society was named, Franklin. The hall was about full of people; students were hurrying to and fro as if on the most urgent business. Some of them walked as if the welfare of the state depended on their speed; and, doubtless, some of them took on airs of business, while they actually had no business but in their own imagination.

At length the president and secretary took their seats on the platform. A small bell was rung and the audience became quiet. Dr. Lester, president of the college, opened with prayer. Leroy sneered at the prayer, and wondered what religion had to do with the exercises that evening. We wish to observe here that there was one good thing that characterized the N. S. College, and that was, the members of the faculty took a deep interest in the literary exercises. They were nearly always present at these public meetings and frequently participated.

Business was despatched in a hurry, and then the declaimers were called to the stage. There were usually four—two of each sex. One declaimed the latter part of Webster's reply to Hayne, which had perhaps been rehearsed a hundred times in that very hall. A young woman recited "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse." Then, perhaps, came "Tom's Come Home," or "Bridge of Sighs." Trowbridge's "Peewee" was recited by a young lady who gave such a perfect imitation of the favorite spring warbler that, as she closed, the audience shouted and clapped their hands.

Then the debaters were called to the stage. The president announced the question. The first speaker, being a novice, caused some fun by his blunders. He was utterly overcome by nervous agitation. He had to put his hand in his coat-tail pocket, then feel his necktie, then adjust the lapel of his coat, then get his handkerchief and wipe his nose, and at last he commenced driving with a runaway ox-cart through all grammatical and rhetorical proprieties, dashing a rule of syntax to pieces here, breaking a sentence to flinders there, putting Webster's rules of pronunciation to shame by misrules that were perfectly original as well as accidental, "playing hob" with the rules of gesticulation, until at last, with a face as red as a beet, he came to his peroration. It was something like this:

"As I—I didn't study much on—on—this subject, and I never debated little. We don't need to say much on our side—the subject—the judges knows which is—is—the best—bes—tside of it. I leave the floor to my worthy deponent—expo—opponent; but, judges—honorable judges—don't let yourselves be hoodwinked by them on this great and important—portant question. Therefore, I think my colleges—my colleagues—will give this great question—will give it—well—consideration. And consequently, I will leave the more worthy floor—or the floor—to a more worthy speaker."

Which brilliant effort was punctuated by a very large exclamation point of applause, while the speaker wiped the perspiration from his brow.

We will not stop to describe the success or failure of the next two speakers, but will come at once to the chief debater, Frank Train. He was not very eloquent, but was a general favorite with the audience notwithstanding; for he was full of jollity. We must give a few sentences from his pointed speech.

"Struggling geniuses! let them struggle. It will do them good. Let them bind wheat on a hot harvest day until they're as limber as mother's dish-rag. It would be a splendid conceit-exterminator. Struggling genius want help! Shame on the man who calls himself a genius and yet wants his government to carry him on a palanquin to the lap of fame. Ah, sirs, a genius parodies the name he would bear, who has not genius enough to work his way up with

dauntless purpose to honorable fame and nobleness of soul. Oh, these poor, would-be protégés of the Government!

"The best way to decide this question, as well as all such questions, is to suppose we had such an institution as a Struggling Genius Government Fund, and to follow out the supposition. I suppose if there were such a fund, my opponents would discover immediately that they were struggling geniuses, especially those who have dignified the very name of grammar and spelling-book this evening. Why, if there were such a fund, struggling geniuses would swarm in our country as thick as grasshoppers in Kansas. Shame on men," he exclaimed, turning to his opponents, "who have vigorous minds and strong limbs asking Uncle Sam to lift them to fame."

He sat down and was cheered three times. After the debaters were dismissed Train came back to his seat beside Leroy.

Then the essayists were called. They stepped upon the stage. Leroy almost bounded to his feet with astonishment, for there on the seat on the platform sat the identical girl—the girl who had made him think of lost Atlantis.

"Who can she be?" he said to himself. "I didn't know she belonged to the college. I'm more than ever convinced that she must have been sent from Atlantis and come up from the bottom of the sea. I wish I knew where she is from, for I suppose she is a denizen of this mundane sphere. But she hasn't a mundane look at all."

As he watched her and soliloquized, the essays were being read; but Leroy's ears were stopped with flitting thoughts, and he did not hear them. At length the president arose to announce the name of the being who interested him.

"My Reverie," by Miss—. Just then some confusion caused Leroy to lose the name. The girl stepped forward brightly, but modestly. There was a smile of conscious mastery on her face. Leroy thought she was beautiful. She was lithe and tall and majestic, had an inclination to the brunette type of beauty, her features were regular, her nose just slightly curved, her hair black, and she was dressed—who cares how except that her form was set off to perfection? Leroy thought he had never seen anything like that living personation of gracefulness standing before him.

"Frank," he whispered, "do you see that dream of womanhood standing there? Why, she's a perfect poem. Isn't she noble," he said, pressing his friend's arm, unconscious of the manner in which he mixed his metaphors.

But Francis answered not a word. He leaned forward and gazed toward the platform, his eyes a-glitter with admiration. Then there rang over the room a sweet, womanly voice, reminding one of a mellow sunset and it held captive every ear. The room was hushed. The reading proceeded. Here was a diamond of delicate thought; there several pearls of wit would flash and jingle a moment, bringing loud applause from the audience; and then a pathetic, passage cadenced softly through the hall like a memory of childhood days.

"But what is she at now? She's sailing all over the world in that canoe of a reverie. I declare, she's locating some of the boys. She's getting personal."

Leroy sat entranced as the voice floated through the room. The essayist located some of the most prominent students in various and almost unimaginable parts of the universe at the most ridiculous occupations. On she went until at last she said, "And flying across the sky-kissing Himalayas, I see vast audiences of the 'heathen Chinese' held enraptured by the eloquence of some of the orators of the Franklin Society, E. T. Rose, C. H. Denver, Francis Train"—our hero held his breath—"and L. T. Ransom, discoursing on the æsthetic qualities of the sunflower and the onion, holding a specimen in each hand." And she took her seat.

The two boys leaned back and joined loudly in the thunder of applause. When they drew

the picture vividly of themselves addressing a Chinese audience with pig-tails, and having those two æsthetic specimens in their own hands, gesturing away, they laughed and laughed again.

"In the name of Minerva, Francis, who is she?" asked Leroy, impetuously.

"I wish you'd tell me, Ransom; I'm sure I don't know. I never saw her before. She is not in our class, and must have just come at the beginning of this term, and that accounts for our not seeing her before."

"But how did she ever find out our names?"

"Oh, that's easily accounted for. You know, both of us have been on debate and oration several times since the term began, and, of course, she saw us and heard our names."

"But what's her name? Oh, of course, you don't know, and I'm glad of it. I do hope nobody else knows her name. But I wish I did. Say, Francis, were you ever in love? I never felt as much like going in ear-deep, of my own free will in liberty, as I do now. How do you feel about it?"

The two friends looked at each other, and they read each other's feelings in each other's eyes, and each knew that an intense desire was in the other's heart.

(To be continued.)

GENTILES SEEKING JESUS.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 8, John 12: 20-36. Golden Text, ver. 32.

The Request of the Greeks—The Desire to See God—Death Necessary to Sight—The Test Applied—Goodness Not a Title—Badness does Not Exclude—The Fruit from the Dead Seed—The Divine Superseding the Human—Spiritual Valetudinarians—The Appointed Hours—Satan Trying to Recover Lost Dominion.

THE news of the raising of Lazarus spread all over the city. There were few, even of the strangers in Jerusalem, who were not discussing this miracle and Him who wrought it. It was therefore quite natural that certain Greeks, who came up to worship at the feast—coming of a people who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing" (Acts 17: 21)—should desire to see Jesus. They came to Philip, one of the most sociable of the disciples, and said, "Sir, we would see Jesus." They did not know they were

ASKING TO SEE GOD.

Many had seen Jesus who saw in Him "no form nor comeliness" (Isa. 53: 2). That which made Jesus different from other men was invisible at first sight. "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." He was "the image of the invisible God," and they who could not see God could not see His image in His Son. One man "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11: 27), "and there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face" (Deut. 34: 10). Of old God said unto this same Moses, "Thou canst not see My face: for there shall no man see Me, and live" (Ex. 33: 20).

Philip tells the request of the Greeks to Andrew, and together they tell Jesus. But, oh how different is His answer from anything which they have anticipated! "The hour is come that the Son of Man shall be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Oh, how Jesus longed for those Greeks to see Him, and to see Him as their own Saviour; but this they could not do except He should die! And

WE, TOO, MUST DIE,

must see ourselves crucified with Christ, and take this position in reality, if we would continually see Jesus. It is self which hinders our seeing Jesus. While a sinner is considering how good *he* is, and is calculating his chance of salvation from that, he is not seeing Jesus. When an awakened sinner is occupied with how

bad *he* is, he is not seeing Jesus. Self, good or bad, clouds Jesus from our horizon. It is not our goodness which obtains our salvation; it is not our badness which makes it impossible; "by grace are ye saved." Man's goodness fades into nothingness in the light of God; man's badness is overcome and conquered by His grace.

What was the fruit which should be brought forth by Jesus when, as a corn of wheat, He should die? Was it not the souls of those very Gentiles who sought to see Him, as well as of Jews and Gentiles all over the world, until He comes again? And "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master" (Matt. 10: 25); "As he is, so are we in this world" (1 John 4: 17.) If the Master must lay down His life, the disciple must lay down his life, too. "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." The whole principle of Christianity is death and resurrection, the divine on the ruin of the human. Jesus was not a specimen of perfect humanity, of a good human nature developed to the very utmost, to proving what human nature is capable of; He was "God . . . manifest in the flesh." It does not belong to human nature, even human nature of the highest type, to love its enemies, to "do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again"—not even for credit for such generosity; it does not belong to human nature to flee from honor, to seek not its own, to rejoice in being persecuted for righteousness' sake.

ALL THIS IS DIVINE,

all this comes of "God manifest in the flesh." And it is only as the human in us gives place, that the divine can take its room. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." The instinct to do the best thing possible for our own souls and for our own bodies, is in every one of us by nature; but do our efforts to do it answer? Take the man who, of all others, spends the greatest amount of time and thought over his bodily health. Is he the healthiest man you know? Is he not, on the contrary, conscious of every little trifling thing which may affect his health, so that he is a veritable slave to his own body? Take the man who, of all others, is most anxious for his own spiritual advancement. There he is in every meeting, trying to get good; there he is, trying to force his soul into the experience of some one else, imitating some one's prayerfulness, fasting as some one else does, reading all the books which every one gives him, but not lifting one note of praise to God. Is his soul healthy? Look at the rich fool (Luke 12) who cares for his own interests, and, instead of giving away his goods, pulls down his barns and builds greater. Is he, in the end, better off than others? Jesus says, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." While we are caring for our own interests, we are keeping them

OUT OF THE HANDS OF GOD,

who will care for them with all the resources of His Almighty love, if we will let Him. Our souls are dearer to Him than to us, for they are blood-bought; our bodies are dearer to Him than to us, for they are members of Christ's body. If we truly believe this, we cannot but trust ourselves fully over to Him, and He cannot but do for us "according to His riches in glory" (Phil. 4: 19). Free from ourselves, we are at liberty to serve Him, and He says, "If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." While we honor ourselves, and take credit to ourselves, we do not get honor from God; but many an unknown Christian on earth will doubtless be among the most honored in the kingdom of Christ.

"Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say?" What is it natural to say in trouble? "Father, save me from this hour?" That is also the prayer of the most unconsecrated, and even the unconverted. "But for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify Thy name." Here was the divine coming in and superseding the human. Jesus' own life was a life laid down, a real, perpetual sacrifice, and it

was His joy to do His Father's will. Nothing happens by chance. There is a cause why we come to each hour, and meet each circumstance in our lives. Christ in us will always say, "Father, in this glorify Thy name." Jesus was speaking thus in the presence of the people, and they thus had proof that He held communion with His Father. A voice from heaven said: "I have glorified it, and will glorify it again." The people could not but hear the voice. Some attempted to explain the phenomenon by natural causes, and said that it thundered; others, who half-believed, said: "An angel spake to Him!" "Jesus answered and said: This voice came, not because of Me, but for your sakes. Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out."

We hear of Satan as "the prince of the power of the air" (Eph. 2: 2). Jesus overcame the world (John 16: 33),

THE OLD TERRITORY

of Satan, and as we claim the victory He gained over Satan as the prince of this world, we have it. Satan is always trying to make us believe that he has things his own way, but he can only hold his power where sin and unbelief in any of God's children give him a foothold. Satan with his powerful magnifying-glass of unbelief made Peter see the winds and waves on the sea of Galilee as more powerful than Jesus. He always assumes the power which Jesus has taken from him. Through the curse which followed sin, he got his power in the world; but "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3: 13). Through death He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil (Heb. 2: 14), so that we may count Satan to be a conquered foe, shorn of all his power and all his strength. It would seem as though, through the impending crucifixion of Jesus, Satan would have his greatest triumph, but it was exactly the contrary. Through death He destroyed him that hath the power of death. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

The people were perplexed. If this was the Christ, if this Man who had power over disease and death, over the elements and powers of nature, was indeed the promised Messiah, how then could He die? "We have heard out of the law that Christ abideth forever." They were quoting from Ps. 72: 17, "His name shall endure forever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed." Having read the Scriptures onesidedly, they naturally ask, "How sayest thou, The Son of Man must be lifted up? Who is this Son of Man?" Jesus' answer was characteristic: "Yet a little while is the Light with you. Walk while ye have the Light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have Light, believe in the Light, that ye may be the children of light." It seems to us strange that they should have had a doubt as to His Messiahship. Yet how often we have

FEARED TO STEP OUT

on a clear statement of God's Word which warranted our reckoning upon Him, just because there were some other Scriptures on which we had not light as yet. "Walk while ye have the light" is the Lord's command, *i.e.*, make use of and act upon at once all the light God gives, "lest darkness come upon you."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for July:

The End of this Age About A.D., 1900. By the Rev. M. Baxter.

Will Prince Jerome Napoleon be the Man of Lawlessness?

The Unbelief of the Latter Days. By Henry Meymott.

The Rulers in the Coming Millennial Kingdom.

River-Miracles of the Last Days. By Rev. E. J. Hytche.

Spiritualism the Work of Demons. By the Rev. Miles Grant.

(Concluded.) Israel's Deliverer in the Person of Christ. By the Rev. Capel Molyneux, B.A.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

"WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS?"

WHAT can I do for Him who has shown such love to me?
How can I prove that I feel His mercy full and free?
Fain would I give Him all my soul and its ransomed powers,
Life and its joyous hopes, Time and its fleeting hours.

I will give Him a loyal heart, beating only true to Him;
I will ask Him to make it white, and to keep it forever clean.
I know He will fill it with love—a deepening, widening sea,
Which shall utterly burst its bounds at His feet in eternity!

I will give Him the years of my life, if they many be or few,
And will seek each day of those years His pleasure to know and do.
Like the flower that turns her face each morn to the rising sun,
So will I look to my Lord, to see what He would have done.

I will give Him my good right hand to be foremost in the fight,
To hold His colors aloft on the side of truth and right;
And, should He call me to prove my loyalty with my life,
He shall surely find me fallen in the thickest of the strife.

So will I cleave to Him—His only in life or death,
Blessing His glorious name with my last long, earth-drawn breath;
Wing my way to Him when my soul has taken flight,
Loving Him, praising Him THERE without weariness day or night.

—Eva Travers Poole.

SAVE THE LITTLE ONES.—During the hot summer months thousands of little ones will be carried off because of their inability to digest the food given them. Undigested food causes irritation of the bowels, which speedily produces the dreaded Cholera Infantum. The best food to use at this season in order to avoid this great danger is the celebrated Lactated Food. It is easily digested, readily assimilated, and agrees with the weakest stomach. Physicians endorse it. Sold by druggists.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. No discount on large advt. or repeated insertions. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

5 STORIES FOR 30 CENTS!

Ogilvie's Popular Reading. Number Twenty-one, contains the following five complete stories, each one of which is worth \$1.00: "Her Face to the Fire," by Mary N. Holmes; "The Face in the Corner," by Miss M. E. Braddon; "A Bridge over the Sea," and other tales, by Miss Mulock; "Nineteenth Century Realities and Reflections," by J. S. Ogilvie; "The Diary of a Minister's Wife," by Mrs. M. Brown. It contains also a handsome frontispiece, printed in colors, and is handsomely bound. Sold by all dealers, or mailed for 30 cents by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS, 31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

Gospel Book and Tract Repository, ORILLIA, CANADA.

Have on hand a large and varied stock of British Gospel Tracts, Bibles, Booklets and Books. Evangelists, Pastors, Missionaries, Sunday-school Teachers and Tract-Distributors should send for our Revised Catalogue, which will be forwarded on application.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

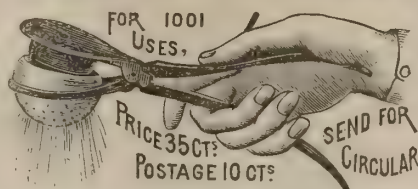
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR New Sunday-School Song Book. Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies. TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

ATOMIZER AND SPRINKLER



THE ALFORD & BERKELE CO., 77 Chambers St., P.O. Box 2002, New York.

SAM JONES' Sermons, 600 pages, 50 Engravings. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid. Send for Illustrated Circular of this and other popular books. AGENTS WANTED.—Liberal Pay. WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

James M'Creery & Co.

At their Semi-Annual Stock Inventory on the 9th inst. selected several very large Assortments of COLORED and FANCY SILK VELVETS, etc., which they will dispose of during the month at extremely LOW PRICES.

Broadway and 11th Street, NEW YORK.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES (avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost of every Piano they sell) and send First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet Grand 7 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano, warranted 6 years, for \$193! Send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circular.

Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

Conquest of Mexico

The HISTORY of, by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. With a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés. Illustrated Library Edition, in two volumes, small octavo. Price, \$2.25. Vol. I. ready July 10, Vol. II. ready Aug. 15, 1886.

The expiration of copyright enables me now to present this great work to American readers at a popular price, yet in form worthy of the author, and worthy of the finest library. Its mechanical qualities are fairly equal to those of my best edition of "Guizot's History of France."

"A history possessing the unity, variety, and interest of a magnificent poem. It deals with a series of facts and exhibits a gallery of characters, which to have invented would place its creator by the side of Homer; and which to realize and represent in the mode Mr. Prescott has done, required a rare degree of historical imagination."—EDWIN P. WHIFFLE.

"It is a noble work; judiciously planned and admirably executed; rich with the spoils of learning easily and gracefully worn; imbued everywhere with a conscientious love of the truth, and controlled by that unerring good sense without which genius leads astray with its false lights,

and learning encumbers with its heavy panoply. It will win the literary voluptuary to its pages by the attractiveness of its subject and the flow of ease of its style; and the historical student will do honor to the extent of the research which it displays; and to the thoroughness of which its investigations have been conducted. We can confidently predict for it an extensive and permanent popularity. . . . It will take its place among those enduring productions of the human mind which age cannot stale and custom cannot wither."—GEORGE S. HILLARD.

For \$1.90

received on or before August 15, the two volumes complete, will be sent, postpaid. This offer will secure considerable reduction in the cost to the friends who choose to aid, by their prompt orders, meeting the heavy expense of publication.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. HISTORY of the REIGN of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Illustrated Library Edition, in two volumes, small octavo, from the same plates as the above, but without illustrations, the two volumes in one. Price, \$1.25. Now ready.

cluding portraits and other illustrations. Fine heavy paper, fine cloth, gilt tops. Price, \$2.25. Popular Edition, from the same plates as the above, but without illustrations, the two volumes in one. Price, \$1.25. Now ready.

"Prescott had the genius to invest the dry facts of history with the charms of fiction; and yet he never sacrifices truth to the graces of style."—WESTLAKE.

"His work is as entertaining as the tales of Sir Walter Scott. It is the marvelous cheapness of publication and quality of the mechanical work that attract notice."—The Midland, St. Louis, Mo.

"One of the finest histories of modern times, written by an author of rare felicity of diction, fervor of imagination, accuracy of statement, and exquisite beauty of style. Every one who reads at all should read Prescott."—Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York. The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

SEND AND GET A COPY OF

Precious Promises.

By Dr. Geikie, author of "Hours With the Bible," etc. Contains Choice Devotional Reading and Hymns. Full of Encouragement, Help and Refreshment for Christians in all Stations of Life.

"Full of inspiration."—Christian Union.
"Inspiring and elevating."—Christian Herald.
12mo, cloth, red edges. Price, 75 cts.

By MISS HAVERGAL.

Royal Grace and Loyal Gifts.

Containing Royal Bounty, Royal Commendations, My King, Royal Invitation, Royal Responses, Kept for the Master's Use. All in one volume large type, beautiful cloth binding, \$1.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

TEACH

Any one can become thoroughly posted in these lessons by reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people can earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp. Agent wanted.

A. H. CRAIG, Publisher, CALDWELL, Racine Co., Wisconsin.

W. DANMAR, Architect,

76 Bible House, New York, Furnishes Sketches and Plans of Buildings for all parts of the country, and on moderate terms.

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, EXODUS, and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings." They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures. Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 2500 pages, \$4.50 (postage or express prepaid).

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.



IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS, it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gel film for WET Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, in Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women, with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what is required long years of difficult practice; costing less 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$4 to \$5, paying big with other business in stores or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in time out of ten homes; A Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit. To EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process Illustrated, Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PULIN, M'K & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 453, 455 Canal St. Mention this paper.

SHORTHAND Text-Book (latest revised edition) and instruction by mail to master, given by the Author of the system for the most popular and EASY method. Endorsed by 1,000 graduates and professional stenographic Book containing all the principles of the art, arranged in twenty-four lessons. Sent, postpaid, \$1.—J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

STUDENTS, BIBLE READING, PREACHERS, ERS all want a complete

Cruden's Concordance.

WARNE'S EDITION is the Best \$2.00. F. WARNE & Co., 20 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 31.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON,
THE CONVERTED BREWER.

THE KING OF BOOKS. Dr. Talmage's Ser-
mon Last Sunday Morning, at Lakeside, O.

CURRENT EVENTS: Congressional Notes—
The Difficulty with Mexico—The Trial of
the Chicago Anarchists—The Cost of Luxu-
ries—The New British Cabinet—Danger to
the French Republic—The National Char-
itable Organization—Dynamite in a Church
A Wedding on a Bridge, etc.

PICTURE OF KING LUDWIG'S SLEIGH.

A SEASONABLE EXHORTATION. A New
Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT
EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE SEALED BOOK. By Rev. W. Haslam.

PRISONERS OF HOPE. By Rev. Sam Jones.

Work Among German Bargemen—A Preacher

Stoned—Children and Pug Dogs—Indian

Delicacy—Gems from New Books.

THE ORDEAL ON THE PILGRIM. (With
Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. (Continued.)

Jesus Teaching Humility. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Mr. F. N. CHARRINGTON, the Converted Brewer—Scenes in his Work.

MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON,

The Converted Brewer and His Mission Work.

Birth in 1850—Education and Travels—Rev. W. S. Rainsford's Appeal—Conversion—Opens a Night School in the Slums—Mission Work Over a Stable—The Proprietor and His Dog—Charrington's Entire—Quits the Brewery Forever—His Father's Death-bed Forgiveness—Street Preaching—Lusby's Theatre—A Night in Jail—A Great Mission Hall.

WHAT is the chief good in life? Every thinking man has to decide that in his own case. How the majority decide we may see by the eager competition for wealth, or fame, or power, that is going on all around us. A few, divinely guided, decide otherwise. As Moses when he came to years of discretion quitted the royal palace, resigned his brilliant prospects, and cast in his lot with an enslaved people (Heb. 11 : 25), so others, following his example, have chosen the better part. One such is he whose portrait appears on the first page this week. Wealth to a fabulous extent was within his grasp; but he quitted the life of ease and luxury open to him for a life of self-sacrificing labor, and chose, instead of worldly riches and honor, the reproach of the cross.

EARLY YEARS.

Frederick Nicholas Charrington was born in Bow Road, London, on February 4th, 1850, and is now, therefore, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He is the son of Mr. Charrington, of the famous firm of Charrington, Head, & Co., whose brewery covers an immense space of ground. At an early age he was placed at a school in Brighton. From there he went to the famous school of Marlborough, where he was for a time laid low by a fever which broke out among the pupils. On his recovery he went to Brighton College and there finished his education.

IN THE BREWERY.

After leaving school Mr. Charrington went in company with Mr. J. H. Buxton, a young friend, also a brewer, for a tour through Europe, under the care of the Rev. Thomas Scott, a clergyman. They visited the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and travelled through Switzerland and Italy. His father now offered to send him to either Oxford or Cambridge University, but this he declined, and commenced learning the business at once by becoming a pupil of Neville, Reed & Co., brewers to the Queen, at Windsor.

After remaining at Windsor for twelve months Mr. Charrington entered his father's brewery in the East End of London. Soon after this he accompanied his parents on another tour on the Continent, and on this occasion he met with Rev. W. S. Rainsford, now of St. George's church, New York. They travelled in company on the return journey, during which Mr. Charrington invited his young friend to visit him at his father's house at Wimbledon.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

During this visit Mr. Rainsford spoke to Mr. Charrington about his soul, and plainly asked him if he knew whether he was saved. Mr. Charrington protested against such a subject being brought up, especially after such a pleasant time spent on the Continent. Mr. Rainsford, however, pressed home the question, and made Mr. Charrington promise he would read John 3 when alone. Mr. Charrington had hitherto rested all his hopes of salvation on attendance at church on Sundays, and especially on the statement in the Prayer-Book on Baptism, "Wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

The next night Mr. Charrington fulfilled his promise and read John 3, and, while thinking over the passage, and as he read, he was startled by a reminiscence. Some months before he had casually met Mr. Canning, an old friend, who informed him that he had been converted under the preaching of Lord Radstock. "Converted," said Mr. Charrington, "what do you mean?" Mr. Canning told him, and advised him to read the third chapter of John. Now Mr. Rainsford

had directed him to the same passage. The coincidence, he thought, was remarkable. His two friends must surely think the chapter important. Mr. Charrington read it carefully, and as he read the Holy Spirit entered his heart, and from that hour he was a new man.

Mr. Charrington now became anxious to engage in Christian work. He waited upon the Rector of Stepney, who, while encouraging his application for work, could think of nothing more effective than a night-school.

FIRST SERVICES FOR CHRIST

The young convert was glad to make a beginning. His days were occupied in the great brewery, while his evenings were spent in the night-school. It was rough, difficult, up-hill work, but, full of Christian love, he persevered. At this time he became acquainted with Mr. Campbell, and his friend Mr. Kerwin, and under their influence he entered upon more direct religious work. They were carrying on in the immediate neighborhood a regular meeting among rough boys in a hay-loft. Mr. Charrington was present at their service one night. On arriving, he found himself in a long room, lighted with paraffin-lamps hanging from the rafters. The room was fitted with rude forms, with a platform at one end. Despite the odor of the stable below, it seemed a house of God. The rough lads sang with a will and listened intently to the sermon. Mr. Charrington saw that this was a better work than his own of teaching boys to read and write, and he at once proposed that they should join forces. The next night he took his boys to the loft and helped in the service. It was

A STARTLING CONTRAST

to his former life. As he stood in the loft over the stable, urging the boys to seek the Lord it occurred to him that only a year ago that very night he was the gayest of the gay in a ball-room.

The progress was encouraging, but not without its difficulties. The neighbors were not in sympathy, and even the man from whom they rented the loft often tried to annoy them. On one occasion he came up into the room and declared, with oaths and cursing, that his poor horse, who had to work hard for his living all day long, could not sleep on account of the noise made by the lads singing hymns. (See illustration No. 1.) On another occasion the meeting was exceptionally small, and the Christian workers could not understand the reason until they went down and found the man standing below the staircase guarding the entrance with a ferocious-looking bull-dog.

Eventually they were driven out and a capacious workshop was rented, and fitted up at a cost of over \$1500 as

A MISSION HALL FOR BOYS.

Another was rented for girls. In both places religious services were held nightly by Mr. Charrington and his friends.

Up to this time Mr. Charrington had remained in the brewery, but his conscience was not at rest. Wherever he went he saw his father's name printed on large signboards and posts over the various grog-shops at every miserable street corner. He began to witness sights that touched his heart. He saw drunken fathers, gin-drinking mothers, ill-used children, whose worst enemies were those whom God designed to be their natural protectors. There might seem to be light, warmth, and cordials within, but brawls and fights spoiled the glitter; and then above all he read

"CHARRINGTON, HEAD & CO.'S ENTIRE."

In addition to this, the boys and lads were continually asking him questions about the drink that were not at all likely to make his conscience more at ease, and he began to feel that he was pulling down with one hand what he was building up with the other.

The crisis came. Mr. Charrington told his father that he could have nothing more to do with the business of the brewery. This decision came so unexpectedly that it was a great blow to the family, but he was resolute and not

knowing whether he would be penniless or not he

QUITTED THE BREWERY

forever. It is gratifying to know that his father, bitterly as he resented his son's conduct at the time, saw things in a new light later. On his death-bed he expressed his approval of the course his son had taken, although his will, prepared before his change of view, was an expression of the old man's resentment at his son's renunciation of the brewery.

Thus delivered from entanglements Mr. Charrington gave himself up unreservedly to Christian work among the million and a half of the poor in the East End of London. Day and night, seven days in the week, he worked with all his might from house to house and in the mission hall. One gang after another was broken up, an achievement which greatly contributed to the relief of the police and the quietude of the neighborhood. Mr. Charrington tells how on one Sunday evening

A GANG OF LADS,

all of whom had been convicted of crime, and were called the "forty thieves," came down with sticks secreted up the sleeves of their coats to take vengeance on the boys who had deserted them under Mr. Charrington's influence. Some of the boys came in fear and trembling to tell Mr. Charrington that the gang were just outside waiting for them under the shadow of a wall across the road. (See illustration.) He went out, and speaking kindly to the roughs induced them to give up their idea of fighting, and eventually prevailed upon them to come in and shake hands with their late comrades and join in the service, which was the first time that they had been at such a meeting. Often, after a service, boys would come and plead for their companions who were without home or shelter for the night. This led Mr. Charrington to take a large warehouse which had previously been used as a beer-bottling establishment, and converted it into a Boys' Home. The Home has been the means, in God's hands, of rescuing hundreds of outcast boys.

STREET-PREACHING

was a means greatly used from the outset. Mr. Charrington would take the boys into the slums and hold open-air services. One Sunday afternoon a large number of people collected in one of the by-streets. A milkman had left his cart by the curb-stone near by. Mr. Charrington drew the cart out, and stepping on it, began to preach, to the great astonishment of the people. After awhile the milkman returned, and seeing Mr. Charrington addressing the crowd (see illustration No. 2), was at first inclined to be angry, but after a little talk, and Mr. Charrington offering to pay for any damage done, the man good-naturedly said, "Go ahead, governor; when you've done, I'll go on," and Mr. Charrington went ahead.

SERVICES IN THE THEATRES.

Among other special efforts that Mr. Charrington made to reach the lapsed masses of the East End was to hire the variety theatres in the neighborhood for Sunday-evening services. The largest of these, known as Lusby's, held three thousand people; this was crowded Sunday after Sunday, but the conduct of the place on the intervening week-nights was so disreputable that it became necessary to give up the meetings there, lest those who went on Sunday should go in the week also. Mr. Charrington denounced the place in no measured terms at the last service, and earnestly besought his hearers never to enter it again.

This attack was resented by the unscrupulous proprietors as an attempt to injure their business, and they showed their resentment by inciting their heelers to mob Mr. Charrington. Accordingly, passing the place a few days later, he was set upon and pelted with decayed vegetables and bags of flour. He made his escape without serious injury and redoubled his efforts to counteract the baneful influence of Lusby's Theatre. He even undertook midnight work and succeeded in rescuing a number of abandoned

women, whose initiation in a vicious course was made there.

A NIGHT IN JAIL

was a painful experience resulting from his crusade against "Lusby's." On September 27th, 1880, Mr. Charrington was distributing tracts to the people as they passed in to the theatre, when at a signal from the proprietor a band of roughs left the bar and spread themselves around the tract-distributor blocking the way. A policeman was then induced to arrest Mr. Charrington for "obstructing traffic," and he was hustled to the nearest station-house. He was confined there all night, but by reading aloud, singing and prayer (*see illustration*), he was able to testify to the motley crowd which each hour increased as cell after cell was filled. The next morning Mr. Charrington was discharged by the judge who reprimanded the policeman for making the arrest.

On November 10th, 1883, the foundation stone was laid of a structure which was the outcome of these years of work. Aided by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and other eminent men, Mr. Charrington purchased a plot of ground in the heart of the slums at a cost of \$40,000, and commenced the erection of an enormous mission hall, which is now filled every night and three times on Sunday with an eager, attentive congregation. Mr. Charrington modestly keeps himself in the background, and invites any earnest Gospel preacher to speak to the people, but he is the life and soul of the undertaking. By God's grace the name of Charrington is now famous among the poor of London for something else beside beer.

Muscular Christianity was Usefully Employed recently by a well-known clergyman. The *Brooklyn Union*, referring to a visit paid to this city by the Rev. James L. Hodge, D.D., relates an incident in which this eminent clergyman, now over seventy years old, figured prominently. Dr. Hodge heard that a man in whom he felt a deep interest was in a liquor saloon and indulging much too freely; he sent a messenger to try and persuade the man to leave. The messenger met with abuse only, and came back and reported the failure of his mission. "Very well," said the doctor. "I'll see what I can do," and seizing his cane, he marched boldly across to the liquor store, and there found his man standing at the bar. "C—, I want you to come along with me," said the doctor, in his bland and kindly way. The man, who was drunk enough to be ugly, and, withal, a powerful fellow, refused. "Then, as I came here to fetch you," said the doctor, "I've got to do it," and seizing him rapidly by the back of the neck he had him in the middle of the street in a trice. When the man recovered his breath he looked in helpless astonishment at the great form of the old and muscular minister towering over him. "Now, will you come along?" inquired the doctor. "I will," was the reply; and he went, and was cared for until he was himself again.

The Accounts of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections in New York now published show some suggestive facts. It appears that the dry-goods trade contributed \$4350, while the subscription from the brewers, the most profitable trade in existence, was \$283. The entire amount received was \$46,085, the largest sum raised since the system was organized seven years ago. It was nearly \$10,000 larger than that of the previous year. The increase came largely from the extremes of society, the rich and the poor, the former giving through church collections, and many of the contributions of the poor coming from sewing-women and wage-workers who had experienced the beneficence of the hospitals. The most liberal denominations last year were the Episcopal, whose collections amounted to \$16,185, and the Presbyterian, to \$6898, both much larger than in 1884. During last year the Protestant and Jewish hospitals of the city gave relief to more than 9000 poor patients in their wards.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Girl Terminates a Battle.—At a recent meeting Mr. Stuart remarked: "I was at a missionary meeting the other night, when a missionary told this story. He said: 'Two boys were fighting one Sabbath evening, when a little girl on her way to school interfered and tried to separate them. She succeeded, and after they were pacified she invited them to Sunday-school with her. They willingly consented, and the three walked off together the best of friends. That Sunday-school proved to be the great turning point in the lives of both those boys. I am one of them, and that little girl has since become my wife.'"

An Officer's Search.—"I Was Once Looking after my luggage in a foreign railway station, when a military officer of high rank came up to me, and said: 'Excuse me, but were you in Malta last year?' I told him that I had been. He then said, 'I am searching for peace, but cannot find it, and they tell me there that you have got this peace; if that is so, tell me how I am to obtain it.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I have got the peace of God through the blood of Christ's cross, and you may have it now where you stand; for Christ has said: "My peace I give unto you." All you have to do is to accept this perfect peace that flows wide and deep as a river.' 'Is that the way of it,' he said, 'I have found it now.' He convulsively clasped my hand, and was gone, and I saw him no more, but he had found that peace which so many are searching after to-day."

A Poor Job Better than None.—An Aged Christian friend said: "I know an elder of a Presbyterian church who told me that when he was a young man, after he and a companion had given themselves to the Lord, they attended a Bible-class, and when there he often led in prayer. His companion one day remarked, with a sneer: 'He is making a poor job of it; if I could not do better than that, I would hold my tongue.' So he did hold his tongue, and the result was that he fell out of the Christian life altogether. The other went bravely on, surmounting all difficulties and failures, until he was asked to speak at Gospel meetings, and thus added two talents to the two which he had. Now he stands on a high platform in the Christian life, because he was willing to do what he could. Oh, friends, if you will but let your light shine, God will brighten it as you go on your way!"

Grief Turned into Gladness.—Mrs. Osburn said: "I remember once being in a meeting, and saw a young lad kneeling at a form as a penitent. A number of Christian friends spoke to him, but they did not seem to have the right word; the poor fellow was deeply anxious; I never saw anyone more so. The meeting dispersed, but the young man still knelt at the form, his head bent as if in great grief. I prayed that the Lord would give me a word for him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said: 'Christ made peace through the blood of His cross.' 'Such peace, such peace,' said the young man, raising himself, 'I have found it now.' He gave a sigh as if some heavy load had been lifted from him, and he was now at rest. Yes, he had, in a moment, received that wonderful peace 'that passeth all understanding.' He is now a bright young Christian, and is working for his divine Master in Edinburgh."

A Life Saved Through a Broken Leg.—Capt. Hatfield related: "In the days of Queen Mary there lived a man who did not fear to worship the living God according to his conscience. He had a favorite text, which he often quoted to his friends: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' The Queen heard of this man, and gave orders that he was to be brought to London for trial as a heretic. On the way up to the metropolis an accident happened, and he was thrown from the coach and got his leg broken. He could go no farther, and had to return home until he should recover. His friends now said to him, 'How will this

work together for God?' He replied, 'I do not know God's ways, for they are not our ways; but I know that His promise is true, and it will work in some way for my good.' After he recovered, he again set out on the journey to London, but before he reached the place Queen Mary had died, and Protestant Queen Elizabeth reigned in her stead. The consequence was that this man, with many others, was set at liberty, and was sent back to his home and his friends; and it proved that 'All things did work together for good to him.'"

A Fatal Fall from a Scaffold.—Mr. Campbell observed: "I was once at an evangelistic meeting where I saw a number of young men deeply interested in the conversion of another. I watched them as they pressed him to decide for the Lord that night. He rose from among them, and stood with his hat in his hand, leaning against the lintel of the hall-door, moving slowly from side to side as if his body were keeping time to his mind as it wavered between two opinions. He walked out of the hall into the church, and leaned against the porch as if unwilling to venture outside. I knew by his face that he was pondering something in his mind. Would he or would he not settle this great matter now? Suddenly, with a defiant look upon his face, he put his hat on his head, and quickly walked out. I afterward learned the sad fate of that young man. He was standing on a scaffolding not long afterward working at the front of a building, when by a false step he fell to the ground, was instantly killed, and went to meet his God."

From a Hospital to Heaven.—"A Young Man lay stricken down by fever in the military hospital at Alexandria. A lady went in to visit the sick there, and she heard this lad moaning piteously, 'Mother, oh, mother.' Her heart was touched as she thought of that mother so far away, who would have given much to be with her darling boy. The lady gently placed her hand on his burning forehead, and he said in a grateful voice: 'Thank you, lady; thank you.' As she looked out upon the setting sun as it shone on the yellow waters of the Nile, she began to sing softly the hymn beginning with—

'Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angels' feet have trod.'

As she sang, one weary head after another was raised from the pillows in a listening attitude. When she had finished the hymn, she bent over the young man, and said: 'Will you be there?' A bright gleam came into his eyes as he cheerily replied, 'Yes, I shall soon be there.' The next day he had crossed the river, and was standing on the bright and shining shore beyond the grave."

Won From the Casino.—Mr. McFarlane said: "I was returning home from a meeting last night with one of the workers, and he told me that he was brought in a very strange way to the Lord. When he first came to this place he was quite a stranger, and did not know any one. He was not a Christian, although he was not opposed to Christianity. He was very lonely, and often did not know how to spend his evenings, and by and by he began to go to the casino and such places. One evening he was just entering a variety theatre, when a gentleman put his hand on his shoulder, and said: 'My friend, the theatre will never save you, but the Lord Jesus Christ will.' The young man, rather surprised, turned and looked at the gentleman who had made the remark, when the gentleman asked him if he would come for a walk. The young man consented. 'And,' he said, 'he never once talked to me personally about my soul, but kindly pointed out to me the buildings and places of interest in the city. We came to a band of open-air singers, and we stood then listening to them, and then passed on to a meeting in a tent. There I was deeply impressed with what I heard, and at the close of that meeting I left it and entered another, where I met with Christ Himself, and have been doing what I can for Him since that time.'"

THE KING OF BOOKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Aug. 1, 1886, at Lakeside, O.

"The statutes of the Lord are right."—Ps. 19: 8.

Obsolete Books—Buried in National Libraries—An Old Book in Vigorous Life—Its Mission Not Yet Accomplished—The Book Right in Four Aspects—I. Right in Authentication—The Test of Acceptance—Books of Impostors Rejected—The Test of Exploration—Petra the City of Rock—Other Cities Discovered—Vineyards in Egypt—II. Right in Style—Not Fairly Read—The Inexhaustible Quarry—Its Poetic Treasures—Endless Variety—Suits all Classes—III. Right in Doctrine—IV. Right in Effect.

OLD books go out of date. When they were written they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which had long ago ceased, or advocated institutions which excite not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked with wild mythologies which have gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sunrise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism; neither do we want Sappho, Pythagoras and Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of the people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Menander, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes? Even the old books we have left, with a few exceptions, have but very little effect upon our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born, they are fondled, they grow in strength, they have a middle life of usefulness; then comes old age—they totter and they die. Many of the national libraries are merely

THE CEMETERIES OF DEAD BOOKS

Some of them lived flagitious lives and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the author's study, others in the publisher's hands. Ever and anon there comes into your possession an old book, its author forgotten and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say: "I wish I were dead." Monuments have been raised over poets and philanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books! The world's authors would make pilgrimage thereto, and poetry, and literature, and science, and religion would consecrate it with their tears.

NOT SO WITH ONE OLD BOOK.

It started in the world's infancy. It grew under theocracy and monarchy. It withstood storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles; in Rome and Ephesus and Jerusalem and Patmos. Tyranny issued edicts against it, and infidelity put out the tongue, and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathemas, but the old Bible still lived. It crossed the British Channel and was greeted by Wickcliffe and James I. It crossed the Atlantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until, like that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. Churches and asylums have gathered all along its way, ringing their bells and stretching out their hands of blessing; and every Sabbath there are ten thousand heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free, old English Bible.

It will not have accomplished its mission until it has climbed the icy mountains of Greenland; until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China; until it has thrown its glow amid the Australian mines; until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil; and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be melted into one crown, and this Book shall, at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires. Not until then will this glorious Bible have accomplished its mission.

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text—"The statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is

RIGHT IN AUTHENTICATION,

that it is right in style, that it is right in doctrine, that it is right in its effects.

I. Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake;" not so much evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet;" not so much evidence that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty, by the hands of the prophets, evangelists and apostles, wrote this Book.

Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things, and was written by bad men or impostors, how long would such a book stand? It would be scouted by everybody. And I say if that Bible had been an imposition; or if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it; if it had been a mere collection of falsehoods, do you not suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people? If Job and Isaiah and Jeremiah and Paul and Peter and John were impostors, they would have been scouted by generations and nations. If that Book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar, it is because there is nothing in it destructible.

How near have they come to destroying the Bible? When they began their opposition there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far as I can calculate. These Bible truths, notwithstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the philosophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the rugged German, the passionate French, the picturesque Indian, and the exhaustless Anglo-Saxon. Now, do you not suppose, if that Book had been an imposition and a falsehood, it would have gone down under these ceaseless fires of opposition?

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, and hundreds of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find

A MEDICINE THAT CURED

ten thousand people, would not everybody acknowledge that that must be a good medicine? Why, some one would say: "Do you deny it? There have been ten thousand people cured by it." I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that Book and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth, namely, the leprosy of sin; and if I can point you to multitudes who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to acknowledge the fact that there must be some power in the medicine? Will you take the evidence of millions of patients who have been cured, or will you take the evidence of the sceptic who stands aloof and confesses that he never took the medicine?

The Bible intimates that there was a city called Petra, built out of solid rock.

INFIDELITY SCOFFED

at it. "Where is your city of Petra?" Buckhardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where once flashed imperial pomp and which echoed with the laughter of light-hearted mirth on its way to the theatre. On temples fashioned out of colored stones—some of which have blushed into the crimson of the rose, and some of which have paled into the whiteness of the lily—aye, on column and pediment and entablature and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible.

The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone. "Absurd," infidels year after year said; "it is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is nothing in the

elements to cause such a shower of death as that." Lieutenant Lynch—I think he was the first man who went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others—Lieutenant Lynch went out in exploration and came to the Dead Sea, which, by a convulsion of nature, has overflowed the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line and brought up from the bottom of the Dead Sea great masses of sulphur, remnants of that very tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin.

WHO WAS RIGHT?

the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities or the sceptics who for ages scoffed at it?

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days' journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absurd," cried out hundreds of voices for many years; "no such city was ever built that it would take three days' journey to go around. Besides, it could not be destroyed by fire and water; they are antagonistic elements." But Layard, Botta and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment it is three days' journey around, according to the old estimate of a day's journey, and that it was literally destroyed by fire and water—two antagonistic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the River Tigris, the brick material in those times being dried clay instead of burned, while in other parts they find the remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been excavated and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right, the Bible or infidelity?

Moses intimated that they had vineyards in Egypt. "Absurd," cried hundreds of voices; "you can't raise grapes in Egypt; or, if you can, it is a very great exception that you can raise them." But the traveller goes down, and in the underground vaults of Elithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it, and saw it all about them every day; and in those underground vaults there are vases still encrusted with the settlings of the wine. You see the vine did grow in Egypt, whether it grows there now or not.

Thus you see that while God wrote the Bible, at the same time He wrote this commentary, that "the statutes of the Lord are right," on leaves of rock and shell, bound in clasps of metal, and lying on mountain tables and in the jewelled vase of the sea. In authenticity and in genuineness the statutes of the Lord are right.

II. Again, the Bible is

RIGHT IN STYLE.

I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genealogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the Book. You take up the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence at the four hundredth page to-day, and to-morrow at the three hundredth, and the next day at the first page, how much sense or interest would you get from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven, reading the Bible in that way, could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to go in and Revelation the door to go out.

These epistles of Paul the Apostle are merely letters written, folded up and sent by couriers to the different churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters? Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first and then one line of the third page, and another of the second, and another of the first? No. You begin with "Dear Sir" and end with "Yours truly." Now, here is

A LETTER FROM THE THRONE

of God written to our lost world; it is full of magnificent hopes and propositions, and we dip

in here and there, and we know nothing about it. Besides that, people read the Bible when they cannot do anything else. It is a dark day, and they do not feel well, and they do not go to business, and after lounging about a bit they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to enjoy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days and while your head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine and when your nerves like harp-strings thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear, walk in this paradise of truth, and while your mental appetite is good, pluck these clusters of grace.

I am fascinated with the conciseness of this Book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barrelled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan-tree with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl diver who could gather up one half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the Book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely

THE BIBLE DILUTED.

Goethe, the admired of all sceptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spenser's writings are imitations of the parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what St. John had seen before in Apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his most thrilling sentences with Scripture quotations. Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth, I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish, Italian poets, painters, orators and rhetoricians.

Where is there in the world of

POETIC DESCRIPTION

anything like Job's champing, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder-necked war horse? Dryden's, Milton's, Cowper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as if to the feet of these Bible writers mountains brought all their gems, and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and that since then poets, and orators, and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains, and searching for diamonds in a realm utterly rifed and ransacked.

This Book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons. It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all majesties and splendors. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky hovering around rejoice at the nuptials. This Book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands; it is the song into which are struck all harmonies; it is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah; it is the firmament in which suns and moons and stars and constellations and universes and eternities wheel and blaze and triumph. Where is the young man's soul with any music in it that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection?

I am also amazed at

THE VARIETY

of this Book. Mind you, not contradiction or collision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso and alto and soprano and tenor—they are not in collision with each other but come in to make up the harmony—so it is in this Book; there are different parts of this great song

of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostles another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—"the song of Moses and the Lamb." God prepared

THE BOOK FOR ALL CLASSES

of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that; so He allows Matthew and Luke to write sweet stories about Christ with the doctors of the law, and Christ at the well, and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. Then God knew that the aged people would want to read the Book, so He allows Solomon to compact a world of wisdom in that Book of Proverbs. God knew that the historian would want to read it, and so he allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so He allows Job to picture the heavens as a curtain, and Isaiah the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the hollow of the Omnipotent hand; and God touched David until in the latter part of the Psalms, he gathers

A GREAT CHOIR

standing in galleries above each other—beasts and men in the first gallery; above them, hills and mountains; above them, fire and hail and tempest; above them, sun and moon and stars of light; and on the highest gallery arrays the hosts of angels; and then standing before this great choir, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands crying: "Praise the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord;" and all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder, and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones, respond in magnificent acclaim: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord."

III. I remark again, the Bible is

RIGHT IN ITS DOCTRINES.

Man, a sinner, Christ a Saviour—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness; Christ, the Anointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the Atonement, Moses would never have described the Creation; prophets would not have predicted; apostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus in the Bible were standing on a platform in a great amphitheatre, as if the prophets were behind Him, throwing light forward on His sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before Him, like footlights throwing up their light into His blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory.

The Bible speaks of Pisgah and Carmel and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;" and the lion leaping out of its lair, was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will in my next breath recite to you the most wonderful sentence ever written: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem heaven sympathized with earth, and a wave of joy dashed clear over the battlements and dripped upon the shepherds in the words: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine, so high, so deep, so vast.

IV. Again, the Bible is

RIGHT IN ITS EFFECTS.

I do not care where you put the Bible, it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and

that book. It may be very well, but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the commandments and pleads to the indictment, "Guilty." He takes up the Psalms of David and says: "They just describe my feelings." He flies to good works; Paul starts him out of that by the announcement: "A man is not justified by works." He falls back in his discouragement; the Bible starts him up with the sentences: "Remember Lot's wife," "Grieve not the Spirit," "Flee the wrath to come." Then the man in despair begins to cry out: "What shall I do? where shall I go?" and a voice reaches him saying: "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Take this Bible and place it in the hands of men in trouble? Is there anybody here in trouble? Ah, I might better ask are there any here who have never been in trouble. Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest thorns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the Gospel grow on the most stinging affliction. You thought that Death had grasped your child. Oh, no! It was only the heavenly Shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap, and putting His arms gently around the little one, said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Put

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.

Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together, and you have the noblest work of God. An educated mind without moral principle is a ship without a helm, a rushing rail train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed. Put the Bible in the family. There it lies on the table, an unlimited power. Polygamy and unscriptural divorce are prohibited. Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedient. Domestic sorrows lessened by being divided, joys increased by being multiplied. Oh, father, oh, mother, take down that long-neglected Bible, and read it yourselves and let your children read it!

Put the Bible on the rail train and on ship-board, till all parts of this land and all other lands, shall have its illumination. This hour there rises the yell of heathen worship, and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral pyre, for no other sacrifice is needed since the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book, and obsolete. It is fresher and more intense than any book that yesterday came out of the great publishing houses. Make it your guide in life and your pillow in death.

After the battle of Richmond

A DEAD SOLDIER

was found with his hand lying on the open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hand, but the skeleton finger lay on these words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this Book will become in your last days, when you turn away from all other books, a solace for your soul. Perhaps it was your mother's Bible; perhaps the one given you on your wedding-day, its cover now worn out and its leaf faded with age; but its bright promises will flash upon the opening gates of heaven.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven."

"This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

WORK AMONG GERMAN BARGEMEN.

AN impression has prevailed for some time that the bargemen who were associated with the coal mines on the River Ruhr, in Germany, were ignorant, uncivilized and wicked beyond reclamation; but a religious awakening broke out among them which astonished all who beheld its varied and striking phenomena. There was one man particularly whose nickname of Wolf suggested only a few of the traits of his character; for a savage beast of the forest would have used its offspring better than this man used his household. To crown all, he was a drunkard, and no wolf could ever be charged with that abomination. Though too illiterate to read, the man came under the influence which was abroad, and conscience smote him on account of past iniquities, until life was almost unendurable. In a state of despondency he went to a relative who was a Christian man, who after listening a while remarked, "I know a Physician who can cure you." "Where does he live?" cried Wolf, in extreme eagerness, "I would gladly walk ten miles this night to find him." The only reply to this was to preach Christ as the Great Physician. When the penitent returned home he prayed long and earnestly, until his agony of mind was relieved and he found peace. Instead of beating his wife, he became instrumental in her conversion, while the power with which he preached Christ among the workers on coal barges was viewed with astonishment. Dr. Pinkerton, who relates the particulars, remarks, "The Holy Spirit confirmed his testimony. The holy fire spread from boat to boat; drunkards, thieves, and abandoned characters were made penitent." Hundreds were converted, and houses which had been given up to riot and squalor became clean and attractive—the abodes of peace and love."

AN INDIAN WRONG.

An act of national injustice to the Indians was exposed by Bishop Whipple in an address he delivered at St. Paul, Minn. He stated that the reservoirs built at the headwaters of the Mississippi by the Government in 1880 were erected in spite of the declaration of the Attorney-General that the Government had no right to the lands or material. The result has been that the Indians have seen their crops of wild rice and sugar, and their supply of fish, completely destroyed, and they have no means of subsistence left them. Congress had offered them \$1500 for the overflow of their lands and the destruction of the crops. The Indians are in want now and growing desperate. Through the efforts of their friends they have been so far peaceable, but during the coming winter no one need be surprised if the costly Government works are ruined by men made desperate by hunger and want. These are the same Indians with whom Senator Rice and General Sibley lived for twenty years, and who were always friendly to the white man.

A PREACHER STONED.

AN incident showing that persecution patiently endured becomes, in these days, as in ancient times, a seed certain to bear fruit, is related in this month's *Foreign Missionary* by the Rev. Donald C. McLaran, who writes from Campanha, where there is now a flourishing mission station. He says:

Thirteen years ago, Rev. José Manoel Conceição, a converted priest, and member of our Presbytery, now dead, was in Campanha. It was his custom to journey from place to place, preaching as he had opportunity. He had not preached in Campanha, nor had even announced his intention of doing so. Some Jesuit missionaries were in the town, and the people had been stirred up by them. In some way, perhaps through his conversation with some one at the hotel, the people learned that he was a Protestant, and became greatly excited. On his return to the house after a brief absence, he was refused admittance by the landlord, and turned out into the street, where an angry mob was

collecting. He made his way to the outskirts of the town. Seeing his pursuers gaining on him, he turned to the last house in the town asking for protection, but the door was shut in his face. The crowd came near enough now to hit him with the stones which they had gathered on the way. He bore their cruelty meekly and in silence. Finally, however, he turned, lifted the hat from his head, from which the blood was streaming, and said: "Jesus suffered much more than this." Soon a large stone struck him on the temple, and he fell senseless. The crowd left him for dead; but, happily, he had strength enough left, when he came to himself, to drag himself to a place of safety. Such was Campanha thirteen years ago!

CHILDREN AND PUG DOGS.

THE intense heat of last week occasioned much suffering in New York, but there were some startling variations in the condition of the sufferers. A newspaper reporter met with two instances in a journey up-town. At the corner of Twenty-third Street two fashionably dressed ladies were bemoaning the heat, and one of them, pointing to the fat pug dog with her, said: "Poor Nan suffers dreadfully this weather. She felt yesterday's heat more than any day yet. I had her in the coolest room in the house, and then fanned her most of the day." Here the reporter's car bore him away. A half hour later his way took him in a different quarter, where he saw mothers bearing in their arms the sick babies whose little lives were weakly gasping out under the accumulated burdens of stifling heat, scant nourishment, and the polluted air of crowded tenements. The sight was pitiful—the weary, hopeless expression of the women, and the pale, sodden faces of the babies, who lay, most of them, with closed eyes and hanging, nerveless hands. In forcible contrast rose the spectacle of an enervated pug lolling on its cushions in a cool, airy room, while its devoted mistress tirelessly waved the refreshing palm-leaf before its bloated countenance. Whatever we may think, these things do not escape the notice of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these" (Matt. 25 : 45).

INDIAN DELICACY.

THERE is a certain sense of politeness and consideration for the feelings of others sometimes manifested by the Indians, which proves that there is material in them to work upon, as also that they possess a disposition which it would be well if white men and women would emulate. Several illustrations are given in the *American Missionary*, among them the following: "Some Indian schoolboys found their teacher had a very great aversion to frogs. To them it was a continual source of amusement to see her run away from them. One day a boy caught one and shut it up in the table drawer. The teacher entered the room. All were in order, but when she opened the drawer the frog, glad to gain its liberty, leaped out upon the table and the teacher made a great ado. One of the boys, in a gentlemanly way, took up the frog, carried it to the door, and threw it out. No sign of enjoyment could be discerned in their faces. They remained through school hours retaining their solemn dignity. Afterward as they told of it they laughed until the tears came, laughed over and over again as they remembered the dismay of the teacher. Why did they not laugh at first? They had not yet come into the ways of white men enough to realize that we would excuse rudeness in our pupils, even under these circumstances, and they consider it rude to laugh aloud or to laugh at all at the expense of another in the other's presence.

"When one of the young lady missionaries asked an Indian woman for her 'Wakan sica tanka,' instead of her 'Waksica tanka,' no one laughed till the teacher was gone. When I inquired why the dish-pan was not given, the reply was, she did not ask for the dish-pan; she asked for 'the great evil spirit,' (the devil), and I assure you no Indian woman hears that story with-

out laughing heartily. Another teacher, meaning to ask for a tub, asked for a young man, and, though to her face they did not laugh, I have seen a whole sewing-school convulsed with laughter over the mistake several times since."

THE SEALED BOOK.

A SCENE IN HEAVEN.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

Seen by Daniel and John—No One to Open the Book—The Lion as the Lamb—The Song of Rejoicing—A New Era Begun in Heaven—A New Dispensation on Earth—The Lord's Title-Deeds—His New Work.

THE fifth chapter of the Apocalypse contains the account of the investiture of the Lord Jesus as the Son of Man. In this character He is to execute the judgment of God upon the world of the ungodly.

This vision is evidently the same as that seen by the prophet Daniel (Daniel 7 : 13, 14). The Apostle John's representation of the scene is more full, opening to us a view of majesty and glory in heaven. He shows us the Ancient of Days enthroned in celestial state and attended by thousands and thousands of bright and intelligent beings. They evidently understand the scene and its occasion, and seem to know what is to be done, and what eventually is to be the result.

"I saw," continues the apostle, "in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the back, close sealed with seven seals."* Much interest is centred in that mysterious book, and large expectation fills the minds of the surrounding hosts on account of it.

Next, the apostle says: "I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?" All was still and silent after the proclamation of this herald, and the heavenly throng remained in expectancy. The narrative continues, "No man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon" (Rev. 5 : 2, 3). And John says of himself, "I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon" (Rev. 5 : 4).

While he was thus absorbed in his sorrow, one of the elders said unto him: "Weep not; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo" (instead of the lion), "in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And He came, and took the book out of the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne" (Rev. 5 : 5-7).

The Person who is thus brought before the Ancient of Days is the same of whom we read in the fifth chapter of Revelation. He is surrounded with the same beings—namely, the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders. He comes forward now, and takes the book into His hand as One who has the right to do so. Into His hand it is given, as the One who alone is worthy to open "and to loose the seven seals thereof." Immediately upon His taking the book, the heavenly throng break out into songs of glorious adoration and thanksgiving.

It was such a song as had never been sung before. The apostle in the first chapter of Revelation gives us a hymn of praise; but it does not reach as far as this one. It goes to the extent of saying, "Thou hast made us kings and priests unto God;" but now that the Lamb has taken the book into His hands, the new song adds, "and we shall reign on the earth." Partakers and sharers with the Lord in His humiliation and sacrifice, they are now to be sharers of the glory which is to be put upon Him.

* The prophet Daniel was commanded to "shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end."—Dan. 12 : 4.

On hearing the song of the angels, "the four beasts said, Amen; and the four-and-twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever" (Rev. 5:14). While this grand chorus of praise and glory is ascending, the four living creatures are not unmindful of the orphans left upon the earth, and who are suffering, or about to suffer, in the great tribulation which is coming. Therefore they appear before the throne, "having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints" (Rev. 5:8). They praise the Lord for taking His glorious office, and they plead for the persecuted ones He is about to deliver.

From these songs and triumphs we can easily understand that a new era is begun in heaven, and that

A NEW DISPENSATION

is to be ushered in upon the earth. God is about to change His action toward the sons of men. Hitherto He has been beseeching sinners through Christ to be reconciled to Him, and to accept His salvation (see II Cor. 5:20); now He deposes Him who was the Saviour to be the Judge; or, rather, as Ruler and King, to demand submission. Formerly He besought men to accept His grace; now He will require and compel obedience in His kingdom.

Let us next ascertain who is this Person thus brought before the Ancient of Days and welcomed by the heavenly host. We understand in a general way that it is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. It is needless to say that He is not there as the Son of God who came to seek and to save sinners, or as the One who had saved that rejoicing multitude around Him. Nor is He there as the Bridegroom of His Church, *which has been taken up* to be with Him where He is. He appears rather as the Son of Man, who is invested with all power.

One of the elders (they belonged to the Old Testament dispensation) pointed Him out to John as the Lion; and when John (who belongs to the Christian Church) looks up, he sees "a Lamb as it had been slain." From these two indications or figures it is easy to identify in this Person the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now we may understand what is the meaning and import

OF THE SEALED BOOK.

It is the title-deed of the Lord's inheritance as the Son of Adam and the Son of David. The book throws light on the Goel, and the Goel on the sealed book. (See Lev. 23:25; Jer. 32:7-15.)

The sealed book in Revelation is the antitype of those title-deeds which were made and kept in Jewish times. It is, as I have already said, the title-deed of the Lord's inheritance, which, however, cannot be redeemed or possessed until the Jews have returned to their own land, or until the time of the Gentiles is fulfilled.

It is, then, as the Great Kinsman or Goel of Adam, and of Abraham, and of David, that the Lord Jesus Christ is adored and worshipped before that glorious and triumphant throng. They rejoice in anticipation, for they are sure that the great work will be accomplished which is now, and here, thus solemnly and mightily undertaken.

Much, very much, is to be done before the Lord will rest in peace as the Second Adam, or in peace sit upon His throne as the antitype of Solomon. When He was here upon earth He only paid the price of redemption; but now He is taking upon Himself to accomplish the redemption of His purchased possession. It has belonged to Him all these two thousand years. In taking the sealed book, He is but taking up His rightful position, that He might go forth to punish the rebellious; that He might restore the earth from that curse which was brought upon it by the fall, and that He might overcome and bind Satan, who has been so long deceiving souls. This is the work in which henceforth He is to be engaged until it is accomplished, and then He will take to Himself His kingdom and reign over the whole earth.

He will open the seals of the mysterious

book, and as they are opened one by one in the presence of the heavenly throng, there will be corresponding action and events upon the earth. Not until all the seals are finally opened shall we see the Lord come in majesty and power to take actual possession of the kingdoms of the world.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam. Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

Three Classes—I. Consecrated Christians—II. The Inquirers—III. The Listless—Prisoners Without Hope—The Fallen Angels—The Impenitent Dead—Sudden Death of a Hearer—A Preacher's Dream in the War.

"We are bid to come as prisoners of hope" (Zech. 9:12). I turn over the pages of my Book, and I find there are three classes of prisoners with hope.

"I. The first class I find mentioned here are the consecrated Christian men and women of this world—men who have left all to follow Christ. We are prisoners of hope. We are prisoners hemmed in by the environments of earth, temptation, and of life. We are prisoners, but, thank God, prisoners of hope. 'Brother, I have laid down at night and gone to sleep, and dreamed of heaven. I have sat down and read of heaven. I have listened to the minister as he told me of heaven. I have thought of heaven; but oh, how inspiring the blessed thought, some day I will get there. Thank God for the city. And, brother, when we get there we will be free men!'"

"II. There is another class of prisoners with hope. That is those men and women who are attending these meetings, and they say: 'I have got a personal interest; I want to be saved.' Brother, you are penitent to-night; you are sorry you are a sinner; you are sorry you have done bad. I want to tell you another thing, that there are just thousands of people all over America that are tired of a life of sin. I know what my life was. Whenever I sat down and began to think over my own case, I got miserable, that, with all the lights and privileges I had, oh what a bad man I was. I am sorry for it."

I WISH I WAS GOOD,

and I have said it a thousand times as a sinner—"I wish I was a good man; I would give anything in the world if I was a good man." My life for three or four years before I was converted was turbulent indeed. If I would sit down an hour and think of my life, think of myself, I would almost be insane. If you feel in your heart to-night like you want to be a good man, God touched your heart and now you feel it; the same good Spirit that roused that feeling in your nature stands ready to carry it on now unto the feet of Jesus Christ. Foster your good feelings. Yield to your impressions, and then above everything else, say to-night: 'I resolve here and now to give my heart to God, and to cease a life of sin.'

"III. There is another class of prisoners with hope. That is that man that came here

LISTLESS AND CARELESS

to-night; came through curiosity maybe. He has not thought about his soul maybe for five years; but now, as he sits and looks at me in the face, he says: 'Well, after all, there is something in religion for me; I wish I was a good man; this is the first sermon I have heard for five years; I don't know hardly how I ever came to be sitting under the sound of this sermon.' But, my brother, if down in the chambers of your soul to-night the Gospel reaches out in peace and love yield to the good impression and be a prisoner of hope all the rest of your days. Be a freeman of God in the sweet by and by. Oh, my brother, God is ready and willing to save you to-night."

"Now to the other side of the question a moment. There are prisoners without hope. The first class we read of in this Book are the angels who kept not their first estate. They sinned against God and were cast down in chains of

everlasting darkness. Another class of prisoners without hope is the men and women in our Gospel-enlightened land who have lived and died rejecting offers of God's mercy, and died impenitent at last. There is one place where I never have preached, and where I never shall preach, and that is out there in the cemetery. I will never go among the tombstones and dead bodies of men to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. No, sir. I preach to the living. No, sir. I preach to men with mind and muscle and nerve and blood and bone. I preach to men who walk and talk among the children of men; and I beg you, brother, I beg you to-night, prepare to meet your God before your body is prepared for that graveyard."

"I stopped in St. Joseph, Mo., last summer, and there said: 'Brother, God has put this meeting between you and an eternal hell. You kick it to one side and rush to hell. Oh, stop, consider, and give your heart to God!' Sitting in that congregation was a young man in the bloom and vigor of health. Before I had left that town that young man who heard the faithful warning staggered, fell upon the sidewalk, and died almost within a minute. Oh, God, prepare the man in this house who shall die first. Maybe before next Sunday's sun shall rise some of us shall have breathed the last."

DURING THE WAR

an incident occurred that illustrates most vividly the point I am making. In the Army of Virginia, the brother of a Georgia preacher was fatally wounded. The preacher brother was telegraphed for to go to the front. He hurried, and when he got there, he found his brother was in a country home, and thought to be mortally wounded. He went out to see him, and walked into the room of the wounded brother, and looked into his wasted face, and took his hand, and said: 'Brother, I am so glad to see you. I am so glad to be able to come here and wait on you. But, brother, the first question is, how about your soul?'

"Ah," said the wounded brother, 'don't talk to me about my soul. With six mortal wounds in my body, how can I talk about my soul. I have neglected my soul all my life. Don't trouble me about that. Don't ask me that question again.'

"The next day he tried to talk with him, but he waved him off, and said: 'Brother, I begged of you yesterday not to trouble me with that question.' This preacher brother sat by him six days and nights but he would not let him mention the subject any more. On the sixth night he could see that his brother was very low but perfectly quiet. About two o'clock in the morning he thought he would lie down on the lounge in the room and rest a little. He did not think he would go to sleep, but he had lost so much rest that he soon fell asleep."

HE DREAMED

his brother had died, and died with his mouth wide open. He dreamed that as soon as his brother was dead the devil came tripping into the room in bodily shape and walked to the side of the bed, and looked down his brother's mouth to see if his soul was gone. The preacher said he dreamed the soul of his brother had hidden behind a pile of wood that had been placed in the room to keep up the fire. He thought the devil scented the soul, and started toward the pile of wood. As the devil started, the brother's soul flew out of the window, crying: 'Lost! lost!' He dreamed he heard the cries in the distance, and the screams of his brother's soul, as it hurried in its flight, the devil in pursuit."

"He said he awoke in a fright, and the light had gone out. He lighted the lamp, and walked up to his brother's side. He was dead, with his mouth wide open. The preacher said he believed God had closed his eyes in sleep that he might see the very thing that took place."

"God deliver me from a guilty sinner's dying bed. I know but one hope, and that is to call upon God, and He says He will hear your voice and deliver your soul."



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Disaster Befell the River and Harbor Bill last week in the House. When the Conference Committee presented its report, it was apparent to the members that the instructions of the House had been disregarded, and it was therefore decided, by a vote of 135 to 102, to reject the report. Two of the three conferees only had yielded to the Senate's terms; Mr. Willis, the third conferee, would not surrender, and he opposed the report in the House. He warned the House that in accepting the bill in its present shape not only that bill but all future bills of the same character would be doomed. He might have added with perfect safety that members who voted for it would be doomed, too. There are few districts in which intelligence is at so low an ebb that the voters do not know the object of the bill, and perceive the motives of members who vote for it. Honest members, and wary members who want to be re-elected by the vote of honest men, are wisely keeping their record clean on this measure.

A Much-Needed Check on the Rapacious British capitalists who are absorbing the public domain was administered last week in the House by the passage of the Alien Landlord bill. It provides that no non-resident alien or foreigner, nor any resident alien or foreigner who has not declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, nor any corporation nor association where at most one tenth of its stock or right of property is owned or controlled by aliens or foreigners shall acquire or own, hold or possess by right, title, or descent, accruing hereafter, any real estate in any of the Territories of the United States: Provided, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to the real estate necessary for the construction and operation of any railroad. It passed the House by a vote of 209 to 6. Some such measure was urgently needed. The greedy crew of dukes, lords, and millionaires who have monopolized the land in their own country until the laborers starve, and the farmer sinks into poverty, will do the like here if they can.

The Senate Passed the Morrison Resolution on Friday with an important amendment which strips it of its most dangerous element. It permits the President to suspend the operation of the resolution whenever an emergency arises which in his discretion justifies his doing so, and he is to report the fact to Congress with his reasons. Whether the House will agree to the resolution so emasculated is doubtful. The Senate also added a clause providing that, for a period of six months, United States trade dollars, if not defaced, mutilated, or stamped, shall be received at their face value in payment of all dues to the United States and shall not be again paid out. That the holder of any United States trade dollars may present them at the Treasury

and receive in exchange therefor a like amount and value, dollar for dollar, in standard silver dollars or in subsidiary coins. It is a curious fact that the trade dollar is intrinsically worth more than the Bland dollar.

Prohibition Made its Appearance in the Senate on July 26th in the form of a joint resolution favorably reported by the Committee on Education and Labor. It recommended that an amendment to the Constitution be submitted to the Legislature of the States for ratification. The amendment provides that from and after the year 1900 the manufacture and sale and importation of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, and scientific purposes, and for use in the arts, shall cease. The proposal has caused some amusement in and out of Congress, but those who laugh are perhaps unaware what proportion the Prohibitionists already bear to the population, and the proportion increases daily.

The Difficulty with Mexico about the Arrest of Mr. A. K. Cutting seems to be a puzzle difficult to understand. The State Department is reported to be in possession of Mr. Cutting's version of the affair, which must be different from that given by the Mexican papers or Mr. Bayard would not have interfered. The Mexican report, which at the time of writing is the only one published, represents Mr. Cutting as having libelled a Mexican citizen in his newspaper, which is published in Mexico, at El Paso del Norte. Brought into court he retracted the libel and was released. But the same day he crossed the Rio Grande and repeated the libel in an American journal, whereupon he was again arrested and held for trial. He was charged with contempt of court. He demurred on the ground that, as the alleged contempt was committed on American soil, the Mexican courts had no jurisdiction. The court offered to release him on bail, but he declined to take advantage of the offer, and appealed to the United States Government, and Mr. Bayard has demanded his release. The affair has caused much excitement on both sides the frontier.

The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists was Continued through last week. Important evidence was given on Tuesday by a clerk who, on the night when the bomb was thrown, saw Spies and Schwab on their way to the meeting. He followed them, and heard one ask the other if "one would be enough." They were joined by a man named Schnaubelt, who has not been captured, and the clerk testified that he saw Spies hand him something which Schnaubelt placed in his coat pocket, and Schwab then said to him, "Now, if they come, give it to them." Several witnesses aver that it was Schnaubelt who threw the bomb, and this evidence would make it appear that Spies armed him with it. Another witness swore that he saw Spies apply a match to the fuse in the bomb a moment before it was thrown. The defence for some of the prisoners will be an alibi, and for others that they knew nothing of the intention of the miscreant who threw the bomb.

A Large Increase in Drinking and Smoking is shown by the Internal Revenue records for the past year. The beer consumed was six hundred and forty-two million gallons, or more than ten gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country. This is a million and a half of barrels more than the consumption of the previous year. The increase in the whiskey was one million six hundred thousand gallons, and the total was over a gallon for every inhabitant. Tobacco for smoking and chewing shows an increase of eleven million pounds over the previous year. The total was one hundred and ninety million pounds. The consumption of cigars also increased. Thirty-five hundred millions were sold last year, or about sixty for every inhabitant. In 1866 the average was ten to every inhabitant. Thirteen hundred million cigarettes were also consumed, an increase of one fourth over the previous year. Reckoning the cost of these luxuries at the lowest figure, which is, of course, much below the actual

amount paid, the total sum spent in them last year must have been eleven hundred and eighty-nine million dollars.

The New British Cabinet was Constituted last week, though several minor offices were not filled. The leading members of the Cabinet are well known by reputation in America. The Premier is Lord Salisbury, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on January 28th. The Foreign Secretary is the Earl of Iddesleigh, better known by his former name of Sir Stafford Northcote. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Secretary of the Treasury, is Lord Randolph Churchill, who is also to be leader of his party in the House of Commons. The Secretary for Ireland, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was formerly the leader in the House. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is the Marquis of Londonderry, a grand-nephew of the notorious Castlereagh. The Secretary for Home Affairs is almost the only new man among them, Mr. Henry Matthews, a barrister. The President of the Board of Trade is an aristocrat, the Rt. Hon. Edward Stanhope, whose ignorance of commercial affairs must be conspicuous. The Secretary for War is the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, whose ridiculous behavior as Secretary for the Navy, some years ago, made him the laughing-stock of every English-speaking nation. He achieved prominence and wealth by organizing a gigantic monopoly for the sale of newspapers at railroad stations.

The Cabinet Appointments have Caused Considerable surprise and some disappointment in England. The men chosen are regarded as reactionary and unfit for their new offices. Lord Randolph Churchill's impetuosity and lack of tact are expected to render his leadership of the House a failure, while he has never displayed any of the financial ability requisite for his other office. Mr. Matthews, it is announced, was appointed to his office at the request of the Queen, who was "charmed by the castigation he administered" the other day to Sir Charles Dilke, and "by his vindication of the sanctities of English home life." She seems to have had no one near her to tell her that not long ago Mr. Matthews was himself disgraced by being made a co-respondent in a divorce case, and that he only said in the Crawford-Dilke case what he was paid to say. The greatest mistake, however, appears to be in sending the Marquis of Londonderry to govern Ireland. The Irish know him only as the representative of Castlereagh, whose name is hated by every patriotic Irishman. The meanest and most ignorant peasant has heard of Castlereagh, the briber and betrayer of the Irish Parliament, and he loathes his name and loads it with curses. Of all the living Englishmen who were eligible for the office, Castlereagh's young nephew is precisely the one man who will enter upon his duties with the strongest prejudice against him. Lord Salisbury cannot be suspected of plotting to provoke rebellion in Ireland, but he has taken the most promising road to that end.

A Sensational Article in a Parisian Journal was published last week in which the writer warned France that a military dictatorship was being planned to overthrow the Republic. The article plainly asserted that General Boulanger, who is Minister of War, was plotting for the supreme command in France, and pointed out several of his speeches and acts as confirmation of the suspicion. The leaders of the Legislature, and prominent statesmen, ridiculed the idea, but it clearly produced a profound sensation throughout France and in European Cabinets. General Boulanger is forty-nine years of age, has a reputation for bravery, and is known to be ambitious. In the present unsettled condition of France, when Radicalism appears to be increasing, and the Monarchists are excited by the expulsion of the princes, an opportunity is presented for a bold, unscrupulous man to grasp the supreme power, if, like Napoleon I. he has the confidence of the army. This General Boulanger is said to possess in a marked degree, and that fact may have led to the suspicion.

The Census of the Sunday-Schools of New York City has just been completed by the New York Sunday-school Association. The following are the results: The total number of Sunday-schools of all evangelical denominations in New York, is 370. Of this number, Protestant Episcopal churches support 83, Presbyterian churches are next, with 66 schools, Methodists 59, and Baptists 41. Chinese missions number 26. The remaining 95 schools are scattered among churches of various denominations. The scholars in all the schools number 103,823, over whom there are 10,152 teachers. Five thousand and fifty-six children united with the churches during the year, and \$57,861.28 was taken up in collections in the Sunday-schools.

A Dynamite Outrage on a Church was Perpetrated at St. Clair, Pa., on Friday night last. During the past two years a vigorous crusade against the saloons has been waged by the Law and Order Society, led by Rev. William Owens, the pastor of the English Baptist Church. Soon after midnight, on July 30th, persons residing near the church were startled by an explosion accompanied by a severe shock. An investigation showed that the church was the scene of the explosion. Dynamite had been placed on the highest of the three steps to the vestibule and exploded by a fuse. The greatest force was exerted in the direction of the cellar. The vestibule was wrecked. The windows were shattered, those on the south side being the worst wrecked. The front doors were splintered, and the frames shattered into match-wood. The act is believed to have been prompted by malice against the pastor, on account of the liquor prosecutions. Eight months ago the house and store-front of a prominent member of the society were similarly blown up with dynamite.

The Baptist Publication Society has Suffered a severe loss by the dishonesty of its head book-keeper. It is stated that the total defalcation amounts to thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Peirson, the book-keeper, was thrown from his carriage in May last, and his leg was broken. As he was unable to attend to business, and it was necessary to prepare a statement for the forthcoming annual meeting, an accountant was called in to do the work. He speedily discovered that something was wrong with the accounts, and, as his investigation proceeded, the whole startling deficit was found. Mr. Peirson has been arrested, and admitted to bail. He admits that he took the money for stock speculations in which he lost heavily. He has turned over to the Baptist Publication Society the whole of his property toward the loss. It is only a short time since the Baptist Home Mission Society was robbed of a still larger sum by their counsel.

A National Charitable Organization has Resulted from the reunion of the chaplains of the Sanitary and Christian Commission at Valley Camp. The organization will include not only the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, the Red and White Cross societies, but also all benevolent societies in the United States. One of the delegates, in detailing the object of the organization, said: "Our working members will be ready at a moment's notice to go to any part of the United States should a pestilence break out. If, for instance, the yellow fever should again rage in the South hundreds of our soldiers would at once be sent to the field of suffering. Our aim will be to minister to the sick and suffering in every part of our country. I consider the formation of such a society one of the greatest triumphs for humanity and civilization. The brotherhood of man is our motto, and 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you' is our watchword." The committee having the matter in charge consists of the Rev. John O. Foster, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, Joseph D. Weeks and President G. H. Stewart. The plan also embraces missionary work in the Far West, and one of the objects of the society will be to send religious and secular reading matter to all parts of the country. The poor, the sick and the suffering are our Lord's representatives on earth, by His special appoint-

ment. It is a hopeful sign that the Church is recognizing its duty toward them, and not forgetting that they have bodies as well as souls.

A Knotty Question for the State Department was submitted last week by our minister at Constantinople. The Sultan of Turkey has issued a circular to the governors of the various provinces instructing them to enforce the law which stipulates that the naturalization of Turkish subjects abroad shall not be recognized. The governors are requested, in the event of the return to Turkey of the class referred to, to continue to treat them as Turkish subjects, and not permit consular intervention in their cases. The circular is mainly directed against American naturalized citizens, as it is seldom that a Turk is so enamored with any other country he may visit as to desire to become a citizen of it. The American courts have at various times naturalized a large number of Armenians, who are the persons concerned. Until this matter is arranged between the two governments they will do well to stay here; it certainly will not be safe in the face of this circular to be found in Turkish territory. Young Christians who have abjured allegiance to the devil should exercise similar discretion. In visiting their old haunts they render themselves liable to spiritual disaster, from which, though Christ may deliver them, they must suffer shame and sorrow (II Peter 2:20).

A Deplorable Mistake in a Thunderstorm was made in Pittsburg, Pa., on July 26th. There lives in that city a lady who is terrified at thunder and lightning. When the memorable storm of Monday week broke on the city in its fury she was almost paralyzed with fright. She rushed up to her bed-chamber for a vase of holy water with which to sprinkle herself in the hope that in that way she might ward off the impending danger. In the excitement of the moment and in the semi-darkness of the room she missed the bottle in which the water was kept and seized one filled with sulphuric acid. She was not sparing with the terrible fluid, but dashed it in her face and over her head in considerable quantity. The first intimation she had of her mistake was the terrible pain which the acid inflicted. She cried out almost instantly in her anguish, and the neighbors, hearing her cries, ran into the house to see what was the matter. They found the woman on the floor almost crazed with pain. Physicians were called, who say that she will in all probability lose her eyesight, and that her face will be much disfigured. The acid had eaten into the flesh before its course was stayed. Every one must be sorry for the poor lady's suffering, and regret that she was so imprudent as to keep the bottles where a mistake could be made. She will do well to keep the holy water in a place by itself in future, or, better still, throw the useless stuff away and seek the real holy water which is efficacious for the salvation of body and soul (John 4:14).

A Large Steamship on Fire in the Narrows of New York Harbor caused some excitement on July 28th. The sound of a fog-horn shortly after sunrise attracted the attention of persons along shore to a steamer which was recognized as the Labrador from Havre. Two tugs immediately went out to where she was anchored opposite Quarantine station. A thick volume of smoke with thin tongues of flame enveloped the ship, and it needed some courage to go on board. Nearly an hour before, the pilot, who had brought the ship in, noticed smoke coming from a ventilator amidships, but supposed it came from the cook's fire. He mentioned it to the captain, however, who knew at once that the ship must be on fire, and was aware that the wood-work, being old and often painted, would burn like tinder. Then the captain had the fog-horn sounded and assistance came. "It was a pleasure to see those Yankees," said an officer afterward. "They rushed down below regardless of fire or smoke; they broke in dead-lights, and poured in such a flood of water that the fire was checked. They saved the ship." Meanwhile men were sent to the cabins and

steerage, in which nearly two hundred passengers were sleeping. In clearing the steerage some of the passengers had to be dragged from their bunks. They could not understand why they were aroused until they reached the next deck. There the smell of smoke hastened their movements. Happily no lives were lost. The vessel was run aground and the passengers and crew were safely landed. Christian workers have the same difficulty in arousing sinners to a sense of their danger, which is far more terrible (Jude 23).

A Coffin Purchased, but not Claimed, is in an undertaker's shop at St. Paul, Minn. The *Globe* of that city says that several years ago an invalid gentleman from New York arrived there and put up at the International Hotel. He was seriously ill, and neither he nor his friends had any hope of his recovery. So certain was he that he would soon die that he sent for an undertaker and ordered his coffin. He insisted on being measured for it, and gave minute instructions about its material and style. The undertaker did not hurry it, the man being still alive; but at last it was completed, and remained in his shop awaiting orders. There it is still, the man having recovered and returned to New York. We can but hope that a man whose thoughts were so fixed on his death as to give a premature order of this kind, also made other preparations for the event still more important. If so, he has found that in preparing for a Christian death-bed he made the best preparation for a useful and happy life (I Tim. 4:8).

A Wedding was Solemnized on a Bridge in Maine recently. During the heavy storm that passed over the State on July 24th a judge was driving from Winslow to Waterville. As the rain became almost a torrent he turned aside for shelter under the covered bridge which spans the Sebasticook. There was another carriage already on the bridge when the judge drove in, and the inmates, two couples, recognized him at once. Presently one of the gentlemen alighted from the carriage and came over to the judge with the request that he would make one of the couples husband and wife. As they had the requisite papers in proper form the judge complied. The parties stood up in their carriages, and there with the accompaniment of the pattering of the rain on the bridge roof and the roar of the Sebasticook below, the words were pronounced which united two lives. It may be hoped that the commencement of their married life will be an augury of their future, and that in the storms of life they may find a shelter far above the boisterous tides of the world's strife. Such a sure refuge is offered them in Christ (Prov. 18:10).

A Treasure Cost a Life in New York on July 28th. About a year ago, a Bavarian immigrant who was married and settled here and was doing well, sent to Bavaria for his mother, who was about sixty years old. She came, and resided with her son and daughter-in-law in their flat on the third story of a house on One Hundredth and Eleventh Street. She brought with her Bavarian bonds worth \$2400, and had beside American money to the amount of \$200. She kept it concealed between the mattresses of her bed. On Wednesday, while sitting in the parlor with her daughter-in-law, the two ladies smelled fire. The younger one ran to the head of the stairs and saw that the house was on fire. She ran back, snatched up her sleeping babe, and calling to the old lady to follow her, made her way through the smoke to the street. But the old lady did not follow. She stayed to get her money from between the mattresses, and by the time a fireman made his way to her she was suffocated with smoke and dreadfully burned. He found her lying dead, with the bag that contained her treasure tightly clutched in her hand. She had sacrificed her life to save her money. It was a foolish thing to do, but she probably did not realize her danger. A still more foolish thing is that many persons are doing who are deliberately risking their souls in the mad race for wealth (Matt. 6:25).

A SEASONABLE EXHORTATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

-1 PETER I: 13.

Peter's Absorption in his Master—Ardently Expecting His Second Advent—Its Nearness—An Event to be Hoped For—Urged as a Motive—I. The Argument—II. The Exhortation—The Girding Implies Earnestness—Determination—The Command to be Sober—A Changeable Christian—The Preacher Reproved—III. Expectation—Of Perfection—Of Vindication—Colonel Davenport's Composure.

To read the whole chapter is most helpful to the understanding of our text. If we have studied it carefully we must have said to ourselves: "How full of their Lord were the minds of these holy writers!" Peter can scarcely write a verse without an allusion to the Lord Jesus Christ. A second thought will have occurred to you: How ardently these men expected

THE COMING OF THE LORD

Jesus Christ! Peter was continually speaking of it; and so was his beloved brother Paul. They hoped that Christ might come while they were yet alive: they evidently looked upon His advent as very near. They were not mistaken in this last belief. *It is very near.* A long time has passed, say you? I answer, By no manner of means; two thousand years is not a long time in the count of God, nor in reference to so grand a business. We are dealing with eternal things, and what are ages? Let us patiently wait. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise as some men count slackness;" let us persevere in the same belief which filled the minds of the early believers, that Jesus will come, that He may come at any time, and that He will surely come quickly.

It is equally noticeable that while apostolic men looked for the coming of Christ, they looked for it with no idea of dread, but, on the contrary, with the utmost joy. It was to him not a day of terror, and of thunders, and of overwhelming confusion; but the

DAY OF THE CONSUMMATION

of the work of grace, a period in which glory should crown the grace received through the first manifestation of the Lord. It was all joy to the early believers to think of the Lord's appearing. The falling stars, the darkened sun, the blood-red moon, the quivering earth, the skies rolled up like an outworn vesture—all these things had no horror for them since Jesus was thus coming. Though all creation should be on a blaze, and the elements should melt with fervent heat, yet Jesus was coming, and that was enough for them; the Bridegroom of their souls was on His way, and this was rapture to their expectant spirits.

Observe also, once more: How constantly they were urging this as a motive! Peter never holds it out as a mere matter of speculation, nor exclusively as a ground of comfort; but he is constantly using the Lord's glorious appearing as the grand motive for action, for holiness, for watchfulness. Our text is a case in point: "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." My brethren, let us not set aside a truth which is evidently meant for our stimulus, our strength, and our sanctification; but let us receive it into our hearts, and pray that God may bless it to our practical profiting in all time to come.

I intend to handle the text with special view to the present time. It seems to me that there never was text more appropriate for any day than this one for the time now passing. These are days of great looseness; everywhere I see great laxity of doctrinal belief, and gross carelessness in religious practice. Christian people are doing to-day what their forefathers would have loathed. Multitudes of professors are but very little different from worldlings. Men's religion seems to hang loosely about them, as if it

did not fit them: *the wonder is that it does not drop off* from them. Men are so little braced up as to conscientious conviction and vigorous resolve, that they easily go to pieces if assailed by error or temptation. The teaching necessary for to-day is this: "Gird up the loins of your mind," brace yourselves up; pull yourselves together; be firm, compact, consistent, determined. Do not be like quicksilver, which keeps on dissolving and running into fractions; do not fritter away life upon trifles, but live to purpose, with undivided heart, and decided resolution.

I. First, then, here is

AN ARGUMENT,

indicated by "wherefore." True religion is not unreasonable; it is common sense set to heavenly music. Albeit that true religion may be above reason, it is never contrary to reason; but if we had the reason of God, our reason would teach us what His Holy Spirit has revealed. Pure religion is pure truth; God help us to be sure of this! Holiness is also a direct logical inference from revelation. Peter might seem to be too impetuous to be argumentative; but it is clear that to him godliness was a matter of argument, that he saw a distinct connection between the doctrine of grace and a holy life. Here in our text He saith, "*Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind.*"

Will you kindly follow me while I run over His argument? I shall have to give you only an outline of it. Here it is. He begins by saying, "Elect according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." There is an argument, then, in the first and second verses, forcibly supporting the precepts of the text. If we had time to elaborate it, we should see that it well behoves the elect of God to choose His service resolutely, to abide in it steadfastly, and hope for its reward with supreme confidence. But next, Peter declares that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has "begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Oh, ye begotten of God, see that ye live as such! You are

TWICE-BORN MEN;

live not the low life of the merely natural man. Your election and your regeneration call you to holy living. Then he goes on to say that you are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." God Himself surrounds you as with a wall of fire. If the power of God keeps me, shall I be hopeless? Shall I speak like one that has no hereafter to rejoice in? It cannot be so; if God doth keep us we will keep our hope even to the end.

Further, the apostle goes on to say that we may be passing through needful trial, but it is only for a little while. That your religion may be really solid metal, and not an imitation of it, or a mere gilded bauble, you must be tried. Come, then, brethren, if this fire is to be passed through, let us gird up our loins to dash through it. Let us not fear, for the Lord hath said: "When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." My brethren, if for a little time we must be tried, let us set our faces like flints to bear the trial. Let us not be intoxicated with sorrow or fear. Since God hath a grand design in it, let us bow ourselves to His divine will, and only ask that His holy design may be fully answered.

Once more: the apostle goes on to say that the Gospel which we believe, and which we teach, and for which we are ready to suffer, and even to die, is a Gospel that comes to us with the sanction of the prophets. Be sober and steadfast in the belief of the old faith; never be moved by anything that modern rationalism or ancient unbelief may have to say. Standing side by side with prophets, looking with intent gaze to the same object which fixes the attention of angels, we are not abashed by ridicule, nor disquieted by opposition. We stand fast,

as upon a rock, girding up the loins of our mind, and hoping to the end. There again is right good argument. Is it not so?

II. I beg you, dear friends, to follow me to the next head of discourse—namely,

THE EXHORTATION.

The exhortation is a triplet: "Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end." The exact meaning of the metaphor, "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind," is to be found in the form of Oriental dress, which requires the use of a girdle, and the girding of it tightly, lest the garments should entangle the feet of the traveller, or otherwise hinder his action. "Gird up the loins of your mind." My brethren, that certainly teaches us, in the first place, *earnestness*. A man going to work

TUCKS UP HIS SLEEVES,

and tightens his robes. He has something to do which demands all his strength, and, therefore, he cannot afford to have anything hanging loosely about him, to hinder him. We brace ourselves for a supreme effort; and the Christian life is always such. We must always be in earnest if we would be disciples of our earnest Lord.

But the figure means more than this, does it not? It means *determination*, and hearty resolution. The man who girds himself up for a work means that he is resolved to do it at once. He has made up his mind; no shilly-shallying remains with him, no hesitancy, no questioning, no holding back; he is set upon his course and is not to be moved from it. You will never get to heaven, any of you, by *playing at religion*. There will be no climbing the hill of the Lord without effort; no going to glory without the violence of faith. I believe that the ascent to heaven is still

AS BUNYAN DESCRIBED IT—

a staircase, every step of which will have to be fought for. He heard sweet singers on the roof of the palace, singing:

"Come in! come in!

Eternal glory thou shalt win."

Many had a mind to enter the palace and win that eternal glory; but then at the doorway stood a band of warlike men, with drawn swords, to wound and kill every man that ventured to enter. Therefore many who would have liked to have walked on the top of the palace did not care for so dangerous an enterprise; they desired the end but not the way to it. At last there came one with a determined countenance, and he said to the writer with the ink-horn by his side: "Set down my name, sir;" and when his name was duly recorded, he drew his sword and rushed upon the armed men with all his might. It was a fierce conflict, but he meant to conquer or die, and he did conquer; he cut a lane through his enemies, and by and by he, too, was heard singing with the rest,

"Come in! come in!

Eternal glory thou shalt win."

By conflict throughout a whole life we come to our rest; and there is no other way. You cannot go round to a back-door, and enter into heaven by stealth. You must fight if you would reign. Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind.

I cannot stay long upon one point, though there is so much to be said. The second exhortation is—"Be sober." And does not that mean, first, moderation in all things? Do not be so excited with joy as to become childish. Do not grow intoxicated and delirious with worldly gain or honor. On the other hand, do not be too much depressed with passing troubles. There are some who are so far from sobriety that, if a little goes wrong with them, they are ready to cry: "Let me die." No, no. "Be sober." Keep the middle way; hold to the golden mean.

There are many persons to whom this exhortation is most needful. Are there not men around us who blow hot to-day and cold to-morrow?—their heat is torrid, their cold arctic. You would think they were angels from the way they talk one day; but you might think them

angels of another sort from the manner in which they act at other times. They are so high up, or so low down, that in each case they are extreme. To-day they are carried away with this, and the next carried away with that. I knew a Christian man right well to whom I was accustomed to use one salutation whenever I saw him. He was

A GOOD MAN, BUT CHANGEABLE.

I said to him, "Good-morning, friend! what are you now?" He was once a valiant Arminian, setting young people right as to the errors of my Calvinistic teaching. A short time after, he became exceedingly Calvinistic himself, and wanted to screw me up several degrees; but I declined to yield. Anon he became a Baptist, and agreed with me on all points, so far as I know. This was not good enough, and therefore he became a Plymouth Brother; and after that he went to the Church from which he originally set out. When I next met him, I said: "Good-morning, brother, what are you now?" He replied, "That is too bad, Mr. Spurgeon; you asked me the same question last time." I replied, "Did I? But what are you now? Will the same answer do?" I knew it would not. I would earnestly say to all such brethren, "Be sober. Be sober." It cannot be wise to stagger all over the road in this fashion. Make sure of your footing when you stand; make doubly sure of it before you shift.

"Be sober," that is, be clear-headed. The man who drinks, and thus destroys the sobriety of his body, is befogged and muddled, and has lost his way. Ceasing to be sober, he makes a fool of himself. Do not commit this sin spiritually. Be specially clear-headed and calm as to the things of God. Ask that the grace of God may so rule in your heart that you may be peaceful and serene, and not troubled with idle fear on one side or with foolish hope on the other.

Finally, let us "*hope to the end.*" Never despair; never even doubt. Hope when things look hopeless. A sick and suffering brother rebuked me the other day for being cast down. He said to me, "We ought never to show the white feather; but I think you do sometimes." I asked him what he meant, and he replied: "You sometimes seem to grow desponding and low. Now I am near to die, but I have no clouds and no fears." I rejoiced to see him so joyous, and I answered: "That is right, my brother, blame me as much as you please for my unbelief, I richly deserve it." "Why," he said, "you are the father of many of us. Did you not bring me and my friend over yonder to Christ? If you get low in spirit after so much blessing, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." I could say no other than, "I am ashamed of myself, and I desire to be more confident in the future." Brethren, we must hope, and not fear. Be strong in holy confidence in God's Word, and be sure that His cause will live and prosper. Hope as much as ever a man can hope; for when your hope is in God you cannot hope too much.

III. This has brought me to my last head, in which there is much of sweetness. I ask your patience while I dwell upon it. The third point is

EXPECTATION:

"Hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." What you have got to hope for, brethren, is more grace. God will always give you grace. He will never deal with you upon the ground of merit; that door is shut; He has begun with you in grace, and He will go on with you in grace, therefore "hope to the end for the grace."

The grace you are to look for is grace linked with your Lord Jesus Christ; you never did receive any grace apart from Him, and you never will. The grace you are to hope for is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ. He has been revealed once, at His first advent; hence the grace you have. He is to be revealed very soon in His second advent; hence

the grace that is a-coming to you. Think of the grace that is a-coming. "My ship is coming home," says the child. So also is mine; Jesus is coming, and that means all things to me.

But what can this grace be that will be received at His coming? Justification? No; we have that already, by His resurrection. Sanctification? No; we have that already, by being made partakers of His life. What is the grace that is to be revealed at His coming? Just look at the chapter, and you will read in the fifth verse: "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

PERFECT SALVATION

is one part of the grace which is to be brought in the last time when Christ comes. When He comes there will be perfection for our souls and salvation for our bodies. Peradventure, we may be alive when He comes; if so, we shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye into perfection; for "this corruption must put on incorruption." Peradventure, we may die before He comes; if so, it does not matter; though corruption, earth, and worms may have devoured this flesh, yet at His coming our body shall rise in the image of Christ's glorious body.

And that is not all. The second grace that Christ will bring with Him when He comes is the *perfect vindication* of our faith. Those who believe in Jesus may be called fools to-day, but men will think otherwise when they see them shine forth as the sun in the Father's kingdom. Wait a wee bit:

ALL WILL BE CLEARED

soon. Copernicus declared the truth that the earth and the planets revolve around the sun. His opponents replied that this could not be true, for if the planet Venus revolved around the sun, she must present the same phases as the moon. This was very true. Copernicus looked up to Venus, but he could not see those phases. nor could any one else, nevertheless he stuck to his statement, and said: "I have no reply to give, but in due time God will be so good that an answer will be found." Copernicus died, and his teaching had not yet been justified; but soon after Galileo came forward with his telescope, and on looking at Venus he saw that she did pass through exactly the same changes as the moon. Thus wisdom is justified of her children. Truth may not prevail to-day or to-morrow, but her ultimate victory is sure. The mysteries which now perplex us will be solved when the mists are rolled away. Wherefore hope on for the grace that is to be revealed.

Once more: when Christ comes there will be a revelation of *perfect glory*. Now this is the grace which is to come to us when Christ appears. "Grace!" say you, "You mean glory." I do. Yet what is glory but grace come to perfection?

I have brought you back to the second coming of Christ. I told you it was a practical doctrine. I want to leave that impression upon your minds, that you may go back to your daily work and constant struggle with the world. I should like you to act as an American—Colonel Davenport—did upon a certain occasion. One day, many years back, a thick darkness came over the United States. So exceedingly black was it that the barn-door fowls went to roost in the middle of the day. The darkness grew worse, and people trembled in their houses, declaring that the end of the world was coming. They were all excited and alarmed. One of the Houses of Legislature adjourned under the belief that the day of judgment was come. The other House was sitting, and the blackness was so intense that everybody was awed. A motion was made that they should break up, as the end of the world had certainly arrived. Colonel Davenport objected, saying: "The judgment is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourning; and if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I move, therefore, that candles may be brought." Brethren, it is dark; but whatever is going to

happen, or whatever is not going to happen, let us be found girded, sober, and hopeful. In these dark political times, these dark religious times, I call for candles, for we mean to go on working. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.*

LET us now enter the refectory of the ancient convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. There we may admire the remains, the relics, we might say, of the celebrated "Last Supper" (il Cenacolo), which Leonardo painted toward the close of the fifteenth century, by order of the prince whose service he had chosen, that Duke Ludovico Sforza, who, having been made prisoner by the French, died miserably at the castle of Loches, in Touraine, after ten years' captivity. Francis I. wished to carry this picture back with him to France, that it might form the finest trophy of his victory at Marignano, which had given him possession of Lombardy. It could not, however, be detached from the wall. This enormous fresco, the masterpiece of its author, and, perhaps, even of all modern painting, has been for a long time in the most deplorable state of decay. In the sixteenth century, the cardinal Federigo Borromeo reproached the Dominicans who, in 1652, to enlarge the door of the refectory, cut off the legs of the figure of Christ and of the disciples nearest to Him.

When, at the end of the last century, during the wars of Italy, the convent of Santa Maria was converted into cavalry barracks, and the refectory into a store for fodder, we can well imagine that the hussars were not more scrupulous than the monks. General Bonaparte, in 1796, had, indeed, written, using his knee as a desk, an order that this place, consecrated by the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, should be spared from having soldiers quartered in it; but the necessities of war were stronger than his respect for the arts. It was long afterward that Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, had the refectory of the Dominicans cleaned, and also raised a scaffolding before the picture, which allowed it to be examined nearer, but which also allowed it to be injured by curious and ignorant tourists, desirous of carrying away souvenirs.

It is thought that Leonardo da Vinci did not paint this wonderful composition in fresco, that is to say, in distemper, on and in the damp wall, but in oil; or, that, at all events, he covered his fresco with an oil varnish. From this arose its rapid decay. Everything has assisted in the destruction of this great work. It is not merely time, the infiltration of water, the carelessness of the monks, and the insults of the soldiers that have caused the ruin of this picture. More than anything else it has been produced by unskilful restorations, which changed what they touched, and rendered what they respected more fragile. However, the outline of the composition, the attitudes of the figures, and even the general effect of color, can still be vaguely seen. This is sufficient to make the coldest and most superficial spectator, and even one ignorant in the arts, bow with respect, as did Francis I., before this sublime work.

The "Last Supper" is too well-known for it to be necessary that I should give a detailed account of it. One remarkable thing is the enormous number of copies made of it by the brush, the pencil, and the burin or engraver's

* From "Wonders of Italian Art." By Louis Viardot. An illustrated work useful alike to travellers about to visit the famous galleries of Italy, and to those who have not that privilege, but desire knowledge about the world's most celebrated art treasures. Pp. 339; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



King Ludwig of Bavaria Sleigh-Riding Through the Forest at Midnight.

tool, without counting the innumerable studies of detached parts which, since the time of Leonardo da Vinci, artists and amateurs have continually been making before this fresco. At Milan I saw the copy of Vespino (Andrea Bianchi), which the Ambrosian Gallery possesses, and that of Bossi, at the Brera, both incorrect, and both unworthy of the original. Two recent mosaics, one made in 1809, which is at Vienna, the other made more recently by the Roman Rafaelli, have reproduced the "Last Supper" in unchangeable enamel. Engraving has been employed not less than painting or mosaic in perpetuating the remembrance of this celebrated work.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

A VERY sagacious utterance especially appropriate to this time when the question of capital and labor is so prominent comes from one of the wealthiest men in the country—Senator Stanford, of California, who was asked to assist in excluding the Chinese from this country. He said in the course of a long and able letter: "The unemployed in California are numerous, but I do not think they are unemployed because of the Chinese or anything other than their own improvident nature. I have fed tramps at a direct expense of over two hundred dollars a month during the past season on one farm, although there was never a day during that time that we were not short-handed of good men and wanted them. There is room in California for fifteen million of people, and it will then not be more densely populated than the New England and Middle States of the East. Whether the owner of property shall give to those in distress or not is a question for him to determine, settling with his own conscience and with his God to what extent the products of his labor, care, thrift, industry, and economy shall be given to the unfortunate or to the idle, shiftless, and improvident. I trust I am not unduly egotistical in believing that my sympathies in the welfare of my kind are as strong as those of most men, particularly for the poor; and I have a strong faith that the time will come when the comforts of life, at least, will be the common

belongings of the poorer people of our country. The wealth of individuals makes up the commonwealth. *The most interesting question in regard to it is not who owns, but what use is made of it.* Wealth, actively and wisely in use, gives employment and spreads prosperity."

KING LUDWIG'S VAGARIES.

(See Illustration.)

EUROPEAN journals continue to recount the mad vagaries of the late King of Bavaria. Lips that were sealed during his lifetime are now open, and the wildest stories are told of his strange eccentricities. Peasants living outside Munich say that they frequently witnessed such a weird spectacle during the last two years. The demented king shut himself up in his palace during the day, but at midnight, drawn by the finest blooded horses in Europe, he drove about Munich or from town to town in a sort of steeplechase on wheels. He stopped for nothing, and his travelling was like the rushing of a whirlwind, often leaving destruction and even death in his track.

Winter, however, was his grand time. Then when the snow lay crisp on the ground he drove about in a magnificently carved and gilded sleigh, drawn by four Orloff stallions, beautiful, high-strung, and tireless. The death-like stillness of the midnight hour would be broken by the jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the peasant rising and looking out in the moonlight would see the splendid steeds rushing at the top of their speed through the forest to the mountains. Behind them was King Ludwig, seated in the famous sleigh, a miracle of art on which the most renowned carvers in Europe had exercised their skill. It passed like a flash, and had not the staring peasants known that it was their demented king, they would have thought it was some unearthly visitant careering in majestic grandeur through the world.

Many other vagaries did the poor afflicted king indulge in, and it was seen in that palace, as it was seen in the king's palace in Babylon twenty-four hundred years before, that the king who rules is subject to the King of kings, whose will not the mightiest on earth can resist, but

must fall helpless and weak when He touches them. "None can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?" (Dan. 4:35).

THE ORDEAL ON THE PILGRIM.

(See Illustration on page 493.)

SUNDAY on board the Pilgrim. The first Sunday of a two years' cruise. Two long years before the eyes of the men would be gladdened by the sight of the stars and stripes waving anywhere but on their own mizzen-peak or on some other ship. They might grumble about their native land a week ago, and would say hard things of her again, but now, and for two years to come, she would be to them the land of the free and the home of the brave—their dear native land.

Two of the men were at a port-hole below, not being on the starboard watch then on duty. They had on their best shirts and trousers in honor of the Sunday, and were enjoying the brief rest before their watch was called. Jem, who was known as "the calico sailor" from his foppish ways, and the care with which he cultivated his whiskers, had disposed himself comfortably with his back to the ship's side in an attitude denoting his elegant ways. Joe, an older man, with clear-cut strongly marked features, was at the same port-hole, his gaze intently fixed on the fast-receding land.

"Bill, come here," he called, as a sailor passed below deck. Bill came, and resting his hand on Joe's shoulder, looked through the port-hole. The resemblance between the two was so striking that it was easy to recognize that Joe and Bill were brothers. "Just going in, ain't they Bill," Joe observed, laconically.

"That's so," said Bill, "wish you and I were there, don't you, Joe? First voyage I've ever sailed when I wished I was in a church instead of on a ship. Curis, ain't it? Well, it's a sight better."

"I guess you'll both throw that church-going nonsense overboard afore we're home again," Jem observed, fondling his whiskers. "It's only fit for land-lubbers."

"It's fit for anybody," said Bill. "I'd sooner fling myself overboard than religion. I

guess it'll be a stiffish breeze in this ship with fellows like you around, but we'll stick, won't we, Joe?"

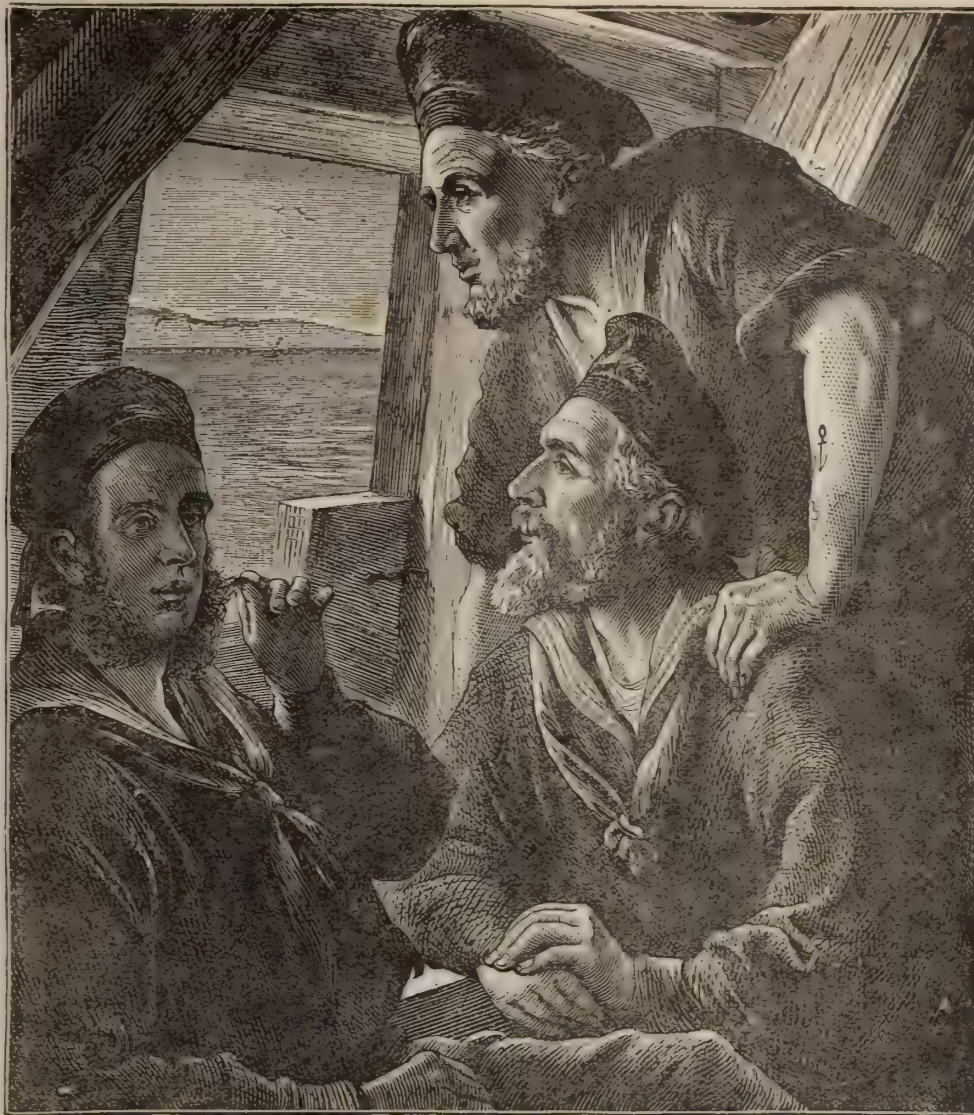
"No doubt o' that," Joe answered, keeping his eyes all the time on the people moving into the little mariner's church in the distance. "It was pretty hard to get, but it's a good thing to tie to, and, God helping us, we'll hold on, come what come may."

"It's the grog as'll beat you," Jem predicted, "you won't get through your work without it, specially when you see it served out to the hull of us. You'll make up your mind to a sup with the rest, I bet. And when you're called up again just as you're going to turn in, you'll swear same as usual, you'll see. Who ever heard of a sailor worth a rope's end ever being religious? Get out, I don't hold with it."

The two men knew that Jem had ground for his predictions. It would be a severe ordeal, for they would have to contend with the habits of thirty years, as well as the gibes and ridicule of their messmates. Jem was present at the mariner's church three weeks ago when the two brothers were converted. He had witnessed their agony of anxiety, and their joy when light dawned upon them. He was sceptical of their staying power then, and now that he saw the character of the crew, he was sure they would have to drop their religion. But he had miscalculated the moral courage of the two men, and more than all he knew nothing of the Omnipotent help on which they relied, and which was able to keep them to the end.

The weeks and months of the voyage passed on with the monotony of sea life, and still the two "holy brothers," as they were nick-named, held on their way. Afloat or ashore there was no inconsistency detected by the men who watched them closely. They were both excellent sailors, and their work was done with their usual energy and ability. Religion had not deteriorated their powers. There was a change in them in another direction. They had good voices, but the lewd songs which they had been accustomed to sing were discarded. Instead, the sailors, who insisted on their singing as usual, heard Gospel hymns, sung with sweetness and power. Every man on board turned to them instinctively in a difficulty and were sure of sympathy and kindness. One was helped with the mending of his clothes; another, who could not write, had a letter written for him, to be mailed in the first port touched at; a third, who hurt his hand early in the voyage, was relieved now and again by some work done for him that would have caused him suffering. Though the "holy brothers" were laughed at they were liked.

But it was in a storm off the Horn that the tide really turned. Not a man on board thought the Pilgrim would live through it. Darkness like night prevailed at mid-day, and for thirty-six hours there was not light enough to see their course. Hope was completely abandoned. The starboard watch went below for a short rest,



Sunday on Board the Pilgrim.

being utterly worn out. Bill knelt down as usual before flinging himself in his bunk. "Say it out loud, Bill," said a voice close to him. "We'll all be at the bottom afore morning." So Bill said it out loud, and he prayed very earnestly for the souls of his messmates, and there were several Amens when he ended. When they went on deck again Bill told his brother about it, and when the port watch went down Joe volunteered to say a prayer, and his proposal was welcomed.

The Pilgrim lived through the storm, but the jeering was never renewed. The two brothers were the most popular men on the ship, and many who had not the courage to declare themselves on their side, secretly wished they had the same hope in them as had their godly messmates.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. L. S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 479.)

Napoleonic Tactics.

THE young men scarcely listened to the closing exercises of the society. Both were watching intently the young lady who had so strangely interested them. That was not the time for analyzing their emotion, and neither of them attempted it, but they were profoundly conscious of the feeling, and the time had not come for them to regard each other as rivals. They were rather drawn together by a common interest.

"Come, hurry," said Leroy, "we may learn something of her by the companions she has.

Let us see who goes home with her."

They hastened to the door and lingered among the groups there until the mysterious lady passed out. But there was no clue. Two ladies were with her, and both were strangers to the young men. No one whom they knew spoke to her, so that they saw no way to an introduction.

"It is very provoking," said Train. "I hate to be baffled, and I hate a mystery. I shall not rest till I find her out and make her acquaintance."

"Nor I," said our hero. "It would be an education to know her. I never saw so bright an intelligence in so fair a form. I suspect neither you nor I would agree with her, for she seems to stand in the old ways; but we should have to stand to our guns. She would prove a formidable antagonist. However we might fare in a conflict of words with her we should not have to complain that her conversation was insipid. She wields her rapier pretty skilfully."

"You are right; I fancy compliments and pretty speeches are not much in her line. We both had a touch of her steel to-night. I do not like her any the less for that. It is the inane colorless women that I despise. They tire me. This girl has a masculine understanding. She knows her own mind, and has the courage to utter it. I shall certainly try to get an in-

troduction."

"And then you will introduce me?"

"I don't know," said Train, gaily. "Is that the code of honor? You would be a rival, you know. I think if all is fair in love and war I am entitled to any advantage that may accrue from prior acquaintanceship, if by superior strategy I can get acquainted first."

"That is a little selfish, I think," said Ransom. "I have had no experience in Cupid's campaigns, so I am not able to say whether you are right. But there is a bargain, I think, we should make. We are good friends now, and we should agree to remain so. After all, while we act honorably we ought to retain our mutual respect. If we become rivals each must feel that the other's effort is natural. As I hope to make the lady my friend I can understand your having the same wish, and for myself I can promise that I will not think the worse of you if I fail and you succeed."

"Yes, that is fair," said Train. "I agree. The unsuccessful man is to take his failure good-humoredly and without resentment. Here is my hand upon it."

The young men shook hands cordially, said good-night, and parted.

Ransom went to his room, and met his chum there.

"I say, Burt, you ought to have been at the Franklin Society to-night. We had one of the most seraphic performances I ever witnessed, and by a girl, too, and, to cap it all, it was that same lost Atlantis girl I told you of before—the one that we saw in church."

Then he gave an enthusiastic account of the event, and with some power of graphic portrayal,

* Copyright reserved by the author.

Leroy, as he paced the floor, lauded the performance and performer.

"And what do you think, Burt? she had my name in her essay, and that shows that at least she must have heard of me."

"Why, you conceited booby! Didn't she mention the name of anybody else? You said she had turned the joke on a number of the boys and girls, and I think you said your name came last. How do you know she thought more of you than of the rest? It looks to me as if she had given you the last thought, and had tacked on your name when she was about exhausted for material."

"Oh, pshaw, Burt, you frigid-hearted blighter of hopes, what makes you so cold and heartless?"

"Because I don't want you to fall in love and get into trouble."

"Thank you for your motherly care," replied Leroy, half-irritated. "Why, it would be a pleasure to get into trouble, as you call it, with that girl. It would be a benison even to hear her say 'No.' But how shall I get acquainted with her before some other fellow runs off with her?"

"I don't know," said the other; "but it's time for bed."

And Burt retired; but Leroy sat and meditated. The fact is, he was in love; not altogether with a pretty face, but rather with brilliance of mind. He paid homage to strength of intellect; he could have almost worshipped a real genius, and now to see a woman of real mental power, and yet so truly a woman, in manner and play of wit, was too much for his equanimity. He would kneel and worship *at that shrine*, and he would be a true devotee, although he would not do homage to his God.

Was it really mental power, the mind of a beautiful and cultured woman, that had attracted the young sceptic? He thought so, but a more acute observer would have given a different explanation. Leroy Ransom had eliminated the soul from his idea of the human system. The anatomist had never found it; physicians and surgeons had seen no trace of it. Every power that man exercises can be traced to some material part of the human organism, and with the impetuosity of the young reasoner Leroy had drawn the inference that what could not be found, and did not show itself in some result, could not exist. Yet it was the soul in this mysterious young lady that had really attracted him, though he knew it not.

The Apostle Paul speaks (II Cor. 3:18) of some who "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory." The phenomenon is not a vain imagination; it is a fact. The soul that gives itself up to God, that delights in Him, that longs for holiness and earnestly seeks it, prints its impression on the countenance. When Moses descended from the mount, his face was so dazzling that the people could not look upon it (Ex. 34:29, 30), and so it is in a less degree with those who go near to God and habitually commune much with Him. There is a spiritual expression, an elevation higher than any the intellect can impart, that transforms the face and makes the commonest features bright. It was this reflection which made the girl seem to Leroy different from others, and suggested the idea that the lost Atlantis must have given up one of its citizens.

Of this secret key to the mystery Leroy had no conception. He recognized the superiority, the purity, and the power, but whence they were derived he knew not. As he ruminated, his thoughts turned to the practical problem of overcoming the obstacles in his way as a stranger. He was piqued by the selfishness of Train, and ardently wished that in this friendly competition he could surpass him.

"It will be difficult," he said to himself. "Train is far better acquainted here than I am, and he will be sure to get a friend to introduce him before Sunday is passed."

He took his face in his hands and meditated.

At last he jumped up, clapped his hands, and exclaimed:

"Eureka! eureka!"

"Found what?" yelled Burt; "you'd better dismiss that girl and come to bed," and he turned around and set a good example by going to sleep.

But Leroy did not go to bed. He got paper and pen and ink, and sat down to his writing-stand and thought.

"It's mighty bold, but emergency is the word; emergency is the palliating circumstance. One can do almost anything in an emergency. I suppose she'll resent it as an impertinence, but I must know whether she will or not. Perhaps the very boldness of the act will arouse her curiosity, and that may prove the 'open sesame' to success. You can't tell what a woman will do. She may be taken by storm more easily than by a long siege. I will try Napoleonic tactics for once. He stormed the fortifications and conquered before the enemy knew he was upon them."

The Napoleonic tactics involved, as Leroy saw, an approach that might be fatal to his success. On the other hand it might achieve it at a stroke. His impulsive nature had no sympathy with him who fears to put his fate "to the touch and win or lose it all." He resolved to act boldly and make a direct personal appeal to the lady herself. He would write to her. If she were the woman of sense he took her to be, she would feel no resentment, but would see that in mentioning his name publicly she had herself thrown down the barriers that social politeness raises around a woman, and had invited an approach.

He sat down at his desk and wrote. Referring lightly to the reproof she had administered to him at the Franklin Society, he thanked her with playful humility for the interest she had displayed in his welfare. Then pointing out that their being fellow-students at the college proved that they had a common desire for intellectual progress, he said sincerely that he believed an acquaintance would be mutually beneficial in promoting that object, as the remarkable essay of that evening proved that each possessed qualities lacking in the other. If his view commended itself to her judgment she would see no impropriety in his addressing her, but would rather avail herself of an opportunity for doing good and getting good. And lastly, as a practical conclusion, he had noticed her at church and thought that their acquaintance might commence, if she desired it, by his calling upon her next Sunday and accompanying her to the service.

It was an honest, manly letter, and reading it over when he had finished it, Leroy saw no reason to alter a single sentence. He folded it, and placed it in an envelope. That brought him face to face with his initiatory difficulty. He could not address it for he did not know the name of the lady to whom he had been writing. That, however, must surely be attainable to-morrow. Some one would know it. Meanwhile he put the letter with its blank cover in his pocket, and retired to rest with the mental quietude which follows a decisive step, and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning Leroy having finished his breakfast at the club, strolled away with one of the older students, who was a member of the Franklin Society, and had been present at the meeting of the night before. With an air of indifference, he remarked: "We had pretty good society last night."

"One of the best we ever had," was the rejoinder.

"By the way, that young lady's essay was real clever, wasn't it? Do you know her?"

"No, I do not; she is a new-comer—just came this term, and is, I think, a member of the Sophomore class. She is unusually bright."

"Do you know her name?" inquired Leroy, with far less appearance of interest than he felt.

"Her name was announced last night as West. Her Christian name I did not hear."

Leroy made an inquiry or two of others, but could not find out her given name, as she was a stranger, and he did not dare to push his questioning too far for fear of arousing suspicion. He felt that everybody he questioned looked right into his heart and divined the secret hidden there. He therefore made no further effort to discover her Christian name. When he reached his room, he took his letter out of his pocket, and addressing it simply "Miss West, City," carried it to the post-office. "Clayville," he thought, "is not so large a place, but that will find her."

That was a day of suspense. He tried to study, but could not. He tried to read, but those scientific authors, who once could hold him spellbound, had no magnetism that day. He tried to read Dickens, but even the great master's creations failed to hold his attention.

The image of the girl he associated with lost Atlantis would come between him and the book, and he read whole pages without comprehending a word. He thought and thought about the girl until he could not imagine at all how she looked. Her real features were lost to him, and yet he knew he would recognize her the moment he saw her.

About noon he went to the post-office. No letter in his box. He ate dinner absent-mindedly. About two o'clock he went again to the post-office. No letter. He went to his room and wrote a letter to his brother Allan. About four o'clock he went to the post-office. No letter. He took a stroll into the woods near the village, and picked up a few fossils, although in his present mood he was as indifferent to them as they were to him. At six o'clock he went to the post-office. No letter. He began to feel sick. This was a gloomy world. How inconsistent was the Christian philosophy! He wondered that even the simplest Christian did not detect the contradiction. How could he believe in a God of love and of unlimited power who nevertheless saw the world full of vexation, misery, suffering, and sin, and did nothing to relieve it?

He ate a few wretched mouthfuls of supper, and turned away with nausea. He waited until eight o'clock, lighted a lamp, talked a while with his room mate, and then went to the post-office. He looked into the box. A letter! He tapped the glass impatiently. The young postmaster smiled a little as he handed Leroy a tinted envelope. There, written in a neat, feminine hand, was his own name.

His heart beat high, but he could not open and read the letter with the lynx-eyed postmaster looking at him. He hastened to his room, sat down, tore open the envelope. He saw with dismay that it had taken but a few words to reply to his lengthy epistle. But they were decisive. Miss Carrie West had received his letter, and would be pleased to make his acquaintance in the manner proposed. This with the address, 19 Cliff Street, was all the sheet contained.

He jumped up, and shouted: "Accepted! accepted!"

"What's accepted, you loon?" said Burt. "There's something wrong with you, Ransom; I've noticed it all day."

"I'm all right now. It's I that is accepted—me—the identical me; and I'm accepted by the lost Atlantis girl. Hurrah for St. Ignatius!"

"Why, how did you get acquainted with her?"

"I wrote to her, and here is her letter, accepting my escort to church to-morrow night."

Burt looked at the letter musingly, and then said:

"It's a fact, but, Leroy, be careful. I'm not satisfied about this. It don't seem quite in tune for her to accept you before she knows you."

"Now, Burt, do hush. Don't throw cold water on everything I do, and don't be too motherly. I'll risk myself with any girl who can write as she can. Carrie West! Carrie West! Bless that name. West! Ah, the

place of the sunset with clouds of purple fringed with gold! I shall never look toward the west without thinking of *the West*."

Did he sleep that night? Very little. He tossed in bed, and imagined himself in every conceivable relation to the girl. At one time they were together at church or society; at another he was wandering with her through the grove while the birds sang; then they were reading together, or discussing scientific problems. At last he fell into a fitful slumber, filled with dreams. He imagined that it was Sunday evening and he was on his way to the girl's abode, and when he was almost at No. 19, he had no hat or coat on. He rushed headlong to his room, wondering whether she had seen him, when he had procured these habiliments, he went again, and was just entering the church with her, when he discovered that he was barefooted and had put on an old ragged dressing-gown instead of his Sunday coat. The audience had just burst into uproarious laughter, when he awoke with the great beads of perspiration upon his forehead. The gentle wooing of Morpheus could not lure him to sleep any more that night.

Leroy rose early; he would gladly have hurried time along had he been able, so eager was he for the evening's appointment. The longest day must come to an end at last, and so did this day, slowly as the hours seemed to pass with him. The evening found him with carefully arranged toilet entering the trim little garden in front of 19 Cliff Street, a full hour before that at which the church service commenced.

(To be continued.)

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 15, John 13: 1-17. Golden Text, ver. 15.

The Last Days of Jesus—Given to the Disciples—His Majestic Composure—The Uses of Interruption—The Discouraged Christian Merchant—The Necessary Cleansing—A Slave's Work—A Comforting Word—The Promise of Light—Peter's Impetuosity—What the Washing Involved—The Application of the Act.

WE turn from the last public teachings of Jesus to His last days and hours among His disciples. He "knew that His hour was come, that He should depart out of this world unto the Father." There was no uncertainty about Jesus: uncertainty and indecision come from a want of settled purpose. Jesus was yielded to His Father; His Father always had made known to Him His will, and He did always those things that pleased Him (John 8: 29). "His hour was come," the time when He would offer Himself as the one great sin offering for a lost world. Would not He be too absorbed in His coming suffering to pay any particular attention to His disciples? No; "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

Never was there a life in which there was greater leisure than in the life of Jesus. Everything was in perfect proportion, because all was arranged by a Master-hand. There was no lapping of one duty or occupation over another; there was no hurry; no fear that the time taken up in the present service would make the next one run short of time; the time and strength given fitted the work exactly. Jesus did not do all that man expected of Him, but His yielded will fitted faultlessly into His Father's plan, so that He always had leisure to do what the Father called Him to do. Oh, how we need this close walk with God, which leaves room for the will of God, and waits in loving reverence and confidence for the unfolding of His plan, in order to work into it.

WITHOUT A DISSENTIENT THOUGHT!

"I hate interruptions," says a busy worker, who is much engaged in writing for the Master. But those interruptions are part of the very plan of the training by which the life of Jesus may come to be manifested in that mortal body,

and the precious truths which are taught of God and written for the help of others become part and parcel of the life. "I am so hindered at home," says a busy mother, whose children and servants find her endless occupation, and yet whose heart is in the mothers' meeting—the temperance gathering, the mission service. But in the broken crockery, the spoiled dinner, the torn frock, the wilful boy, there is a wide field for the manifestation of God's victory in herself and in her family, and that in things so practical that, when she gets to the meeting, her words are more blessed, because she can tell the people from deeper experience how real God is in daily life.

"I cannot go on with my business," says a brother, "there is so much competition and selfish grasping in trade, and unprincipled people do so get it into their own hands, that I stand no chance if I follow God closely; I must give it up, and take to evangelizing." But, brother, think of the tens of thousands of men of business on whose behalf God needs one who shall be able to witness to them from experience that God does enter into business matters, and does deliver His children in business, as well as in other trials, when they really count on Him to do it. God has for each life given up to Him,

AN EXACT PLAN

into which He wills that that life shall exactly fit, even to its smallest details. So Jesus was at leisure from the overwhelming load which was coming upon Him—at leisure to teach His disciples. The passover feast had just been celebrated by them, that feast which meant more to Him who was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" than any of the disciples could know. He "loved His own which were in the world," although they had just been striving among themselves "which of them should be accounted the greatest" and have the first place (Luke 22: 24); although He knew that in a few hours' time, every one of them would forsake Him and flee. Supper was ended, but one thing had been left undone: they had not, as was customary among the Jews, washed before eating. Oh, how many there are who want to sit down with Jesus in sweet communion without being first fully cleansed! But only One can remedy this evil—it is Himself. The vessels for cleansing were there, but it was

THE OFFICE OF A SLAVE

to wash the feet, and they who had just been striving as to which was greatest among them, were in no mood to offer themselves for the slave's work. Only One was sufficiently at leisure from Himself to undertake this service—it was Jesus Himself. He rose from supper, put aside His outer garments, took a towel, girded Himself, poured out water, and began to do the slave's work—to wash His disciples' feet.

The Master knelt behind them, one by one, until He came to Peter. All was silence up to this moment; the silent rebuke of the serving Master was going home to each heart; but Peter, the ever-forward Peter, spoke out: "Lord, dost *Thou* wash my feet?" "Jesus answered, and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." What a word this has been to broken hearts, and oh, how has patient confidence in God been rewarded when His children were willing to trust Him out of their sight. How often has the removal of one missionary to a higher service above been used of God to stir the hearts of many more to rise up and take his place. How often has an earnest worker been withdrawn from some important sphere of labor where his presence seemed to be essential, and been brought deep into God, and taught by the Holy Ghost to pray in faith for that work, and the whole work has been deepened and strengthened in a way it would probably not have been had he gone on as before. "What I do thou knowest not now (but Jesus Himself knew what He would do, John 5: 6); but thou shalt know hereafter."

Peter, like many young men who think they know everything, and pride themselves on tak-

ing the initiative, said: "Thou shalt never wash my feet." He thought he was doing Jesus more honor than did any other of the disciples. But truly he did not know the significance of what Jesus was doing; He had not yet learned that we

MUST LET OURSELVES BE SERVED,

in order that we may serve. Jesus patiently answered him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me." No part with Jesus! Was this what was involved? Then, with all the impetuosity of his character, he said: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Peter must be something singular, something beyond the others. But Jesus so quietly and patiently explained to him, "He that is washed (or 'bathed') needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all."

Thank God, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," all sin which is confessed. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We have no right to remain uncleansed, any more than to remain unpardoned. There are many who have a sense of pardon, but have not yet a sense of cleansing. They have yielded themselves up to be reconciled and pardoned, but they have not yielded themselves to be cleansed from sin, from its desires, and from its power. But when we are bathed or cleansed, there are, day by day, and hour by hour, occasions on which we need the cleansing of the feet—a word which may give a wrong impression, a tone of voice which is not kind, an action which, from sheer thoughtlessness, is selfish, a movement of hurry, through forgetting how Jesus has our whole day in His hands and cannot overpress us.

WHO DOES NOT NEED

the washing of the feet? The lesson had been given; the great Teacher sat down again and commenced the application, "Know ye what I have done unto you? ye call me Teacher and Lord (R. V.), and ye say well for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you." This is a lesson we need to learn. The positions of prominence in Christian work are easily filled; many are eager to fill them, but in these days, as in the days of our Lord, every one wants to be the greatest, and the empty benches among His disciples are always at the back. "I am among you as He that serveth," said Jesus. Thus, those who are the nearest to the heart of Jesus may not be the well-known prominent men and women whose names are in every religious journal; they may be the Christian cook and housemaid who carry out the life of Christ in all their service, and make it easy for their master and mistress to do the more recognized work for the Master; the son and daughter at home who are making things comfortable for an overstrained father or mother; the patient district visitor, known only in her little sphere, but who, every day, carries life and comfort to many. These who willingly take the lowest places in service are the nearest like Jesus. It is greater to serve than to rule; it needs far more of God to be little than to be great. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Bethshan Tracts.—The Following Tracts, by Mrs. M. Baxter and others, on the subject of Faith-Healing and Holiness, have been received from England, and can be obtained at the following prices: Bethshan: A House for Healing, 3 cts. each; Pastor Blumhardt, 3 cts. each; Paul's Thorn, If it be Thy Will, Does Sickness Sanctify? Repeating Prayer, Thou art Loosed, What about the Use of Means, The Apostolic Attitude, all at 1 ct. each; The Law of Liberty, Simple Truths about Faith, God's Purpose in Sickness, The Great Physician, Job's Sickness, God's Side of Prayer, Pastor Rein, Redeemed from all Evil, Health by Grace, all at 2 cts. each. Also the following books by Mrs. M. Baxter: S. S. Lessons, 1877-78, in cloth, 50 cts. each; Lessons from the Gospel of Matthew, 50 cts. cloth, 30 cts. paper; Daily Life, 30 cts. cloth; Life Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Practical Lessons, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Leaves from Genesis, 25 cts. paper, 35 cts. cloth; Trials of Paul, 35 cts. cloth. Address J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE USEFUL LIFE.

BY H. BONAR.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises, what are men?

Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down.
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed the work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up thy torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in that toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 30 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion.
Reading notices, 50 cents per cent line, nonpareil.
No ad't taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion.
No discount on large ad's or repeated insertions.
No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted.
Advertising space limited to last (outside) page.
All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week.
All correspondence relating to advertising address to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

5 STORIES FOR 30 CENTS!

Ogilvie's Popular Reading, Number Twenty-one, contains the following five complete stories, each one of which is worth \$1.00: "Her Feet to the Fire," by Mary N. Holmes; "The Figure in the Corner," by Miss M. E. Braddon; "A Bridegroom's Sin," and other tales, by Miss Mulock; "Nineteen Choice Readings and Recitations," by J. S. Ogilvie; "The Diary of a Minister's Wife," by Anna M. Brown. It contains also a handsome frontispiece, printed in color, and is handsomely bound. Sold by all dealers, or mailed for 30 cents by
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

SHORTHAND Text-Book (latest revised edition) and instruction by mail to master it, given by the Author of the system for \$6.
Most popular and EASY method. Endorsed by 1,000 graduates and professional stenographers. Book containing all the principles of the art arranged in twenty-four lessons. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.—J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.
No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR

New Sunday-School Song Book.

Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.

TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

Russia

RAMBAUD'S is doubtless the best history of Russia in any language. Russian history begins almost in myth, proceeds into a wilderness of conflicting traditions, and emerges into a clear light only in comparatively recent times. It is studded with imposing personalities and darkened by hideous crimes; striking events make it dramatic, the sufferings of a great people lend it pathos; the unrest of the present hour and the uncertain outlook for to-morrow invest it with deep interest. M. Rambaud puts the reader's mind fully in train to consider the situation of the hour.—*Literary World*, Boston.

THE PERIOD covered is from the earliest times to 1877. It is more interesting as told by M. Rambaud than any romance. It is a cloth of gold studded with diamonds, not of moral brilliance but of intellectual vigor and fascinating personality. Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, Mazzeppa, Catherine, Nicholas, and other monarchs of iron will and broad ambition relieve the monotony of war, and the Mazzeppa of Byron comes in as a charming episode. The high civilization attained without the adoption of a civilized form of government, leaves no room for surprise at the strength of Nihilism.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Ill.

THE HISTORY of Russia now published is the most satisfactory history of that country ever brought before English readers. The history of the rise of this wonderful nation is remarkable. Its power of absorption and digestion is phenomenal. "The World," said Napoleon once, "one day be ruled by the Slav and Teuton races." The prophecy is under fulfillment. How the Russian Slavs extended from small districts about

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest price known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.
The Alden Book Co.; Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

W. DANMAR, Architect,
76 Bible House, New York,
Furnishes Sketches and Plans of Buildings for all parts of the country, and on moderate terms.

LIVE COALS, By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, 678 large octavo illustrations, 76 chapters. Life-like portrait of the author and history of his life. Price, post-paid, \$2.00.
AGENTS WANTED.—Liberal Terms.
WILLIAM D. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

Just Published:

ARCHITECTURAL
STUDIES.

VOL. I.,

One Large Quarto Vol., Cloth, Price, \$5.

Containing 60 large Lithographic

Plates, treating on the fol-

lowing Subjects:

PART I.

LOW-COST HOUSES, INCLUDING price designs, with elevations, plans, details, specifications, bills of materials, and estimates of cost. Twelve large (11x14) plates of practical designs, costing from \$500 to \$3,000.

PART II.

STORE FRONTS AND INTERIOR details.—Twelve plates and descriptive letterpress.

PART III.

STABLES.—CONTAINING TWELVE plates of Stables, suitable for village lots, ranging in cost from \$300 upwards.

PART IV.

SEASIDE & SOUTHERN HOUSES.—Twelve plates of designs for Cheap Houses, with ample verandas, suited to a summer climate. Average cost, \$1,500. Paper portfolio.

PART V.

OUTBUILDINGS.—CONTAINING twelve plates of designs of Small Stables, Summer Houses, Pavilions, Privies, Fences, Gates, etc.

Each of these parts may be obtained separately when desired. Paper portfolio, 12 plates and descriptive letterpress, \$1 each.

W. T. COMSTOCK, Publisher,

6 Astor Place, New York.

ILLUSTRATED History of RUSSIA

from the Earliest Times to 1877. By A. RAMBAUD. Translated by L. B. LANG. In two large 12mo volumes, Long Primer type, with numerous fine illustrations and maps. Fine cloth, gilt tops, Library style. Price reduced from \$18 to \$1.75.

the Upper Dvina and Dneiper and the Volga and the Ok until they dominate one-sixth the territorial surface of the globe, containing a population of 103,000,000, is most admirably told by Rambaud. The work is well supplied with maps and well indexed.—*Pioneer Press*, St. Paul, Minn.

RUSSIAN history is full of cruelty, oppression, tyranny, and all sorts of crime, with few peaceful passages to note the advance of civilization. This very fact makes it dramatic and full of stirring incidents, and those who crave this kind of reading, or who desire to know the history of Russia for its own sake, will find M. Rambaud's volumes well suited to their needs. He has taken vast pains to make his history both full and accurate; his style is nervous and forcible, and he gives a graphic picture of the bloody centuries through which the Russian Empire rose. His book lifts to a great extent the veil of mystery that hangs over the origin and growth of Russia.—*Inquirer*, Philadelphia.

NO STUDENT of history and no observer of public events can afford to be ignorant of Russia—that Polar Bear which stretches on huge paw toward Constantinople and the other toward India—that "muffled destiny" of whose future no one knows save that it is to be great and must affect to a remarkable extent the condition of well-nigh the entire human race. No more weighty matter of debate exists among the nations than that which constitutes the "Eastern Question," and of this question the White Czar, representing territorially the greatest nation on earth and one of the strongest, most ambitious, shrewdest, far-seeing, and persistent, is the central figure. What is the best HISTORY of RUSSIA in the English language? Undoubtedly that of M. Alfred Rambaud.—*Morning Star*, Boston.

HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 1,200 to 1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$12 a dozen. No cost of experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price, \$12.00. An absolute success. Perfect incubation of CHICKS BY lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$200 profit a year. Send 4c for new 36 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.
F. D. CRAIG,
No. Evanston, Ill.

James M'Creery & Co.

At their Semi-Annual Stock Inventory on the 9th ult. selected several very large Assortments of COLORED and FANCY SILK VELVETS, etc., which they will dispose of during this month at extremely LOW PRICES.

Broadway and 11th Street,

NEW YORK.



THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK

AND

Autographic Register.

Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.

Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address
J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, - - New York

Illustrated

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS, it makes no difference where you see them advertised or by whom or where they are published or so send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 32.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MISS ESTHER BEAMISH.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning, at Monona, Wis.

THE UNFOLDING MESSAGE. By Rev. Sam Jones. A Missionary on the Chinese Outrages—A Long-Lost Brother's Return—A Wicked and Slothful Servant.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Adjournment of Congress—Record of the Session—The River and Harbor Bill Signed—The Anarchists' Trial—Death of S. J. Tilden—Editor Cutting's Sentence—Meeting of the British Parliament—An Imitator of William Tell—A Montreal Lady's Heroism—A Horse Pacified by Hymns—A Curious Mistake at a Wedding, etc.

THE DEACON'S MYSTERY. (With Illustration.)

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.—Negotiating with Pirates.

A NEW PALACE FOR THE PEOPLE. (With Illustration.)

SIGNS OF THE COMING AGE. By Rev. J. P. Weethe.

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.) Warning to Judas and Peter. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Miss ESTHER BEAMISH—Scenes in her Life.

MISS ESTHER BEAMISH.

Early City Life—The Garden on the Leads—Removal to the Country—A Men's Night School—First Services—A Macedonian Cry—Work Among Sailors—A Magdalen's Death—A Laborer Crushed—Journey to Egypt—The Blessing of the Sacred Carpet—An Algerian Fête—A Gipsies' Meeting—A Fatal Visit—Death in a Kiss—Vision of Glory.

A RECENTLY published biography of one of the Lord's earnest but inconspicuous servants portrays a character so beautiful in its full consecration, and a life so full of simple, unselfish service, that a brief summary of it cannot fail to interest our readers. It is the life of a lady who, all unknown outside her own small circle, might well have as an epitaph the words our Lord uttered about one like-minded, "She hath done what she could."

Esther Matilda Grace Beamish was the daughter of a clergyman. Her father, the Rev. H. Hamilton Beamish, author of "Truth Spoken in Love," and other popular religious works, was at the time of her birth minister of Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, London, where he filled an important place as one of the leaders of the Evangelical movement. Gifted as he was in a remarkable degree, both personally and mentally, his eloquent sermons drew large congregations, to which he never failed to preach "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Esther and her sister Frances, her biographer, shared the same room in the old-fashioned mansion in Somerset Street. It was at the top of the house, and the windows opened, as is common in old houses in London on wide leads, which the two children covered with flower-pots and boxes, turning the grimy place into a miniature garden in spite of the London smoke. They used to enjoy leaning out together to watch the stars and listen to the clocks chiming the hours; amusing themselves by naming each clock by the tone of its bell.

Esther used to creep down-stairs as she grew older, when all were sleeping, to the deserted drawing-room, and read and write there for two or three hours (*see illustration No. 1*), and this was a time of great enjoyment to her. An unpublished story, and a series of six tracts were written then, the tracts being afterward published.

The year 1863 brought a change of scene for the family. Mr. Beamish became Vicar of Old Cleeve, Somerset, and the family removed from the stifling city to the quiet country village. There the London preacher was warmly welcomed, and so clear and true was his Gospel preaching that it was no uncommon thing for him to see among his congregations on Sunday afternoons the ministers of the Wesleyan and Bible Christian chapels in the parish; and in the former the vicar was constantly prayed for by name, as one whom they revered and loved.

A NIGHT SCHOOL

for men and lads taught by Esther and her sisters, was organized the first winter of their being at Old Cleeve, and was largely attended, some of the men coming a distance of three and a half miles to attend it.

It was not, however, until the year 1871 that Miss Beamish really undertook public speaking in the cause of Christ. Two years before that time her father had quitted his Somersetshire charge for a more important sphere in Oxfordshire. There she entered ardently into active Christian work, and became known as an earnest and successful laborer. She went on a visit to Fakenham to assist in some special services by singing and conversation with seekers. While there some Christian men came from a town a short distance off and begged her to visit them and conduct some services. They said they had long been praying for help and believed that God had directed them to her. Their story led her to believe that the invitation was a call from God and she accepted it. The meetings were held and God blessed them to the conversion of many souls. Writing at the time to a friend to whom she was much attached, she

said: "You cannot think how awful the work of speaking is to me. It makes me almost ill; and I have just every reliance in my own powers of language or expression drained from me, and am only able to throw myself on Jesus." The next year Miss Beamish was introduced during, a visit to a friend at Lowestoft, to the work which ever afterward had the greatest charm for her—

WORK AMONG SAILORS,

both English and French, who were there in large numbers. Writing to her sister, she said: "The work among the sailors has become so absorbing that I do not at all like leaving. This is a great herring-fishery place, and whole convoys of smacks come here from France, Cornwall, Scotland, etc. The French boats have each over twenty men, and last week there were a great many in. Miss Waldegrave and I went down to the piers and gave the men some tracts in French, and invited them to a little meeting; they came with us to the room at the Sailors' Home, where they were addressed in their own tongue. At one meeting on Saturday we taught the men 'Tel que je suis'—'Just as I am'—and gave each a copy of the Gospels in French. Miss Waldegrave had to leave that evening, and the men could not be deserted, so on Sunday morning I had to take a French service. On Monday those French boats had left, but others had come in, so I spent all the morning on the fish-market pier among the English and French sailors, (*see illustration No. 2*), and had another French meeting in the afternoon, besides a class of Christians in the evening."

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH

which occurred while some services were being held in London deeply affected Miss Beamish. The Rev. W. H. Aitken and other clergymen were conducting the services, and Miss Beamish and some lady friends were assisting by holding meetings for women and girls. She thus narrates the incident which is illustrated on the first page (*panel No. 3*). "A young woman, who for six years had not entered a church, and for two had not written to her mother—a lost girl, was so impressed by what she heard, that she stayed for the after-meeting. A lady spoke with her, and at length she came then and there to Jesus, and believed, 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' Just as she was going out quite bright, she said, 'There is one thing I should like—a Bible.' The lady said, 'You shall have mine,' and gave it just as it was, with her name in it. The next afternoon the same lady was visiting a large hospital, and one of the nurses said, 'We have such a sad case to-day, a young woman run over by an omnibus, and she is dead; and the curious thing is, she had your Bible in her pocket.' The lady said, 'Did she say anything?' 'Yes, when the doctors stood round her bed, she asked if it was hopeless, and when they said, 'Yes, quite hopeless,' she said, 'Thank God this did not happen yesterday. I am going to Jesus.' She had also written to her mother late the night before, saying, 'After so long, you will be glad to hear from me. I have given my heart to Jesus, and mean to live for Him.'"

WORK AMONG NAVVIES

in the Bois de la Cambre, Spa, in which she successfully engaged in 1876 appears to have caused her considerable gladness. She observes: "The open-air mid-day meetings became most interesting, and a sort of happy fraternity which they recognized with us, attached the navvies to the meetings. The navvies themselves had been won through the providential fact that, an accident occurring one day at the moment of our arrival, the opportunity had arisen for making a very solemn appeal to them. Here is the story: the dinner-bell rang, the men were hurrying to their dinners, and one of them, De Keyser, a Fleming, who was at the bottom of a shaft over ninety feet in depth, called to the man at the windlass to let down the iron-bound basket to draw him up. This man hastily dropped the basket on De Keyser, who was instantly crushed.

"When he was brought to the surface fatally

injured, and laid on trusses of straw in a shed, we were there, and the three hours spent in helping his kind comrades to ease the almost senseless and quivering body (while waiting for the doctor) were most precious. We had prayed together in the crowded shed, and a time of great solemnity with the large gathering of workmen outside. It was surely a solemn occasion to witness of Christ's love, and of the need of knowing Him! Lady Radstock, Miss Waldegrave, and I visited him frequently in the hospital, where it was discovered that his spine was injured. He lay at the end of a long ward, over the door of which hung a plain wooden cross, and, after a fortnight's illness, he said in reply to some remark about God and sin, 'when we are well we do not think of those things, but now I always look at that'—'je regarde toujours vers là,' turning his face toward the cross. The day before he died, he said quite spontaneously, and as if under a new conviction, 'Yes, Jesus was good, so good, quite different to us, and He died, He was nailed to a cross for us (pour nous autres), for nothing else, and now He wears a crown, and not a crown of mockery; ah, He is good!'"

The four following years were full of earnest Christian service. They were succeeded by work in far different scenes.

A JOURNEY TO EGYPT

was undertaken in the spring of 1880 with an invalid friend, Lady Sebright. They left England with the mail for India, crossing from Brindisi to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo. At Cairo they were visited by Miss Whately, daughter of the late eminent Archbishop of Dublin. In a letter dated, Nile, February 18th, Miss Beamish says: "Monday was full of interest. In the morning we were off to take up a good place to see the ceremony of

BLESSING THE CARPET.

The Khedive, in full-dress military uniform, touched the sacred camel, over which there was a high golden canopy containing part of the carpet, the rest of it being packed in rough deal, swung on camels' backs. I can never describe the sight as to color and brilliancy! The procession came down a winding hilly street, with Arab houses on either side, and parties of veiled women on the roofs, who, as the sacred camel approached, made that curious melodious trill, 'Lirra, lirra, lirra.' Soldiers kept the ground; but the road down which the procession came was lined with men carrying enormous green silk banners, with texts from the Koran written on them. Military bands, playing a very stirring Arab march, came before each regiment; and there was a splendid old Mohammedan priest on an Arab horse, who stood near us until he cut in and joined the procession. About ten immense banners belonged to him, and the people crowded to kiss his hands." (*See illustration No. 4.*)

AN ALGERIAN FÊTE

which is illustrated on the first page (*panel No. 5*), was witnessed by Miss Beamish in company with her friend, Lady Sebright, during a visit to Algiers. She thus described it: "Through one of the pastors, a German missionary, who has been here for years, and knows all the leading Jews, Arabs, Spaniards, etc., we got ourselves taken to a fête. He conducted us through the network of narrow alleys of the Arab town at night, where we did not meet a single European, and only saw two women (unveiled), until we reached a strange corner with no windows, only blank walls and low Mauresque doors; outside one of these sat a very fine-looking Arab, a chief of the sect called the Aissous, from the name of their founder, Ben Aissa—the name Aissa being the same as Joshua, and Jesus. This Ben Aissa was ages ago banished to the desert for some political intrigue, and with his family was 'starving'; and the inspiration came to him to open the Koran, and obey whatever command he first read, which happened to be, 'Eat what is set before thee.' There were only scorpions, stones, prickly pears, etc., but they all ate these things, and

now the sect called Aissoua, his descendants, do the same at these

RELIGIOUS ORGIES.

At about nine o'clock we went into a little Moorish house, an open court with pillars, and two stories of rooms round open galleries. On a stone shelf sat the Marabout, or Sidi, which means saint, who directed the ceremonies. A very venerable, white-haired old man, with keen, bright eyes, and the most passionless, un pitying face. He was now on a prayer-mat, the centre of a semicircle of fanatics, all thrumming on a kind of drum and singing a minor chant in exact time. In the middle was a stone brazier with charcoal and incense burning. The singing and drumming got louder and quicker, until one rose up in a frenzy and flung himself on his face, and leaping up began a wild dance, throwing off bonnet, waistcoat, shirt, and yelling like a wild beast."

On her return home Miss Beamish seemed possessed with an insatiable appetite for Christian labor, as if she had a presentiment that her time was growing short.

AT A MEETING OF GIPSIES

of which there is a picture on the first page (panel No. 6), she took a very prominent part. It was gotten up by her brother who is a clergyman and whose parish is on the high road frequented by the gipsies in their wanderings. He was deeply concerned for their spiritual welfare and went among them to hold a service. Miss Esther accompanied her brother, and her gentle, earnest words moved the uncouth gathering to tears.

A FATAL VISIT

to her friend, Lady Sebright, was paid by Miss Beamish in December, 1881. During her stay her friend's daughter, Olive, a bright, winsome child, fell sick. Miss Beamish assisted Lady Sebright in nursing the child between whom and herself existed a warm attachment. Olive's disease was pronounced diphtheria, but the devoted Christian girl refused to fly from the infectious disease but insisted on remaining in attendance, though she so far complied with Lady Sebright's entreaties as to avoid inhaling the child's breath. The child's affection, however, set aside precautions. When death was near little Olive rose in her bed, and drawing Esther's head down to her, gave her a passionately loving kiss on her lips. (See illustration No. 7.) Lady Sebright was just behind, and caught hold of Esther (for an awful fear seized her mind), saying, as she drew her back, "How can you, how dare you do that?" and the reply was, "I could not resist the little sweet." This no doubt was to her a fatal kiss.

Little Olive died and Esther was the bereaved mother's comforter. On the following day Miss Beamish herself fell sick, and the physicians declared that her disease was blood poisoning with diphtheria, and pronounced it hopeless.

Three days of suffering followed and then at the physician's request Lady Sebright told her that all hope of recovery was over, and asked her if she had any fear. She smiled brightly in her face, saying, "Fears! no; why should I be afraid when I am going to the One I have lived with and for all my life?" Constantly, during her last hours, with varying distinctness, she repeated hymns and psalms, and began Psalm 23, which a friend, Miss Gilbert, finished for her. Toward morning, seeing the light on her face, and hearing more frequently the Saviour's name, they asked her if she saw Him, but she said,

"NO; ONLY HIS GLORY, INTENSE GLORY."

Near the end she spoke rapidly and less clearly; but scraps of prayer were heard, as even in death she pleaded for unsaved souls. - But at the last they heard distinctly the words, "O Lord! oh, pity! oh, love!" With this last aspiration toward the divine love, she entered His glorious presence.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1883, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883, and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"As Free as Birds in the Air."—At a recent meeting Mr. Sloan said: "I know two young women who two years after they professed to be Christians, were led to give themselves in full surrender to God. They had previous to this been dealing in an unfair way toward their employer, but the Lord led them to see that this must be given up, that a consecrated life must be a life of purity and free from guilt. They went to their employer and confessed their fault. I have no doubt this must have made a strange impression upon him, that those two mill workers should have made such a confession to him of their own free will; and as for the girls, as they expressively said: 'We now feel as free as birds in the air.' Because they had by God's grace climbed the mountain that stood between Him and them."

Killed on the Spot.—A Gentleman Working for Christ in Scotland said: "I knew two young men in Aberdeen who held a very good position there. They scoffed at anything in the nature of religion, and even made it a boast that they would every Sunday drive riotously through the town of Aberdeen, when worshippers were gathering to the House of God; and they made a habit of returning when the congregations were dispersing. If any one remonstrated with them for their unseemly conduct they used to say, 'It is a day of pleasure; and why should we not make it so?' So they took their own way, and had their pleasure, but it was of shorter duration than they thought. One Sunday, when returning from their drive, they were lashing the horses to an unusual speed. The frantic animals galloped wildly on, and dashed up against a railing, throwing the two men out of the trap, and killing them on the spot. So their little day of serving the devil was over, and what was their reward? 'Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

The Lost Bank-Note.—A Farmer who had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language, one day lost a bank-note in his barn. He searched for it long and earnestly, but in vain. At length he said, "That note is in the barn, I'm perfectly sure of that, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly, he again went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till at last he found the note. A few weeks before this he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased, but he did not find the peace which comes to every true penitent the moment he accepts Christ as his Saviour. After he lost the note he sat by the fire one evening musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife, and asked, "What must one do to be a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "as eagerly as you sought for the bank-note." It was "a word fitly spoken," and he found Christ that very night, and is now rejoicing in Him.

Three Distinct Calls.—Mr. Ferrie Observed: "The Lord is near to them that call upon Him. Mr. Moody used to tell a striking illustration of this verse. He said: 'My little boy has three calls. He opens the study door and calls, "Papa." I pay no attention to him because I know it is merely to attract notice. Again he comes throwing the study door open, and running in, he calls: "Papa, look here, I have something to show you." I know by his call that he is really in earnest, and I turn to share in his joy. He has still another call; when he is in the garden he may meet with an accident; in a quick and distressed voice, he calls: "Papa." I know by the call that my child is in trouble, and I am out of the house in an instant, and by my boy's side, doing what I can to help him.' In like manner God deals with us. We sometimes call to Him, scarcely meaning anything by our call, and never looking for or expecting a reply. Then, again, we wish to call the Lord's attention to some unexpected joy or pleasure which we have received. He

listens to us because He delights to share in all that concerns us. But, dear friends, how quickly the Lord will come to the call of one in distress! He knows all the different calls of His children, and specially those in trouble, for has He not promised, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'"

A Drunkard's True Dream.—Mr. Wright, a devoted Christian worker, said: "A gentleman in Dumfriesshire told me of a man there who indulged in drinking bouts periodically. His friends entreated him to give up the degrading and ruinous course, warning him that at any time he might fall down the long stair which led to his house, and sustain some serious harm. The minister of the parish also many times earnestly warned him of the danger of indulging in strong drink; but nothing would stop him. One morning he told his wife that he had had a dream during the night, in which he thought he was in one of his drinking fits, and was returning home, and had just gained the top step of the stair, when he missed his footing, and fell to the bottom, breaking his neck. He told his wife that this dream was so vivid that he was troubled about it. His wife said that it was a warning from God, and that he must look upon it as such. When the thought of the dream had gradually gone from his mind, he returned to his drinking, and one night he was returning home, and had just reached the top step, when he actually did fall down and break his neck, and was carried to his bed lifeless."

A Dying Welsh Soldier's Despair.—A Christian worker observed: "I once went to visit a soldier who had bought himself off from the army. He was dying, but did not know it. I sat down by his side, and said, 'I will read a bit of the Bible for you.' 'Oh, you need not trouble; I am not so ill as all that,' he replied. Poor fellow; he thought that he must be very ill before any one need offer to read a part of the Bible for him. Next morning when I called, I found him much worse. I learned that he was a Welshman, and his mother was a Christian. Suddenly, he threw himself back in bed, and wringing his hands he cried, 'Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! I am as a dead man; the mark of death is upon me, and I am not saved.' There is a time when Christ may be found, but there is also a time when He may not be found. It is one of the saddest sights that one can look upon to see a soul seeking for Christ, but unable to find Him. And this young dying soldier sought and sought for Christ, but it was all in vain; Jesus had passed by. He became delirious and died in agony. 'Seek the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.'"

The Difference Between One Street and Another.—A Christian lady observed: "I lately heard of a very singular answer to prayer received by a woman in a district which I visit. She was a good Christian woman, but she had never got to the point of believing that God would in a direct and speedy way, answer her prayer, especially in temporal matters. She had never fully realized that He who cares for the soul also cares for the body. She had heard of many cases of answer to prayer, and she thought, 'If God has answered the prayers of others for temporal things then He may answer my prayer,' and with this new thought she went home and prayed simply and believingly, that her son, who was out of employment, might obtain work. She told her son what she had done, and that she was sure he would soon get something to do. He went out to attend a meeting, and when he was partly up one street, he suddenly changed his mind and turned and walked up another. There he met his old employer, who said, 'I am glad to see you, for I have something for you to do, will you come in tomorrow morning?' The young man, instead of going to the meeting, went home and told his mother of the speedy answer to her prayer. Thus, friends, we should go to the Lord and in simple faith make our requests known unto Him."

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Aug. 8, 1886, at Monona, Wis.

"In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."—Daniel 5: 30.

Historical Royal Entertainments—The Gay City—A Night in Babylon—The Magnificent Feast—A Scene of Oriental Splendor—A Signal—The Startling Apparition—Consternation of the Guests—The Appalling Declaration—I. God's Writing Must Not be Ignored—Latimer's Faithfulness With King James—II. The Banquet of Sin—Its Opening and its Close—Rum and French Novels—III. Death Sometimes an Unbidden Guest—The National Banquet Interrupted by War—IV. The Destruction Sudden.

FEASTING has been known in all ages. It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most significant of all. She was greeted at the gate with floating islands and torches and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into

PERFECT ENCHANTMENT.

Then she was introduced in a dining-hall the luxuries of which astonished the world; four hundred servants waited upon the guests; the entertainment cost five thousand dollars each day. Lord Leicester made that great supper in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors at Hampton Court. The best cooks in all the land prepared for the banquet; purveyors went out and travelled all the kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The time came. The guests were kept during the day hunting in the king's park, so that their appetites might be keen; and then in the evening to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with silk and cloth of gold, and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plate, and laden with the rarest of meats, and a-blush with the costliest wines; and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the articles of food had been fashioned into the shape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors out of cups filled to the brim drank the health, first of the King of England, and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court.

But my text takes us to a more exciting banquet. It was taking

NIGHT IN BABYLON.

The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with heavy dew, began to pour from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A ROYAL FEAST

to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togamah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers; while a thousand lords dismount, and women dressed in all the splendor of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea. Open wide the gates and let the guests

come in! The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners! Fill the cups! Clap the cymbals! Blow the trumpets! Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say: "Oh King Belshazzar, live forever!"

ORIENTAL SPLENDOR.

Ah, my friends! it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters.

THE SIGNAL

is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine! Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment: "Oh King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head-band and carcanet of royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again and again and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash, decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song and the drunken hiccough, and the slaverling lip and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear: "Huzza, huzza, for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced

SHRIEK OF HORROR.

Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "Weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Meanwhile the Assyrians who for two years had been laying a siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar slain."

I. I learn from this, that

WHEN GOD WRITES

anything on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. What shall I preach to you to-day? Shall I tell

you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no!" you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will.

If there is any handwriting on the wall it is this lesson: "Repent, accept of Christ and be saved." I might talk of a great many other things but that is the message, and so I declare it.

Jesus never flattered those to whom He preached. He said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight: "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say: "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness, to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance, to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come, to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must

READ IT AS IT IS.

A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text, James 1: 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said: "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying: "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king who can destroy thy body! But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the king of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell-fire. Oh king, cursed be thy crimes!"

II. Another lesson that comes to us: There is a great difference between the opening of

THE BANQUET OF SIN

and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast," you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine and dying groans are the music.

Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night is Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about

THE INTOXICATING CUP.

Why, it is exhilarating. It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break but cannot; and he cries out: "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out: "It biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an

adder." How bright it was at the start! how black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read

FRENCH NOVELS.

"They are so charming," he says, "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh what a charming landscape he sees!

But that sinful sprite with her wand meets him again; but now she reverses the wand and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool, stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him, and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with, "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him; and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words: "This night is Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain." Sin may open bright as the morning; it closes dark as the night.

III. I learn further from this subject that sometimes

DEATH BREAKS IN

upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip-top pitch Death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American Senate, or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium like a reckless charioteer seizes the reins of his intellect.

His father and mother stand by and see the tides of life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at

A NATIONAL BANQUET—

North, South, East and West. What grain was here but we grew it on our hills? What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the Arctic? What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our Senates? Ho! to the national banquet reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled upon the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the tanned Carolinian from the rice-swamps, and the harvesters of Wisconsin, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—

brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended.

WHAT MEANT THOSE MOUNDS

thrown up at Chickahominy, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain-fields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn-fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears, those lakes of blood? God was angry. Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation has been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet!

IV. I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Assyrian army broke through.

IT WAS UNEXPECTED.

Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the Deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea, that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through; where they had gone why not the Egyptians? Oh it was such a beautiful walking-place! a pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water, solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet and they shall be destroyed. But the walls of solidified water begin to tremble. They rock. They fall. The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war-horses in vain for the shore! The strewing of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed and without remedy!

I am just setting forth a fact which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says: "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! As quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise and defy Him. They come suddenly.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! No! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman and he lives to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe, the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall go no more to the office, or to the store, or to the shop. Nothing will be left but Death and Judgment and Eternity. Oh, flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now

to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel!

To-day I invite you to

A GRANDER BANQUET

than any I have mentioned. My Lord the King is the banqueter. Angels are the cup-bearers. All the redeemed are the guests. The halls of eternal love, frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty, are the banquetting place. The harmonies of eternity are the music. The chalices of heaven are the plate; and I am one of the servants coming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering them everywhere; and of that, for yourselves, you might break the seal of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, now, for all things are ready."

After this day has rolled by and the night has come may you have rosy sleep guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh! art thou a despiser of God? Is the coming night the last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of my text: "In that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain."

A NOVEL INTERMENT.

A MOST extraordinary funeral took place in India recently. This is the account of it as published by the *Indian Witness*:

Attached to the famous Krishna Temple at Udipi, in the South Canara District, are eight *mutts*, each of which is governed by a *swamy*, who is supposed to be a very holy individual. These *swamies* are usually appointed when very young, and, being surrounded by a lot of sycophants, they are pampered in such a way that they become terrible martinets when they get older. Every Hindoo, no matter what his social position, has to fall down flat on his face before one of these infallible popes. They are higher than even the highest class of Brahmins; they never marry; they shave every hair from off their bodies, and are supposed to be above the influence of things earthly.

One of these *swamies* died yesterday, and to prevent the corruption that all flesh is heir to—the ordinary mode of cremation being considered not good enough for him—immediately after death he was placed in a sitting posture, in the orthodox position of a Brahman and put into a small basket. As soon as rigidity gave firmness to his corpse, he was carried three times round the big temple, with all the gorgeous paraphernalia of an Oriental procession, and then carried to the graveyard, where a couple of dozen of his ancestors are lying. The grave was about six feet deep and four feet square. A big piece of red cloth was laid over its mouth, a couple of baskets of salt were put on the cloth, thus pushing it to the bottom, then a layer of camphor, on which the body was placed in a sitting posture, various articles which are necessary for the performance of *puja* being put into the hands of the corpse, and around it, some food, and even his old slippers, to keep him up on his way to the unknown regions; then layer after layer of immense quantities of camphor, pepper, mustard-seed, and salt were poured in and around the body, till the whole was covered, except the glistening top of his head. On this a coconut was placed, and a tremendous blow from a heavy hammer smashed both the coconut and skull. A *saligram*, or small idol, was then pushed into the cavity of the skull, a couple of more baskets of salt and camphor were thrown on, the ends of the stout cloth were brought together and tied in a knot just over the head, and earth was filled in by handfuls by the eager spectators, amid the yells and shrieks of "Govinda!" "Govinda!"

A LONG-LOST BROTHER'S RETURN.

A MEETING between two brothers long separated occurred recently in Lewiston, Me. Any poor wanderer who is miserable and forlorn reading of it, may be assured that if he will seek his divine Elder Brother he will be recognized and welcomed (Heb. 2 : 17, 18).

The Lewiston *Journal* says: "One day last week Edward Lacey stood on the street corner for a moment on his way home waiting for a street-sprinkler to pass. He abstractedly watched the countless streams of water and, after it had passed, noticed a man with gray hair and beard coming up the street and across to the corner. The man appeared to be looking around the street as though its aspect were wholly new to him. The man wandered along and finally stopped on the corner and then, approaching Mr. Lacey, said: 'I am a stranger here and haven't been here before for many years. I've a brother here that I haven't seen for thirty years. I just came in on the train and haven't found out if he lives in the city now or not. Perhaps you know him or where he lives. His name is Edward Lacey and mine is John Lacey, and I am his brother.' Here was a miraculous meeting of two brothers amid the crowds of the street after thirty years. Edward Lacey looked at the face of his brother and knew it, although the years had whitened the hair and added the crowfeet to his face. 'Should you know your brother Edward if you should see him?' he asked, and John Lacey said that he thought he should, and then Edward Lacey said that he knew where Edward Lacey lived, and that as he was going that way he would show him the house, and they went off together. The *dé-nouement* came when the two entered the house and Edward Lacey said, 'Welcome home.'"

A WICKED AND SLOTHFUL SERVANT.

How much injury may be done by an inconsistent Christian cannot be estimated. It may extend widely around his home as well as in it, and may be felt in eternity. Men and women who might be attracted to the religion of Jesus are repelled when they see professing Christians proving by their lives that the religion they profess does not keep them from open sin. One such case is mentioned by the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, in *Words and Weapons*. He says: "Not very long ago a pastor found an inquirer awaiting him after a Sunday evening service. She was an inmate of the home of a distinguished neighboring minister. He asked why she did not unite with the church of which her employer was the pastor. She said that she could not; she had never heard him preach; she would not listen to him; observing him in his home had almost made her an infidel; he had absolutely no religion; his apparent religious life was an unmistakable sham. She was not an ignorant or vindictive servant, as may be supposed, but an intelligent person, well educated, capable of forming an opinion upon such a subject without venom. The minister of whom she spoke is noted in this country, at least within his denomination. I know him, and (it is wicked to judge of one's inner life, but we may have an opinion of one's *conduct*), I am satisfied that the woman was right. If the man is a Christian, there is nothing about him that gives evidence of it." (II Tim. 2 : 19.)

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE AMONG WILD BEASTS.

AN incident which shows that the God who protected Daniel in the den of lions is just as ready now to protect His children when they call upon Him, is related by Dr. Dowkontt in his excellent periodical, the *Medical Mission Record*. He says that Dr. John Scudder, the pioneer of medical missions, was on one occasion obliged to take a long journey from Madras, India, far into the interior. On his way homeward he was seized with jungle fever and his life was despaired of. News of his extremity was carried to his wife in Madras. With the devotion of the Christian and the wife she resolved to go and nurse him. She borrowed a tent,

hired bearers, and with her little boy, whom she could not leave behind, set out into the jungle.

She travelled by night as well as day in her determination to reach her dear one as soon as possible. This involved peril such as strong and brave men would scarcely venture upon. In the worst part of the jungle road one night the bearers became frightened at the sound of the wild beasts roaring after their prey, and all of them actually ran away and left this noble woman with her little boy. In that moment of awful peril no thought of flight crossed her mind. She put her trust in God and, having prayed, settled herself for the night. Holding her boy in her arms she sat calmly through the long hours of darkness. She heard the heavy tread of the elephants, who might easily have crushed them to death, and the low growls of the tigers and other wild beasts. In fact they seemed to be circling around that little spot; but not once did the fierce creatures come near her. When Mrs. Scudder arrived at last at her destination, she had the joy not only of finding the doctor alive, but convalescing, although it took several months to restore his health sufficiently for him to partly resume his beloved work again.

THE WONDERFUL AWAKENING IN PERSIA.

In a long and deeply interesting letter from Rev. J. H. Shedd, D.D., dated Oroomiah, May 14th, and published in the *Foreign Missionary*, he describes the glorious outpouring of the Spirit that has recently been witnessed in that land. He says:

"In seventeen congregations there have been revivals, some of them of great power, moving the whole community. In all there were over five hundred inquirers. In Guelpashaw, ninety; Dizzataka, eighty, and so on in smaller numbers. Of these there have been received to the church to this date about two hundred. Others will be received at the communion seasons of the summer. The fruits of the revival are the more marked as many of the converts are men in middle life or early manhood, and heads of families. More than two thirds of all our church members are women, but of the converts this winter more than half are men. Many very hardened and profligate men have been reached and brought to Christ. Some hard drinkers have made their stand for Christ by *giving up their wine*, and all received to the church are conscientiously total abstainers. In the villages where the awakening has prevailed there has been a great decrease of drinking and quarrelling and other forms of evil, and the winter has passed, and the Easter feasts also, with marked sobriety and morality.

Among the causes assigned for this movement, a prominent one is the gratitude awakened to the Christians for their kindness to the sufferers by famine and by the Kurdish War. The Persians appear to have thought that there must be something good in a religion which prompted its professors to deeds of love to the sick and suffering.

A MISSIONARY ON THE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

THE outrages on the Chinese in Wyoming and elsewhere are, it appears, well known not only to the Chinese Government, but to the common people. The effect on mission work is deplorable. It excites a prejudice against the missionaries and there are fears of its leading to retaliation. In the course of a letter from Chungking, China, to the *Independent*, Mr. George B. Crews says:

"Heretofore English missionaries have been taunted with being citizens of the nation that forced opium upon China—a fact which seems to be known among all classes—while Americans enjoyed an immunity from such a disgrace forced upon them by the policy of their native land; but now we are placed in a position not less humiliating than that of our English friends, by reason of the barbarous treatment of the Chinese in our country. We are so far inland that the mass of the people do not know of the existence

of most of the western nations, much less of current events, but the recent mobs in the Western States are freely discussed on the streets in Chungking, indicating that America has succeeded in making an impression in China. Our native friends come to us with such questions as this: 'The people on the streets say that your people in America mob and kill our people there. Is it true?' We have to admit the facts, but it is of little use to try to extenuate the crime by explaining circumstances, for their simple minds grasp only the fact that Chinese are unjustly oppressed and frequently killed in America. So far, we have been treated kindly, and allowed to secure and take possession of property inside and outside the city unhindered, but if China should adopt a retaliating policy we would be in a much more hazardous position than during the late war, because the officials would permit, if not actually instigate measures against us."

SIGNS OF THE COMING AGE.

By J. P. Weethe.*

The Nature of Signs—Why they were Promised—Extraordinary Events—Physical Signs—Signs in the Sun—The Dark Day—In the Stars—The Strange Meteoric Showers—Moral Signs—The Force in the Combination—An Ominous Resemblance to the Antediluvians and the Sodomites.

IT seems to us that too much attention cannot be devoted to the signs, since they were given by Christ for the express purpose of putting all upon the watch, so that they might not be overtaken as a thief. He directs them first to the phenomena of the natural world as if He would say, "I wish you to know when I am about to come again in person to the earth, so that you may have your work all well done, and be ready to receive me. That you may know My near approach I will print the message on the face of the heavens, and on the earth also. You are familiar with nature; you can discern its ordinary phenomena and therefore be able to see any extraordinary changes. When nature begins to clothe herself with unusual dresses and appearances, such as draw special attention by their singularity; when these unusual phenomena are seen in the sun, moon and stars; when extraordinary storms upset the sea, destroying commerce and wrecking navies; when the stars fall from the heavens, as a fig-tree casteth her green figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind—when the physical world assumes such extraordinary visages, you may know that My Coming is near—even at the door."

PHYSICAL SIGNS.

First, in the heavens above; second, on the earth beneath. "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." (Matt. 24 : 29; see also Mark 13 : 24, 25; Luke 21 : 25, 26, and Acts 2 : 19, 20.)

It is said there shall be signs in the sun. What signs? Have they taken place? As these were to be indications of Christ's near approach, if they have not taken place, the Saviour's return is not at the doors; but if they are in the past His glorious epiphany is close upon us. This becomes a practical question. Joel says "The sun shall be turned into darkness" (darkened). There is no indication that the sun should be blotted out, but only darkened for a time. The darkness was to be something more than an ordinary eclipse; otherwise it would excite no special notice, and would not therefore constitute a sign; since to be a sign requires that it should produce the impression on the mind of some that it was intended as a sign. Has the sun been supernaturally darkened?

Within little more than a century (May 19th 1780), it has been supernaturally darkened. It was known throughout New England as "the

* From his new book, "The Coming Age: Its Nature and Proximity," a bulky volume of 506 pages. Published by C. F. Jones, Chicago.

dark day." It was not an ordinary eclipse; it continued too long, and the moon was not in the right position to produce an eclipse. It had the chief element of a sign since it produced the general impression that the Son of Man was about to return. It may be objected that the sign was not sufficiently general. To this we reply that signs to be such, do not require that they should extend over the whole world nor be seen by mankind generally. Some are required to believe on the testimony of others (John 20: 29).

"The stars shall fall from heaven." Has this sign taken place? Shooting stars have been noticed for centuries, but not till November 13th, 1833, did they fall in such numbers as to constitute an extraordinary event. Professor Olmsted, in his work on astronomy, has the following: "The remarkable exhibitions of shooting stars which have occurred within a few years past have excited great interest among astronomers, and led to some new views respecting the construction of the solar system. Their attention was first turned toward this subject by the great meteoric shower of November 13th, 1833. On that morning from two o'clock until broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were lighted by a magnificent display of celestial fireworks. At times the air was filled with streaks of light occasioned by fiery particles darting down so swiftly as to leave the impression of their light on the eye (like a match ignited and whirled before the face), and drifting to the northwest like flakes of snow driven before the wind, leaving after them long trains of light which were in some instances variegated with different prismatic colors. This shower pervaded nearly the whole of North America, having appeared in almost equal splendor from the British possessions on the north, to the West Indian Islands and Mexico on the south, and from sixty-one degrees of longitude east of the American coast to the Pacific Ocean on the west."

Professor Olmsted's belief was that they were bodies of large size, sometimes several thousand feet in diameter. Their cause is unknown. On the minds of many it produced great alarm. It had all the elements of a sign.

MORAL SIGNS.

"And upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke 21: 25, 26). As these characteristics have been seen in the political world in all ages since these words were uttered, it is declared to be no sign. To this objection we answer: To be a sign the movements among the nations must be so great and extraordinary as to call the special attention of the wise. As with physical phenomena it is the combination that constitutes their force as a sign. There are about thirty items called signs of Christ's Coming. All these might separately occur and not be a sign; but when a period comes in which they are all combined, each one is a sign, and the combination also since the combination is new. An age takes place in which there is a certain predicted combination of physical and moral phenomena which is followed by a specific phenomenon, and then comes the noted event itself. So soon as the political world reflects the exact likeness described by our Saviour the political sign of His return is complete.

The state of morals in the world just previous to the Saviour's return must be like the morals of the old world in the days of Noah; and also like those of Sodom and Gomorrah when Lot went out of Sodom. They were guilty of the most debasing actions. The old world was so full of wickedness and evil thoughts that they gave no heed to the one hundred and twenty years' warning of Noah, though they had a visible proof of his faith in the building of the ark. They were citizens of the world and so absorbed in its interests, that any warning of coming events could not find a place in their hearts; they heard but gave no attention. They knew

not, believed not, and therefore made no preparations. The morals of Sodom were similar to those before the Deluge. They had no fear of man, of angels, nor of God Himself. Are the morals of the present world outside of the Church similar?

The last point of resemblance is the ignorance of Christ's Coming. Of the flood it is said: "They knew not until the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the Coming of the Son of Man be." Lot's message was not believed. His notes of alarm and cries of warning had no effect, even upon his own sons-in-law. The people went about their worldly business as usual; they saw no grounds for such notes of alarm. No marriage was postponed; they worked in their gardens, on new houses, and attended feasts up to the beginning of the terrible storm of fire and brimstone. So will it be with the world at the Coming of the Son of Man. They will have warning but their corruption will prevent their belief.

THE UNFOLDING MESSAGE.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

JESUS told His disciples that it was expedient for them that He go away. Why, Master, can anything be better than Thy presence? Could anything take the place of that gracious being, that benign heart? Jesus said, "The best thing I can do is to go to My Father." Oh, how poor the disciples thought they were to lose a friend, to lose an associate like Christ; how poor it made them; but Jesus said, "It is better for you that I go away." I have wondered, could anything be better than Jesus?

Brother, back yonder, four thousand or five thousand years ago, this old world

GROPED IN DARKNESS

and despair. They turned their eager faces up into heaven and cried, "Who art Thou, Thou Great Being that made us all? We grope in darkness and despair." And they bent their ears to catch any whisper in reply, and all at once as they bent their ears up into the darkness they heard a voice saying, "I am." They got an expression. He said "I am," "I am." "We have heard His voice. We have heard His name." By and by they groped in darkness and despair, and years and centuries wore away and they looked up again and said, "Tell us who Thou art, Thou Great Being of the universe." And they heard the voice again, and God spake out of a cloud and said, "I am that I am." And they said, "Here is a little more light. He has spoken a little more to us in our darkness and our gloom."

And finally as the cloud gathered about the humble Nazarene, they were all hushed in His presence. And Jesus spake up and said, "I am." And they stopped and said, "Hush; listen, we have heard that before—'I am.' Listen; we will get

MORE LIGHT."

And Jesus said, "I am the way." "Ah," they said, "glory to God; we have been lost in the wilderness for four thousand years and here is a high way and a holy way that leads to God and heaven. Oh ye lost ones of earth come and walk in this pathway that leads up to heaven." Listen; He is going to "speak again;" "I am the truth." Oh ye men that have lived overshadowed by error all your life, you who have followed falsehood and been mistaken and have groped in error so long, here is the truth at last, embodied in the blessed Son of God. Here is the truth that will make you free. Here is the truth that will enlighten, that will burst the shackles from you, that will make you wise unto salvation. But, listen; He is going to speak again: "I am the Life." Oh ye dying millions, and ye who people the graveyards and cemeteries of the earth, here is life, eternal life to every one that believeth. Listen; He is going to speak again: "I am the bread." Oh ye hungry, famishing millions, here is bread which, if a man eat, he shall hunger no more forever! Listen; He is going to speak again:

"I am the water." Oh ye thirsty ones of earth, come drink and be dry no more forever. Listen; He speaks again: "I am the door." And the door means house, home, and hospitality and welcome.

O blessed Christ, Thou art the way, Thou art the truth, Thou art the Life, Thou art the bread, Thou art the water, Thou art the home of the soul, oh, wilt Thou go, and canst Thou tell us that there is something better still for us than bread and water and way and peace and home and welcome? Jesus said: "I am all these, but it is expedient; the best thing I can do for you is to go to My Father"—to go to My Father! And that company of praying men and women gathered in their upper chamber of Jerusalem and prayed one day and two days and four days and six days and on the morning of the tenth day, as they prayed to God for the endowment of power on high, all at once the blessed Spirit filled that upper chamber like a rushing, mighty wind, and Peter caught the divine Spirit, his lips caught fire, and he ran down into the streets of Jerusalem, and preached the one memorable Gospel sermon, and won three thousand souls to Christ; and that blessed Spirit came with the benediction of the Father, with the blood of the Son, and with the great heart of the Trinity to bless and save a world.

Brother, if God has given us His own testimony of Himself, and given His Son to die for us, why, then, was Jesus to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness? They did not understand His character. They did not know what it meant. They did not know what a divine sacrifice taught the children of men. And I say to you to-day, I have walked out in hills of north Georgia in the morning before daylight. I have looked out on those hills and valleys, and saw but the dim outline of an indistinct picture; and hours later I walked out, and the sun had risen upon the scene and both hills and valleys were in a perfect sea and flood of light. And as I looked out upon the valleys and mountains, bathed in the light of the sun, I saw beauties and splendors that my eyes never looked on before. But, brother, yonder is that cross. There it is with its victim. I look on it, and I see but the dim outline of something. I do not understand it. But when the Holy Ghost arose on the cross and bathed it in a sea of heavenly light, then I saw indeed

One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood;
He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke,
A second look He gave which said,
I freely all forgive;
My blood is shed that you might live,
A ransom paid for you.

Holy Ghost arise on the cross to-night and let this congregation of men and women see the Saviour of men as they never have seen Him before. This blessed Spirit comes into the world to woo us, comes to beseech, to implore, to con-jure every man to be a man of God. But brother, hear me to-night. He comes to call you to a better life, to nobler aims, to truer purposes, and everywhere the spirit knocks at the door of the heart. He would bid you come out into the presence of God and into the sunlight of heaven? Will you hear the call? Will you heed the call of that divine Spirit to-night? Brother, brother, I have seen the Spirit strive with men and strive with men until I could almost hear the restlessness of His retreating wings, and almost hear the gates of mercy as they closed upon their hinges forever. Oh, you may trifle with this preacher, and trifle with all these preachers, but I warn you he that sinneth persistently against the Holy Ghost shall not be pardoned in this world, nor in the world to come. O Spirit of grace linger with us, enlighten us, try us, woo us, and beseech us to come to a better life. The Spirit says come.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Adjournment of Congress on Thursday last brought to a close a somewhat barren session. The two conspicuous measures by which it will be chiefly remembered are the bill regulating the Presidential succession in the event of the death or disability of both President and Vice-President, and the bill imposing a tax on oleomargarine. It will also be memorable for its lavish appropriations. With the single exception of the year 1882, no Congress has voted away so much money at a single session in a time of peace. Yet the important work of sea-coast defences was wholly unprovided for, and but a very small sum was appropriated for the reconstruction of the navy. The tariff has not been touched, the Democrats not being able to agree among themselves, and the Republicans being opposed to any change. The failure to pass a national bankruptcy law has caused disappointment in business circles. The attention of the Senate has been chiefly occupied by the nominations and the question of secret executive sessions, while the industry of the House has been most conspicuous in passing private pension bills for the President to veto. Neither of the political parties has come out of the session with an increased reputation for statesmanship.

President Cleveland's Vetoes will Render the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress memorable. In all, he vetoed one hundred and fifteen measures which had passed both Houses of Congress, and nine others failed because he would not affix his signature to them. Among the latter was the famous *Morrison resolution* regulating the payments on the public debt. Of the bills vetoed one hundred and two were private pension bills, and six for public buildings. Only one—a private pension bill—was passed over his veto. The consideration of the others was postponed until next session, except a few in which an attempt to override the veto failed. President Cleveland has now vetoed four more bills than all his predecessors combined. The total number of bills and joint resolutions introduced in both Houses was 12,202. Of these 1101 passed both Houses, 814 were approved, and 157 became laws without the President's signature.

The River and Harbor Bill, after Many vicissitudes in the two Houses, finally reached the President in such a shape as to secure his approval. It appropriates about fourteen millions and a half. This is less by four millions than the bill that President Arthur vetoed. It was confidently expected that President Cleveland would have vetoed this bill, and certain remarks made by him indicate that he was disposed to do so. It appears that the Chief of Engineers convinced him that the interests of the Government demanded that the bill should be signed. He assured him that all of the appropriations—nearly four hundred in number—

were meritorious, with the possible exception of eighteen, involving the expenditure of less than \$140,000. These eighteen he did not condemn, but he was unable to give a positive opinion about them for lack of complete information. The President came to the conclusion that some of the other appropriations might be objectionable, but inasmuch as the preservation of works in progress for a year would cost \$500,000, or about \$400,000 more than the sum covered by those items about which there was some doubt, he decided that the bill should be approved. Now, if the Chief of Engineers will convince the people as he convinced the President, he will render a service to some members of Congress who are exceedingly likely to lose their seats by having voted for the bill.

The Death of the Eminent Democratic Statesman, Samuel J. Tilden, on August 4th, has occasioned sincere sorrow throughout the country. The one fact alone that one half his countrymen believed him to have been defrauded of the Presidency would suffice to render him one of our most conspicuous citizens. But beside this, he had other claims to public regard. To him probably more than to any other man New York was indebted for the overthrow of the Tweed Ring and the corrupt judges who had upheld it. He also delivered the State from the grip of the thieves who were plundering it through the canals. To his patience and forbearance also we are indebted for the peaceable solution of the difficulty of 1876. At a word from him in that critical time a struggle more dreadful than the war just closed might have broken out. But he preferred his country's good to his own advancement, and that act history will record to his credit. Mr. Tilden had long been in feeble health, but to the last his death was not expected. He died at his residence at Greystone, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists Continued to attract public attention last week. Several of the prisoners went on the stand to testify on behalf of themselves and their fellow-prisoners. The general line of defence in addition to the alibi which several of them hope to prove, was an attempt to show that the police did the shooting, and that the bomb was thrown not from, but toward the speaker's wagon from the outer edge of the crowd. The testimony last week directly contradicted much of that given for the people. In some cases the witnesses for the defence did not agree with each other.

Sentence on Mr. Cutting was Passed by the Mexican court last week. It was that he be imprisoned for one year with hard labor on the public works, and pay a fine of six hundred dollars, or in default, serve another hundred days of imprisonment. The news produced intense excitement in Texas, and an eager desire for war. Mr. Cutting at his trial refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the court, and declined, when invited to do so, to express satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the sentence. He claimed the protection of his Government, and reiterated his conviction that he would be rescued by United States troops. Mr. Bayard's demand for his release had a peremptory tone. It appears to be based on the fact that the Mexicans have tried Cutting not for contempt of court in circulating his second libel in Mexico, for which he is really amenable to the law, but for publishing it in Texas, of which offence, according to our ideas of international law, they can take no cognizance. An additional complication arises from the fact that Cutting is a prisoner of the State Chihuahua, and President Diaz feels a delicacy about coercing a State government, even if himself disposed to pardon the man.

An Official Scandal, which in England is very rare, has been unearthed by the *London Times*. It involves the officers of the War Department, who, if the charges are true, have been robbing the public Treasury. The *Times* says: "It has long been manifest that the War Department was incompetent, and now it is openly said to be

corrupt. The department is composed of military men without mechanical, chemical, or metallurgical knowledge; of men who are babies in the hands of their subordinates, some of whom are shareholders in a private gunnery company. If England should become involved in a war to-morrow she would be compelled to become a suppliant to Krupp to supply means of defending her national existence. Colonel Hope has offered to prove wholesale corruption against the department in supplying guns which burst, rifled cartridges which jam, bayonets which bend, and swords which will not cut."

The British Parliament Reassembled On August 5th. Mr. Arthur W. Peel, whose portrait appeared in this journal on May 6th, was re-elected Speaker. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain with remarkable effrontery took their seats on the front bench with Mr. Gladstone. The great statesman caused them much confusion by going to them, and shaking hands, thus displaying the magnanimity of true greatness. The understanding among the followers of the two men is that they shall continue to act with the Liberal party unless and until their so acting tends to put Mr. Gladstone in power, when they will abstain from voting. The object of this policy is to secure the reversion of Mr. Gladstone's place when he dies or retires. It is expected that by that time the Liberal party will have forgotten or condoned their treacherous desertion of their leader. Mr. Gladstone, however, is anxious that Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley should succeed him as leaders of the Liberal party. He is still sanguine that he will see justice done to Ireland before he dies.

Belfast Was Again Disturbed by Riots Last week. On August 1st a Protestant Sunday-school excursion was returning to the city and a number of persons stopped to look at it. Some groans were heard from the crowd, and immediately stone throwing was commenced. Protestants and Catholics set upon each other and fought desperately. Eventually the Catholics were outnumbered and driven off, and the Protestants then started on an expedition of destruction. They wrecked several houses owned by Catholics, and were only dispersed when the police, finding their clubs useless, began to fire buckshot among them. At night they renewed the disorder, and the military were called out. Quiet was maintained until Saturday last when the riots broke out again, and attained such proportions that it was necessary to re-enforce the military. Four hundred foot and two hundred dragoons were hurriedly dispatched to the city, and all day Sunday were engaged in fighting the mob who threw up barricades and fought fiercely. The rioting continued all Sunday night. Many saloons were wrecked, and the passions of the mob were inflamed by the liquor stolen.

The University of Heidelberg Celebrated the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation last week with great magnificence and enthusiasm. On Monday the ancient city was decorated with flags and evergreens, and thousands of persons were pouring in from all parts of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. The reunion of old students, many of them very aged men, distinguished in arms, diplomacy, and letters was a scene never to be forgotten. Delegates were present from the universities of Yale and Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, and other seats of learning. The Crown Prince of Germany and the Grand Duke of Baden were also there, and their receptions were crowded each day. The most interesting feature of the celebration was an historical procession, each part of which represented a century in the history of the University. The costumes were prepared from original drawings at an immense cost. Knights in armor, students in quaint attire, and an English lady representing Elizabeth Stuart were in the procession. In all the speeches delivered during the fêtes, the utmost enthusiasm was evoked by the mention of the Emperor's name.

Subscriptions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$30. They are from: A Friend, Portland, Me., \$20; Chicago, Ill., \$1; London, Ont., \$1; Seaward, Me., \$3; Lafayette, R. I., 50 cents; Auburn, Ala., 50 cents; Dayton, O., \$1; New Brunswick, N. J., \$1; Howell, Mich., \$2.

Successful Evangelistic Services Have Been held at Denver, Col., by Dr. L. W. Munhall and Mr. Charles Herald. In spite of the excessive heat the services were crowded day after day for four weeks. At the conclusion of the services no less than seven hundred and fifty persons made profession of faith in Christ. Afternoon Bible readings for Christians were much blessed. Some Christian persons whose faith had been shaken by the new theology were brought back to their old standing-ground by the good old-fashioned teaching of Dr. Munhall, who holds firmly to the doctrines now abandoned by the teachers of the advanced school. Mr. Herald organized an excellent choir which rendered efficient aid in the services. Mr. Herald, we are informed, contemplates removing to Brooklyn, N. Y. He will receive a warm welcome from the churches, and his assistance in evangelistic work will be thoroughly appreciated.

The Rejection of an Atheist's Application for naturalization in New York last week has caused some excitement among native sceptics and infidels. The applicant was Carl Robitscheck, an Austrian, who went to the Bureau of the Court of Common Pleas to declare his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. When he learned that the declaration must be on oath, Robitscheck drew back, saying, "I am an atheist." Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, the clerk, made this endorsement under his name on the record book, "This applicant declaring that he is an atheist, the declaration was refused." "The statute," Mr. Jarvis said, "requires that the declaration be made on oath." Colonel Robert Ingersoll contends that the clerk of the court acted illegally in refusing the application, and insists that an affirmation ought to have been accepted. Ingersoll is very indignant about it, and we shall probably hear of this case again.

The Assassination of a Temperance Worker at Sioux City, Iowa, on August 3d, has caused intense agitation in the locality. Since the prohibition law has been in force in the State the saloons in Sioux City have been run openly, but lately the temperance people have organized a crusade on them and applied for injunctions to close them all. The Rev. E. C. Haddock was one of the leaders in bringing these suits, and was the prosecuting witness in many of them. The saloon men were particularly incensed against him, and his life has frequently been threatened. On Saturday, August 3d, while passing along the street, one saloon-keeper threatened to kill him with an axe. On the same evening he, with another minister, had just returned from a short drive, and as they were leaving the livery stable and were crossing the street at the intersection of Fourth and Water streets a sharp pistol report was heard, and Mr. Haddock fell to the ground and expired within five minutes. The villain who perpetrated the foul deed is unknown, as it was a dark, stormy night, and no one could be recognized at any distance.

The Home of Industry Established in New York, in 1879, by Michael Dunn to aid discharged prisoners has recently issued a report of its work, which proves how valuable is the labor it is doing. Since the home was established 1888 men have been received as inmates, and 910 have obtained employment through its influence. During the past year 327 have been received, and 131 obtained employment, and the daily average number of inmates has been 40 men. One of the regular industries of the Home is the manufacture of brooms. They make these until outside employment is secured.

While the temporal needs of the men are remembered, their spiritual interests are not forgotten.

A New Sect has been Formed in Cincinnati founded on a belief appalling in its blasphemous pretensions. A despatch to the New York Times states that a party of thirty or forty persons, most of them prominent and above the average in intelligence, believe that a married woman residing at Walnut Hills is Christ manifest in the flesh, and that her sister is the Holy Ghost. The followers of these two women meet at the house occupied by the women and worship them both. The woman claiming to be the Christ has exerted some strange and wonderful influence that has put them completely in her power, and they are fanatics on the subject. "This movement," says the despatch, "has been going on quietly for a year without becoming generally known. The women seclude themselves, and will not be seen by any one who is not a worshipper, or vouched for by a worshipper. Many have sold their homes and taken houses near the women. Those who have given up their positions say they do not need work or money. All they need is spiritual food, and this will be furnished by the Lord, just as it was furnished to the Israelites in the wilderness." This is another of the signs for which Christ bade His followers watch (Matt. 24 : 24).

A Montreal Lady's Heroism Saved Her father's life on August 6th. She accompanied him on his steam yacht, on Thursday night, on a voyage from Brockville to Lachine. The engineer was the only other person on board. Late in the night they lost their bearings, passed Lachine without seeing it, and at dawn were seen running at full speed for the rapids. A bridge is being constructed over the river, and against one of the piers the yacht struck and sank. The three occupants were struggling in the fierce current, but the engineer clambered on the pier and was saved. The girl, who is a good swimmer, struck out for the shore, but, looking back, she saw her father sinking, and returned to his assistance. She stayed with him, holding his head up with one hand while she swam with the other. She supported him in this way until a boat came and rescued them just as the girl's strength was exhausted. Those who witnessed the heroism of the girl say that it was wonderful that, encumbered as she was with her clothing, she kept herself and her father from being carried over the rapids. Cases of this kind are rare; generally it is the father who rescues the daughter. In spiritual matters it has often happened that a daughter has been the means of saving the father from being carried over the rapids of eternal destruction (Isa. 11 : 6).

A Curious Mistake at a Wedding was Made in New York the other day. The wife of a New York merchant has a friend who has just been married to an officer in the King's County Penitentiary. The merchant did not know the lady, nor the gentleman she was about to marry, but he readily granted his wife's request that her friend might use his house for her wedding reception. On the day of the wedding he was detained in business until a late hour. When he entered his house he had to pass through the room in which the guests were assembled. His wife was not there at the time to introduce him, and he went quickly through the room toward his chamber to change his dress. He hoped to escape unobserved, but the guests looked askance at him in his business suit, nudged each other, and whispered among themselves. He heard one of them say, "He must be one of the prisoners. It's a shame that such a person should force himself in here." General suspicion was manifested toward him, which was turned into mortification when he returned some time afterward in his dress suit and was introduced to the party by his wife. Then the good-humored merchant joined in the general laugh at the danger he had escaped of being turned out of his own house by his guests. Their humiliating blunder was probably caused by

their forgetting all about the owner of the house, or by supposing him to be a man of different appearance. It was thus that the Jews sinned when Christ came, and they failed to recognize Him (John 1 : 11).

A Perilous Voyage Has Been Undertaken by two Norwegian sailors. On August 1st, Captain Watkins, of the Inman Line steamship City of Chicago, passed in mid-Atlantic a tiny craft, only nineteen feet long, of the life-boat class. On board were two bronzed and bearded sailors, who reported all well, and that they were not in need of anything. The Chicago passed close to the life-boat, which bore the name of the Ocean. She left Norway on June 28th, and after passing Copenhagen crossed the North Sea, and rounding the north of Scotland proceeded to Queenstown, from which she sailed a number of days ago for this port. The men were quite cheerful, and seemed to have no fear of failing to complete their voyage safely. Captain Watkins says their craft was well adapted for riding heavy seas. That doubtless accounts for the calmness of the two men in circumstances that would alarm most persons. It is so with the Christian in the voyage of life. He knows that whatever storm may rage around him the life-boat in which he is will bear him safely through (Isa. 26 : 3).

An Imitator of William Tell Had a Narrow escape of killing a man at Greenville, N. C., on August 6th. A saloon-keeper in that city, who is proud of his skill as a marksman, occasionally amuses his customers by shooting at corks placed on the head of his bartender. On Friday he was practising the feat when a countryman entered who knew nothing of this habit. Seeing the saloon-keeper pointing his rifle at the bartender, and thinking a murder was intended, he cried, "Look out!" The alarm caused the man with the cork on his head to look up involuntarily, and the same instant the trigger was pulled and the bullet struck him, a quarter of an inch below the cork. Happily it glanced upward from the bone and did no more injury than to cut an ugly lane through his hair, carrying a strip of the scalp with it. Both the men were very thankful the result was no worse, and there will be no more William Tell business in that saloon. If the man had been killed, the saloon-keeper might have escaped punishment, as he did not intend to kill him; but he would not have been held guiltless of breaking God's commandment (Ex. 20 : 13). The Bible clearly describes the character of the man whose foolish acts or words do mischief which he did not design (Prov. 26 : 18, 19).

A Horse was Pacified by Hymns Recently in Southern Indiana. He was a spirited animal belonging to a minister, who is a great revivalist, noted for his beautiful singing of revival hymns. The horse would not allow any blacksmith to shoe him, but a blacksmith residing in the county seat undertook and successfully executed the task a short time ago. The smith, meeting the preacher one day, referred to the well-known peculiarity of the horse, and said, "If you'll bring that horse to my shop to-morrow and follow my instructions I'll shoe him all round and it shan't cost you a cent." Accordingly the preacher was on time at the smith's shop with his refractory steed, and after the animal had been divested of saddle, blankets, and all but the bridle, the smith said, "Now, hold your horse by the rein, close to the bridle-bit, and sing one of your liveliest camp-meeting songs, and when that is ended strike up another, and keep on singing until I finish shoeing the horse." The preacher obeyed, and, to the astonishment of all, the animal was passive until the work was completed. As the blacksmith clinched the last nail he dropped the animal's foot, exclaiming, "There, I knew you could sing religion into that horse." This case is, we believe, unprecedented, but there are innumerable cases on record of men of brutish passions, violent, and implacable, becoming gentle and lovable under the influence of religion. The worst case is not hopeless (1 Cor. 6 : 9-11).

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—II CORINTHIANS 5:20, 21.

The Essential Doctrine—Roman Vessels Laden with Sand—The Mockery of the Hungry People—An Old Legend—The Test of the True Cross—I. The Great Doctrine—Jesus Made Sin for Us—Not a Sinner—Spotlessness Necessary to Substitution—What was Done with Him—Who Did It—What Happened in Consequence—II. A Great Argument—A Beseeching God—A Pleading Saviour.

THE heart of the Gospel is redemption, and the essence of redemption is the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ. They who preach this truth preach the Gospel in whatever else they may be mistaken; but they who preach not the atonement, whatever else they declare, have missed the soul and substance of the divine message. In these days I feel bound to go over and over again the elementary truths of the Gospel. In peaceful times we may feel free to make excursions into interesting districts of truth which lie far afield; but now we must stay at home, and guard the hearths and homes of the Church by defending the first principles of the faith.

In this age there have risen up in the Church itself men who speak perverse things. There be many that trouble us with their philosophies and novel interpretations, whereby they deny the doctrines they profess to teach, and undermine the faith they are pledged to maintain.

Let me give you a parable. In the days of Nero there was great shortness of food in the city of Rome, although there was abundance of corn to be purchased at Alexandria. A certain man who owned a vessel went down to the sea-coast, and there he noticed many

HUNGRY PEOPLE

straining their eyes toward the sea, watching for the vessels that were to come from Egypt with corn. When these vessels came to the shore, one by one, the poor people wrung their hands in bitter disappointment, for on board the galleys there was nothing but sand which the tyrant emperor had compelled them to bring for use in the arena. It was infamous cruelty, when men were dying of hunger to command trading vessels to go to and fro, and bring nothing else but sand for gladiatorial shows, when wheat was so greatly needed. Then the merchant whose vessel was moored by the quay said to his shipmaster, "Take thou good heed that thou bring nothing back with thee from Alexandria but corn; and whereas, aforetime thou hast brought in the vessel a measure or two of sand, bring thou not so much as would lie upon a penny this time. Bring thou nothing else, I say, but wheat; for these people are dying, and now we must keep our vessels for this one business of bringing food for them."

Alas! I have seen certain mighty galleys of late loaded with nothing but mere

SAND OF PHILOSOPHY

and speculation, and I have said within myself, "Nay, but I will bear nothing in my ship but the revealed truth of God, the bread of life so greatly needed by the people." God grant us this day that our ship may have nothing on board it that may merely gratify the curiosity, or please the taste; but that there may be necessary truths for the salvation of souls. I would have each one of you say: "Well, it was just the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and nothing else." I have no desire to be famous for anything but preaching the old Gospel. There are plenty who can fiddle to you the new music; it is for me to have no music at any time but that which is heard in heaven—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory forever and ever!"

I have found, my brethren, by long experience, that nothing touches the heart like the cross of

Christ; and when the heart is touched and wounded by the two-edged sword of the law, nothing heals its wounds like the balm which flows from the pierced heart of Jesus. The cross is life to the spiritually dead. There is

AN OLD LEGEND

which can have no literal truth in it, but if it be regarded as a parable it is then most instructive. They say that when the Empress Helena was searching for the true cross they dug deep at Jerusalem and found the three crosses of Calvary buried in the soil. Which out of the three crosses was the veritable cross upon which Jesus died they could not tell, except by certain tests. So they brought a corpse and laid it on one of the crosses, but there was neither life nor motion. When the same dead body touched another of the crosses it lived; and then they said, "This is the true cross." When we see men quickened, converted, and sanctified by the doctrine of substitutionary sacrifice, we may justly conclude that it is the true doctrine of atonement. I have not known men made to live unto God and holiness except by the doctrine of the death of Christ on man's behalf. The story of the great Lover of the souls of men Who gave Himself for their salvation is still in the hand of the Holy Ghost the greatest of all forces in the realm of mind.

I. First, then, with as much brevity as possible I will speak upon

THE GREAT DOCTRINE.

The great doctrine, the greatest of all, is this, that God, seeing men to be lost by reason of their sin, hath taken that sin of theirs and laid it upon His only begotten Son, making Him to be sin for us, even Him who knew no sin; and that in consequence of this transference of sin he that believeth in Christ Jesus is made just and righteous, yea, is made to be the righteousness of God in Christ. Christ was made sin that sinners might be made righteousness. That is the doctrine of the substitution of our Lord Jesus Christ on the behalf of guilty men.

Now consider, first, who was made sin for us? The description of our great Surety here given is upon one point only, and it may more than suffice us for our present meditation. Our substitute was spotless, innocent, and pure. "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." Christ Jesus, the Son of God, became incarnate, and was made flesh, and dwelt here among men; but though He was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, He knew no sin. Though upon Him sin was laid, yet not so as to make him guilty. He was not, he could not be, a sinner; he had no personal knowledge of sin.

Beloved, it was absolutely necessary that any one who should be able to suffer in our stead should himself be spotless. A sinner obnoxious to punishment by reason of his own offences, what can he do but bear the wrath which is due to his own sin? Our Lord Jesus Christ as man was made under the law; but He owed nothing to that law, for He perfectly fulfilled it in all respects. He was capable of standing in the room, place, and stead of others, because He was under no obligations of His own. He was only under obligations toward God because He had voluntarily undertaken to be the surety and sacrifice for those whom the Father gave Him. He was clear Himself, or else He could not have entered into bonds for guilty men.

This leads me on to the second point of the text, which is, what was done with Him who knew no sin? He was "made sin." It is

A WONDERFUL EXPRESSION;

the more you weigh it the more you will marvel at its singular strength. In the church and out of the church there is a deadly animosity to this truth. Modern thought labors to get away from what is obviously the meaning of the Holy Spirit, that sin was lifted from the guilty and laid upon the innocent. It is written, "The Lord that hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." This is as plain language as can be used; but if any plainer was required, here it is—"He hath made Him to be sin for us."

The Lord God laid upon Jesus, who voluntarily

undertook it, all the weight of human sin. Instead of its resting on the sinner, who did commit it, it was made to rest upon Christ, who did not commit it; while the righteousness which Jesus wrought out was placed to the account of the guilty, who had not worked it out, so that the guilty are treated as righteous. Those who by nature are guilty, are regarded as righteous, while He who by nature knew no sin whatever, was treated as guilty. I think I must have read in scores of books that such a transference is impossible; but the statement has had no effect upon my mind. I do not care whether it is impossible or not with learned unbelievers; it is evidently possible with God, for

HE HAS DONE IT.

But they say it is contrary to reason. I do not care for that, either; it may be contrary to the reason of those unbelievers, but it is not contrary to mine; and if I am to be guided by reason, I prefer to follow my own. The atonement is a miracle, and miracles are rather to be accepted by faith than measured by calculation. God saith it, and I believe it; and believing it, I find life and comfort in it. Shall I not preach it? Assuredly I will.

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Christ was not guilty, and could not be made guilty; but He was treated as if He were guilty, because He willed to stand in the place of the guilty. Yea, He was not only treated as a sinner, but He was treated as if He had been sin itself in the abstract. This is an amazing utterance. The sinless one was made to be sin.

Sin pressed our great Substitute very sorely. We know that He bore pains innumerable of body and of mind; He thirsted, He cried out in the agony of desertion, He bled, He died. We know that He poured out His soul unto death, and yielded up the ghost. But there was at the back, and beyond all this, an immeasurable abyss of suffering. The Greek Liturgy fitly speaks of "Thine unknown sufferings," probably to us they are *unknowable* sufferings. He was God as well as man, and the Godhead lent an omnipotent power to the manhood, so that there was compressed within His soul, and endured by it, an amount of anguish of which we can form no conception. I will say no more; it is wise to veil what it is impossible to depict. This text both veils and discovers His sorrow, as it says, "He made Him to be sin." Look into the words. Perceive their meaning, if you can. The angels desire to look into it.

So I pass on to notice in the third place,

WHO DID IT?

The text saith, "He hath made Him to be sin for us"; that is, God Himself it was who appointed His dear Son to be made sin for guilty men. The wise ones tell us that this substitution cannot be just. Who made them judges of what is right and just? I ask them whether they believe that Jesus suffered and died at all? If they believe that He did, how do they account for the fact? Do they say that He died as an example? Then I ask, is it just for God to allow a sinless being to die as an example? The fact of our Lord's death is sure, and it has to be accounted for. Ours is the fullest and truest explanation.

The death of our Lord displayed divine justice. It pleased God as the Judge of all, that sin should not be forgiven without the exaction of the punishment which had been so righteously threatened to it, or such other display of justice as might vindicate the law. They say that this is not the God of love. I answer, it is the God of love, pre-eminently so. If you had upon the bench to-day a judge whose nature was kindness itself, it would behoove him as a judge to execute justice, and if he did not, he would make his kindness ridiculous; indeed, his kindness to the criminal would be unkindness to society at large. Whatever the judge may be personally, he is officially compelled to do jus-

tice. And "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" You speak of the Fatherhood of God. Enlarge as you please upon that theme, even till you make a heresy of it; but still God is the great moral Governor of the universe, and it behooves Him to deal with sin in such a way that it is seen to be an evil and a bitter thing.

Admire also in the substitutionary sacrifice the great grace of God. Never forget that He whom God made to be sin for us was His own Son; ay, I go further, it was in some sense His own self: for the Son is one with the Father. You may not confound the persons, but you cannot divide the substance of the blessed Trinity in Unity. You may not so divide the Son of God from the Father as to forget that God was in Him reconciling the world unto Himself. It is the Father's other self who on the cross in human form doth bleed and die.

The last point is

WHAT HAPPENS TO US

in consequence? "That we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Oh this weighty text! No man living can exhaust it. No theologian lived, even in the palmiest days of theology, who could ever get to the bottom of this statement. Every man that believes in Jesus is through Christ having taken his sin made to be righteous before God. Herein is a great mystery. The righteousness which Adam had in the garden was perfect, but it was the righteousness of man; ours is the righteousness of God. How acceptable with God must those be who are made by God Himself to be "the righteousness of God in him!" I cannot conceive of anything more complete. Oh, the splendor of this doctrine! Canst thou see it, my friend? Sinner though thou be, and in thyself defiled, deformed, and debased, yet if thou wilt accept the great Substitute which God provides for thee in the person of His dear Son, thy sins are gone from thee, and righteousness has come to thee. No doctrine can be more sweet than this to those who feel the weight of sin and the burden of its curse.

II. So now, gathering all up, I have to close with the second part of the text, which is not teaching, but the application of teaching—

A GREAT ARGUMENT.

"Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Oh, that these lips had language, or that this heart could speak without them! Then would I plead with every unconverted, unbelieving soul within this place, and plead as for my life. Friend, you are at enmity with God, and God is angry with you; but on His part there is every readiness for reconciliation. He has made a way by which you can become His friend—a very costly way to Himself, but free to you. Oh, sirs, if you are not saved it is not because God will not or cannot save you; it is because you refuse to accept His mercy in Christ.

Now observe what we have to say to you today is this: we are anxious that you should be at peace with God, and therefore we act as ambassadors for Christ. Why should you not be at peace with One who so much wants to be at peace with you? Why should you not love the God of love, and delight in Him who is so kind to you? What He hath done for me He is quite willing to do for you; He is a God ever ready to pardon.

I have preached His Gospel now for many years, but I never met with a sinner yet that Christ refused to cleanse when he came to Him. I never knew a single case of a man who trusted Jesus, and asked to be forgiven, confessing his sin and forsaking it, who was cast out. I say I never met with one man whom Jesus refused; nor shall I ever do so. I have spoken with harlots whom He has restored to purity, and drunkards whom He has delivered from their evil habit, and with men guilty of foul sins who have become pure and chaste through the grace of our Lord Jesus. They have always told me the same story—"I sought the Lord, and He heard me; He hath washed me in His blood, and I am

whiter than snow." Why should you not be saved as well as these?

Dear friend, perhaps you have never thought of this matter, and this morning you did not come here with any idea of thinking of it; but why should you not begin? You came just to hear a well-known preacher; I pray you forget the preacher, and think only of yourself, your God and your Saviour. It must be wrong for you to live without a thought of your Maker. To forget Him is to despise Him. It must be wrong for you to refuse the great atonement; you do refuse it if you do not

ACCEPT IT AT ONCE.

It must be wrong for you to stand out against your God; and you do stand out against Him if you will not be reconciled to Him.

Notice how the text puts it: "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us." This thought staggers me. As I came along this morning I felt as if I could bury my head in my hands and weep as I thought of God beseeching anybody. He speaks, and it is done; myriads of angels count themselves happy to fly at His command; and yet man has so become God's enemy that he will not be reconciled to Him. God would make him His friend, and spends the blood of His dear Son to cement that friendship; but man will not have it. See the great God turns to beseeching His obstinate creature! His foolish creature! In this I feel a reverent compassion for God. Must He beseech a rebel to be forgiven? This makes it

AWFUL WORK TO PREACH,

does it not? Then notice that next line, which if possible has even more force in it: "We pray you in Christ's stead." Since Jesus died in our stead, we, His redeemed ones, are to pray others in His stead; and as He poured out His heart for sinners in their stead, we must in another way pour out our hearts for sinners in His stead. "We pray you in Christ's stead." Now if my Lord were here this morning how would He pray you to come to Him? I wish, my Master, I were more fit to stand in Thy place at this time. Forgive me that I am so incapable. Oh, souls, why will you refuse eternal life? Why will ye die? Why will ye despise Him by whom alone you can live? There is but one gate of life; that gate is the open side of Christ; why will ye not enter, and live? "Come unto Me," saith He; "come unto Me."

I THINK I HEAR HIM

say it: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." I think I see Him on that last day, that great day of the feast, standing and crying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." I hear him sweetly declare, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." I am not fit to pray you in Christ's stead, but I do pray you with all my heart. You that hear my voice from Sunday to Sunday, do come and accept the great sacrifice, and be reconciled to God. You that hear me but this once, I would like you to go away with this ringing in your ears, "Be ye reconciled to God." I have nothing pretty to say to you; I have only to declare that God has prepared a propitiation, and that now He entreates sinners to come to Jesus, that through Him they may be reconciled to God.

We do not exhort you to some impossible effort. We do not bid you do some great thing; we do not ask you for money or price; neither do we demand of you years of miserable feeling; but only this—*be ye reconciled*. It is not so much reconcile yourselves as "be reconciled." Yield yourselves to Him who round you now the bands of a man would cast, drawing you with cords of love because He was given for you. His spirit strives with you, yield to His striving. Believe and live! Quit the arch-enemy who has held thee in his grip. Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, stay not in all the plain, but flee where thou seest the open door of the great Father's house. At the gate the bleeding Saviour

is waiting to receive thee, and to say, "I was made sin for thee, and thou art made the righteousness of God in Me." Father, draw them! Father, draw them! Eternal Spirit, draw them, for Jesus Christ Thy Son's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH PIRATES.*

So many changes have taken place during the present century that it is difficult for us to realize that only seventy years ago the Mediterranean was so unsafe that merchant ships of every nation stood in danger of capture by pirates unless they were protected either by an armed convoy or by tribute paid to the petty Barbary powers. Yet we can scarcely open a book of travels during the last century without mention being made of the immense risks to which every one was exposed who ventured by sea from Marseilles to Naples. The French dramatist Regnard was captured on an English ship going from Civita Vecchia to Toulon, and served for a time as a slave in Algiers at the end of the seventeenth century; and Jacob Leisler, who played such an important part in the early colonial history of New York, suffered the same fate before his arrival in this country.

The European States, in order to protect their commerce, had the choice of paying certain sums per head for each captive, which in reality was a premium on capture, or of buying entire freedom for their commerce by the expenditure of large sums yearly. The treaty renewed by France, in 1788, with Algiers was for fifty years, and it was agreed to pay \$200,000 annually, besides large presents distributed according to custom every ten years, and a great sum given down. The peace of Spain with Algiers is said to have cost from three to five millions of dollars.

When the Revolution broke out we no longer had the safeguards for our commerce that had been given to us by England, and it was therefore that, in our very first negotiations for a treaty with France, we desired to have an article inserted into the treaty that the King of France should secure the inhabitants of the United States, and their vessels and effects, against all attacks or depredations from any of the Barbary powers.

[An interesting account is given by the author of the negotiations which followed. Our trade in the Mediterranean was increasing rapidly, and there was consequently increased opportunity for piratical outrages of which the African powers took full advantage. One American ship after another was seized, the cargoes stolen, and the officers and crews sold into slavery. The question became pressing of whether we should fight or pay blackmail for the safety of our ships. Efforts were made to effect an arrangement, sometimes indirectly through the Mathurins of France, and sometimes by a direct negotiation with the rulers of the piratical countries. An attempt of the latter order was made by William Eaton, who has left on record the following curious description of his visit to the Dey of Tunis:]

"We proceeded from the American house to the courtyard of the palace, uncovered our heads, entered the area of the hall, ascended a winding maze of five flights of stairs to a narrow, dark entry, leading to a contracted apartment of about twelve by eight feet, the private audience-room. Here we took off our shoes, and entering the cave (for so it seemed), with small apertures of light with iron grates, we were shown to a huge, shaggy beast sitting on his rump upon a low bench, covered with a cushion of embroidered velvet, with his hind legs gathered up like a tailor or a bear. On our approach to him he reached out his forepaw as if to receive something to eat. Our guide exclaimed, 'Kiss the Dey's hand!' The consul-general bowed very elegantly and kissed it, and we followed his

* From "American Diplomacy," by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D. A valuable historical work of special interest at the present time, when the Fishery dispute with Canada is once more revived. Pp. 469; price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Prince and Princess of Wales at the People's Palace on June 28.

example in succession. The animal seemed at that moment to be in a harmless mood; he grinned several times, but made very little noise. Having performed this ceremony, and standing a few moments in silent agony, we had leave to take our shoes and other property and leave the den, without any other injury than the humility of being obliged, in this involuntary manner, to violate the second command of God and offend common decency."

After the treaty of peace had been made with England [December 24th, 1814] we declared war against Algiers, and a naval force was sent out. Before our ships arrived at Algiers they had already captured an Algerian frigate and brig, and on their arrival they found that the whole Algerine corsair fleet was at sea. It was therefore very easy to intercept the ships as they returned to port.

An Algerine ship did come in sight, and every preparation was made for a fight; but within three hours, through the mediation of the Swedish consul, the treaty had been signed by the Dey, and the American prisoners delivered up. No presents were given, and tribute and presents of any kind were henceforth abolished. It was agreed, also, that prisoners of war should not be made slaves. This was on June 30th, 1815, just forty-one days after the squadron had left American waters.

THE NEW PALACE FOR THE PEOPLE.

(See Illustration.)

A NOTABLE ceremony took place in London on June 28th. The Prince of Wales, with the Princess and two of their daughters, went to the East End of the city, where the poorest of the citizens live, to lay the foundation-stone of an institution which, it is hoped, may do for London on a larger scale what the Cooper Union is doing for New York. The royal *cortège* made quite a sensation when it appeared in the dirty,

squalid streets, and crowds turned out to give it a hearty welcome. The Prince and Princess were warmly greeted, as they generally are in London, where their kindness and good-nature are well known. They were conducted around the site of the new building, and showed a sincere interest in all they saw and in the plans for the benefit of the poor struggling people. Before they left two prettily dressed children were introduced to the Princess, and presented her with a handsome bouquet as a memorial of her visit. This the Princess accepted with the grace and sweetness for which she is noted, and charmed the spectators by her gracious, womanly affability.

The institution of which the Prince laid the foundation-stone is the outcome of a munificent bequest made by Mr. Beaumont, a man whose heart was touched by the poverty around him. He left \$62,000 to be applied to the provision of a free education for the poor. The enterprise commended itself to other philanthropists, who contributed largely until \$375,000 was raised. With this the trustees commenced operations. They bought a site of five acres for \$112,000, and propose to erect upon it a building to be used as a training-school for technical education, and also to contain reading-rooms, a library, baths, and gymnasium, to which, if more funds come in, will be added a School of Art costing \$50,000. The object is to help poor boys and girls to an education, and to provide a place of recreation for the toiling millions.

THE DEACON'S MYSTERY SOLVED.

(See Illustration on page 509.)

"DON'T cry, mamma; I'll soon be able to go to work, and then I'll earn plenty of money." The speaker was a bright little fellow under ten years old. His arm was around his mother's neck, and he was trying to kiss away the big tears that rolled down her cheeks.

Both mother and son were clad in deep mourn-

ing, and from the bonnet the former had laid aside on the table at her elbow, hung the long crape veil which indicated that she was recently widowed. Ada Greville put her arm around little Willie's shoulders and told him he was a brave, good boy, but he must go to school yet awhile, and mother must earn the money.

Poor creature! It was easily said, but she little knew what earning money in these days of nineteenth-century civilization in a Christian country meant. She had never earned a cent in her life. Her husband had always been able to provide for all their wants out of his salary as a clerk in a bank, and though they had saved little, there had always been enough. Now he was dead; his family were on the other side the Atlantic, and Ada knew nothing of them. Her own mother and father were dead, and she was all alone in the world with her orphan boy.

A few days of sorrow passed; the little store of money was dwindling, and Ada with an aching heart sent Willie to his school again and started out to look for work. It must be by her needle that she must live, for she could not take any situation that would separate her from her boy. She therefore went to the dry-goods store where she had been accustomed to deal and asked to see the proprietor. Many ready-made articles of clothing were sold there that must be made by some one, and why not by her?

She modestly explained her situation to the busy dry-goods man, and presented her request for employment. "No," he said, "we do not have these things made specially for us. We find we can buy them cheaper ready-made. These shirts, for example, cost, ready-made, only three cents more than the material, and we should have to pay a quarter for making. I do not know how it is done, but if we gave out the material ourselves and paid for the making, we could not sell them for a dollar. They are sold everywhere at that price, and you know, madam, we should soon lose our trade if our prices were

more than our neighbors. We must buy in the cheapest market."

The dry-goods man was a Christian man, trustee and deacon of his church, very liberal in his contributions to its funds and to foreign missions, as a wealthy Christian merchant should be. He was doing a good business, his prices were as low as those of any other house, and some said a little lower; customers came to him in crowds, and he prospered. He was noted as a shrewd buyer, and was always on the look-out for any cheap lots there were in the market. That was the secret of his success, as he often said. "A thing well bought is half sold." Every wholesale house knew that the way to get his custom was to sell cheap, for he knew a good thing when he saw it, and knew its exact worth to an eighth of a cent. Those very shirts, for example, he had bought because they were six cents a dozen less than he had ever paid before. They were a bargain offered by a new house, which was rising in favor with such buyers as he.

The widow ventured to suggest that the shirts must have been made by some one, and, as she said with a smile, "not very well made. Could he not tell her where to get such work."

"Certainly," said the dry-goods man. "I will write you an introduction to the firm that sells them," and he did.

Mrs. Greville thanked him, and went in quest of Messrs. S— with the letter of introduction in her pocket. Several miserable, hungry-looking women were waiting when she arrived, and she drew her neat new dress about her as she passed them, they were so filthy and ragged.

"Why, certainly," said the clerk when he read the letter she presented. "We do not care who does our work, so long as they do it well and at our price. We shall be happy to oblige Mr. —. You may take this parcel, if you like, and here is a pattern shirt. There is enough material for one dozen. You must leave a deposit for the material; you will get it back when you bring the shirts."

Mrs. Greville left the deposit, which emptied her pocket-book, and the parcel being large and she unused to carry burdens through the streets, took a horse-car to her home. She sat down immediately and began her work. She toiled early and late. Not as she had been used to work, laying it aside when she was tired for an hour's reading or a stroll in the evening, but continuously till her eyes ached and her hand seemed paralyzed. Was she not working for her bread? It was so fortunate, as she said, that she was able to get work for herself and Willie just as they needed it. By dint of persistent labor the dozen shirts were finished in a week, and she tied them up carefully and went with a little touch of pride in her face to receive the first money she had ever earned.

She saw the same clerk she had seen before, and he remembered her. He looked carefully at the work, nodded his head approvingly, and handed her an order on the cashier for the money.

"What is this?" Ada asked. "Twenty-one cents? What is it for?"

"That is for making the shirts. It is our regular price."

"What, for a dozen?" said Ada, her voice breaking with tearful disappointment.



Ada Greville's Despairing Prayer.

"Oh, yes; that is all we can afford. We make a leading line of these things. You ask Mr. —, who introduced you. He will tell you we could not sell them to him at the price if we paid more than a cent and three quarters for making. That is how we got his trade. The people he used to buy from pay two cents, but we beat them, and we have made a customer of him."

Ada Greville made no reply. Her tears drowned her voice. She got her deposit back and the twenty-one cents for her week's hard work, and went sorrowfully home. So the mystery that puzzled the deacon was not a mystery to her. She knew how it was he could buy the shirts so cheap. Some other occupation must be found, for she and little Willie could not live on that. She tried many, but with no better success. The rate of remuneration was not fixed in any occupation by the work done, nor by the need of the person doing it, but by the competition for the work. "We used to pay ten dollars a week once," said a merchant to her when she answered an advertisement for a clerk, "but now there are so many clerks wanting places that we can get any number at three dollars, and they are glad to get that. After a time I suppose we shall have them offering to work for two dollars. I guess they will come to think two dollars is better than nothing."

It was after a month of unavailing search for work that the widow stood listening to that cynical talk, and when she left the merchant's office her heart was almost broken. She walked home by back streets, her veil over her face, crying bitterly as she went. It was a poor lodging that she occupied now. She had been forced to sell all her little possessions for bread, and she and Willie were living in a rear room at the top of a tenement-house.

It seemed that her cup of sorrow was full, but that night it was running over. Willie was sick and feverish. The next day he was too ill to go to school, and before night he was in a

high fever. The foul smells had done their work on the poor, brave, little orphan. Ada sat up with him moistening his parched lips with water and listening to his delirious talk. At last in her agony she threw herself on her knees, and clasping her hands in despair, she prayed earnestly to the God of the widow and fatherless for deliverance. Oh, if only her boy might be spared!

Early the next morning she sought the physician who had attended her husband, and begged him to come to her boy, telling him plainly that she was too poor to pay a fee.

"Certainly I will come," he said, "and I am glad you came to me. It was only yesterday that a gentleman was here inquiring for you. I did not know where you were, but he left the name of his hotel with me, as he was doing with every one who knew you, on the chance of getting on your track. I will drive around to him on my way. He will be glad to find you. I believe he is your husband's father. He certainly spoke of his little grandson, and said he wanted to take you both back with him to England."

An hour later the doctor arrived in the squalid lodging house, bringing with him the gentleman he had spoken of. Ada's letter informing her husband's family of his death had been received at a time when an aged man was in the mood to forgive his erring son. It was too late then to forgive him, but the widow and the child should learn how much the husband and father was loved. The old man set out immediately for America, and searched diligently for his unknown relatives. Willie and his mother did not escape the ills of this mortal life in after years, but they never afterward experienced the awful misery of poverty.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leonard S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 495.)

The New Acquaintance.

It was an anxious moment with Leroy when he rang that bell on Sunday evening. Not even the sense of triumph which had filled his heart during the past day could stop the nervous trembling of his hand, or keep the knot out of his throat that made his voice husky and tremulous. It was strange that the prospect of a meeting with a comparative stranger should have power so to move him. He was moved, as he could not disguise even from himself.

It was excitement, he supposed, but it was not all excitement. That strange power we cannot explain, but which we call love, had laid its hand upon him. We laugh at "love at first sight," but how seldom love comes in any other way! True, it deepens and increases with intimacy, and the old man looking across the room at the gray-haired wife who, for thirty or forty years, has been his constant companion, is conscious that she is far dearer and more precious to him than she was when they first knew each other, but his love in his old age is the tree the seed of which was planted in the long ago. It is the same in essence, though it has developed. In the experience of at least half

* Copyright reserved by the author.

the married couples around us it sprang into life in an hour, sometimes in a moment. For good or ill, for joy or sorrow, two persons meet, and a subtle influence passes connecting them consciously from thenceforth. It was so with these two. Miss West's genius and mental power attracted the young student, but it was herself that he loved. It might have to be fought against and crushed, torn out of his heart with bitter pangs, as many a man has had to do with ruthless hand lest he lose his soul, or it might grow and flourish approved by his conscience; but it was there and must be recognized.

As he stood in the doorway, hat in hand, a woman's form rose from a chair in the room and stepped forward.

"Mr. Ransom, I believe."

"The same, Miss West."

They bowed, and soon the girl he still must call the lost Atlantis girl and our Leroy were engaged in conversation. Could it be possible that this poem of his fancy was a real person, and was talking to him? Such a talker! Why, she sallied forth in conversation with the most perfect self-possession and with the ease of the skimming swallow. Leroy felt himself at home before many words were spoken, and even became brilliant himself. As he looked at her he was stirred with greater admiration, if possible, than before. He never asked himself whether she was beautiful, but he knew that somehow or other she had won his homage, and he paid fealty to her. To him as he sat there in that parlor on that pleasant summer evening, she was a paragon of "womanly womanliness," as he would have said—an ideal woman, the woman he had been waiting to meet, having a heart great with the possibilities of love.

"A rather bold, careless girl who is not sufficiently observant of the proprieties," some critic remarks. "Here is your heroine receiving a young gentleman who has never been introduced to her, and is actually treating him as a friend. She must be unmaidenly."

Not so. Miss West was a lady in the true sense of the word, but she was gifted with reasoning powers, which, we hope, even in this frivolous nineteenth century, is a characteristic not unladylike. The application Leroy had made was passed upon by her reason and approved. It was unconventional, but not unreasonable. As the young man wished to know her, and was manly enough to say so frankly, she would meet him on his own terms. If the acquaintance proved unprofitable or uncongenial, she had the power to dissolve it at any moment, and she had no fear of her decision in such a case being resisted by a man so honest and sensible as her correspondent.

Beside this, it happened that Miss West knew more of Leroy than he did of her, and she wondered that he had been driven to writing, as she was acquainted with ladies who were friends of his own. Evidently they had not talked of her to him as they had talked of him to her. She knew him well by reputation, and his character interested her. On her side she had wished that she knew him, and thought that if ever they were brought together she would try to do him good. Who could tell but some earnest word for her Master spoken in season might touch a heart encased in unbelief. If he had really the intelligence for which her friends gave him credit, he must be vulnerable to some shaft of truth. A careful study would reveal the joints of his armor, and a hand guided of God might penetrate better than when one "drew a bow at a venture." She thought often of him, especially after hearing him speak at the Franklin Society, and wished that his forcible logic, his quick wit, and his eloquence were being used in Christ's service. Then came his letter, and, as she read it, she reasoned:

"Here is a man of energy. He pushes through the childish laws of straight-laced etiquette and goes right to the point at once, and I like such energy of purpose if it is not misdirected. Besides, he honorably asks for my company by

this note instead of devising some strategy by which to obtain an introduction, and I like that. Then, why is not this note as good for the purpose of introduction as some one, for instance, who knows no more about him or me than we know of each other, except that he happened to say a word or two to us? Yet such an introduction would be perfectly valid according to rules of etiquette. He is evidently a young man of good character. Then I have a curiosity to form the acquaintance of such a character as he must be. He is original. I see marks of originality in this note. And then he is fully conscious, as I see by his letter, that it is a little irregular, which fact shows that he must be considerably interested. Why disappoint him? I will accept in spite of the rules. No harm can come of it, and there is no violation of common sense. Who knows what may not come of it?"

They went to church. It must be confessed that Leroy thought more about the girl at his side than of worship, song, or sermon. To have achieved such a measure of success was, in his estimation, something to be proud of. He wondered whether Francis Train was there, and in his heart he blessed him on account of the compact they had made together, and which had stimulated him to such rapid action.

After church they returned to Miss West's parlor and talked. Their conversation turned on literature. Now, Leroy might have been called a literary enthusiast. Nothing gave him such delight as to sit with a friend and talk about the writings of the good and the great. He soon discovered a similar sentiment in Miss West. In fact, before the evening was over he found that she was not only a voluminous reader, but a careful one also. The best poetry, fiction, history, and philosophy had been carefully studied by this winsome girl, who seemed to have lost none of her charm by her communion with dull scholars.

The young man was wary in his conversation. With unerring intuition he felt that all his hopes of the future with regard to her turned upon this interview, and that, if at the outset he revolted her by his scepticism, he might never recover the ground he would lose. Being unaware that she already knew of it, he carefully guided the conversation away from topics that might require an avowal from him. He would not desert his colors, but he would not flaunt them in the face of one who must dislike them until it was necessary in common honesty. Avoiding, therefore, books on religion and philosophy, he introduced the topic of the works of fiction, with which she was evidently familiar.

"Yes," Miss West said, "I have read, I think, all the works of Dickens, all of Thackeray, some of Anthony Trollope and Bulwer Lytton, and most of the English writers of the first class, and perhaps a few of the second. Hawthorne and James and Howells, of course, I have read. In the intervals of study I have used them to unbend the mind, and have found them beneficial. My practice has been to give an hour to them in the evening as a sedative, that I might place a little rippling stream between the field of hard toil and the land of dreams. I think it is enough to work in the daytime without exhausting one's brain by solving problems in one's dreams."

"That is an excellent idea, Miss West," said Ransom. "I knew I should learn something from you. I know the feeling of exhaustion too well that one has in the morning after a vain attempt to solve problems in a nightmare. I will certainly try your method. So you spend your days in Clayville and your nights in London under the guidance of your authors?"

"Oh, no, not always. I do not desire travel of that kind, and it seldom comes to me. I meant that if one must dream, it is better that it should not be about one's work. If the shades of the great writers of fiction will forgive me the admission, I will just whisper to you in confidence that what I desire them to do for me, and what their works do generally produce, is a state of blissful vacuity of mind, which is

just the right state to invite refreshing, dreamless sleep. Beside that, why should I go to London? My favorite Howells would not take me there. Whenever would he take any one out of Boston? I do not believe he knows of the existence of any other city except in a vague way as the lands of barbarism."

"That is so; I have been making a new study of Dickens in comparison with Thackeray, and so I hastily associated London with the reading of fiction. But your notion of 'blissful vacuity' amuses me;" and Leroy rubbed his hands and laughed a merry, ringing laugh. "What a crushing criticism!"

"I do not mean it unkindly. I bless the man who can give me an invigorating sleep. He does me a kindness far greater than a writer who distresses and excites me."

"Why, that is like eating opium."

"Oh, no. It does no harm to the mind analogous to that opium does to the body. When the mental powers have endured a long strain they are wearied, and refuse to do good work until they are relieved. This fiction administers the relief, the tension gradually relaxes, and recuperation follows. I have a right to that indulgence, I think. I do not seek it as a stimulant."

"I recognize the distinction and agree with you. Have I not said I shall follow your example?"

From this the conversation passed into criticism of individual authors and comparison of them. To his surprise, Leroy found that Miss West was an admirer of George Eliot, and ranked her at the head of English novelists. This admission aroused such pugnacity as he could feel toward so fair a disputant, and the discussion waxed warm, until a glance at his watch warned Leroy how quickly time had flown.

"I must go," he said, "but I forgot to ask. You have come to the N. S. College only this spring like myself, have you not?"

"Yes," she replied. "I took the course at the W—— Normal School, but still feeling myself sadly deficient, I have concluded to take the course here."

"Which is right, I say; for the college course is meagre enough, and much less can the Normal give the needful amount of culture. I believe that our young men and women ought to take thorough courses of study, with all the appliances for information in the different departments, and the best place to get such a training is at a good college, like the N. S., for instance."

"I agree with you, Mr. Ransom. I have seen so many with a mere smattering of knowledge—a little of everything and not much of anything; and so many skimming institutions as we have encourage shallow scholarship."

"Well, I'm glad we agree so well on this subject, as well as in our literary tastes." Then his lip trembled slightly and his brow reddened somewhat as he continued, "Since we are acquainted now, and agree so well, I should be pleased, Miss West, to call on you again next Sunday evening."

She slightly inclined her head and replied, "I shall be pleased to have you call."

He said good-night and walked home on air.

"I say, Burt, I've reached the land of corn and wine. Let me tell you, I've met the most congenial girl I ever saw. What a treat it is to get acquainted with a young woman of real mental calibre in the midst of so much female shoddy, and among so many who can't talk anything but soft nonsense, nor read anything but trashy novels! She's a perfect literary lady. She seems to have a knowledge of the whole realm of literature. It is not a mere compendious knowledge derived from a college course, but an actual familiarity with the authors themselves and their works. She not only knows about them, but knows them. I have seen a good many women, but I never met such a congenial girl in all my life; and such a fluent talker."

Thus he went on with his eulogium until his room-mate was actually aroused to interest.

"I guess I must get acquainted with her, too," said Burt.

"Oh, you needn't mind—at least, not till I am a little more intimate with her. I'm jealous of any one who looks at her."

He didn't sleep any that night either—foolish boy! And yet his love affair did not interfere with his studies. He had too much power of mental concentration for that. He recited well enough, and at society he performed his part.

(To be continued.)

WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 22, John 13: 21-38. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 10: 12.

The Failures of God's Children—Foreseen by the Lord—Unbelief and Self-reliance Producing Failure—The Root Sin—Judas Never a True Man—The Limit of Christ's Power—The Troubled Disciples—An Incident in a London Institution—The Token—The New Commandment.

"LET him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall" (1 Cor. 10: 12); "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall" (Prov. 16: 18). It is not necessary that God's children should fall. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not" (1 John 2: 1). "Unto Him which is able to keep you from falling" (Jude 24)—"guard you from stumbling" (R. V.). Yet how much there is of failure among God's children! And Jesus sees it long before it ripens into action. He sees the temptation afar off, and He sees when the door by which Satan can find access is left open. In His love He has recorded for our profit the failures of many of His people, that we may learn through them to avoid the steps by which they fell.

Abraham failed when he feared to acknowledge Sarah as his wife, when he went down into Egypt, as though God were unequal to the task of caring for him. Unbelief and self-reliance were the doors by which Satan entered. He failed in the same way when he took Hagar for a wife, when he joined Sarah in a human plan to bring about the fulfilment of God's promises regarding his seed. Isaac, through the same spirit of unbelief, fell into Abraham's sin in also denying his wife. Jacob, after he had learned to know God at Bethel, manifested doubt as to whether God would fulfil His promises, and sought, like Abraham, to bring about their fulfilment. He had recourse to stratagem that he might obtain his father's blessing, and also, later on, that he might obtain his promised riches in flocks and herds, and thus showed that he entertained a suspicion of God's proving unfaithful to His Word. Moses, again, when God sent him to Pharaoh, entertained doubts as to whether his mission would be successful, and obliged God to give him Aaron as a spokesman. Here, again, it was through unbelief that Satan entered in, and so in his last fall, when he struck the rock, God's judgment upon him, that he should not enter into the promised land, was because

MOSES BELIEVED HIM NOT

(Num. 20: 12). Perhaps few men have believed God more fully than did Moses: "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible" (Heb. 11: 27); therefore his falls stand out in striking contrast to his ordinary life in God. The root sin of all sins is unbelief, and this is the door which is most often left open by all children of God; the door through which Satan most often gets an advantage. Self-love and self-will are closely connected with unbelief. All anxiety for self springs from a doubt that He careth for us.

Jesus, after washing the disciples' feet and teaching them thereby so to do one to another, said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the Scripture may be fulfilled, He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me" (Ps. 41: 9). This

was one of the sorest trials which Jesus had to bear. Once before He had said, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (John 6: 70). The word is translated "slanderer" (1 Tim. 3: 11), "false accusers" (11 Tim. 3: 3; Tit. 2: 3). Jesus had long ago seen the defection in Judas. How far Judas had been a true man and a changed man when Jesus first called him we do not know, for it is not recorded. One thing is quite clear: however much he believed in Jesus, however much he had preached the Gospel, healed the sick and cast out devils in His name, there was something nearer to his heart than Jesus. The man had never yielded himself "a living sacrifice"; his own

PERSONAL INTEREST

was still his darling passion. If he had believed fully in the love which Jesus had for him, and that his interests for time and for eternity were safer with Jesus than in his own hands, Judas would not have been a thief (John 12: 6). Jesus had called Judas to such a place of nearness to Himself, that He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth Me; and he that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." Judas, equally with each of the other disciples, might have been a representative of Christ in the world—an instrument to bring men into contact with God! And Judas was on the point of throwing away a position which angels might have coveted, for a few coins—a little contemptible earthly advantage. "We must look to the main thing," says the man of the world, in his heathenish reference to money, the God in which he trusts. But here was a disciple, an apostle, who was ready to sacrifice Jesus Himself for an earthly advantage! "Jesus was troubled in spirit, and testified, saying, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that

ONE OF YOU

shall betray Me." One of you! It had been an easy matter to raise Lazarus from his grave; neither human will, nor yet the unbelief of Lazarus, stood in the way; but here was a disciple turning away from Jesus, and so not only proclaiming to the world how low a disciple *could* fall, but also committing suicide on his own soul which Jesus Himself had thus no power to stop. "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away (literally 'falling away' or 'while they fall away') to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." Jesus can weep over a Jerusalem which will not that He shall gather her children under His wings; can be troubled for a Judas whose obstinate falling away makes his renewal unto repentance impossible, but in righteousness He can do no more. But He said of this, as of other things yet to come upon Him, "From henceforth I tell you before it come, that when it is come to pass ye may believe that I am" (14: 29, R. V.). As in the Old Testament God's constant aim with His people and with the heathen was, "that ye may know that I am the Lord," so, in the New Testament, the Lord Jesus sought to teach His disciples and the Jews that He is the "I am" (John 6: 24, 28; 8: 58; 13: 19).

The disciples, too, were troubled, "doubting of whom He spoke." They "looked one on another," but did

NOT JUDGE NOR ACCUSE

one the other. Peter, ever the ready spokesman, beckoned to John, who lay on Jesus' breast, that he should ask Jesus. Oh how much better it is to bring anything to Jesus than to judge and condemn. In a religious institution in London a sovereign (\$5) was missing from the room of one of the poorest of the inmates. Who could have taken it? The servants and the nurse said they knew nothing of it. The heads of the establishment asked the Lord to give them this token, that if it were the nurse, she should

of her own will desire to leave. Three days after, the nurse, who knew nothing of this prayer, said she wished to leave at once. Thus did the Lord easily show who was the evildoer and rid the house of a dangerous person. John asked Jesus, "Lord, who is it?" Jesus answered, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." Two days before Judas had agreed with the chief priests to betray Jesus to them for thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave (Ex. 21: 32; Zech. 11: 12, 13). Now Jesus gave the sop to Judas. But something happened which Jesus alone saw—"Satan entered into" Judas, and "Jesus said unto him, That thou doest, do quickly." None of the disciples knew the import of the words, and had it not been that the possession of Satan made Judas quite another man, how could he have borne such a rebuke? "He then, having received the sop, went immediately out; and it was night." It was night in that man's soul, a night which knows no morning. Poor, lost, undone Judas, "the son of perdition."

As the traitor went out, the atmosphere was purified. Then Jesus said, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him." Thank God, in this very hour of sadness we see Jesus "for the joy that was set before him," enduring the cross (Heb. 12: 2). He saw before Him how fallen men could be made "an habitation of God through the Spirit;" "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." His words seem, just now, to have been broken utterances, and unconnected; but oh, how precious! "Little children," He said (using the same expression which John loved to use afterward), "yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek Me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you." In every way He sought to prepare them for His death, but they did not understand.

A NEW COMMANDMENT,

I give unto you, That ye love one another even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (R. V.). "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Nothing on earth is so mighty as love, for "God is love," and all real love to one another is God in one of His children responding to God in another of His children. But divine love is like Christ's love to us. His is eternal and cannot change; it is independent of what we are, and could not retaliate a slight. It has in it no particle of self, it loves from above. And it is only thus that we can love one another unbrokenly. We cannot satisfy the demands of a selfish love, but we can love from above. This is something above the world's level, it is a moral miracle.

Peter, who was always inclined to think himself an honorable exception to the rest of the disciples, questioned Jesus as to where He was going. "Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterward." He said, "Why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake." But not only had Judas failed, but Jesus told Peter how even he—the zealous, eager, devoted Peter—should thrice deny Him.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited

by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 328 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

MY WORK.

"ALL members have not the same office."—Rom. xii. 4.

I could not do the work the reapers did,
Or bind the golden sheaves that thereby fell;
But I could follow by the Master's side,
And watch the marred face I loved so well!
Right in my path lay many a ripened ear,
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully;
I did not know the Master placed them there,
"Handfuls on purpose" that he left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher-net,
I had not strength or wisdom for the task;
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray-drops wet,
I sat, and earnest prayers rose thick and fast.
I pleaded for the Master's blessing where
My brethren toiled upon the wide world-sea;
Or ever that I knew, His smile so fair
Came, bringing sweet encouragement to me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry;
The work allotted by the Master's hand
Kept me at home while others went to die.
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,
He let me help to chant the triumph song,
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

Oh, Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly
The richest colors in Thy fabric wrought!
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To do, or suffer, as Thy choice shall be,
Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

—Eva Travers Poole.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCRIBNER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

NEW YORK, AUG. 7, 1886.

WE know that this is not the time of year to sell many books, but we have now ready a cheap edition of books by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson which is attracting remarkable attention in both England and America, and it is worth while that every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should know about it. The book is entitled "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This is what Mr. James Payn, the famous English novelist, says of it in *The Independent*:

"It is a work of incontestable genius. Nothing, in my judgment, by Edgar Allan Poe, to be generous, is to be compared to it; it has all his weird and eerie power, but combined with a graphic realism that immensely heightens the effect. I read it in a four-wheeled cab the other night, by the help of a reading lamp, as I travelled through miles of snow-bound streets, quite unconscious of the external circumstances of that melancholy journey. What is worth mentioning, because otherwise a good many people will miss it, is that a noble moral underlies the marvellous tale."

It is a story which imparts a noble lesson, and so powerful that it commands our respect as well as our admiration.

We send a good paper-bound edition to any address, on receipt of 25 cents; the cloth library edition for \$1.00. So far 24,000 copies have been sold.

Mr. Stevenson's newest story is just ready. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents in paper; \$1.00 in cloth. It is a tale of Scotch Highland life—we merely give its title. Like "Dr. Jekyll," it is a notable book—out of the common.

KIDNAPPED:
Being Memoirs of David Balfour in the Year 1731.

How he was Kidnapped and Cast Away; his sufferings in a Desert Isle; his Journey in the Wild Highlands; his Acquaintance with Alan Breck Stewart and other notorious Highland Jacobites; with all that he suffered at the hands of his Uncle, Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws, falsely so called.

Stamps in small denominations offer a convenient means of remittance.

Charles Scribner's Sons,
743-745 Broadway.

LIVE COALS. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE. 678 large octavo pages, 16 full-page illustrations, 76 chapters. Life-like portrait of the author and history of his life. Price, post paid, \$2.00.

AGENTS WANTED. Liberal Terms. WILBUR E. KETCHAM, Publisher, 11 Bible House, N. Y.

ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rye St., New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Richer than Croesus!

ing good books cheap. There are hundreds of people in this city who consider themselves regular customers. He knows a good book; he knows how to make it; he sells a \$1.00 book at 40 cents, and sells thousands. The books are mostly those that every reading man wants to own. The binding is always good; so is the paper and print. Alden surely has many friends who thank him for putting favorite authors within their reach."—Post, Toledo, Ohio.

RECENT ISSUES.

204 "Ye Old Pilgrims to Ye New."	60
200 On the Pleasure of Reading, with the famous list of 100 books.	2c
185 Erasmus and Luther.	10c
170 Last Essays of Elia. CHARLES LAMB.	15c
166 Essays of Elia. CHARLES LAMB.	15c
163 Co-operation. HOLYOAKE.	10c
161 Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful. Complete	15c
160 Obiter Dicta. AUGUSTINE BRILL.	12c
153 Thomas Carlyle. AUGUSTINE BRILL.	2c

HUMOROUS.

"Has books for the people at nominal prices? If so, I admire your taste. But won't the old-line publishers be glad when it is gone?"—B. F. CONGDON, Randolph, N. Y.

15 American Humorists—IRVING.	2c
17 American Humorists—HOLMES.	2c
19 American Humorists—LOWELL.	4c
20 American Humorists—A. WARD.	2c
21 American Humorists—MARK TWAIN.	2c
53 Some Adventures of Baron Munchausen.	2c
107 The Battle of the Books. DEAN SWIFT.	2c
98 Tints of the Times, Etc. ORPHEUS C. KER.	2c
135 Classic Humorists: Anacreon; Joel Barlow; Richard Harris Barham.	3c

HISTORY.

"What is the world coming to? The poor man, now, is put on an equality with the richest, so far as books are concerned."—Central Baptist, St. Louis, Mo.

42 The Civilizations of Asia. RAWLINSON.	2c
103 The Battle of Marathon. SIR EDW. CRESSY.	3c
109 The Battle of Hastings. SIR EDW. CRESSY.	3c
110 Defeat of the Spanish Armada. CRESSY.	2c
141 The Battle of Saratoga. SIR EDW. CRESSY.	2c
112 The Battle of Waterloo. SIR EDW. CRESSY.	2c
2 The Burning of Rome. CANON FARRAR.	2c

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 Rip Van Winkle. WASHINGTON IRVING.	2c
3 Washington's Farewell Address, Etc.	4c
7 Motive & Habit of Reading. C. F. RICHARDSON.	2c
18 The Cricket on the Hearth. H. DICKENS.	10c
30 Highways of Literature. DAVID PRYDE.	10c
61 Bacon's Essays. Complete.	15c
79 The Spectre Bridegroom. WASHINGTON IRVING.	2c
83 Flor d'Aliza. LAMARTINE.	15c
113 Conduct of the Understanding. JOHN LOCKE.	10c
116 Luther's Table Talk. DR. MACAULAY.	5c
118 Luther Anecdotes. DR. MACAULAY.	8c
124 Legend of the Wandering Jew. BARING-GOULD.	2c
125 Confessions of an Opium-Eater. DE QUINCEY.	10c
132 On Liberty. JOHN STUART MILL.	12c
134 Numbers. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.	3c
136 The War for the Union. VENDELL PHILLIPS.	3c
137 Progress of the Working Classes. R. GIFFEN.	4c
143 Great Thoughts from Greek Authors. AESCHYLUS, ANACREON, ETC.	2c
144 The Same—Aristophanes, ETC.	2c
145 The Same—Aristotle, ETC.	2c
146 The Same—Demosthenes, Diogenes, ETC.	2c
147 The Same—Euripides, ETC.	2c

PROVE the PUDDING—25 Cents.

I will send you, post-paid, your selections from the books advertised above, of the value of 25 cents (stamps taken), on condition that you will order within 10 days from your receipt of this paper; mention its name.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

GOSPEL BOOKLETS AND BOOKS.

Send for our Catalogue of Gospel Booklets, Tracts, Books, Slips, Handbills, Sunday-school Literature, Books for Christians, etc. in packet of Gospel Tracts sent post free, on application. Note address.

GOSPEL BOOK AND TRACT REPOSITORY,
Orillia, Canada.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.

No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

James M'Creery & Co.

HAVE OPENED THEIR EARLY IMPORTATIONS OF SILKS, VELVETS AND PLUSHES, AND ARE NOW EXHIBITING COMPLETE ASSORTMENTS IN RICH AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS. AN EXAMINATION IS INVITED.

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST., NEW YORK.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR New Sunday-School Song Book. Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies. TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

"Now the only Croesus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this!"—P. G. HAMERTON.

Alden is a CRANK; a real genuine crank on the one idea of publishing regular customers. He knows a good book; he knows how to make it; he sells a \$1.00 book at 40 cents, and sells thousands. The books are mostly those that every reading man wants to own. The binding is always good; so is the paper and print. Alden surely has many friends who thank him for putting favorite authors within their reach."—Post, Toledo, Ohio.

"The Elzevir Library is perfection, and the poor will always be your debtor for the happy idea."—JOHN B. LYBROOK, Bloomsburg, Va.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

165 Heroism.	2c
168 Love.	2c
208 Nature.	5c
209 Method of Nature.	5c
210 History.	2c
211 Literary Ethics.	3c
212 Friendship.	3c
213 Intellect.	3c
214 Art.	2c

By JOHN RUSKIN.

207 "Art," with fine portrait.	25c
119 Ethics of the Dust.	10c
118 Crown of Wild Olive.	10c
117 Sesame and Lilies.	10c

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

126 Lay of the Last Minstrel.	6c
127 Marmion.	8c
128 Lady of the Lake.	8c
131 Rokeby.	8c

By HERBERT SPENCER.

46 The Philosophy of Style.	4c
133 The Coming Slavery.	3c
138 What Knowledge is of Most Worth.	5c
139 Intellectual Education.	5c
142 Moral Education.	5c
141 Physical Education.	5c

The last four numbers comprise Spencer's famous "On Education," Complete, which, bound in cloth, is sold at 50 cents.

By CANON FARRAR.

203 The Inspiration of Holy Scripture.	4c
175 A School for Scandal. SHERIDAN.	10c
174 The Stoops to Conquer. GOLDSMITH.	10c

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

6 Enoch Arden.	2c
9 Hamlet. SHAKESPEARE.	7c
25 The Deserted Village, Etc. GOLDSMITH.	2c
26 Cotter's Saturday Night, Etc. ROBERT BURNS.	2c
27 How Lisa Loved the King. GEORGE ELIOT.	2c
28 Songs of Seven, & Other Poems. JEAN INGELW.	2c
32 Indian Song of Songs. By EDWIN ARNOLD.	6c
35 Schiller's Song of the Bell, Etc.	2c
37 Pearls of the Faith. By EDWIN ARNOLD.	15c
84 Essay on Man. ALEX. POPE.	3c
89 Gertrude of Wyoming. CAMPBELL.	2c
101 Mazeppa. LORD BYRON.	2c
102 Ancient Mariner. COLERIDGE.	2c
105 Virginia, Ivry, the Armada, Etc. MACAULAY.	2c
106 The Heart of Auburn. EDGAR A. POE.	2c
120 The Raven & Other Poems. EDGAR A. POE.	2c
123 Hermann and Dorothea. GOETHE.	6c
150 Irish Melodies. MOORE.	10c
151 Paradise Lost. MILTON.	20c
152 Il Allegro, Penseroso, and Comus. MILTON.	5c
153 Lalla Rookh. MOORE.	12c

As an inducement to you to test, at once, the unexampled merits and economy of my publications, of the value of 35 cents, for the sum of 25 cents (stamps taken), on condition that you will order within 10 days from your receipt of this paper; mention its name.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatine film for WET Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$4 to \$6.

Is paying big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of a man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secured profitable orders in one hour, at 10c. per photo. All orders payable in advance. 300 per cent. profit.

To EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process illustrated, FREE, Sample Photos, 10c. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 423, 425 Canal St., N. Y.

Mention this paper.

"Demonology or Spiritualism," Ancient and Modern. "An effective weapon." "A sword of fire." "Only unanswerable work on the subject."—Bartling disclosures.—History facts and data—Scores saved already. Whole communities rescued. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo. cloth. Price reduced to \$1.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

By MISS HAVERGAL.

Royal Grace and Loyal Gifts.

Containing Royal Bounty, Royal Commandments, My King, Royal Invitation, Loyal Responses, Replies for the Master's Use. All in one volume large type, beautiful cloth binding, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 33.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE HON. S. J. TILDEN, AND PICTURE OF GREYSTONE.

THE NONDESCRIPTS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE PRESENT CRISIS. By Rev. E. Cornwell.

RELIGION IN THE LIFE. By Rev. Sam Jones.

Military Pioneers of the Church—Transmitted Family Traits—An Indian Y. M. C. A.—Astonishing Figures.

PICTURE OF THE DOCKS AT THE TERMINUS OF THE NEW SHIP CANAL.



HIDEOUS DISCOVERY. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

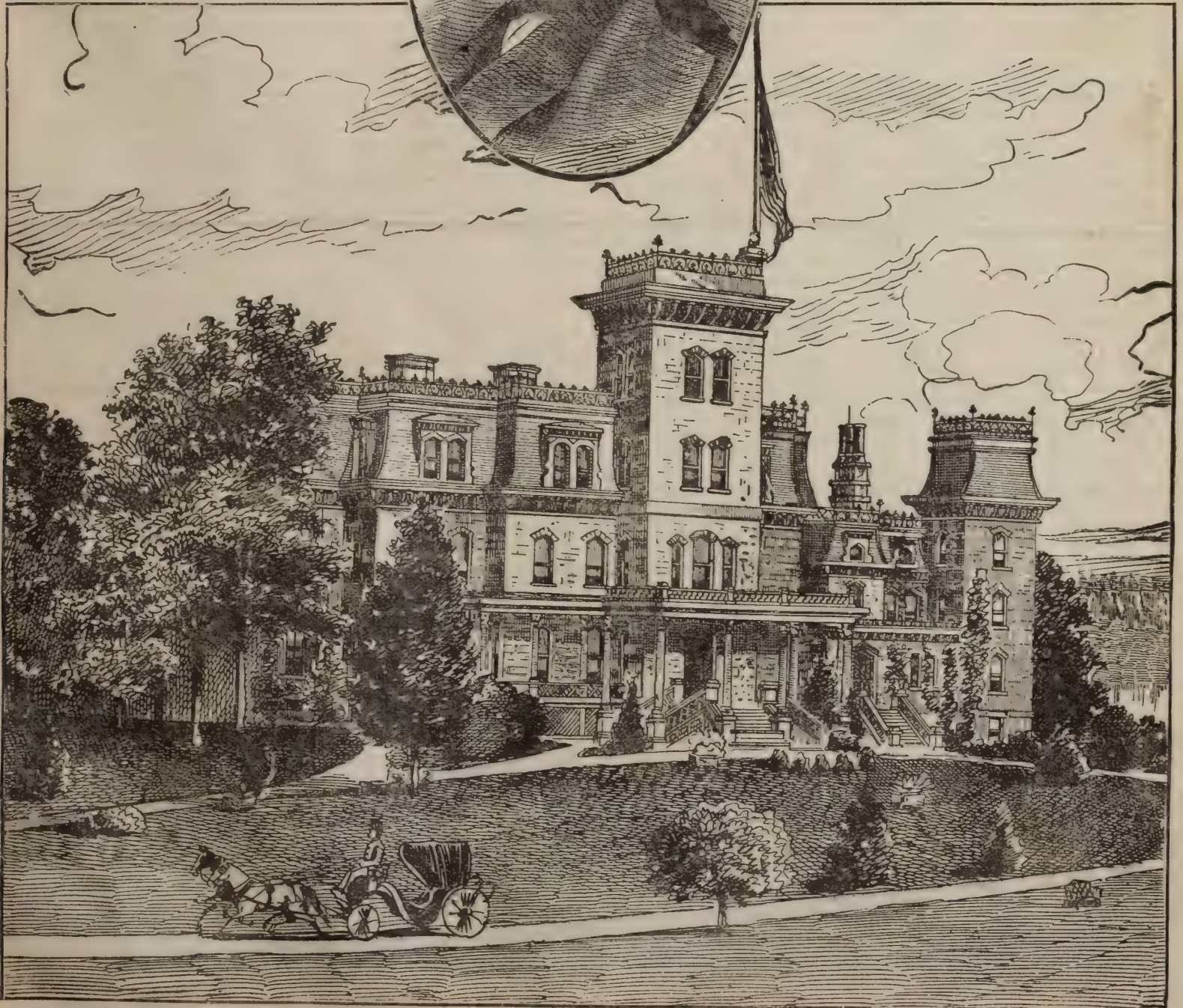
CURRENT EVENTS: The Change in the Custom House—The Scandal in New York City Government—The Report on the Silver Circulation—The Difficulty with Mexico—Lord Salisbury on the Irish Question—The Belfast Riots—An Illicit Still in a Jail—An Engineer's Terror at Moonlight—Eight Remarkable Headstones—A Coquette Boy-cotted, etc.

A SILENT PREACHER. (Illustrated.)

Gems from New Books: Extraordinary Memories.

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

Jesus Comforting His Disciples. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Hon. SAMUEL J. TILDEN. Born 1814. Died Aug. 4th, 1886—Greystone, his Country Residence.

THE LATE HON. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
 Puritan Ancestors of the Family—Birth in 1814—His Father's Famous Friends—The Albany Regency—Enters Yale in 1832—A Notable Manifesto—Health Fails—Studies Law—Mental Characteristics—Remarkable Law Suits—Chairman of State Committee in 1866—The Fight with Tweed—Elected Governor of New York in 1874—Nominated for the Presidency in 1876—His Fortune Left to the People.

It was a remarkable fact, frequently referred to in the early months of this year, that Mr. Tilden had survived several prominent men who were expected to outlive him. When his name was mentioned for the Presidency in 1880, and objections were made on the ground that he might not live out his term, it was urged that if he died Mr. Hendricks would be there to succeed him. Yet Mr. Hendricks died, and Mr. Tilden lived on. General Hancock, it was said, could not be open to the objection urged against Mr. Tilden, yet he died before Mr. Tilden. General McClellan, another Democratic leader, also died before the infirm "sage of Grey-stone." But now Mr. Tilden has gone. On August 3d he was seized with an attack of indigestion, to which he was subject, and for the first time in his long life his constitution failed to throw off the disorder. The pulse declined, the breath came in rapid gasps, and by midday on August 4th the great statesman was dead.

PURITAN ANCESTORS

of Mr. Tilden were prominent in the early history of Massachusetts. Mr. Tilden took considerable trouble in tracing his pedigree, and one of his last labors was to put in connected narrative the result of his researches. He completed it, and dictated the preface only the week before he died. In it he says that he had prepared it, because he thought "it might be of use to the younger members of the family, as it showed them that they had sprung from an *honest, sturdy race*, of whom they could be proud." He appears to have rightly considered that there was more reason to be proud of ancestors honest and sturdy than ancestors who were robber barons or lawless oppressors of the people. The earliest representative of the family that Mr. Tilden was able to trace was John Tylden, who lived in the vale of Tylden, County Kent, England, in 1463. Some of his descendants still reside there, and one of them is, or was recently incumbent of the church at Tenterden.

Nathaniel was the first of the family to come to America. His younger brother Joseph was one of the "merchant adventurers" who were consignors of the Mayflower. Nathaniel did not sail in that historic craft, but in the good ship Ann, which sailed for America in 1634. He was one of the ten commissioners who founded the town of Scituate, Mass., in that year. He was connected by marriage with the families of both Governor Winslow and Governor Bradford. The next generation resided at Lebanon, Conn., and there John Tilden, the grandfather of the deceased statesman, was born. The Tildens of that day were brave pioneers, and took a prominent part in the Indian wars and in the War of Independence. They were firm friends of Thomas Jefferson, and his political allies. During the war John Tilden became acquainted with Samuel Jones, a gentleman of position, who had volunteered from his home in Cornwall, Conn. The friendship of the two families survived the war, and was cemented by the marriage of John Tilden's son, Elam, with Samuel Jones's daughter, Polly. Of that marriage the late Samuel Jones Tilden was issue.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

In 1790 John Tilden and his family, with the Jones family, removed to Canaan, Columbia County, N. Y., and the name of the town was changed, probably by their influence, to New Lebanon, which name it still bears. There Samuel Jones Tilden was born on February 9th, 1814. He was, therefore, in his seventy-third year when he died on August 4th. He received from his father a careful training, and in 1832, being then eighteen years of age, he entered the

Sophomore Class in Yale College. He was a weak, delicate lad, whose early years had been spent in study and in listening to the conversation of his father's friends instead of in the rustic sports of stronger boys of his own age. The conversations, however, were worth listening to; for Elam Tilden counted among his friends many famous men, who made New Lebanon their favorite resort. Among them was Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Azariah C. Flagg, Edwin Crosswell, editor of the *Albany Argus*; Michael Hoffman, and the Livingstons. Thus the youth was in intimate association with the members of "the Albany Regency," which for many years dominated the politics of the State of New York. In their company his political principles were formed, and the effects of their influence showed themselves in his character to the last. His

FIRST POLITICAL EFFORT

was made during the memorable campaign of 1832. General Jackson was the Democratic candidate for re-election to the Presidency, with Martin Van Buren on the same ticket for the Vice-Presidency. Henry Clay was at the head of the Republican ticket, and William Wirt had been put up by the men who at that time were making their opposition to Freemasonry their political standing ground. Efforts were being made to effect a coalition between the anti-Masons and the Republicans, and the fortunes of the Democracy depended largely on the success or failure of that effort. William L. Marcy was running for the Governorship as a Democrat, and Francis Granger as the coalition candidate.

The subject of the coalition had been frequently discussed in the hearing of young Tilden. Familiar with the subject, he wrote an essay upon it. He read it to his father, who submitted it to Mr. Van Buren, then at Lebanon Springs. Van Buren was so impressed by it, that he immediately had it signed by the leading Democrats in the State, and published in the *Albany Argus*, as "An Address to the People of New York." The *Albany Evening Journal* attributed it to Mr. Van Buren. The defeat of the coalition and the election of Marcy and the Democratic electoral ticket were largely the result of the impression produced on the public mind by this address. This remarkable political paper at once made its youthful author the familiar of Van Buren, Wright, Marcy, and Crosswell. His suggestions were listened to, and the services of his pen eagerly sought.

At Yale College Mr. Tilden was a classmate of William M. Evarts, Chief-Justice Waite, Professor Lyman, Professor Silliman, and Edwards Pierpont. He had been there but a short time when his delicate health, overtaxed by too attentive application, gave way, and he returned to the old homestead, as his friends and physicians feared, a physical wreck. From infancy he had suffered from weak digestive powers, and his sedentary habits aggravated the disease. An active out-door life, however, soon recuperated his strength, and in 1834 he entered the University of New York, where his academic education was completed. He then commenced the study of law in the office of John W. Edmunds, of New York. He also attended the law school of the University, where Benjamin F. Butler and Judge Kent were among the lecturers. His

INTEREST IN POLITICS

continued and increased. He took an important part in the contest which followed the disastrous financial collapse of 1837, advocating Van Buren's scheme of a separation between the Government and the Treasury. Though only twenty-three years of age, he did not hesitate to measure swords with Senator N. P. Talmadge, and in the opinion of the audiences he was victorious over his experienced opponent.

AS A LAWYER,

Mr. Tilden's career was successful from the first. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, and opened an office in Pine Street, New York. He neglected his business during 1844 to take part in the Presidential campaign. He entered into

it with all his energy, and with Mr. H. G. Langley and Mr. O'Sullivan founded the Democratic daily newspaper, the *Morning News*. All through the campaign he gave to the newspaper freely of time and money, and wrote many of its most effective editorials. After the election, however, his interest in journalism ceased; he gave his share to O'Sullivan, and returned to his law office. In 1845 he was elected to the Assembly, and also took a prominent part in the constitutional convention which began its sessions after the Assembly adjourned; but after that he temporarily withdrew from politics to concentrate his attention on his law practice. He saw that his independence in politics would largely depend on his financial status, and was resolved to win such a fortune as would place him above the temptation of sacrificing his political principles for the spoils of office.

The character of Mr. Tilden's mind showed itself in his studies. To him it became a delight to unravel the intricacies of some mysterious case, and having separated the threads, to knit them together in a strong and comprehensive form. Such a case he had in the contest over the election of his father's old friend, Azariah C. Flagg, as comptroller of the city. From the very data of his opponent, without calling witnesses, Mr. Tilden, by a mathematical and logical analysis, reconstructed a lost tally list, showing the number of tickets, candidates, and aggregate votes, and proved conclusively that the return for Mr. Flagg was correct, and won the case. Charles O'Connor, associate counsel, spoke of Mr. Tilden's opening as one of the most

REMARKABLE INTELLECTUAL EFFORTS

he had ever heard. As counsel for the Burdell heirs, Mr. Tilden had a still more intricate case. His argument and his adroit examination of one hundred and forty-two witnesses convinced the court that the claimants to the estate had constructed a claim as fraudulent as it was skilful. The power of metaphysical analysis and logical concentration he displayed in that case made him one of the most famous among the rising young lawyers of the day. Afterward came the suit of the Cumberland Coal Company, of Maryland, against its directors, which Mr. Tilden fought with a courage and energy, combined with keen penetration, that attracted the notice of corporations, and brought him an enormous practice. Unfaithful trustees and directors grew to dread the name of the man whose sagacity seemed to divine their motives and plans, and whose patient industry traced every step of their tortuous path.

As with many other prominent Democrats, the period of the war was to Mr. Tilden a time of misunderstanding and painful embarrassment. In opposing the Republican Party and in deprecating its policy as liable to lead to secession, they had prepared the way, in that time of violent excitement, for suspicions of their loyalty. Mr. Tilden did not escape, but it was always maintained by him and his friends that though he could not support President Lincoln's administration, he never wavered in his loyalty to the Northern cause. It is certain that the declaration which the Democratic Party issued in 1862 of its adhesion to the Union and the war to preserve it, was from his pen. Nevertheless, Mr. Tilden's part in the struggle was passive rather than active, and he continued to attend to his business, while anxiously watching events.

THE TWEED RING

created the emergency which at last drew Mr. Tilden away from his lucrative practice into public life. In 1866 Tweed and his confederates were in the zenith of their power. The Legislature and the judiciary were both under their control, and the mayor and corporation of New York City were practically helpless. At this juncture Dean Richmond died, and Mr. Tilden succeeded him as chairman of the Democratic State Committee. His position was a difficult one, for every avenue of attack on the ring was closed by bribery. Tweed could be removed from office only by impeachment on charges pre-

ferred by the mayor, who was his tool, and could be tried only before the bench of Common Pleas, every judge of which, save one, was his creature, and in the Legislature he had just bought a majority at a cost of \$10,000 a head. By these means the ring was able in 1870 to steal more than one half of all the money paid out of the city treasury, and by the end of 1871 its plunder amounted to over sixty millions. In that year came the exposure. Some of the secret accounts of the ring were published, and the indignation of the citizens was aroused.

Mr. Tilden cast in his lot with the reformers, and proved a most valuable coadjutor. He went into the bank where all the cheques of the ring had passed, and during many days' arduous labor analyzed their accounts, and traced out their division of plunder. Here he obtained the only proof which would stand before a judicial tribunal. These steps formed the iron wedge which made the only entrance into the stronghold of the ring, and by which it was riven, and at length broken into fragments. He also bore a most important part in the impeachment of Judge Barnard, and at a critical juncture saved it from defeat. In the interest of this great work Mr. Tilden relinquished all his professional and private business for a year and a half, with a large income, giving up all his time to incessant and earnest labor.

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

The rascality of the Tweed Ring was only a gigantic development of a spirit which was permeating society at that time in other States and in the national capital. Gangs of schemers were to be found wherever there was public money, engaged in attempts at plunder. Such a man as Mr. Tilden was the public need of the day. The financial scandals of General Grant's second term showed that it was not sufficient to put an honest man in office. The plunderers would hoodwink him and compromise him if they could. What was needed was a man not only incorruptible, but shrewd and vigilant. The people were aware of the fact, and it was therefore not surprising that the man who had crushed the Tweed Ring should receive the nomination for the governorship of New York. Mr. Tilden was elected in 1874 by a majority of 50,317 over General Dix. He immediately commenced a careful scrutiny of every department of the State Government. He speedily discovered that a ring held control of the canals, and were manipulating the revenues for their private advantage. The Legislature was promptly summoned, and the facts exposed in a masterly document, which could not be confuted or ignored. The Canal Ring fell as the Tweed Ring had fallen, and Mr. Tilden's fame spread through the nation.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

His honors were thick upon him when the National Democratic Convention met in St. Louis in 1876. He was nominated on the second ballot, and his chief competitor, the late Thomas A. Hendricks, accepted the second place on the ticket. The result is still fresh in the memory of our readers. Mr. Tilden carried New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana in the North, and it was an undisputed fact that he had 184 votes in the Electoral College. The returns showed that he had 196 votes, or 11 more than were necessary to elect him; but the returns were disputed, and the special tribunal appointed to decide being composed of eight Republicans and seven Democrats, declared, by a strict party vote, that Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President by a majority of one in the Electoral College. Every one can remember the excitement, the indignation which were aroused in the country. A word from Mr. Tilden then would have kindled it into flame, but it was not spoken. Though he and his party were convinced that he was fairly elected, Mr. Hayes was peacefully inaugurated, and Mr. Tilden submitted to what he believed to be a wrong.

The nine years that have passed since then have been years of peaceful and scholarly retire-

ment. At his magnificent residence of Greystone (a picture of which appears on the first page, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the publishers of the *Daily Graphic*), and at his house in Gramercy Park, New York City, Mr. Tilden lived surrounded by his books and his pictures. Some of his relatives were constantly with him, and the men who succeeded him as leaders of his party resorted to him for counsel. He might have secured the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1880, and again in 1884, but he declined it in advance, feeling that age and physical infirmities disqualified him for the gigantic tasks which he was convinced a Democratic President ought to undertake.

BEQUEST TO THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Tilden never married. Since his death vague rumors of an early disappointment in love have been circulated, and a lady still living is mentioned who, it is said, won the heart of the statesman in his youth, but was unable to return his affection. Mr. Tilden remained constant to this early but hopeless attachment, and never asked any other lady to become his wife. At his death Mr. Tilden's property was worth about *five million dollars*. Certain sums, amounting in all to about one million, he directs by his will shall be set aside to provide an income for his sister and his nephews and nieces, the principal at their death to revert to the estate. The whole estate he leaves to three trustees, who were his intimate friends, to be used at their discretion for the public good. Mr. Tilden directs them to expend part of it in founding a free library at his native place—New Lebanon—and another at Yonkers, in the neighborhood of which Greystone is situated. He suggests that the remainder shall be used in founding a free library in New York, but leaves the question to the discretion of his trustees.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Little Girl's Definition.—Mr. King said at a recent meeting: "A little girl whose father had just signed the pledge was playing on the street with some other children, and shouting as loudly as she could, 'My father has joined the teetotalers, my father has joined the teetotalers.' She was calling in such a way as to attract the attention of a number of men who were passing, and one of them stepping forward, held the child by the arm, and said, 'Child, what do you mean by teetotal?' 'Please, sir,' said the little girl, 'it means that I shall always have something to eat now.'"

Safe on a Rock.—Mr. Wight observed: "A Christian lady was dying; she had almost reached the border land of heaven, when a Christian friend came in to see her. She was past recognizing him, but he bent over her and said, 'Dear sister, you are fast sinking.' She made no response, and again he said in a louder voice, 'Dear sister, you are fast sinking.' A third time he repeated these words, when she slowly opened her eyes, and said, 'Did you ever hear of any one sinking through a rock? For I am a sinner trusting in the Rock, Christ Jesus, and on that Rock my feet are firmly planted.' Would that many more had the simple faith and beautiful confidence of this child of God, who so fearlessly passed through the valley of the shadow of death!"

Made Rich through Great Loss.—Mr. M'Keith related: "The other night in my meeting one of the workers, a man well on in years, came to bid me good-by, for we were leaving the district. He had been working with great earnestness all the week, and I said, 'Do you always work with as much energy in the inquiry meeting as I have noticed you do this week?' 'I always do what I can,' he replied. 'How long is it since you have been in the work?' I asked. 'It is just three years since I gave myself up to the service of Christ; I did not know Him before that.' And then I asked him to tell me about his conversion, and he said, 'About three years ago my wife and I were careless, godless

people, trampling on His commandments and giving no heed to His Word, but living just to please ourselves. But God Himself began to deal with us in a strange way. He took one of our children, then a second, then a third, and a fourth from us. When we had buried the fourth we sat, sad and lonely, mourning over our hard lot, and I said, 'Let us go out and try and get some comfort.' We wandered up one street and down another, and were turning to go home, when we passed a band of Christian friends singing at the corner of a street. One of them stepped over and invited us into the church, and after some urgent pressing we entered. At the close of the meeting we yielded ourselves to Christ. The good seed had been sown, and we were only too willing to do so. That night we went home rejoicing that although He had taken away our children, He had given us Himself."

A Rich Mean Son.—At a Recent Meeting the Rev. Mr. Carstairs said: "There was a man I knew who was an elder of a church. A brother elder told me that once he asked him if he would take money to a poor woman, as he himself could not find time; and his reply was, 'No, I would rather not; I do not like to go to that woman; she always talks to me about my mother.' Oh, the mean man; it was because he had risen in the world, and his mother had been only a laundress! But the church had very soon more reason to be ashamed of him. It had to pay down a large sum of money for the embezzlements of that man who was ashamed of his humble though honest mother. He had neglected to carry out the ancient commandment of the Lord, 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'"

The Marked Testament.—Mr. Calder said: "A young man went to a friend who had often helped him in his trouble, and said to him, 'There is a young girl, a friend of mine, for whom I am exceedingly sorry. Both her parents are addicted to strong drink, and their only daughter is almost distracted, for she does not know to whom to turn for help; for she has not yet heard that blessed One say, 'Come unto Me.' 'I will tell you what to do,' replied his friend; 'instead of writing her a long letter of sympathy, buy a New Testament, and carefully mark all the passages which speak of God's love, and send it to her.' The young man took his friend's advice, and some time afterward he received a beautiful letter from the once almost broken-hearted girl, thanking him for the New Testament, and especially for the passages which he had marked. 'For,' she said, 'through them I have found rest in that great Saviour who loved me and gave Himself for me.'"

A Cure for Heart-Break.—A Worker Related that a wealthy merchant had an only son, for whom he toiled and slaved. His boy would be rich and enjoy all the power money can give. But death came and claimed the object of so many fond schemes. The father was heart-broken. He refused to be comforted. His minister visited him, and was greeted with, "You preach, sir, that God is a God of love. If He is, how can He take my boy from me?" The good man replied with a little parable: "A shepherd who loves his sheep builds comfortable folds for them, and furnishes them with everything needful. When all is ready he seeks to bring them in; but to his astonishment they will not come. He endeavors by many a plan to persuade them, till at last he takes a lamb out of the flock and carries it in. Then the parent sheep follows. So, my friend," the minister went on to say, "God made ready a glorious home for you, and asked you to enter it; but you would not. All pleadings fell unheeded on your world-stopped ears. Now He has taken your child to heaven, that you may follow him thither. Will you?" His eyes were fixed upon the minister; without another word both knelt to pray. When they rose from their knees the light of peace had fallen upon the face of the broken-hearted father.

THE NONDESCRIPTS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Last Sunday, Aug. 15, 1886.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."
—JOHN 10: 16.

Classified Christians—Boys in a Lame Man's Orchard—A Scattered Flock of Sheep in Scotland—Various Folds—The Good Shepherd Finding his Sheep—I. Among Non-Churchgoers—Churches Like Skeleton Leaves—Like an Armory—Mr. Ancient and the Wrecked Atlantic—II. Among Rejecters of Religion—An Experiment Invited—Testimony of Laymen—The Desert of Doubt—III. Among the Victims of Evil Habit—The Limit of Hope—A Dying Nobleman's Lament.

THERE is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the deer and the statuary, and pluck the flowers and the fruits in the royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country school-house, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, some of us invaded that orchard; but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the Church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a

ROUGH AND UNSYMPATHETIC

way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at thirteen months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall to-day place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to the Jews long ago, so He says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have, which are not in this fold."

MANY FOLDS.

So Christ says to us: Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold—the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep-washing; and so they are scattered all over, and we come with our statistics, and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep; but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of My flock. They are scattered all over the earth, and 'other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.'"

Christ in my text was prophesying the conversion of the Gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and He is to-day, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

I. In the first place I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep

AMID THE NON CHURCH-GOERS.

There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation, have had all the greenness and verdure taken off of them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass-case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week, and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an armory with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of hosts. We say to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side; If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to get cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

There are some here who say: "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case; I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into religious assembly, but I have

A SURPRISING ANNOUNCEMENT

to make to you. You are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Oh!" you say, "it is impossible; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. People of God, pray for that man! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars Rock and the people clambered up on the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the Gospel of whom we have all read sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that! He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat!" And now I see the oar-blades bend under the strong pull; but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says: "There is a man to save;" and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the life-boat. Thank God, he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy, but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin, and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas, one is washed off and gone! There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. "Clutch the rope, oh dying man! Clutch it as with a death-grip. Steady now on the slippery places. Steady! There! Saved! Saved!" Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Christ commands His

MINISTERS TO BE FISHERMEN,

and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches but into the wide world; not sitting along a small creek where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside forty or fifty

miles from shore. Yes, there are non-churchgoers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will again be in the religious service. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their grave be chiselled the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And on Resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried, and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins now. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

II. I remark again, the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of His sheep among those who are positive

REJECTERS OF CHRISTIANITY.

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or through reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so; but you frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think that there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe. And yet you are

AN ACCOMMODATING MAN.

Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing and will give me great delight. I want you to experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were very sick, and doctors had given you up and said there was no chance for you, and I should take out a little bottle and say: "Here is a medicine that will cure you; it has cured fifty people, and it will cure you," you would say, "I have no confidence in it." I would say, "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would say, "if it's any accommodation to you I'll take it." My friend, will you be just as accommodating in matters of religion? There are some of you who have found out that this world cannot satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me after the service was over:

"I HAVE TRIED THIS WORLD

and found it an insufficient portion. Tell me of something better." You have come to that. You are sick for the need of divine medicament. Now I come and tell you of a Physician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in Him!" But will you not try Him? Accommodate me in this matter; oblige me in this matter; just try Him. I am very certain He will cure you. You reply: "I have no special confidence in Him; but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation, introduce Him." So I introduce Him—Christ, the Physician who has cured more blind eyes and healed more ghastly wounds and bound up more broken hearts than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius.

That divine Physician is here. Are you not ready to try him? Will you not as a pure matter of experiment

STATE YOUR CASE

before Him now? Hold nothing back from Him. If you cannot pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, this is a strange thing for me to do! I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what Thou canst do for me. I

am ready to do whatever Thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever Thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it."

Will you try that experiment? I do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion; but I simply say, try it—try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally; perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter; perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances; perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very

RESPECTABLE LAYMEN

—as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician. They never preached or pretended to preach, and yet putting down, one his telescope, and another his parliamentary scroll, and another his electrician's wire, they all declare the adaptedness of Christ's religion to the wants and troubles of the world. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, then take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

Oh, men sceptical, and struck through with unrest! would you not like to have some of the peace which broods over our souls to-day? I know all about your doubts. I have been through them all. I have gone through all the curriculum.

I HAVE DOUBTED

whether there is a God, whether Christ is God. I have doubted whether the Bible was true. I have doubted the immortality of the soul. I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything; and yet, out of that hot desert of doubt, I have come into the broad, luxuriant, sunshiny land of Gospel hope and peace and comfort; so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, step ashore from that rocking and tumultuous sea. If you go away adhering to your infidelities, you will not sleep one wink to-night. You do not want your children to come up with your scepticism. You cannot afford to die in that midnight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in! You will come in! The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very moment—whether you sit or stand—looks into your eyes and says: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

III. Again I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been

FLUNG OF EVIL HABIT.

It makes me mad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and after they had run out there was nothing to touch a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the banks and the bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul.

People tell us that if a man has delirium tremens twice, that he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman has fallen from her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and ninety times; that is, seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in His blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged in the very lowest hell of abomination, who for the tenth time have been lifted up, and, finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners.

I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When

THE CHURCH CASTS YOU OFF,

and when the club-room casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates cast you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will send the Eternal God clean down into the ditch of your suffering and shame. The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the Eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it.

A man said to me: "Unless God helps me I cannot be delivered. I have tried everything, sir; but now I have got into the habit of prayer, and when I come to a drinking saloon

I PRAY

that God will take me safely past, and I pray until I am past. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of traps set, and no one but the everywhere-present God can see that man through. Oh! they talk about the catacombs of Naples, and the catacombs of Rome, and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial places under the city where the dust of a great multitude lie; but I tell you New York has its catacombs, Nashville has its catacombs, and New Orleans its catacombs, and Boston its catacombs, and Philadelphia its catacombs, and every town and city neighborhood its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Young man, you know it. God help you!

There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in skilful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this audience that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in Jamaica ginger, or anything else that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the Eternal God, and He will see you through. Some of you do not have temptation every day. It is a

PERIODIC TEMPTATION

that comes every six weeks, or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel; but your first and most importunate cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. Oh, God! now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him. Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh, my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle without Christ! There are here those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book; and yet I have to tell you that they will yet preach the Gospel, and on communion days carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

While I have hope for all prodigals there are some people for whom I am not so hopeful. I mean those who have been church-goers all their lives, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding twenty, thirty, forty years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their hearts to Christ. They are

THE GOSPEL-HARDENED.

A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the city pavement,

As Christ says: "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunities of divine mercy, and have gone, during these thirty years, through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and

THEY ARE FURTHER AWAY

from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told they are dead. No hope! But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel-hardened. You have not heard many sermons during the last few years. As you came in to a religious meeting to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed it is in this place! Everything suggestive of heaven. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark! God help me! God pity me!"

Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation into the kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of His pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in; some of them, their fleece torn with the brambles; some of them, their feet lame with the dogs; but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

MR. McALL'S THANKS TO AMERICA.

THE quarterly report of the American McAll Association was issued last week, and forms exceedingly interesting and encouraging reading. It shows that the work of spreading the Gospel in France is flourishing, and that, thanks to the energy and devotion of Mrs. Mariné J. Chase, Miss Frances Lea, and their earnest coadjutors, America is rendering efficient aid to the evangelists. "Last year," says Mr. McAll, "*very nearly one third of the entire income of the mission was given by American friends.*"

Respecting the progress of the work, Mr. McAll says: "The actual increase of attendance, as shown in our report for 1885, has been most cheering. In Paris, without addition to the number of stations or sittings, the year's aggregate increase, counting old and young, has been sixty-one thousand, that in the entire mission eighty-five thousand. It is, indeed, still the sowing time here; we are daily coming in contact with people who never before in their lives heard the Gospel, and there remains even yet an immense introductory work to be achieved in dissipating widespread and almost national misconceptions of and prejudices against the Gospel. But we now see around us, as the *fruit of years of toil and watching*, Christian lives, Christian families, and Christian workers. And, while our fraternal societies tend much to the religious culture of the new converts, we rejoice to see many of them, both in Paris and in the provinces, uniting with the surrounding French churches.

"The large proportion of men to be seen in many of our rooms, together with the fixed attention accorded to the directest utterances respecting man's fallen state and salvation by the death of Christ, resistlessly proclaim that a deep want of the soul is coming to be widely felt, a want which sophisms and Nihilism are found to be unable to supply."

The quarterly report is a pamphlet of seventy two pages. It may be obtained for five cents from Mrs. Chase, 1622 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MILITARY PIONEERS OF THE CHURCH.

THE flourishing Christian work now in progress in California radiating from the centre of St. Paul's Church, Benicia, is the subject of a lengthy report published in this month's *Spirit of Missions*. The Right Rev. Dr. Wingfield, Missionary Bishop of Northern California, has now, it appears, taken charge of the work, and has thrown into it the tremendous energy for which he is famous. The church building has been enlarged for the fifth time, and an attractive and commodious edifice has been erected for Sunday-school purposes. The latter has nearly *one thousand pupils*, of whom nearly three hundred have made profession of faith in Christ. Connected with the church is St. Mary's Hall in which a large number of girls are receiving a religious education, and St. Augustine College in which boys are trained for Christian service.

The most remarkable feature about this valuable institution is that it had its origin in the efforts of two officers of the United States Army. There were no religious services in Benicia prior to 1854, but in that year among the troops sent there on frontier duty was an earnest Christian officer, Captain E. D. Townsend, who was deeply concerned by the spiritual destitution prevailing. No clerical help was obtainable, so Captain Townsend applied for and received the sanction of the Protestant Episcopal Church to hold services as a lay reader. On November 24th, 1854, he held his first service in the court-room, and continued to hold them as long as his regiment remained there. When the regiment was removed it seemed as if the means of grace must cease, but the providence of God ordered it otherwise. In the regiment that succeeded it was another Christian officer, Captain J. McAllister, who, hearing what his brother officer had been doing, promptly took hold of the work and carried it forward until it became so important that the Rev. D. F. McDonald was assigned to regular duty there, and the first modest church building was raised.

TRANSMITTED FAMILY TRAITS.

A REMARKABLE and suggestive fact has been observed by President I. F. Cox, of La Grange, Ga., who has been for thirty years at the head of one of the most famous colleges for ladies in the country. It confirms the belief observant philosophers have long held in the power of heredity. Christian parents cannot pay too much heed to it, for if they have self-knowledge they will know what are the temptations that will have most power over their children, and what are the sins to which they will be prone (Prov. 22 : 6).

In company with President Cox a reporter of the Atlanta *Constitution* recently went through the college and entered the chapel-room, while it was yet in the early morning. The stage was crowded with young girls, practising their graduation music. They were all dressed in the simplest of muslins; some with Shaker bonnets, and others with no headgear at all. One demure little maiden at the piano was possessed of clear-cut Grecian features. "She is a Georgian, though," suggested President Cox, "and prettier girls than live in Georgia were never seen." President Cox has seen in his thirty years' experience there his pupils graduate, receive the congratulations of their admirers on Commencement night, and then drop out of college life, only to be struck a few years later with the remarkably familiar features of some new scholar, who came, perhaps, from Texas or from Arkansas.

"I often forget myself," said President Cox, "and call them by names which were familiar to me years before. They are the daughters of those who had gone out from under my control, and are sent here by their mothers to run the same course. It is wonderful to see, not only the transmission of form, figure, and expression, but the similarity of *acquired habit which passes from mother to daughter*." Many incidents related were of a striking character. Not

only were these daughters so much resembling their mothers that the Commencement of fifteen years ago seemed like a dream, but attachments sprung up between the daughters of mothers who had been similarly devoted to each other. The standing of the scholars, too, was something remarkable. The written record, for instance, of almost any given scholar, might be placed against the written record for the corresponding year of the mother's school life, and they would be found to be practically identical.

AN INDIAN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

AT the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention of Minnesota and Dakota held at St. Paul, Minn., a Dakota Indian delegate described how the first Indian branch was organized. It is a most significant fact that while wholly in the dark about the constitution of such societies and their methods of work, they had an instinctive idea of, or rather were divinely guided to, the best source of light. The delegate's speech is thus reported in the *American Missionary*:

"About eight years ago some young men wished to have a Young Men's Christian Association, and asked me what I knew about it. I told them that I knew nothing of the constitution or methods of the Young Men's Christian Associations, so they did nothing at that time. But three or four months later they again spoke of it, yet we knew not how to make a constitution. But they said we will have a Young Men's Christian Association. Then we had a meeting and talked it over. And they agreed that even though they did not have the Y. M. C. A. constitution and rules to go by, they would work according to the words of Jesus, and would seek out the ways in which young men might benefit each other, and they would bring into meeting any who did not attend, and would make contributions to carry the Gospel to the wild Indians.

"This was the beginning of our Young Men's Christian Association. It was made without any constitution, but was made upon the rules of Jesus. Therefore we remember one of His words, 'Abide in Me and I will abide in you.' The branch cannot bear fruit unless it is united to the vine." Upon this our Young Men's Association made its first growth. Their desire has seemed to be, to keep with Jesus. Therefore, my friends, remember us, so that much fruit may grow among us to the glory of God our Father."

ASTONISHING FIGURES.

A BUSINESS man of New York who seems to have a genius for figures has been at some pains to tabulate the results of the work in which the great Bible and Tract Societies of America and England are engaged. Following are a few of the totals which his calculations have furnished.

The receipts of the American Bible Society last year were \$523,910, and of the British and Foreign Bible Society were worth \$1,156,196, a total of \$1,680,106. The total issues of the American Society last year were 1,437,440 and of the British Society 4,123,904. The total of the two societies 5,561,344. The British and Foreign Bible Society was established in 1804, and the American Bible Society in 1816. During their entire history to the close of last year the two societies have received \$71,639,682, and their total number of issues of copies of the Word of God 155,198,515.

Add to these figures those furnished by the tract societies of the two lands which are working hand in hand with the Bible societies in the cause of Christ, through the mighty engine of the printing-press and the result is prodigious. The London Religious Tract Society was established in 1799 and the American Tract Society in 1825. The two societies together have in their subsequent history produced a quantity of religious literature equivalent to the quantity that would be needed to supply every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth today with a two-page tract. The receipts of the

tract societies and Bible societies combined have been over \$112,000,000.

These figures indicate that in spite of scurrilous attacks on the Bible which are made by infidels; in spite of the sneers and insidious depreciation of sceptical scholars, the Church of the nineteenth century has lost no jot of its faith in the Bible, and has given practical proof by its money gifts that it still believes in it as the message of God to a lost world.

RELIGION IN THE LIFE.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

YOU may take the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Christian, the Catholic, and all the books, and they all agree on these three propositions, brethren, that salvation means deliverance from the guilt of sin, and from the dominion of sin, and from the love of sin. Is not that so? Does not every book define it that way? Salvation means deliverance from the guilt and the dominion and the love of sin; and no man is safe in the Gospel sense until he is saved in this threefold way. That is it. The purity of the Christian character.

I will tell you how we work it. You cannot go into sin without cost and fearful risk. It is dangerous, brother. Here I illustrate the point. A man is sitting on the top of a large five-story building; he is sitting on the comb of the roof, and I see him whittling with a penknife; and all at once the penknife slips out of his hand and slides right down to the edge of the building. He sits there and looks at it, and says, "I wish I had that little knife." But something says to him it is only worth a half dollar; that is all it cost. Well, he thinks, "I know that it is not worth much, but I would like to have it; I believe I will go down to try to get it." And something says that it is very dangerous, indeed; and it is risking too much for too little. Ah, but he says, "Other people have gone that close to the edge of buildings and did not fall off; I will try it;" and he walks and slips right down; he eases himself until he gets to the edge of the building, grasps the knife, and his hold slips and he is crushed into jelly on the walk below. *But he got the knife.* He got the knife. Many a time a girl, or boy, or man, or woman has been introduced into some place where God disapproved. They have said, "I'll risk it," and gone in, and are lost forever.

There is an imperviousness to sin in the character of a man who is born of God. If a man told me this morning that Brother McConnell came last night to his room, and stole his watch and ran away with it, I could not believe it. I would say, Brother McConnell cannot steal your watch; it is against his purpose,

AGAINST HIS WAY OF LIFE;

I know he did not do it. If I see a train on the Vandalia line running to St. Louis and a man tells me she is going to Indianapolis, I say she can't go to Indianapolis. She's going full tilt the other way. That man can't go wrong. Why? Because he is going right. He cannot sin because he is born of God. There is the idea of preoccupation.

There is Job standing there. Here is the devil appearing before God. The devil looked at Job—

THE SAME DEVIL

that deceived Adam—and said: "Let me take his property away from him and he will curse you." God said: "Take everything away from him, but keep your hands off *him*." When a message came to Job that his sheep and cattle and camels were destroyed, and one piece of property and another, and at last a message that his children were dead, dear old Job said, when the last prop was knocked from him, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job 1 : 21). I imagine the devil said, "Why, Adam fell at the first temptation, but here Job stands, secure, when the last earthly prop is taken from him." Then the devil said to the Lord, "If you will let me afflict his body and his health he will

curse you to your face." The Lord said, "I can bank on Job, take everything he has on earth, except the breath of his nostrils."

The devil went to work on Job, and the next thing we read that became of Job, he was afflicted from head to foot. He lay in the ash heap, and scraped himself with a potsherd. His wife walked up and said, "Job, your body is a mass of putrefaction. Curse God and die." Job looked up and said: "Though the Lord slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job 13: 15). And the devil stood and gazed, and said: "Wonder of wonders! There he is, with every earthly prop swept away, yet he says glory to God, and is more loyal to Him than he was in his prosperity." The devil got Job's friends and they turned loose on his character, the immortal part of him, and at last Job stands up in the sublimity of his strength and says, "I have maintained my integrity. I have not done wrong." Then God stepped on the scene and called Job out and He took Job out and made his latter days more blessed than his former. I tell you, brethren, that if you stand up for God Almighty He will stand up for you.

Thank God for

WHAT RELIGION DOES FOR A MAN

in this world. And I want to say to you this: If I was a young man I would want religion. If I was an old man I would want it. If I was rich I would want religion. If I was poor I would want religion. If I was sick I would want religion. If I was well I would want religion. If I was living I would want religion. If I was dying I would want religion. If I was in heaven I would want religion. If I was in hell I would want the blessed peace that the Gospel of the Son of God can give. There is religion.

"It is religion that can give sweetest pleasure while we live;

It is religion must supply solid comfort when we die."

As long as the star of hope shines over my pathway then all you need to do is to tell me my duty. Tell me what I ought to do and how to do it, and I am in with you with all my might. Tell me to pray in my family—all right. Thank God for the privilege. Tell me to attend upon the openings of the church—thank God. Open the church and ring the bell. You will always find me present. Tell me I must visit the sick—glory be to God, that is a great privilege. I will go see them. Tell me I must help the poor—I will divide my last dollar with them and then I will give them the half that I kept if they need it worse than I do. Anything, O God,

ANYTHING WILL BEAT GOING TO HELL.

Anything in the universe is nothing compared with heaven. Now, Lord, speak, and I will hear; and if heaven is to be obtained upon Thy conditions, let me know what they are, O Lord, and I will fill them, the best a poor fellow like I am can fulfil the conditions of God. That is it. I see people shirking their duty and hiding out from responsibility. Brother, I cannot help it. I am going to take every chance to do good in the world and to do everything that helps everybody else. I am going to adopt that in my platform. That shall be one of the

PLANKS IN MY PLATFORM

until God says "It is enough, come up higher." Oh, I cannot understand how people on the way to heaven want to shirk religious duties and religious responsibilities. Oh, my brother, let me beg you to-night whatever God tells you to do, that thing lies between you and heaven. Pick it up and go along with it and say, "Lord, help me to bear, help me to do, help me to suffer Thy will in all things."

St. Paul, right on this line, said: "I will throw aside every weight; I will lay down everything that hinders the soul; and I reach the point where if my coat gets in the way, off with it; if my shoes are in the way, off with them; if my hat is in the way, off with it; I will run into the streets of God bareheaded, coatless and shoeless if that is necessary to make the gates in safety. That is the language of a man in earnest. And I will tell you, brother, the angels of God look

over the parapet of heaven and watch with increasing interest the soul that is running with all its ransomed powers to make the city of God in safety and peace, and make their future home in heaven forever. Will you start out to-night? Take up your cross. Do your duty, be faithful to God. Be faithful to right, brother, and some day we will get to heaven. Religion is the best thing on earth, and there is nothing in heaven better than religion. Gracious Father, give us the peace of the Gospel to be our heritage.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Rev. E. Cornwell.

The Prophetic Import of our Time—A Photographic Resemblance—The Culminating Period—Three Signs—Two Characteristics of our Time—The Decline of the Papacy—Approaching Interposition of Christ.

IT is not one great public change, nor any remarkable public events, by themselves, which stamp the special character of awful importance or prophetic import on our time, so much as the singular and simultaneous combinations of the changes and events which are now passing before us. Neither is it these

REMARKABLE COINCIDENT EVENTS

by themselves which constitute the emphatic crisis of our time, though these combinations are indeed adapted to awaken and astonish the world; but it is the extraordinary—almost *photographic resemblance*—once and again seen—between these concurrent great changes and events before us, and the signs predicted by the ancient prophets, and especially of those announced by Jesus Christ, which were to precede immediately the awful close both of the Jewish and of the Christian dispensation and the opening grandeur of the coming one. It is this marvellous correspondence, widening and intensifying from year to year, which is evidently designed to arrest our deepest attention to the urgent inquiries—Are we, or are we not, living in the great era predicted and designated by Daniel—"The time of the end?" And are not these changes and events now simultaneously occurring, the heaven-appointed signs of still more awful and rapidly approaching revolutions—judgments—glories?

It is the extreme probability, yea, certainty of this being the case which invests the period wherein we live with a thrilling importance to each of us.

By a reference to the last chapter of the Prophet Daniel, it will be seen that the expression, "Time of the end," once and again repeated, is

THE CULMINATING PERIOD

of this dispensation, when a flood of light will be poured on the prophetic Scriptures, which, up to that time, will have been comparatively veiled, even to the Church of God. For what other can be the import of the expressions—"The words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end."

Let us then inquire, What are some of the clearly-predicted signs of "the time of the end," by which we may ascertain, beyond a doubt, whether or not we have arrived at this grand decisive period. Let us consider

THREE SIGNS,

each of them of colossal magnitude, which are distinguished by the Spirit of God, in the prophecy of Daniel, from several others, seeing that from their great prominence they must be distinctly and universally known when they appear. These are now patent to the whole world.

Two of these three special signs, which have already for many years, as facts, arrested the minds and excited the astonishment of all, are thus described by the angel to Daniel: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book, even to 'the time of the end'" (at which time); "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." In other words, when a period has actually begun which shall be distinguished above all preceding eras for the rapid travelling to and fro of vast multitudes, and for the no less speedy diffusion of knowl-

edge, both natural and spiritual, over the world, then know that that period has come—"the time of the end." These prophetic words have indeed been amply fulfilled during the present century. Never before have they been accomplished on so mighty a scale and with such marvellous rapidity over the world.

But while these predicted signs show to all that we are living in the "time of the end," the following sign shows no less clearly that the exact period when that time actually arrived was

THE COMMENCING LIBERATION

of the true Church of God from her lengthened obscurity, sufferings, and depression, and the sudden commencing descent of Roman Catholic political dominion or kingly power to destruction. These contemporaneous events are predicted in the closing part of the seventh chapter of Daniel, where the turning of the captivity of the Church of God is described as taking place at the very time when their long-continued oppressors are consigned by the awful sentence of the "Ancient of Days," to absolute, though progressive destruction. The same deliverance of the Church of Christ at the termination of the long period of her oppression is again predicted in the eleventh chapter of the prophecy (verse thirty-fifth) as distinctly marking the commencement of the "time of the end"—"And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge them, and to make them white, even to the time of the end."

If, then, the predicted sign of the arrival of the long-looked-for time of the end and of the commencing emancipation of the Church of Christ is most clearly declared to be the commencing destruction of Popish dominion, which was to be consumed and destroyed to the end, the decisive question at once presents itself—Has that foredoomed destruction of Popish kingly power really begun?

THE FIRST FATAL STROKE,

was given to the civil power of the Pope of Rome at the French Revolution in 1792, followed, as it was, by the successful invasion of his territories, and by the taking of himself once and again a prisoner. It was the appointed death-knell of his kingly dominion, and was also the first jubilee sound that the year of commencing deliverance had come to the true Church of the Redeemer. That deadly stroke at Popish dominion was the signal of the speedy coming of a new life, new energy, and a new career of glorious prosperity to the people of the living God.

More than half a century has now elapsed since the civil dominion of the sovereign of Rome began to pass away. Have the general aspects of the cause of God during that interval corresponded in some degree to this glorious anticipation? Have they presented additional and striking evidence that we are really living in the "time of the end," and that God quickly began, after the close of the long period of His people's captivity and fearful oppression to act on a great scale, for the speedy regeneration of the Church and of the world? Undoubtedly they have. Abundant evidence may be adduced, not only to attest this marvellous change, but also to establish our confidence in the joyful expectation of the most glorious interposition of Christ ere long, for His cause and people, till at length "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied."

He who has borne with His Church, and brought her hitherto, will not leave her at any stage of her chequered progress. He will no longer allow her to settle down in any condition resembling that almost stillness of death which characterized her condition about the commencement of the last century; nor will He much longer permit her present slumbering and sleeping Laodicean lukewarmness to continue. But He will suddenly, ere long, awaken her, like the wise and foolish virgins, by an unexpected call, to the high objects of her collective existence, to a sense of her vast privileges and responsibilities, and to what He is about to accomplish.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Action in the Matter of the New York Custom House caused general discussion last week. Mr. Hedden's resignation occasioned no surprise. The wonder was that he had been collector so long. In appointing Sterling as weigher he showed his true character, and it was evident that while the Custom House remained under his control there was constant danger of the administration being compromised by his acts. Nevertheless, his quitting the Custom House so soon after the death of his patron, Hubert O. Thompson, had a significance sure to excite comment. It was inevitable that though there might be many good reasons for a change of collector, it would be said that the change at this time was due to Mr. Thompson's death rather than Mr. Hedden's maladministration. The business part of the community, however, care little about the President's motives, but are deeply concerned in the honest and efficient administration of the Custom House. If that result is achieved by the change they will not care whether the new collector belongs to one or another section of the party. But the interest the general public take in the appointment intimately concerns the President. His selection will show whether the pledge of civil service reform which the people have not forgotten is to be observed. Mr. Daniel Magone, of Ogdensburg, who is the new collector, has the honor of Mr. Cleveland's administration in his keeping.

The State Department has Sent Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, of New York, as a special envoy to Mexico to investigate the case of the imprisoned editor, Cutting. His instructions are simply to ascertain and report to this Government the full and exact facts of the case, and he is given no diplomatic powers. His whole duty is to find out what Cutting did, what he was tried for, how he was tried, and all the circumstances surrounding the case. He has no authority to enter into negotiations with anybody in Mexico, nor to discuss with anybody there any question of law which has arisen or may come up. After he has found out all about the arrest and trial and conviction, including the records of the court, he is to report the result to the State Department, and then his mission will be ended. The peculiarity of this commission is that Mr. Bayard was supposed to know all the facts before he made the peremptory demand for the surrender of Cutting. The conviction in all parts of the country, except Texas, increases that it would be worse than folly to go to war with Mexico about Cutting. It is admitted that he broke the Mexican law by publishing his libel in Mexico though it was printed in the United States. The question of principle involved is, however, an important one, as Mexico claims the

right to punish a United States citizen for a crime committed in his own country if a Mexican is a sufferer by it.

The Further Reduction in the Price of Silver has been followed by an intimation from the great mining camp of Butte City, that some curtailment in production is under consideration. If the movement should become general the depreciation in the value of the metal may be checked. It is stated by the Director of the Mint that last year the production of silver in the United States was \$51,600,000, as against \$48,800,000 for the year 1884, an increase of \$2,800,000. Of the total production, the United States Mints used for the manufacture of "dollars" \$28,697,767, or 56 per cent. There was in the country January 1st, 1886, \$218,259,761 in silver dollars, of which the Treasury has, uncovered by certificates, \$72,538,825 and the people hold either in coin or certificates \$138,780,408. The remainder is in the national banks. The Association of American Bankers at their convention at Boston, Mass., on Friday, passed a resolution expressing their alarm at the continued coinage of silver dollars.

Destructive Forest Fires were Reported from Wisconsin last week. In the central, northern, and north-western districts the woods are on fire for miles, and several villages have narrowly escaped destruction. At De Pere the Presbyterian church was burned, and the business part of the city was in peril for some hours but was eventually saved. In Eaton township many farms have been utterly destroyed. The dead bodies of sheep and cattle lie around burned to a crisp. In some cases the families of the farmers saved their lives only by getting down into the wells. Few of the farmers had any insurance, and many are consequently completely ruined. A traveller who rode out six miles from Bellevue says that in the course of his ride he did not see a bird or any living thing.

The Indictment and Arrest of Rollin M Squire, the Commissioner of Works of New York, and Maurice B. Flynn, who is known as "the boss of the city," caused an excitement last week unprecedented since the days of the Tweed scandal. Commissioner Squire had already been summoned by the mayor to show cause why he should not be removed from office, and his cause was under investigation when the Grand Jury indicted him and Flynn. They were both arrested and held to bail in ten thousand dollars each. The Grand Jury charge them with conspiracy. It appears that in December, 1884, when Mayor Edson nominated Squire for the office he holds, there was a doubt whether the aldermen would confirm the nomination. Squire had a conference with Flynn and Thompson, and signed an agreement to run the office and make appointments and discharges as Flynn might direct, if Flynn, on his part, secured the votes of the doubtful aldermen for his confirmation. The aldermen's votes were "secured" and Squire has been in office ever since. Flynn appears to have found the arrangement profitable as long as Squire fulfilled his bargain. Later, however, they have not been on good terms and the agreement has come to light. How much the city has lost is not yet known. The penalty for the offence is a year in the penitentiary and a fine of five hundred dollars.

Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner on August 11th does not encourage the hope of an enlightened solution of the Irish difficulty at his hands. There would be small chance of a patient's recovery if treated by a physician who made such mistakes in his diagnosis and treatment as the British Premier made in explaining the Irish maladies. Referring to the events of the last few days, that is, the riots in Belfast, he said they "demonstrate that Ireland is not yet inhabited by a concordant and homogeneous people. It is too early to enter into details, but it is the duty of every government to devote its whole energies to freeing the loyal people of Ireland from the constraint and restraint exercised upon them, whether in the form of riot, or in the more dangerous, insidious,

and effective form of outrage and intimidation." That is a remarkable lesson to draw from the riots. Unprejudiced observers would have supposed that the loyalists who have been fighting the police, sacking houses, and turning the city into a pandemonium did not need to have "the whole energies" of the Government used to free them from "constraint and restraint." They now number 190,000 while the Catholics are 50,000. If they are to be freed from the restraints which during the riots appeared to sit so lightly upon them, the scenes to which Lord Salisbury alluded will be eclipsed by a general massacre. He went on to say: "It is our duty to restore in Ireland that social order, the loss of which is the only just cause of its discontent." The whole civilized world, outside of England, is at issue with Lord Salisbury in this opinion, top. Ireland has many just causes of discontent of which the loss of social order is a result rather than a cause. It is one of the saddest omens for the future of that unhappy country that its fortunes are committed to the care of a statesman so blinded by prejudice that he mistakes the source of her misery and talks so foolishly about the remedies applicable to her disorder.

The Belfast Riots were Temporarily Checked by the troops during the middle of last week. On Monday the mobs were fighting desperately, and eleven rioters were killed and about four hundred wounded. On Tuesday the arrival of fresh regiments which replaced the police in the disturbed districts overawed the mob, and though the Orangemen succeeded in tarring a Catholic workman and another outbreak on a large scale seemed imminent, the danger passed, and order was maintained until Saturday night, when the soldiers noticed mischievous boys collecting stones as ammunition in preparation for a battle. Several boys were promptly arrested and measures were taken to suppress an outbreak. Soon after midnight fighting was reported from several quarters simultaneously, and by three o'clock on Sunday morning bullets and stones were whizzing through the air in every direction. The struggle was maintained for several hours until the Riot act was read, and the foot soldiers charged the mob and cavalry cleared the streets. Sunday night was quiet in all the districts where the soldiers were present in force, but it is not believed that the trouble is over. In some way the rioters are getting more firearms, pistol shots being more frequent on Sunday morning than at any previous time in the riots. A Protestant magistrate who has taken a prominent part in the efforts to restore order says: "I regard the Protestants as entirely in the wrong in this rioting. The Catholics have done their utmost to keep the peace and to prevent the exasperation of the Orangemen. . . . I think that if the Catholics were let alone they would not trouble the Orangemen in the least."

The Relations of the Pope and the French Government are far from cordial. The Pope has recently sent an envoy to the Chinese court and the French regard the act as a rebuff. For the last twenty-five years all the Roman Catholics in China, of whatever nationality, have been under the protectorate of France. Their numbers, constantly fluctuating, have been variously estimated, but it is probable there may be as many as two millions of them now in China. The missionaries, whether French, Italian, Spanish or Belgian, have always travelled under the protection of French passports. This circumstance has naturally given France very considerable moral influence in China, and this is now annihilated by the action of the Pope. In future the Roman Catholics will have a representative at the Chinese court in the person of the Pope's envoy, and will not require French passports. Whether the Roman Catholics will be as safe under the moral protection of the Pope as under the material protection of France remains to be seen, but as the Pope has taken the initiative in the matter there will be no difficulty in their fixing the responsibility of any loss they may sustain.

Remarkable Success is Attending the Meetings the Rev. E. P. Hammond, the children's revivalist, is holding in Norway. The latest reports say that the services in Christiana are in Mr. Hammond's opinion in some respects the most wonderful he has ever conducted. The vast hall is thronged night after night, and it seems almost impossible to disperse the congregation, so eager is their interest to hear the word of truth.

The Morning Star, the Children's Missionary ship, has a new captain, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Oakland, Cal., has a new general secretary. Captain Bray, who has commanded the missionary ship since 1878, and who did much toward arousing the interest of the public in the work and securing funds for repairs and new ships as they were needed, has resigned his command. He has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Oakland Young Men's Christian Association, where his energy and administrative capacity will have abundant scope for exercise. The new captain of the Morning Star is Captain N. W. Turner, of San Francisco, whose seamanship and Christian character are highly commended.

Dr. Deems is Doing an Excellent Work at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., in making the branch Church of the Strangers there a permanent building. The tent has been a means of good in a place sadly in need of Gospel preaching. It is now to become a neat, substantial wooden church. Any church undergoing repairs and having discarded pews or other fittings on its hands, could materially aid in the good work by presenting them to Dr. Deems or selling them to him at a low rate.

The Murdered Minister of Sioux City whose death was mentioned in these columns last week was well known throughout Wisconsin. The *Madison Prohibitionist* says: "Mr. Haddock has always made himself prominent in doing hard and effective work against the saloons wherever he has been. He was once brutally assaulted in a Wisconsin town when returning home after delivering a telling temperance address. Although his two assailants were armed and knocked him down, he succeeded by the aid of his cane in putting them to flight and wrestling a revolver from one of them. Brother Haddock was a member of the church militant. Pleasant but forcible in speech, he lived up to his theories and worked as he talked. Sioux City had in him a well selected leader in their fight with liquor. His murder is but a legitimate outgrowth of a brutal traffic."

At the Convention in Connection with the faith work of Dr. Cullis recently held at Intervale Park, N. H., an astonishing report was given of the progress of the work. It now comprises twenty-five different missions or institutions, extending round the world. Twelve of these—seven homes for the sick and destitute, two churches, a college for the training of workers, a city mission and a tract repository—are in or near Boston. There are three missions for the Chinese in California, three in the Southern States for the Freedmen, and three in India; also a number of tract repositories, all these being supplied with workers from among those trained in faith principles in connection with the Boston work. None of the workers receive any salary, and all are expected to have faith for their own work. During the twenty-two years that have passed since its commencement over \$700,000 has been received from God in answer to prayer, besides multitudes of other gifts. There are at present some fifty patients in Consumptives' Home, four in the Spinal Home, four in the Cancer Home and fifteen children in the Orphans' Home; all are in destitute circumstances and all are surrounded with loving care and Christian sympathy. Dr. Cullis said that three fourths of the consumptives in the home were there through their drinking habits. No reply was made to the recent strictures which a prominent Methodist clergyman has made in the *Century* on faith healing. The testimony of many present who had been healed

were considered the best answer to the arguments against it.

Eight Headstones in the Cemetery of a City in New York State, have a remarkable narrative connected with them. They stand in a row, and are exactly alike except in the names on them. A stranger visiting the locality last week noticed them and inquired about the circumstances. He was informed that they are memorials of the entire family of a well-known physician, whose eight children died in eight consecutive weeks. In the town where the physician resides an epidemic of diphtheria broke out recently. He thoroughly studied the disease and became very successful in treating it. At last he gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and, being a man notorious for his profanity he went so far as to defy "the Almighty to produce a case of diphtheria which he could not cure." In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and in spite of the doctor's skill grew worse and died. One after another his other children took the infection and died, until all the eight were gone, and the last was buried just two months after his blasphemous defiance was uttered. It was an awful answer to the challenge his pride had prompted (Isa. 45:9).

An Affrighted Mother had a Narrow Escape at Port Ewen, N. Y., recently. She was rocking her child to sleep when she heard a buzzing sound similar to that made by a bee. At the same time she felt something on her back, to which she paid no particular attention. After a few moments, the buzzing sound being again heard, this time close by the side of her head, she looked around and was horrified to see a snake of large size. The reptile quickly wound itself around the upper part of her arm, and its tongue darted in dangerous proximity to her face. Uttering a loud cry, she threw her child to the floor and ran out of the house, screaming for help. The noise brought a number of neighbors to the scene, by whom she was rescued from her dangerous assailant. Soon after her arm began to swell, the coils of the snake being plainly visible by black and blue ridges. She had been sitting on the grass during the evening, and it is supposed that the snake must have attached itself to her dress. Had the mother been less prompt in putting the child out of harm's way and seeking assistance, one or both might have lost their lives. If a similar promptitude was shown when the soul is in peril under the assaults of Satan, many might be saved who perish eternally by trusting to their own strength until it is too late (II Peter 2:9).

A Juvenile Coquette Has Been Boycotted in an Ohio town. The Cincinnati *Commercial* states that at a well-known school in an adjacent town there is a young lady whose beautiful face and winsome ways have captivated every boy there. There have been many competitors for her favor who have vied with each other in providing candies, ice-cream and lemonade for the delectation of the little beauty. It seems that the young lady has been capricious, fickle, and not careful in the observance of her promises. One boy after another has had cause to complain that although she has accepted his presents and promised him her company at some forthcoming entertainment, she has deserted him, when the time came, for some newer acquaintance, and has even been known to promise herself to several boys for the same entertainment, and, when the promises fell due, to take her pick of the crowd and leave the others without compunction. So many boys had been sufferers at different times that a meeting of them was held at which it was resolved that as they had been "slighted, misgusted, and cruelly treated" by the young lady, each and every one pledged himself "not to speak to her, smile at her, or take her to any party, or treat her to ice-cream or lemonade" for a year, under penalty of a fine of fifty cents for each offence. It may be hoped that this severe treatment will prove a wholesome discipline to the little lady, checking at the outset of her career the bad habit of un-

faithfulness to her promises, which is all too common in the world and in the Church. How many Christians are there who, looking back over their past lives, do not remember vows they have made to their Saviour in sickness or trouble that have been broken (Eccles. 5:4, 5)!

Darkness is Preferred to Moonlight by Railroad engineers, says a prominent railroad president. He declares that in the course of a long experience he has found that all engineers dread moonlight nights. They try the nerves to their utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the dark shadow across the track he sees is a man or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. In the dark he goes ahead with composure, trusting to the signals that all is right, but in the moonlight his imagination is constantly terrifying him by transforming empty shadows into fatal obstructions. The Christian has a similar experience in his journey through life. While he walks by faith he is at peace, but when he looks ahead in his own feeble light he is appalled by the difficulties before him (Prov. 3:5, 6).

A Policeman Patrolling in his Sleep had a singular experience recently. A reporter of the *News*, of Savannah, Ga., conversing with a policeman during one of the close, hot nights last week asked him if he did not sometimes get sleepy. "Yes," said the man, "and I had a funny time a few nights ago. I had been up at court two mornings in succession and had been caught besides on fire detail, so I was pretty well worn out when I went on duty at night. I heard the clock strike eleven when I was at West Broad. I dropped asleep as I walked, and when I woke up I was coming up Gas House hill. It was dark and I could not tell what time it was, so I hurried on, and at the first lamp I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes after midnight. I had walked the whole length of the street, and had been down the hill and along the cotton presses. It had been raining hard, and I had been walking through all the shower without waking up." The policeman being worn out by duty was entitled to sympathy, but it may be hoped he will not get into the habit of patrolling in his sleep or his value as a watchman will deteriorate. Clergymen who are practically the watchmen of the Church should be on their guard against this tendency. Some of them do their duty very mechanically (Isa. 56:10, 11).

Criminals Breaking the Law in Jail Have been detected at Atlanta, Ga. In the county prison there some sixty of the worst malefactors in the State are confined. Among them is a man from Heard County, who is imprisoned on a charge of murder. A determined effort to break jail was made on August 10th, and the search that followed revealed the fact that an illicit whiskey still has been run in the prison, and has been in operation for months. The Heard County murderer had in his cell a small stove and a kettle. He had been an illicit distiller in his day, and his first work on entering jail was to improvise a worm and still, getting the different articles at different times. The worm was made of an india rubber tube. The prisoners in his cell would save up their corn bread until a sufficient quantity was obtained, when the stiller would make a fair article of corn whiskey. The secret was well kept by the prisoners, who were thus enabled to get their dram occasionally. It is a significant fact that while undergoing punishment for their crimes, the men were not reformed but went on adding crime to crime. This is a common tendency which seems to have been overlooked by the theologians, who are hoping that even in hell the lost will repent and reform (Rev. 16:11).

HIDEOUS DISCOVERY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And he said, That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within, and defile the man."—MARK 7: 20-23.

Religious Quacks—Profitless Discussions—The Mouse who Eats the Wafer—I. The Swarm of Sins—Some Lightly Regarded of Men—Wonderful Variety—None Defensible—The Devil's Sermon in London—II. The Nest Sins Come From—The Evolution of the Heart—From Sinful Thought to Sinful Act—III. The Defilement when they Come out—IV. The Only Cure—Cleansing and Power Assured.

How weary the Saviour must have been of the idle prattle of the Scribes and Pharisees! They are forever talking about washing hands before meals, and washing pots and cups; and He is all the while occupied with the great griefs and sins of men, and how He can save them from the wrath to come. He must have felt as some true physician feels who looks upon a patient, marks the serious nature of the sickness, and plans a remedy, while some quack is boasting his nostrums or performing ridiculous signs, and passes over the dying man. Truly, I think every spiritual man must have a feeling of disgust every now and then as in these days he reads dissertations upon the cut of a priestly garment, or the position of an altar. Have you never read what is to be done if a little wine be spilt upon the cloth of the holy table, or how the cup used in the mass is to be rinsed again and again, and carefully drained by the person ministering? Have you never heard of arguments concerning the fate of a mouse which was so irreverent as to eat the holy wafer?

WHAT TRIFLING

it all seems. Men are diseased to the heart with sin, and ready to die and pass before the judgment-seat to receive the condemnation which must lie upon those who continue in sin; and meanwhile the teachers of the people are either busy with vain ceremonies or dreaming over equally vain philosophies.

The Saviour makes short work of human traditions and authorities. Your meats and your drinks, your fasting thrice in the week, your paying of the tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, your broad phylacteries and fringes; He waves them all away with one motion of His hand, and He comes straight to the real point at issue. He deals with the heart and with the sins which come out of it. He draws up a diagnosis of the disease with fearless truthfulness, and declares that meats do not defile men, that true religion is not a matter of observation or non-observation of washings and outward rites; but that the whole matter is spiritual, and has to do with man's inmost self, with the understanding, the will, the emotions, the conscience, and all else which makes up the heart of man. He tells us that defilement is caused by that which cometh out of the man, not by that which goeth into Him. Defilement is of the heart, and not of the hands.

I. First, this morning, think, dear brethren, with deep self-abasement, of

THE SWARM OF SINS.

I seem to have broken open a wasp's nest, and the stinging creatures fly out, in number numberless. Here are thirteen words, each one of them teeming with all manner of evils. Matthew, when he condenses the Saviour's utterances, mentions seven of these horrible things, one of which is omitted here; but Mark is more full in this instance, and mentions thirteen items of abomination. The very names of them are a pain to the ear. Let us bow our heads in sorrow as we read the muster-roll of this legion of terror: "Evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, thefts, murders, covetings, wickednesses, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness."

Now, notice first, that this awful catalogue,

this horrible list of the unclean birds that find a cage within the human heart, begins with things that are lightly regarded among men—"evil thoughts." "We shall not be hanged for our thoughts," cries one. I wish that such idle talkers would remember that they will be *damned for their thoughts*; and that instead of evil thoughts being less sinful than evil acts, it may sometimes happen that in the thought the man may be worse than in the deed. He may not be able to carry out all the mischief that lurks within his designs, and yet in forming the design he may incur all the guilt.

THOUGHTS ARE THE EGGS

of words and actions, and within the thoughts lie compacted and condensed all the villainy of actual transgressions. If men did but more carefully watch their thoughts, they would not so readily fall into evil habits; but men first indulge the thought of evil, and then the imagination of evil; nor does the process stay there. Picturing it before their mind's eye, they excite their own desires after it; these grow into a thirst and kindle into a passion. Then the deed is speedily forthcoming; it was long in the hatching, but in a moment it comes forth to curse a whole lifetime. Let us pray God to purge us in the inward parts, lest haply, by entertaining vain thoughts as lodgers within our hearts, they take up their residence, become masters of our lives, and drive us onward to the outward sins which shall utterly pollute and defile us in the eyes of our fellow-men. Since this indictment begins with evil thoughts, who among us can plead guiltless? Since evil thoughts are the first of sins, we had better meet the charge with immediate repentance and an instant faith in the only Saviour.

Rising in evil thought, sin flows through a black country full of varying immoralities, until it falls into the Dead Sea of "foolishness." How often have I heard it said of a vicious life, when it has ripened into horror: "The man must have been mad! He was not only wicked, but what a fool he must have been! The devil himself seems to have forsaken him. He acted craftily enough at one time; but afterward he went against his own interests, and insured his own destruction."

In this list you have

A WONDERFUL VARIETY

of sins. The list is not complete, and was not intended to be. It would be very difficult in words to compose a full roll, though it were written within and without, which should comprise all kinds of evils. But you have here "deceit," which seems to dread the judgment of men, and therefore would delude it; and then you have "pride," which defies all mortal condemnation, and lifts itself above its fellows. You have here different forms of the lust which seeketh after pleasure, at any expense, in the form of "fornications" and "adulteries;" and then you have the "covetousness" which clings to its gold, and will consent to no outlay which it can avoid. Sin is a contradictory thing which blows hot and cold; it hurries men, like fitful winds, this way and that, yet never in the right direction. "We have turned every one to his own way," but all to the wrong way.

How evil, my brethren, each one of these sins may be it is not possible for us to know; but there is no one of them that is defensible. They are each one of them vile before God, and some of them are mischievous toward men. Evil thoughts mainly blacken the man's own mind, but when he expresses them in disputations they destroy the love of truth in others: adulteries, as violations of the marriage vow, shake the very foundations of family life: fornications, which to-day are winked at as though they were scarcely offences, defile two persons at once in body and in soul. Actual murders follow frequently upon unbridled passion; but forget not that the command, "Thou shalt not kill," may be broken by anger, hate, malice, and the desire for revenge. Many a murderer in heart may be among us this day, being angry at his brother without a cause. He that conceiveth

and hideth malice in his soul is a murderer before God. This form of evil breeds

ALL MANNER OF HARM.

Thefts in all their shapes are also injurious to the commonweal. By this we mean not only robberies, but all taking from others unjustly, such as the oppression of the poor in their wages, the taking of undue advantage in trading, the incurring of debts without hope of being able to pay, and the like—these are varied forms of dishonesty, and are full of injury to others. Covetousness—the greed to get, and the greed to keep, the adding field to field until the man seems eager to be left alone in the earth; the grasping of excessive riches, and the creation of poverty in others by crushing their humbler enterprises: all this is evil, though some applaud it as business sharpness.

Need I mention the ills which come of wickedness, deceit, and lasciviousness? These are poisons in the air deadly to all who breathe them. I sicken as I think how man has plagued his fellow-men by his sins. But I will not go through the list, nor need I; the devil has preached upon this text this week, and few have been able to escape the horrible exposition.* A foul exhalation has entered into every house in this great city, polluting the very atmosphere, and spreading moral infection. Oh for a hurricane to sweep away the pestilent vapor! Within a narrow space a multitude of iniquities have gathered like vultures upon a mass of carrion. What a collection of sins may meet in a single story! How soon doth one transgression call to its fellows, till "a little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation!" Alas, alas for the multitudes of sins!

II. Now, secondly, I want to indicate

THE NEST

from which they come. Now that we have seen these evil beasts, we will go and look at their den. Let us make a journey thither. No, you need not feel for your money to pay your fare; I am not going to take you very far; I do not ask you to quit your homes, or even your pews. There is not even need for you to stretch out your hand to feel for this foul nest of unclean birds: you can keep your hand upon your bosom, and it will not be far off from the lair wherein these evil things are lurking, ready to leap forth whenever occasion offers. Our Lord Jesus Christ says, "All these evil things come from within." "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts." The source from which these rivers of pollution proceed is the natural heart of man. Sin is not a splash of mud upon man's exterior, it is a filth generated within himself.

Now this is a very different story from that which we sometimes hear from thoughtless people. "Oh, yes, he used to swear, he was unkind to his wife and family; no doubt he took too much drink; but he was

A GOOD-HEARTED FELLOW."

What an awful lie that is! His heart could have been no better than that which came out of it. Yet how common it is to say, when a man dies: "Well, poor man, he is gone! There was no fear of God or man about him; he was a passionate, drunken man, and so full of vice that no one was safe near him; but he was good at bottom." A likely story, is it not? The water which came up in the bucket was black and putrid; but no doubt at the bottom of the well it is clear as crystal! Do you believe it? Our Saviour makes short work of the lie that the life may be impure, and yet the heart be good.

Another fine theory of modern times is disproved by our text. According to this evolution doctrine, as applied to theology, the new birth is a development of that which is naturally within the heart. I hope we may be spared such births and evolutions. According to this theory, we have had some fine specimens of regenerate people of late; for we have heard of evo-

* [The aristocratic divorce case of Crawford and Dilke was being tried, and the newspapers were full of loathsome details.]

lutions or developments which have brought out from within evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, and wickednesses of more than average proportions. God save us from all development of the sin which dwells in man! Regeneration is much

MORE THAN REFORMATION,
or the development of natural goodness. It is described in Scripture as a new creation, and as a resurrection from the dead. It is not the cleansing of the carnal mind, but the implantation of a spiritual nature. It is not a shaping, and feeding, and washing, and purging of what is already in fallen man: it is a putting into us of a life which was never there before. It is a supernatural work of God the Holy Ghost: it is a miracle of grace, a work of God alone. Out of the heart, if the volcano be permitted to pour forth its lava, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, and such like. The Saviour compels us to see how bad the natural heart must be in itself, since that which comes out of it is so vile. Who could bring such unclean things out of a clean heart? The source must be foul if the streams are so filthy. These evils must be within, or else they could not come from within.

Sin must be within us naturally, since the best training does not prevent it.

CHILDREN SECLUDED
from the sight or hearing of evil, kept as it were within a glass case, yet run to it when the restraint is removed. As the young duck which has been reared in a dry place yet takes to the water as soon as it sees a pond, so do many hasten to evil at the first opportunity. How often it happens that those young persons who have been most shut out from the world have become the readiest victims of temptation when the time has come for them to quit the parental roof! It must be in them, or it could not thus come out of them. In many cases evil cannot be the result of mistaken education nor of ill example, and yet there it is: the seed is in the soil, and needs no sowing.

Moreover, put a man where you may, and seclude him as you please, sin will still break out from him, and therefore the sin must be somewhere within, hidden away. Do we not know this? Hasten away and dwell alone as a hermit where rumor of pollution and iniquity can never reach you from abroad, and still you will find the cauldron within boiling and bubbling up with evil. A door must be well listed if it is to shut out temptation. Nay, shut the door and hermetically seal it, and sin has already entered with yourself, for it is within you. Until you are delivered from that evil man, yourself, you are not delivered from tendencies to wickedness. The heart of man is the seed plot of iniquity, and the nursery of transgression. As the multitudes streamed forth from the hundred gates of Thebes, so do sins proceed from the heart. O Lord, have mercy upon us, and give us new hearts and right spirits!

III. Thirdly, and briefly, let us notice for a minute

THE DEFILEMENT
which is caused by the coming out of these evil things. While they lie within us asleep they are bad enough; but when at last they pour forth into our lives, and buzz abroad in our acts, then they cause grievous defilement, and make us unclean. In some cases they cause a defilement which our fellow-men see, and, seeing, begin to cry out against us, and even to banish us from their society. Where that is not the case, sin always causes defilement to the man himself. He goes from bad to worse, from worse to worst. Sin is like a ladder. Few reach the height of iniquity at once: the most of men climb from one evil to another, and then to a third and a fourth. Sin hardens men to further sin. He who is a moral monster was not always such. By sinning much he learned to sin more. Even if sin be speedily repented of, its damage is not readily repaired; if its writing be erased you can see where it used to be. Even the passage of a momentary thought over the mind

will leave a stain. See, then, the defiling power of sin.

Here is the main point—the man out of whose heart these evil things proceed is

DEFILED BEFORE GOD.

I know that many will not think much of this; but that indifference only proves the hardening nature of sin. Only think of it: the sinful man is common and unclean before God. He is not fit to enter the sanctuary of God, nor to come into His holy presence. Sinful man cannot commune with a holy God. You do not mind that, you say. Ah me! how alienated from God are your hearts! If it were not so, we should judge that the most horrible thing in the world is for a man no longer to be able to speak with his Maker, nor his Maker to look favorably upon him.

By and by it comes to this, that God cannot bear this defiled one anywhere in His universe, among holy beings, any more than men can bear lepers in common society. The just God is driven to find a place where the wilfully unclean may be placed apart "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." At last the great High Priest will look upon the defiled one, and looking at him, and seeing his leprosy of sin still upon him, that priest will say, "Depart! depart!" Oh, the terror of that final word! I dare not dwell upon his awful result of choosing sin and refusing mercy. I the more readily cease from this theme because my last point is that upon which I would dwell as long as possible.

IV. Hear me, then, while I speak of
THE ONLY CURE

for this evil. Oh, sirs, your hearts must be cured of sin! Not merely the outcome of your heart, but the heart itself must be purged from defilement; for as long as sin comes forth from your heart it shows that the heart is still sinful. The heart must be changed, or you can never meet God with acceptance, nor be found among the glorious throng who behold His face and find a heaven in the sight. You must be renewed in the spirit of your minds, or you cannot dwell forever with God. How is this to be done? I answer, it is impossible—impossible with man.

How, then, can we be made fit to dwell with God? Must we despair? Must we die utterly broken-hearted? Listen; for all the defilement that has fallen upon any one here, even though all the defilement of my text should have met upon one single individual, there is cleansing. With God there is plenteous redemption and measureless mercy. For adultery, for murder, for blasphemy, for all manner of sin, there is forgiveness. The Lord rejoices to blot out the transgressions of repenting sinners, for He delighteth in mercy. Oh, that men would seek pardon through Jesus Christ, who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission!

"Yes," say you, "but pardon is not all we want." Most true; it is not all we need. We need to have the inward source of sin taken away. This also is provided.

IT IS POSSIBLE

for us to be born again: glory be to God for that. It is written, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." To be sanctified is as great a favor as to be justified. Purity of heart is to be had by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; is not this good news? Those who receive Jesus receive power to become sons of God; and this means holiness. Those who become children of God are made like the Firstborn, and they grow up into Him in all things. Grace reigns in them through righteousness unto eternal life.

Brethren, it may be well to make laws to restrain fornication, theft, and blasphemy; but the only sure cure for all sin is the grace of God in the heart. Are they going to stop dogs from going mad by muzzling them? Dogs will go mad with their muzzles on; and so will men sin despite the restraints of law. So long as hearts are evil, evils will proceed from them. The only physician for sin is the Lord Jesus; and His heavenly surgery lies in the renewing of the

heart by grace through the Holy Ghost who works by the Gospel. My brethren, keep to the old Gospel; keep to the one remedy which has healed so many. No new theories for us; we accept the old and tried everlasting Gospel of the blessed God. Pray for a blessing upon this burden of the Lord which with a heavy heart I have delivered to you.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS. EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIES.*

THE Greeks made Mnemosyne the mother of the Muses, and for us, under a less poetical form, memory is the indispensable bond of union of the intellectual faculties. The senses reveal to us the external world, the intellect apprehends the sensations, and rising from material notions to abstract conceptions, embraces all that man is permitted to learn or know; but it is the memory which enables us to record, as in a book, facts and results, to compare and to judge, to express thought by language, and to share the thoughts of others. Without memory man would not recognize the ties of blood, of friendship, or of gratitude; the past would have no existence for him; his life would only embrace the present moment, and would flow on like the period immediately succeeding birth. Deprived of experience, impelled by blind instinct, isolated in creation, he could not exist with organs which render necessary everything of which he would be deprived. We cannot, therefore, imagine the human race without memory, and in order to find an organization without this faculty, we must descend to the lowest grades of animal life.

Memory is of a compound nature; partaking of body and of spirit, it is a reflection, an image of ourselves, since it carries us back to every moment that has impressed our lives. An exact and enthusiastic historian of the facts which she recounts to us, she seems to add to our existence the hours already passed; but as she approaches epochs she rudely makes us sensible of the flight of time. It may be happiness that makes us recall hours of pleasure, or in misfortune we may remember them with that pain of which the poet sings. She shows us the faces of all who have had a part in our existence, sometimes an isolated portrait, and at others a crowded gallery; a minute object, a plant, a rock, or the grandest scenes in nature; a word, or the entire work of a writer; a fact, or the history of a people. She carries us back in an instant to the most vivid impressions or to the most abstract conceptions, whether of the senses or the intellect. In taking the form of sensation or of thought, she makes us traverse time and space with a swiftness of which nothing material can give us an idea; we might indeed say that time and space have no existence for the memory, if she did not in surmounting them awaken the idea of the one or the other. Obeying the behests of the will, memory retraces a scientific doctrine as a whole and in detail, the nicest distinctions of the most violent dispute, the series of systems of philosophy—all, in a word, that science or the most profound erudition has been able to classify in the mind.

We find everywhere the records of extraordinary memories, great numbers of which come down to us from antiquity. Mithridates spoke twenty-two languages or dialects according to Aulus Gellius, and forty according to Pliny. Scipio, the Asiatic, knew most of his

* From "The Wonders of the Human Body." By A. Le Pileur. An illustrated work, describing in simple and familiar language the anatomical and physiological construction of the human body. Pp. 256; price, \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Magnificent Docks at the Terminus of the Projected New Ship Canal at Manchester, England.

legionaries by name; Julius Cæsar, Hortensius, Lucullus, Adrian, and many others prove that a powerful memory is not incompatible with a superior mind. Pic de la Mirandole was a fresh example in the fifteenth century, as were also Leibnitz and Haller in the eighteenth. The last-mentioned cites a German, named Müller, who spoke twenty languages, and in our day we have Cardinal Mezzofanti, who spoke nearly fifty, exclusive of dialects, conversing with the pupils of the College of the Propaganda, who had come from every quarter of the globe.

It is related also that Scaliger learned Homer by heart in twenty-one days, and the other Greek poets in four months; and we are assured that Magliabecchi could dictate whole books after having read them once; and if some of these examples of prodigious memory are not verified, they are at least rendered very probable by those which are incontestable.

It was an extraordinary memory which enabled the young Sicilian shepherd, Mangiamela, to calculate mentally with such rapidity that the members of the Academy of Sciences could scarcely follow him, even with the aid of the most expeditious processes. But the very ordinary intellect of this young man proves that in his case memory was a faculty out of all proportion to the others—a circumstance often observed, especially in children.

In former times the musicians of the Swiss troops in the service of France were forbidden, under severe penalties, to play their national airs, and especially the "Ranz des Vaches," as it caused the soldiers to desert, or made them homesick. Taste and smell are not less powerful in awakening memory, even after many years have passed.

A NEW SHIP CANAL.

(See Illustration.)

AN enterprise in which the American cotton and machine trades are closely concerned has been launched in England. Its object is to diminish freight charges and consequently the cost of productions. Hitherto the cargoes of cotton, grain, machines, etc., supplied by the United States to the English market have been landed at Liverpool, whence they have been

carried to the various seats of industry in England by rail at a heavy outlay. With cotton, for example, the Manchester manufacturer has to pay three charges: first, the prime cost of the cotton; second, the freight across the Atlantic; and third, the freight from Liverpool to Manchester. It is now proposed to reduce the last charge to one half existing rates by the construction of a ship canal from Liverpool to Manchester.

The enterprise is a gigantic undertaking in a country so diminutive as England, where every square foot of land is an object of consideration, and has an appreciable value. The canal to be of really practical utility needs to be wide enough and deep enough to admit the largest vessels, and it is therefore proposed to make it twenty-six feet deep, which is the depth of the Suez Canal, and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the bottom. The length of the canal is to be thirty-five miles, and the cost of the land required is over four million dollars. The cost of construction is estimated at nearly twenty-nine millions. The initial steps have also been very expensive. It was necessary to obtain an act of Parliament in order to acquire possession of the land needed, and this was resisted by the parties whose interests the canal would injure. The Liverpool people who would lose in dock rentals and the railroad companies who would lose freight lobbied against the act with all their might, and for four years succeeded in preventing its passage. The projectors of the canal have already spent seventy-three thousand dollars in overcoming the opposition. That stage is now passed, and they have to meet the financial and engineering difficulties.

Messrs. Rothschild, the famous Jewish financiers, are running the financial part of the undertaking, and they propose to raise forty million dollars in shares of fifty dollars each. The chief engineering difficulty is that the terminus of the canal at Manchester is sixty feet six inches higher than its connection with the Mersey at Liverpool. This will involve the construction of four locks distant respectively from Liverpool twenty, twenty-seven, twenty-nine, and thirty-three miles. The towns of Salford, Warrington, and Partington lie on the route,

and at each town a dock is to be constructed besides a monster dock at Manchester (a picture of which is here given). The water area of these docks will be eighty-five acres, and the wharfage will extend over four miles. All these works can be completed in four years by twenty thousand men. It is somewhat remarkable that it was between these same cities of Liverpool and Manchester that the first important line of rail road was constructed in 1830, by George Stephenson.

A SILENT PREACHER.

(See Illustration on page 525.)

A SINGLE verse written on paper now yellow with age hangs on the wall of a nobleman's study in England. It has a remarkable history, and has in two notable instances, at least, been blessed of God to conversion. The verse was originally composed by Dr. Valpy, the eminent scholar and author of standard school-books. He was converted late in life, and wrote this verse as a confession of his faith:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

On one occasion the eminent Dr. Marsh was visiting the house of Lord Roden, where he held a Bible reading with the family. He mentioned Dr. Valpy's conversion by way of illustration in the course of his remarks, and recited the verse. Lord Roden was particularly struck with the lines, wrote them out, and affixed them to the wall of his study, where they still are.

Lord Roden's hospitable mansion was often full of visitors, among whom were many old army officers. One of these was General Taylor, who served with distinction under Wellington at Waterloo. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion of it. But soon after the paper was hung up, he went into the study to talk with his friend alone, and his eyes rested for a few moments upon the motto. Later in the day Lord Roden entering his study came upon the general standing before the paper and reading it with earnest face. At another visit

the host noticed that whenever General Taylor was in the study his eyes rested on the motto. At length Lord Roden broke the ice by saying, "Why, general, you will soon know that verse by heart." "I know it now by heart," replied the general, with emphasis and feeling.

A change came over the general's spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting Dr. Valpy's verse. At the end of that time the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

A young relative of the family, an officer lately returned from the Crimea, also saw it, but turned carelessly away.

Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was suffering from pulmonary disease, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick-room the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him; at the same moment repeating Dr. Valpy's simple lines. "They have been God's message," he said, "of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

A LOATHSOME DISEASE HEALED.

IN the current number of *Thy Healer* there is a remarkable testimony given by a former sufferer whose restoration to health astonishes all who knew him. As the writer states his full name and address there was no difficulty in investigating his narrative. It is dated from 17 Clarence Street, London (N.), and signed Frederick Peirce Norcombe. This is his statement: "I was a great sufferer from what Sir Henry Thompson and other medical men call lupus. I have been to many hospitals, and seen many diseases, but I never saw one worse than mine. It was awful—worse than cancer. I used to cover the wounds over with about a dozen pieces of very thin rag, and then cover this with ointment, and thus imitate the color and appearance of the skin so that I could pass through the streets unnoticed. But this used to take me about an hour every day. Things went on thus for about fourteen years. Two years ago, a friend very often asked me to go to a meeting at Deptford, but I would not go. I did not care about it; I did not believe in Christianity; I did not believe in the Saviour. However, at last I went two or three times, and, while there, I was convinced that Jesus was really the Saviour of the world. Then I took to praying, and one night, about eleven o'clock, after I had been at a meeting in the New North Road, I asked the Lord to look upon me, so afflicted, despised, and looked upon, as it were, with contempt, and to heal my affliction, as no medical man in country or town could do it. About three



The Waterloo Officer and the Silent Preacher.

o'clock in the morning the thought came to me, forcibly as if it were Christ's answer to my prayer, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole,' and I fancied I was healed; and when I put my hands about the diseased parts, they were all healed. That was some two years ago. I have neither taken medicine nor seen a medical man since, and the Saviour has been very precious to me; all my fears have been banished."

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leonard S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 511.)

A Sceptic's Unrest.

THE Sunday which was to afford the opportunity for a second interview with Miss Carrie West was eagerly anticipated. Leroy counted the days to it as school-boys count the days to vacation. Her entrance into his life had revolutionized it, quickened its forces, and given it a sprightliness and vigor of movement it had not developed before. Simply by force of character and charm of manner she had unconsciously cast a spell over the young student, which he felt was affecting his whole being. It stirred his ambition, too, for, over and above his desire to distinguish himself on his own account, was now the thought that Miss West would witness his triumph and would esteem him the more for it.

Sunday morning dawned a beautiful, bright day. Leroy's mind was full of the evening's appointment, and he felt that it would be bent upon that, wherever he might be. He longed for the freedom of the country, the invigorating air, and the rapidity of movement which harmonized with his mental condition. To sit quietly in church listening to sentiments with which he did not agree was an ordeal he could

not endure in his highly nervous exhilaration. He looked longingly out of the window, and determined to go for a walk, if he could only persuade his friend Burt to accompany him. Just then Burt entered, and Leroy said:

"Henry, I vote for staying away from church this morning. What do you say? Those preachers always tell the same old story, and never argue a question. I go Sunday after Sunday to hear solid argument, but they always take things for granted. They assume the premises, and their premises are just what I don't believe. So let's stroll through the woods and over the hills to-day, and see what nature can teach us."

"That will suit me," said Burt, taking his hat and walking out with Leroy. "Nature is the best of teachers, because she is so unobtrusive. If you don't want to learn you need not. You can admire or worship. If you want to learn, her book is always open. And it's no use quarrelling or disputing with her. She goes on her way in majestic indifference to opposition. If you are right you are happy; if you blunder you suffer. That is the teaching I like; but I do not blame the preachers as you

do. Their position is quite logical. If a man presents himself in a church, his appearance there implies that he has accepted the premises you refer to. Why should the preacher labor to prove that there is a God before people who would not be there if they were not already convinced of it?"

"The preacher the other Sunday night had two unconvinced auditors that we know of."

"Yes, but we were the illogical parties. The preacher was quite logical in assuming that we had come to worship. If he had known that we disagreed with his premises, he would not have been justified in neglecting the hundreds of persons there to deal with us. Let us be fair even to our opponents."

"Then you think we should not go to church with our opinions?"

"I do not say that. I would not close my ears to teaching, even when I cannot agree with it. There are many valuable lessons to be learned from the preachers. They reach the same practical conclusions by their reasoning as we do by ours. Valor, honesty, purity, veracity, self-denial, are virtues that they teach as we do. They urge a motive that does not move us, but we believe in the result."

"The preachers do not reach it themselves, nor do their hearers," said Ransom.

"That is so; the failure is due to human frailty and the inadequacy of the motive. The object is good."

"Yes, I agree with that," said Leroy. "My belief is that they cannot attain it unless they discard the Jewish superstitions."

"Well, let every man travel his own road in this free country. We cannot lay hold of the preachers, and force them into our path. All we can do is to decline to travel with them ourselves. I am not indorsing them. All I am contending for is that you are criticising them unfairly, and I believe I have proved my point."

* Copyright reserved by the author.

"Possibly, though I do not admit it; but I am not in good form for argument to-day."

"So I perceive. You are evidently becoming indolent and effeminate. That girl that you fancy comes from lost Atlantis is monopolizing your thoughts. She will end by softening your brain. By the way, you have never told me where she *does* come from."

"I do not know, and I do not care," Leroy answered, bluntly. "Wherever she comes from she has brought an invigorating atmosphere with her. She has the positive element in her character that we have lost. We doubt and question and wonder and are certain of nothing; she seems quite sure of everything. It is a pleasant thing to have, even if it is a delusion. Of course we are driven to it. I know that. And once having the eyes opened, we can never go back; but I do not know that we are acting wisely in opening other people's eyes. It is a very negative kind of boon we carry to those who hear us. They are no better for believing in it. It takes away more happiness than it brings."

"Ah!" said Burt, "but we have nothing to do with consequences. The light we have we must disseminate; that is our duty. A man is the better for shaking off delusions and believing in the truth, whether he is happier or not. Happiness is not the goal of human ambition."

"I know that; but I crave something of the assurance and content of believing firmly in something. I wish I had something else to proclaim than 'I do not believe.' I hate having to tell a man he is wrong, without being able to tell him what is right and true."

"Sorry you are so discontented. I imagined you were an earnest seeker after light, and were trying to get others to seek too. It is no business of ours to set up a school of theology or philosophy; but we can do a service by striking the shackles off some fellow-man's feet and putting him on the road we are upon. We may become his disciples, or he ours. Who cares, so long as we have no desire but to discover truth. For my own part, I think the pursuit one worth living or dying in."

"So do I. Do not suppose I am turning back. I am speaking of the sacrifices one makes in the pursuit. I should not talk as I do if we were not fellow-travellers. You know that I have never concealed my attitude on religious questions. Every one knows it. As we make progress peace and rest may come, and then all will be well; but the path is trying at times. I feel it especially so this morning."

"Yes, you are daunted, I see. I never expected that love and robust philosophy would mix well. Give up the love, my boy, and stick to philosophy. She is a better mistress."

Leroy made no answer, and the remainder of their walk was taken in silence, broken only by few and casual remarks on the objects around them. Leroy was deeply meditative, and his cogitations disturbed him. They were new to him, for heretofore he had never doubted that he was wise in declaring his scepticism and attacking religious faith and doctrine at every opportunity. It was the calm, strong, unshaken faith Miss West evidently possessed which had suggested the doubt now, and his friend had not wholly dispelled it. He went over again in his mind his old, well-worn arguments, dwelling on them and examining them, seeking to confirm himself in his position of antagonism to religion, which, he was satisfied, was the only conceivable attitude possible for him. Burt's suggestion that his love was enervating him piqued him, and spurred him to greater effort after the old-time conviction. He thought and brooded and pondered until by the time he returned to his old study he was once more the alert, uncompromising opponent of the Bible and Christian theology, as his friends knew him.

Although he professed to disbelieve the "old antiquated Book," as he called it, and the doctrines generally believed in by the Church, yet he could not be contented in his unbelief, but was constantly flinging in the foreground his ob-

jections to religion. This was partly a result of his sincerity; for what he believed he must proclaim. He was of a frank nature, and whatever was in his heart was sure to show on the surface. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. He would not advocate any subject he did not believe, or even keep silent about it for the sake of popularity or favor. At one time he was refused a situation in a school on the ground that he was an avowed infidel. He would not deny it, although it lost him the position.

This proneness to advocate his sceptical views was also partly the result of his towering ambition. There is a natural tendency to intellectual pride among unbelievers. The very fact that they challenge the general sentiment and the general ability to decide what is true; that they dare to disbelieve truths of such great importance against the decisions of Christendom, smacks, they think, of intellectual superiority. Why, are they not opposing the learned doctors of the Church? In their estimation this shows that they have investigated and thought more than the great mass of the people, preachers, theologians, and college faculties included.

And so our young sceptic would make known his sentiments in season and out of season, privately and publicly, in the class-room and in public debate or oration. In this way the college generally came to understand that he was thoroughly imbued with antagonism to the Scriptures. It won him some notoriety, some of it of an unenviable kind; for some naturally regarded him as a dangerous character. He was not exactly a caviller. He did not rely so much on the petty little objections to the Bible so often made by little-minded sceptics, but it was the seeming antagonism of science to Scripture, the apparent contradiction of nature to some of the fundamental doctrines of religion, the seeming disorder of the world, that troubled him.

We cannot say that he was insincere. "Oh," says some one, "there are no sincere infidels; they don't believe what they advocate!" But hold, my friend. Have you ever been a sceptic yourself? If not, you are incompetent to judge. If you have been a sceptic and have been insincere, be careful your hypocrisy does not follow you into religion.

We do not say there was no insincerity in him. Christians sometimes beat back, by mere force of will, certain thoughts, aye, and truths too, that will obtrude themselves upon their minds, instead of letting them have their free course. In this way our young sceptic would sometimes stifle convictions. He was sincere in this, that he *wanted* to be sincere, and that he wanted the truth; and we believe that the sceptic who is earnestly in search of light will be led at last by the Almighty Hand to the great fountain of truth.

We believe that the following will be found a pretty good test of the sincerity of unbelievers generally. If a man puts down his foot and says without qualification, "I don't believe the Scriptures," "I don't believe in the existence of God," we may decide that he is not honest; for how can a sincere man speak thus on such awful questions, when our faculties are so limited and we *know* so little about anything? But when a man says, "I cannot help it, but I doubt the veracity of the Scriptures," "I do not know, but I doubt whether there is a God," we may be pretty sure that he is as sincere as the unregenerate heart can be.

And yet, as you will presently see, Leroy was not always as honest as he should have been. In the heat of discussion, or under some provocation, he would make use of arguments and hard expressions that he would not have used when in solitary self-communion or with friends like-minded with himself. But this is common to all men, and might be a test of many a man's sincerity, even to himself.

There is also a *tendency* in the sceptic, especially if he be one of the boisterous kind and given to much discussion, to lose his high tone

of character. He may not become mean or vicious, but his morals will retrograde. This is a gradual, but certain process. Let a young man who has been brought up under religious influences imbibe sentiments of unbelief, and he will soon lose his conscientious scruples about many sins. For example, there was a time when Leroy would not have dared to utter a profane word, but now, under a provocation, he could take sacred names irreverently upon his lips. It is a proverbial fact that almost all unbelievers gradually lose that finer moral sense which discriminates fundamentally between right and wrong. Their higher moral instincts are one by one undermined. This explains why so many of them call sin merely a weakness, or accident, or *lapse*.

There was a truce to all self-examination and self-communing when Leroy commenced his preparations for the evening. He gave himself up to the luxury of anticipation, and was in his happiest mood as he set out to keep his appointment with Miss West. He was resolved, as before, to give religious subjects a wide berth, and keep steadily to literary topics. In this he succeeded during the early part of the evening, but later, by one of the plain direct questions which the young lady was fond of injecting into her conversation, she brought him fairly to bay.

They were just clear of the dispersing congregation on their way home after service, when Miss West said: "What did you think of the sermon, Mr. Ransom?"

There was no honorable escape from the home question but in confession. "I am afraid my answer will shock you," said Leroy; "but I should be cowardly to conceal my views. The fact is, Miss West, I did not believe a word of the sermon, and I disliked its tone."

"Indeed! Pray tell me what there was in the tone that was offensive? It seemed to me very plain and earnest."

"True; but it was the assumption of superiority—the self-satisfied, dogmatic air of the preacher in regarding himself and those who believe with him as surely right, and every one who differed with him as surely wrong. I expect he has never read the incontrovertible arguments of the great sceptics of the age, American, English, French, and German? How can Christians *know* that they are right and all these wrong?"

"Did he not say Christians know this by experience?"

"Yes, I believe he did."

"Ah! that is a very important matter, Mr. Ransom."

"What experience do you mean?"

"The experience of conversion and the influence of the Spirit of Truth on the soul," she answered; "that's what Christians always mean by experience—an inner consciousness of truth."

"I don't believe in it; I have never had such experience. Those great sceptics have not, and I believe it is just a superstitious fancy."

"Mr. Ransom," she exclaimed with animation, while her eyes shone and rendered her more lovely, "have you ever tried to get this experience?"

"No, I have not, I believe."

"Then do you think you are capable of forming a judgment upon it? Let me assume a plain case. Suppose I have been east of town several miles, and on coming back, I tell you there is a fountain of sparkling and delicious water there. You say you do not believe it—it is only fancy. Then another and another comes and tells you of the spring. Still you persist in unbelief. Then I say, 'Don't take my word for it, but go and see for yourself.' Would you be acting the part of the philosopher to insist that you didn't believe in the fountain because you never saw it yourself?"

He struggled for a moment desperately to regain his lost footing. He might have answered any other person promptly, but the argument coming from *her* lips almost splintered the foundation of his confident unbelief. He replied,

"The cases are not analogous."

"Why not?" She kept him right to the point.

"Because, if God gives this experience, which Christians speak of, He must be a personal being, and consequently He can come to us; but your imaginary fountain could not. Now, if God is good and could do so, why does He not manifest Himself to all and not only to a few? This proves that there are some people who fancy that there is such an experience, when it is all—"

"Stop right there, please. God has designed that we should come to this experience of truth by a certain plan outside of which it is as impossible to obtain this consciousness as it is to see the fountain without going to it."

"These are only assertions. How do you know that this is true?"

"By experience," she replied, with a laugh and yet a reverent earnestness.

"Then you are no further than you were before. I repeat, I never had such experience," he said, triumphantly.

"I see you can believe in people's sincerity and judgment on any subject except religion; but here we are at home. Come in a while, if you wish, and we'll change the subject—at least, for a time."

(To be continued.)

JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 29, John 14: 1-14. Golden Text, ver. 1.

The Lord's Injunction—Trouble Everywhere—The Injunction not a Mockery—Obedience made Easy—Trouble Transferred—Room in Heaven—The Prepared Places—The Way—To What He Leads—Why Some Prayers are Unanswered—The Indwelling Father—The Promised Power—The Hindrance.

"LET not your heart be troubled." "Not troubled? How can I help being troubled?" says one; "I am doing all I can to serve the Lord, and my wife and children do all they can to hinder me. *Not troubled?* Why, I cannot enter the house without trouble staring me in the face, and the worst of all is that in my own spirit there is what troubles me, I cannot prevent feelings of anger and indignation when I think that my family, instead of being a help to me in the work of God, are my hindrance, my humiliation, and my sorrow."

"Not troubled?" says another. "Why, I have done my best to transact my business as a Christian man should, and unprincipled men have set up in opposition to me, and are taking away all my trade; I cannot meet my liabilities; and how shall I bear it, that I, an elder in the church, must become bankrupt?" "Not troubled," says an anxious wife, "when my husband is spending all we have on drink and debauchery; when my children are growing to follow his example, and to despise their mother; when all my prayers are unanswered, my strength of body is declining, and God seems to have left me?" "Not troubled," says one who is mentally depressed, "when God covers Himself with a cloud that my prayer cannot pass through? He cannot forgive me, I am lost. How can I but be troubled?" Our blessed Lord

DOES NOT MOCK US;

He shows us the way out of all our troubles, "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." When He commands us to "be careful for nothing," He tells us how this is possible, "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. When He tells us to cast all our care upon Him, He also tells us, "He careth for you." What does all this mean? Just this—that He who "bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2:24), and made Himself responsible for them, bears also all our burdens, and that not in a sentimental way, but He really, practically undertakes them, takes the tangled skein into His own hand and unravels it, deals, in His Almightiness, with impossibilities, and makes them

possible. "Believe also in Me," He says; "believe that I do care for thee, that I do undertake that wife and that family, and do make Myself responsible to convert them; and so rejoice, let your prayer and supplication for them be 'with thanksgiving,' because they are passed over into My hands, and I take the charge of them and of thee." "Believe in Me—that I make that business of yours My own, as soon as you drop the care of it into My hands; that that husband, and that family, and that weak body are My charge, and that I make them My field of labor, as soon as you believe in Me, and give Me credit for doing what I say; and, therefore, let not your heart be troubled." A troubled heart is always an unbelieving heart. How can we be sad when all power and all love has undertaken our case, and it is being carried through by God? Believing in Him, we rest in the midst of trouble, because

THE BURDEN IS UPON ANOTHER.

"In My Father's house are many mansions (abiding places, R. V.). . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Room in heaven, and every place there prepared for the coming occupant! What a home feeling it gives one! As population increases, selfishness increases, too, the struggle to live becomes desperate, and the desolate thought on the hearts of thousands is, "There is no room for me." There are plenty of workmen, but too few situations for them; plenty of willing hands, but not enough work for them to do. In every department of life there is the same story, "No room for you." Oh, how glorious to go out of overcrowded cities to the place of many mansions! And it is just like the heart of God to make such a provision. There is an abiding place yonder for every one of His children, and room for all. Oh, it is so blessed to know that even now, even here, we have a hearty, glad welcome from our Father whenever we go to Him on any errand! It is His joy to receive us and to bless us.

Jesus said, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." Thomas demurred to this; he had not learned the lesson which Jesus had again and again taught, that He must die and be raised again the third day. He said, "We know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Thomas did not understand His answer, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me. If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him, and have seen Him." I am "the Way"—how that simplifies everything! Jesus is the Way to the Father, Jesus is the Way to salvation, to sanctification, to healing, to happiness, to power, to unity among brethren, to the hearts of sinners—the Way to everything but sin. He is "the Truth"—whatever there is of truth is only Christ Himself. He is "the Life"—life for soul and body, "the Resurrection and the Life." If we try to make our own way of holiness, or of usefulness, or of power, our hearts will be troubled, we shall be full of anxiety. It comes from our taking upon ourselves the part which Jesus claims as His. If we demand of ourselves truth or life, and are disappointed that we do not come up to our own expectations of what we ought to be, our hearts are troubled. It is because

WE DO NOT REALLY BELIEVE IN JESUS

on this point; we are counting on ourselves instead of on Him. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." The reason why so many prayers are unanswered is, that many, in the secret of their hearts, come to God independently of Jesus. They may use the words, "For Christ's sake," but there is an underneath feeling that they have some right to approach God. They are conscious of their own earnestness, of their own need, of the purity of their own intentions; they are conscious of their devotion to God; but in all this there is no dependence on Jesus. It is when we are conscious of Jesus, not of ourselves—of His right to approach God, of His precious blood shedding for us, of His righteousness, of the all power which is given

unto Him—that we come unto the Father without a doubt. Philip did not understand his Master. He said, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And Jesus answered him, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in My Father and My Father in Me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of Myself; but

THE FATHER THAT DWELLETH IN ME,

He doeth the works." Jesus was the express Image of the Father's Person (Heb. 1:3), yet the disciples saw it not. The Father who dwelt in Him did the works which He did, and spoke the words which He spoke. And, just so, when we are yielded up to Him, Jesus dwells in us by the Holy Ghost, that He may live out His life in us, that He may think, speak, and act in us, as His Father did in Him. He never glorified Himself, but only the Father, and He pleaded with His disciples, and pleads with us still, "Believe Me that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me; or else believe Me for the very works' sake;" as though to say, "If you don't believe because it is so blessed to believe, yet, because there is no other way of doing the works which a lost world needs, believe on Me for the very works' sake." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it."

Pentecost and pentecostal times were but a sample of the fulfilment of this promise. In those first wonderful ingatherings, the works which Jesus did were done, multitudes were healed, and greater works were done in the conversion of souls than ever had been manifest during His sojourn on earth. What hinders this from being the normal state of things in this age of the Holy Spirit? He has been given and never recalled by God. What hinders?

ONLY OUR UNBELIEF.

Look abroad on the Church. What do we see? trouble, care, anxiety, division, weakness—all signs of unbelief. Jesus foretold that while we are in the world we "shall have tribulation," and even "through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God" (John 16:33; Acts 14:22); yet He provided that our hearts need not be troubled, because we are to cast our care upon Him who careth for us—i.e., as soon as it arises transfer it by faith to Jesus, and *believe* He takes it. Jesus left no legacy of trouble or burden to His disciples. "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." This peace is our right, it is Christ's last will and testament in our favor, and He lives to insure it to us. There is no selfishness in accepting the peace which Jesus gives us, it is His own peace, in which He lived and worked on earth, the peace of knowing that His Father was responsible for all His life, and so of always lying back and resting upon Him. From the world we get trouble, but Jesus gives "not as the world giveth;" and so He repeats, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Our part is only to "let." He will do all, if we only let Him; He will work, if we only yield, and accept His constant peace.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for August:

The Great Question of Home Rule in Ireland: Opinions of Eminent Men on the Subject.

"The Present Crisis:" Evidence that We are now Living in the Period called in Scripture, "The Time of the End."

The Vail upon the Heart of the Jew. By the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D.D.

Will all Christians Pass through the Great Tribulation? Features of the Nearing Millennium.

Ancient Egypt Uncovered.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

SO TIRED.

So tired I fain would rest,
But, Lord, Thon knowest best:
I wait on Thee.
I will toil on from day to day,
Bearing my cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.

So tired; my friends are gone,
And I am left alone,
And days are sad.
Lord Jesus, Thon wilt bear my load
Along this steep and dreary road,
And make me glad.

So tired; yet I would work
For Thee, Lord, hast Thon work
Even for me?
Small things, which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service swift and strong,
Might never see.

So tired; yet I might reach
A flower to cheer and teach
Some sadder heart:
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring
Ere I depart.

So tired; yet it were sweet
Some faltering tender feet
To help and guide.
Thy little ones whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
Nor roughly chide.

So tired; Lord, Thon wilt come
To take me to my home,
So long desired.
Only Thy grace and mercy send,
That I may serve Thee to the end,
Though I am tired.

—Selected.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 20 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion. Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No ad. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. No discount on large ads or repeated insertions. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

**Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the
PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,**
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.
AVOID the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.
ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1894, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.
No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient,
in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

France

Pearl Street Edition, 8 vols., large 12mo, fine cloth, gilt tops, 427 fine illustrations. Price, \$6.00. This is fair equivalent to the Library Edition except that it is printed on smaller paper, giving narrower but good margins.

Far the best popular history of that country. Clear, vigorous, graphic, even eloquent, it is as fascinating as a romance: and it is as well comprehensive and thorough. The work has been one of the longed-for prizes of the general reader of history. All in all, the neatest volumes this publisher has yet issued.—*Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

427 Fine Illustrations. "In style of cover, firmness of binding, quality of letterpress, affluence of illustration, and lowness of price, this edition of one of the noblest historical works in existence, is one of the most remarkable publications now offered to the public."—*Morning Star*, Dover, N. H.

Guizot takes rank among the most illustrious representatives of his age and nation. The style is easy, familiar, clear and entertaining, and the publishers have done a good service in giving to the public in so fresh a form this best work of a modern French historian.—*Advance*, Chicago, Ill.

It is a wonderfully full and attractive history by one of the first historians of his age—a history worthy of being the last production of the brain and pen of Guizot. His country needs no better historical monument; the student needs no better history.—*Interior*, Chicago, Ill.

The matchless brilliancy of Guizot's style, graphic descriptions of men and events, painstaking minuteness of detail, the lucidity and ease, and the admirable philosophic reflections, all combine to render it worthy of the description it bears as the most popular history of France. It is as fascinating as a novel, and as life-like as a theatrical representation of the events and personages it describes. How the set can be sold for that price remains, after much reflection, a

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address **JOHN B. ALDEN**, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.
The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, EXODUS, and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY, LEVITICUS, NUMBERS.

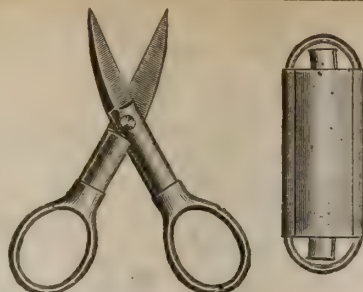
MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures." Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 200 pages. Sent for \$1.50 (postage or express prepaid). Single volume sent, postpaid, 25 cents.

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, - - New York.



SHORTHAND Text-Book (latest revised edition) and instruction by mail to master it, given by the Author of the system for \$6. Most popular and EASY method. Endorsed by 1,000 graduates and professional stenographers. Book containing all the principles of the art arranged in twenty-four lessons. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.—**J. E. JEWETT**, 77 Bible House, New York.



Best Folding Pocket Scissors

In the world. Simple, durable, compact; forged from the finest steel; nickel-plated and crocus finished. Enclosed in fine morocco case, they are very desirable for either ladies or gentlemen. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents in postage stamps.

Address **C. KLAUBERG BROS.**, Practical Cutlers,
173 William Street, New York City.

LIVE COALS. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, 678 large octavo pages, 16 full-page illustrations, 76 chapters. Life-like portrait of the author and history of his life. Price, post-paid, \$2.00. **AGENTS WANTED.—Liberal Terms.** WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher 71 Bible House, N. Y.

History of France

from the Earliest Times to 1848
By M. GUIZOT and his daughter
MME. GUIZOT DE WITT. Translated by Robert Black. In eight volumes. Bourgeois type, leaded. **Library Edition**, 8 vols., small octavo, fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt tops, 427 fine illustrations. Price, \$8.40.

mystery, for the work is not sham work, it is well done; altogether it is a marvel of cheapness. Mr. Alden has done much for the cause of good literature, but nothing better than this.—*Daily Times*, Buffalo, N. Y.

Guizot is the Macaulay

of the history of France. His narrative is full of emotion, like a quick stream; his characters rise before us as in the flesh; they are men and women, not historic lay figures. It is as charming as any romance. There is only one drawback... seems more like getting a present than making a purchase.—*Dominion Churchman*, Toronto.

THE COST Of the Imported Edition, with substantially the same illustrations, is \$36.00, while this is certainly the best in form and the most satisfactory for the library. "From the pen of a master. How

Mr. Alden can give the eight volumes for \$6.00, and this on good paper, and clear type, including the multitude of illustrations is a thing we have ciphered over, but we fail to understand it."—*Christian Leader*, Boston, Mass.

France has had a history second to no country on earth. Histories innumerable have described her deeds of chivalry and glory. But in accuracy, brilliancy, and all that goes to make a history, none compare with the fascinating pages of Guizot. He is as brilliant as Macaulay and as painstaking as Hume. This edition is profusely illustrated and they are illustrations that do illustrate.—*American Baptist Reflector*, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Invaluable to Every Lady

The Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work. A new book, giving plain directions for Artistic Embroidery, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet Work, Net Work and all kinds of fancy Needle Work. This valuable book is beautifully printed on fine tinted paper, has a handsome cover, and contains over 400 Illustrations. Price only 50 cents!

Comprising designs for Monograms, Initials, Kilt Edgings, Cross Stitch Patterns, Point Russe, Braid and Shetland Wool designs, Applique designs, Kate Greenaway designs for Doilies, etc., Handkerchiefs, Borders, Macramé Lace work, Holbein work, Java Canvas work, Worsted Fringes, Turkish Rugs, Towel Cushions, Footstools, Hat Racks, Pin Cushions, Ottoman Work, Baskets, Pen Wipers, Bed-Quilts, Lace Bureaus, Table Top Patterns, Folding Screens, Church Font Decorations, Sofa Cushions, Music Portfolios, Slipper Patterns, Persian Rugs, Wall Pockets, Carriage Rugs, Chair back Covers, Towel Racks, Perfum Sachets, Tidy Designs, Flower Pot Covers, Lamp Shades, Needle Cases, Watch Cases, Fancy Work Bag Catchalls, Match Safes, Eye Glass Pockets, Collar Boxes, Chair Bolsters, Umbrella Cases, School Bag Patch-work Designs, Coin Purses, Designs for Turtlet and Bureaus, Wood Baskets, Commodes, Bids, Glass Cases, Air Castles, Gypsy Tables, Hair Receivers, Paper Weights, Table Mats, Night-dress Cases, Slip Bags, Needle Books, Jewel Boxes, Door Mats, Knitted Jackets, Bottle Cases, Paper Racks Pillow Shams Hair Pin Holders, Plose Winders, Mosaic Window Shades, Book Marks, and every design in fancy work a lady can desire, to the number of over 400.

Every lady will find this book a useful companion and invaluable to all who love fancy work. Full directions with each design.
Jenny June in her preface to this book, says: "The present volume does not pretend to furnish a theory or practice of the highest Needle work art, but it does aim to supply within its compass a great variety of excellent designs—every one of which is useful for dress or household decoration—than has ever before been gathered within the leaves of one manual." Price, post-paid, only 50 cents; Five books for \$2.00. Get your copy—do so—send with you, and then get your book free. **J. E. JEWETT, Pub'r, 77 Bible House, New York.**

Precious Promises.

By Dr. Geikie, author of "Hours With the Bible," etc. Contains Choice Devotional Reading and Hymns. Full of Encouragement, Help and Refreshment for Christians in all Stations of Life.

"Inspiring and elevating."—*Christian Herald*.
12mo, cloth, red edges. Price, 75 cts.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

James M'Creery & Co.

HAVE OPENED THEIR EARLY IMPORTATIONS OF SILKS, VELVETS AND PLUSHES, AND ARE NOW EXHIBITING COMPLETE ASSORTMENTS IN RICH AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS. AN EXAMINATION IS INVITED.

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR
New Sunday-School Song Book.
Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.
TRY IT!
BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

History of France

from the Earliest Times to 1848
By M. GUIZOT and his daughter
MME. GUIZOT DE WITT. Translated by Robert Black. In eight volumes. Bourgeois type, leaded. **Library Edition**, 8 vols., small octavo, fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt tops, 427 fine illustrations. Price, \$8.40.

mystery, for the work is not sham work, it is well done; altogether it is a marvel of cheapness. Mr. Alden has done much for the cause of good literature, but nothing better than this.—*Daily Times*, Buffalo, N. Y.

Guizot is the Macaulay

of the history of France. His narrative is full of emotion, like a quick stream; his characters rise before us as in the flesh; they are men and women, not historic lay figures. It is as charming as any romance. There is only one drawback... seems more like getting a present than making a purchase.—*Dominion Churchman*, Toronto.

THE COST Of the Imported Edition, with substantially the same illustrations, is \$36.00, while this is certainly the best in form and the most satisfactory for the library. "From the pen of a master. How

Mr. Alden can give the eight volumes for \$6.00, and this on good paper, and clear type, including the multitude of illustrations is a thing we have ciphered over, but we fail to understand it."—*Christian Leader*, Boston, Mass.

France has had a history second to no country on earth. Histories innumerable have described her deeds of chivalry and glory. But in accuracy, brilliancy, and all that goes to make a history, none compare with the fascinating pages of Guizot. He is as brilliant as Macaulay and as painstaking as Hume. This edition is profusely illustrated and they are illustrations that do illustrate.—*American Baptist Reflector*, Chattanooga, Tenn.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address **JOHN B. ALDEN**, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.
The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.]

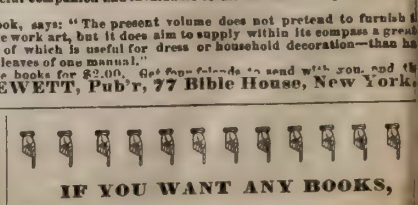
C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS, EXODUS, and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY, LEVITICUS, NUMBERS.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures." Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 200 pages. Sent for \$1.50 (postage or express prepaid). Single volume sent, postpaid, 25 cents.

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, - - New York.



SHORTHAND Text-Book (latest revised edition) and instruction by mail to master it, given by the Author of the system for \$6. Most popular and EASY method. Endorsed by 1,000 graduates and professional stenographers. Book containing all the principles of the art arranged in twenty-four lessons. Sent, postpaid, for \$1.—**J. E. JEWETT**, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 34.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1886

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF HENRY MARTYN,
THE MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

RUTH'S COMPREHENSIVE CHOICE. Dr. Tal-
mage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVAN-
GELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Mexican Difficulty—
Reported Capture of Geronimo—Conviction of
the Chicago Anarchists—The Shocking Scandal
at Newark—The Great National League Con-
vention—Destructive Storms in Texas—The
Tory Policy in Parliament—An Anglo-Russian
Difficulty—A Chinese Celebration—A Man
Ruined by Prosperity—A Perilous Ride, etc.



THE HOLY ROAD. A New Sermon by O. H.
Spurgeon.

Gems from New Books: The Apache Scouts.

PICTURE OF A SCENE IN THE BELFAST
RIOTS.

THE DAYS OF THE SON OF MAN. By Rev.
W. Haslam.

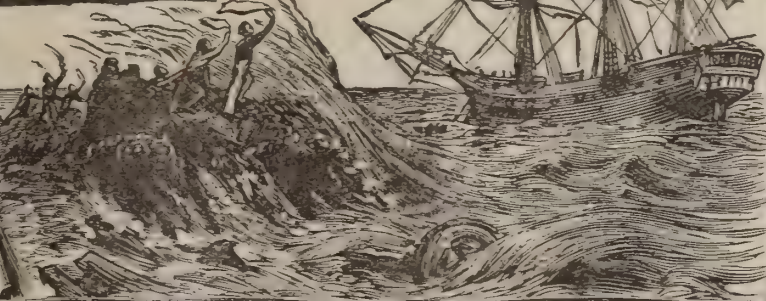
CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY. By Rev. Sam
Jones.

Curing a Chinese Aristocrat—Back on the Old
Rock—A Pilgrimage in India.

THE FRENCH CHIP-SELLER. (With Illustra-
tion.)

THE WAY OUT. (Continued.)

Jesus the True Vine. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



HENRY MARTYN, the Eminent Missionary and Bible Translator—Scenes in his Life.

REV. HENRY MARTYN,
Missionary to India and Persia.

Born at Truro—Student Life—Conversion—The Man of One Hour—Senior Wrangler—Becomes a Missionary—First Sermon—Appointed a Chaplain in India—Hospital Visitation—Sets Sail—Dangerous Voyage—On a Field of Battle—Work in India and Persia—Illness and Death.

AMONG the devoted men who have consecrated their lives to the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, the famous missionary whose portrait appears on the first page is conspicuous. With talents which placed him in the first rank of scholars at the early age of twenty years, he relinquished the brilliant career open to him in his own land that he might carry the Gospel to a dark land, where he died utterly worn out by labor before reaching his prime.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, Cornwall, on February 18th, 1781, and died at Tocat, in Persia, on October 16th, 1812, at the early age of thirty-one years. His father began life as a miner, but educated himself and succeeded in obtaining employment as chief clerk in a merchant's office in Truro. He was an earnest Christian man, and was extremely anxious that his son should grow up in the fear of the Lord.

The youth was of a studious disposition. He learned quickly, having a most retentive memory. By the time he had passed his sixteenth year he was able to enter college, and accordingly, in October, 1797, Henry Martyn became a student at St. John's College, Cambridge. He cherished a strong ambition to obtain a distinguished place in his class, an ambition awakened in a large measure by the amiable desire of giving pleasure to his father.

In the summer of 1799 he visited his family in Cornwall, and there he found in one of his sisters

A FAITHFUL MONITOR.

An enlightened and devoted Christian herself, she perceived with deep pain her brother's need of conversion. At first he felt annoyed and irritated by what she said. "The sound of the Gospel," he remarked, "conveyed in the admonitions of a sister, was grating to my ears." Conscience whispered that she was right, but the love of the world still prevailed in his heart. Again and again did his sister plead with him to give himself to Christ. Frequently during their long rambles by the sea she would, when they rested for a time on the rocks, take out her Bible and read a passage in spite of Henry's manifest impatience (see *Illustration No. 1 on first page*). Her efforts were, to all appearances, in vain. Nevertheless, when leaving for Cambridge in October, he promised her that he would read the Bible with reverence and regularity; but on being settled at college, mathematics engaged all his thoughts. The sudden death of his father in January, 1800, was the event which first gave his thoughts serious direction to religion, and he began to read the Bible with an earnest desire for salvation.

SENIOR WRANGLER.

He continued his studies with assiduity so intense that he became known among his associates as "the man of one hour." But his labors were bearing fruit. At the ensuing examinations in January, 1801, he felt justified by his proficiency in entering his name for something more than a pass examination. He proposed to compete "for honors." The result proved that he had not overestimated his acquirements. The highest distinction in the university for the year was bestowed on Henry Martyn. His name appeared on the list at the head of the whole university as "Senior Wrangler," and the honor it reflected was the greater, in that he had not yet completed his twentieth year. He received the congratulations of his fellow-graduates (see *Illustration No. 2*) with calmness. He was not satisfied. His words are memorable: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." Nevertheless, he returned to the university the following year when he was

elected "Fellow" of his college, and carried off the highest prize for Latin composition.

During this period of his residence at Cambridge he attended the ministry of the famous Rev. Charles Simeon, whose friendship he had also the high privilege to enjoy. It was at Simeon's hearth that he determined to relinquish his intention of adopting the law as a profession, and to give himself up to the ministry of the Gospel. And it was a *casual remark* of Simeon's on the good effected by a single missionary, Dr. Carey, which first suggested to him

THE IDEA OF MISSIONARY SERVICE.

The perusal of the "Life of Brainerd" confirmed the impression; and, after much prayer and anxious thought, Henry Martyn determined to devote his life to the work of Christ among the heathen. He received ordination at Ely, on October 23d, 1803; but as it was not intended that he should leave immediately for his designated field of service in India, and as a further special training under the care of the saintly Simeon, could not but be beneficial, he began his new career as curate to Mr. Simeon, in Trinity Church, Cambridge; undertaking, at the same time, the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village in the neighborhood. There it was, on the Sunday after his ordination that he preached *his first sermon* on the words: "If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job 14:14). After delivering his second sermon at this place, on the succeeding Sunday, he mounted his horse to ride back to Cambridge.

AN AGED CHRISTIAN

who had been one of his hearers joined him, and walked by the side of his horse for a considerable time, intent on giving him good counsel. The old man grew very earnest as they proceeded, warning him to reflect, that if any souls perished through his negligence, their blood would be required at his hand. He exhorted him to show his hearers that they were perishing sinners; to be much engaged in secret prayer; and to labor after an entire departure from himself to Christ (see *Illustration No. 3*).

Mr. Martyn and his youngest sister had the misfortune, early in 1804, to lose their patrimony. Thus a serious obstacle was placed in the way of his becoming a missionary. It seemed to him scarcely right that he should leave England while his sister was unprovided for, but he would not relinquish the idea of a missionary life. He resolved on going to India as a government chaplain, if he could obtain the appointment. This position would open up to him a large field of usefulness among the heathen, and at the same time afford such an income as to obviate the pecuniary difficulties which stood in the way of his leaving England.

While this affair was pending, Mr. Martyn continued to labor as curate. He exerted himself especially in visiting the sick poor. His diary contains many records of these visits.

A VISIT TO THE POORHOUSE

may be given in his own words as a specimen of this work: "Visited the hospital ward and read John 11 there, with a poor man, in whose room I was struck with the misery that presented itself. He was lying, *in his clothes and hat*, upon the bed, dying; his wife was cleaning the room as if nothing was the matter, and on the threshold was the daughter, about thirty years old, who had been crazy for thirteen years (see *Illustration No. 4*). Her mother said that the poor creature sometimes talked of religion; so I asked her several times before I could arrest her attention, who came into the world to save sinners? After several wild looks, she answered: 'Christ,' and then talked on as before. The dying man was almost insensible to anything I could say. He had formerly been a respectable innkeeper in the town, but the extravagance of a son brought him to poverty, and his daughter, who foresaw it, to insanity."

Having obtained the appointment of

GOVERNMENT CHAPLAIN

in India, Mr. Martyn spent a part of the summer

of 1804 in a series of farewell visits to friends in his native county. Many tender ties bound him to Cornwall. It was still the home of all his nearest relatives; many other beloved friends resided there; and, above all, it was the home of Lydia Grenfell, a lady whose religious sympathies were in unison with his own, and to whom he attached himself with that peculiar depth and strength which characterized all his affections. But there were obstacles in the way of their union, and they were to part without any engagement as to the future. At length, on April 7th, 1805, he preached his farewell sermon in Trinity Church, Cambridge, and the next day took his departure for London, whence on July 17th he set sail in the Union, East Indiaman.

Nine months were spent by Mr. Martyn on his voyage to India, which then involved a voyage down the western coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up the eastern coast. They had stormy weather, and soon after crossing the line, on October 30th, the Union passed the night within a very short distance of a dangerous reef of rocks, which proved destructive to two other vessels. The reef lay exactly across the track of the Union, and had not the second mate, who was on watch, called up the captain and first mate, as soon as danger was discovered, they would inevitably have been wrecked; their escape was almost miraculous. Pieces of the ships that were dashed against the rocks floated by them, and many of those who had been cast on the reef were seen making signals for assistance (see *Illustration No. 5*). Happily, the shipwrecked crew were all saved, with the exception of three officers, who were devoured by the sharks while trying to swim to the Union.

The Cape of Good Hope was reached on January 3d, 1806, and the soldiers on board landed, there being danger to the colony from a war then going on between the Zulus and the Boers. A battle was raging at that very time, and Mr. Martyn begged to be allowed to go

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

In a letter sent subsequently to his friend Mr. Simeon, he described in detail what he endured while engaged in this disinterested errand of love and mercy, and among other things, said: "A Hottentot, who had had his thigh broken by a ball, was lying in extreme agony, biting the dust, and uttering horrid imprecations upon the Dutch. I told him that he ought to pray for his enemies; and after telling the poor wretched man of the Gospel, I begged him to pray to Jesus Christ. But our conversation was soon interrupted; for, in the absence of the surgeon, who had gone back for his instruments, a drunken Highland soldier suddenly came up, and challenged me with the words, 'Who are you?' 'An Englishman,' I answered. 'No,' said he, 'you are French,' and levelled his musket at me. As I saw that he was intoxicated, and did not know but that he might actually fire out of mere wantonness, I sprang up toward him (see *Illustration No. 6*), and told him that if he doubted my word he might take me as his prisoner to the English camp—but that I certainly was an English clergyman. This pacified him, and he behaved with great respect."

Early in May, Calcutta was reached, whence he travelled to his post

AT DINAPORE,

to which station he had been assigned. His first duty related to his immediate charge—the Europeans of the station and of the surrounding district; and he soon found that their ideas of a chaplain's duty and his were widely different. They desired the merest formal routine of outward religious observances; he felt that he must watch for souls as one that must give account.

But while thus faithfully performing the duties of a pastor, he never for a moment lost sight of his chief object in going to India—the conversion of the heathen. He set himself vigorously to the task of learning Sanscrit and Hindostanee that he might preach to the people in their own tongue.

In April, 1809, he was removed from Dina-

pore to Cawnpore, and he made the journey of four hundred miles at an unfavorable time for travelling. He was weak and ill on his arrival, but he commenced his labors immediately. His appointment required him only to preach to Europeans, but while he did not neglect them he was especially desirous of

PREACHING TO THE NATIVES.

He had already translated the parables into Hindostanee with a short, simple commentary upon them. His first native congregation was composed of the mendicants of Cawnpore. They assembled before his house in immense numbers, presenting an affecting spectacle of extreme wretchedness. To this congregation he preached the Word of life. After that regularly every Sunday he preached at the same place to a crowd of five or six hundred of these miserable creatures (*see Illustration No. 7*).

Meanwhile, he had learned Persian and Arabic, and labored ceaselessly to get the New Testament translated into those languages. Labors so exhausting, combined with preaching regularly in English and Hindostanee, broke down his constitution. No sooner was the work of the Persian and Arabic Testaments complete than he broke down completely, and was ordered to take a voyage for the restoration of his health. He thereupon decided to

VISIT PERSIA AND ARABIA,

to get his Testaments into circulation. Accordingly, Mr. Martyn proceeded to Shiraz, which he reached on June 9th, 1811. It is the Persian seat of learning. The news of this strange visitor, and of his object in coming soon spread; and he was continually visited by all classes of persons. And all were welcome, high and low, learned and ignorant; to all he was eager to tell of a crucified Saviour. Nor were his efforts to spread the knowledge of the truth confined to private conversions. Hazardous as public discussions were in a city like Shiraz, Mr. Martyn, with undaunted courage, readily entered into such whenever opportunity offered.

His first disputation was with the Moojtuhid, or professor of Mohammedan law, a man of high rank and great influence. It took place at the residence of the professor, whither Mr. Martyn was invited. "About eight o'clock at night we went," he says, "and after passing along an avenue, we entered a fine court, where was a pond, and by the side of it a platform, eight feet high, covered with carpets. Here sat the Moojtuhid in state, with a considerable number of his learned friends (*see Illustration No. 8*). The great man opened the argument, and spoke with much fluency, endeavoring, however, to avoid close discussion." When he concluded, Martyn spoke, and was heard with close attention.

He resided at Shiraz for ten months, preaching and arguing with the Persian scholars, the one representative of Christianity among all that assemblage of Eastern scholars. At their conclusion Mr. Martyn recorded in his diary his solemn conviction that they were the most useful months of his life. His physical strength, however, continued to decrease, and a return to his native land offered the last frail hope of saving his life. A Tartar guide was engaged to take him to the frontier of Persia on his way to Constantinople, whence he would sail for home. The man seems to have been a brutal fellow, anxious to complete his task, though it might kill his charge. He insisted on travelling night and day, in spite of Mr. Martyn's protestations of weakness. Going at break-neck speed across the plains (*see Illustration No. 9*), he reached Tocat by October 15th. The next day he was too ill to proceed, and finally gave up hope of ever seeing his native land again. He lay all alone, far from friends who would have taken sad pleasure in soothing his last hours. Before night his bright spirit had quitted its frail tabernacle, which had been worn out in the service of his Master before attaining the thirty second year of his age. A simple monument (*see Illustration No. 10*) was raised by his friends to commemorate his grand, self-sacrificing life.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Disappointed Young Lady.—A Christian friend remarked at a recent meeting: "I shall never forget the case of a young girl to whom I spoke of the power of the cleansing blood of Christ. I recall the night now when I urged her to decide for the Saviour, and her reply was, 'I will think over it.' She put the matter aside, intending at some future time to settle it; of course she did not intend to be lost; she was young, and thought she had plenty of time before her. Ah! she little knew what lay just ahead of her. Do any of us know? Three days afterward I was called to her death-bed, but before I arrived she was gone, and had died without a ray of hope."

A Rich Infidel's Wish.—The Rev. Mr. Cumming said: "A gentleman lately told me the story of a friend of his who was an infidel. He was an invalid, and was much confined to his room. One day the gentleman went in to see him, and turning to him, the invalid said, 'Oh, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead!' 'Why?' 'Because there is no use in my living; life is of no value. I wish I were dead,' groaned the poor infidel. He had grievous bodily disease, and being also destitute of all hope for the future, life was rendered to this very rich man perfectly unendurable, and his only wish was for death, as though that would improve or mend matters, instead of bringing upon him his everlasting doom."

Famished in the Midst of Plenty.—"A Ship was wrecked in the South Atlantic, and some of the men got into a small boat, their only provision being a few hard biscuits. They rowed about in the ocean for several days, and their biscuits gave out. They were almost famished, when a vessel picked them up, and they all rushed for the cask where the fresh water was kept, and began to drink. 'What are you doing?' the captain asked, surprised at the eagerness of the men to get the fresh water. 'We are dying of thirst,' replied the men. 'You were sailing in fresh water when we picked you up,' the captain said. They had been near the mouth of a fresh river, although they knew it not. How many, like these men, are running about seeking to satisfy an empty void, and they will not stoop down and drink of the water that Christ is freely offering."

On the Credit Side of the Ledger.—"A Middle-aged, well-to-do man entered a business house recently, and said to the cashier: 'I have got a debt lying against me.' The cashier after asking particulars as to the name and when the debt was contracted, turned up the ledger, and found that the debt had been paid. 'I cannot take cash for this debt; it has been paid some time ago.' 'There is a mistake somewhere,' answered the gentleman. 'I incurred the debt before I went to America, and it troubled me so much that I came home for the purpose of paying it, so I insist upon your taking the money, for it has not been paid.' The cashier again looked carefully over the ledger, and said, 'No, there is nothing against you here; all has been paid. I cannot take the money.' When Jesus went upon the cross He paid the full penalty of every sin. Nothing did He leave for us to pay. When will people believe that this salvation is a free gift?"

A Student Ashamed of His Mother.—The Rev. Mr. Carstairs remarked: "A fellow-student of mine had very poor parents, but they had a great desire to give their son the very best possible education; and if you had looked into that home, you would have seen much pinching and self-denying on the part of those parents to give their boy a university training. Once, when he was away at college, they went up with proud hearts to see him, for was it not with great efforts on their part that he was there? He was walking in the street with a fellow-student when he met them, and he tried to avoid them. You ask me why? Because he was ashamed of them in their simple dress, and he was not going to own them until his friend had gone. That

man reached the Presbyterian ministry, but he did not long stay in it. He fell from his position, and the broken-hearted parents followed him step by step. He went down lower and lower, until a fellow-minister and myself have rescued him again and again from police cells. Oh, the foulness of heart of one who is ashamed to own his mother, however poor! And yet there is still a greater sin; to be ashamed of that self-sacrificing love that nailed to the cross the Son of God."

A Reckless Young Man's Arrest.—The Rev. Mr. Henderson observed: "Some people do not believe in instant conversion. I remember the case of a very reckless fellow who lived in this city. One night when in his home a spirit of restlessness seized him; it grew so strong that he felt that if he did not do something to calm himself he would go out of his mind. He went out, and walked out of the town, and did not stop until he rested beside my church, many miles from the city. He was worn out with his long walk, and was leaning against the wall when a lady passed him, and he, noticing that the church was lighted, asked her if it was to be opened that night. She said that it was, for it so happened that we were going to have an evangelistic meeting there that evening. He thought he would go in simply to have a rest, but with no desire beyond that; the Lord, however, was there waiting to meet with him. He was convicted of sin, and led to yield himself to Christ, and has since lived as one to whom God had imparted some of the meek and lowly spirit of our Saviour."

Return of an Ejected Demon.—Mr. Rae remarked: "Not long ago I was passing down one of our streets with a friend, when he suddenly stopped before a small shut-up shop, and remarked in a sad tone, 'There is a grievous incident connected with that shop. Two sisters once lived there, who fell under the power of strong drink. First one and then the other was led to give it up, and more than that they were thought to be really converted to Christ. For a number of years they lived quiet and peaceful lives. But there came a day that the younger of the two fell ill, so ill that her sister became alarmed, and urged her to take a small quantity of spirits. At first she refused, declaring that although she died she would not touch it. Her sister pressed it upon her, telling her that it was her duty, till at length she yielded, and drank a small quantity. What seemed affection was really cruelty. The old appetite was rekindled, and from that time she freely indulged in it. Her sister soon joined her, and both became worse than they had ever been. A few days ago the younger died through drink, and her sister died on the following day from the same cause, and both now are lying dead in the house.'"

An Effective Chorus.—Mr. Campbell White, in speaking of the good that one may do in singing or speaking when they themselves are quite unaware of it, said: "On one occasion I was at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in the far east of London. At the close of a very impressive address, I noticed a woman sitting near the platform who was weeping bitterly. I went down and spoke to her, while the choir sang that beautiful hymn, 'Only trust Him.' I could make nothing of her, for when I spoke her tears only flowed the faster. At Mr. Moody's request the choir repeated the chorus again and again, and I said to the woman, 'Just listen to the words of that hymn.' She ceased weeping, and I stood by to see 'the salvation of the Lord.' As the words rang out sweet and clear upon the still night air:

'Only trust Him, only trust Him, only trust Him now:
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.'

the face that was covered with grief and care gradually softened, and then it grew bright; a wonderful change passed over her countenance, as she entered into the light and liberty of Jesus Christ, and learned what it was to trust Him."

RUTH'S COMPREHENSIVE CHOICE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Aug. 22, 1886, at Grimsby, Ont.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—RUTH I: 16, 17.

Naomi's Sorrowful Journey—Ruth's Five Choices

—I. The Christian's God—The World's God—A Black-Starred Deity—Who Naomi's God was—II. The Christian's Path—Dangerous and Toilsome—The Courage Needed—III. The Christian's Habitation—The Antechamber of Heaven—A Perpetual Guest—The Father's Influence in a Family—IV. Christian Associations—V. The Christian's Death and Burial—What the Dying Want—Radiation Needed—A Good Story in Stone—An Eternal Companionship.

FAMINE in Judah. Upon fields distinguished for fertility the blight came, and, at the door of princely abodes want knocked. Turning his back upon his house and his lands, Elimelech took his wife Naomi and his two sons, and started for the land of Moab in search of bread. Getting into Moab his two sons married idolaters—Ruth, the name of one, Orpah the name of the other. Great calamities came upon that household. Elimelech died and his two sons, leaving Naomi, the wife, and the two daughters-in-law. Poor Naomi! in a strange land and her husband and two sons dead. She must go back to Judah. She cannot stand it in a place where everything reminded her of her sorrow. Just as now, sometimes you see persons moving from one house to another, or from one city to another, and you cannot understand it until you find out that it is because there were associations with a certain place that they could no longer bear.

NAOMI MUST START

for the land of Judah; but how shall she get there? Between Moab and the place where she would like to go, there are deserts; there are wild beasts ranging the wilderness; there are savages going up and down, and there is the awful Dead Sea. Well, you say, she came over the road once, she can do so again. Ah! when she came over the road before, she had the strong arms of her husband and her two sons to defend her; now they are all gone.

The hour of parting has come and Naomi must be separated from her two daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah. They were tenderly attached, these three mourners. They had bent over the same sick-bed; they had moved in the same funeral procession; they had wept over the same grave. There the three mourners stand talking. Naomi thinks of the time when she left Judah with a prince for her companion. Then they all think of the marriage festivals, when Naomi's two sons were united to these women who have now exchanged the wreath of the bride for the veil of the mourner.

Naomi starts for the land of Judah, and

RUTH AND ORPAH

resolve to go a little way along with her. They have gone but a short distance when Naomi turns around and says to her daughters-in-law: "Go back. There may be days of brightness yet for you in your native land. I can't bear to take you away from your home and the homes of your kindred. I am old and troubled. Go not along with me. The Lord deal gently with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." But they persisted in going, and so the three travelled on until after awhile Naomi turns around again and begs them to go back. Orpah takes the suggestion, and after a sad parting goes away; but Ruth, grand and glorious Ruth, turns her back upon her home. She says: "I can't bear to let that old mother go alone. It is my duty to go with her." And throwing her arms around weeping Naomi she pours out her soul in the tenderness, and pathos, and eloquence of my text: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after

thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Five choices Ruth made in that text, and five choices must we all make if we ever want to get to heaven.

I. In the first place, if we want to become Christians, we must, like Ruth in the text, choose

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOD.

Beautiful Ruth looked up into the wrinkled face of Naomi and said: "Thy God shall be my God." You see it was a change of gods. Naomi's God was Jehovah; Ruth's god was Chemosh, the divinity of the Moabites, whom she had worshipped under the symbol of a black star. Now she comes out from under that black-starred divinity, and takes the Lord in whom there is no darkness at all; the silver-starred divinity to whom the meteor pointed down in Bethlehem; the sunshiny God of whom the Psalmist wrote: "The Lord God is a sun." And so, my friends, if we want to become Christians we must change gods. This world is the Chemosh to most people. It is

A BLACK-STARRED GOD.

It can heal no wounds. It can wipe away no sorrows. It can pay no debts. It can save no undying soul. It is a great cheat, so many thousand miles in diameter and so many thousand miles in circumference. If I should put this audience under oath, one half of them would swear that this world is a liar. It is a bank which makes large advertisement of what it has in the vaults and of the dividends that it declares, and tells us that if we want happiness, all we have got to do is to come to that bank and apply for it. In the hour of need, we go to that bank to get happiness, and we find that the vaults are empty, and all reliabilities have absconded and we are swindled out of everything. Oh, thou black-starred Chemosh, how many are burning incense at thy shrine!

Now, Ruth turned away from this god Chemosh and she took

NAOMI'S GOD.

Who was that? The God that made the world and put you in it. The God that fashioned the heaven and filled it with blissful inhabitants. The God whose lifetime study it has been to make you and all His creatures happy. The God who watched us in childhood, and led us through the gauntlet of infantile distresses, feeding us when we were hungry, pillowing us when we were somnolent, and sending His only Son to wash away our pollution with the tears and blood of His own eye and heart, and offering to be our everlasting rest, comfort and ecstasy. A loving God. A sympathetic God. A great-hearted God. An all-encompassing God. A God who flings Himself on this world in a very abandonment of everlasting affection. The clouds, the veil of His face. The sea, the aquarium of His palace. The stars, the dew-drops on His lawn. The God of Hannah's prayer, and Esther's consecration, and Mary's broken heart, and Ruth's loving and bereft spirit. Oh choose ye between Chemosh and Jehovah! The one service is pain and disappointment; the other service is brightness and life. I have tried both. I chose the service of God because I was ashamed to do otherwise. I felt it would be imbecile for me to choose Chemosh above Jehovah.

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

"O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

"High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

II. Again, if we want to be Christians, like Ruth in the text we must take

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH:

"Where thou goest, I will go," cried out the beautiful Moabitess to Naomi, the mother-in-law. Dangerous promise that. There were deserts to be crossed. There were jackals that came down through the wilderness. There were bandits. There was the Dead Sea. Naomi says: "Ruth, you must go back. You are too delicate to take this journey. You will give out in the first five miles. You cannot go. You have not the physical stamina or the moral courage to go with me." Ruth responds: "Mother, I am going anyhow. If I stay in this land I will be overborne of the idolaters; if I go along with you I shall serve God. Give me that bundle. Let me carry it. I am going with you, mother, anyhow."

And if we want to serve God we must do as Ruth did, crying out: "Where thou goest, I will go." Never mind the Dead Sea. Afoot or horseback. If there be rivers to ford, we must ford them. If there be mountains to scale, we must scale them. If there be enemies to fight, we must fight them. It

REQUIRES GRIT AND PLUCK

to get from Moab to Judah. Oh, how many Christians there are who can be diverted from the path by a quiver of the lip, indicative of scorn! They do not surrender to temptation, but they bend to it. And if in a company there be those who tell unclean stories they will go so far as to tell something on the margin between the pure and the impure. And if there be those who swear in the room, and use the rough word "damn," they will go so far as the word "darn," and look over the fence wishing they could go farther; but as to any determination like Ruth's to go the whole road of all that is right, they have not the grace to do it. They have not in all their body as much courage as Ruth had in her little finger. Oh, my friends,

LET US START

for heaven and go clear through! In the river that runs by the gate of the city we shall wash off all our bruises. When Dr. Chalmers printed his astronomical discourses, they were read in the haylofts, in the fields, in the garrets, and in the palaces, because they advocated the idea that the stars were inhabited. Oh, hearer, does not your soul thrill with the thought that there is another world beautifully inhabited? nay, more, that you by the grace of God may become one of its glorious citizens?

III. Again I remark, if we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text, we must choose

THE CHRISTIAN'S HABITATION.

"Where thou lodgest, I will lodge," cried Ruth to Naomi. She knew that wherever Naomi stopped, whether it were hovel or mansion, there would be a Christian home, and she wanted to be in it. What do I mean by a Christian home? I mean a home in which the Bible is the chief book; a home in which the family kneel in prayers; a home in which father and mother are practical Christians; a home in which on Sabbath, from sunrise to sunset, there is profitable converse, and cheerful song, and suggestions of a better world. Whether the wall be frescoed or not, or only a ceiling of unplanned rafters; whether marble lions are couchant at the front entrance, or a plain latch is lifted by a tow-string, that home is

THE ANTECHAMBER OF HEAVEN.

A man never gets over having lived in such an early home. It holds you in an eternal grip. Though your parents may have been gone forty years, the tears of penitence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in your memory. Nay, do you not now feel warm and moist on your hands the tears which that mother shed thirty years ago, when, one cold winter night, she came and wrapped you up in the bed and prayed for your welfare here and for your everlasting welfare before the throne?

Oh ye who are to set up your own home, see that it be a Christian home! Let Jesus make

the wine at that wedding. A home without God is an awful place, there are so many perils to threaten it, and God Himself is so bitterly against it; but "the Lord encampeth around about the habitation of the just." What a grand thing it is to have God stand guard at that door, and the Lord Jesus the family physician; and the wings of angels the canopy over the pillow; and the Lord of glory

A PERPETUAL GUEST.

You say it is important that the wife and the mother be a Christian. I say to you it is just as important that the husband and father be a Christian. Yet how many clever men there are who say: "My wife does all the religion of my house. - I am a worldly man; but I have confidence in her, and I think she will bring the whole family up all right." It will not do, my brother. The fact that you are not a Christian has more influence on your family than the fact that your wife is a Christian. Your children will say: "Father's a very good man; he is not a Christian, and if he can risk the future, I can risk the future."

Oh, father and husband! join your wife on the road to heaven, and at night gather

YOUR FAMILY AT THE ALTAR.

Do you say: "I can't pray. I am a man of few words and I don't think I could put half a dozen sentences together in such a prayer." You can pray; you can. If your child were down with scarlet fever, and the next hour were to decide its recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs, and groans, and paroxysms of earnestness. Yes, you can pray. When the eternal life of your household may depend upon your supplication, let your knees limber and go down; but if you still insist that you cannot compose a prayer, then buy or borrow a Prayer-book of the Episcopal Church, and gather your family, and put your Prayer-book on a chair, and kneel down before it, and in the solemn and hushed presence of God, gather up all your sorrows, and temptations, and sins, and cry out: "Good Lord, deliver us."

IV. Again I remark, if we want to become Christians, like Ruth in the text we must choose

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

"Thy people shall be my people," cried out Ruth to Naomi. "The folks you associate with, I want to associate with. They will come and see me, and I will go and see them. I want to move in the highest of all circles, the circle of God's elect; and therefore, mother, I am going back with you to the land of Judah."

Do you who are seeking after God—and I suppose there are many such in this presence—do you who are seeking after God prefer Christian society to worldly society? "No," you say; "I prefer the world's mirth, and the world's laughter, and the world's innuendo, and the world's paraphernalia." Well, this is a free country, and you shall have the right of choice; but let me tell you that the purest mirth, and the most untrammelled glee, and the greatest resilience of soul are inside Christian companionship, and not outside of it. I have tried both styles of companionship—the companionship of the world and the companionship of Christ; and I know by experience. I have been now so long in the

SUNSHINY SOCIETY

and experience of Christian people, that when I am compelled to go for a little while amid intense worldly society I feel depressed. It is like going out of a June garden into an ice-house.

Men never know fully how to laugh until they become Christians. The world's laughter has a jerk of dissatisfaction at the end; but when a man is consecrated to God, and he is all right for the world to come, then when he laughs, body, mind and soul crackle. Let a group of ministers of the Gospel, gathered from all denominations of Christians, be together in a dining-hall, or in a social circle, and you know they are proverbially jocund.

Oh ye unconverted people! I know not how you can stand it down in that moping, bilious, saturnine, worldly association. Come up into

the sunlight of Christian society—those people for whom all things are working right now, and will work right forever. I tell you that the sweetest japonicas grow in the Lord's garden; that the largest grapes are from the vineyards of Canaan; that the most sparkling floods break forth from the Rock of Ages. Do not too much pity this Ruth of my text; for she is going to become joint owner of the great harvest-fields of Boaz.

V. Once more: If we want to become Christians, we must like Ruth in the text, choose

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH

and burial. She exclaimed: "Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." I think we all, when leaving this world, would like to be surrounded by Christian influences. You would not like to have your dying pillow surrounded by caricaturists, and punsters, and wine-bibbers. How would you like to have John Leech come with his London pictorials, and Christopher North with his loose fun, and Tom Hood with his rhyming jokes, when you are dying? No! No! No! Let me have a Christian nurse in my last sickness. Let me have a Christian physician to administer the medicines. Let it be a Christian wife, or parent, or child, that watches the going out of the tides of my mortal existence. Let Christian men come in the room and read of the illuminated valley, and the extinguishment of grief, and drown the hoarse blasts of death with the strains of "Mount Pisgah" and "Saint Martin."

In our last moment we will all be children. Said Dr. Guthrie, the famous Scotch clergyman, when dying: "Sing me a bairn's hymn." Yes, we will all be children then. In that hour the world will stand confounded around us. Our friends may cry over us; tears will not help us. They may look sad, thinking it will help them to die.

WHAT WE WANT

is radiation in the last moment. In our last moment we want that bread which came down from heaven. Who will give it to us? Oh, we want Christian people in the room, so that if our hope begins to struggle they may say: "Courage, brother! all is well! Courage!" In that expiring moment I want to hear the old songs that we used to sing in church and prayer-meeting. In that last moment I want to hear the voice of some Christian friend pleading that the sins and shortcomings of my life may be forgiven, and the doors of heaven may be opened before my entranced spirit.

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high."

Yes; Christian people on either side the bed, and Christian people at the foot of the bed, and Christian people to close my eyes, and Christian people to carry me out, and Christian people to look after those whom I leave behind, and Christian people to remember me a little while after I am gone. "Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Sometimes an epitaph covers up more than it expresses. Walking through Greenwood Cemetery I have sometimes seen an inscription which impressed me how hard the sculptor and friends were trying to make out

A GOOD STORY IN STONE.

I saw from the inscription that the man or woman buried there had died without hope. The inscription told me the man was a member of Congress, or a bank president, or some prominent citizen, but said nothing about his soul's destiny. The body is nothing. The soul! The soul! And here by this inscription I see that this man was born in 1800 and died in 1875. Seventy-five years on earth, and no Christian hope! Oh, if in all the cemeteries of your city the graves of those who have gone out of this world unprepared should sigh on the wind, who would have the nerve to drive through such a place? If all those who have gone out of this world unprepared could come back to

day and float through this air, telling the story of their discomfiture, this audience would fall flat on its face, asking to be rescued from the avalanche of horror.

My hearers, do you wonder that this Ruth of my text made the Christian's choice and closed it with the ancient form of imprecation upon her own soul, if she ever forsook Naomi: "The Lord do so to me and more also, if I aught but death part thee and me." They were

TO LIVE TOGETHER.

Come the jackals, come the bandits, roll on Dead Sea! My hearers, would you not like to be with your Christian friends forever? Have there not gone out persons from your household whom you would like to spend eternity with? They were mild and loving and gentle and beautiful, while here. You have no idea that the joys of heaven have made them worse. Choose their Christ, and you may have their heaven. They went in washed through the blood of the Lamb, and you must have the same glorious ablation. With holy violence I put my hands on you to-day, to push you on toward the immediate choice of this only Saviour. Have Him you must, or perish world without end. Elect this moment as the one of contrition and transport. Oh, give one intense, earnest, believing, loving gaze into the wounds opened for your eternal salvation!

Some of you I confront for the first and the last time until the judgment, and then we shall meet. Will you be ready?

BETWEEN FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE.

THE reports of the appalling volcanic eruption in New Zealand, contained in the local newspapers, are full of pathetic incidents. One of them is the following:

Mr. Edwin Bainbridge landed in New Zealand two weeks before the eruption. He was on a tour around the world. When he reached Auckland he attended some Gospel meetings at the Sailors' Rest, where he met the Hon. Mr. Waldegrave, through whom he had received blessing about four years before at Cambridge.

The eruption commenced suddenly about midnight on June 9th, and overwhelmed the village of Wairoa, ten miles distant from the volcano, with showers of mud and dust, which crushed the houses. A gentleman who was staying at the temperance boarding-house at Wairoa says he was awakened by a violent roaring, which continued for some time with a lull every four or five minutes. He listened for a little while, and then with two others went to see what he then knew was a volcanic eruption. They were soon forced to return, as the black cloud which covered the top of Tarawera was extending in their direction. Scoria and burning materials were falling from it, and lightning was flashing in every direction. Outside the house they met the other boarders, and they at once re-entered for shelter. The wind was shaking the house, and it began, as they thought, to rain, but they soon found that it was a rain of ashes and stones. About two tons of sand came through the roof, and clearing all before it lodged on a staircase within a yard of where they were gathered. Looking out, they saw a fire on the other side of the road, and a larger one at a house to their right. They could not render assistance, but stood between earthquake and fire, expecting death.

Mr. Bainbridge asked if any present would like to pray, and all consented. He then read the account of the salvation of the thief on the cross, and offered prayer. He spoke for a few minutes afterward, and said this might be the last hour of their lives, and they might at once be ushered into God's presence; but He was able to save and deliver them in that extremity. If any of them were delivered, he hoped it would be a turning-point in their lives. Immediately afterward, as the party were trying to get out of the house to reach a safer place, the veranda fell on him, and he died instantaneously. His last words had been words of testimony for Christ.

CURING A CHINESE ARISTOCRAT.

MRS. PIGGOTT, of the China Inland Mission, thus describes an interesting case of opium cure: "The servant of a Mandarin, at Shansi, was cured of opium-smoking recently, and she was so delighted that she went home to the Yamen and told them how very well she had been cured, and how little she had suffered, and what a good thing it was to be cured of opium-smoking. Through her influence one of the elder sons of the house came and was cured, and so also was a daughter-in-law. The daughter-in-law thought that the best thing she could do was to come to me, because they like to do things there indirectly; so she did not go straight to the Opium Refuge, but came, and, as an intermediary, asked me to accompany her and to intercede for her that she should have very good medicine. She came first of all to pay a visit of ceremony, and I tried to encourage her; she was rather nervous, fearing that she would have to be shut in and not allowed to go out, however ill she felt. I called to see her, and told her a little more about it. At last she called on me again, and said that her brother-in-law had told her that we should prick her with a needle as big as a knitting-needle, and she was afraid. I said that this was quite a mistake, and that she would not be pricked at all. She came and was cured, and just the day before I left she came to express her gratitude, and brought us two little presents, which she said were her own work—a fan-case for my husband, and a little scent-bag for me. She wished us to come and have dinner with her. This was very kindly meant on her part. She put up a tablet in the Opium Refuge—a large board with a few characters to show other people when they come that she had been cured, so that they might be encouraged to follow her example. This is only one instance, but this was the first lady of rank we had. We find that a good many after they had been cured of opium-smoking, come regularly to the service on Sunday, so that some have remarked that really it was delightful to see all the people flocking into the service; it reminded them of an English Sunday."

A PILGRIMAGE IN INDIA.

A RESIDENT of India who has recently been staying at Nasik, the Mecca of Western India, sends a description of the hardships the Hindoo pilgrims endure in the hope of saving their souls and those of their families. He says:

"Last year was one of special sanctity. Every twelfth year, when Jupiter enters the sign of Leo, the Ganges itself is supposed in some mysterious way to flow down the Godavery bed, and pilgrims come in thousands from all parts of India. Each pilgrim as he enters the town has to pay a small tax, and the receipts showed that two hundred thousand people had come and gone in the last eleven months. The stream of life was just as unceasing while I was there. At certain points near the town they are met by the Brahman priests, who make large fortunes out of their pious visitors. There are about five hundred special Brahmans, called Upadhyas, who keep large lodging and boarding-houses, and claim to be the family priests of all pilgrim families.

"The victim is marched off to the Brahman's house, where he will find at least a hundred and fifty others. His bag of laboriously gathered rupees, hoarded for this supreme occasion, comes out, and a system of fees begins, which goes on until the pilgrim leaves or the bag is empty. After the first fee is paid the various functions of the pilgrimage begin. He has first to fast for twenty-four hours, after which he goes to one of the many temples on the river bank with offerings of rice and flowers and clarified butter. Then, tired and exhausted with toil and travel and want of food, he is led into the river, and the fees begin again. Masonry pools have been erected in the bed of the stream for the bathers when the river runs dry; one pool is more sacred than another, and

each fresh bathing-place requires a special fee. He wishes not only to purge himself from sin, but also to free the souls of his ancestors. This again requires a special fee. The certainty of salvation, whether for himself or his fathers, entirely depends on the amount of his gifts. At last he is led out of the water, after hours of exposure, and he walks to the house in his wet clothes, poorer in worldly wealth.

"Our friend is next off to Trimbuk, the sacred source of the sacred river. He is jolted there is a bullock cart, or has to walk, according to the state of his rupee bag. At Trimbuk he bathes again, but this time not in the stream itself, but in a tank through which the river is supposed to flow. Here he must not only bathe but drink the water, almost, if not quite, stagnant water, where literally thousands have washed. The Collector of Nasik once took a bottle full of this water and showed it to some of the leading Brahmans of the town. It was full of organisms. They needed no microscope, they were plainly visible to the naked eye. His pious friends only shrugged their shoulders, and said that Paradise was worth gaining even at that price. There is not a pilgrim who comes but he honestly believes himself to be purified from sin by this bathing and drinking. There is an air of weary content on all their faces when the pilgrimage is over, and they squat on the station platform patiently waiting for the train that will take them home again. Yet they have all left the earnings of years behind them, and have nothing to show for it save the little hermetically sealed brass cup of the holy water which each carries back to his friends. There is something else, unfortunately, they too often carry away with them. These pilgrim years at the various river sources and other holy places of India are not only the signal of cholera at the place itself, as was the case at Nasik last year, they are also the means of distributing the disease all over India."

BACK ON THE OLD ROCK.

IN one of Mr. Spurgeon's talks with his students, he said: "A popular and successful young minister in America became entangled in the meshes of infidelity, left the pulpit, joined an infidel club, and derided the name he had preached to others as the Saviour of the world. But he sickened, and came to his death-bed. His friends gathered round him, and tried to comfort him with their cold and icy theories, but in vain. The old thought came back to him—the old experience came before him. He said, 'Wife, bring me my Greek Testament.' Upon his bed he turned to the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. When he had finished the chapter great tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. He closed the book, and said: 'Wife, back again at last upon the old rock to die.'"

A FRIEND AT COURT.

MR. G. F. EASTON, writing from Han-Chung Fu, says: "This station was opened in 1880, by Mr. George King. At that time I was in Kan-suh trying to rent a house for Mr. King, while he had gone to be married. He started from Han-kow not knowing where he was going to live, but trusting that the Lord would provide him a home. When he reached Han-chung on his way to Kan-suh, the news was very soon sent to the magistrate that a foreigner had arrived. His card being sent, the magistrate saw that it was a Mr. King, and immediately said: 'I wonder whether it is my old friend Mr. King, whom I knew at Si-ngan some years ago.' Upon inquiry he found that it was the same Mr. King. He said, 'I should like to see him, and I should like to know what he is going to do.' Having found that Mr. King would like to remain there for a short time, the magistrate said: 'Will you just go round the city and see which house you would like, and let me know, and you shall have it.' We have never had among the officials such a friend as that before or since. It was a most unprecedented case. Mr. King took

him at his word, and went, and found what he thought would be the most suitable house. The magistrate was true to his word, and saw that it was secured without any difficulty. He would not allow any pressure to be put on by the landlord or middle man. Our brother settled there, and from that time a very good work has been going on. He immediately commenced daily preaching. The rooms were very suitable, and the people came in great numbers to see the foreigners. There were about two hundred in front of the house from morning till night. Mr. King preached morning, noon, and night."

THE DAYS OF THE SON OF MAN.

By Rev. W. Haslam, M.A.

Meaning of the Phrase—The Time—Their Character—Days of Violence—A Common Mistake—Three Questions—Differences in the Evangelists—Two Temples and Two Cities—Interval between them—The Questions Answered—The Alleviation.

THE "days of the Son of Man" are the closing days of this dispensation. They begin at the time of the rapture of the saints of God to the heavenlies, and will continue until the Lord Jesus comes from the heavenlies to the earth with His saints in manifested glory. He will come then "in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (II Thess. 1:8).

The character of the days of the Son of Man will not correspond with the fond dream of those persons in our dispensation who expect that the world is to be converted and become better by the preaching of the Gospel. It is well to understand that the Gospel of Grace which is preached now, is not for the conversion of the world, but for the gathering out of it a people for the Lord's name. (See Acts 15:14.)

The days which are coming are to be

DAYS OF VIOLENCE,

like those which preceded the judgment of the flood. We have this fact on the testimony of the Lord Himself (Luke 17:26). The Lord will then take to Himself the governmental power which hitherto has been delegated to men. In spite of their wilfulness and rebellion, He will bring them into subjection.

It is quite in accordance with the sanguine character of human nature and expectation to overlook suffering in anticipation of the glory which is to follow it. Looking for the morning, men too willingly overlook the night which is to precede it. The Lord's disciples fell into this mistake. According to the traditions in which they had been educated, they were "waiting," even then, for "the Kingdom"—"waiting for the consolation of Israel" (Luke 2:25), before their troubles had begun! When they saw the Lord entering Jerusalem in triumph, they doubtless thought they could understand that, for it was quite in agreement with their views. They probably went on to think that the Lord was "come to His temple" (Mal. 3:1), and "that the kingdom of God should immediately appear" (Luke 19:11). But day by day their disappointment increased, as they saw that the rulers of the Jews would not receive their King.

Their amazement became very great when the Lord departed from the temple for the last time, and this with manifest sorrow. We read that "His disciples came to Him to show Him the buildings of the temple" (Matt. 24:1). These had recently been restored and beautified at great cost by Herod. The disciples had doubtless thought among themselves that these preparations had been made, not for Herod, but for the rightful King. How great was their astonishment therefore when the Lord said, "See ye not all these things? Verily, I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down" (Matt. 24:2).

HOW COULD THIS BE?

From hence they followed their Master in

perplexity and silence, until they came to the Mount of Olives. There the weary Lord sat down in full view of the glittering towers and pinnacles of the devoted city and temple. We read that "as He sat upon the Mount of Olives the disciples came unto Him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy Coming, and of the end of the world?" (Matt. 24 : 3). These

THREE QUESTIONS

were especially Jewish. It will be observed that they all concern the temple at Jerusalem, and the Coming of the Lord to reign upon the earth, and there establish, not the Church, but the kingdom of Israel. St. Luke's Gospel, which is written for us Gentiles, tells of the destruction of that very city upon which they were then looking. It was to be besieged by the Roman armies and captured; the temple destroyed; and the Jews carried away captive to all nations. Jerusalem was to be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled. (See Luke 21 : 24.)

St. Matthew's Gospel, which was written for the Jews, also gives the Lord's answer to the three questions stated above. But it should be noted that these answers refer to *another temple* than that one standing before them. It is one in which the image of Antichrist, the desolator, is to be set up. There is an interval of two thousand years between this temple and the one to which St. Luke refers. The one city was to be captured; and the other city, when it is on the eve of being captured, is delivered by the Lord's manifest Coming in the heavens. In the one case the Jews are dispersed to all nations; in the other they are reconciled with the Lord. These two cities and temples must not be confused, if we would understand the words of the Lord's prophecy.

In reply to the first of these three questions, When shall these things be?

THE LORD ANSWERED,

"Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven; but my Father only" (Matt. 24 : 36).

In answer to the second question, What shall be the sign of Thy Coming? by which the disciples evidently meant the Lord's manifest Coming to take the kingdom, He gave them

THREE SIGNS :

First, He said, "Take heed that no man deceive you : for many shall come in My name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many" (Matt. 24 : 4, 5). This period corresponds with the opening of the first seal. (See Rev. 6 : 1, 2.) *Second*, After this follows another sign, "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places" (Matt. 24 : 7). These events agree with the opening of the second, third, and fourth seals. (See Rev. 6 : 3-8.) "These," we are told, "are the beginning of sorrows. Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for My name's sake" (Matt. 24 : 8-13). All these terrible events, and others mentioned up to the twenty-eighth verse, are prefigured to take place under the opening of the fifth seal.

The *third* sign is given in these words : "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken" (Matt. 24 : 29). These physical signs, the shaking of the earth and the heaven, take place under the opening of the sixth and seventh seals.

Then as to the third question, What shall be

THE SIGN OF THE END

of the age or dispensation? here again the Lord gives us three signs : (1) The restoration of the Jews to their land, under the figure of the fig-tree (Matt. 24 : 32, 33). (2) The Christian Church, under the figure of the ten virgins (Matt. 25 : 1-13). (3) The days of the Son of Man, under the figure of the man who went out travelling into a far country, and after a long

time returned to reckon with his servants (Matt. 25 : 14-30).

The Lord, as if to alleviate the perplexity of His disciples, tells them that though all these unexpected events must needs transpire, the covenant with Abraham is not forgotten. The Jews, as God's people, are still to be reinstated, and to have their place and nation. When the fig-tree springs up again—that is, when the people are in the land, and their daily sacrifice is resumed—then the Lord will come to His people and restore their kingdom. "This generation," or race of Abraham, "shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled" (Matt. 24 : 34, 35). The branch of the Jewish olive-tree which was broken off is to be grafted in again. (See Rom. 11 : 23, 24.)

CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

Three Great Facts—A Southern Prisoner's Dread—Insignificant Workers—Where Heaven is—Sectarianism.

"I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil. . . . Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."—REV. 2 : 2, 4.

"WHEN I read this text I realize that it is the great I Am, the great God over all, my Maker, who shall finally be my judge. The mere reading of this ought to bring us all to our feet and then to our knees in earnest prayer. I know thy works; God knows us all. I believe I would be considered orthodox enough if I were to assert that God made you and me and everybody, and surely if He made us, He knows us through and through. He knows me. He knows who my mother was, for He heard her earnest prayer for me. He knows who my father was. He knows who my wife is and who my children are, and He watches over them by day and by night. The

THREE GREAT FACTS

that confront us, are : God made me; God knows me, and God loves me, and with these three facts in mind, we ought to be all God expects us to be. It should be written over every pulpit in the land, in every household, in every office, store, and in every street, 'Thou, God, seest me.'

A Southern prisoner in the war said that the most intolerable thing about his imprisonment was, not that he was deprived of his liberty, not that he was kept away from his family, home and friends, but that in every conscious moment, wherever he went, whatever he did, the two burning eyes of the sentinel were upon him. As one sentinel went off duty and another came on, the latter's eyes were fixed on him before the former's were taken off. He was forever the object at which two eyes were looking. It was intolerable—awful. Brethren, if the eyes of those sentinels grew intolerable to that man, if your life is not right, how awful must be God's eyes to you. Everything you do He sees and analyzes, and the most precious fact in this world is that He does see and understand everything we do.

I am so glad that he is to be my judge and yours. We frequently misunderstand each other, and misconstrue motives. None of us are perfect at our best, and we only see each other's faults and mistakes; but He sees all, and knows when we are trying to do right and obey Him. To a good man the sweetest fact in the world is that the God who made him and knows him through and through will be his final judge. It must be sweet to know that God knows him, and will expose the hypocrisy and shams of an unfruitful life. Nothing is hid before the eyes of Him. Some men are doing a great work and some a small work, but I want to say that there is nothing, however small, in the way of good conduct, too little for him to see. I have thought many a time that while the great Shepherd went into God's harvest-

fields like a mighty machine, and gathered thousands of sheaves, that even we

POOR WORKERS,

who gather only a single head, still are working for heaven, and will get our reward. A few days ago, as I walked around a locomotive engine and admired its wonderful structure, I saw the engineer get down and oil all the parts, great and small, from the same can, and that all the parts were essential to the perfect whole, and I said to myself : "Glory to God that I, whether great or small, can get some grace from Thy great storehouse, and it is, indeed, a blessed privilege."

There are preachers about whom a great deal is said and written in public and in the newspapers. I don't know whether that is fortunate or unfortunate, but I do know that there are a great many people about whom nothing is said in the papers or in public, who, in the final judgment of God, will be given a very high place. There is many a poor pastor, earnestly striving to serve God and save souls, who, in the great hereafter, shall reap his reward. Then, again, you may find a woman who goes about doing good, caring for the sick, helping the distressed, going along in an earnest, humble way. Sister, man's eye may not see you, but God's does.

Look at these ministers here to-day—the chaplains of prisons. They have cut loose from all the freedom of the world to labor among the lost and fallen in prisons. There is no more Christly work than this—giving up your life's work to save those whom society has cast out. The happiest life a man ever lived in this world is one of self-sacrifice. Happiness consists in making others happy. Once there was a preacher who preached on heaven, and after the service, an old, rich Methodist, a backslider, came to him and asked him

"WHERE IS HEAVEN,"

and he said : "Up there on the hill is a poor widow, down sick with the fever, and with her child sick, too, and they haven't anything to eat in the house, and nobody to help them. Now, you go and get a wagon load of provisions and take it up there, and hire a cook and a nurse for her, and then read the twenty-third Psalm and pray with her, and you will find heaven easy enough." Well, he did it, and he came back the next day, and said to the preacher : "I saw it, after I had done all you told me; God and the angels seemed to come down in that house and I was in heaven for more than fifteen minutes." Brethren, heaven is all around you and about you.

I tell you the time has come when we ought to lay aside our little differences and go to work for Christ. When I wrote to Brother McConnell about coming here, I said to him : "Get all the pastors in the city to help us save souls." Christian fraternity—that's what we want. I am glad we have all classes of Christians, so that no sinner in perdition in hunting for a chance to join couldn't find one to suit him. Some want a church in which they can dance, play cards and drink whiskey. Well, I can find it for 'em, but be careful, brother, when you get on that train that you don't go to hell. I want to get on God's

GRAND OLD TRUNK LINE

to glory and keep my seat 'till I get there; no little branch lines for me.

If there is a drop of sectarian blood in my veins, I want a lancet popped in and the muddy stuff let out. I like church pride well enough. I wish Methodists had more of it. If we had it like the Presbyterians, we would pay our preachers better, and if like the Baptists, we would stick together better. Take those three churches and you can make a mighty good one out of them. Take Presbyterian respectability and generosity; Methodist git-up-and-git-ativeness, and Baptist fidelity, and we would make things hum. Methodist fire, Baptist water, and Presbyterian hold-on-to-what-you've-got is what we want. There is a big work for the Church of God in this country, and it is time for us to roll up our sleeves and go to doing it.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, Postal notes, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Release of Editor Cutting and the Remission of his six hundred-dollar fine is expected to take place this week. A dispatch from El Paso states that the Supreme Tribunal of Mexico has decided that the two months' imprisonment already suffered by Cutting shall be considered a complete purgation of his offence. If this news is confirmed it will not settle the difficulty between the two countries, though it may allay the war-like excitement on both sides the border which made a settlement difficult. The Supreme Tribunal specifically reaffirms the principle that it is legitimate for a Mexican court to punish a foreign citizen for crimes committed on foreign soil if a citizen of Mexico is a sufferer by them. While this principle is maintained there will be constant danger of international difficulties, and possibly in cases which will enlist the sympathies of the American people, which Cutting's case has not done. It will be necessary, therefore, for the State Department to lose no time in arranging a treaty to preclude complications of this kind in order to avoid the danger of a war.

The Capture of Geronimo Near Arispe by the Mexican authorities is reported. It is stated in a dispatch from Nogales, Arizona, that while negotiations were pending between the Mexican authorities and Geronimo, near Arispe, the Mexicans quietly surrounded the Indians, and that they now have them where there is no possibility of escape. Geronimo has been notified that the only terms will be an unconditional surrender. Captain Lawton has been informed, and is now moving toward Arispe. Governor Zulick, of Arizona, who is now in Washington, is urging the removal of all the Chiricahua Apaches from Arizona. He asserts that since 1878 their raids have caused the death of twenty-five hundred persons in that and the adjoining territories. The other tribes at the San Carlos Reservation, numbering four thousand five hundred and thirty-nine, he says, are peaceable and almost self-supporting. He makes no suggestion of the best spot for their location.

The Irish National League Convention Assembled in Chicago on August 18th. It was the largest representative gathering of Irishmen ever held in America. The meeting was anticipated with some degree of anxiety on both sides of the Atlantic. Perhaps the consciousness of the fact and the knowledge that any display of disunion would gratify the opponents of Home Rule for Ireland led to the proceedings being more harmonious than was expected. Messrs. Davitt, Redmond, and Deasy attended as a delegation from Ireland, and were received with enthusiasm. The election of a new president of the League to succeed Patrick Egan, which was the crucial question on which a fight had

been predicted, was conducted harmoniously. The rival candidates were John Fitzgerald, of Nebraska, and Hugh C. McCaffrey, of Philadelphia. Before any vote was taken McCaffrey himself proposed, in the interest of harmony, that Fitzgerald be chosen by acclamation. McCaffrey's friends, however, insisted on a vote, and Fitzgerald was elected by 703 to 244, and, on McCaffrey's motion, the election was made unanimous. Fitzgerald is a wealthy railroad contractor, about fifty years of age, and is a close friend of Egan's. The platform adopted indorses Mr. Parnell's policy, and expresses perfect confidence in the wisdom of him and his colleagues. It also extends "heartfelt thanks to Mr. Gladstone for his great effort in behalf of Irish self-government," and expresses "gratitude to the English, Scotch, and Welsh democracy for the support" given to Mr. Gladstone's policy.

The Verdict of the Jury in the Trial of the Chicago anarchists has evoked general approval throughout the country. Socialists have met in New York and other cities to condemn it, but otherwise it is approved. There is no trace of vindictiveness in this feeling. It is simply the conviction that the use of dynamite and the defiance of the law displayed by the men convicted constitute a menace to society which must be dealt with rigorously and decisively as a warning to others. The trial, which occupied forty days, has clearly proved that the right men were captured, and though they were tried on the charge of the murder of one man only, six others are dead from the same cause, and in each case they were, therefore, equally guilty. The jury found all the eight prisoners guilty of murder, but with the discretion allowed them by the law of Illinois, they excepted the prisoner Neebe from the death penalty, and fixed his punishment at imprisonment for fifteen years; the other seven were sentenced to death.

A Destructive Inundation Caused Severe Distress at Galveston, Texas, on Friday last. A violent wind storm swept over the city at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, doing much damage and causing the overflow. The whole southern and south-eastern portion of the city was inundated, and many families were driven out and compelled to seek safety and shelter at the hotels down-town. The street railway along the beach was torn up, and the waters of the Gulf broke over the lower gallery of the Beach Hotel. At Victoria, Texas, a similar disaster was experienced. Two church steeples were blown down and two churches unroofed. The High School building and the jail were considerably damaged. Altogether about seventy-five houses were completely demolished and one hundred and eighteen more or less damaged. Few buildings escaped uninjured.

The Country Received a Shock Last Week by the awful revelations of immorality at Newark, N. J. They almost equal the disclosures made in London last year. The discovery was made through the confession of two young girls who were arrested at Coney Island, and placed in a public institution for reclamation. They attributed their ruin to a real estate agent in Newark, and alleged that he had ruined a large number of other girls, some of them the children of parents occupying a good social position. They said that he paid them about fifty cents each for every child they decoyed into his den. Some of the girls made his acquaintance at a skating rink. The man is about forty-six years old, is married, and has three children, one of them grown up and in business. Two other men are also implicated, and, with the real estate agent, have been arrested. About thirty girls, whose ages vary from thirteen to eighteen, are reported among the victims, and are detained as witnesses. They have all been regular attendants at the skating rinks. It is now discovered that, owing to the laxity of New Jersey law, the punishment for crimes such as those charged against the prisoners will, even if their conviction is secured, be ridiculously inadequate. Citizens in other States will do well to

inquire into the state of their law in this matter, and if it is not stringent to take measures for making it so.

The British Parliament Reassembled on Thursday, and listened to the reading of the Queen's speech. It practically suggested to the members that they should vote the necessary appropriations and adjourn. It was inexpedient, the speech said, to further postpone financial legislation, and no recommendation would be made of any other measures. This, however, did not satisfy the House, and an attempt was made to extract from the administration some statement of the policy it intended to pursue toward Ireland. Lord Randolph Churchill, who represents the Cabinet in the House of Commons, made a vague and guarded reply. He intimated that coercion would not be proposed at present; that a royal commission would be appointed to examine and report on the working of the land system in Ireland, and another commission would report on such points as the creation of a deep sea fishery on the west coast, harbors of refuge, etc., and that after Parliament had adjourned the Cabinet intended to consider a scheme for giving local government to all the three kingdoms. Mr. Gladstone took the opportunity of informing the House that the result of the election had not changed his convictions regarding the policy it was proper to pursue toward Ireland, but had rather confirmed his strong belief that he had not erred in the main principles of his scheme.

An Ominous Coldness has been Reported in the relations of Russia with England. The Afghan boundary question which, in the spring of last year, brought the two nations to the verge of war, was committed to a mixed commission of Russian and English officers in Afghanistan, who were to agree upon a frontier line. The negotiations were proceeding slowly when the Czar announced his intention to recede from the promise made to the Berlin Conference that Batoum would be maintained as a free port. The British Government made a courteous but emphatic protest against the closing of Batoum. The Russian Government sent a curt and not a respectful reply. Lord Salisbury thereupon recalled the Afghan frontier commission as if he felt it useless to negotiate with a power which did not respect its solemn engagements.

The Abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was the startling intelligence cabled here on Sunday last. The dispatch, which is dated Sofia, Bulgaria, August 21st, says: "The populace and the troops, quartered in the capital, surrounded the palace early this morning. Prince Alexander abdicated, and was escorted over the frontier. There was no disorder. The populace then assembled and adopted a resolution praying the Czar to re-extend his sympathy to the Bulgarian people. The assemblage proceeded to the palace of the Russian agent and submitted to him the resolution, all kneeling. The agent assured them of the Czar's friendship." The new "Premier Clement," says the same dispatch, "has issued a proclamation announcing the formal abdication of Prince Alexander, who renounces the throne forever, being convinced that his reign would be fatal to Bulgaria. The Premier states that the new Cabinet will serve until the meeting of the National Assembly, expresses the hope that all parties will co-operate to maintain the law, and assures the people that the Czar will not leave the country without his powerful protection." The last statement may be relied upon. It is probably the Czar's effort to "protect" Bulgaria that has brought about the revolution. Prince Alexander was unwilling to be a puppet in the hands of Russia, and his independence made the Czar his enemy. His fall is probably due to Russian intrigue rather than to the spontaneous action of his people. The event is likely to exasperate England, who will see in it, combined with the closing of Batoum, new signs of the stealthy approach of Russia toward Constantinople.

Union Evangelistic Meetings are Being held at Manchester, N. H., in the First Baptist Church, with much success. The whole city is deeply stirred, and much good is being done in the churches and among non-churchgoers. A remarkable feature of the work is the quickening of Christians who have been leading cold, formal lives. Many have given testimony of the influence they are experiencing, and have consecrated themselves afresh to God. There is a general eagerness to enter upon new spheres of activity in Christian service, and the pastors of the city are gladdened and encouraged by receiving offers of assistance from earnest men anxious to be employed in evangelistic work. The services are being conducted by Rev. E. W. Oakes, Rev. Mr. McBride, of Brooklyn; Dr. Peck, of Boston; and Rev. Mr. Kembell.

Arrangements for a Prophetic Conference to be held in Chicago in November are being made. The committee appointed at the Memorable Conference held in New York, in 1878, have frequently been urged to call a second conference by those who remember the beneficial influence of the former one. The call has now been issued, appointing the meetings for November 16th-20th in Chicago. Several bishops of the Protestant-Episcopal Church and representatives of all the evangelical denominations are on the committee of arrangements. A programme of subjects will shortly be published. All communications on the subject of the Conference may be addressed to the Secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Mr. Moody Expects to Establish his Training-School for Christian Workers in Chicago, in October. Of the quarter of a million dollars for which he asked, two hundred thousand are already promised. Mr. Moody will make a large contribution to the staff of foreign missionaries shortly. At the Mt. Hermon school, where he entertained two hundred and thirty college boys for thirty days recently, about a hundred publicly pledged themselves for the work of foreign missions.

Sunday Desecration was Checked Recently in St. Paul, Minn., by the energy of a Methodist preacher. Just as the services were about to commence one Sunday morning in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of that city, a gang of laborers arrived to do a job of street-paving in front of the church. When the pastor, Dr. Smith, heard of it, he went to them and civilly requested that they suspend the work on that day. The men refused, whereupon Dr. Smith said that unless they quitted work immediately he would have every individual laborer arrested and punished. As the preacher evidently meant to execute his threat, the men gathered up their tools and left the place.

The Death of Two Men Prominent in the Religious world occurred last week. Mr. John Dougall, the editor of the *Weekly Witness*, died on Thursday of heart disease. He was seventy-eight years of age, but had enjoyed excellent health up to the time of his death. Mr. Dougall was the founder of the *Montreal Daily Witness*, and his son, James D. Dougall, is still its editor. The desire to see a Christian daily journal published in New York was long cherished by Mr. Dougall. He tried to induce the religious public of the city to establish such a journal, and, failing in the effort, he came to New York in 1871, and himself started the *Daily Witness*. He struggled heroically for seven years to make it a success, giving to it his time, labor, and money without stint; but, in 1878, he was convinced of the hopelessness of the attempt, and abandoned it. Since then he has concentrated his energy on the weekly edition. The death of Dr. Kennion, the well-known street preacher, occurred on August 16th. Dr. Kennion was an English surgeon, who came to this country and led a dissipated life for several years. He was converted during the Moody and Sankey services in New York twelve years ago, and since that time has led an active Christian life. He organized a mission

in one of the worst slums of New York, and frequently preached in the open air. Every Thanksgiving Day he gave a free dinner to the poor who congregated around the mission. Dr. Kennion was fifty-six years of age.

A Man Ruined by Prosperity is now in a county jail in Pennsylvania. At a recent sitting of a Philadelphia court Judge Brown had before him an ex-senator of New Jersey, who was charged with habitual drunkenness and neglect of his family. The judge sentenced him to six months' imprisonment. It is not many years since the ex-senator was a respectable, industrious blacksmith. He was much respected in the town where he lived, and when he received a legacy which, combined with his own savings, made a considerable fortune, he retired from business. Shortly afterward he was elected to the State Senate. About a year ago he drifted to Philadelphia and sought employment at the anvil. All his money was gone, he was heavily in debt, and his character was lost. He had taken to drinking and gambling when he became prosperous, and was utterly ruined. In these days the popular idea is that poverty is the worst of calamities; but, as this incident shows, prosperity is in some cases more to be dreaded (Prov. 30 : 8).

A Widow Saved the Lives of her Two Children on Thursday last by her courage and presence of mind. She was on her way from Indian Territory to her Ohio home. It is some years since she married and went West. In Indian Territory two little girls were born to her. Recently her husband died and the widow loaded her goods on a wagon and started on her long journey to Ohio. In passing the woods near Tolono, Ill., on Thursday she halted the wagon and proceeded to get dinner. The children wandered off to look around during the preparations. When the meal was ready they were out of sight. The mother's calls produced no response. She grew alarmed, and taking her rifle from the wagon went in search of them. As she entered the woods a moving branch attracted her attention. Looking up she saw a large dun-colored panther preparing to spring. Her rifle was brought quickly to her shoulder, and she fired, killing the panther. Her promptitude saved the lives of her children, who were fast asleep at the foot of the tree, all unconscious of their deadly enemy overhead. It was well for them that they had so courageous and watchful a mother. As they grow up they will be in danger from other unseen enemies, more to be dreaded than the panther, that will lie in wait for their souls. Their mother may not then be near to protect them, but they will be delivered if they seek the protection offered to all who apply for it in faith (Ps. 121 : 5-8).

The Marriage of a Couple with a Romantic history was solemnized by the Mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently. Their names were Herman Krause and Anna Eeschenbach, both natives of Friederichsaw, on the Rhine. They were engaged to each other before the Franco-German war of 1870. Herman went with his regiment, and Anna accompanied his corps as a nurse in one of the Red Cross hospital wagons. Early in the campaign Herman, with a score of his comrades, were mown down by a French shell, and being supposed to be dead, he was thrown with others in a trench. Anna heard of it and, longing for one more sight of her lover, went during the night to the trench and uncovered his body. To her surprise he showed signs of life. He was sent to the hospital and he recovered. Anna's grief, however, was intense when she was informed that an injury to his skull was of such a nature that he could never recover his reason. He was sent to the asylum, and after the war was over Anna accompanied her family to America. Last fall a German physician succeeded in performing an operation on Krause's skull, which brought it back to its normal condition, and this restored her reason. He then thought of the girl who had followed him to the war and saved his life, and he never rested until he found her in this country. The marriage of

the other day was the result. It was perfectly natural that the man should be eager for union with the devoted girl to whom he owed his life. It is unnatural that the same eagerness for union with Christ is not manifested by the thousands of men in Christian lands who know that He won for them eternal life (John 3 : 16).

A Disappointed Office-Seeker had a Final interview with the President at the last White House reception. When the senators and members had bidden the President good-by only a few callers presented themselves. Among them was a timid-looking young man wearing eyeglasses. As he approached the President seemed to recognize him. "I am here again," he said, as the President shook his hand. "I have been waiting for a couple of weeks for a place, and am still waiting." The President said: "You ought not to wait. I have a small opinion of a man who will wait around here for three or four weeks with nothing to do but ask for a place." The youth looked sad. "Men like you, who wait month after month, doing nothing, don't deserve a place," continued the President. "If I were you, I would take the next train for home." "I will," was all the youth could say. "Good-by," said the President, as he shook the young man's hand. The earnestness and persistency with which men seek an office which may be taken from them in four years or less is remarkable when we consider the apathy displayed in respect to the glorious privileges Christ offers to all who seek them with all their heart (Rev. 21 : 7).

A Feast to the Dead was Offered in a Brooklyn cemetery last week. It was with Chinamen the annual celebration of "Sho Yee." It is not definitely known what "Sho Yee" exactly means, but in "Sho Yeeing" the devout Chinaman is, according to a popular belief among them, sending provisions and various kinds of presents to his dead friends. Chinamen from all parts of New York drove out to Evergreens Cemetery. Before each small mound where a Chinaman was buried they placed on the ground a red wooden tray piled high with well roasted, perfumed meats. The ceremonies were performed by the devotees in absolute silence, and ended in a blaze of fire from hundreds of Chinese firecrackers, on which an urnful of rice wine was poured and blazed up beautifully. Angel messengers were expected to take the presents up to heaven, and the rice wine was a farewell drink in which they were supposed to indulge. They have yet to learn that the dead have no use for food or drink or any earthly things. We may hope that the knowledge will be imparted by the efforts being made to evangelize them. They are little likely to learn it from the lives of some Christians who toil and hoard as if they expected to take their wealth with them beyond the grave (1 Tim. 6 : 7-9).

A Perilous Ride of Three Hundred Miles was taken by a bootblack a few days ago. He was working at Kansas City, Mo., but decided to go to Louisville, Ky., where he was told he would make more money. He was unable to raise money for his fare, but climbed on the trucks of a passenger coach southward bound. When the train started he clung to the iron rods over the trucks, with his feet but a few inches above the rails. At Springfield, Ill., when the train stopped, he fell exhausted from his perilous seat. He was pulled out by the trainmen, who gave him something to eat. He again got on the truck and rode to Indianapolis. Then he went to Louisville in a similar manner. The speed of the trains was never less than thirty-five miles an hour, and it taxed his utmost strength to maintain his position. The sand and gravel whistled about his face and ears, and when he arrived at Louisville he was covered with dirt from head to foot. For the whole distance he was on the trucks, and his escape from death is almost miraculous. It is astonishing that men will incur almost any risk to improve their financial condition; yet when eternal riches are offered them they neglect the offer (Matt. 6 : 19, 20).

THE HOLY ROAD.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—ISAIAH 35: 8.

The Predicted Return of Israel to Palestine—The Spiritual Fulfilment of the Prophecy—I. The Way to Zion—Only One—A Representative Comparison of Students—Through the Wilderness—Still in Good Condition—Its Name—A Select Way—A Plain Way—A King, a Farmer, and an Archbishop—A Safe Way—II. Our Duty—To Discriminate—To Keep to the Way—To Tell Others of it.

TWICE has Israel come back from captivity; once when the tribes came out of Egypt, and the Lord led them through the wilderness; and again when they returned from banishment in Babylon, and the Lord restored them to their land. *A third return some of us believe still awaits the chosen people.* In the day when the grace of God shall change the heart of Israel, the seed of Abraham shall again return into the land which God gave to their fathers by a covenant of salt. I think our text looks forward to a future age when the reproach shall be rolled away from Palestine, and her deserts shall be made to blossom as the rose. Of these future glories we say but little, for little is known by the most of us. The prophecy is, however, sufficiently clear to make us expect that the Lord will make a way for the

RETURN OF HIS ANCIENT PEOPLE, and will restore unto them the joy of His salvation. I forbear all theories of prophecy just now; for I feel it more than ever necessary in this evil time to keep close to the simplicities of the Gospel, following for the present distress the beaten road of the first principles of the faith. I shall not use the telescope to look into the starry future, but rather the chart and compass, wherewith to direct our present way. I shall regard the text as having received one fulfilment in the way of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. If this be not the literal fulfilment of the prophecy, yet certainly it is its spiritual fulfilment, and for the moment this is the most vital matter to us. As the Saviour spake at Nazareth, so say I now: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Hear it, and discern its divine teaching.

I. First, then,

THE WAY

to the heavenly Zion, to the dwelling-place of God. Zion of old was the place of the one altar of sacrifice and the one mercy-seat where the Lord in manifest glory communed with His covenant people. Thither the tribes went up to offer their national prayer and praise to Jehovah, the God of Israel. Pilgrimage to the holy place was an important part of Israel's religious life. We, my brethren, speak of another Jerusalem which is above, and of the throne of God the Most High, to which we are wending our way. Our desire is for the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Who will bring us thither? Who will point out the road?

It is with great joy that we learn from Holy Scripture the great truth set forth in the text: that there is a way to God and heaven. "And an highway shall be there, and a way." This way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City is still open, and still traversed by companies of pilgrims. It is noteworthy that this road is one, a highway and a way—not two highways, nor two ways. Many roads lead to ruin, but only one to salvation. Years ago,

AT THE UNIVERSITY

of Utrecht, several Christian students met together from various nations, and on one occasion it was agreed that four persons, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, should describe the work of grace upon their hearts. The earnest brother from New England, and the friend from the Cape of Good Hope, and the missionary student from India, all found that

their stories agreed with that of a young nobleman of Holland. Scenes and circumstances widely differed, but the joys and sorrows, the struggles and the victories of each, were the same, and one hope filled every heart. It was a delightful occasion, and left upon the minds of those present a very vivid impression of the unity of the divine way, truth, and life, as these are seen in believers. We differ in the pace with which we traverse the way, but the way itself is one.

What that "way" is we learn from John 14, which we have just now read in your hearing; Jesus saith, "I am the way. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Believing in Jesus, we enter upon the way; receiving His Spirit into our hearts we stand in the way; following our Redeemer's footsteps we walk in the way; and holding fast to His leadership we reach the end of the way. This way, you will note, is made

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS;

"an highway shall be there"—through the deserts, where the sand is always shifting, where if the traveller once loses his bearings he is doomed to certain death, with the vulture's maw as his only sepulchre. Brethren, a way is made for us through the deserts of sin, and the wildernesses of sorrow, over hills of doubt and mountains of fear. That way runs close at thy feet, poor wanderer! though thou art now lost amid the habitation of the dragons of despair. The King's highway is made through the wilderness; every valley is exalted, and every mountain and hill is laid low.

This road has lasted now these thousands of years; it is

STILL IN GOOD CONDITION,

nor will it ever be closed till all the chosen wayfarers shall have reached the many mansions of the Father's house. Conspicuous to all beholders the everlasting causeway remains unbroken and unaltered, and fresh caravans of pilgrims continually traverse it. This highway has conducted many already to God. It is said to be "a highway and a way;" it is not only a highway by appointment, but it is a way by use and traffic. It is trodden hard by ten thousand times ten thousand feet, which have joyfully and safely traversed it from end to end. Thousands of us are still on the road, and we can speak well of it; we can sing in the ways of the Lord. This, then, is the sum of what I have spoken; there is a way to God, and to heaven. Even for you who as yet have not trodden the path of peace, the way yet lies open. Will you not enter upon it at once?

But now, secondly, our text also tells us

THE NAME OF THIS WAY:

"It shall be called the way of holiness." The way to God by Jesus Christ is the *Via Sacra*, the Holy Road. The way of faith is not contrary to holiness, but it is the way of holiness. There is no way to heaven but by holiness. We have need to insist much upon this in these days; for together with laxity of thought and dubiousness of doctrinal teaching, there has come into vogue great looseness of morals. I say nothing as to the outside world; but I dread this declension in the Church. Professing Christians are becoming less and less strict as to their amusements. We hear of Christian ministers doing that which those who formerly occupied their pulpits never dreamed of doing themselves, nor countenancing in others. Is there to be an open door from the pulpit to the theatre? Are men to go from exercising the sacred ministry to the playhouse? Time was when this would have seemed utterly incredible. God help His Church when the leaders of religion come to this!

The way to heaven, if it be anything, is a way of holiness; and if the way we follow be not a holy way and a separated way, it is not God's way. If we follow not the way of distinction from the world, we are not following Christ. Do not mistake me, I wish to be understood even if I am charged with censoriousness and bigotry. We need to pull up every now and

then, and say to ourselves, "Which out of these two courses is the right?" for in these times exceedingly clever men are crying up new roads and extolling them after some such fashion as this: "Here you have a road worthy of the period. None of your narrow ways. Be liberal, be broad; this is the road for the cultured and advanced." Your Saviour lifts His warning hand as He cries, "Broad is the way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

Thirdly, passing on, and further dwelling on our text, this way is

A SELECT WAY.

It is written, "The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those." The unclean are excluded. "Alas!" saith one, "I am unclean, and therefore the text shuts me out of the way of holiness." This is true, but it does not therefore exclude you from the possibility of salvation; for there are ways by which the unclean can be made pure. You cannot enter on this way of life except by being cleansed by the atonement, and then renewed by the Holy Spirit. By the way of atonement you can pass into this way; for the Lord waiteth to be gracious to you, and to wash you clean.

Especially at the end of our text we read that this way is for the ransomed; "the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there." If thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ thou hast been redeemed with His precious blood, and the way of grace is thine. Is the blood-mark on thee? Dost thou look alone to Him who poured out His soul unto death on thy behalf? If so, beloved, thou art in the way, and thou mayest walk there without any fear of ever being driven out of it.

Another fact makes it very select. You that can look in the margin of your Revised Old Testaments, or indeed in the margins of the old Bibles, will find that this clause may be read thus: "He shall be with them;" that is, God shall be with them. This way of holiness is a way in which God walks with His people, revealing Himself to them, drawing them nearer and nearer to Himself, and keeping them in happy union with Himself. It is a blessed thing to think of heaven at the end; but it is an almost equally blessed thing to think of God with us on the way.

I must pass on, for time flies so swiftly, to notice one more matter about this way, and that is, that the way which God has appointed is

A PLAIN WAY.

We are bound to be thankful for a way which is suitable for common and unlearned people. You would think from some people's talk, that religion is a very difficult thing, only to be understood by the cultured few. You must be a learned scientist, or a scholarly critic, before you can understand the *modern Gospel*. It is not so with the Gospel of Jesus. Oftentimes learned men miss this way altogether, while simple people perceive it and walk in it. I remember the story of

A SWEDISH KING

in years gone by who, when he was ill, was greatly concerned about his eternal state. There chanced to come to the palace an old farmer, known to his majesty for his piety; the king called him to his bedside, and said, "Tell me, what is the faith that saves the soul?" The peasant explained it out of his heart in plain language, much to the king's comfort. The king remained ill for months, and again fell into doubt and fear. Those about him urged him to send for the Archbishop of Upsala, as a learned prelate who could allay his fears. The bishop came to the royal couch, and gave his majesty a logical and theological definition of faith in most proper terms. When he was gone the king said, "It was very learned, no doubt, and very ingenious; but there was no comfort in it for me; the peasant's faith is the faith that can save my soul." It is so. Simple truth is needful for dying men and women. I do not wonder that Dr. Guthrie, when he was nearing death, asked to have "a bairn's hymn" sung

to him. The Gospel which suits little children is that which saves souls; the Gospel of the common people is the only Gospel.

The Gospel of God needs no wisdom of words to commend it; and therefore our apostle saith, "We use great plainness of speech." The true Gospel is as plain as a pike-staff. What saith the text? "Wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Nobody will err about the way to God if he really resolves to follow that way. The Spirit of God will guide those whose hearts are set upon coming to God. It is the wayfaring man who does not err; *your critic will be sure to err*, your trifler cannot help erring; but the true pilgrim, the wayfaring man who is actually travelling, he shall not err. If you want to go to heaven, the way is laid down in the Scriptures, so that little children may find it; but if you only want to talk about the road, and about the stumbles of travellers in it, why then the way is difficult indeed.

A COACHMAN'S BUSINESS.

That wayfaring man may be a great fool in other matters, but he shall be no fool upon this matter. God will instruct him in vital points. The main thing is to know the most necessary truth and practice it. Our Lord said, "One thing is needful." A gentleman riding on the box-seat of a coach that was going to Bath in the old times, asked the driver, "Who lived at yonder mansion?" The answer was short, if not sweet. "I don't know, sir." The gentleman travelled on a little further, and then inquired, "Where does that canal run to?" "Don't know, sir." Again the passenger sought information, and asked, "Where does Squire So-and-so live?" "I don't know, sir." "Why, good man," said the gentleman, "what do you know?" The reply was final—"I know how to drive you to Bath, sir." Surely, that was the principal business of a coachman. Even thus with regard to spiritual things, the chief thing is to know how sin is pardoned, how a sinner is justified and sanctified. There are a thousand things which a man may not know, and he may not be much the worse for not knowing them; but not to know the Lord Jesus is to be ignorant of the path of life.

The last word of our text teaches us that it is

A SAFE WAY.

Of this I will speak more fully another time. "No lion shall be there." Plenty of lions prowl up and down the side of the road; but they cannot "go up thereon." He who keeps the crown of the causeway, though he may hear the lion roar, shall not meet it in the way. No ravenous beasts shall be found there; for the way is not to their mind. There is one lion which those who make Jesus their way need never be afraid of; that is the lion of unpardoned sin. If you are believing in Jesus Christ, your iniquities are forgiven you for His name's sake. Another lion also roars upon us, but cannot devour us, namely, temptation; you shall not be tempted above what you are able to bear. Go you onward without fearing any evil, for the Lord is with you; His rod and His staff are your comfort. No ravenous beast can harm you; for it is written, "There shall no evil befall thee."

II. Only two or three minutes remain, in which I will speak of

OUR DUTY

in connection with this way of holiness. If there be such a road, let us not neglect it, lest we perish from the way when the king's wrath is kindled but a little. The first thing is carefully to discriminate in these days between road and road. Beware of false prophets. "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God." Oh my dear hearers, believe the truth, and follow the truth. Do not believe that sincerity is enough; you need truth as well. "If we are sincere in our religion," says one, "it will be all right with us, whatever that religion may be." Nonsense. You know better. If you sincerely mistake the road and go northward, you will not get to Brighton. If you sincerely drink poison, it will kill you; if you

sincerely cut your throat, you will die. If you sincerely believe a lie, you will suffer the consequences. You must not only be sincere, but you must be right. Therefore, submit your judgment to the Word of the Lord.

The next thing is, that when you know the road, you should scrupulously keep in it, for many ways branch from it. Let no man draw you aside from it.

IT IS ONE STRAIGHT LINE.

Keep to it, even as the stars keep in their courses. Gird up the loins of your mind; be sober and hope to the end. May the Holy Ghost so rest upon you that you may have no wish to leave the strait and narrow way; no desire to start aside from it, even for a moment. He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.

Once more: are we in the way? Then let us be very earnest in telling other people of it. Travelling the other day by a country road the traveller wished to know the way to a certain spot. He inquired of one who sat by the roadside, but all the answer he got from him was a vacant stare, and a shake of the head. A little time after he found that the poor man was deaf and dumb. I am afraid there are many such Christians nowadays; they are spiritually deaf to the woes of others, and dumb as to giving them either instruction or encouragement. All they seem to do is to shake their wise heads, as if they knew a great deal more than they meant to tell.

"Oh," say you, "we are not deaf and dumb." Then why do you not talk of Jesus, the way? Why do you not tell others the way to heaven? Why do you not hear the cry that is going up to God everywhere for spiritual instruction? How is it that so many Christians are content to occupy their pews, but never go forth to declare what they have found in Jesus? I'll tell you why; I fear that some professors cannot tell the way because they do not know it. I asked a person, the other day, the road to a certain place, and in the politest possible manner he answered, "I beg your pardon, but I am quite

A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS."

That was a very sufficient reason for not directing me. He could not tell what he did not know. If any of you do not know the way, and are strangers in these parts, do not tell anybody; but let this mournful reflection go home to your consciences: "I cannot tell another the way to heaven because I am a stranger in these parts." God grant that we may never stretch the arm of our testimony beyond the sleeve of our experience! It shall be well for any minister if it may be written upon his tombstone, "He never preached what he did not practise."

Finally, what ought we to do in connection with this way? I would say, beloved friend, if you are not in the road, may the Lord help you to get into it this morning. "What is to be done to reach the heavenly city?" saith one. A notable divine once gave this direction: "The way to heaven is, turn to the right, and keep straight on." I would add, turn when you come to the cross; only one turn is needed, but that must be a thorough turn, and one in which you persevere. Keep straight on till you come to glory. Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you have eternal life.

"But," saith one, "I have begun to trust Christ, but I am always afraid of myself, lest I should go back after all." This is by no means an unhealthy fear when you consider the matter in reference to your own strength; but there is another light in which to regard it. Trust in the Lord for final perseverance, and He will give it you. One thing I would earnestly recommend to you who are

AFRAID OF BACKSLIDING

and apostasy: say to yourself, "Whether or no, whether I get to Canaan or not, I will never go back to Egypt. I will die with my face toward God and holiness." The soul that can keep this solemn resolve never to return to the country whence he came out will surely reach the promised rest. No soul can perish whose eyes look toward the five wounds of Jesus crucified. He

is the way, the living way, the only way, the sure way; follow Him. Oh, poor sinner! do as the blind man did who followed Jesus in the way; rise this morning, for he calleth thee. Before you leave your pew, look to Jesus! Flee along this road of refuge, this way of grace. May God the Holy Spirit help you to take to the way at once, without delay! Unto you shall be salvation, and unto the Lord of the way shall be glory forever and ever. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE APACHE SCOUTS.*

THE Apache is the perfect, the ideal scout of the whole world. They moved with no semblance of regularity; individual fancy alone governed. Here was a clump of three; not far off two more, and scattered in every point of the compass, singly or in clusters, were these indefatigable scouts, with vision as keen as a hawk's, tread as untiring and as stealthy as the panther's, and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them. Their chests were broad, deep, and full; shoulders perfectly straight; limbs well-proportioned, strong and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness; hands and feet small and taper but wiry; heads well-shaped, and countenances often lit up with a pleasant, good-natured expression, which would be more constant, perhaps, were it not for the savage, untamed cast imparted by the loose, dishevelled, gypsy locks of raven black, held away from the face by a broad, flat band of scarlet cloth. Their eyes were bright, clear, and bold, frequently expressive of the greatest good-humor and satisfaction. Uniforms had been issued, but were donned upon ceremonial occasions only. On the present march each wore a loosely-fitting shirt of red, white, or gray stuff, generally of calico, in some gaudy figure, but not infrequently the sombre article of woollen raiment issued to white soldiers. This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers reaching to the moccasins. The moccasins are the most important articles of Apache apparel. In a fight or on a long march they will discard all else, but under any and every circumstance will retain the moccasins.

The other trappings of these savage auxiliaries are a Springfield breech-loading rifle, army pattern, a canteen full of water, a butcher knife, an awl in leather case, a pair of tweezers, and a tag. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind. With the tweezers the Apache young man carefully picks out each and every hair appearing upon his face. The tag marks his place in the tribe, and is in reality nothing more or less than a revival of a plan adopted during the war of the Rebellion for the identification of soldiers belonging to the different corps and divisions. Each male Indian, at the San Carlos, is tagged and numbered, and a descriptive list, corresponding to the tag kept, with a full recital of all his physical peculiarities.

This is the equipment of each and every scout; but there are many, especially the more pious and influential, who carry besides, strapped at the waist, little buckskin bags of hoddentin or sacred meal, with which to offer morning and evening sacrifice to the sun or other deity. Others, again, are provided with aulets of lightning-riven twigs, pieces of quartz crystal, petrified wood, concretionary sandstone, galena, or chalchihuitls, or fetiches representing some of their countless planetary gods or kan, which are regarded as the "dead medicine" for frustrating the designs of the enemy or warding off arrows and bullets in the heat of action, and a few are happy in the possession of priceless sashes and shirts of buckskin upon which are emblazoned the signs of the sun, moon, lightning, rainbow, hail, fire, the water-beetle, butterfly, snake, centipede, and other powers to which they may appeal for aid in the hour of distress.

* From "An Apache Campaign." By John G. Bourke, Captain Third Cavalry, U. S. Army. An illustrated work describing the expedition in pursuit of the hostile Chiricahua Apaches in the spring of 1883. Pp. 112; price, 50 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



The Police and Soldiers at Bay in the Brickfields, Belfast.

The rate of speed attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles on foot, or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of from ten to fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke, and stretch out in the sunlight.

A MANY-SIDED MAN.

AN "inside view" of a missionary's life is given in a letter published in the *Foreign Missionary* from Siam, where Mr. Dunlap is now laboring. The writer thus describes that missionary's self-imposed, multifarious duties:

His house is beset with a daily swarm of visitors. Some are in trouble and come to him for help. Some are inquirers coming to learn more about the Christian religion. Some have got into quarrels and come to him to settle them. He must have a wonderful hold on these people, for, though of course he has no power whatever to enforce his decisions, both parties are generally ready to abide by them. He is thus often the means of preventing a lawsuit or a divorce. He also has charge of the finances of the station. He superintends the native assistants in the hospital, and not infrequently is called to visit patients several miles away. Then he must make long itinerating tours. As often as may be, he must visit all the churches at the out-stations. When not away he preaches here twice each Sabbath and conducts services during the week. And, in addition to all these, he gives some time each day to teaching a number of young Siamese, whom he is educating for the ministry. A man who combines in his single person the duties of a banker, a judge, a doctor, a pastor, a travelling evangelist and a whole theological faculty, is not likely to have much idle time.

THE ORANGE RIOTS IN BELFAST.

(See Illustration.)

ALL who have read the cable reports of the scenes of riot and bloodshed which have been witnessed during the past month in Belfast must have become aware that Ireland is a country difficult to govern. Many persons have inferred from Mr. Spurgeon's observation that "it would not be right to desert the loyal people of Ulster," and from the speeches of Tory and Whig orators that the loyalists of Ireland were peaceable, inoffensive, law-abiding people, who were in danger of being massacred by their Roman Catholic neighbors. Yet before the echoes of those speeches have died away comes the report that the loyalists themselves are rioting and trying to kill, not only their Roman Catholic neighbors, but the police and soldiers who

represent the Government to which they are so enthusiastically loyal.

The people of America have been surprised by the reports. We were prepared to hear that the Nationalists, maddened by disappointment at the defeat of the Home Rule bill, had committed stupid crimes in their anger, but it is amazing that the victors in the electoral struggle should be making disturbances. It seemed that, having secured the perpetuation of English rule, we might expect from them peace and contentment, with, perhaps, a little magnanimity; but they have fought with a ferocity which could not have been greater had they been smarting from defeat at the polls. After this it will only excite ridicule when Lord Randolph Churchill and the Liberal traitors represent them as lambs in the midst of wolves.

Rioting commenced on July 13th, and for about two weeks the police vainly strove to quell the disturbance. Their plan was to keep the Protestants and Catholics apart. They reside chiefly in different quarters of the city, and the police, by occupying the open spaces between those quarters, hoped to prevent bloodshed. They were, however, assailed by the Protestants with stones and bullets, and were obliged to retreat. When they evacuated the open spaces there was a collision between the Catholics and Protestants, who fought with equal ferocity. The Catholics were overpowered, and the Protestants sacked their houses, paying special attention to the rum shops, the contents of which inspired them to further acts of lawlessness. It finally became necessary to send for soldiers. Their arrival overawed both parties for a time, but the riot soon recommenced. The officers were fired at from the houses, and wherever they made a stand they were attacked. The open space known as "the brick-fields" was the scene of the most severe struggle. Head Constable Gardiner was shot in the neck and killed. A soldier named Hughes, seeing a youth with a smoking revolver in his hand in the direction from which had come the shot that killed Gardiner, attempted to arrest him. The lad's father shot the soldier through the heart.

How many persons have been killed in the riots it is impossible to estimate. Each party has secretly buried its own dead, and has preferred to have the wounded cared for by private surgeons rather than to send them to the hospitals, where they might be arrested and tried. The town is still held by the military, and no one is sanguine enough to hope that the disturbances are at an end.

The responsibility for the outbreak cannot be fixed with confidence. The reports that have been cabled over contradict each other. Party feeling runs very strongly even among the judges and officials. It is certain, however, that the

houses sacked belonged in nearly every case to Roman Catholics; but whether the Protestants were the aggressors or avengers is a question difficult to determine. Indirectly, the Protestants have helped the cause they have at heart, though at the expense of their moral character. The riot will lead many persons to believe that it would be dangerous to entrust the Irish with self-government. Both sides in this unhappy conflict have displayed a contempt for the law and its representatives which augurs badly for the peace and prosperity of the country under Home Rule.

THE PARIS CHIP-SELLER.

(See Illustration on page 541.)

A CHRISTIAN worker who was a student in Paris in his young days relates an incident full of pathetic interest. He says: There used to come about the college a short, thick-set, uncouth fellow of prodigious strength, who was called by the students "Big Maffin." Some said he was half-witted, and made fun of him. It might be true, for he had the sullen, scared look that is often noticed on the faces of partially demented persons. I felt a great deal of pity for the young man, and once or twice was successful in rescuing him from the crowd of jeering lads who persecuted him.

One night I succeeded in having him into my room and getting him to give me some account of himself. I learned that his father had been dead four years, that his mother was bed-ridden, and that he was her sole support. I found that his life was one of great suffering, and that his rough exterior concealed a truly noble soul. He was shy and uncommunicative, but the look of deep feeling which came into his face when he spoke of his mother led me to believe that both mother and son were warmly attached to each other.

Maffin rose from his chair when he heard the clock strike nine. "I must go!" he said, moving toward the door. But just as he was crossing the threshold he stopped abruptly, and turning toward me, jolted out the words, "You are good! There!" Then, as if he had insulted me and was anxious to escape, he rushed down the stairs as rapidly as he could go, and the noise of his wooden shoes was like an avalanche going through the house.

I resolved to know more about the strange pair, and accordingly the next day I set out to visit the quarter in which Maffin told me that he and his mother lived. I found the house with some difficulty, and made my way to a little low garret, perched on the top of three storeys. A woman's voice said, "Come in!" and there, lying on a poor pallet on the floor, covered with a thin coverlet, was Maffin's aged mother. I was speechless at the spectacle of such evi-

dence of unsuspected misery.

"What do you want, my good gentleman?" she said. "You are very much afflicted, Madame Maffin," I answered, coming nearer to her. "You know me, then," she said, "since you call me by my name?" "I know your son," I replied; and proceeded to tell her how much interested I had become in Maffin, and that, hearing he had a sick mother, I had wished to see her and to bring her some help; adding a few cordial words about her son's goodness, patience, and industry. "Ah," she said, with emotion, "there are not many like my son! They say he is ugly, and has no brains; but we love each other so much, John and I. When he comes home after his long journeys and hard work, he is so glad to be with me again. He nurses me with such care that my heart is filled with joy, and I say, 'Thank God for my good son!'"

I placed a little gift in the poor woman's hand, spoke to her about the love of Jesus, and of the heaven He has gone to prepare for those who love Him. The effect was electrical. The old woman's face lighted up; a smile spread over her features, and her dark eyes glowed with brilliancy. Raising herself on her elbow, and pointing upward, she said, "I shall soon be there. The good Jesus is saving a place for me. I know I am going, and I am glad. I shall not be hungry or cold any more. He was one of us poor people when He was here, and He knows how it is with us." In a voice wonderfully clear and musical in so old a woman, she sang, "Just as I am, without one plea," and her soul seemed to rise with the words.

I lost sight of the cheerless room in the glory reflected in the face of the aged sufferer to whom Christ seemed so near. I read a chapter to her, and offered a short prayer. As I bade her good-by she held my hand tightly in hers, and said: "Thank you for coming. It is good to see any one who loves the Lord Jesus."

A few days afterward I called again, but the attic was empty. A lodger who lived on the same floor told me that the pious Lucie was dead, and had been buried that morning. I went to the cemetery where they had buried her, only a few blocks away, and there, at the newly filled grave, was her son John quietly weeping. He looked up as I laid my hand gently on his shoulder. I said, "She is not here, my poor fellow; she is in heaven, quite happy now."

"Yes, sir," he said, "I know. She was very good. The good God has taken her. It is well, but it is sad for me. Oh, sir, I want my mother!"

"You will go to her, will you not?" I asked him. "You know the way?"

"She told me to love the Lord Jesus and to pray to God to lead me. I shall do that."

"Here is a little Testament," I said, giving him mine. "Read it, it will tell you the way."

"I will, sir; I learned to read before we became so poor. See, I can read it easily," and he turned to the 14th chapter of John, and read his mother's favorite passage.

Before I left Paris I saw John again. Some kind friends had bought him a donkey and cart, and he seemed to be prospering. He said again how he wanted his mother, but I found that he



The Paris Chip-seller's Christian Mother.

was looking forward with confidence to joining her in the better land, and was comforted.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 527.)

Vigorous Combat.

THE young people entered Miss West's parlor, and as if in truce to the serious discussion which had occupied them by the way, the young lady chatted lightly as she threw off her wraps.

"Have you ever been to the I—State University?" she asked, as she took a seat.

"I never have," he answered.

"Well, I made a trip there a year or so ago. They have a lively institution—splendid literary advantages. Their museum is excellent. By the way, among other things, they have the cast of an immense mastodon, about twice as long as this parlor—yes, more. It was a wonderful creature. Scarcely any one who had not seen it would credit that such animals ever lived on the earth. But," looking up with a bright, winsome glance, "I suppose you would believe it. That is, if you believe my assertion that I saw it."

He looked up surprised, and said, "Why, Miss West, of course I believe it."

She bent forward, and her brilliant eyes beamed upon him earnestly as she said, "Mr. Ransom, I'm just as certain of my religious experience as I am that I saw that cast."

"You certainly are the queen of strategists," he said. "I must confess that that was shrewdly done. But the difference is, the fact of the cast's existence can be easily tested. It is something we can apprehend very plainly with the senses; whereas the other matter is all mystical and maybe imaginary."

"And have we a consciousness only of sensuous things? Are we not conscious of pure mental and spiritual facts as well? Do you not know that you think?"

Driven to this point, he might have gone to the very climax, or, rather, the lowest depth of scepticism; but with that girl before him, a

real, lovable fact, he could not descend to the sensational philosophy and its logical outcome, universal doubt. It is a good thing, when we are tempted to theorize away every vestige of truth, to have a real fact before us. So this girl-fact, with her soul beaming in her face, saved our young sceptic from that descent that night. So he turned the current of the conversation a little.

"Let me tell you how this experience comes," he said. "People have their feelings aroused by sensational, at least emotional preaching, their fears are excited, they are 'under conviction,' as they say, they 'struggle' awhile, but cannot get peace until, worn out bodily and mentally, reaction takes place, they give up the struggle, and then they say they have found peace, and being familiar with the testimony of others, and so knowing what they are expected to say, they use the stock phrases which to my ears savor of cant. A man can find rest in almost anything if he simply resigns himself. 'Only believe,' they say, and when a simple-

minded person just gives up all reasoning on the subject, and just says, 'Oh, well, I won't think,' he gets a kind of contentment for a while. It's a natural process; there is no special revelation or divine illumination in it."

She hesitated a moment before she answered this thrust, and he almost thought he had carried off the palm; but she rallied, and said:

"You overlook something there. Why does this preaching produce such an effect? Why does this Gospel fit the human conscience so well and arouse it so often? Why is it that the human heart is so constituted that when its fears and its desires for forgiveness are aroused, and it goes to Christ and 'gives up,' as you say, it finds rest? Have you ever known any one to find a feeling of absolute certainty and sudden joy in going to the great philosophers? Are they not always in uncertainty in spite of their acutest speculations? But there are thousands—millions—who declare they have found certainty in the crucified One. Why this peculiar constitution of the human mind and this strange adaptation of the Gospel to it?"

"Indeed, that's a hard question to answer," he admitted, candidly. She continued:

"Perhaps I cannot answer it satisfactorily for you, but I think I can go further than you have gone, and give an explanation which is, perhaps, satisfactory even to the reason. We are the creatures of God, the Gospel is His truth, and He has so constituted us that we have a peculiar predisposition for His truth."

"I cannot grant the premises; for the Mohammedan seems to have a peculiar bent toward his tenets, the Buddhist toward the teachings of Gautama, the Hindoo toward Brahminism, and as for myself, I don't seem to have a peculiar bent toward any."

"Again I differ with you," she argued; "for I do not know that Christians are ever converted to Mohammedanism, except by force, or to the other religions you mention; but at the present day there are many Mohammedans and pagans who are converted to Christianity by the simple power of instruction and preaching. This shows where the bent lies. But we have left our point. You say that this experience is

* Copyright reserved by the author.

simply the result of action and reaction. Then, when reaction takes place, it would tend to produce nothing but lethargy, or only a state of calmness; but the result is very different. Sometimes, after the most intense agony and restlessness for days, when the change takes place, there is the most supreme rejoicing, and no evidence of weariness. According to your reaction theory such persons would be likely to go to sleep, if that isn't ridiculing. Besides, this experience is not merely indifferent resignation, but an actual, joyful trust in the Lord, and generally is followed by intense activity. However, I cannot explain this satisfactorily to one who has never felt the power of the converting Spirit."

"Why is it, then," he asked, "that these eminent men, who have investigated so much, do not find this experience? One would think they would ferret out the truth if it is to be had."

"I have my own answer to that question. I have two eminent scientists in mind, whom you admire, for I heard you speak in glowing terms of them the other evening in public. One, as you know, is an infidel, the other a Christian scientist. We will assume that they have investigated in the realms of science and mind to an equal extent. At least, you will not say the Christian scientist is behind the infidel in research. For argument's sake, we will admit that they have delved equally deep into the mysteries of matter and mind, into geology, astronomy, physics, natural history and mental science. But the Christian has been on his knees, has asked God for truth, and has discovered what is to be known there, while the infidel scientist has carefully refrained from investigating in that direction. Now, tell me which of these men has pushed his researches the further?"

Leroy was silenced, if not convinced. He burst into laughter to hide his confusion. It was certainly a new light which had never dawned upon him before. For the moment he must admit defeat. When he had opportunity to think over it quietly he believed he should see the fallacy in the argument; but there and then he had no defence to the pointed shaft.

"Miss West," he said, "you are the most original genius I ever saw. You have come down on me like an avalanche several times this evening. Say, why don't those miserable preachers present such arguments? They don't argue from bottom principles, but take all the premises for granted, and that spoils everything. How often I have gone to church saying, 'Perhaps I shall hear something that will lead me to the light to-day.' But it was always the same old story without logic, just as if there was no doubt of their theology, if they have any; and I have gone away disgusted thinking these preachers certainly have a sterile field to work upon. They had better talk about the great discoveries of science, and give the people real information. Thus they would lift men to a higher state of culture, which would be much better than continually stirring up their emotions."

"And you think that would be better for their hearers and the world at large? I should not welcome the change. I do not think the effects would be so beneficial. No amount of scientific knowledge will change the life. You may take a drunkard or a vicious man and teach him science and spend years in educating him, and there might and probably would be no reformation of his character. Go to a runaway son, who has abandoned his home and broken his father's heart, or to the daughter whose shame is bringing her mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave and talk of science and mental culture, and you will do no good. You know you will not. You are powerless. But let one of these poor preachers you despise go and pray, and talk of the love of Christ for the lost, and there is hope. I do not believe there lives on this earth to-day an erring man or woman whom science or culture has restored. One sermon, appealing as you say to the emotions,

spoken by some poor illiterate preacher who murders grammar and knows nothing of rhetoric will do more good with God's blessing in the way of rescue and reformation of life than all the philosophical lectures ever delivered. Look to the facts. The Gospel is doing what the world wants done; it is making men better, changing the spirit and the life. They are better for it, their families are happier, and the world is purer."

"Is that so Miss West? I think the facts do not warrant the assertion. The influence of these sermons you speak of is very transient. Go into any town during a revival and you find the saloons deserted, the church and the prayer-meeting crowded, and every one in excitement about his soul, some in terror and distress, and some jubilant over assurance of salvation. Go again in six months or a year and you will find that the town has resumed its usual way of life. The saloon and the theatre are thriving again, and the church is half empty, and the prayer-meeting is languishing as before. The wave has passed, and the pendulum has swung back. These waves do not last, and when they are gone no effects remain. I do not think any man is better for passing through this experience. In fact he is often worse."

"There is too much truth in what you say," Miss West admitted. "The fault is in human nature, not in the Gospel. The Saviour warned us that we should meet with this experience in His parable of the sower. The man went scattering good seed, but only a small part was productive. Some of it, you may remember, fell on rocky ground, and that showed more rapid growth than any. It sprang up quickly, but there was no depth of soil, and it withered as quickly as it grew. So, in every revival, and in the ordinary services, there are instances of rapid development and rapid decline. The same people are impulsive in other things as in religion, and as fickle. There is no stay in them. They are more eager than any in politics or in financial pursuits, but they are the first to tire, and they leave the work to be carried on by the slow and steady workers. Of course they fall in with the religious current when it strikes them, and they drop out again as in other matters. The fault is with them, not with Christianity, which is uniformly beneficent in its operations and influence."

"We have drifted from our main point," Miss West, said Ransom; "however, I will follow the drift, because we may have other opportunities of returning to it. Taking up your new thought I demur to that too. If you examine the history of Christianity you will find that its influence has not been so uniformly beneficent as you claim. Its career has been marked by persecution, hatred, cruelty, and intolerance. It is a bad picture! The religionists all along believed in the Bible, and yet into what miserable errors they fell, and how they opposed all scientific progress. Moreover, look at some of the best men among them. There was Origen; he believed the Bible, and yet how wildly he ran into error with his allegorical interpretations; and his doctrines were the cause of a great many quarrels and schisms in the Church. Tertullian believed the Bible, and how rank the weeds of error grew in his mind. He even seems to glory in the eternal damnation of his opponents. And there was Augustine—lauded Augustine. He believed the old Book, of course, yet he held the miserable doctrine of unconditional election, besides other tenets that are perfectly untenable. Luther, the great reviver of the doctrine of justification by faith, believed the Bible, and withal he was superstitious, and believing the devil was around him all the time, he flung his ink-bottle at him, doing no further damage, however, than to make an ugly blotch on the wall. Christian as he professed to be, child of God as he called himself, his Father didn't help him to control his temper. He had to be kept away from some of the public discussions by his friends on account of his violence. Calvin believed the Bible, and thought God di-

rected him, and yet he believed in predestination to damnation, and he had Servetus put to death, and so on."

"Yes," said Miss West; "it would not be difficult to extend the list. In all ages Christian men have been fallible and sinful. We admit it and deplore it. The Bible itself does not hide the fact. Some of its grandest characters are marred by imperfection. Moses, renowned for his meekness, fell into passion; David's sins were so horrible that we shudder at their foulness; Peter fell under the very temptation we should have thought the least likely to overcome so bold and daring a man. I grant you all that, men are imperfect; contradictory still, even after conversion. But what then? You have the material; you know what it is that you have to deal with, and you try your remedies. This remedy is by far superior to education and culture. It succeeds where they fail. It does not always succeed, but its proportion of failures is small compared with that of any other. And, besides, and this is the most weighty argument, the men who go back will tell you that it is their own fault, their own weakness that is to blame, not the religion they have given up. The men you have mentioned had to contend in addition to their natural defects, with defects of education and read into their theology the errors they had been taught. Christianity to-day is more enlightened than it was in their time, and men have a clearer view of the real meaning of the Bible than the earlier Christians had."

"I do not know about that, Miss West. I doubt whether any of them really know what the Bible does mean. Set a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, an Arminian and a Calvinist; an Episcopalian and a Congregationalist together and they will dispute with each other about its meaning. Each will contend that the Bible supports his view, and not the view of his antagonist, and will adduce passages to prove it, too. I grant you that Christianity is more enlightened than it was some centuries ago, but that is because there is more enlightened education, and Christians have shared in its benefits. Here is the great startling fact—you produce a Book which you say comes from God, and a host of men believe you. One man who has given his life to its study says it teaches one thing, another man equally erudite, equally sincere says it teaches just the opposite, and a third says they are both wrong, and the Bible does not teach what either of them claim, but something entirely different. Now, you bring me this Book about the meaning of which men differ, and taking me metaphorically by the throat, you say: 'Believe this or be—or be eternally miserable.' I say please be kind enough to settle among yourselves what the Book teaches, and then if my reason approves I will believe without any threats. If my reason does not approve how can I believe? Threats may force me to profess to believe, if my fortitude fails, but threats never produce belief."

He spoke vehemently, and with passionate earnestness, and his interlocutor looked upon him with intense pity. She had never been brought in contact with unbelief in this rank form before, and it appalled her. The earlier victories of the evening had been hers, and she was flushed with the hope that she should win this gifted but erring soul for her Master. Now this fierce, proud retort withered all her hope, and she could argue no more. Yet she yearned over the misguided man who wielded such weapons, and trusted to his own feeble intellect to decide whether the Word of the Almighty was true or false. His impiety seemed in his excitement to be passing into blasphemy, into a God-defying mood which horrified her. It was better she was sure that the interview should end then, and she rose. Looking Ransom in the face with unspeakable compassion beaming in her face, her eyes full of tears, she said:

"Mr. Ransom I utter no threats. God forbid that I or any other Christian should threaten you. I see you standing on the edge of a precipice, I see that the ground below where you

stand is caving in, and that unless you escape you must be dashed in pieces. I hurry to you, not to threaten, but to tell you of your danger, and to beg of you for your own sake to fly. I point you to a path I have myself trodden; I know it is safe, and I entreat you with full confidence born of experience to make use of it. God help me, I can do no more. I will pray for you. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

By Mrs M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 5, John 15 : 1-16. Golden Text, ver. 5.

The Ineffable Name—Claimed by Jesus—The Vine Brought out of Egypt—The Husbandman Caring for the Vine—Self-Care Useless and Dishonoring—Fruit-Bearing its Sole Use—The Purging of the Branches—The Foliage of Gifts and Graces—Cleanliness Essential—How the Branches are Constituted—A Defaulting Debtor—Friendship and Communion.

"I AM the true Vine." I AM was the great name by which God revealed Himself to Moses in the desert, when He said, "I AM THAT I AM" (Ex. 3 : 14). And it was the name claimed by Jesus (John 8 : 24, 58; 13 : 19). To this, His rightful name, He added names which indicated some of His offices. He said, "I AM the Bread of life," "I AM the Light of the world," "I AM the good Shepherd," just as, in the old Testament, God had said, "I AM the Almighty God," "I AM the Lord that healeth thee," "I AM the Lord which sanctifieth you."

"I am the true Vine." God had "brought a vine out of Egypt." David sings thus about it, "Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land" (Ps. 80 : 8, 9); and Isaiah sings thus of God's care of His vine and His vineyard, "My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and He fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a winepress therein, and He looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes" (Isa. 5 : 1, 2). No amount of care or cultivation could make it other than it was; it was a type of poor human nature and could only bring forth "fruit after his kind" (Gen. 1 : 11).

THERE IS BUT ONE TRUE VINE.

Jesus Himself; and only it in us can bring forth divine fruit.

"My Father is the Husbandman;" He has the care of the vineyard and gives His place to no other. Oh that God's children would learn this! There are so many who undertake the cultivation of their own spiritual life, who make endless and severe demands upon themselves. This is equally dishonoring to God and depressing to themselves. The care of our spiritual life belongs to God. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature" (Matt. 6 : 27)? We cannot, by any amount of anxiety, add anything to our bodily stature, neither can we to the growth of our souls. The Husbandman, our Creator, is He "which holdeth our soul in life" (Ps. 66 : 9) and cares for and nurtures all the life which He has created. If life flags, go to the Author of life that He may renew it, for He alone can do so.

"Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away." The experience of every Christian bears out this statement of our Lord. If we are not bearing fruit, the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. 5 : 22), our connection with Jesus loosens, and we are found living our own life instead of His, drawing upon ourselves, not upon Him. What will be the end of this, if it continues, He shows us later on. "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The only object of the vine's existence is that it may bring forth fruit; it has no other use. "Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon" (Ezek. 15 : 3)? Just so

undependable, just so useless, is poor human nature; yet God has chosen poor impotent man to

"BRING FORTH FRUIT UNTO GOD"

(Rom. 7 : 4). Yes, the very object for which He has chosen us is "that (we) should go and bring forth fruit, and that (our) fruit should remain!" Thus our fruit-bearing unto God is of primary importance in His eyes, and He will make our work for Him subservient to it. When an earnest, successful worker is doing more to evangelize others than to manifest Christ in his own life, God will find some means (sickness or circumstances) to stop him, that he may be cultivated by Him, emptied of himself, thwarted in all which would tend to exalt himself, and brought into oneness with the mind of God. If he recognizes the hand of God, he comes again to abide in it, and so again to bring forth fruit to His glory.

But there are none so tried as those who bear fruit; they are "purged;" the beautiful foliage which charms the eye, all that we naturally pride ourselves upon, is mercilessly (mercifully?) cut away, because it would otherwise absorb the moisture which must go to produce fruit. We cannot always see why God permits those gifts and graces of which we have been conscious, and which others have admired in us, utterly to break down. This is the secret, God is purging us, humbling, emptying us to make more room for Himself. Jesus says, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." We cannot be representatives of Jesus, living witnesses of Himself, His thoughts, His words, His teaching, unless we bring forth fruit. And yet how foolish would it be in a branch to try to bring forth fruit of itself! It can do nothing but receive and give. And just so is it with us.

In order to fruit-bearing we must be clean. While any sin has power over us, we are unclean. Jesus said of His disciples, "Ye are clean, but not all for He knew who should betray Him" (John 13 : 10). And yet among that company was Peter, who, the same night, denied Him with oaths and curses! Who would say that Peter was clean while that sin was upon him? Yet Jesus, at the Last Supper, called him "clean." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." While self leaves any door open, the temptation from without can meet with the lust within, and "when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin" (James 1 : 15). Jesus said, "Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you." (R. V.) Who but Jesus has authority to pronounce us clean? If it were left to our own consciousness or our own conscience, those with little conscience would be boasting of their cleanness, while those with tender conscience would never be satisfied. Jesus, our great High Priest, speaks with the same authority, only greater, than did the high priest of old to the leper when he pronounced him "clean" (Lev. 14 : 7).

"NOW YE ARE CLEAN"

through the word which I have spoken unto you." We can but receive by faith, and praise God that He counts us clean.

But we are not to stop there. The cleansing of a vessel is but preparatory; it is cleansed in order that it may be used. The cleansing of a tree is in order that it may bring forth fruit. "Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." The branch is, in itself, a nothing, its very life, as well as its fruit, depends upon its connection with the vine. And just as surely are we unable to do anything really spiritual, really divine, except as we, moment by moment, abide in and depend on Jesus. How impossible it is for man, the creature, to do anything creative, yet how we may have blamed ourselves and worried ourselves because we have not found it in our hearts to love our enemies, to rejoice in things which have naturally vexed and tried us. But this fruit grows only on the true Vine, and it is not from self-expectation, but through trusting

Jesus to work it in us that it is brought forth. Oh, it is so easy to ask and receive of Jesus, that He in us will love the one who has wronged us, and make us see the blessedness of His will in things which are naturally painful.

"I am the Vine, ye are the branches." We do not make ourselves branches, His Word constitutes us so; and He makes us as necessary to Him as He is to us. "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing." Oh how blessed this is! Jesus expects nothing from us in ourselves, but everything only through our connection with Him, and so we need not expect anything from ourselves, but all from Him. Yet the privilege and responsibility of abiding in Him is ours, and terribly solemn are His words concerning those who do not abide in Him, "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." (R. V.) The test of real spiritual life is what it produces. A man who was very earnest in Gospel meetings, and prayed and spoke very fluently, persuaded a Christian man to advance him a considerable sum of money. He was to pay a high interest, which was all to be given to the mission work in which both were interested. Months went by, but no single payment was made, and, at last, the debtor decamped with some of the money. This man may have had some dealings with God, but no true union with Christ could have produced such fruit as this; it was no fruit of the true Vine!

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Jesus longs to teach us how to pray as He prayed when He said, "I know that Thou hearest Me always" (John 11 : 42), for He makes even fruit-bearing a step to answered prayer. "Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide; that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it you." (R. V.) He would have us take His very own place with the Father, as being members of His body, part and parcel of Himself. "Even as the Father hath loved Me, so I also have loved you, abide ye in My love. If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love." (R. V.) "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another as He gave us commandment" (1 John 3 : 23).

Oh how wonderful is His provision for His own! He has not only given His life for us, not only purchased us pardon, liberty, healing, but also fruitfulness, power in prayer, the Father's love, and even partakership with His joy! "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Many Christians there are who pursue joy, as though it were the end to be gained. But joy is not Jesus. It is just the other way round—

JESUS IS JOY.

No sooner do we cease to seek joy for our own sakes, and let God speak to us about His joy in saving, delivering, restoring and watching over His children, than "the joy of the Lord" possesses us, and our joy is full. Misery, need, sin are only opportunities for God to do what He rejoices to do in saving His redeemed ones.

And now Jesus puts us at ease with Him in the most tender and delicate way, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of My Father, I have made known unto you." Thank God, it is our hourly privilege to live in the most intimate friendship and communion with Jesus, that there should be between Him and us an uninterrupted mutual understanding, and oneness of heart and spirit. Glory be to God.

AT LAST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from ununsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,

And flows forever through heaven's green expan-
sions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

EARNEST Christians desiring to make themselves
useful in the Master's work are requested to write
to J. A. Whipple, The Evangelical Book Store, 9
Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobtainable advertise-
ments only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at
50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion.
Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil.
No advt. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion.
No discount on large ads or repeated insertions.
No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted.
Advertising space limited to last (outside) page.
All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday
noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week.
All correspondence relating to advertising address to
J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND.

This Book contains the largest collection ever
printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable
for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper
covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Ad-
dress J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.

We desire to employ a limited number of active, in-
telligent lady agents (none other need apply) for the
sale of the most meritorious and fastest-selling article
ever placed in the hands of lady agents. Entirely new.
Business light and pleasant. Terms liberal. Address
without delay ELECTRIC RUBBER CO., Marshall, Mich.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

8 miles to boat wharfs, beautiful improved farms
from \$10 to \$15 per acre, with all kinds of fruit; good
heavy soil; water, timber, large buildings, shade
trees. 150 acres, title good, time given, 2 1/2 miles from
Smithfield, Va. A. TRAVIS.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother
is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a
safe substitute for mother's milk.
No other food answers so perfectly in such cases.
It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be
relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will
surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient,
in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

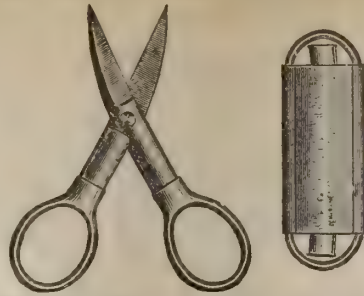
Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value.
It will be retained when even lime water and milk
is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all
wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious
and palatable, and at the same time the most eco-
nomical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition
of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



Best Folding Pocket Scissors

in the world. Simple, durable, compact; forged from
the finest steel; nickel-plated and crocus finished.
Enclosed in fine morocco case, they are very desir-
able for either ladies or gentlemen. Sent, postpaid,
on receipt of 75 cents in postage stamps.

Address C. KLAUBERG BROS., Practical Cutlers,
173 William Street, New York City.

SAM JONES' Sermons, 600 pages, 50 En-
gravings. Price, paper, 75
cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid.
Send for mammoth illus-
trated circular. Good Pay for Active Agents.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N.Y.

James M'Creery & Co.

HAVE OPENED THEIR EARLY
IMPORTATIONS OF SILKS
VELVETS AND PLUSHES, AND
ARE NOW EXHIBITING COMPLETE
ASSORTMENTS IN RICH AND
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS. AN EX-
AMINATION IS INVITED.

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR
New Sunday-School Song Book.
Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.
TRY IT!
BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

Emerson and Prescott

The greedy grasp of monopoly is broken. The short-sighted policy of seeking \$1.00 profit from each of 1,000 readers gives place to the more liberal plan of asking a few cents profit from each of a million readers, (\$1.00 multiplied by 1,000 equals \$1,000, but 2 cents multiplied by 1,000,000 equals \$20,000). Surely the most brilliant products of American literary genius are wanted by the millions. The expiration of copyright enables me now to publish beautiful editions of some of the most famous writings of EMERSON, IRVING, PRESCOTT, and HAWTHORNE. I here describe two volumes which I offer as representative of their authors, and as specimens of new styles in book-making recently introduced by me.

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Angels they are to us of entertainment, sympathy, and provoca-
tion, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art.—EMERSON.

Life being very short and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of everyone, printed in excellent form, for a just price.—JOHN RUSKIN.

Ideal EDITION is the name I have adopted for the new form and style in which I issue these and many other celebrated works. It is almost universally pronounced unique and beautiful, as neat and graceful as it is convenient, easy for the eye, perfect in form for hand-holding and equally well adapted for the library shelf. Description is inadequate. To be seen is to be appreciated.

If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much. We call ourselves a rich nation; and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries! —JOHN RUSKIN.

Books that can be held in the hand and carried to the fireside, are the best, after all.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Knowing that I loved my books, he furnished me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."—SHAKESPEARE.

Nature and OTHER ADDRESSES is the volume I have chosen to represent Emerson. It is the work which most greatly contributed to his fame. It treats of: 1, NATURE; 2, COMMODITY; 3, BEAUTY; 4, LANGUAGE; 5, DISCIPLINE; 6, IDEALISM; 7, SPIRIT; 8, PROSPECTS; 9, THE METHOD OF NATURE; 10, LITERARY ETHICS. It is printed from Long Primer type, on fine heavy paper, and bound in fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, for the price of 40 cents; or, in half Morocco, marbled edges, 65 cents.

Prescott's MISCELLANIES best represent this author, in the estimation of many readers, and I therefore offer, in one volume, his biographical and critical essays on: 1, CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; 2, CERVANTES; 3, SIR WALTER SCOTT; 4, MOLIÈRE; 5, ITALIAN NARRATIVE POETRY. In typography and binding this volume is uniform with the "Nature, Etc.," of Emerson. Fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, price 40 cents; half Morocco, marbled edges, 65 cents.

Great OFFER. As the most effective means of advertising these and numerous other standard and popular works which I publish, I offer, for a short time only, sample volumes of the two books described, as follows: For 25 Cents a copy of EMERSON'S "Nature, Etc.," in cloth, as described, will be sent post-paid. For 40 Cents a copy of PRESCOTT'S "Miscellanies," in half Morocco binding, as described, will be sent post-paid. This gives you the opportunity of securing a specimen of each author, and each style of binding, at only nominal cost, and they will be sent as specified, only, at the reduced price—if wanted otherwise, full price will be charged.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.

Boys' Useful Pastimes.

Boys' Useful Pastimes; Pleasant and profitable amusement for spare hours. By PROF. ROBERT GRIFFITH, A. M. This volume comprises chapters on the use and care of tools, and detailed instruction by means of which boys can make, with their own hands, a large number of toys, household ornaments, scientific appliances, and many pretty, amusing and necessary things for the play-ground, the home and out of doors. It is bound in fine cloth, 100 illustrations.

Handsome Cloth Binding, with 100 Illustrations, showing how to make Boats, Steam Engines, Aeroplanes, Dolls, Steamers, Tob-Slides, Ice-Boats, Windmills, Aquariums, Hand Cameras, Flags, Photographs, Camera, Telephone, Telegraph, Microscope, Kites, Balloons, Steam Acrobats, Traps, Dog Houses, Bird Cages, Summer Houses, Fences, Fountains, Ladders, Trunks, Nets, Wire Work, Modeling, Brass Work, Picture Frames, Electric Batteries, Electroplating, Electrotyping, Kites, Whips, Wagons and many other useful articles.

In looking for a book to send to the hands of your boy which will be of real and genuine use, and at the same time be a source of healthful entertainment, this is the one you should choose.

Handsome Cloth Binding. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00.

Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

"Demonology or Spiritualism,"

Ancient and Modern.—"An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the subject."—Startling disclosures.—History, facts and data. Scores saved already. Whole communities rescued. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo, cloth. Price reduced to \$1. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

BOYS AND GIRLS

LOTS OF MONEY DURING HOLIDAYS. The grandest and most taking picture of the century now ready for America. Everybody wild over it. For all classes, all creeds, all ages. Agents being solicited now, first come, first served. The happiest hit of the age. GRAHAM & MILLAR, Box 790, New York.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY." By the recent great discovery of substituting a Dry Gelatine film for Wet Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$2. to \$6. Is paying big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of men with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in nine out of ten homes; Afford Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit. To EARNEST applicants (one copy of *Practical Home Photography*, Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, N.Y. & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St., N.Y.

Mention this paper.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 35.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE ADMIRAL, SIR W. KING-HALL.

MORAL WRECKS. A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH. By Rev. Sam Jones.

A Remarkable Conversion in Philadelphia—A Child's Divine Healing—Call for the Prophetic Conference in Chicago—Mr. McAll's Work among French Soldiers.

PROPHETIC LECTURE IN DUBLIN. By Rev. M. Baxter.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Release of Mr. Cutting from a Mexican Prison—The Fishery Difficulty with Canada—Mr. Blaine's Remarkable Speeches—The Pennsylvania Prohibition Convention—The Bulgarian Counter-Revolution—The Terrible Earthquake in Greece—The Evictions in Ireland—English Political Parties—A Pyramidal Mausoleum for Chicago—A Clergyman Mistaken for a Bear, etc.

CONFIDENCE AND CONCERN. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Gems from New Books: An Ancient Wooden Statue. PICTURES OF THE MUMMIES OF THE PHARAOHS.

NELLIE MORTIMER'S CROSS. (Illustrated.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT. By Mrs. Baxter.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR W. KING-HALL, K.C.B.



TORPEDO PRACTICE WITH MINES AND COUNTER-MINES.



RETURN OF THE "COLOSSUS," "ORONTES," AND TORPEDO BOATS TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOR AFTER THE MANŒUVRES.

The Late Admiral Sir WILLIAM KING-HALL—The Canadians at the English Naval Manœuvres.

THE LATE SIR W. KING-HALL, K.C.B., Admiral in the British Navy.

Born in 1816—Enters the Royal Navy in 1829—Services and Successes—Why He Became a Teetotaler—A Compact with the Men of the Russell—His Influence at Sheerness and Devonport—A Chat with a Chinese Pilot—Personal Characteristics.

THE death of the distinguished naval veteran whose portrait appears on the preceding page is reported by English journals just received. His long career is worthy of notice by reason not only of his eminent services to his country, but of the kind and intelligent interest he manifested in the welfare of the men under his command. It too often happens that officers of high rank, both naval and military, regard their men as machines, which can be easily replaced when they cease to be useful, and forget that they are men with souls of inestimable value, whose eternal destiny may be affected for good or ill by the influence of the officers above them in rank. That influence is a talent God has placed in the hands of every man whose official rank or commercial position gives him authority over others, and in the day of final accounting strict inquiry will be made as to how it has been employed. Admiral King-Hall realized this fact, and endeavored by speech and conduct to use it for good. Many incidents are recalled, now that he is dead, showing that he understood his responsibility, and used the influence his position gave him for the moral elevation of his men. It is evident from the success which attended his efforts that sailors and soldiers would be better men if they were always commanded by such officers as Admiral Sir William King-Hall.

HIS RECORD.

He was born in 1816, so that at the time of his death, on July 29th, he was seventy years old. His predilection for a seafaring life was manifested in his boyhood, and at the age of thirteen he entered the royal navy of Great Britain. The order of promotion in the service is slow, but after nineteen years he reached the rank of commander. That was in the year 1848, and he was then thirty-two years of age. Five years later he became captain, and in 1869 was made a rear-admiral. The next step—that of vice-admiral—was attained in 1875, and admiral in 1879.

Sir William King-Hall was not a carpet-knight. The record of his services shows that he took his share in the duties and dangers of his profession. He served in the Burman and Carlist wars, in the Syrian expedition of 1840-41, and took part in the capture of St. Jean d'Acre. He commanded the Styx in the Kaffir war and the Bulldog in the Russian war in 1853, carried Sir C. Napier's flag at the capture of Bomarsund, 1854, and in 1855 commanded the Exmouth as flag-captain to Sir Michael Seymour, being present at the bombardment of Sweaborg. During the operations in China he commanded the Calcutta, and was present at the capture of Canton and the Taku Forts, 1856-59. He was also flag-captain to Admiral Stewart on the North American Station, became Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard in 1865 and of Devonport in 1871, and was Commander-in-Chief at the Nore 1877-79.

It is the general testimony that whatever ship this officer commanded he won the respect and devotion of every man on board. Officers and men alike united in their admiration of the courteous and gallant gentleman whose kindness and urbanity were on a par with his courage. Outside his profession he was best known as

A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

thoroughly in earnest, and a determined foe in principle and practice to the liquor traffic. Total abstaining sailors were not often met with in those days, and there was some curiosity felt by the public as to the causes which had led to the gallant officer running up the temperance flag. It was learned that it was the outcome of his regard for the men under his command. His temperance career began in

A SELF-DENYING BARGAIN.

He thus related the incident at a temperance

meeting in London some years ago: "When I was in command of Her Majesty's ship Russell at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and in consequence much crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call, where ships touch for orders; and on one occasion I counted as many as four hundred sail at anchor at one time. The place abounded in drinking places of all grades, and the inducements to get intoxicated caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command—the day after New Year's Day—I turned the hands up, and with the defaulters' book in my hand read the punishments of the past year, including many committals to Bodmin Gaol, cells, etc., etc. More than *two thirds* arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said: 'I know nothing about temperance, but you see all this disgrace and punishment and misery to some of your families is due to drink. If we give up the drink this cannot happen. If you will consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beer-shops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me,

I WILL AGREE TO GIVE UP MY WINE, and sign the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it, but when you've made up your minds, stick to it.' In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The liquor-sellers were surprised when the men landed to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and much to my delight I was a witness of it.

"At the end of three months I again turned the hands up on the quarter-deck, and said, 'I have kept my pledge; now, how many of you have kept yours? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it.' To my great satisfaction they said one and all that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, 'I'll join your party, too.' I may also state that to my certain knowledge some have kept it up to this day, though it is now about twelve or thirteen years ago. I heard from one some years ago, while a severe epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Jamaica, stating he was firm in his principles of total abstinence, and had been the means of making many others join."

There is a simple grandeur about the incident so quietly told that commands our admiration. That an officer should be so much concerned about the happiness of his men and their families as to address them at all in the way of warning was something unusual; but that he should voluntarily deny himself that he might set them a good example shows that he possessed true greatness. It is not unlikely that the captain needed more moral courage to carry out his part of the bargain in the society in which he moved than he did to fight any of the naval battles in which he took part.

GRATEFUL DOCKYARD MEN.

After that time King-Hall was a firm temperance man, and wherever he was placed lost no opportunity of advocating total abstinence. "I was placed in charge," he said, in the course of the same speech, "of Sheerness Dockyard as superintendent, and there, as is frequently the case, many of the best workmen were inclined to drink. On my leaving, great was my gratification to hear, according to their statement, as contained in an address, accompanied by a present of a copy of 'Kitto's Bible,' that my influence and example had been the means, by God's blessing, of assisting many to give up drink, to the greater happiness of their families. Soon after I became Admiral Superintendent at Devonport Dockyard, assisting by example and precept many who required help to break their drinking habits; and as every one exercises an influence either for good or evil, I feel it a *great privilege* to have been directed to take up this cause for the benefit of many poor fellows whose

greatest enemy is drink. If only the poor drunkards took the pledge they would become marked men; but by those who can withstand temptation

STANDING IN THE SAME RANKS

with them, confidence and support are given them. I enter into no arguments about the miracle our Saviour performed at Cana of Galilee, or Paul's advice to Timothy, or any of the hackneyed doctrines about the use and abuse of the 'good things of God.' I see and feel that there is a vast amount of crime, ruin, and punishment, misery in families, wife-beating, and desertion of children arising from drink, and on the other hand a great amount of happiness, health, and contentment for those who abstain; and if I in my humble endeavors can assist in reducing the former and adding to the latter, I feel it to be a privilege, an honor, and a duty to do it. Before leaving Devonport we established a Band of Hope among the sons of the artificers of the establishment, which numbers now over three hundred."

Another cardinal principle with the good admiral was the duty of Sabbath observance. Whether in command of a ship on a voyage or superintending a dockyard ashore, his orders were that no work should be done on the Lord's day that was not absolutely necessary and could not be postponed.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE,

he contended, was the cornerstone of a nation's prosperity. Speaking on one occasion to a large assembly of workingmen, he said: "I am firmly convinced, after more than fifty years' service in the Queen's navy, and having during that time had opportunities of observation in many foreign lands—and I say it solemnly as I stand here in God's sight, that I verily believe that the greatness, the liberty, and the happiness of this country is granted to us because the Sabbath days are hallowed and our Bible is free and open to all. The Lord's day is a day of rest; and I adjure you, my friends—you workingmen especially—to set your faces like a flint against any attempt to deprive you of its rest and sacredness."

"I will tell you a *little story* which made a lasting impression on my mind, showing the blessing which we enjoy in that rest. It was brought to my notice most vividly by

A CHINESE PILOT—

a most intellectual man—when, twenty-two years ago, I commanded the Calcutta at Hong Kong. The usual divine service had been performed one Sabbath day, and the crew, several hundreds in number, were undisturbed on that blessed weekly rest-day. On shore, close to us, houses were being built—sawyers, and masons, and others in quarries were hard at work—when the Chinaman, touching me, said very seriously, 'Your Joss is better and kinder than our Joss, for He gives you a holiday and rest one day in seven, and we've no rest-day in all the year, except New Year's Day.' It was something to impress on the Chinese mind by practical observation that the God of the English was better and kinder than the Joss of the Chinese. And this is the case all throughout China. Just realize, my dear fellows, what it must be to work hard from morning till night for three hundred and sixty-four days, and only one day of rest, and *then you will prize the Sabbath*. And now let me remind you of the fact, which is forgotten by some who are ready to rest on the Sabbath, that God's command is as clear that you should work *six* days in the week as that you should rest on the seventh. 'Six days shalt thou labor,' and you break that commandment when you neglect to do so."

The late admiral took a prominent part in the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance and similar institutions. He made no secret of his religious principles. In the navy and in social circles there could be no mistake about his attitude. He was ready to work, to speak, or to contribute whenever religion or philanthropy needed support, and his influence was always exerted on the right side. His death is deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. At his funeral, on

August 2d, his body was borne to the tomb by the members of the Naval Temperance Society, which he had founded.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

(See Illustration on first page.)

AN imposing naval demonstration was gotten up at Portsmouth on July 23d for the entertainment of the distinguished persons who have gone to England from Canada, Australia, India, and other outlying portions of the British Empire to join in the celebrations connected with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, a description of which appeared in this journal on May 20th.

Portsmouth is probably the most extensive naval station in the world. Its docks date back to 1540, when they covered eight acres. At various times since then additions had to be made as the vessels of the navy increased in size, until now they cover two hundred and ninety-five acres. The "fitting basin" was the first scene inspected by the visitors. It was crowded with battle ships of various types, all in a more or less imperfect state of completion, but all of modern design. There they examined the complicated machinery constructed for rotating the turrets and moving the enormous guns which modern war ships carry.

An inspection of the Victory afforded pleasure to visitors fond of historical associations. It is the vessel on which Nelson was at the battle of Trafalgar. They were shown the spot on which the naval hero stood when the fatal shot struck him, and the cockpit to which he was carried and in which he died. One of the sails that the Victory carried on that momentous day is also preserved, and the famous signal blazoned in front of the poop. One of the old guns used on the Victory was also shown.

Torpedo practice occupied the remainder of the time at the disposal of the visitors. They were taken out to sea on board the magnificent troop ship *Orontes*, a vessel three hundred and fifty feet long and requiring no less than forty-eight engines to work her complicated gear (seen on the right of the lower panel of the first page illustration). From a capacious platform on her deck they witnessed the operation technically known as circuit closing, which explodes a ground mine under an enemy's ship. Two steam pinnaces, one of which was supposed to belong to an enemy, were used for the purpose. As the two came in contact (as seen in upper part of the illustration), the electric circuit was completed, there was a terrific explosion, two immense spouts of water, and the two vessels sank.

The second feature of the exhibition was of the method to be employed when it was desired to enter a harbor in which torpedoes were placed. It consisted in dropping counter-mines among the submarine mines and simultaneously exploding them. To illustrate this, the *Bloodhound* and the *Vesuvius*, towing barges carrying the counter-mining apparatus, steamed along a given track spaced one hundred yards apart, and sunk the strings of the mines. These mines, which were supposed to have a radial effect of one hundred yards, were then exploded. (See illustration on lower right of portrait.) A sham torpedo attack on the turret ship *Colossus* completed the day's exhibition.

It was evident from this demonstration that England has made prodigious efforts and spent enormous sums of money to maintain her maritime supremacy. Whatever the world may think of the future, the British Government evidently believes that it is prudent to prepare for war, and its preparations, so far as the fleet is concerned, are made on a gigantic scale. Nevertheless we have the assurance, on divine authority, that the time is now not far distant when all these engines of destruction will become useless. When the millennial day dawns upon the earth men will "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isa. 2:4).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Running Away from Sin.—The Rev. Mr. McPherson said at a recent meeting: "I knew of a little girl who had a strong desire to join the church. She went to the minister, and applied for membership, when he asked her if she had undergone a change of heart. She said that she had, and the minister again asked, 'Were you a sinner before that?' She said, 'Yes.' 'And are you a sinner now?' asked the minister. She again replied that she was. 'And what is the difference between your previous state and your present state?' The girl thought for a moment, and then replied, 'Before I was converted to Christ, I was a sinner running after sin, and now I am a sinner running from sin.'"

Too Late for a Remedy.—Mr. Sanderson Related: "As I was sitting in my home one night, I was hastily summoned to the death-bed of a woman whom I had often visited. In a short time I was by her side, but only to see her lifeless remains, for her spirit had gone to meet its God. As I looked down at the cold white face, I recalled to my mind how often I had urged that woman to receive Christ, and at such times her answer invariably was, 'I cannot; for I feel that it is too late.' I was told that before she died she sat up in bed, and with all the strength she could command, she shrieked, 'I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!' That, like so many other lost souls, was her expiring cry. She fell back on her pillow, and never again regained consciousness."

Saved at Seventy.—Mr. J. G. Forbes Said: "A few years ago I spoke to a man seventy years old about his soul. Although he had reached that age he had never troubled himself concerning a life beyond the grave. I earnestly pointed him to 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' The Holy Spirit sealed home the truth, and he at once received the message of salvation, and entered into peace through child-like faith in a crucified Redeemer. A little while afterward, he said in a trembling voice: 'Oh, sir, I have had a very large family, and not one of them has ever seen me bow the knee to God, and my wife and all my family are at rest in their graves, except two girls!' 'Oh, it made my heart sore to hear that aged man make such a confession!' His lost opportunities for usefulness were gone forever."

"Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True!"—Mr. Quarrier, Promoter of the Orphan Homes, Glasgow, remarked: "The other day I had a visit from a gentleman who came to inquire if I could take in a family of eight children, whose father had committed suicide, and whose mother had gone away and left them. Another very piteous case was that of a little girl who came to me and said, 'Please, sir, I want to get into the Home; my mother is dead, and my father is in prison, and my brother is in Canada.' It was a strange coincidence, for, when we looked for his name on the list, we found that we had a letter a few days before from him pleading with us to send out his sister. There is not a day passes but such cases as these come under my notice. Christian friends, if we would trust more, we would be led to give with a more liberal hand for the help of the forlorn and destitute, and we should always find it to be true that 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

How the Good is Passed On.—The Rev. Mr. Ross said: "A man returning home from an evangelistic service one night previously, said to his wife, 'It has been a grand day.' 'In what way?' she asked. 'There is glorious work being done for eternity in that meeting. To-night several were led to give themselves to Christ, a father returning thanks for his own conversion, friends praying for their unsaved ones, a husband praying for his unconverted wife.' 'Well, I am sure that might have been me,' she remarked; 'I wish I were a Christian.' On the following night, she attended the meeting, and asked to see me. She told me for what purpose she had come, that her husband,

who was not a decided Christian, had returned from the meeting on the previous night, and told her of many who were seeking to flee from the wrath to come, which had made her anxious about her own soul. I directed her to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. She accepted Christ that very night, and asked me if I would come and speak in like manner to her husband. 'No,' I said. 'Go home and tell your husband what the Lord has done for you, and carry the message of salvation to him yourself.' She went home and did as I advised her, and the result was that through his wife's means he, too, was led to a saving knowledge of the truth."

What a Woman Said to a Jar.—Mr. Walker said: "An old woman who kept a shebeen was severely punished several times by the authorities of the town, but nothing would make her desist from this unlawful traffic. By some means she was led into a Gospel meeting, and when there she heard something that concerned her eternal interest. She got a different view of her life, fully realizing for the first time that Christ died in her room and stead. She went home full of this newly-found joy, and, addressing herself to a large jar, which stood on a shelf full of intoxicating liquor, she said, 'Now, jar, you and I have lived long together, but Christ has come and taken up His abode with me, and now you and I must part company.' With these words she lifted the offending jar, and dashed it on the ground, breaking it into fragments. Hers was a true conversion, because she was moved to action, willingly parting with what seemed a great deal to her, and nothing else would have made her part with it but the love of Christ which constrained her."

Attracted by the Singing.—M. Sallien of Mr. M'All's Paris Mission observed: "A Roman Catholic gentleman was passing one of our mission halls in Paris, when the singing from within attracted him, and he entered and took, for the first time, a Bible in his hand. He became interested, and the following night he came again, when he was more interested than ever. As this hall was a considerable distance from his home, he inquired if we had one in the part of the town where he was living. We directed him to one which he afterward attended regularly. At length, by the grace of God he renounced his old belief, for he was led to see that our way was right, and surrendered himself to the Lord. After this occurrence, he invited one of Mr. M'All's helpers to spend a few days at his country residence. He called a meeting together, which he conducted himself, and his friend addressed it, and there for the first time since the Reformation a Protestant sermon was delivered in that part. Such incidents as this might give a slight idea of the great power for good the M'All Mission is in Paris."

An Inconsistent Infidel.—Mr. Williamson related: "In America, one evening, a large crowd was gathered round a young man in the open-air, who was lecturing on infidelity. He seemed to have the power of keeping the attention of his hearers, and went on to denounce religion, and even deny the existence of a Supreme Being. When he had finished he seated himself with apparently great satisfaction, as loud applause came from the audience. Just at that moment an old gray-haired gentleman stepped on to the platform, and began: 'I suppose none of you know this man whom you have just applauded, because you thought he was saying what he firmly believed to be true?' 'No,' was the response, 'he is a perfect stranger to us, we have never seen him before.' 'It is only but a few days,' continued the old gentleman, 'since I rescued him from a watery grave. He fell into the water near the cataract, and was almost lost when I picked him up. When he saw that he was fairly inside the boat his first act was to throw himself on his knees in the bottom of the boat, and with clasped hands implore the forgiveness of that God whom he is now denying. And now, I leave you to judge if he is sincere in what he has just said.'"

MORAL WRECKS.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—I COR. 9: 27.

A Common Danger of Wreck—Preachers not Exempt—What it is to be Cast Away at Sea—Many Causes of Shipwreck—I. False Beacons—A Lantern Tied to a Horse—Philosophical Lanterns—An Ingenious Device of a Copper Wolf—II. The Sudden Swoop of a Tempest—Invitations to Drink—Temptations to Fraud—III. Sheer Recklessness—Drifting without Care—Unconscious of Danger—What to Do—Lifting a Distress Signal—A Sailor Encouraged by a Star—The Perfect Lifeboat—The Wreck of the Isabella.

MINISTERS of religion may finally be lost. The apostle, in the text, indicates that possibility. Gown, and surplice, and cardinal's red hat are no security. Cardinal Wolsey, after having been petted by kings and having entertained foreign ambassadors at Hampton Court, died in darkness. One of the most eminent ministers of religion that this country has ever known plunged into sin and died, his heart—*post-mortem* examination found to have been—not figuratively, but literally, broken. Oh, ministers of Christ, because we have diplomas of graduation, and hands of ordination on the head, and address consecrated assemblages, that is no reason why we shall necessarily reach the realm celestial! The clergyman must go through the same gate of pardon as the layman. The preacher may get his audience into heaven, and he himself miss it. There have been

CASES OF SHIPWRECK

where all on board escaped excepting the captain. Alas! if, having "preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." God forbid it.

I have examined some of the commentaries to see what they thought about this word "castaway," and I find that they differ in regard to the figure used, while they agree in regard to the meaning. So I shall make my own selection, and take it in a nautical and seafaring sense, and show you that men may become spiritual castaways, and how finally they drift into that calamity.

We are a seaboard town. You have all stood on the beach. Many of you have crossed the ocean. Some of you have managed vessels in great stress of weather. There is a sea-captain, and there is another, and yonder is another, and there are a goodly number of you who, though once you did not know the difference between a brig and a barque, and between a diamond knot and a sprit-sheet-sail knot, and although you could not point out the weather-cross jack brace, and though you could not man the fore clue-garnets, now you are as familiar with a ship as you are with your right hand, and if it were necessary you could take a vessel clear across to the mouth of the Mersey without the loss of a single sail. Well, there is

A DARK NIGHT IN YOUR MEMORY

of the sea. The vessel became unmanageable. You saw it was scudding toward the shore. You heard the cry, "Breakers ahead! Land on the lee bow!" The vessel struck the rock, and you felt the deck breaking up under your feet, and you were a castaway, as when the Hercules drove on the coast of Caffraria, as when the Portuguese brig went staving, splitting, grinding, crashing on the Goodwins. But whether you have followed the sea or not, you all understand the figure when I tell you that there are men who, by their sins and temptations, are thrown helpless! Driven before the gale! Wrecked for two worlds! Cast away, cast away!

I. By talking with some sailors, I have found out that there are three or four causes for such

a calamity to a vessel. I have been told that it sometimes comes from kindling

FALSE LIGHTS

on the beach. This was often so in olden times. It is not many years ago, indeed, that vagabonds used to wander up and down the beach, getting vessels ashore in the night, throwing up false lights in their presence and deceiving them, that they might despoil and ransack them. All kinds of infernal arts were used to accomplish this. And one night, on the Cornish coast, when the sea was coming in fearfully, some villains took a lantern and tied it to a horse, and led the horse up and down the beach, the lantern swaying to the motion of the horse, and a sea-captain in the offing saw it, and made up his mind that he was not anywhere near the shore, for he said: "There's a vessel—that must be a vessel, for it has a movable light," and he had no apprehension until he heard the rocks grating on the ship's bottom, and it went to pieces, and the villains on shore gathered up the packages and treasures that were washed to the land. And I have to tell you that there are a multitude of souls ruined by false lights on the beach.

In the dark night of man's danger, Universalism goes up and down the shore, shaking its lantern, and men look off and take that flickering and expiring wick as the signal of safety, and the cry is: "Heave the main topsail to the mast! All is well!" when

SUDDEN DESTRUCTION

cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. So there are all kinds of lanterns swung on the beach—philosophical lanterns, educational lanterns, humanitarian lanterns. Men look at them, and are deceived, when there is nothing but God's eternal light-house of the Gospel that can keep them from becoming castaways.

Once, on Wolf Crag light-house, they tried to build a copper figure of a wolf with its mouth open, so that the storms beating into it, the wolf would howl forth the danger to mariners that might be coming anywhere near the coast. Of course, it was a failure. And so all new inventions for the saving of man's soul are unavailing. What the human race wants is a light bursting forth from the cross standing on the great head-lands—the light of pardon, the light of comfort, the light of heaven. You might better go to-night, and destroy all the great light-houses on the dangerous coasts—the Barneget light-house, the Fastnet Rock light-house, the Sherryvore light-house, the Longship's light-house, the Holyhead light-house—than to put out God's great ocean lamp—the Gospel. Woe to those who swing false lanterns on the beach till men crash in and perish.

II. By talking with sailors I have heard also, that sometimes ships come to this calamity by the

SUDDEN SWOOP OF A TEMPEST.

For instance, a vessel is sailing along in the East Indies, and there is not a single cloud on the sky; but suddenly the breeze freshens, and there are swift feet on the ratlines, and the cry is: "'Way, haul away there!" but before they can square the booms and tarpaulin the hatchways, the vessel is groaning and creaking in the grip of a tornado, and falls over into the trough of the sea, and broadside rolls on to the beach and keels over, leaving the crew to struggle in the merciless surf. Cast away! cast away! And so I have to tell you that there are thousands of men destroyed through the sudden swoop of temptations. Some great inducement to worldliness, or to sensuality, or to high temper, or to some form of dissipation, comes upon them.

IF THEY HAD TIME

to examine their Bible, if they had time to consult with their friends, if they had time to deliberate, they could stand it; but the temptation came so suddenly—a euroclydon on the Mediterranean, a whirlwind of the Carribean. One awful surge of temptation, and they perish. And so we often hear the old story: "I hadn't seen my friend in a great many years. We were

very glad to meet. He said I must drink, and he took me by the arm and pressed me along, and filled the cup until the bubbles ran over the edge, and in an evil moment all my good resolutions were swept away, and to the outraging of God and my own soul, I fell."

Or the story is, "I had hard work to support my family. I knew that by one false entry, by one deception, by one embezzlement, I might spring out free from all my trouble; but the temptation came upon me so fiercely I could not think. I did wrong, and having done wrong I COULD NOT STOP."

Oh, it is the first step that costs; the second is easier; and the third; and on to the last! Once having broken loose from the anchor, it is not so easy to tie the parted strands. How often it is that men perish for the reason that the temptation comes from some unexpected quarter! As vessels lie in Margate Roads, safe from south-west winds; but the wind changing to the north-east, they are driven helpless and go down. Oh, that God would have mercy upon those upon whom there comes the sudden swoop of temptation, that they perish not, becoming, for this world and the world to come, cast away! cast away!

III. I have also heard from sailors that some vessels come to this calamity through

SHEER RECKLESSNESS.

There are three million men who follow the sea for a living. It is a simple fact that the average of human life on the sea is less than twelve years. This comes from the fact that men by familiarity with danger sometimes become reckless—the captain, the helmsman, the stoker, the man on the look-out become reckless, and in nine out of ten shipwrecks it is found out that some one was awfully to blame. So I have to tell you that men lose their souls through sheer recklessness.

There are thousands of my friends in this house to-night who do not care where they are in spiritual things. They do not know whether they are sailing toward heaven or toward hell, and the sea is black with piratical hulks that would grapple them with hooks of steel, and blindfold them, and make them "walk the plank." They do not know what the next moment may bring forth. Drifting in their theology. Drifting in their habits. Drifting in regard to all the future. No God, no Christ, no settled anticipations of eternal felicity; but all the time coming nearer and nearer to

A DANGEROUS COAST.

Some of them are on fire with evil habit, and they will burn on the sea, the charred hulk tossed up on the barren beach of the lost world. Many of them with great troubles, financial troubles, domestic troubles, social troubles; but they never pray for comfort. With an aggravation of sin that stirs up the ire of God, they pray for no pardon. They do not steer for the lightship that dances in gladness at the mouth of heaven's harbor; reckless as to where they come out, drifting further from God, further from early religious influences, further from their present happiness, further from heaven.

And what is the worst thing about it is, that they are taking their families along with them, and if one perish, perhaps they will all perish, and the way one goes, the probability is they will all go. Yet no anxiety. As unconscious of danger as the passengers on board the Arctic one moment before the Vesta crashed into her. Wrapped up in the business of the store, not remembering that soon they must quit all their earthly possessions. Absorbed in their social position, not knowing that very soon they will have attended the last *levée*, and whirled in the last schottische. They do not deliberately choose to be ruined; neither did the French frigate Medusa aim for the Arguin Banks, but there it went to pieces.

Oh, ye reckless souls! I wish that to-night I could wake you up with some great perturbation. The perils are so augmented,

THE CHANCES OF ESCAPE

are so few; you will die just as certainly as you

* Dr. Talmage did not preach last Sunday. He has sent us for publication, through some inadvertence, his sermon on Isa. 40: 22. As that sermon, under the title of the "Circle," is already familiar to our readers, having appeared not only in these columns, but in the volume of his sermons recently published by Mr. Sparks, we insert this week a sermon by him which we have never published before.

sit there, unless you bestir yourself. I fear, my brother, you are becoming a castaway. You are making no effort, you are putting forth no exertion for escape. You throw out no oar. You take no soundings. You watch no compass. You are not calculating your bearings while the wind is abaft, and yonder is a long line of foam bounding the horizon, and you will be pushed on toward it, and thousands have perished there, and you are driving in the same direction. Ready about! Down helm! Hard down; or in the next five minutes, or four minutes, or three minutes, or two minutes, or one minute you may be a castaway.

Oh, unforgiven soul, if you could see your peril before God to-night on account of your lifetime sin and transgression, there would be fifty men who would rush through this aisle crying for mercy, and there would be fifty who would rush through that aisle crying for mercy, and they would be as men are when

THEY RUSH ACROSS THE DECK of a foundering ship, and there would be thousands of arms tossed up from the galleries; and as these Christian men rose up to help them, it would be as when a vessel drives on the rocks, and on the shore the command is: "Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Pull, my lads, pull! A steamer with two hundred on board making the last plunge!"

Why does your cheek turn pale, and your heart pound until, listening, you hear it? It is because, my dear brother, you realize that because of your lifetime sin and rejection of God's mercy you are in peril, and I really believe there are thousands of people in this house this moment, saying within themselves: "What shall I do?" Do? Do? Why, my brother, do what any ship does when it is in trouble.

LIFT A DISTRESS SIGNAL.

There is a flash and a boom. You listen and you look. A vessel is in trouble. The distress gun is sounded, or a rocket is sent up, or a blanket is lifted, or a bundle of rags—anything to catch the eye of the passing craft. So if you want to be taken off the wreck of your sin, you must lift a distress signal. Rise. Lift your hand. Cry out for mercy. The publican lifted the distress signal when he cried: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Peter lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, save me, I perish!" The blind man lifted the distress signal when he said: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." The gaoler lifted the distress signal when he said: "What must I do to be saved?" And help will never come to your soul until you lift such a signal as that. You must make some demonstration, give some sign, make some heaven-piercing outcry for help, lifting the distress signal for the Church's prayer, lifting the distress signal for heaven's pardon. Pray! Pray! The voice of the Lord to-night sounds in your ears: "In Me is Thy help." Too proud to raise such a signal, too proud to be saved.

There was an old sailor thumping about in
A SMALL BOAT IN A TEMPEST.

The larger vessel had gone down. He felt he must die. The surf was breaking over the boat, and he said: "I took off my life-belt that it might soon be over, and I thought somewhat indistinctly about my friends on shore, and then I bid them good-by like, and I was about sinking back and giving it up, when I saw a bright star. The clouds were breaking away, and there that blessed star shone down on me, and it seemed to take right hold of me; and somehow, I cannot tell how it was, but somehow, while I was trying to watch that star, it seemed to help me and seemed to lift me." Oh, drowning soul, see you not the glimmer between the rifts of the storm-cloud? Would to God that that light might lay hold of you to-night.

"Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose.
It was the Star of Bethlehem!"

Oh, ye castaways, God is doing everything to save you! Did you ever hear of Lionel Luken?

He was the inventor of the insubmersible life-boat. All honor is due to his memory by seafaring men, as well as by landmen. How many lives he saved by his invention! In after days that invention was improved, and one day there was

A PERFECT LIFE-BOAT, the Northumberland, ready at Ramsgate. The life-boat being ready, to test it the crew came out and leaped on the gunwale on one side to see if the boat would upset; it was impossible to upset it. Then, amid the huzzas of excited thousands, that boat was launched, and it has gone and come, picking up a great many of the shipwrecked. But I have to tell you to-night of a grander launching, and from the dry-docks of heaven.

Word came up that a world was beating on the rocks. In the presence of the potentates of heaven the life-boat of the world's redemption was launched. It shoved off the golden sands amid angelic hosanna. The surges of darkness beat against its bow, but it sailed on, and it comes in sight to-night. It comes for you, it comes for me. Soul! soul! get into it. Make one leap for heaven. This is your last chance for life. Let that boat go past, and there remains nothing but fearful looking-for of judgment, and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary.

I am expecting that there will be whole families here to-night who will get into that life-boat. In 1833 the Isabella came ashore off Hastings, England. The air was filled with sounds—the hoarse sea-trumpet, the crash of the axes, and the bellowing of the tornado.

A BOAT FROM THE SHORE

came under the stern of the disabled vessel. There were women and children on board that vessel. Some of the sailors jumped into the small boat, and said: "Now give us the children." A father who stood on deck took his first-born and threw him to the boat. The sailors caught him safely, and the next, and the next, to the last. Still the sea rocking, the storm howling. "Now," said the sailors, "now the mother;" and she leaped, and was saved. The boat went to the shore; but before it got to the shore the landmen were so impatient to help the suffering people that they waded clear down into the surf, with blankets and garments and promises of help and succor. I hope to-night that a great many of the families here are going to be saved, and saved all together. Give us that child for Christ, that other child, that other. Give us the mother, give us the father, the whole family. They must all come in.

ALL HEAVEN WADES IN

to help you. I claim this whole audience for God. I pick not out one man here nor one man there; I claim this whole audience for God. There are some of you who, thirty years ago, were consecrated to Christ by your parents in baptism. Certainly I am not stepping over the right bound when I claim you for Jesus.

Then there are many here who have been seeking God for a good while, and am I not right in claiming you for Jesus? Then there are some here who have been further away. I saw you come in to-night in clusters—two, three, and four men together—and you drink, and you swear, and you are bringing up your families without any God to take care of them when you are dead. And

I CLAIM YOU,

my brother; I claim all of you. You will have to come to-night to the throne of mercy. God's Holy Spirit is striving now with you irresistibly. Although there may be a smile on your lip, there is agitation and anxiety in your heart. You will not come at my invitation; you will come at God's command.

You will have to pray some time; why not begin now, while all the ripe and purple clusters of Divine promise bend over into your cup, rather than postpone your prayer until your chance is past, and the night drops, and the sea washes you out, and forever, and forever, and forever, you become a castaway?

AN UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE.

MR. C. H. JUDD relates the following singular experience of his missionary work: "On one occasion I was travelling down a large river in Si-chuen province. We had been early one morning on shore to preach the Gospel. After we had left the village, a boat with six or seven armed men followed us and told us to stop. We soon saw that resistance was useless. The moment we yielded they came on board my boat, and took away our boatmen. One man sat with a drawn sword, and the others with muskets and swords across in front of me, so that I could not move one inch. For six hours we were kept in that position. I learned during that time that they were going to keep us till dark, and then take our heads off and seize what we had. I was eight hundred miles from the nearest port, and the nearest Christian friend. As soon as I learned their purpose one thought came to me: 'Soon I shall see Jesus. Oh, the precious joy of seeing Jesus!' I felt only one thing—that I should like to have bidden my wife and children good-by; but the joy and prospect of soon seeing Jesus seemed to swallow up everything. I felt for the first time in my life how happy God could make us in the prospect of death. After keeping us there for six hours in suspense, the Lord put something into the hearts of these men—what, I never know to this day; but this band of six or seven armed men all took to their heels and fled. The keeper of the village apologized, and escorted us down to the next village. The Lord in His mercy delivered us."

A NEW RELATIONSHIP.

IN the course of her annual report of the work in Ceylon, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Miss Mary Leitch relates the following incident connected with her visit to the island of Delft:

"There are yet no Christians on the island, except a young man, Canapady Pillay, belonging to one of the highest families. He was converted while studying under Mr. Crossette. He is now studying in our English school at Manepy, and we hope when he shall have finished his studies he will go back as a catechist to work on this island. This young man was at his home while we were on the island, and was very diligent in helping to arrange for our meetings and in calling his friends to attend them. His grandfather is the most influential man on the island, and is now engaged in building an expensive heathen temple. I passed it in company with Canapady Pillay, as we were calling people to a meeting, and as we looked at it, he brushed the tears from his eyes, and said: 'I wish my grandfather would become a Christian.' It is said that if this man should become a Christian most likely all the people of the island would follow his example.

"It has been a great joy to us to know the firmness with which this young man, Canapady Pillay, has adhered to Christianity, refusing in any way to participate in heathen rites or ceremonies. The grandfather said to me, 'Take the boy; he belongs to you; he has given up his religion.'

"The boy's mother and her four sisters, all respectable married women, and much adorned with jewelry, came to see me. They told me the boy had said I was his mother, and that I was kind to him, and so they wanted to see me. I told them that if I was the boy's mother then it must follow that they were my sisters. They seized the idea with apparent delight, and, putting their arms around me, covered my hands with kisses in the native manner—that is, smelling them as if smelling a rose or something fragrant. I told them that if they were my sisters they must become Christians. They have consented to let Canapady Pillay's sister and cousin join our boarding-school next year. His sister is a beautiful girl and has as sweet a smile as any, perhaps, I have ever seen on any face. We also took with us on our return to Jaffna a cousin of this Canapady Pillay."

THE CONFERENCE ON PROPHECY AT CHICAGO.

THE undersigned clergymen have issued the following call: Eight years have now passed away, and the brethren of the committee, appointed by the New York Conference, in 1878, have, in response to many constant and urgent appeals, decided to hold a second Bible and Prophetic Conference in the city of Chicago, November 16th to 20th, of the present year. We therefore lay it upon the hearts of all who love our Lord to give themselves much to earnest prayer, that this proposed meeting may redound to the glory of God in the further knowledge of His blessed Word, in the edification of His Church, in the salvation of precious souls, and the hastening "His appearing and kingdom." It is under a sense of no ordinary responsibility we issue this call. With sorrowing hearts we have marked the rapid march of infidelity and its attendant troops—licentiousness, anarchy, and bloodshed. But there is One who can overturn evil and establish righteousness on the earth. Let us meet in unity of heart, and beseech Him to "take unto Himself His great power and reign."

The programme of arrangements will be issued in due season. The four days of the Conference will embrace about twenty prophetic subjects, to be followed on the Lord's day by twenty sermons on the special doctrines of our evangelical faith. Prominent teachers are expected from abroad who will take part in the proceedings, while well-known ministers from the States and Canada will be among the speakers. Commending ourselves to your loving prayers that we may be guided in all things pertaining to the Conference by the Holy Spirit, we are yours in the faith and hope of the Gospel: A. J. Gordon, Maurice Baldwin, W. R. Nicholson, H. M. Parsons, W. G. Moorhead, W. W. Clarke, E. R. Craven, W. J. Erdman, J. D. Herr, J. M. Orrock, William Nast, J. F. Kendall, E. P. Goodwin, D. W. Whittle, A. J. Frost, James S. Kennedy, Nathaniel West, Charles F. Cheney, S. H. Kellogg, L. W. Munhall, Addison Blanchard, J. H. Brookes, George C. Needham, Secretary.

All communications on the subject of the proposed Conference may be sent to Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

MR. McALL'S WORK AMONG SOLDIERS.

THE rooms in Paris in which the meetings of the McAll Mission are held in the evenings are now thrown open during the day as free reading-rooms, and the tables are covered with religious literature. Soldiers often drop in, and opportunities occur for conversation. The wife of one of the pastors writes: "Seeing our tracts in the barracks, and perceiving the number of soldiers who frequented our Salle, colonel, majors, and captains were troubled in spirit. They summoned the sergeants and corporals, and ordered them to see that the men no longer attended the hall, which they considered a 'suspicious' place."

"A pacific major, however, wished to know what was done there before the men were interdicted the place. A soldier was called."

"What do you do in the reading hall?"

"I read, my commandant, I write, and I improve myself. I am glad to get recreation without expense."

"What is the subject of the books you read?"

"They speak of Jesus the Saviour, my commandant, and then there are other nice and instructive books."

"It is to induce you to change your religion they invite you?"

"No, my commandant; we have no sermon, and every one is free to do what he likes."

"Very well; if that is the case, you may all continue to go there, for you stand greatly in need of instruction."

A crime was committed recently in Auxerre, in which some of the soldiers were implicated. The officers immediately ordered a review of the arms of those soldiers who had been out that

evening. But each time that they came to a man who had been at the reading-room that night they said, "Inutile d'examiner les armes" (no necessity of examining their arms), and spoke approvingly to the men as to their way of spending the evening.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION IN PHILADELPHIA.

ONE evening during the services conducted last month by Rev. E. W. Oakes, in Philadelphia, a gentlemanly, intelligent young man entered the meeting. He sat and listened attentively. Near the close Mr. Oakes asked any who wished to know Jesus to rise, and the Christians there would present them to the throne of grace. This young man rose to his feet and said: "I don't believe any in your religion; I believe it to be sentiment; but still you all look so satisfied and happy, I am ready to say that if I am mistaken, and if there is anything in the Christian religion, I want it." After meeting, the friends prayed and conversed with him. They found from his conversation he had been well educated, and after a little he confessed he was the son of a praying mother, but in college life had become dissipated and sceptical, yet graduating with honors. He left the dearest of mothers and his beautiful English home and came to America to gratify his depraved nature. He sought peace with true penitence, and was pointed to Jesus, his mother's Saviour. One of the workers went to his hotel and spent hours in prayer with him, and the next evening his testimony was: "I have found reality in the Lord Jesus; He is my peace. I have written to my dear, praying mother to-day, saying: 'Mother, be of good cheer; your boy is safe in the arms of Jesus.'" He is to return to his home very soon. He was living at the time of conversion with another man's wife. He confessed his sins to the husband, and made all amends in his power for the wrong.

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED.

OUR friend, Mr. Harry Lathrop, of Brownstown, Wis., who kindly acknowledges the help he has received from God's blessing on this journal during the past seven years, sends us the following interesting incident:

"Over two years ago my wife was healed of a lingering disease in answer to prayer, after having been treated by several of the best physicians we could procure and receiving no permanent benefit. When she gave up the use of all medicines and accepted Christ as the Saviour of her body, she was healed of the disease, and since then we have claimed the Lord as our healer and tried to live the life of faith, and until very recently have had no severe trial. On Tuesday, July 6th, our only child, a boy five years of age, was taken with vomiting early in the morning, and could not eat a thing that day. He was not very sick up to Wednesday evening, July 7th, when I went into the country to see a sick man, and did not return till Thursday morning. I then learned that my little boy had been very sick all night; he had a very high fever, and could not retain anything on his stomach; his pulse ran as high as 180, and the look of death was too plainly stamped upon his face."

"We did not send for a doctor for two reasons; we did not believe any man on earth could save him, and we had taken the Lord as our physician, and if we forsook Him we would be without hope."

"My wife was calm, and trusted that all would be well; and although I did not doubt the Lord's power, I suffered all the dread of seeing my child die, for he seemed to be sinking very rapidly; he could not shut his eyes or mouth, and tossed on his bed day and night without sleep. On Friday I telegraphed for Mrs. U. N. Slauson, of Evansville, Wis., a lady who, several years ago, was completely healed of a long sickness in answer to prayer, and who has since been much used of the Lord in the ministry of healing. She arrived here Saturday at 2.30 P.M. At eight o'clock we called in a few believing friends and

prayed over the little sufferer, and Mrs. Slauson anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord, according to the command in James 5:14. We asked the Lord to rebuke the fever, and from that very hour it left him. He slept that night as peacefully as any child could, and we began to give him nourishment; the next day he slept the greater part of the time, and has continued to gain without any fever until the present time, which is the third day since he was anointed. To-day he sits up some and takes solid food. Praise the Lord!

"The neighbors who saw our little boy say they did not believe he could live; some told us he would be weakest when the fever left him; but Jesus don't leave His patients that way."

"We shall be glad to answer any questions in regard to this matter, and our neighbors will corroborate these statements."

A CATHOLIC PAPER ON PROPHECY.

THE Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, the principal Roman Catholic daily paper in Ireland, gave, on August 2d, the following sketch of one of the Rev. M. Baxter's recent lectures there, under the head of "Baxter on Prophecy:"

Yesterday evening the Rev. M. Baxter, London, who is well known in England as a preacher upon "coming prophetic events," delivered in Dublin his last lecture on the predictions in the Book of Revelation, and prophesied that the world in a very short time will be the scene of these awful occurrences, and of several others still more extraordinary. The lecture was delivered in the large hall of the Metropolitan Hall, Lower Abbey Street. The reverend gentleman's interpretations of the Revelation were so interesting that during the hour or so occupied in the unfolding of his strange story, the attention of the audience was not for a moment relaxed. Mr. Baxter is a clergyman of the Church of England; he is not dissatisfied with the audiences that have attended his discourses in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork. Mr. Baxter, personally, has somewhat the appearance of a prophet—or, as there is no particular class of personal appearance copyrighted or patented for prophets, it may perhaps be more correct to say that the air of the reverend gentleman is appropriately mysterious. He is a strongly built man, and as he is still far away from the time of the sere and yellow leaf he cannot say with the wizard in "Lochiel's Warning:"

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before."

His features are somewhat like those of the Marquis of Salisbury—heavy, and of a melancholy cast—with thick whiskers and a strong crop of hair; but the dreamy expression about the half closed eyes, and the heavy lines beneath, tell of much thinking on things having very little connection with the matter-of-fact affairs of this world. In a tone of voice not disagreeable, the lecturer told of the awful events of which the world shall in a year to come be the scene, with all the manner of a man who is eminently convinced that he is uttering what time shall prove correct.

Hanging on the walls around were several large representations in flaming colors of scenes or figures from the Revelation, with maps to illustrate the lecturer's extraordinary conclusions. The beast mentioned in the 13th chapter of Revelation, "with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy," was shown on one picture. Between the ten horns was a little horn or protuberance, on the top of which was a human face, surmounted by the word "Napoleon." The body of the beast contained the names of the following ten countries—Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. The lecturer explained that Antichrist, who, according to Revelation, was to persecute Christians for three and a half years before the second coming of Christ, was

NAPOLEON, WHO WOULD COME FORTH from the Beast. The ten horns of the beast

were symbolical of the ten countries, and to form these ten, twenty-three of the present countries of Europe and Asia would be amalgamated, and they would ultimately give their power and strength to the beast, or Antichrist, who would hold sway over "all kindreds, tongues, and nations." How the lecturer arrived at the conclusion that Napoleon would be Antichrist was in this way. Each letter of the Greek language has a numerical value, and the sum total of the numerical value of each letter in the word "Napoleon" is six hundred and sixty-six, and this corresponds with the "six hundred three score and six," which Revelation says will be the number of the Beast.

Antichrist, or Napoleon, will, according to the Rev. M. Baxter's interpretation of the Scriptures, appear as a reigning monarch about 1890, four years hence, and from that period to 1900, the end of the present dispensation, will take place all those wonderful events mentioned in Revelation. "As," added the lecturer, "it is not likely that any new Napoleon will arise in that short time, I think that the present Prince Jerome Napoleon is the man, for he answers in every way the description given in the Scriptures. If indeed he be the man, the fact that he is now sixty-three years of age shows that all these things must probably happen before the end of the century, when he will be seventy-seven." Antichrist, or Napoleon, would rise, the lecturer believed, in Syria, and after winning the Mohammedans to his banner, would make his appearance in Europe about 1896, when he would establish the ten kingdoms and have them all under his sway. These countries are also to be

OVERRIDDEN BY THE "SCARLET WOMAN" mentioned in Revelation. She would be ecclesiastical queen or religious mistress, and would amalgamate all the systems of religion into one, which would consist of the adoration of Antichrist. Statues of Antichrist would be set up in all the cities, towns and villages of ten countries mentioned. These statues would have the power of speaking, and when "the poor ignorant and priest-ridden people" heard the speech of the statues they would declare it was done by the powers of God, and, along with adoring the image, would allow themselves to be branded on the forehead and right hand with the figures "six hundred and sixty-six," the number of the Beast.

"And now," said the Rev. M. Baxter, "when that time comes, thousands of us Protestant clergymen will be put to death for refusing to allow ourselves to be branded with the number of the Beast, and no doubt a great number of Roman Catholic clergymen will be put to death too, for the more intelligent, the more godly, and the more devoted of them will remember having read of the Beast in the Bible, and their good sense will save them from the awful doom."

Then the lecturer pointed out one of his pictures, which showed that in the opinion of this "latter-day saint" the Catholic Church, combined with the Greek and Mohammedan, is to be Church of Antichrist. On the picture was represented a statue of Napoleon. Before it a crowd of people, bearing the number of the Beast on their foreheads and right hand, were prostrated in adoration; and on the outskirts of the crowd a Roman bishop, arrayed in vestments and mitre, and attended by acolytes, was engaged branding those who were yet without the number. Opposite the statue was erected a guillotine, and the heads of those who refused to receive the brand were being chopped off in large numbers. It will probably be very gratifying news to the majority of the readers of the *Freeman's Journal* that in the opinion of the prophet, Ireland will not be included in the ten kingdoms under the sway of Antichrist, and that

HOME RULE

is within measurable distance. "England and Scotland will form one of the ten kingdoms, but Ireland will not," said the lecturer; "so Ireland at a very near period will become legis-

lately separated from Great Britain. Many people have thought it injudicious for me to make that announcement in these times, but let them remember that if it come true, that Ireland will be outside the British Empire, it will be a sign that Christ's second coming is at hand, and consequently, while you may have sorrow on the one hand, you will have joy on the other." These events will be preceded by great wars; so Mr. Baxter concludes that the present condition of Europe will not last more than another year, and then there will be a fearful conflict between France and Prussia, with Russia fighting on the side of France.

"The present state of things can scarcely," said the prophet, "last longer than a year, and the spread of Liberal and Radical ideas, and of Communism and Republicanism, is bringing us nearer and nearer the awful time." "Antichrist must," said he, just as emphatically, "appear about 1890." And the reverend gentleman warned everybody against the folly of thinking that the return of a Conservative Government to power could keep things quiet and render all his awful prognostications false. "Things will turn out very different," said Mr. Baxter. "If there is peace now, somehow or other there will be terrible wars and revolutions in Europe within two years." "It can scarcely be that Europe will remain tranquil for another year," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Baxter further on, and he concluded with a prayer that God might give them all strength to endure the trials and tribulations which were before them in the near future.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

The Church Imperfect—Its Incessant Prayers—A Test of Sympathy—Like Crutches—Uncle Ben Joining the Church.

THE Church of God has never been what it ought to be. I am sorry we have unfaithful men and women in the Church. I am sorry there is an unfaithful brother upon the face of the earth. But hear me, my brother, hear me. You may say what you please about us, but, thank God, the Church of Christ has never spent a day without praying for God to save poor lost sinners. We have been earnest about that. I am sorry on your account that I have not lived better. I have no doubt every man of us will say that, on your account, we are sorry our lives have not been more consecrated. But hear me, my brother; however many mistakes I have made, however many sins I have committed, for thirteen years every day I have been on my knees praying God to save every lost man as He has saved me. God bless every poor, lost sinner, as Thou didst pull me to Thy great, loving heart and bless me, and I don't believe there is a man in this universe that ever tasted the pardoning love of God and then forgot to pray for poor sinners who are lost and ruined. Brothers, we are

IN SYMPATHY WITH YOU.

We are. You may take that old man out there; he has cursed the Church, and abused the Church, and said a hundred hard things about the Church; but listen to me, brother: if you want to know whether this Church loves you or not, you walk right up here to-night before this multitude, and say: "Pray for me," and there will be tears drop from a thousand eyes in five minutes' time. We love you. We are in sympathy with you, and we will do you all the good we can. I say to you, brother, the Church is in sympathy with sinners. Thank God for what the Church has been for me. The Church of God has been all the world to me. I hear of some men saying, "I think a man can be a good man out of the Church." Brother, I am

AFRAID TO RISK IT.

I am afraid to risk it, as God is my judge. I have had too hard a time being what I ought to be, and I will say to you this: You take away the support and blessing that the Church of

God has been to me, and I never could have been religious at all. They have been like a crutch under each arm to me, to hobble along with in the way of life. Thank God for the Church. Thank God for the Church.

When I look out on the Church I feel in deep sympathy with an old colored man down South, who, when the preacher came around on his appointment and opened the doors of his church, though he had been a faithful old Christian man in the Church for forty years, walked up and joined the Church. The next time the preacher came and opened the door again, old Uncle Ben walked right up and joined the Church again. The next round the preacher opened the doors again, and

UNCLE BEN JOINED AGAIN.

Then the preacher said, "Uncle Ben, tell me why it is you join the Church every time the door is opened?" "Why," he says, "boss, it done this poor old nigger so much good the first time he joined that he has never lost a chance since. He has joined every time he had a chance." And I feel that way in my heart. Other men may live out of the Church, other men may die out of the Church, but if they were to turn me out to-morrow I would join the first chance I got; and if they got to where they would not open the doors where I was, I would slip in and hear every prayer that was offered and hear every sermon that was preached. Brother, God being my helper. I am going to take every chance for the good world. I intend that whatever will help a man shall be what I want as my portion forever.

Brother, listen: the Church is a blessing to thousands—

A BLESSING TO THOUSANDS.

I have heard the vaporings of infidels and read their literature when I ought not to have read it. A man never gets over having read a bad piece of literature. Mark the expression. In one lecture of Mr. Ingersoll you will have poison injected into your veins that you will regret the balance of your life—the balance of your life. Suppose we had an infidel city; that it was founded, and incorporated, and houses built, and men invited to go to it. Here are improvements for everybody that will come, but having it in the constitution and by-laws of that city that no preacher shall ever open his mouth in this city. No Bible shall ever come within the circle of this city's incorporation, and no church shall ever be built and no prayers ever offered here. You may build a city as magnificent as Chicago, and say: "Let every man that will take the oath, and say that I will swear to prosecute those who violate the constitution and the by-laws of this city," I will venture to say that not only no Christians would go to that city, but there is not an infidel in America that would make that city his home. Not one single one.

I have noticed this much—that infidels love to live under the shadow of churches. I have found that out. I have found out that infidel men like good Christian women to raise their children for them. I have found out that infidels will not go off in communities and stay together. I have found out that infidels love to live in a land of Bibles, preachers, prayers, and sacrifices. I have found that out. And I will tell you all to-day, my brother, the Church is a blessing to the world, and if every preacher and church was driven out and demolished in this city to-morrow and all the Bibles burned up, if you wanted to demolish this city, you need to just bring that state of things about.

Thank God for the Church. And I want to see every man and woman come into the Church, and I want to live to see the day when every man in the world belongs to the Church, and that I am the meanest man in the Church, and I want to be just as good as God can help me to be. That is just the way I feel about it. The Church calls you, brother, with all her voice, and the language of the Church is: "Come thou and go with us and we will do thee good." That is what the Lord told us to say to you.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

NOTICE.

THE publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be obliged to subscribers if they would make their cheques and Post-Office orders payable simply to "The Manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." Some of them have of late been making them payable to Mr. Jewett, which causes confusion, as he has charge of the advertising department only. Others make them payable to Mr. Walton, which causes delay, as his connection with the paper has terminated. Subscribers are also again reminded that it is unsafe to send currency in unregistered letters. The only safe way to remit is by cheque or Post-Office Order, which can be duplicated without loss if they are lost. *This is important*, as several letters containing money sent to this office and other offices in this neighborhood lately have not been received.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Minneapolis Industrial Exposition was formally opened amid much enthusiasm on August 23d. Nearly ten thousand persons were crowded into the Exposition building to witness the ceremonies. It is a magnificent edifice, covering seven acres, and having a tower two hundred and sixty feet high. The grounds extend in terraces down to the Mississippi bank. Trains run right up to the building. One of the most interesting features of the opening was the part taken by Mrs. Cleveland, who, though fifteen hundred miles away, by touching an electric button in the little town in the heart of the mountains set in motion all the gigantic machinery of the Exposition. The circuit was open the whole distance, and within two minutes after Mrs. Cleveland had pressed the button the reply came from Minneapolis that the machinery was working beautifully.

The Fishery Dispute with Canada continues fruitful in irritations. Seizures of American vessels are numerous, and the Canadian customs regulations are being rigidly enforced. An important interview with the captain of the Terror, which is the cruiser that has been most active in hostility to the American fishermen, was published in the New York Herald last Friday. From that it appears that the captain is very positive in his assertion that he has acted strictly within the law as laid down by the treaty of 1818. It appears from the reports on both sides that the trouble has arisen out of the abrogation by the United States of the subsequent treaty. The fishermen were not interfered with while the treaty lasted. They used Nova Scotian ports as though they were American. It is easy to see that to be suddenly compelled to "report" when they slip into a harbor; to be prohibited from landing; to be warned to depart within twenty-four hours; to be asked their

business and forbidden to make purchases ashore—all this seems to them an intolerable annoyance. But they cannot blame the Government, as it was at their request that the treaty was cancelled. It is unfortunate that the diplomatic negotiations are so slow. Much delay is caused by the proposals Minister Phelps makes in London having to be submitted to the Canadian Government.

Editor Cutting was Released from his Mexican prison on August 23d, and immediately left for El Paso. Mr. Sedgwick's inquiries into his case will, however, be continued, with the object of procuring such information respecting Mexican law as to render it possible to arrange an amendment of the treaty between the two countries as will preclude the recurrence of a similar case. It appears that under the existing extradition treaty Mexico cannot secure the extradition of an American citizen who has been guilty of crime in Mexico. One clause of the treaty provides that neither Government shall be bound to surrender its own citizens, and our State Department has always taken advantage of that clause and declined to surrender our criminals. That fact probably weighed with the Mexican authorities in dealing summarily with Cutting. Mr. Cutting expects to be compensated for his imprisonment, but it is understood that if the offence for which the Mexicans imprisoned him was circulating the libel, and not for writing it, the State Department will not support his claim.

A Series of Speeches by Mr. Blaine in Maine last week attracted general attention. They displayed the power and dexterity for which the orator has long been noted. His main effort was directed against the Prohibition movement, which in Maine, as elsewhere, injures the Republican more than the Democratic prospects. Mr. Blaine contended that, as the Republican Party had responded to the demands of the Prohibitionists by passing thirty different prohibitory measures, and finally by a prohibitory amendment to the constitution, it was inconsistent, if not ungrateful, on the part of Prohibitionists, to run a separate ticket which could not succeed, but might put the Democrats in power. The other questions with which he dealt were the tariff and the Canadian fisheries.

An Enthusiastic Prohibition Convention was held at Harrisburg, Pa., last week. Since last year the increase in numbers and energy is very marked. Money was freely pledged for the campaign, and arrangements made for perfecting the organization. The nomination for Governor was made by acclamation, there evidently being an irresistible demand that Charles S. Wolfe should be the candidate of the party. His rival, A. A. Barker, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. While Prohibition has the prominent place in the platform, the delegates have made it clear that they hold decided views on other subjects which both Republicans and Democrats have somewhat ignored in practice, if not in doctrine. The platform declares the Christian Sabbath to be an indispensable safeguard of our cherished institutions, and demands the strict observance of all laws against its violation. The laws regulating marriage and divorce are declared a shame, and a demand is made for a national law, uniform for all States. Arbitration in labor disputes is advocated, and a change demanded in our immigration laws, with the object of excluding the criminal, idler, and vagrant class of all nations.

A Counter Revolution in Bulgaria engrossed public attention in Europe last week. The people of Bulgaria appear to have been paralyzed with astonishment when Prince Alexander's abdication was announced. In less than twenty-four hours they discovered that the regiment which had entered his palace in the night and demanded his abdication was chiefly composed of Russians, and that the people who knelt before the Russian embassy and besought the Czar's protection were paid by Russia to thus betray their country. Immediately a popular cry was raised for the return of Prince Alex-

ander, which became more imperative when it was known that he had not abdicated, but that, when surrounded with traitorous soldiers, he had cast the act of abdication from him at the risk of his life, and resolutely refused to sign it. For several days the prince could not be found. He had been forced on board a yacht by the Russian soldiers, and carried no one knew where. It was discovered that he had been carried to Reni, whence, being liberated, he had gone on to Darmstadt. The Government which had assumed office was overthrown, and a government loyal to the prince re-established. The garrisons of soldiers scattered through Bulgaria declared for Prince Alexander. Invitations were sent to him to return to his capital, and he was assured of the loyalty of the people. On receiving them he at once set out for Sofia. Europe now is curious to learn what Russia will do.

An Earthquake has Caused an Appalling Loss of life in Greece. A cable despatch on Saturday last from Athens states that the peninsula of Morea has been almost devastated by an earthquake which was felt also with less severity throughout Greece, parts of Italy, and in Egypt. In the Morea the loss of life, according to the best information, reaches the enormous figure of three hundred. The village of Pyrgo and the town of Philiatra were the chief sufferers, and these furnish, it is believed, all that have perished. In Pyrgo *not a house is left standing*, while Philiatra is almost swept from the face of the globe, swallowed up in the convulsions of the earth. In the town of Zante every house was damaged, and the inhabitants fled in terror to the open country. It is remarkable that on the same day earthquake shocks were felt at Charleston, S. C., and Augusta, Ga.

A Typical Eviction Case in Ireland was reported last week. About twenty tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde, who have reclaimed land which increases the value of the marquis' estate, are in arrears with their rent to the amount of \$2500. Among them one Saunderson, who owes \$300 for rent and \$150 for the expense of evicting him, barricaded his house against the bailiffs. They were unable to gain admission, and the sympathy felt in the locality for Saunderson and the other tenants threatened with eviction rendered the duty of the bailiffs a perilous one. Soldiers and police in large numbers were sent for, and under their protection the bailiffs succeeded in turning the twenty families out of the houses. Conroy, one of the tenants, was a bedridden man of eighty. He was carried out in a sheet, in spite of the entreaties of his aged wife and the parish priest. Another of the tenants, a widow, had, with the help of her son, actually built the house from which they were evicted. It was built of stones toilsomely grubbed out of the land which they reclaimed. The marquis who did this cruel business owns 54,582 acres in Ireland.

The First Important Division in the New House of Commons took place on Saturday last. It was on a proposal by Mr. Parnell to add a paragraph to the address which the House makes to the Queen in reply to her speech. Its purport was that the distress in Ireland would render difficult the payment of high rents during the winter. The proposal to add the paragraph caused a debate which continued from day to day, from Tuesday till Friday midnight, when a division was taken in which the proposal was lost by a vote of 304 to 181. The Parnellites were somewhat discouraged by the large majority against them, but they knew that it was not a fair test of their strength. The Liberal deserters voted with the Tories, as was expected, and many of the Gladstonians were absent from the division. Mr. Gladstone himself was away, and he expressly stated in the speech that he made on Mr. Parnell's proposal that he did not approve of its being made at that time, and should therefore abstain from voting. Mr. Chamberlain received a severe castigation during the debate from several members, who commented in plain terms on the malignity and effrontery of the man.

Bishop William Taylor is Carrying his Principle of self-support into Africa. He writes that at Mamba, on the west coast of Africa, they have planted between thirty and forty square rods of staple products, including three thousand Liberia coffee seed. It takes five years for a coffee-tree to come to full bearing, but then it will produce a yearly crop for sixty years.

A Characteristic Letter from Mr. D. L. Moody is published in Mr. Revell's *Record of Christian Work* in reply to inquiries about the new school established by Mr. Moody at Mt. Hermon. He says: "Mt. Hermon is a school for young men of sound bodies, good minds, and high aims—not for the physically or morally weak. It undertakes to furnish, for earnest, Christian young men, who desire to serve the Master, opportunities to secure a better preparation than otherwise would be within their reach. It also provides a place where young men whose early education has been neglected can be instructed according to their individual needs. In the admission of candidates reference is had to character and ability, rather than to scholarship. Then, it aims to care for the physical welfare of its pupils, to train them to industrious habits, and to give them some practical knowledge of work, by requiring of each one a certain amount of manual labor daily. It costs \$100 per year for board and tuition." An effort is being made to form a library, and fourteen hundred volumes have already been received. More will be welcome.

A Good Bargain was Broken on Principle by a temperance merchant in Akron, O., recently. The mills of Mr. Schumacher in that city were burned down, and the loss to the proprietor was a serious one. The *Chicago Herald* says that a few days after the fire, two men from Cincinnati called on Schumacher. They said they had heard that in the cellars of the mills was a vast quantity of grain damaged by smoke and water, and they had come with the intention of buying it. The matter was talked over, and a bargain finally struck. The men drew their cheque for the purchase price, a sum running into the thousands, and were just about to hand it to Schumacher when one of them happened to remark that they would be able to make a good deal of whiskey out of that grain. "Do you want this grain to make whiskey of?" inquired Schumacher, stepping back a few feet. "Yes; we are distillers in Cincinnati." "Then, gentlemen, you cannot buy any grain of me. I have no grain to sell to be made into whiskey. Good-day, sirs." And Schumacher gave every bushel of it to teamsters, expressmen, draymen, and poor families keeping cows, to feed to their stock, on condition that they would haul it away.

The Death of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe. Husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, took place at Hartford, Conn., on August 22d. He was eighty-four years of age, and had been ill for many months. Professor Stowe was a native of Natick, Mass. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1824 and at Andover Theological Seminary four years later. He became Assistant Professor of Sacred Literature at Andover. In 1830 he became Professor of Languages in Dartmouth College. Three years later he removed to Ohio and became Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature at Lane Theological Seminary. In the first year of his residence there he married Harriet Elizabeth Beecher, then twenty-one years of age. In 1836 Professor Stowe was sent by the State of Ohio to examine the public school system of Germany. Upon his return he published a report, which was distributed at the public expense to every school district in Ohio. He left Ohio in 1850 to become Professor of Revealed and Natural Religion in Bowdoin College. Two years afterward he resigned to take the chair of Sacred Literature in Andover Seminary. He continued in Andover until 1864, when he resigned. Professor Stowe was a voluminous writer upon theological subjects. Among his best-known works was a translation of John's "History of the Hebrew

Commonwealth," "Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews," "Introduction to the Criticism and Interpretation of the Bible," and "Origin and History of the Books of the Bible."

A Clergyman Mistaken for a Bear had a Narrow escape of death on Saranac Lake last week. He had undertaken to hold a service near the spot where the President is spending his vacation, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were expected to be among the congregation. The clergyman, accompanied by a boy, started down the Saranac River to keep his appointment; but the boat was capsized in the rapids, and the two took refuge on a rock to wait until they were rescued by some passing vessel. They waited so long that they grew tired, and, curling themselves up on the rock, went to sleep. Soon afterward a guide with a boatload of luggage passed the rock and saw something dark upon it, but in the dim light could not make out what it was. He shouted, but there was no response; and, concluding that it was a bear, he raised his rifle to bring it down. Happily the clergyman awoke and called out in time, or he would probably have been shot. His providential escape caused a sensation in the neighborhood. The good clergyman will probably be often reminded by humorous brethren that he was once mistaken for a bear, but it may be hoped that in his ministerial labors he will always heed the apostolic injunction, and so the comparison may never be appropriate (11 Tim. 2 : 24).

A Marriage in Two States was Solemnized on August 24th. Some eight hundred excursionists travelling by a train on the Lake Erie and Western Railroad alighted when the train came to a stop near the line which divides Ohio from Indiana. They witnessed there rather a remarkable wedding ceremony. The bridegroom took his stand in Indiana and the bride in Ohio, while the officiating clergyman, with one foot on each side the line, pronounced the words which made them husband and wife. After the ceremony all went aboard the train again, and the journey was resumed. The reporter who telegraphed the incident was not able to learn why that curious place was chosen for the wedding, but it was probably due to a compromise on the desires of the bride and bridegroom that the wedding should take place in their respective States. It may be hoped that in their future life they will always be able to find some basis for compromise when there is a conflict of will, if they are unable to attain to that higher ideal of union in which each takes pleasure in surrendering to the other. In the union between Christ and His people, of which marriage is a type, the will of the Heavenly Bridegroom must be supreme. Not until we have made a complete surrender of our will do we enjoy the perfect peace and rest that the union is capable of affording (Col. 1 : 18).

A Formidable Naval Destroyer was Exhibited in New York Harbor last week. It is a boat which can be sunk and raised at pleasure, and can travel some distance under water. It is built of iron, and looks like one boat laid upside down on another. There is no fire or smoke on board, as the inventor has, by an ingenious device, obtained sufficient heat for the engine boilers by slaking caustic soda. The vessel is raised or lowered when stationary by taking the water or pumping it out. Compressed air is stowed aboard in iron pipes to supply the men's lungs, as the air becomes foul in case it may be necessary to remain several hours under water, and stored electricity lights the boat. The destroying power of the boat consists of two dynamite torpedoes, one at each end on the deck. The inventor thus explained the mission of his boat: "You drive your boat under the iron-clad, and detach the cork-ballasted torpedoes, so that they rise and lie against the enemy's hull, one on each side of the keel. Electric wires still connect the torpedoes with the boat. The hidden boat runs away to a safe distance, and then fires the torpedoes, and then rises to the surface." At the experiment last week the boat

was at the bottom, forty feet below the surface, for half an hour, and the men on board said that they suffered no inconvenience. The inventor has named this terrible engine of warfare "*the Peacemaker*." If it should ever be employed in naval warfare, the enemy it attacks will be little likely to say, "Blessed are the peacemakers." A city lying exposed to the bombardment of a hostile fleet would, however, consider the boat not inaptly named. There are cases in which peace can only come through battle and death. In his spiritual experience the Christian never realizes what peace really is until he sees that it was won by Christ's death and is appropriated by his own death in Him (Eph. 2 : 13-16).

A New Kind of Fire Escape was Tested recently in New York. A wealthy jeweller, who has a haunting dread of being burned to death, was much pleased some time ago when he came across a cheap and apparently trustworthy fire escape. It was an exceedingly simple idea, consisting of nothing but a piece of wood about eight inches long with a tortuous hole through it, and a rope through the tortuous hole. He was told that he would only have to tie one end of the rope to a bed-post, throw the other end out of the window, clasp the piece of wood with one hand, and then set sail. The friction on the rope as it passed through the twists in the block was warranted to let a six-hundred-pound man down gently. He purchased it at once and prudently decided not to wait for a fire before testing it. According to the directions, he tied one end of his rope to the bed-post, and then sat on the sill of his window firmly clasping the slip of wood on the rope. It slipped down gently as the inventor had assured him it would, until the jeweller's feet were about seven feet from the ground. There something checked the descent. He raised himself a little and brought his weight on the wood with a jerk. There was a sharp crack and he lay on the pavement stunned, but not seriously hurt. The rope had broken. The jeweller's neighbors made merry over his accident, but it would be well if his disposition was more common. As a general rule an emergency in temporal affairs finds people unprepared for it, and in the all-important matters of the soul the neglect is still more common. Comparatively few are able to meet death with the calm confidence of the Christian (Ps. 37 : 37, 38).

A Pyramidal Mausoleum is Designed for Chicago. On August 26th an architect submitted his plans for a new burial place to the Commissioner of Health for Chicago. The architect proposes to erect a monster edifice, which might be carried to any height desirable—from twenty-five to fifty stories high. The structure as designed is architecturally beautiful and classic in style and built of solid masonry. Thousands of vaults could be arranged in the building for single interments or for the accommodation of families. The walls of each department would be of stone, with ornamental entrances, and the entire building hollow to the sky. At all times a huge fire would be kept in the basement of the central court, which would effectually destroy all the poisonous vapors and gases which might arise from the process of human decomposition. The building would cost about half a million dollars, and Chicago could then vie with Egypt in the magnificence and colossal character of its necropolis. This scheme would have the approval, it is believed, of persons who are opposed alike to earth-burial and cremation. In the discussion that has arisen about the best mode of disposing of the dead every one has recognized that sanitary considerations alone are involved. No one imagines that the happiness or misery of the dead themselves is affected by the mode adopted. If it was discovered that a certain disposition of the remains of a departed friend would insure his felicity, that plan would be universally adopted regardless of trouble or expense. Yet this concern does not produce its logical result of impelling the living, who know that they too must die, to accept the offer of eternal happiness which God has made to all (Isa. 38 : 18, 19).

CONFIDENCE AND CONCERN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."—2 TIMOTHY I: 12-14.

Paul's Dreary Surroundings—Not Discouraged—

I. What he Had Done—Had Trusted a Person—

Deposited Everything—An Idiot's Lost Soul—

II. What he Knew—Christ as God—His Character—By the Bible—By Practical Experience—

III. What He was Persuaded of—Christ's Power—What he Committed to Him—What

was Committed to Paul—IV. What he was

Concerned about—The Steadfastness of Timothy—The Conservation of the Gospel.

OUR apostle was in prison. If he was confined in the Mamertine, those of us who have shivered in that dark underground dungeon may well pity him; and if he was confined in the prison of the Prætorian Guards, he fared no better, for the near company of such rough and cruel soldiers would involve much suffering. The apostle was not only

A PRISONER, CHAINED

by his right hand to a soldier day and night, but he was, to his intense sorrow, forsaken by his friends. The encouragements of Christian communion are exceedingly great, and the loss of them is very bitter. Those who ought to have gloried in the apostle for his fervor, his self-sacrifice, his courage, and his zeal, had turned against him; he writes to Timothy, "This thou knowest, that all they which are in Asia be turned away from me; of whom are Phygellus and Hermogenes." It would seem that these two notable persons were ashamed of Paul's chain, and to their endless disgrace turned against him.

Deserted in his utmost need, deprived of his liberty, and treated as a breaker of the laws, we could not have marvelled if the apostle had been somewhat dispirited. Active spirits are apt to fret in confinement, and tender hearts bleed under desertion. Beside that, the man of God was in daily danger of execution by the tyrant's sword. He was not likely to be spared by the monster who occupied the Roman throne, and already he had the sentence of death in himself. Any morning he might be awakened by a rough summons to come forth and die. See him then—such a one as Paul the aged! Wearing his chain, he sits in his cell, expecting soon to die a cruel death; but instead of being personally discouraged, he has

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SPARE

for others. He is thinking of young Timothy, and not of himself. As for himself, he says, "Nevertheless, I am not ashamed;" and then he charges his young brother not to be disheartened nor shaken in faith, but bravely to carry on the great work committed to his charge. It is grand to see how calmly this man bore himself! In his case it was indeed true that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Paul ranged the world with his free missionary spirit, and he reigned more royally in his prison than Cæsar in his palace. No one envies Nero, but many have felt that Paul's sufferings might readily be embraced for the sake of his exalted life.

What was the cause of the cool courage of the apostle? On what foundation was his peace builded? How was his confidence sustained? He tells us in our text how his fears were removed; and he also informs us as to a matter which pressed upon his mind. The honored apostle had committed all his own matters into the hand of God, and so was at perfect peace about them; but he experienced deep anxiety for another treasure, which was committed to himself, which he handed over to Timothy with an earnest entreaty that he would guard it by the Holy Ghost. The blending of deep peace

and holy zeal will give us a condition of heart of a most desirable kind.

I. First, observe carefully

WHAT PAUL HAD DONE.

He had trusted a person—"I know whom I have believed." He had trusted that person with full, clear knowledge of Him; so trusted that he did not alter his trust as years rolled by, but as he grew in the knowledge of that person he was also confirmed in his confidence in Him. He says expressly, "I know *whom* I have believed;" as much as to say, "I know the person into whose hand I have committed my present condition, and my eternal destiny. I know who He is, and I therefore, without any hesitation, leave myself in His hands." Paul had not ventured upon a fancy, but he had trusted in a well-known Friend. He had not done this in ignorance, nor in fanaticism, nor in desperation; but with cool, clear, deliberate judgment, knowing whom he had trusted. Ignorance is a wretched foundation, but sure knowledge is like a rock.

Paul had gone further, and had practically carried out his confidence, for he had

DEPOSITED EVERYTHING

with this Person. He had unreservedly committed his body, soul, spirit, character, life, and immortality to the guardian care of that Person whom he knew and loved so well. I may believe in a person, and yet I may never have committed anything to his charge; he might not wish that I should do so, nor be willing to accept any trust at my hands; but we must go that length with the Lord Jesus. He must be to us the Banker who has the custody of all our valuables, and bonds, and title-deeds; yea we must leave with Him ourselves also. All that we are, all that we have, all that we expect to have, we must confide with Jesus. A poor idiot, who had been instructed by an earnest Christian man, somewhat alarmed him by a strange remark, for he feared that all his teaching had been in vain. He said to this poor creature, "You know that you have a soul, John?" "No," said he, "I have no soul." "No soul!" thought the teacher; "this is dreadful ignorance." All his fears were rolled away when his half-witted pupil added, "I had a soul once, and I lost it, and Jesus found it; and so I have let Him keep it." How could he better have expressed his faith? Is not that exactly what the apostle meant; he passed his soul out of his own keeping into the care of Jesus, his Lord?

I pause here to ask whether we have all done the like. This is a vital question. If you, my friend, are keeping your own soul, you have a poor keeper. You will lose your soul as surely as you attempt to be your own saviour. In the keeping of Jesus nothing shall hurt you either night or day. In Him you dwell in a fortress and high tower, and no enemy shall molest you. Through time and eternity you are secure. Death shall leave you sleeping on His bosom; resurrection shall awaken you in His likeness, and endless ages shall display your security in Him forever and ever. What Paul did is summed up in these words, "I know whom I have believed," "I have committed everything to Him."

II. The next thing is,

WHAT DID PAUL KNOW?

He tells us plainly, "I know whom I have believed." We are to understand by this that Paul looked steadily at the object of his confidence, and knew that he relied upon God in Christ Jesus. He did not rest in a vague hope that he would be saved; nor in an indefinite reliance upon the Christian religion; nor in a sanguine expectation that all things would, somehow, turn out right at the end. He did not hold the *theory of our modern divines*, that our Lord Jesus Christ did something or other, which, in one way or another, is more or less remotely connected with the forgiveness of sin; but he knew the Lord Jesus Christ as a Person, and he deliberately placed himself in His keeping, knowing Him to be the Saviour. Paul knew no company of saints and virgins, nor

even a church to which he trusted his soul; but he says, "I know whom I have believed." On what better ground could he have gone? What could be more reasonable than that he should entrust his all with One so fitted to preserve him till the day of His appearing? Dear friends, do you really know Christ Jesus

AS A REAL PERSON?

Do you trust in Him as now living? I beseech you do not trust the weight of your salvation upon a doctrine. A statement, an abstraction cannot save you; you need the active interference of a person.

Paul also knew the character of Jesus whom he trusted. His perfect character abundantly justified the apostle's implicit trust. How could he do otherwise than trust in one of whom he knew such wonderful things? But *how did Paul come to know Christ?* I suppose he knew Him in great part by the Word of God. Every page of Scripture, as the apostle perused it, revealed Jesus to him. Paul also knew Jesus in another way than this. He had personal acquaintance with Him; he knew Him as "the Lord Jesus, who appeared unto him in the way." When he was going to Damascus to persecute the saints of God, this same Jesus spoke out of the excellent glory, and said to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Brethren, have we any personal acquaintance with Christ? If not, our witness will not run parallel with Paul's utterance in our text, "I know whom I have believed." Cannot you join with our poet, and softly sing—

"Yea, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown."

There are other gates of the soul beside eyes and ears, other touches than those of the hand, and other feelings than those of the flesh. Our inner spirit when it would commune with the spiritual world disdains to use the gross and inefficient instruments of this poor body; she cannot with these have fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. More than the senses could convey to the soul she perceives without them. This is a divine and blessed knowledge, and the apostle could, with all his heart, declare that it was his own. He knew the Lord also

BY PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

and trial of Him. Paul had tested Jesus amid furious mobs, when stones fell about him, and in prison, when the death-damp chilled him to the bone. He had known Christ far out at sea, when Euroclydon drove him up and down in the Adriatic; and he had known Christ when the rough blasts of unbrotherly suspicion had beaten upon him on the land. All that he knew increased his confidence. "I know," said he; he was past the age of speculation and theory. Look at his hoary locks and his scarred face; he is no fair-weather sailor; he has sailed with his Lord upon the great deeps, and has suffered many things for His sake; and now after all his experience he does not say that he hopes, supposes, or thinks, but he writes, "*I know.*" Glorious dogmatist, we are not ashamed to follow in thy track!

III. Thirdly, let us inquire—

WHAT HE WAS PERSUADED OF.

Implicitly Paul declares his faith in our Lord's willingness and faithfulness. He does not mention these in words, but sometimes there is great instruction in omissions; things not said may perhaps be more conspicuous by their absence than things which are spoken. Silence is often more emphatic than speech. Paul does not raise the question whether the Saviour was willing or faithful to keep what he had committed to Him—he takes that for granted. He will not even assert his knowledge of the truth and grace of his Redeemer; he leaves these among the things which could not be questioned for a moment. Dear heart, if thou hast given thyself to Christ, Christ has given Himself to thee; do not doubt His readiness to receive thee!

But the point which the apostle expressly mentions is the power of Christ—"I am persuaded that He is able." He had a solemn conviction of the ability of the Lord Jesus, who is able to save unto the uttermost. Let us hope that no believer here has any doubt about the power of Christ; if he has, the doubt is most absurd. "Oh," says one, "I do not doubt the ability of Christ to save me?" May I ask you, then, what you do doubt? "Oh, I doubt my own merit, my own ability, and so forth." What have any of these things to do with the matter in hand, which is the power of Jesus? These things are out of the circle altogether. All the salvation of a man dependeth upon the Lord Jesus Christ; and if He be

ABLE TO SAVE

you, why are you full of fears? If you have committed your money to the banker, and you say, "I am afraid it is not safe," the only justifiable reason for such suspicion must be because the bank is not solvent. Would you say, "I doubt about my money, because I have a headache?" Would that be rational? Would you say, "I am afraid my money is unsafe because my eyesight is failing me"? Does that influence the safety of your deposit at the bank? Nothing can affect that matter but want of stability in the bank itself. If you have committed yourself to the care of the Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot listen to those miserable "ifs" and "buts;" they are unreasonable and irrelevant. I blow them away as so much chaff. If Jesus is able to save, and you are trusting Him, there is no room for distrust. Well may you say, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

What was this which Paul had committed to Christ? He committed to Him everything that he had for time and for eternity; his body, his soul, his spirit; all fears, cares, dangers, sins, doubts, hopes, joys; he just made a clean removal of his all from himself to his Lord. "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." See how the eye of the apostle lights up as he tells his amanuensis to write down, "He is able to keep my deposit against that day."

Those of you who are acquainted with the original will follow me while I forge a link between my third division and my fourth. If I were to read the text thus it would be quite correct—"I am persuaded that He is able to

KEEP MY DEPOSIT

against that day." Here we have a glimpse of a second meaning. If you have the Revised Version, you will find in the margin "that which He has committed to me;" and the original allows us to read the verse whichever way we choose—"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him"—or "that which He has committed unto me." This last expression, though I could not endorse it as giving the full sense of the text, does seem to me to be a part of its meaning. He seemed to say, "I have preached the Gospel which was committed to my trust; and now, for having preached it, I am put in prison, and am likely to die; but the Gospel is safe in better hands than mine."

I cannot tell you what heart-cheer it often brings to my soul, in these evil days, to join in the confidence of this text. At the present moment, it seems as if parts of the Church had almost forgotten the Gospel of the grace of God. We hear on all hands "another Gospel, which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel of Christ." Worldliness is growing over the Church, she is mossed with it. The visible Church is honeycombed through and through with a baptized infidelity. Unholy living is following upon unbelieving thinking. They boast that they have nearly extirpated Puritanism; some of us are described as the last of the race. Have they quenched our coal? Far from it. The light of the doctrines of grace shall yet again shine forth as the sun. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep my deposit against that day."

IV. This leads me on to this fourth point—
WHAT HE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT.

The matter about which he was concerned was this deposit of his—this everlasting Gospel of the blessed God. He expresses his concern in the following words: "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."

First, he is concerned for the steadfastness of Timothy, and as I think for that of all young Christians, and especially of all young preachers. What does he say? "Hold fast the form of sound words." I hear an objector murmur, "There is not much in *words*, surely." Sometimes there is very much in words. Vital truth may hinge upon one word. "Surely we may change our terms." I have no objection if I know that your intentions are honest. "Surely we may change the form of a creed, however sound it may be." Do so if you like. I will not contend for words to no profit. But as for some of you who ask for these changes, I shrewdly suspect that you would get rid of a phrase that you might be rid of that which the phrase means. You gentlemen who say, "Surely you will not stick out for a word," are, after all, neither so innocent nor so liberal as you appear to be.

Brethren, it is not a word they would amend, but a truth they would efface. I intend calling a rose a rose, even though I admit that by another name it might smell as sweet, for I perceive that there is an intent to inflict upon me a rank smelling weed which is no rose at all. When people rail at creeds as having no vitality, I suppose that I hear one say that there is no life in egg-shells. Just so; there is

NO LIFE IN EGG-SHELLS.

they are just so much lime, void of sensation. "Pray, my dear sir, do not put yourself out to defend a mere shell." Truly, good friend, I am no trifler, nor so litigious as to fight for a mere shell. But hearken! I have discovered that when you break egg-shells you spoil eggs; and I have learned that eggs do not hatch and produce life when shells are cracked. I have come to be rather tender about shells now that I find that certain rogues are depriving me of chickens by cracking my egg-shells. Brethren, do not change your posture nor shift your position. Stand fast on immutable truth, trusting and loving your Lord. Hold the old faith, and hold it in the old fashion too.

The apostle was anxious, not only that the men should stand, but that the everlasting Gospel itself should be guarded. "That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." O friends, it were better for us that the sun were quenched than that the Gospel were gone! I believe that the moralities, the liberties, and peradventure the very existence of a nation depend upon the proclamation of the Gospel in its midst. Have you not noticed that where the Gospel has been given up, and various forms of infidelity have ruled, foul pollution has also boiled up from below! The very idea of morality seems to have departed from some men by whom belief in God has been rejected. The Lord save us from the general spread of this mischief! God grant that future ages may not have to curse us for having been undecided or cowardly in

THE HOUR OF CONFLICT!

How are we to keep the faith? There is only one way. It is of little use trying to guard the Gospel by writing it down in a trust-deed; it is of small service to ask men to subscribe to a creed; we must go to work in a more effectual way. How is the Gospel to be guarded? "By the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us." If, my dear brothers and sisters, the Holy Spirit dwells in you, and you obey His monitions, and are moulded by His influences, and exhibit the result of His work in the holiness of your lives, then the faith will be kept. A holy people are the true body-guard of the Gospel. God send us, more and more, the Holy Ghost! May He

be in us as rivers of living water! Oh, for His heavenly presence in this day of blasphemy and rebuke! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A PRE-MOSAIC STATUE.*

At the last Universal Exhibition the most indifferent visitors, ignorant alike of archæology and art, were struck dumb with admiration before a wooden statue which has come down to us from these most remote ages. "A miracle alike of preservation and art," says M. F. Lenormant, "this statue, as a study of nature, as a striking and life-like portrait, is unsurpassed by any Grecian work. . . . From the inscriptions on the tomb in which it was discovered, we know that it represents a certain Ra-em-Ké, a man of some importance during several reigns of the fifth dynasty. . . . The sculptor has represented him on foot, calmly walking in some town under his government. . . . Parts of this figure have been much injured; . . . it has lost the thin coating of colored stucco which originally covered it, and on which the sculptor probably added his finishing touches. What must it not have been when intact and free from the ravages of time? Everything is faithfully copied from living nature; . . . it is evidently a true portrait. . . . The modelling of the body is marvellous. . . . but it is the head which most challenges admiration; it is a prodigy of life. . . . The mouth, parted by a slight smile, seems about to speak. The expression of the eyes is almost distressing. The eyeballs are shaded by lids of bronze, and are formed of pieces of opaque white quartz, . . . in the centre of which are inserted rounded bits of rock crystal to represent the pupils. Under each crystal is fixed a shining nail, which indicates the visual point, and produces the astonishing and life-like expression."

As this Ra-em-Ké lived under the fifth dynasty, his iconic statue must have been executed about the year 4000 B.C. More than fifty-eight hundred years have therefore passed over these fragile pieces of cedar and mimosa wood without effacing the marks of the artist's chisel.

THE ROSETTA STONE.

The stelæ, or tablets with historical and funeral inscriptions, have become the true annals of Egypt. The stelæ consist of a mixture of figures and symbols, some merely written, and some engraved in relief, hollowed out, or produced by a combination of the two processes. The historical tablets, like the Roman Capitoline tables, were destined to preserve the memory of great public events. Although the epitaphs were only written in memory of the dead, they form a collection of useful documents relating to religious, domestic, and even national history.

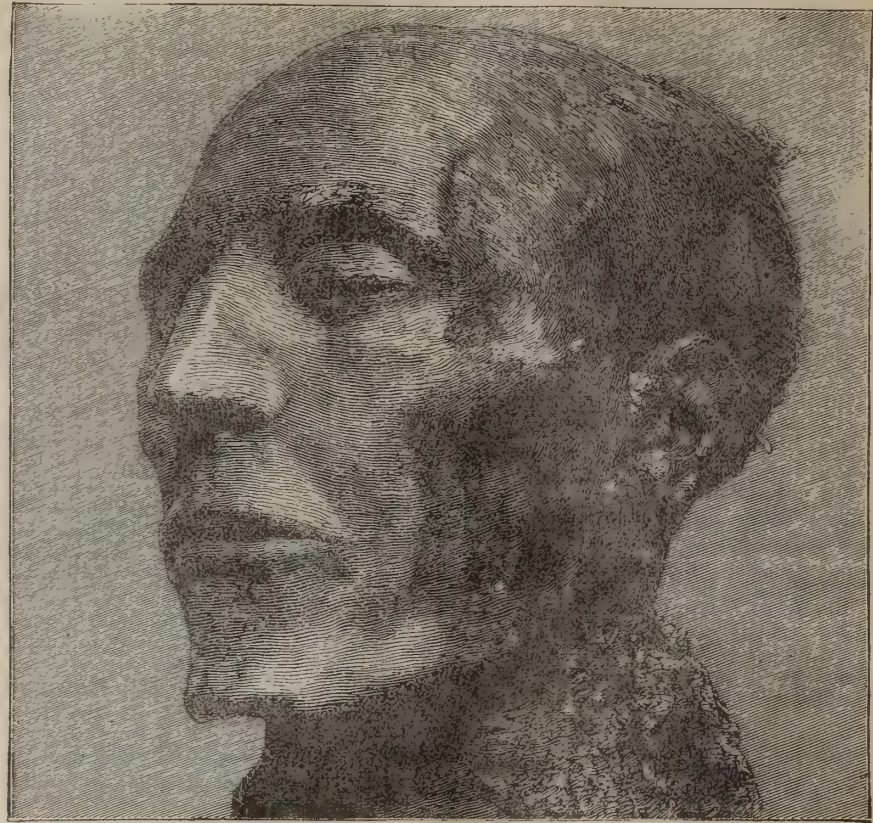
What we have said of the stelæ applies equally to the sarcophagi, a name which has been given without due consideration to boxes or tubs of granite, basalt, or calcareous stone, intended to contain mummies. Champollion himself brought home the chief of the sarcophagi of the Louvre, the one which contains the body of a basilico-grammate called Taho, priest of Imhotep (the Egyptian Æsculapius), under the twenty-sixth dynasty. Every part of it, inside and out, is covered with inscriptions, written in groups in the retrograde system. It is considered the masterpiece of engraved sculpture of the Saite epoch—indeed, artists are never weary of admiring these thousands of figures, all of which are cut with as much precision and good taste as if they were on precious stones.

Among this collection are to be found numerous relics of the religious, civil, and domestic life of ancient Egypt, which cannot fail to interest those who care to recall the life of an extinct people, and, as the geologist builds up the ante-

* From "The Wonders of Sculpture." By Louis Viardot. An illustrated work, describing in its first part the marvellous discoveries of ancient statuary in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, the inscriptions on the tombs and other stone records which have been exhumed and have thrown unexpected light on Bible History. Its second part is devoted to modern sculpture in Italy, Spain, Germany, England, France, and America. Pp. 403; price \$1.00. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



The Mummy of Rameses II., one of the Pharaohs of Exodus.



The Mummy of Seti I., the First Oppressor of the Israelites.

diluvian world with fossils, to reconstruct a by-gone civilization from the ruins it has left.

The Rosetta stone was found during the French occupation of 1799, near the town from which it takes its name (the ancient Bolbitimim, called Rachid by the Arabs), in the ruins of a temple dedicated to the god Atum-Nefer, by the Pharaoh Nechao. The inscriptions on this stone, written by order of the high priests, assembled at Memphis to invest Ptolemy I. (Ptolemy Epiphanes) with royal prerogatives in 193 B.C., commemorate the services rendered to the country by this prince. But it is not this which makes the Rosetta stone so valuable and famous. By a fortunate coincidence these inscriptions are engraved in three languages and three characters: 1, Hieroglyphics, or hieratic writing; 2, Demotic or enchorial writing; 3, Greek writing. The last was easily read and interpreted, and a comparison instituted between it and the hitherto unknown hieroglyphics which repeated the same thing, so that the Rosetta stone became the first key to hieroglyphic writing.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODIES OF THE PHARAOHS.

(See Illustrations.)

A DISCOVERY of extraordinary interest to Bible readers was made in June last in the Museum at Boulak, near Cairo, in Egypt. The particulars are just now received from the professor and the distinguished persons who witnessed the discovery. On June 1st Professor Maspero proceeded to open the glass cases containing the embalmed bodies which were found five years ago at the bottom of a subterranean sepulchre in the western plain of Thebes. It was known by the inscriptions on the caskets that the bodies were those of royal persons, and it was with intense interest that the examination was awaited, as the inscriptions on the bandages in which the bodies were swathed would show who the bodies actually were. The Khedive of Egypt came in state with his chief officers to see the bandages unwrapped. The representative of the Queen of England was also there. There were thirty mummies, and it was found that among them were two of the three Pharaohs mentioned in the book of Exodus—Seti I. and

Rameses II. When the bodies were stripped of the bandages in which the embalmers wrapped them three thousand years ago, the features were disclosed of the men who figured so prominently in the Bible narrative. Photographs were taken of them, and from these photographs our illustrations on this page have been prepared.

Seti I., whose features as they now appear are depicted in the illustration on the right, was "the new king who knew not Joseph" (Ex. 1: 8). What is known of him from secular records corroborates the Bible record. He belonged to a new dynasty, wholly unconnected with that under which Joseph had attained to high office. It was he who built, to protect his frontier, the great wall and huge arsenals called in Exodus "treasure or store cities" (Ex. 1: 11). As he grew older, he associated with himself on the throne his son, Rameses, then a boy of twelve years of age, who reigned jointly with him for about twenty years. When Seti died Rameses reigned alone for forty-seven years, so that in all his reign covered a period of sixty-seven years. His title was Rameses II., or, as the Greeks called him, "Sesostris." He was the Pharaoh whose daughter adopted Moses. Thus he was the Pharaoh who ordered the murder of the children, and the Pharaoh from whose face Moses fled (Ex. 2: 15). His embalmed body is also among the mummies, and a picture, taken from the photograph of it, is on the left of the illustration.

The bodies were identified by the inscriptions of the embalmers to the accuracy of which apparently the high priest of that day certified. The body of Rameses was covered from head to foot in a garment of white linen, and over that was layer upon layer of bandage covered with the bituminous substance used by the embalmers. When these coverings were taken off the spectators gazed on the features of Rameses the Great." Maspero says: The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about two inches in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent;

the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, hooked like the noses of the Bourbons. The temples are sunken; the cheekbones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced, like those of a woman, for the wearing of earrings. The jawbone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small but thick lipped. The teeth worn and very brittle, but white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness; or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and a tenth of an inch in length. The skin is of earthy brown spotted with black.

Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but, even under mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. He was over six feet in height. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man.

The body of the third Pharaoh mentioned in the Exodus is not announced as being among the mummies. It may, however, yet be found, as it is improbable that he was drowned with his army in the Red Sea. Neither Moses nor Miriam mentions him as being among the bodies cast up on the shore, as they probably would have done had they seen him. A later poet speaks of him as having been overthrown with them (Ps. 136: 15), but not specifically of his death. He was a man of little courage. In his war with the Libyans, on one occasion, when there was danger, he left his place at the head of the army to one of his generals, having, he said, had a vision in which his god ordered him not to pro-

ceed in person. Probably a convenient vision of similar purport saved him from drowning in the Red Sea. The records of his reign do not mention the plagues nor the disaster of the Red Sea, as the court chronicles were expected to record only triumphs and successes. It appears, however, from their narratives, recently deciphered, that this king, whom they call Menephtah, lost his eldest son by an untimely death, which they fail to describe. Moses supplies the missing link in their narrative (Ex. 12 : 29).

NELLIE MORTIMER'S CROSS.

(See Illustration.)

IN a sequestered nook of the vicarage garden sat a young lady of some eighteen years of age. She had only lately graduated, and had returned to the old vicarage with rather vague ideas of the future. Nellie Mortimer did not mean that her life should be wasted in frivolity or spent in any useless way. She wanted to do something great, heroic, noble—something that would make her name famous. The lives of "the saints" had been her favorite study for the past few months, and on this pleasant July day she had one of them on her knees for perusal.

She thought of herself nursing soldiers wounded in battle, or going from house to house as a ministering angel in some fever-stricken city, or going among savages to tell them of Jesus. She wondered whether an opportunity for heroism would ever come. It never occurred to her that near at hand a labor of love was waiting for her. Services, in which she could expend her devotion to her Master, might be rendered to the aged clergyman, her father, to her infirm mother, and to the sick and the poor around her. These were dull, unromantic duties, which were too prosaic for her soaring ambition. As she thought of her circumscribed lot, she sighed heavily. Her father, who was meditatively pacing the garden path, heard the sigh and peeped through the foliage at his dissatisfied daughter. "Ah! Nellie," he said, "sighing so heavily at your time of life? What is the matter, daughter?"

Nellie poured out her story freely in his attentive ears.

"So my daughter is ambitious, is she?" he said, gently. "Well, I am glad that the material for a Christian heroine is still to be found in this apathetic nineteenth century. I should not be surprised if there is a dire need of it soon. Our optimistic friends, the young preachers, are looking forward to better times and to a world regenerated by the Gospel; but that is not as I read prophecy. Very dark days must come first, and there is need even now that we stand bravely by our colors. There may be direr need soon of intrepid men and women ready to die for the truth. You would be one Nellie?"

"Indeed I would, papa."

"I am thankful, dear," said the old clergyman, kissing her gravely on the forehead. "You would not do as Peter did after declaring his readiness to die for the Saviour—go and deny Him when the crisis came. It was sad of so daring a man, was it not?"



Nellie Mortimer's Picnic.

"I could not do that, papa, if God protected me," Nellie said, quietly, though she was a little startled by the warning so delicately given.

"Yes; we must always add that, Nellie. Without God's help we are weak creatures, capable of shameful things. Well, the time of trial may come; but in the mean time what is the best preparation?"

"I do not know, papa; I never thought of preparation."

"It is not in idly waiting, is it? What would you think of Sunday-school work or visiting the poor?"

"That is so dull and wearisome," said Nellie, shrugging her shoulders.

"Yes, that is so; but don't you think that the very disagreeableness of it to you is its chief merit as a discipline? Taking up the cross is never described as a pleasant matter. If these tasks I speak of are irksome, may not they be your duty? The fact that they are irksome renders it all the more likely that they are the cross you are intended to take up."

"There is nothing grand or heroic about them," said Nellie.

"Is there not? It appears to me that the young Christian doing for the sake of Jesus any dull work that is in any degree repulsive to her is a heroine. The work you contemplate and that you call heroic is attractive to you, is it not?"

Nellie nodded and smiled.

"Then where is the self-denial and self-sacrifice in it? You would be doing it for your own sake and for the sake of the fame and honor it would bring you. It is for Christ's sake that the Christian labors who has the spirit of the Master. Think it over, my dear," and the good minister left Nellie to her meditations.

It was just a year after that interview that Nellie Mortimer was again in the vicarage garden presiding at a tea-table around which were gathered the children of her Sunday-school class and their friends. Their bright, happy faces were not more beaming than that of their be-

loved teacher and friend. There were families in the village who looked for Nellie's visits as the one bright spot in their monotonous lives, and invalids who smiled when she entered their room and said life would be very dull without her. There was no lack of work for her at home and abroad, and her ceaseless effort was to render every one around her happier than they were already. This was a day of pure pleasure, for it did not need much to make the little folks happy, and their merriment was infectious.

After they were gone home tired with pleasure, Mr. Mortimer joined his daughter in the garden. He led her to the nook where she had sat sighing that day a year before.

"Have you taken up the cross we were talking of here a year ago, Nellie?" he asked.

"No, papa; my work has been no cross. I have been very happy in it."

"Ah! so says every one that carries the cross. I never knew any one who had any other story to tell of it. It seemed a heavy burden to you at first, my daughter, before you touched it; but, like all

the others, the burden has become a pleasure and a delight."

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 543.)

Suggestive Dreams.

LEROY went out into the night with the pathetic words with which Miss West had closed their interview ringing in his ears. He could still feel the grasp of her hand on his own, and his pulse was beating rapidly under the emotion it had aroused. He turned a little out of his direct route to his rooms, that he might think over the conversation, and realize exactly how he stood toward this fair young believer.

"It is certain," he muttered, "that she has taken a deep interest in me. She has evidently set her heart on my conversion. How profoundly she was moved by the thought of my danger! I wonder how much of personal regard there was in her anxiety. Very little I am afraid. A bright, gentle nature like hers would feel distress about any one that she thought was in danger."

He entered his rooms, flung off his clothes, and was soon asleep. Lightly as he had thrown off the tender appeal to him to fly for refuge, his mind was more deeply impressed by it than he then knew. In his sleep he was standing, as she had described him, on the edge of a precipice. A great black yawning chasm was below him, and on the opposite bank he saw an angel with white robes beckoning to him, and pointing him to a road that he could not see. Then he felt himself slip and fall down, down; and as he fell the angel wept and wrung her hands, and he saw that her face was Carrie West's. He woke with cold perspiration on his hands and face, and was trembling with his terrible dream.

No sooner was he asleep than he was sailing in imagination on a wide lake, calm and glassy, in which the stars were reflected, and which the

* Copyright reserved by the author.

moonlight silvered, as he remembered to have seen it once during a voyage on a summer vacation. The calm was delightful, and he leaned over the ship's side with his eyes fixed on that stream of placid light. Suddenly the moonlight took a different form. It was an angel with outspread wings shining upon him, and the light from her form was like the light that the moon had shed. He seemed to realize that the change was only perceptible to *him*, and that the sailors would have seen in it nothing but the moonlight as before. Then the angel raised her hand and pointed. He turned, following the direction indicated, and to his horror saw the vessel wrapped in flames. Great tongues of fire licked the masts, and the ropes cracked and parted around him. The boards under his feet became intolerably hot, and he looked all around the horizon for some way of escape from the fierce burning. There was only one, and that was a boat at the angel's feet, and she pointed to it. He leaped with all the muscular force he possessed, and struck out for it, but a wave lifted it out of his reach and he sank under the water. As he fell he caught sight of that angelic countenance, and it was that of the Christian girl who had pleaded with him some hours before. It had the same expression on it that Carrie's had worn when she said, "I utter no threats." Again he woke, and this time he felt that sleep was impossible for him any more that night.

He went to his table and lighted his lamp. Then he opened his trunk and felt for the Bible that his mother had slipped in before he left home. He found it, and when Burt awoke in the morning he saw a sight that astonished him more than any he could have imagined. It was the valiant free-thinker, the avowed sceptic sitting there reading the Bible.

"Why, Ransom," he said, "what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a spectre."

"I have had horrible dreams," Leroy answered, "so I thought I would get up and read. I was being tortured and was helpless. If I must be punished for my evil deeds, I prefer to take my punishment with my eyes open."

"And you are searching that Book to find out the details, eh?"

"No, it was not that; but I had a long talk with Miss West last night, and it ran on religion, so I thought I would just look up the points she raised. It has done no good. One needs to have the prior question settled before one can gain any light from the Bible. If these men were writing at the dictation of a God, I for one would listen humbly; if they wrote their own thoughts, they were as liable to mistake as other men."

"I thought you had settled that question long ago."

"So I had, but it is a serious one, and it does no harm to go over the ground again."

"It is that young lady who is unsettling you, Ransom. Why don't you invite me to your interviews? I should like to witness the collision of the masculine and feminine intellect at close quarters. How is it coming out? Will she convert you, or will you convert her. If I were a sporting man I think I would bet on you, for love-sick as you are, you are a pretty vigorous fighter."

Leroy smiled the smile of conscious power, and accepted graciously the homage his friend paid him. Would he be able to convert Carrie West to his opinions? He was not so sanguine of it as his friend. There were others, however, beside Burt who thought such an issue of the acquaintance possible. More than one Christian friend of the young lady was sorry to see her intimate with young Ransom. One motherly old body even went so far as to warn her against continuing the acquaintance.

If a young man of no real force of character, who did not even profess religion, but only did not avow unbelief, had bestowed his attentions on Carrie, this simple-hearted old woman would have had no objection to him. But Leroy was an infidel! That was as bad as if he had been a tippler. Why? Because a drunkard may in-

jure himself and a few others, but the influence of an infidel is never-ending, and the seeds of error sown by him will never cease to germinate and grow, and the consequent woe will never, never stop. But there are some who throw stones at the infidel who might be better employed. If those perish who deny the existence of God but lead moral lives, what will be the fate of those who believe in Him but obey Him not? There are people whose characters are putrid with meanness and corruption, who will lift up their hands in holy horror at an infidel, when he may possess the elements of true nobleness of mind, and only needs to be led aright to become a power for good. The sneers that sceptics receive from those who ought to seek the wanderer and win him to God make them doubly sceptical, and often render them morose and unapproachable.

Others also saw with regret the acquaintance ripening between the young people, and among them was Pendleton Sanderson, a student of the same college. His motives were not so disinterested as those of Carrie's motherly counselor. While heartily disliking Leroy on principle, believing him to be a dangerous man and suspecting him of being insincere in his scepticism, he was actively opposed to him on personal grounds, which were more potent with him than religious principle. He had suffered humiliation at Leroy's hands more than once in public discussion, and chafed under a defeat which, as he knew, was due to his own mental inferiority. With the right and the truth on his side, he had failed to conquer, and Ransom, the champion of error, had carried off the crown. To wounded vanity was now added jealousy. He, too, had heard Carrie West's essay on the night when Ransom and Train were so powerfully moved by it, and he, too, was touched with admiration. He had also sought Carrie's acquaintance, but without success. He was consequently mortified when he saw the honor which he had failed to win given to one who he believed was less worthy than himself. Surely, he thought, Miss West could not be aware of the true character of the man she was admitting to her friendship. He might serve her and advance his own interests by unmasking his rival. He therefore wrote to Miss West, denouncing Ransom in terms as emphatic as they were coarse. Miss West read the letter, divined the motive of the writer, and then threw the missive into the fire.

If, therefore, any harm to Carrie resulted from the friendship, it would not be for lack of warning. She appreciated at the true value her friends' concern for her safety, but for herself she had no apprehension. Her religion was a matter of experience, and from that standing-ground argument could never drive her. Besides, she had been attracted by the young student, and believed that the very elements of his character which had driven him into scepticism would make him a valiant soldier of the cross, if they could be yoked in the Master's service. She might not be able to win him for Christ, but she would use with that object the influence she had evidently acquired over him, as far as it was possible. The influence had not been of her seeking; it had come to her involuntarily, and who could tell whether it might not have been sent of God for the purpose of Leroy's reclamation! So she decided to continue the acquaintance in spite of warning. Her decision was put through an ordeal soon afterward by a step which marked with some emphasis Leroy's attitude toward religion. He undertook to prove in public that the Bible and science were antagonistic.

The step was unpremeditated on the part of Ransom. He was led to it by a discussion which arose in the recitation-room of a genial and popular professor—Professor Rich. The good old man had seen many young men confirmed in antagonism to divine truth by repression, and it was, therefore, his custom to allow the utmost freedom of discussion in his room. His principles were well known, but the students

might oppose them to his face without fear of castigation. It was better, he believed, that they should express their doubts openly than nurse them and brood over them in silence. On this particular occasion the conversation had drifted to the subject of geology, and some of the students who had devoted considerable attention to the science spoke of the vast time that had elapsed before the earth had become a fit habitation for the human race. Leroy, who had taken little part in the discussion, turned to Professor Rich and said,

"That doesn't agree with Genesis, does it, professor?"

"I have noticed, Mr. Ransom," said Professor Rich, "that you appear to have considerable trouble with the reconciliation of the Bible and science; why do not you and Mr. Wentworth make it the subject of a public discussion?"

"Agreed," said Leroy.

"I accept the challenge," said Wentworth.

"That is well," said the professor. "Now, how much time do you want for preparation?"

"Four weeks," said Wentworth; and it was agreed that in four weeks the discussion should take place.

During this time Leroy applied himself diligently to the preparation of his part of the discussion. At the head of the manuscript on which he wrote his thoughts was this question, which he was to answer in the negative: "*Resolved*, That the teachings of Science and the Bible are in accord." Science was first. All through that manuscript you might have seen "science" written with a capital "S," and "Bible" written with a small "b." This was an index of the estimation in which they were held by him respectively. Alas! his elaborate preparations were entered into, as we may suppose, more for the sake of victory than for the sake of truth. Leroy did not, however, bring his motives under the microscope of close analysis, and he never once observed that all through he thought more of self than of truth. He was bound to present an array of facts, or what he deemed facts, that would overwhelm his opponent and carry off the laurels; and strange to say, he never once thought of the influence of this debate—of the minds it might lead astray, or the peace of soul it might disturb. Like other infidels, he had but a very meagre sense of moral responsibility.

He gathered up all the facts of geology he could collect from its special and general literature. He collected the views of infidel and Christian geologists, and arranged them, like so many batteries, against the Mosaic narrative of creation. He consulted the works of Hugh Miller, Agassiz, Dana, Haeckel, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and every author to whom he could obtain access, and carefully collected every item that could be made to subserve his interest. He read discussions on both sides of the question, corroborated and emphasized the objections to Genesis, and answered and ridiculed the views of the reconcilers. At last his investigations were finished, the peroration was completed enthusiastically, and his manuscript consisted of twenty-four closely-written pages of foolscap—about an hour's speech. Then he set to work to memorize it. In his room, in bed, in the woods, he rehearsed his speech, even the gesticulations which were to accompany the most important portions.

And did he believe that he was right? He did, as near as it is possible for a man in his unregenerate state to believe sincerely. Any man with his mental constitution and precisely under the same circumstances and in an unregenerate state would have done, believed, and disbelieved much as he did.

On Thursday evening, four weeks after the first arrangement, the momentous occasion was at hand, and Leroy went for Carrie to escort her to the hall.

"You are sure you are thoroughly ready, Mr. Ransom?" she inquired.

"I am ready," he rejoined, without any appearance of egotism.

Ah, Carrie! inconsistent Carrie! you are distressed about your friend's scepticism, and have wished a thousand times you could lead him aright; but now, since it has come to this debate, you do not want to see him defeated, even though he will advocate error. You are as concerned about his victory as he is. How humiliating it would be to see him vanquished in this intellectual wrestle, and he your—what? Oh, how selfish and proud the best of us are! We would too often rather see truth suffer than ourselves humiliated.

They made their way to Literary Hall. It was full. They found a seat in front, and sat side by side. Dr. Lester, President of the College, came around, shook hands, and said: "Are you ready, Ransom?" Professor Rich's broad, friendly face and portly body came around, too. He was smiling, as usual, and as he shook hands, he said:

"You are ready for the debate, are you?"

Receiving Leroy's affirmative answer, he went upon the platform, as he was president of the meeting, called the house to order, made a few happy remarks in behalf of the disputants, then read the question for discussion.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 12, John 16: 5-20. Golden Text, ver. 13.

The Promise of the Spirit—His Indwelling in Fallen Man—The Glory of this Dispensation—Foreseen by the Prophets—How the Spirit's Work May be Usurped—In Prayer and Preaching—The Great Need Everywhere—A Crucial Question—Personality of the Spirit—His Office in the World—Convincing—Comforting—Glorifying Jesus.

It was part of Christ's redemption work to make it possible for fallen man to receive the Holy Ghost, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive

THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT

through faith" (Gal. 3: 13, 14). In this dispensation of the Spirit our glory is God's indwelling. God's people of old were never called "the temple of the Holy Ghost," "the temple of the living God" (1 Cor. 6: 19; 11 Cor. 6: 16). The promise of the blessed Spirit is one of the most precious of God's promises, and runs through the Bible. It was given through Isaiah, "I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring" (Isa. 44: 3); it was given to Ezekiel, "I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes" (Ezek. 36: 27); it was given to Joel, "And it shall come to pass afterward" ("in the last days," Acts 2: 17), that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out My Spirit" (Joel 2: 28, 29); and when John the Baptist came, as the forerunner of Jesus, he said, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but . . . He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire" (Matt. 3: 11).

There are many who try to urge themselves into a spirit of prayer, but in so doing they are usurping the work of the Holy Ghost, for *praying in the Holy Ghost* (Jude 20), "prayer and supplication in the Spirit" (Eph. 6: 18), is that which God accounts true prayer, and that it is which obtains an answer. Who knows what might not be given to the prayer of faith if Christians, as a body, prayed "in the Holy Ghost"! "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible unto you" (Matt. 17: 20).

There are many who, by mental effort, by thought and study, get up talented and eloquent discourses. Is not this to usurp the place of the Holy Ghost? Paul would be no party to any such preaching; he was a man full of the Holy Ghost, and, discarding "enticing words of man's wisdom," he spoke "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God" (1 Cor. 2: 4, 5). Peter tells of those "that preached the Gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." When the Holy Ghost preaches,

SOMETHING COMES OF IT.

It is God's Word, the entrance of which gives light, and gives understanding to the simple; whether in Person, or by His messengers, He speaks as One that hath authority, and not as the scribes. And yet, when we are speaking by the Holy Ghost, or praying in the Spirit, we are not conscious of ourselves, we are not pleased with our own earnestness, or gratified by a sense of power. Nothing so empties us as the presence of the Holy Ghost, for He wants all the room for Jesus, so there is none left for self. Every worker who knows anything of the power of the Holy Ghost knows how, when we have had much consciousness of power, hardly any result has often followed; but how, when we have felt empty and powerless—almost dispirited with our lack of power—the Lord has often done great things, and has thus shown us that conscious power is not always the power of the Holy Ghost.

THE GREAT NEED OF THE CHURCH

in the present day is the power of the Holy Ghost. The great need everywhere, whether in work among the heathen, in missions at home, in schools, or in families is the need of the Holy Ghost. And yet, the Holy Ghost *is* given, He is in the world, He is in the church, He is in every believer. But is He recognized? Is each of us living as a temple of the Holy Ghost, really yielded to Him as a house is to its owner, for His sole use? If not, let the deeds be made out, signed, and sealed; let there be a definite once-for-all yielding up to Him of His property, and a definite acknowledgment of Him as its Owner. Then things will come into order. Then God will be able to have full play in our being, and our life will begin to answer its true purpose; the life of Christ will begin to be manifest in our mortal bodies, we shall become "an habitation of God through the Spirit."

It is a question of questions with many a child of God, "Have I received the Holy Ghost in His fulness?" First let us notice that Holy Scripture always recognizes the Holy Ghost as God: "Now the *Lord* is the Spirit, . . . even as from the *Lord* the Spirit" (11 Cor. 3: 17, 18, R. V.), and always speaks of Him as "He," not it. Jesus is revealed to us as a real, living Person—a Person with whom we have to do; and just in the same way is the Holy Ghost, when we really receive Him, revealed to us as a Person. The question, "Have I received Him?" may best be answered by finding out from the Word what His office is and then inquiring,

IS HE FULFILLING THAT OFFICE TO ME?

He has an office for the world, and when we were in the world we knew Him in that office. If we have not done so we are not yet brought out of the world. "He will reprove (or convince) the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment: of sin because they believe not on Me." It is by the Holy Ghost that every child of God has been convinced of his sin in not believing on Jesus, and it is by the Holy Ghost that he has been able, from the depth of his heart and soul, to call Jesus Lord (1 Cor. 12: 3). No man is converted by an intellectual persuasion of the truth of God. It is only as the Holy Ghost imparts to him another life that he passes from death unto life, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God (John 5: 24; Acts 26: 18). What sight is to the blind, what life is to the dead, that is the Holy Ghost to the natural man. By the Holy Ghost he is born from above, and in the Holy

Ghost he has a source of life quite other than his natural life, so that he enters on a life and an experience which were foreign to him before. He sees both himself and God in a new light, he sees men and things in a new light; whereas before God was to him a mere intangible idea, now "all things are of God." The Holy Ghost lifts him up out of his own old world into the spiritual world, and he is a new man.

And just as really as it was His office to convict the sinner, is to make his sins real to him, just so really is it His office to be a *Comforter* to the child of God, and to make Christ real to him. Satan tries to reverse the order—he comforts sinners and discomferts saints; he seeks to make sinners at ease in their sins, and to make God's children ill at ease in their salvation; he is the world's comforter, though the world knows it not, while the Holy Ghost is the Christian's Comforter, and the Christian too often knows Him all too little. Why is this? The Holy Ghost's comfort runs on a special line. He testifies of Christ, and brings to remembrance what He has said. He does not speak of Himself, and He does not speak to us of *ourselves*, but only of Jesus—

"HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME."

Are we longing to be satisfied with ourselves, our own attainments, our own prayers, feelings, or doings? The Holy Ghost will be no help to us along that line. He points, like the magnet, only one way—*i.e.*, to Jesus. "He shall not speak of Himself." Many imagine that the Holy Spirit proclaims Himself, proclaims His own presence in our hearts; but neither that which Jesus said of Him, nor yet the experience of the first disciples, bears out this idea. Some believers who may have been convicted of living to themselves, or of yielding to sin, or of lack of power, may indeed receive the Holy Spirit in a way which they cannot but be outwardly conscious of; others receive Him by faith, without any outward consciousness; but in either case, when He has once full possession, He does not speak of Himself, but of Jesus. He sheds light upon Jesus, talks of Him, and shews Him unto us. He does not remind us of Himself, but of Jesus, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John 14: 26). Just as Jesus came to reveal the Father, so the Holy Ghost comes to reveal Jesus. Our blessed Lord said, "As I hear, I judge" (John 5: 30); "The words which I speak unto you, I speak not of Myself" (John 14: 10); and He says of the Holy Ghost, "He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak." The Holy Ghost not only comforts, teaches, guides, testifies of Jesus, and brings to remembrance what He has said,

HE ALSO GLORIFIES JESUS.

"He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall shew it unto you."

Now, how does it stand with us? Is Jesus the Centre of our lives, as the Father was the Centre of His? Do we cease to be discouraged by difficulties and impossibilities, because the Holy Ghost within us sheds light on Jesus within us, so able to do all things? Is a difficulty, a temptation, a trial, a thwarting in our work, only a signal for new comfort and joy of the Holy Ghost, because it means a new revelation to us of Jesus, as the One who will deliver out of the trouble? Is the Holy Ghost continually shewing us our utter incapacity for everything, and at the same time the all-power of Jesus? Do we thus know, not only by faith, but by this very experience, that the Holy Ghost has taken possession of us?

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office: price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the Manager, 13 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

I AM HIS AND HE IS MINE.

"I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine."—Cant. vi. 3.

"Loved with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know!
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
Oh, this full and perfect peace!
Oh, this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am His and He is mine.

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen;
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauty shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

"Things that once caused wild alarm
Cannot now disturb my rest,
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on His loving breast.
Oh, to lie forever here,
Care, and doubt, and self resign!
While He whispers in my ear,
I am His and He is mine.

"His forever, only His!
Who the Lord and me can part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline;
But while God and I shall be,
I am His and He is mine."

—Selected.

SEND for Illustrated Hand Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Canine St., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 20 cents per line (agate measure, each insertion). Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No adv't taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. No discount on large adv'ts or repeated insertions. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements must reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

LIVE COALS. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, 678 large octavo pages, 16 full-page illustrations, 76 chapters. Portrait and history of his life. His latest and most stirring work. \$2.00 by mail.
AGENTS WANTED.—Liberal Terms.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

ALBUM-WRITER'S FRIEND. This Book contains the largest collection ever printed of Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

CARDS. 15 Beautiful Gold-Fringed Souvenir Visiting Cards, with your name on, and agents' new samples, only 10 cts.; 8 packs, 25 cts. MAYHEW & CO., 255 Franktown Ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In *dyspepsia* and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WASHINGTON IRVING

My new edition of IRVING'S WORKS is pronounced by customers generally the most satisfactory I have ever issued. It is printed in the type shown by these lines, the page being the ordinary large 12mo size. It is bound in *NINE VOLUMES*, arranged as below, in *HALF MOROCCO*, marbled edges: excellent workmanship in every respect, and, considering the excellence and the very low price, is incomparably the *CHEAPEST EDITION* of IRVING ever offered to the public. The price for the set is **\$8.00, sent prepaid**, by Express or mail.

A Literary Coup D'Etat

For 50 Cents I will send, prepaid, Volume II. of the above set, containing complete (606 pages), as described, IRVING'S "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," bound in half Morocco. This volume, only, at this price. You can, of course, complete your set, if you wish to do so, after you have received this volume, by paying the additional price for the other eight volumes. **THIS OFFER** is without restriction: if there are *HALF A MILLION* who want the volume, I will fill their orders as fast as my printers and binders can turn them out. **THE OBJECT** of this offer is, of course, **ADVERTISING**; except for this consideration the price would be ridiculous and ruinous.

"Perfectly Wonderful."

"How you can publish good books at such low prices is an enigma. It is perfectly wonderful, this constant stream of first-class books and the low price they are offered at."—FRED MYRON COLBY, Warren, N. H.

"It is doubtful if ever a standard work by an American author as handsomely made up as the one now before us was ever put on the market at such figures. Many of our readers, doubtless, have long desired Irving's works, but have refrained from buying them on account of the cost of most editions. They can now secure a fine edition at a price which is within the reach of all."—*Morning Herald*, Rochester, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address **JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.**
The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.

Twenty-Fifth Thousand.
Probably the most popular and acceptable work on Premillennialism issued.

JESUS IS COMING.

By W. E. B.

Price, 50 cts.; cheap edition, paper covers, 15 cts.

This work of 160 pages presents the subject in such a clear conversational manner as to make it particularly attractive and readable. Its real worth as a first book in presenting this truth has been generally acknowledged. To make its wide circulation possible an edition in paper covers is issued at only 15 cts. per copy; regular cloth edition, 50 cts.

Other Popular Works on Same Subject.

PREMILLENNIAL ESSAYS. Edited by Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D. A very complete and practical exposition of the doctrine in this country. 500 pages, full cloth, \$1.50.

THE BLESSED HOPE; or, The Glorious Coming of Our Lord. By Rev. Willis Lord, D. D. A very practical and devotional volume. 250 pages, cloth, \$1.00; cheap paper cover edition, only 50 cts.

ARE PREMILLENNIALISTS RIGHT? Reasons for Believing in the Premillennial Coming of Our Lord. By Rev. J. K. Kellogg, D. D. 64 pages, 12mo, 25 cts.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. By D. L. Moody. Practical and pointed. 32 pages and cover, 10 cts.

THE SECOND COMING. By George Muller, of Bristol, Eng. 32 pages, 32mo, per doz., 40 cts.; per hundred, \$2.50.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Cheap Edition.

35c. 35c. 35c.

GRACE AND TRUTH.

By MACKAY.

GRACE AND TRUTH.

By MACKAY.

WHO HAS NOT READ LET HIM READ.

200,000 copies sold in England alone; over 48,000 in America. Translated into ten different languages.

Address J. A. WHIPPLE,
The Evangelical Book Store,
9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

HIGH NOVELTIES ON EXHIBITION.

JAMES M'CREERY & CO. ARE NOW EXHIBITING THEIR RICHEST AND MOST SELECT STYLES OF IMPORTED NOVELTIES. AN EXAMINATION IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

James M'Creery & Co.
Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR
New Sunday-School Song Book.
Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.
TRY IT!
BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

"A really fine edition of Irving's Works."—GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass.

LIST OF THE VOLUMES:

- 1 LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
- 2 SKETCH BOOK, WITH PORTRAIT.
- 3 LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
- 4 TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA.
- 5 MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.
- 6 CRAYON PAPERS.
- 7 ASTORIA.
- 8 ADVENTURES OF CAPT. BONNEVILLE.
- 9 TALES OF A TRAVELLER, ABBOTSFORD AND NEWSTEAD ABBEY, MISCELLANIES.

CAXTON EDITION.—I publish also, printed from the same plates as the above, *The Caxton Edition* of Irving's Works, bound in *eleven* vols., fine cloth. Price, \$4.75.

For 50 Cents I will send, prepaid, Volume II. of the above set, containing complete (606 pages), as described, IRVING'S "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York," bound in half Morocco. This volume, only, at this price. You can, of course, complete your set, if you wish to do so, after you have received this volume, by paying the additional price for the other eight volumes. **THIS OFFER** is without restriction: if there are *HALF A MILLION* who want the volume, I will fill their orders as fast as my printers and binders can turn them out. **THE OBJECT** of this offer is, of course, **ADVERTISING**; except for this consideration the price would be ridiculous and ruinous.

"John B. Alden, the Literary Revolution man, has surprised his patrons again. He has issued a handsome set of Irving's works bound in half Morocco, marbled edges, nine volumes, at a little less than \$1.00 per volume. To show what it is, he offers a sample volume for 50 cents."—*Oregonian*, Portland, Oregon.

"I to-day received the Irving. I think I know something of book-making, but these are a 'stunner.' I don't comprehend how you can do it."—J. R. REDFIELD, Hartford, Conn.

"Evidently the only publisher in the country who can beat John B. Alden at furnishing first-class books at low prices, is that gentleman himself! He has surpassed his former ventures."—*Morning Star*, Boston.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address **JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.**
The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago; 420 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. [Mention this paper.

CORTICELLI WASH SILK SOLD ON SPOOLS ONLY.



COLOR WARRANTED Not to "run," or to injure in any way the most delicate material in washing. For heavy Outline Embroidery use two threads; for lighter work use the thread singly. The convenience of having this reliable brand on spools rather than doubtful goods in skeins which tangle and become quickly shop worn, will be apparent to traders and consumers. Sold by enterprising dealers, who will be supplied by **NONOTUCK SILK CO.**
25 Green Street, NEW YORK.

THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK AND Autographic Register,

Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays. Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, New York.



BAILEY'S COMPOUND REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue & price list free.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO.,
113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

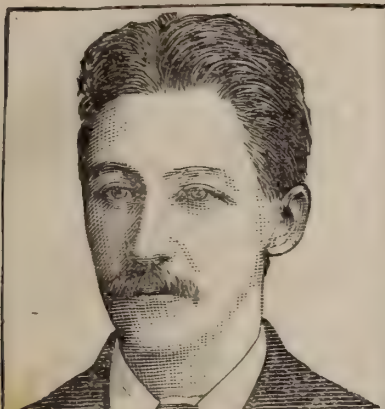
Vol. IX. No. 36.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

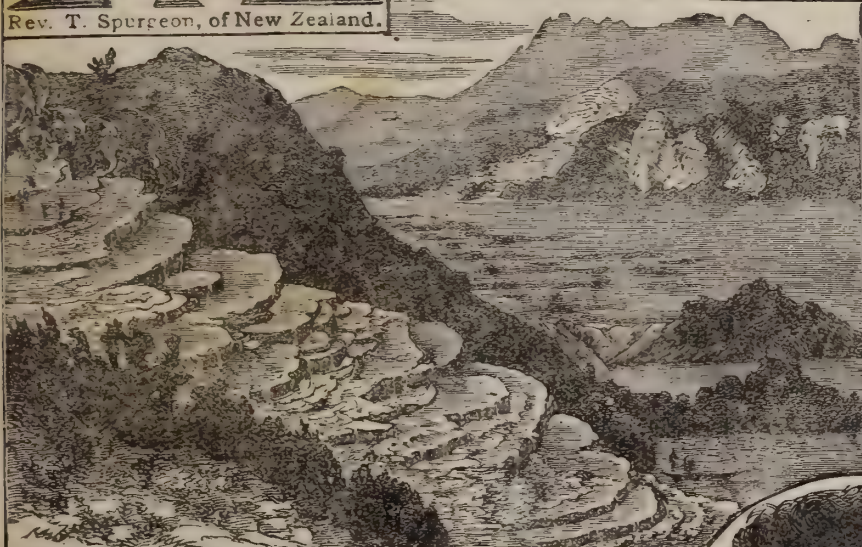
PORTRAITS OF REV. T. SPURGEON, OF NEW ZEALAND; TAWHIAO KING OF THE MAORIS, AND TE WHITI, THE MAORI PROPHET.
 A SALUTATION AND A PLEA. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday.
 EARTHQUAKES IN DIVERS PLACES.
 THE TREMBLING CONTINENT: TELEGRAMS FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.
 THE UNLIMITED INVITATION. By Rev. Sam Jones.
 CURRENT EVENTS: The Shrinking Public Debt—Tilt Between Blaine and Neal Dow—The Earthquake in New York—Charleston's Desolation—Second Abdication of Prince Alexander—Scenes in the British Parliament etc.
 SECRET DRAWINGS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
 Gems from New Books: Ireland's Future.
 For His Wife's Sake. (With Illustration.)
 PICTURE OF THE NEW FAWCETT MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.
 THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)
 Jesus Interceding. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Rev. T. Spurgeon, of New Zealand.



The Maori King, Tawhiao.



The "Pink Terrace," before the Eruption.



The "Pink Terrace," during the Eruption.



The Destruction of McRae's Hotel.



Te Whiti, the Maori Prophet.



The Maori Prophet exciting to rebellion.

THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION AND EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON,
Pastor of the Tabernacle, Auckland, New Zealand.

THE extraordinary volcanic disturbance in New Zealand which was the precursor of startling seismic phenomena all over the world has been already mentioned in our news columns. This week we publish on the first page pictures which may give some idea of the calamity, and with them portraits of three widely dissimilar persons who are all identified with New Zealand.

Thomas Spurgeon is the pastor of the large Tabernacle recently erected at Auckland. He is one of the twin sons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, whose sermons appear week by week in this journal. He was born on September 20th, 1856, and is therefore now thirty years of age. He and his brother were educated at a school in Brighton, where they remained until 1874.

The two brothers early gave evidence of their conversion, and were baptized and admitted to church fellowship. Their first fixed sphere of usefulness was found in a densely-populated neighborhood near London, where they held services in a hired room. The little assembly soon filled the room, and better accommodation had to be secured. The young men went among their friends and collected sufficient money to buy land and erect a small church in which they preached every Sunday.

Early in 1877 alarming symptoms of illness were noticed in Thomas Spurgeon. Eminent physicians were consulted, and a sea-voyage was recommended. On June 14th he set out for Australia, hoping to return in a year invigorated by his trip. He sailed in the *Lady Jocelyn*, which was commanded by his father's friend, Captain Jenkins, who invited him to conduct the religious services during the voyage. His father's remark on hearing of it was: "Evidently God was teaching his youthful hands to war and his fingers to fight, in anticipation of future battles. Three months' preaching to the same audience amid the rolling of the sea is an admirable preparation for addressing crowds on shore."

He landed at Melbourne on August 28th, 1877. He was fêted and made much of, and treated in quite a princely fashion—doubtless as the representative of his honored father. Numerous preaching services and presentations, and another short voyage, brought him, on the 16th of September, 1878, to Adelaide. On the 19th he set sail for home. His sojourn there was a brief one. In the climate of England the old symptoms of which he had been free during his absence returned, and again he had to fly for his life. This time he went to New Zealand, where he received a warm welcome. The Baptist friends at Auckland, learning that he could not live in England, urged him to remain with them. He consented, and a substantial and commodious church has been erected for him, which has been named the Tabernacle in remembrance of his father's Tabernacle in London. It has a membership of six hundred, and the congregation is about double that number.

Thomas Spurgeon is more manly and vigorous of speech than his brother Charles, who visited this country some two years ago, but he is less strong physically. In the New Zealand climate, however, he does not suffer as he did in England, and there is reason to hope that his life may be prolonged.

TAWHIAO,
King of the Maoris.

THE grim, tattooed personage on the right of the first page picture is the King of the New Zealand Maoris. His people are now chiefly located on the North Island, and are becoming civilized more rapidly than our Indians. There are about forty-five thousand of them. They are fierce fighters, and in battle they have more than once held their own against the English soldiers and artillery. They have learned the white men's vices more readily than his virtues, and have graduated in drunkenness with remarkable facility. None of the aborigines have

displayed such a passionate love of intoxicating liquor as the Maoris.

King Tawhiao is the son of Potatan te Whero-where. Tawhiao succeeded his father under the title of Potatan II. He was known at the time as Matutaera, but subsequently took the name of Tawhiao, by which he is now most commonly known. Among the Maoris birth and rank exercise as potent an influence as they do among more civilized races. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can trace back his descent to the arrival of the first Maoris in their canoes from Hawaiki in the fourteenth century. Tawhiao can do this, his ancestor being Hotonui, who came in the canoe *Tainui*, which made the land at Kawhia, a picturesque port on the east coast.

The king is tall and slim, with a very dark skin, much darker than that of many of his subjects. His face is elaborately tattooed, and he wears a piece of green-stone suspended from the lobe of his right ear. His forehead is high, the crown of his head being pyramidal. He wears European clothing, in which he looks as awkward as he feels; but in his native costume he is more imposing.

Two years ago he made a voyage to Europe with a number of his chiefs. There was a dispute between the Maoris and the white settlers, and Tawhiao, failing to get judgment in his favor from the New Zealand Government, resolved to appeal to the British Government. His people raised \$15,000 to pay his expenses, and he went to London to plead his cause in person.

Tawhiao has taken the total abstinence pledge, and has received Christian baptism. The first effort to preach the Gospel to the tribe was made in 1814 by the apostolic *Samuel Marsden*, who repeatedly visited the islands in the interests of the Church Missionary Society. In 1818 the *Rev. S. Leigh* paid his first visit to the country, and some time afterward a Wesleyan Methodist Mission was regularly organized. Besides the flourishing centres of Christian influence now belonging to the Episcopal and Wesleyan Methodist Churches, the Baptists have organized an active evangelistic agency in New Zealand.

TE WHITI,
The Maori Prophet.

IN the centre of the first page picture is a medallion portrait of the man whose fiery harangues aroused the Maori people to an attack on the white settlers in 1882. Two years before this an attempt was made to settle permanently the disputes constantly arising as to the ownership of land. A drunken Maori would sell his own land, or land belonging to some one else, to a white man, and when the money was spent desired to reclaim it. In this and other ways trouble was made, until finally the British Government offered the Maoris a reservation of 260,000 acres, which, under certain conditions, they might hold as an inalienable possession.

The majority of the Maoris accepted, but Te Whiti contemptuously rejected the proposal, and collecting all the disaffected around him, made a stand against the New Zealand Government. He went from camp to camp making speeches of rough eloquence (see illustration on first page), and exciting the people. He led them to believe that an insurrection would be miraculously helped, and that the white men might be easily driven into the sea. His followers increased daily until the Government became alarmed and sent a force of seventeen hundred volunteers to arrest Te Whiti and disperse his camp. On November 5th, 1882, the volunteer force, under Major Tuke, surrounded Parihaka, where Te Whiti was encamped with his followers. A council was being held, but with an audacity which seemed to paralyze the warriors with astonishment, Major Tuke went boldly into their midst, seized Te Whiti, and carried him away prisoner. Te Whiti made no resistance, and after his ignominious surrender the resistance of the Maoris collapsed. They dispersed to their several quarters without striking a blow, leaving arms and ammunition behind. It is hoped that peace is now firmly established.

THE NEW ZEALAND HORROR.
Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions.

UNTIL June 10th of this year the district of the Rotomahana Hot Springs was a place of rare beauty, with natural characteristics which caused it to be known as "*the wonderland of the world*." Now it is a place of horror and desolation, for Mount Tarawera, the towering mountain which overlooked the wondrous scene, has suddenly vomited forth lava, fire, cinders, and ashes over the plain, and an earthquake has rent the rocks in all directions.

In all books about New Zealand

MOUNT TARAWERA

is described as an *extinct* volcano, and as no eruption had occurred from it within the memory of man, and as the Maoris, whose traditions go back five hundred years, had never heard of an eruption from it, there was apparently good reason for supposing it to be extinct. There is, however, a tradition of some disturbances about the year 1776, when a large portion of rocky land about twelve miles from the mountain was hurled into the lake. The temperature of the lake at the time of this convulsion rose above the boiling point, and thirty natives were scalded to death.

Mount Tarawera is more than two thousand feet above the level of the lake which surrounds its northern and western sides. Its top was barren, and was divided into three rocky tables by two volcanic craters. It looks bare and scarred, its steep walls rising up black and terrible as if blasted with lightning, and when clouds gather round its summit and roll in heavy masses along its sides, driven by the fierce winds that play about the crest, it requires no active imagination to people it with weird and spiritual terrors.

TARAWERA LAKE,

which laps the sides of the mountain, is singularly clear and pure, reflecting every cloud which passes across the sky above it. About a year ago the water suddenly changed color, and became nauseous and unwholesome. Tarawera water remained unusable for nearly a year, its color during that space being of a dirty green. Then it changed to perfect purity again. The lake is about eight miles long and six miles wide. Its shores are steep and rocky. Two miles away was

LAKE ROTOMAHANA,

which has now disappeared, and in its place is a volcano. A visitor thus described the lake as he saw it, not many months ago: "Its form is very irregular on the south side, where the shore is formed by swamp; three small creeks are meandering and discharging themselves into the lake. In many places warm water streams forth. At its north end the lake grows narrower. The quantity of boiling water issuing from the ground, both on the shores and the bottom of the lake, is truly astonishing. About eighty feet above the lake, on the fern-clad slope of a hill from which in various places hot vapor was escaping, there lies the *immense boiling cauldron* in a crater-like excavation, with steep reddish sides thirty or forty feet high, and open only on the lake side, toward the west."

THE TERRACES

were the most marvellous of this scene of marvels. They were formed in the rocky side of the lakes, and hot water dripped slowly from step to step down from the upper to the lower lake. Mr. James A. Froude, who visited the region last year, thus writes in his fascinating work "*Oceana*": "Of these terraces, which he calls the *eighth wonder of the world*: 'Stretched before us we saw the White Terrace in all its strangeness; a crystal staircase, glittering and stainless as if it were ice, spreading out like an open fan from a point above us on the hillside, and projecting at the bottom into a lake, where it was perhaps two hundred yards wide. The stairs were about twenty in number, the height of each being six or seven feet. The floors dividing them were horizontal, as if laid out with

a spirit-level. They were of uneven breadth; twenty, thirty, fifty feet, or even more; each step down being always perpendicular, and all forming arcs of a circle of which the crater was the centre.

THE PINK TERRACE

on the opposite shore of the hot lake was formed on the same lines as the other, save that it was narrower, and was flushed with pale-rose color. Oxide of iron is said to be the cause, but there is probably something besides. We could stand on the brim of the crater and gaze as through an opening in the earth into an azure infinity beyond. Down and down, and fainter and softer as they receded, the white crystals projected from the rocky walls over the abyss, till they seemed to dissolve not into darkness but into light. The hue of the water was something which I had never seen, and shall never again see on this side of eternity. Not the violet, nor the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers; not turquoise, not sapphire, not the unfathomable ether itself could convey to one who had not looked on it a sense of that supernatural loveliness. Comparison could only soil such inimitable purity."

All this beauty is now destroyed by the eruption of June 10th, which covered the terraces with lava and by the earthquake which shook their foundations. (*A picture of the Pink Terrace* as it was and another of it in its present condition are on the first page.)

THE ERUPTION

of June 10th occurred soon after midnight.

The earth began to shiver and crack. Loud reports followed, which were distinctly heard three to four hundred miles away. In Auckland, about two hundred miles in the north, a reporter was sent several miles by one of the newspapers to see if a ship could be found in distress, the loud reports being mistaken for distress signals. Then followed scenes which baffle description. For hours upon the shaking earth it was difficult to stand erect. Thunder, lightning, and hail reminded the terror-stricken residents of Martin's picture of the "Great Day of His wrath." Mount Tarawera burst forth with fury. From a dozen other centres balls of fire and streams of stones, ashes, and hot mud were hurled into the air, and the atmosphere was thick with dust and charged with a sickening sulphurous smell.

The most graphic account of it is that furnished by Mr. McRae, whose hotel was destroyed in the convulsion (*a picture of its ruins* is on the first page). Mr. McRae says: "About half-past twelve A.M. the place began to shake, and shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen it was just like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. Then a pillar of fire, a thousand feet high, shot up from the mountain-top, and shortly afterward what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof, which continued about every quarter of an hour. This was succeeded by a heavy fall of stones, fireballs and mud, the lava falling after the manner of rain. The weight of these substances upon the roof soon began to tell upon it. It gave way at about half-past four A.M. with a loud smash, and the whole of the upper story collapsed, the debris falling into the rooms below.

"The back part of the house, in which was the dining-room, gave way next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar, as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the balcony come down. At this we agreed that we should make an effort to save ourselves, and with this object we determined to leave the hotel.

"At half-past six I went up to the residence of the Hazard family. The house was in ruins and in flames. I then could see no signs of Mr. or Mrs. Hazard and their children. As soon as a glimpse of daylight came we commenced to dig for the bodies of the Hazards, and to our great astonishment discovered Mrs. Hazard alive. Her two children were found dead beside

her, but she was not greatly injured. We continued operations until we were quite exhausted, but found no more bodies." Mr. Hazard, an earnest Christian man, was the schoolmaster of the section, and the whole family was greatly respected for its Christian worth. When they saw the fate that awaited them, Miss Hazard took her seat at the cabinet organ, and they joined in a hymn. Soon the crash came. All the family perished but Mrs. Hazard and two children. Mr. Bainbridge, whose tragic death was described in this journal on August 26th (page 533), was a guest at McRae's hotel.

The district devastated is sixty square miles in area. If a dense population had been in the neighborhood, scenes as tragic as are recorded in connection with Herculaneum and Pompeii would have been enacted. As it is, more than a hundred people, mostly natives, were buried alive. Little native settlements that nestled near the deadly mountain have entirely disappeared. Of one tribe a solitary representative alone remains. The region was the scene of the labors of Mr. Fairbrother, a missionary from Spurgeon's College. Mr. Fairbrother removed a short time ago to another charge in a farming district, about fifty miles away. When tidings of this calamity reached him he rode over to see his former flock, and has since been rendering what help he could. Clothing and other necessities are being sent, at his request, from the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon's Tabernacle at Auckland. The natives in districts that have not been injured have also behaved well, dividing freely with their afflicted brethren their own supplies of food and clothing.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Victim of False Pride.—A Friend Related at a recent meeting: "I knew the case of a man who waited on Major Whittle for advice and help. He had been keeping away from Christ because he did not want any one to know that he was anxious about his soul; and how anxious he was no one knew but God and himself. He was in constant misery; not a happy day had he; but pride kept him back from telling any one. He thought it was such a humbling thing to confess that he was a poor sinner, and needed salvation. He was led to Christ, and speedily found forgiveness and peace through faith in Him; but how much anxiety would have been saved him if he had only confessed before. If you let pride hinder you from showing that you need salvation, you are doing it at a great and terrible risk to your own soul."

A Light-Bringing Monk.—The Rev. Mr. Henderson said: "On one occasion Luther was reading a copy of the Bible, and as he read the truth of the Gospel flashed upon him, and he saw his sins standing out in fearful distinctness; his conviction deepened, and he rose and paced his cell exclaiming, 'My sins, oh, my sins.' Just then a monk entered the cell and heard these words of Luther, and began to try and soothe him by reading out of the Prayer Book. Luther listened with rapt attention as the monk, in pity, read article by article until he came to the creed, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' Thousands of times Luther had read that before, but that little article had a new meaning for him now. Light was suddenly thrown on his darkened soul; he seemed to leap up with new life and gladness, and from that time Luther was a new man, and was sent forth to do a glorious work for the Lord."

A Carter Behind a Hedge.—A Devoted Christian worker remarked: "A carter was slowly driving his cart from a country village to Glasgow when he noticed a friend of his own on the road. He invited him to take a seat beside him, as they were going the same way. When he was fairly seated the carter remarked, 'So I hear, Jack, that you have turned revivalist; is that so?' 'If you mean by that,' replied Jack, 'that I have given up my old ways, and found a higher and a nobler calling, then it is all right, for I have done so.' 'And do you mean by

that, that you will not join us any more in our merry evenings?' 'Yes,' replied the other; 'much of my time has been spent in rioting and drunkenness, and God says, "He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity." I mean no more to sow such seed.' And then he said, 'Oh, friend, beware of those moments of temptation, for the end of all things is death.' Jack had reached his destination. The carter pondered the words of his friend until he was again on the quiet road on his return. He then jumped from his cart, and getting behind a hedge, knelt down and cried to God for mercy. For a fortnight he was in deep concern, but at the end of that time he came out clear and bright for Christ, and I have not in all my experience seen a more decided or brighter Christian."

The Opinion of Peter's Mother.—An Evangelist said: "God may answer prayer without our intervention. At a country town, the other day, where we have been holding a series of evangelistic meetings, an experienced worker entered a house where a young girl lay very ill (I fear she is dying, but she is trusting in the Lord, and her mother also is a Christian). This worker asked them if they had any one for whom they would like the interest of the prayers of our meeting. They first said no, that they could not recollect any one just then; but then the girl said: 'Mother, might we not ask them to pray for Peter?' 'No,' said the mother, 'there is no use in praying for Peter; he is foolish. I have prayed for him until I am tired, and I have given it up some time ago.' The worker reproved the mother for her faithlessness, and asked who Peter was, and was told that he was her son. He said he would do what he could for him, and took his departure. The worker, after some difficulty, found Peter, and asked him if he would come to the meeting, but his reply was: 'No, I'll come to none of your meetings.' A few young men who were very recently led to Christ had brought a young fellow into the meeting, hoping that he would meet with Christ, and at the close we found him on his knees, and with tears he was crying to God to have mercy upon him. He was a stranger; no one knew anything about him, but we afterward learned that he was no other than foolish Peter, who had cried for mercy and found Christ that night."

A Dying Daughter's Request.—Captain Hatfield said: "Not long ago, when passing down a certain street, I stood for a few minutes at an open air-meeting, and as I stood there I noticed a poorly clad woman with a little child in her hand, hurriedly going through the crowd, inviting them into the meeting in a neighboring hall. I watched the woman's movements as she went up to one after another, and said: 'Won't you go into the meeting?' She did not go into the meeting herself, but left the crowd and walked up the street as if in great haste to get home. In a few moments I overtook her, and asked her reason for the interest she had taken in the meeting. She answered, 'Some time ago my daughter, who is now at the point of death, was standing at a meeting just at that spot, when some one kindly invited her to go inside. She went, and when there she was led to give herself to the Saviour, and since then she has been so filled with gratitude for what the Lord had done for her that every night, as long as she was able, she went to the open-air meeting and urged people to go inside, that they too might share in this blessing which she had received. The Lord has seen fit to lay her on a bed of sickness, from which she never will recover, and since she has been laid aside she pressed upon me to go out to this open-air meeting and invite the people to enter. I have done so since her illness, and I earnestly pray that this part of the work may not be in vain, for it is a great trial to me, sir, to leave my dying girl alone.' Is there not a lesson here for some Christians who are satisfied by being saved themselves, and are not putting out a hand to save some perishing sinner from the fearful doom that is awaiting every unsaved soul?"

A SALUTATION AND A PLEA.

Dr. Talmage's first Sermon after his Vacation, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Sept. 5, 1886, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"—II KINGS 4: 26.

National Forms of Salutation—The Renovating Vacation—The Suffering Poor—A Glorious Thing to be Well—The Widened Interest—The Conjugal Love Surviving Years—The Blessing of Children—A Philanthropist on a Steamboat—The Old People—Your Spiritual Welfare—A Startling Contrast—Brooklyn and Charleston—An Epileptic World—Earthquakes of the Past—The Lesson of the Earthquake—The Coming Universal Earthquake.

THE forms of salutation are as different as the nationalities. An Egyptian meeting an Egyptian in that hot land has for salutation, "Do you sweat copiously?" A Chinaman meeting a Chinaman in his native country has for salutation, "Have you eaten your rice?" A Frenchman meeting a Frenchman in his native country has for salutation, "How do you carry yourself?" An American meeting an American has for salutation, "How do you do to-day?" In some lands they shake hands. In others they drop on one knee. In others they put the right hand in the sleeve of the left. Almost every nation having its own peculiar form of salutation. Well, in the text was the ordinary mode.

A HOME IN SHUNEM

had been blessed with just one child, and that child went out into the harvest field and got sunstruck, and putting his hands to his temples he cried out, "My head, my head!" and expired before noon. The mother, instead of preparing the child for sepulture, starts out to meet Elisha the prophet. After a while she comes up. Elisha sees her, and he says to his servant Gehazi, "I wonder what is the matter with that Shunamite woman? Go out and meet her." Gehazi the servant starts, and he comes up to this woman, and he cries out, "What is the matter? Are any of you sick? Has anything happened? Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"

Standing before you in the first Sabbath after some weeks of absence, I have thought that this text might be very appropriate. Gehazi, in asking these questions of this woman, expressed an anxiety in regard to her personal health; and when I meet you now, after the severe months of the summer have passed and sicknesses have been abroad in different parts of the land, and many of you have been amid perils of railtrain and steamer, it seems to me that the question that Gehazi asked of the woman of Shunem is as appropriate for me to ask this morning of my beloved people when I cry out, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?"

There is hardly a family represented in this house to-day that has not in some of its members been afflicted with some style of physical disorder, but by the ministry of mother, or wife, or friend, or medical attendant, the disease was balked, and you are in the house of God to-day, while Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill have added mightily to their silent populations. Through days or weeks some of you have breathed the tonic of the mountain air, and the tides of health have come into some of your pulses with the rising tides of the sea. There is more color in your cheek, there is more fire in your eye, there is more nerve in your purpose, there is more capacity in your nature to serve God. But we all know that is not the case with many. As God looks down upon these great cities, through the beautiful streets and the dark alleys, oh, how many

CONSUMINGS AND WASTINGS AWAY

of disease! They rest not day nor night. The two fans swinging on either side the couch cannot bring relief. The cup is put to the crackling lip, but the thirst rages on. The hot pillow is turned, but the fever burns. The tonic is taken, but the cough exasperates. The tonic is applied, but the strength still fails. Groan

passing through the street is swallowed of other groans, and pain shrieks to pain, and hospital calls upon hospital, and from all the great cities of our land there is heard to-day—whether you hear it or not—the wailing of a great agony. It is not, therefore, a trivial question, but one of momentous interest, when I propound it this morning and say to you personally, "Is it well with thee?"

We run so many risks, we have so little foresight, we violate so many laws of nature, there are so many elements of destruction in breath, in wave, in cloud, in sea, it is a matter worthy of indestructible record if this morning, after all the exposures of the summer, you can answer these interrogatories of my text in the affirmative, and put you hand on brain, or lung, or heart, and say, "It is well." Oh, it is

A GLORIOUS THING TO BE WELL

—to have free foot, and clear eye, and easy digestion, and alert ear, and stout muscle. Strong men and women, have you thanked God for your health? If not, go and listen to the cry of those who in the morning say, "Would God it were night," and in the night say, "Would God it were morning." If you are seated in the house of God to-day in comfortable health, let your soul go out toward the throne of mercy while you say within yourselves, "It is well."

But my subject goes still further, and it indicates that Gehazi was not only anxious in regard to the personal welfare of this woman of Shunem, but he was anxious in regard to the comfort of her whole family. Standing here to-day, looking into your friendly faces, I am anxious to know not only how you fare personally, but how it is with

YOUR HOUSEHOLD.

There was a time when you were wrapped up in yourself. The question was, "My health," "My well-being," "Where shall I go?" "What shall I do?" "What will happen to me?" That is changed now, and your life is wrapped up in the life of others. Your soul is more vulnerable than it used to be. God has set you in a family, and there are influences all around about you, circling and widening and widening out. It may have been many years ago, but not far enough back to make you forget when you took the oath of conjugal fidelity. One in hope and one in affection, you have walked up the path of life to this hour. God has put many blessings in

THAT CONJUGAL CUP,

and while sometimes you walked under the clouds and through the woods, and have halted at the brink of a grave where your hearts both broke at once, you this day ought to send up one long, loud, exhilarant song to the God who chose your habitation and gave you such pleasant surroundings. Perhaps you have thought it was merely a chance walk, or a chance call, or a chance look, or a sudden impulse that conjoined your two destinies. Ah no! It was under the control of that God who, in the presence of Abraham's servant, brought Rachel with a pitcher to the well, showing her whose wife she should be.

Has that early love faded out, or is it a Christian benediction? Have the kindly offices, the offices of gentleness, become more rare now that the light has gone from the eye, and the hair is getting a little gray—snow on the raven's wing? As you get further off from that time when you took the vows amid the flowers, and the music, and the blithe hearts, and the congratulatory assembly, and you come on to the time when that tender link will be broken against the marble slab, and between you shall open the rift of a grave—as you go further on in that journey, are you less careful for each other's welfare and less patient with each other's foibles? Has the caress become silly because so long the honeymoon has passed? Will there be a mound after awhile growing a harvest of nettles and nightshade, snake-infested, devil-haunted?

Oh, your larger house, your brighter associations, your greater prosperities, my brother,

my sister, cannot atone for the lack of that kindness which characterized you when you started life together! Then the tallow candle flickering on the homely stand was brighter to you than the light of a chandelier in an emperor's palace, and the evening meal to which you came wearily from work—and there was one at the other end of the table—had more attraction for you than the banquet where attendants lift the lids from smoking viands to the sound of well-drilled orchestra. Oh, is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy wife?

But my subject takes a step further. You know that almost every house has the

BLESSING OF CHILDHOOD.

Indeed, this blessing seems, to be given in great profusion in proportion as other blessings are denied. There are thousands of homes in which the only light is in the child's eye and the only music in the children's footsteps. You almost pity the poor man because he has so many little ones in his cot. Talk to him about its being a pity! Ask him which one of the flaxen-headed pets he would spare from the household. Why, that one has its mother's eyes, and another its father's mouth, and another the different points of all the family, and all of these peculiarities commending them to the parental heart. Not one could be spared.

On a western steamboat a philanthropic and generous gentleman walking the deck saw a man and his two children, and they were all covered with the marks of great poverty and destitution. This kind-hearted gentleman said to this man, "I think I will adopt one of your children; I will take one of your children, and I will make him heir to my estate. It seems to me you are very poor, and I would like to have one of these little ones." "What," said the man, "you want to cut off my right arm, you want to pluck out my heart from the roots! If there is any man in all the world poorer than I am, God pity him; but you can't have one of these children; I can't spare them." In all the largest flocks of children, where is there one lamb that we could afford to spare?

Ah! the welfare of your children has become a study with some of you—what to teach them, what example to set before them, how to curb that impetuosity, how to fire that sluggishness, how to control that evil proclivity, how to meet the duties you owe your little ones. "Is it well with the child?" Sometimes

YOU GET DISCOURAGED.

Just at the time when you think you have extirpated the last evil proclivity, the old habit breaks out in a new place, and though you say it to no one else, you say to yourself: "I wonder if anybody else has such trouble with their children as I have!" O Christian brother, every Christian man has a right to take a hopeful view of his children! Evil in childhood is not the precursor of coming ruin. When you were their age you were no better, and if common report in regard to some of you is true, you were worse! Ah! my friends, God's blessings hover over the heads of the righteous, and though children may go wrong, and their behavior may be ruinous, the God of Jacob will bless the lads. Many a Christian parent, after long years of praying, and watching, and struggling, and despairing in regard to a child has left him a vagabond, but by the rivers of heaven and under the arches of eternal salvation has after awhile celebrated the return of that prodigal and held high jubilee in celestial palaces because that, after all, after all, after all, it was well with the child.

O Christian parent, whatever you do for your children, or neglect to do, do not neglect their eternal salvation! Do not make the mistake of that family who, when their house was on fire, secured all the household goods, but forgot to ask, until too late, "are the children safe?" Oh, what terrific neglect! When the elements shall melt with fervent heat and the world shall burn, will your children be safe? will your children be safe?

But my subject takes a step further, and I am permitted, in carrying out the idea that hovers above the text and is suggested by the text, to ask you this morning, how it is with

THE OLD PEOPLE

that have come to spend their last days in your house, O man! O woman! Do you give them a room on the fourth story? Do you make them eat at the second table? Have you as much patience with the weaknesses of their second childhood as they had patience with the follies of your first? Ah! smooth the steps for those aged feet, for they will soon stop on the way. Do you not notice that the step is getting shorter and shorter? Plough not the old face with any more wrinkles. Trouble and care have marked it full enough. Put not on those stooping shoulders any more burdens. They stoop now by carrying the burdens of your early waywardness. Shakespeare put it with tremendous power when he said:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

And the inspired writer puts it with still more force when he says: "The eye that mocketh at its father and refuseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." How is it with the old folks? How have they got through the summer? Is there greater pallor on the cheek? Is the cough more persistent? Are they still alive? Is it well with thy father? Is it well with thy mother?

But my subject goes one step further, and makes inquiry as to

YOUR SPIRITUAL WELFARE.

A man may be sound in body, and he may have luxuriant investments, and have high social position, and yet instead of being well with them there may be everlasting diseases wasting his soul, and awfully and overwhelmingly it may be ill with him. All those estates will go out of your hands, all these friends will vanish from your earthly association; but God has planted in you a light which will burn on after the last ember of a consuming world is trampled out and extinguished.

"There is a life that always lives,
There is a death that never dies."

Considering the fact that you are so invested, and that eternity presses on toward you, and that soon your naked soul will step out and up into the presence of the eternal God in judgment, ought not the question of my text to resound through the deepest depths of your immortal nature while I cry out: "Is it

WELL WITH THY SOUL?"

You know all about the Christly sacrifice, and you know the hope that was kindled for our world from the wood of the cross, and you know that the tears of Christ poured until they made a fountain, and that from that fountain there runs forth a river so deep that all the armies of earth may wash in it, and on its banks all the empires of heaven may sing. Are your sins pardoned? Are your sorrows comforted? Is your soul saved? Is it well with thee for time? Will it be well with thee for eternity?

Now, there may be in the audience many who are disposed to complain. Hardships have come upon them, and losses, and perhaps especial griefs have come upon them this summer, and they are more disposed to answer the question of the text in the negative. So I draw a contrast:

BROOKLYN—CHARLESTON!

Oh, when you think of the sorrows of that city, cannot you thank God for your homes? Cannot you thank God for your privileges? Cannot you thank God for the quiet of this holy Sabbath? while in that city millionaire and beggar crouch together in the open parks. I have been accustomed to create gratitude in my soul by going down among those who have not a comfortable home and who have not comfortable surroundings; and to-day compare your condition with the condition of the fifty thousand affrighted people in that sad city. What a

time of trouble our world has had ever since by the hand of God it was bowled into space! It is

AN EPILEPTIC WORLD.

Convulsion after convulsion. Frosts striking it with sledge-hammer of iceberg. Fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. Meteors darting by grazing it on one side, meteors darting by grazing it on the other side, and none of them slowing up for safety. Whole flotillas, whole navies, whole argosies of worlds rushing past. It is an amazement to me that long ago it was not run down and destroyed. Why, our world is like a fishing smack off the coast of Newfoundland while the Etruria and the Umbria and the Great Eastern whirl by.

And then our world by sin has been smitten with internal disorders, and the machinery of the world has all been damaged so that sometimes the furnaces burst, and the walking-beams of the mountains are broken, and islands ship a sea, and this great hulk of a world is jarred with accidents that threaten its immediate demolition. *Thirty-six earthquakes last year* in the United States and Canada; but seven thousand earthquakes reported in the catalogues of the British Association in the two centuries.

Long ago as Trajan goes to Antioch on a visit, amid the splendors of a public reception an earthquake meets him and it takes his life. At one o'clock on November 1st, 1755, Lisbon, fair and beautiful—six minutes after 60,000 perished, so that Voltaire, writing in regard to it, says for that region it was the Day of Judgment, nothing wanting but the trumpet. That vibration shaking the two hemispheres. And so in all the times, but especially

IN OUR OWN CENTURY.

In 1812 Caracas caught in the grip of an earthquake. In 1822 in Chili 100,000 square miles by volcanic forces upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation. In 1854 Japan felt the geological agony. Naples shaken in 1857, and Mexico in 1858. Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861. Manila terrorized in 1863. The Hawaiian Islands by such forces upheaved and let down in 1871. Nevada shaken in 1871. Antioch in 1872. California in 1872. San Salvador in 1873. In 1883 Ischia, the beautiful Italian watering-place, the home of historical reminiscences and of all beautiful surroundings. Yonder Naples, the Paradise of art, the city, the island let down into the trough of the sea disappearing. A few months after Java, the most fertile island in all the earth, mountain after mountain going down, and city after city, and that island which yields the healthiest beverage in all the world became the scene of the greatest disaster of the century. One hundred and twenty thousand people dying, dead. At the mouth of the Ganges, three islands ten years ago—convulsion in the land, and cyclone in the air, and of 340,000 population, 215,000 perished.

"Oh," we said, "we live in a land that will never be disturbed; such volcanic forces cannot strike us, and even if sometimes on the Pacific coast there are disturbances, not on the Atlantic coast." Then God comes in this last week and He

SHAKES THIS WHOLE CONTINENT.

It is felt in San Francisco, and it is felt in New York. God is shaking terribly the nations, and it seems to me there is a lesson which this pulpit and every pulpit ought to interpret for the people. God is teaching America, and He is teaching all nations, that *this world is a poor foundation on which to build*. Oh, we thought if we had everything insured in the fire insurance companies all would be well. Where are the insurance companies that could help that Charleston calamity? God is thundering from the heavens, "Build on the rock, the Rock of Ages." Build on the eternal God. That is the foundation that never can be shaken. Do not build on this earth. Set not your affections on things on earth.

And yet the painter worships his picture, and the architect worships his building, and the merchant worships his enterprise, and we cling

to this world; but it is a very poor portion. Isaac Newton's dog "Spot" destroys in a little while the manuscript that it took him many years to produce. A worm in the hulk of the vessel sinks the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand effaces a painting that was to be immortal. A piece of costly sculpture, the work of genius, is dropped, and the grandest arches and the stanchest pyramids and the mightiest cities must come down. The time will come when Charleston, and Chicago, and New Orleans, and Brooklyn, and New York, and Boston, and London, and Paris, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Peking, and Canton will be caught in what St. John, in the Book of Revelation, calls "*a great earthquake*." The world is a poor foundation on which to build. If the American people do not learn that lesson, it will be bad for them.

But oh, it seems to me there comes

A LESSON OF OBLIGATION

to those suffering people. There is not a city on this continent, it seems to me, that has so many reasons for calling for the sympathy of the country to-day. Just think of it! Have you counted up the scourges that have come upon this city? First, the scourge of war, then in a few years the scourge of fire, then in a few years the scourge of cholera, last year the scourge of cyclone, and now the scourge of earthquake. And the people do not want "God-bless-yous." All our prayers will not amount to anything unless accompanied by positive beneficence. The pleading hands come up from the *débris* of that fallen city, saying, "We are hungry, give us bread; we are homeless, give us shelter; we are sick, give us cordials." Palsied will be the ear that will not hear, and palsied will be the hand that will not help.

FOR THE HOMELESS.

I stand here to-day to plead for the hundreds of households that have been despoiled of their living. I plead in behalf of homes there, and some of us have enjoyed their hospitalities. I plead in behalf of children whose fathers have perished under the fallen walls. I plead in behalf of women whose hour of anguish has come, and there is no pillow and there is no roof. Aye I plead in behalf of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to these, ye did it to me."

I know you will not turn your back upon this suffering. Let the officers of the church, as they go through these aisles, go slowly, remembering the amount they gather will decide whether some groaning men and women shall live or die. By so much as we expect mercy from the Lord in the last day, let us have mercy for others. Oh, Thou self-denying One of Gethsemane, drop upon us Thy Spirit!

[The collection taken up at the service amounted to over six hundred dollars, and more money is being sent to the treasurer.]

A Massacre of Christians in China was Reported last week. A despatch from Shanghai, dated September 1st, states that advices were received from Ching Foo-Foo, the chief city of the province of Sechuen, of an attack by the natives of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochin China on the Christians. The natives, it said, "are massacring them and destroying their property. This active persecution is attributed to the imprudence of the English and American missionaries. In Cochin China alone fifty Christians have been killed, their houses burned and their farms destroyed. In Sechuen a general massacre of Christians is reported to be in progress, and they are killed wherever found. It is said that whole villages occupied by Christians have been destroyed, and that all lands occupied by the professors of that faith are being devastated. The foreign consuls barely escaped from Sechuen with their lives. No efforts had been made up to the latest reports to quell the disorder, and so far as is now known it continuous unsuppressed." The report is evidently from a French source, and must be accepted with caution. Further details are anxiously awaited.

EARTHQUAKES IN DIVERS PLACES.

THE visitation of Tuesday night, August 31st, will be a memorable event in American history. It is also a remarkable one in the record of seismic disturbances in general. Never before has there been in any land an earthquake so registered and described simultaneously by so large a number of independent observers, scattered over so wide an area. As the vibration passed over the vast region from Mobile, Ala., in the South, to Omaha, in the West, and New York, in the East, a telegraph operator in every city, without opportunity for consultation or comparison, sent off a dispatch recording the exact time and character of the shock. We have thus a record more reliable and more extensive of this earth-wave than has ever been secured before. The facts thus gathered will doubtless be of great value to science, and will afford material by which to test the theories that have been propounded as explanations of these mysterious phenomena.

In whatever way the earthquake may be explained by scientists eager to exclude the great First Cause from the control of His universe, it is impossible for the Christian student to read the columns of telegrams which the daily journals printed on Wednesday morning without being reminded of the words of our Lord on the Mount of Olives. His disciples had listened with surprise to His discourse, and desiring more detailed information about the terrible events which He declared would attend the close of the Age, they went to Him privately, and asked Him what would be the sign of His Coming and the end of the world. Among the events that He specified, as precursors of the final consummation, were "earthquakes in divers places." These, He said, are

"THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS"

(Matt. 24: 8). Being placed thus among the earliest intimations of the approach of that momentous time, we are justified in regarding such a phenomenon as that of August 31st as one of profound significance. While we admit the possibility of this earthquake being, like those that have gone before it, merely a natural phenomenon not belonging to those specified by our Lord as the distinctive signs, yet there are circumstances connected with it which suggest the contrary opinion, and should startle every one, who has ears to hear, into an attitude of watchful expectation. Not only may it be the sign indicated by our Lord—a message to those who look for His appearing—but it probably is such a sign, as intelligent Christians must see if they read the description in prophecy of the state of the world and the Church in the last days, and compare that with the state of the world and the Church to-day. This sign does not come alone; it comes in combination with other signs of our times, each one of which has its own special significance. Those other signs—ecclesiastical, social, and political—have been frequently pointed out in these columns during the past few months, and to them is now to be added, as if to render the identity of the period on which we are entering unmistakable, this special sign clearly and explicitly predicted.

It is worthy of notice that not only does this earthquake exactly fulfil by itself the prediction, "Earthquakes in divers places," with the

MINUTE ACCURACY

characteristic of the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Bible, but it does not come alone. The convulsion in New Zealand on June 10th was still thrilling the minds of the world when, on August 28th, an earthquake was reported in Greece, in which six towns were entirely destroyed, six hundred persons were killed, and one thousand seriously injured. Only three days later our own continent trembles under a shock unprecedented in modern times in the extent of the area affected. Men who attach no importance to the words of our Lord may be excused for regarding the combination as merely a coincidence, but to those who know that every word that fell from those Divine lips is of importance to the world, these events are pregnant

with solemn meaning. "The end is not immediately," said our Lord (Luke 21: 9, Rev. Ver.). A brief space at least remains, during which Antichrist will be developed and the terrible events of the last days will follow each other in rapid succession. How ought that interval to be used by the disciples of a Master whose coming is near at hand!

THE TREMBLING CONTINENT.

THE following extracts from telegraphic dispatches received in New York and published in the daily journals of September 1st will show how widespread was the earthquake of the previous night, and how general was the terror it produced.

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

was the city which suffered most severely. "The earthquake," says a dispatch to the *Sun*, "has caused a destruction of about one half of the city and the loss of nearly one hundred human lives. The first shock was felt approaching at 9.50 last evening, and, before people could realize what the trouble was, they were being thrown around and their houses were falling down upon them. Every one ran screaming into the streets, and in a few seconds the city was wild with human beings, perfectly crazed with fright.

"The first shock, which was by far the most severe, was followed immediately by another, which increased the terror of the people. On all sides could be heard exclamations such as 'My God! save us!' 'God have mercy upon us sinners!' and men and women could be seen kneeling everywhere in groups, offering up prayers. The shocks continued at intervals, each succeeding one being less severe, until up to 10 A.M. on Wednesday there had been ten distinct shocks. To add to the terror of the situation, fires broke out in five different places soon after the first shock, and the city was soon illuminated with flames, thus leading all to believe that what was left by the earthquake would be devoured by fire. However, the Fire Department was so well divided and handled that the fires were gotten under control by day light. From fifteen to twenty residences and stores were consumed.

"The night was hideous with the groans of the dying, the screams of the wounded, and the prayers of the uninjured. The city is wrecked, the streets are encumbered with masses of fallen bricks and tangled telegraph and telephone wires, and up to an early hour it was almost impossible to pass from one part of the city to another. Broad streets presented a spectacle of the utmost horror. Even women, armed with hatchets, fought valiantly to rescue the imprisoned unfortunates. Meeting Street, from Broad to Hasel, is a wreck, and is lined with homeless persons. St. Michael's Church is shattered and the steeple will come down, likewise the steeple of St. Philip's. The porticos of Hibernian Hall and the main station-house are demolished. Hardly a house in the city escaped injury, and many are so shaken and cracked that a hard blow would bring them to the ground. *Fissures in the earth* are noticed from which fine sand, apparently from a great depth, exudes a sulphurous smell, and is very noticeable. The city is wrapped in gloom, and business is entirely suspended. Hardly one hundred houses are occupied, the people generally remaining in the streets in tents and under improvised shelters." The editor of the *Charleston News and Courier* says: "While engaged in his usual duties in the second-story room of the *News and Courier* office at the time of the first shock, the writer's attention was vaguely attracted by a sound which seemed to come from the office below, and which was supposed for a moment to be caused by the rapid rolling of a heavy body, as an iron safe or a heavily-laden truck, over the floor. Accompanying the sound there was a perceptible tremor of the building, not more marked, however, than would be caused by the passage of a street car or dray along the street.

"Then the long roll deepened and spread into an awful roar that seemed to pervade at once the troubled earth and the still air above and around. The tremor was now a rude, rapid quiver that agitated the whole lofty, strong-walled building as though it were being shaken by the hand of an immeasurable power. The floors were heaving under foot, the surrounding walls and partitions visibly swayed to and fro, the crash of falling masses of stone and brick and mortar was heard overhead, and without the terrible roar filled the ears and seemed to fill the mind and heart, dazing perception, bewildering thought, and for a few panting breaths, or while you held your breath in dreadful anticipation of immediate and cruel death you felt that life was already past, and waited for the end, as the victim with his head on the block awaits the fall of the uplifted axe.

"It is not given to many men to look in the face of the destroyer and yet live, but it is little to say that the group of strong men who shared the experience above faintly described will carry with them the recollection of that supreme moment to their dying day. The uproar slowly died away in seeming distance. The earth was still—and oh, the blessed relief of that stillness!—but how rudely the silence was broken! As we dashed down the stairway and out into the street, already on every side arose the shrieks, the cries of pain and fear, the prayers and wailings of terrified women and children, commingled with the shouts of men.

"Arrived at his home, the writer found the same scenes of distraction and wreck which marked nearly every other home in the city. All the houses in the neighborhood had suffered seriously, and streets, yards, and gardens were filled with the fallen chimneys and fragments of walls, while the walls that were left standing were rent asunder in many cases from top to bottom, and were badly shattered in every instance. Women and children, roused from sleep or interrupted in their evening pursuits by the sound of the ruin being effected above and around them, rushed out into the streets and huddled together awaiting the end, whatever it might be. Invalids were brought out on mattresses and deposited on the roadway. No thought was given to treasures left behind in the effort to save the peculiar treasure of life itself, suddenly become so precious in the eyes of all, the invalid woman and the robust man alike.

"Until long after midnight the streets were filled with fugitives in sight of their homes. Through the long hours that followed few were the eyes even of childhood that were closed in sleep. Charleston was full of those who watched for the morning, and never in any city in any land did the first gray shades that mark the approach of dawn appear so beautiful and so welcome to eyes as they appeared to the thousands of people who hailed them this morning from the midst of the countless wrecked homes in our thrice-scourged, but still patient, still brave, still hopeful, still beautiful city by the sea."

IN WASHINGTON.

The earthquake lasted for fifteen or twenty seconds, and was distinctly perceived all over the city. In the neighborhood of the Treasury Building the shock was sufficiently severe to rattle windows and set rocking-chairs in motion. The desks in the Associated Press office in the Corcoran Building began to vibrate in a peculiar but unmistakable fashion that suggested an earthquake. A few minutes later the janitor reported that the upper stories of the building were rocking back and forth, and the night manager of the Western Union Telegraph office made a similar announcement, with the additional information that the clock on the western wall of the room had stopped. Telephone messages from a gentleman connected with the Associated Press office, who lives on Massachusetts Avenue, and from other points in the city, reported that the ornaments on mantelpieces were rattling. The telegraph operators in Atlanta a few minutes before this had notified the Washington operators that the "shake"

was coming, and to look out for it; but no attention was paid to the warning, as it was regarded as a joke.

Two shocks occurred, the second shock of longer duration and more severe than the first, and a few seconds later. It was felt in all parts of the city, and created considerable consternation. Several meetings in progress in various parts of the city were broken up by the frightened members, thinking the buildings were falling, rushing into the street. At Albaugh's Opera House the large audience became frightened by the shaking of the building, and a stampede ensued. The occupants of the galleries, mainly gentlemen, jumped to their feet as soon as the shaking began, and rushed pell-mell down the stairs, falling over one another in their efforts to escape from the building, and stopped for nothing until they reached the street. People on the street did not feel the shock, and the first knowledge they had of the occurrence was obtained from the sight of the frightened inmates of houses rushing from them into the streets.

IN RICHMOND, VA.,

the terror reached its height in the Penitentiary, where the shock of earthquake was very violent, the building being on a high hill. The convicts were terror-stricken, and a fearful scene followed. They cursed and swore. The females especially screamed in such agonizing manner that their cries penetrated into the city. Finally two convicts in their mad struggle succeeded in forcing the prison doors, and rushed wildly about, it is supposed, to liberate their fellow-prisoners. Only the night force of guards were on hand at the time, and they were not able to cope with the eight hundred maddened convicts who tore at their cell doors. Many of the maniacs for the moment were frantic from fear. They cried and implored some one to open the doors. The ringing of the fire-bells added to their terror, for they imagined that the place was on fire. The entire police force was hastily summoned to the grim place, and finally the volunteer military were ordered to proceed at once to the penitentiary fully armed and equipped for action. The convicts were quieted, but the whole city was aroused, and there was a scene of general excitement such as the city never saw, even in the war.

IN COLUMBIA, S. C.,

the earthquake was felt at 9.45 P.M. The whole city swayed and shook like an aspen leaf. Men, women, and children rushed from hotels and houses into the streets in wild alarm, some in night robes. Walls of buildings were cracked, crockery rattled, and strong men found it difficult to stand on their feet, and walked as if on sea legs. Nothing so alarming has ever occurred here. The streets are filled with frightened people. An immense mass-meeting was being held in the Court House, and the massive brick swayed from cellar to dome. The audience rushed for the exits and the speakers deserted the hall.

IN RALEIGH, N. C.,

the shocks continued nearly six minutes. Buildings rocked, walls cracked, floors broke loose from their supports, chimneys fell, lamps were overturned. The shocks lasted over five minutes. The motion of the earth was very decided. Streets rapidly filled with people. Screams of frightened persons could be heard. Negroes were in great fear. Such decided shocks were never before felt here. Reports show that the shocks were felt all over the State. At Wilmington they were very severe, and came near wrecking several buildings. It is safe to say that no such excitement was ever known here as this earthquake has caused. The shocks rang the church-bells. They also rang door-bells in houses.

IN SAVANNAH, GA.,

people in every part of the city were thoroughly terrified, and rushed from their houses into the streets, and sought the open squares and other places where they would be out of danger of falling buildings. Negroes were particularly demonstrative, and ran about the streets wringing

their hands and giving vent to exclamations of terror. Chimneys fell, and many buildings suffered other damage of similar nature. Clocks were stopped and lamps and ornaments shaken from tables and mantels. No buildings were demolished, so far as is known, and no lives were lost or injury to person reported. Despatches from the surrounding towns report similar experience.

THE UNLIMITED INVITATION.

From a Sermon by Rev. Sam Jones.

(Specially reported for the Christian Herald.)

Marching on the Wrong Side—A Figure from the Caravan—Passing the Word Along the Line—The Wife as a Preacher—The Elect and Non-Elect—A Nomination for Every Sinner—What God will not Do.

LET him who heareth say come. Do you get the idea there? Wherever you hear the Gospel as it comes into your ear and passes out of your mouth, you say to the next man to you: "Come, come." I admire that man who, confessing that he is wrong, says: "I wish I was right." I like a man that comes out and says, "I am a sinner," but says, "Say, boys, let us serve God the balance of our days, and do right and go to heaven." I like that sort of a sinner. I have seen them rise up in a great congregation and say: "I have fought and

MARCHED ON THE WRONG SIDE

all my life, but, boys, join with me, and off with our cartridge-boxes and lay down that old musket, and never fire that old gun again on the devil's side. I march with my hands thrown up to-night, and say: "O God, I surrender to Christ!"

Let him that heareth say come. If you hear the call of God not only come yourself, but turn to every man in hearing and say come. We get this figure from the caravan crossing the desert. The water is out and the whole caravan is perishing. Now they send one man on ahead—in five minutes another—then another—and another. They keep just within halloing distance of one another. When the head man finds an oasis, he cries back: "Water! come!" and the next man catches up the words, and passes them on, and down the line, until it is shouted into the ears of the caravan, and they all, with accelerated speed, make their way to the oasis. God shouted it from His throne above, the angels caught it up and brought it to the earth, and the preachers passed it to the Church, and the Church to the world, and, brethren, let us pass it down the line, until we shout the blessed Word right at the gates of hell.

PASS IT DOWN,

the water of life. Come, ye famishing ones, drink and never be dry again. Let him who heareth say, "Come." If you have ever heard the Gospel, go speak it into some one else's ear. A father has just heard the Gospel, and he says: "My son, my daughter, let us be religious." He is talking to his children now. The wife says, "Husband, I have heard the blessed Gospel. Let us serve God." She is preaching it to her husband now, and, thank God, we may all turn to be preachers as we go away from here to-night. And we can preach it to every man we meet. Do not tire of preaching God's Word. He says eat and satisfy your hunger. He stands with the water of life and says drink and quench your thirst forever. And the hungriest man gets it first, and the thirstiest man is the one He comes to first. Lord, give us such hungering and thirsting to-night that the angels will rush down and give the bread and water of life to every hungry, famishing soul.

Whosoever will. That is the word, brother, and I am glad in my heart of hearts that every pulpit in this earth is coming right up to the grand old "Whosoever will" of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If I live until this head is gray, I expect to see the day when every minister of Jesus stands flat-footed on this God-blessed word, and begs the world to come to Christ. He has taught me, glory to His name, that the Gospel

is intended to save all men everywhere and bring them to the cross of Christ.

You say, "Don't you believe in the elect?" Yes, I do; but I know who the elect are, too. The elect are "whosoever will," and the un-elect are

"WHOSOEVER WON'T."

That is the doctrine from bottom to top. If you will, God will; if you won't, God won't, and that is the whole question. The closest definition of elect I ever heard was that given by an old colored man. His master one day went out to hear a hard-shell sermon on election. He came back and said to the old colored man, "Uncle, your preacher bamfooled me to-day. He preached on election. I didn't understand him. Uncle, do you know—tell me what election is?" The old negro could not explain the theory of it, but said he could tell this much: "No man is elected 'ceptin' he's a candidate." There is the whole doctrine. And I don't have to be nominated. I can run independent and be elected. Thank God for such a glorious race. These Democrats and Republicans are moving heaven and earth to get the nominations; but, brethren, Jesus Christ on Calvary

NOMINATED EVERY SINNER

in the universe. Now be a candidate, old fellow, and you will be elected by a large majority, and take your seat in paradise.

Thank God for a Gospel that saves the whole race of man. But, says the agonizing man at the altar, "I am one of the reprobates. I am a reprobate unto eternal death."

The preacher hardly knew what to say. Finally, he said: "My brother, you doubt whether Christ died for you. Your name is James B. Green."

"Yes," said he.

"If I could reach and take down the Lamb's Book of life and show James B. Green written there, would you believe it?"

"No, sir; there are other people in this world by that same name."

"Well, brother, if I could show you James B. Green, Screven County, would you believe it was you?"

"There may have been others by that name before I was born in this county."

"Well, if you could see it James B. Green, Screven County, 1886, would you believe it was you?"

"No; there may be somebody in this county now with my name."

Then said the preacher, "God saves all that trouble." He said, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," and the poor fellow cried out: "Glory to God; that means me! No doubt about that!"

Thank God for such

A BROAD, GENEROUS GOSPEL

as that. Listen, brethren; I am preaching on God's last message to man. You can count on it; you can bank on it; you can die on these last words, and you will die safe. Listen! "Whosoever will"—it doesn't say, "whosoever feels," or "whosoever mourns," or "whosoever cries," or "whosoever shouts," or "whosoever has a happy experience," but it says, "whosoever will"—will! There is the supreme power, the will. I am trinity in unity—the will, the intellect, the sensibility. God comes up through my intellect, perception, conception, memory, judgment, reason, magnetism—through every avenue of my mind. Not a door to open or to shut. When He runs up through sensibility and intellect He reaches the door of the human will, and stands and knocks, and says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man open unto Me I will come in and save that man, and he shall sup with Me."

Oh, my dear brethren, this very night God knocks at the door! Open to Him, and bid the heavenly guest to enter. God will do anything except break down the human will, and God Himself has never done that. It is your will that opens heaven to your soul or shuts you up in hell forever.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Most Remarkable Statement, which Deserves the attention of every patriotic citizen, was issued by the Treasury on September 1st. It appears from the figures it contains that the public debt is now reduced to \$1,378,176,580, which is less than half of the amount at which it stood twenty-one years ago. On August 31st, 1865, the total liability, less cash available for its reduction, was \$2,756,431,571. The reduction, astonishing as it is in bulk, is still more surprising when its proportion to the population then and now is taken into account. In 1865 the debt represented a burden of \$78 for every person in the country; now each individual's share is \$24. The United States have now a smaller debt than any of the great countries of the world, Germany alone excepted. Austria comes next with \$1,900,000,000. Italy's debt is \$2,200,000,000, Great Britain's debt is \$3,700,000,000, more than twice as large as ours, and France owes \$6,000,000,000, or more than four times the debt of the United States. The strain of so large a reduction in so short a time has been a severe one, but it has been borne with little complaint. Taking into account the present condition of the country and the low rate of interest being paid on the debt, the doubt is suggested whether it is wise to continue the process of reduction at so rapid a rate. The people are entitled to some relief. Even those who can afford to pay the taxes could do better with their money than use it to pay off a debt that costs only three per cent of interest.

The Campaign in Maine Continues to Attract the attention of politicians. This is due not to its intrinsic importance, but to the active part Mr. Blaine is taking in it. His speeches are regarded as manifestoes having relation rather to national than to State politics. He has given marked prominence to the tariff question, which, in his opinion, is the great national issue. An impression prevails that Mr. Blaine is mistaken. Recent events indicate that the tariff question divides the *sections* of the country rather than the *parties*. In the last session of Congress it was seen that neither party was solid on the subject. Some Republicans were seen voting for tariff reduction, and some Democrats against it. At present the younger voters, who were not engaged in the great struggles of the past, and therefore are not so enthusiastically loyal to party as their fathers are, look rather to the character of individual candidates than to their party affiliations. Mr. Blaine's attack on Neal Dow on September 2d, at Dover, has caused much amusement. Dow worked earnestly for Blaine in 1884, and made some effective speeches in praise of the Republican Party. He is now fighting vigorously against the Republicans, and Mr. Blaine made some telling points by comparing the speeches Dow has made on the two occasions. With withering scorn Mr. Blaine has

attempted to prove that Neal Dow is not only an inconsistent, but a most untruthful man. About this fact the country is not greatly concerned; it made up its mind about Neal Dow long ago; but that Mr. Blaine should undertake to expose him is a surprise.

The New Minister to Mexico to Succeed General Henry R. Jackson, who has resigned, is Judge Thomas C. Manning, of Louisiana. There is a somewhat bitter division of the Democratic Party in Louisiana, so that Judge Manning's appointment is not unanimously approved there. He belongs to the section not now in possession of the State government. Apart from politics, however, the new minister appears to be generally popular. On one occasion he was placed on the Supreme bench at the demand of the people. As a lawyer and a judge he enjoys the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and as a politician he is supported by many men of character and influence. Judge Manning is fifty years of age. He is one of the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund.

The Immigration Returns for the Past Fiscal year show a continuance of the falling off previously noticed. The total number of immigrants landed during the year at the six ports which receive ninety-five per cent of the arrivals, was 328,917. In the previous year the total number was 349,030. Three years ago the number for the year was 788,992. The largest decrease is in the contingent from Germany, which is less by a third than last year. The immigration from Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland is about the same as last year; that from Italy has increased from 13,587 to 21,503.

The Earthquake which Shook the Whole continent on Tuesday, August 31st, appears to have caused no serious injury outside of Charleston, S. C., though it produced terror and consternation over a wide area. Telegrams describing the shock and its effects in various cities were received in New York, and some of them, which are fair specimens of the whole, are published on page 566 of this issue. The centre of the disturbance appears to have been in South Carolina, and though it was felt distinctly in Florida and as far west as Omaha, its direct course was in a north-easterly direction. In Chicago there were several shocks, lasting altogether not more than half a minute. The houses quivered, windows rattled, doors swung to and fro, and the pictures on the walls were moved. In New York persons in the upper stories of high buildings were greatly alarmed. The rocking motion was very perceptible, and imparted an unpleasant suggestion of falling to the earth. In the tenement districts families ran down-stairs and into the streets, some of them in their night-clothes. No damage was done in any part of the city. A remarkable fact, which scientists are unable to explain, is the sudden activity of hot springs immediately before the earthquake; it was noticed here, as in the recent calamity in New Zealand. The Excelsior Geyser in Yellowstone Park, the most powerful geyser in the world, suddenly broke out at 3 P.M. on Aug. 27, and continued to play for over twenty-four hours. The Excelsior had been quiet for over four years.

Help for Charleston is Called for, and the Response is coming promptly from all quarters. How sorely it is needed the telegrams from the stricken city clearly show. Thousands of the people are homeless, their houses lying in ruins. Others, whose habitations still stand, are afraid to enter them. They fear that the tottering walls may fall upon them should a strong wind arise or another shock agitate the foundations. The public squares and parks are crowded with about thirty thousand persons, some of whom sleep in tents, and others, not so fortunate, under the open sky, where the mosquitoes attack them. Ninety tents have been sent from Washington, but they go a very small way toward satisfying the demand. Food also is needed, for business is suspended, and no money can be earned. At the close of last week there was no indication of restored confidence. Indeed, there

was little ground for it. Slight shocks of earthquake were still visiting the city, and though little more damage was done, it was impossible to feel secure. On Friday night a distinct shock was felt, which brought down one large house and killed one person who was passing. On Saturday night there were two more shocks, which scared every one who had intended sleeping in-doors. It is impossible to learn the exact loss of life. Thirty-three persons are known to have been killed, and over one hundred were wounded; but how many bodies are under the ruins no one knows. The loss of property must be enormous. Reporters who have ventured through the streets assert that four buildings out of every five are either overthrown or must come down. The taxable property of the city aggregates twenty-two millions. Besides this there are churches, schools, and philanthropic institutions which are not assessed, and those are worth fully ten millions. Then there are the ruined stocks in the stores and personal property buried under the ruins. Collections were taken up in the churches of New York on Sunday for the fund opened by Mayor Grace, and money is coming in rapidly. Every one feels the deepest commiseration for the citizens of the desolated city.

The Week in the British Parliament was consumed in futile debates on Irish affairs. It is evident that the bitter hostility between the parties increases. Personal abuse, which is unusual in the House of Commons, was uttered freely on all sides. The Parnellites were taunted with being supported by "American gold," which they did not deny, but contended that it was no disgrace to receive gifts from members of their own race in America. They were also stigmatized as traitors, and other opprobrious epithets were applied to them. The spirit displayed did not tend to pacification, and as the Irish contingent has the power to materially retard legislation and embarrass the Government, there is a probability of their using it. Mr. Parnell has obtained leave to introduce a bill which, if it is passed, may do much to alleviate the present distress in Ireland. Its object is to prevent eviction when the tenant deposits a certain proportion of the rent due. It is expected that if his proposals are moderate they will receive the support of both sections of the Liberal party. If so they will be carried in the House whether the Conservatives agree with them or not. It will be merely a provisional measure to check the wholesale evictions now in progress, which threaten to provoke disturbances but little short of civil war.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria Returned to his capital on September 2d. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In compliance with the advice of Prince Bismarck and other foreign statesmen, the Prince offered terms of pardon to the regiments which had taken part in the conspiracy to drive him from the throne. Throughout the two countries recently united the desire that the Prince should continue to reign appears to be general, but Russia is hostile to him, and in the face of Russian hostility it may be doubted whether his position is tenable. Alexander is perfectly aware of the fact. He has addressed an abject letter to the Czar, in which he declared himself ready to give decided proofs of his unalterable devotion to the Czar, and intimated that he would abdicate if the Czar desired it. The Czar's reply was decidedly unfavorable. He said bluntly that he did not approve of the Prince's return, and that he reserved to himself the right to judge what Russia's interests required of him. Rumors are current that if Alexander has the courage to remain and Bulgaria is solidly in his favor an armed interference on the part of Russia will bring Austria into the field for the Prince's protection, and that England may also be expected to interfere in opposition to Russia. A cable despatch received on Saturday states that the Prince has decided to abdicate rather than be the cause of a war which might involve half Europe.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$14. They are from : Seaward, Me., \$10 ; New Providence, N. J., \$2 ; Janelew, W. Va., \$1 ; a friend, N. J., \$1. One of the ministers supplied from this fund, writing from Savannah, Ga., on August 31st, desires us to express here his gratitude to the friends who have contributed to the fund. He says that so limited in means are he and others of his brethren who are laboring for Christ among the colored people of the South that they find it impossible to obtain books to help them in expounding the Bible. They "have found THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," he says, "a library in itself, and of invaluable service to them." Their congregations have doubtless benefited, too, so that one copy alone has been the means of good to many persons.

A Correction Kindly Supplied to us by One of our subscribers is gladly made in this place of a paragraph which appeared here on August 12th. In that paragraph it was stated that a despatch had appeared in the New York Times describing a new sect which existed in Cincinnati, founded on the blasphemous pretensions of a lady to be Christ manifest in the flesh. Our correspondent's letter proves that the despatch was the work of an unprincipled person either ignorant of the facts or wilfully perverting them. The lady in question makes no such pretensions, and is not worshipped. In early life she became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, Dr. Inskip and others, and was led by them to believe in the possibility of leading a perfectly sinless life. She recently said to a visitor : "I have since pushed my way on beyond them all, guided by God alone. That is the complaint the church has to make against me. Inskip and McDonald were filled with the Holy Ghost ; I am filled with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." It is probable that such an utterance, heard by some flippant reporter, led to the publication of the despatch which we quoted.

The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church will assemble in Central Music Hall, Chicago, in October. The arrangements for the sessions are nearly completed and ten thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the expenses. The proceedings will be unusually important, and much anxiety as to its decisions is manifested both in this country and in Europe. The revision of the Prayer Book will, of course, be the most prominent question before the convention. It is rumored that the decisions of the last two conventions on this subject may be reversed by the delegates in October.

An Excellent Arrangement has been Made to benefit the sick poor in New York, which may serve as an example to other cities. In New York Bay is Bedlow's Island, a tiny spot in the river, on which the statue of Liberty is being erected. The Charity Organization Society recently applied to the War Department for permission to erect a tent there, and the department has consented. Invalids and convalescents, women and children especially, are taken there every day free, or at a small cost. The invigorating breezes from the sea blow across the island and give them new life. New milk but no other refreshment is provided for them. The cost of this enterprise is trifling in comparison with the boon conferred.

The Murderers of the Rev. Mr. Haddock, in Sioux City, have not yet been found, though large rewards have been offered for their apprehension. So far from having helped the liquor dealers, the murder has inspired their foes to more vigorous efforts. The *Voice* says that the words "Remember Haddock" are a watchword now throughout the State. It also reports an increase in the threats of outrage elsewhere. In Illinois the chairman of the Cook County Prohibition Committee has received an anonymous letter calling for his resignation from his post if he would have many more days to live. In New York, near where the new aqueduct is

being built, saloons are being established to get the wages of the workmen, and a citizen who has been active of late to keep these rumshops away from his residence in that locality found a *dynamite bomb* secreted in his carriage-house the other day. In Pittsburg one of the active supporters of law and order received, a few days since, a letter threatening him with death if he did not cease his efforts. There are many similar cases not reported, all of which show that, like the silversmiths of Ephesus, the liquor-dealers are aware that their craft is in danger.

Weird Sightings at Sea are Reported by the United States revenue steamer Ewing, which left Fortress Monroe on Tuesday, August 31st, the day of the earthquake. All went well until between eleven and twelve o'clock that night. At that time a strong gale came out from the north, catching the Ewing in the vicinity of Smith's Point. All at once there was a strange and weird appearance about everything. Nothing looked natural. In the heavens the stars were shooting in all directions, and the breaking seas were charged with phosphorus to such a pronounced degree that no one on board recollected ever seeing such a display. The fixed stars seemed to move, and balls of fire first appeared on one bow, then on the other, which Pilot Madigan thought were vessels' lights, and kept an anxious watch as he progressed. It was only when they became general that the pilot found that they were due to atmospherical disturbance. In reading of such appearances the Christian is reminded of our Lord's solemn words of warning (Luke 21 : 25, 26).

A Remarkable Prognostication in Regard to the earthquake was made on the evening preceding by the Rev. E. Zara, Pastor of the Italian Church of Del Emanueto, Philadelphia. The *Record* of that city says that Mr. Zara is a native of Italy, has experienced a number of earthquakes both there and during his travels, and has made a study of the phenomenon and its surroundings. While he was speaking to several members of a neighboring family on Monday evening he remarked that he noticed certain indications of an approaching earthquake—principally in the state of the weather. While not predicting that an earthquake was at hand, he said he would not be surprised if one came, as the indications were similar to those attending earthquakes he had witnessed in Europe. It was probably thought at the time that the clergyman had slender ground for his prognostication. It turned out, however, that he was right. Warnings have been uttered for some time past that we are now approaching a period when an earthquake far more extensive and destructive than that of last week may be expected, and those warnings are based on the sure Word of God. No Christian should neglect them (Rev. 16 : 18, 19).

An Unusual Charge in a Farmer's Bill is mentioned by the Boston *Beacon*. It appears that a lady spending her vacation in rural Massachusetts arranged with a kind-hearted farmer to drive her around the country. The worthy man seldom undertook such services, but, prompted by kindness, made an exception in the case of this lady. He did not realize the caste distinctions so clearly recognized in Boston, and during the first drive attempted to place himself on a friendly footing with the lady by pointing out objects of interest, and expatiating on the state of the crops and the country generally. Such familiarity was resented by the dignified lady, who said, with chilling arrogance : "Sir, I engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me." The farmer was amazed, but made no reply, and after that the drives were taken in silence. When the vacation weeks were over the lady sent for her bill. The farmer brought a curious document, remarkable for its peculiar caligraphy and ingenious spelling. The lady looked it over and asked, "What is this item?" pointing to a charge of five dollars. "That, madam," said the farmer, "is *for sass*. I don't often take it, but when I do, I charge." As the farmer did not live in one of our great cities, he was not

aware that we have lost the distinction that has been our boast for a century, that we have no classes in our democratic land. Unhappily they are found now not only in society but in the church, where the apostolic injunction is too often forgotten (1 Peter 3 : 8).

A Case of Heartless Ingratitude Came to light in New York last week. A Brazilian merchant temporarily residing in this city found himself completely penniless and in urgent need of a small sum of money. When he came here, a short time ago, he brought with him thirty-five thousand dollars in cash. He became infatuated with an actress who is leading an impure life, and lavished money freely upon her, giving her costly presents, among which were some magnificent diamonds. The lady reciprocated the affection represented by the diamonds, but when the Brazilian's funds were exhausted her cordiality diminished. Last week, in his dire extremity, he asked her to lend him one of the diamonds to pawn, that he might be able to live until a remittance could be received from Brazil. She flatly refused, and showed him the door. It appears that the character of her kind has not improved since Solomon described it (Prov. 6 : 26).

A Failure to Gain Sympathy Resulted in suicide in New York on September 3d. A tradesman in good business has for several months suffered severely from dyspepsia. He was unable to get relief, and frequently spoke to his friends about his sufferings. He looked so well that they laughed at him. His wife tried to laugh him out of his fancies. He went on a vacation recently, and returned looking apparently well. He said he was a wreck, and he was laughed at more than ever. On Friday he became so depressed and miserable that he went into his bedroom and shot himself. He left a letter telling the coroner that he had committed suicide because he had not received the sympathy he was entitled to. In spiritual maladies the sufferer frequently finds himself so cut off from human sympathy. Unawakened sinners are unable to see in his case any reason for distress. It is then that he realizes the blessing of knowing that he has a High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities (Heb. 4 : 15, 16).

A Remarkable Surgical Operation has been performed on three epileptic patients by an English surgeon. He opened the skull and removed a part of the brain in each case, and all three patients have been cured of their fits. They were exhibited on August 14th at the meeting of the British Association at Brighton, and appeared to be quite well. The operation was an outcome of a long series of experiments which Mr. Victor Horsley has made during his study of brain disease. He discovered that the whole brain does not control the body in bulk, but is divided into minute departments, each having its special function. One part of the brain controls one part of the body and no other. The next step was to localize these several parts, and this was carefully done. It thus became possible, by observing which part of the body of an epileptic patient was most violently convulsed, to fix the exact spot in the brain that was the seat of disease. An incision was made, and the diseased spot removed. The loss did not injure the patient, as the functions of the brain removed were after a time performed by corresponding parts of the opposite hemisphere. This discovery marks a new era in surgery, and promises, when perfected, relief to some of the most grievously afflicted of the human race. The news will bring joy into many a home. Sufferers may now hope to have the evil that has brought them so much misery eradicated. The surgeon will, however, still be powerless where the mischief has afflicted the whole of the brain, as he cannot supply a new organism. That is always the case in spiritual maladies, but in these the sufferer can apply to the great Physician, who is not so limited. He promises to take the stony heart out of the flesh and give a new heart (Ezek. 11 : 19, 20).

SECRET DRAWINGS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."
--JEREMIAH 31: 3.

The Power of Fear—Love More Potent—God's Dealings—I. Not Understood without His Appearance—Because of Selfishness—Because they are Mysterious—Must be Personal—Must be Repeated—II. Perceived after the Appearance—Gentle Drawings—Early in Life—When they were Recognized—III. The Drawing Force—IV. Its Great Motive—Everlasting Love.

THE dread of divine justice has often driven men to seek mercy. Many have been caught in the whirlwind of wrath, and in their dismay they have fled for refuge to that Man who is a covert from the tempest. Hence the Lord does not decline to work upon the minds of the guilty by motives drawn from fear. Notice the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of the previous chapter: "Behold, the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind: it shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked. The fierce anger of the Lord shall not return, until He have done it, and until He have performed the intents of His heart." This is by no means a solitary passage. Holy Scripture is strewn with solemn

ADMONITIONS TO FLEE

from the wrath to come. Our dear Redeemer, whose lips are as lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh, in great tenderness of heart warned men of the sure result of their sins; and none used stronger or more alarming language than He did concerning the future of ungodly men. He knew nothing of that pretended sympathy which will rather let men perish than warn them against perishing. Such tenderness is merely selfishness excusing itself from a distasteful duty. He spoke of weeping and gnashing of teeth, of a worm which dieth not, and of a fire which is not quenched. Brethren, like our Lord, we do not hesitate to warn men of judgment to come. "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." We dare not quit this solemn duty lest it cost us our own souls: we dare not cease to sound the trumpet of alarm lest the enemy destroy our people, and their blood be required at our hands.

Still, the master-magnet of the Gospel is not fear, but love. Penitents are drawn to Christ rather than driven. The most frequent impulse which leads men to Jesus is hope that in Him they may find salvation. Love wins the day. One hair from the head of love will draw more than the cable of fear. I am glad, therefore, that I have to speak to God's people this morning, and set forth God's love as the reason why they should love Him in return. "We love Him because He first loved us" is the great law of the Christian life.

I. Our first observation will run on this wise—God's dealings with us are never understood till He Himself appears to us. He must speak, or

WE CANNOT INTERPRET

His acts. "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying: Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The Lord had been drawing these people, but they did not know it. God had been loving them with an everlasting love, but they did not recognize it. Nor could they know or recognize His lovingkindness till the Lord Himself visited them in person, and removed the scales from their eyes.

For first, man is not in a condition to perceive God till God reveals Himself to Him. By nature, brethren, we are blind Godward; yea, deaf, and in all ways *insensible* toward the great spirit. By nature we are dead to the presence of the Lord. Naturally man is an atheist. When the "Essays and Reviews" made a great deal of stir, an experienced preacher said concerning them, "Essays and Reviews" do not trouble me, nor any of the nostrums of modern

doubt, for my heart is a deviser of worse things than 'Essays and Reviews': my evil heart is a fountain of atheism." Brethren, worse difficulties have occurred to us than any that have ever been penned by the most notorious infidels. By nature we are as the fool who said in his heart, "There is no God." Man, therefore, living in alienation from God, does not trace the inward drawings of divine love up to their source: He regards them as common things, and treads them out as sparks from an earthly fire.

Besides this, my brethren, we are so *selfish* that, when God is drawing us to Himself, we are

TOO MUCH ABSORBED

in our own things to notice the hand which is at work upon us. We crave the world, we sigh for human approbation, we seek for ease and comfort, we desire above all things to indulge our pride with the vain notion of self-righteousness; and, therefore, we look not after God. Rather do we cry with Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" God may draw long before we will budge an inch away from those gods which our own selfishness hath set up. Young Samuel answered to the call of Jehovah at midnight; but with us there is neither hearing nor answering. How can we see God while our eyes are blinded with self? The Lord must appear to each one of us, or we shall remain ignorant of His ways.

Moreover, dear friends, God must explain His dealings to us by revealing Himself to us, because those ways are in themselves frequently mysterious. Take Israel for an instance. The Lord moved Pharaoh to treat Israel with great severity, and to make them serve with rigor. They made bricks without straw, and the tale of bricks was doubled, till they cried by reason of their taskmasters. How was Israel to perceive that Jehovah was at the back of all this?

How were the Israelites to understand, till God explained it, that this rough usage on the part of Pharaoh was to

WEAN THEM FROM EGYPT,

and make them willing to go out even into a desert that they might escape from the tyrant? When Pharaoh began to kill their firstborn, when he refused to let them go for a few days to offer sacrifice, and oppressed them more and more, how were they to know that this was a part of the plan of Jehovah who had loved them with an everlasting love? God's dealings with His chosen are often so mysterious that they cannot know them till they know Himself.

So it is when the Lord works eternal life in the soul. He does not usually begin by giving the man light, and peace, and comfort. No, but He sorely plagues him with "darkness that might be felt." He makes sweet sin to become bitter; He pours gall into the fountains of His carnal life till the man begins to be weary of the things which once contented him. The awakened man sees more of anger than of lovingkindness in his griefs, and the idea of everlasting love never enters His imagination. That God is drawing Him with bands of love, and cords of a man, is a truth of which he has no inkling. God must reveal Himself to the man, or else He will not discover the hand of the Lord in the anguish of His spirit.

This appearance of the Lord

MUST BE PERSONAL.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me." I do not think any man knows the Lord by merely reading Scripture, nor by being convinced in His judgment of the truth of the Gospel. There is a special manifestation of the Lord unto the conscience, and the heart, and the soul of every man who is indeed taught of God. A personal revelation by the Holy Ghost is needed to bring home to us the revelation of the Book. The result of it is conversion, or the new birth; and this is always effected by the Spirit of God. "No man can come to Me," saith Christ, "except the Father which hath sent Me draw Him;" and no man understands those drawings except the same Father shall come unto Him, and manifest Himself to Him. Till we know the Lord by personal revelation,

we cannot read His handwriting upon our hearts, or discern His dealings with us.

This appearance

NEEDS TO BE REPEATED.

The text may be read as a complaint on the part of Israel. Israel says, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me"—as much as to say, "He has not appeared to me lately." Of old He was seen by brook, and bush, and sea, and rock; when Jacob met Him at Jabbok, and Moses in the wilderness at the burning bush; but now His visits are few and far between. Oh, that He would appear now! I pray at this time that those of you who are mourning after that fashion may be able to rise out of it. It is not the Lord's desire that He should be as a stranger in the land, or as a wayfaring man that tarrieth but for a night. He is willing to abide with us. What Jesus has done He will still do. Once you walked by the way, and your heart burned within you because Jesus spake with you; He has said: "I will come again." Recall those happy periods, but only recall them with this resolve, "I will behold my Lord again. I will again delight myself in Him." Do not let the text be the epitaph of a long-ago appearance; but let it be the dawning of a new day, whose sun shall no more go down.

II. Secondly, when the Lord does so appear,

WE THEN PERCEIVE

that He has been dealing with us. "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying: Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn Thee." What exceeding love the Lord showed to us before we knew Him! Let us now look back and remember the love of *longsuffering*, which spared us when we delighted in sin. The next admirable discovery is the Lord's restraining grace. We now see that the Lord held us back from plunging into the deepest abysses of sin. He would not let us commit crimes by which we might have ended our lives before conversion. He kept us back from sins which might have linked us in sad connections, and led us into such circumstances that we never might have been brought to hear His Word, or seek His face at all. Since the Lord has appeared to me, He has made me see His restraining hand where once I saw nothing but the cruel disappointment of my hopes. Blessed be God for those crooks in my lot which kept me from poisonous pleasures!

The text chiefly dwells upon *drawings*. I beg you to refresh your memories by recollecting the drawings of the Lord toward you while you were yet ungodly. They began very early with some of us; even as little children we had great tenderness of conscience, and many movements of the Spirit which

WOULD NOT LET US SIN

as others did. Those drawings were continuous with some of us; we can hardly remember when we were without holy impulses, though we did not yield to them. When we left the parental roof, those drawings followed us to our first situations. Do you recollect them? Before you knew the Lord Jesus, His holy Spirit strove with you. Often these were very gentle drawings; they were not such forces as would move an ox or an ass, but such as were meant for tender spirits; yet sometimes they tugged at you very hard, and almost overcame you. Drawing supposes a kind of resistance; or, at any rate, an inertness; and, truly, we did not stir of ourselves, but needed to be persuaded and entreated. Some of you will recollect how the Holy Spirit drew you many times before you came to Him.

There are times with men, before conversion, when a sort of softness steals over them, when they feel as if they could not hold out much longer against appeals so reasonable and so gracious. A mother's prayers come up, perhaps her dying words are heard again; or the death of a little child touches the parent's heart as nothing else has done. The man is under holy influences, he knows not how; there are angels in the air around him, though there are

devils in the heart within him. The man cannot be at peace in sin; he is restless till he finds rest in Jesus. It is the Lord drawing all the while; and after the Lord has appeared to us we see it to be so. Do you remember when at last the Holy Spirit drew you

OVER THE LINE;

when at last, without violating your free will, He conquered it by forces proper to the mind? Blessed day! He drew you. You did not know much about it then, but you see it now.

After I had found grace and salvation a little time elapsed before I had surveyed the work of the Lord upon me; and when I did so, I learned much. Sitting down one day, I meditated upon where I was, and what I was. I said to myself, "I have believed in Jesus Christ, and I have passed from death unto life. To God be praise!" Then I saw, as in a glass, the ways of God toward me; but it was not till the Lord Himself had appeared unto me that I had this conception of His ways. He Himself, by His Spirit, expounded to me the whole system after this fashion: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." We understand the drawings of the Lord after we have seen the Lord Himself, but not till then.

III. Then we proceed a step further, and we perceive that lovingkindness was

THE DRAWING FORCE:

"therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." At first we think God has dealt sternly with us, but in His light we see light, and we perceive that the drawing power, which has brought us to receive mercy, is the divine lovingkindness. Love is the attractive force.

What multitudes of persons have been drawn to the Lord first by His lovingkindness in the gift of His dear Son! Perhaps there is no greater soul-saving text in the Bible than this, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I must have conversed with more than a hundred persons who have found the Lord through this blessed verse. I am speaking very moderately, for I think I might say that I have known several hundreds who have been

GUIDED INTO LIBERTY

by this *pole-star text*. What a drawing there is in the fact that God gave His Son to redeem the guilty! Next, the hope of pardon, free and full, attracts sinners to God. "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," makes a man run after Christ. Oh, what a draw there is in that word, "Let the wicked forsake His way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon"! Thus doth lovingkindness draw us.

It may seem somewhat strange to you, but that form of lovingkindness which mainly drew me to the Lord was this—I saw a good deal of the instability of character in young men who began life with bright prospects and fair promises, and I trembled for my own future. I had known schoolfellows who were held up as patterns to me, who acted very disappointingly after they left home; and I thought within myself: Oh, for a spiritual life insurance! Oh, for a way of putting my soul into secure keeping, so that I shall not become the prey of sin, but shall be kept by the grace of God even to the end! The belief that I should find this *permanence of grace* in Christ Jesus drew me more than anything else to Jesus. I see it now, and bless His name for using such a magnet.

Brethren, since we have known the Lord, has it not been His lovingkindness that has always drawn us? His mercies are more than the hairs of our head; by day and by night He is drawing, drawing, drawing with those bands of love; and one of these days our whole body, soul, and spirit will so yield to the sweet compulsion of almighty love that the whole man will remove to be with Him where He is, and still to feel His lovingkindness as we behold His glory. All

this was always true, but we could not see it till the Lord appeared to us, and declared the gracious fact that with lovingkindness He had drawn us. The fact is precious, and the knowledge of it is exceedingly joyful.

IV. Lastly, I believe the appearing of the Lord to a man is the great means of teaching him divine truth. Then we learn that

THE GREAT MOTIVE

of the divine drawings is everlasting love. I do not want to preach any longer, but I want you to think. Description is not needed so much as meditation and realization. Think you hear the voice which with a word made heaven and earth! Think you hear it as a still small voice, whispering in your ear: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Perhaps the less I talk about this the better, for words cannot express the inexpressible.

Notice, the Lord *has done it*. It is an actual fact, the Lord is loving you. Put those two pronouns together, "*I*" and "*thee*." "*I*," the Infinite, the inconceivably glorious—"thee," a poor, lost, undeserving, ill-deserving, hell-deserving sinner. See the link between the two! See the diamond rivet which joins the two together for eternity: "*I have loved thee*." It is not, "*I have pitied thee*," nor "*I have thought about thee*," but "*I have loved thee*." God is in love with you. I think Aristotle said that it was impossible for one to be assured of another's love without feeling some love in return. I am not sure about that; but I think it is quite impossible to enjoy a sense of God's love without returning it in a measure. Soul, dost thou return it?

Certain divines have tried to cut the heart out of that word "everlasting," and to make it out that it means a terminable period, but it is idle to argue with men to whom words are mere shuttlecocks to play with. Most plainly that which is everlasting

LASTS FOREVER.

You and I may live till we grow old and decrepit, but the Lord will not leave us, for it is written, "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*." We shall come to die, and this shall be a downy pillow for our death-bed, "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*." When we wake up in that dread world to which we are surely hastening, we shall find infinite felicity in "everlasting love." When the judgment is proclaimed, and the sight of the great white throne makes all hearts to tremble, and the trumpet sounds exceeding loud and long, and our poor dust wakes up from its silent grave, we shall rejoice in this divine assurance: "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*." Roll on, ye ages, but everlasting love abides! Die out, sun and moon, and thou, O time, be buried in eternity, we need no other heaven than this: "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*"! Brethren, the Lord's appearing unto us has taught us great things in teaching us everlasting love.

Alas for you, poor heart, to whom this text does not belong! There stands

THE GOLDEN CHALICE.

Oh, that you were athirst, for then you might drink of it! You have not seen the Lord, for you have not sought Him. You know not that you are drawn, for you have never come to Christ, nor have you believed in His great sacrifice. If there were no hell hereafter, it would be hell enough to me not to enjoy everlasting love. I count that man a wretch undone who has never heard the sweet, full music of this text. What! Do you live without God? Do you despise His love? If there were no hereafter, it is unhappiness enough to be lost to the infinite delight of knowing the love of God. Oh, that you would now believe in Jesus, and find peace through His blood!

But oh, you that have this cup of blessing, drink of it to the full! Live upon this assurance! Go away singing because of it! Let not trouble disturb you—why should it? Let nothing vex you—why should it? Let no ill deed

done to you by another provoke you; be ready to forgive because you see that the Lord has loved you, and therefore you can love the most unlovable. None are too vile to share in our love, since God has loved us.

O Lord, appear to each one of us now! Appear to us, and say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Grant it, Lord! Grant it for Thy sweet love's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

IRELAND'S FUTURE.*

A MAIN reason, which governed me in the offer of last December, was my full conviction that if the Tory Government had acted as many were then inclined to hope, the proposal would have an impartial hearing from the Liberal party, and an amount of support far more than sufficient, as in 1829 and 1846, to make up for Orange and Tory defections, so as to secure the speediest and easiest, which would in my judgment have been also the most satisfactory, accomplishment of the great design.

With regard to that design, I do not venture to forecast the future, beyond the expression of an undoubting belief that a measure of self-government for Ireland, not less extensive than the proposal of 1886, will be carried. Whether the path will be circuitous; whether the journey will be divided into stages, and how many these will be; or how much jolting will attend the passage; it is not for me to say. Nor is it for me to conjecture whether in this, as in so many other cases, the enemies of the measure are the persons designed finally to guide its triumphal procession to the Capitol. But I hope that, should this contingency once more arise, every Liberal politician, irrespective of any misgivings (should he be tempted to entertain them), as to the motives of the men, will remember that his inexorable duty is to extract the maximum of public profit from their acts.

If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way, in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes. Before her eyes is opened that same path of constitutional and peaceful action, of steady, free, and full discussion, which has led England and Scotland to the achievement of all their pacific triumphs. Like the walls of Jericho, falling, not in blood and conflagration, but at the trumpets' peal, so, under the action of purely moral forces, have an hundred fortresses of prejudice, privilege, and shallow prescription, successively given way. It is the potent spell of legality, which has done all this, or enabled it to be done. The evil spirit of illegality and violence has thus far had no part or lot in the political action of Ireland, since, through the Franchise Act of 1885, she came into that inheritance of adequate representation, from which she had before been barred. Ireland, in her present action, is not to be held responsible for those agrarian offences, which are in truth the indication and symptom of her disease; from which her public opinion has, through the recent beneficial action, become greatly more estranged; and to which she herself ardently entreates us to apply the only effectual remedy, by such a reconciliation between the people and the law, as is the necessary condition of civilized life. The moderation of the Irish demands, as they were presented and understood in the Session of 1886, has been brightly reflected in the calm, conflicting, and constitutional attitude of the nation. I

* From "The Irish Question." By the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Pp. 57; price, 10 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Dedication of the Memorial Fountain to the Late Blind Statesman, Professor Fawcett, M.P.

make no specific reference to the means that have been used in one deplorable case, under guilty recommendations from above, with a view to disturbing this attitude, and arresting the progress of the movement; for I believe that the employment of such means, and the issuing of such recommendations, will eventually aid the cause they were designed to injure. It is true that, in the close of the last century, the obstinate refusal of just demands, and the deliberate and dreadful acts of Ireland's enemies, drove her people widely into disaffection, and partially into the ways of actual violence. But she was then down-trodden and gagged. She has now a full constitutional equipment of all the means necessary for raising and determining the issues of moral force. She has also the strongest sympathies within, as well as beyond, these shores to cheer, moderate, and guide her. The position is for her a novel one, and in its novelty lies its only risk. But she is quick and ready of perception; she has the rapid comprehensive glance, which the generals she has found for us have shown on many a field of battle. The qualities she has so eminently exhibited this year have already earned for her a rich reward in confidence and good will. There is no more to ask of her. She has only to persevere.

THE EFFECT OF A WELCOME.

AN incident reported from Selma, Ala., to the *Watchman* shows how much good may be done by a hearty welcome to a stranger. A young man said to a friend: "I want to tell you how I became a Christian. I had heard the fellows talk a great deal about the Young Men's Christian Association, telling me of their reading-room and lectures, and that their meetings were held for men only, and I had often thought I would go up and see what kind of a place it was; but I put it off, until one Sunday I concluded to see just why the meeting was for men and not for ladies as well; so I went up the stairs carefully to look in and see what was going on. Just as I got where I could see in, a fellow got hold of me, and giving me a hearty slap on the shoulder he says, 'Come right in; we're glad to have you with us,' and gave me a good seat before I thought where I was; and I found a crowd of young men singing, talking and praying; real earnest, cheerful-looking fellows, and

I didn't stay long before I thought they had just what I wanted, and I got right up and told them so, and now I am a member of the Association and of the church, and I feel that that meeting saved me."

THE FAWCETT MEMORIAL.

(See Illustration.)

THE valuable services rendered to the cause of woman suffrage by the late Professor Fawcett, the blind statesman, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on November 27th, 1884, have been acknowledged in an appropriate manner. Soon after his death Lady Louise Goldsmid issued an appeal to the women of England for subscriptions to erect a suitable memorial to him. It was not only by advocating the concession of the suffrage to them that Professor Fawcett served the women of his country. He endeavored to promote their employment in trades and professions, and especially desired that they might be admitted to practise in the medical profession. It is largely due to his efforts that many avenues of usefulness and honorable independence are now open to ladies which half a century ago were closed to them. Recognition of this fact was general, and grateful women sent in their money to the fund.

It was decided to expend the fund in erecting a drinking fountain, and this has now been completed. It stands in a conspicuous position on London's great promenade—the Thames Embankment. It is made of granite, and in its centre is a bronze medallion in high relief of the deceased statesman, the work of the eminent lady sculptor, Miss Grant. It was formally unveiled and dedicated on July 27th by Lady Louise Goldsmid.

FOR HIS WIFE'S SAKE.

(See Illustration on page 573.)

JOHN MARTYN was pacing the parlor of the old farm-house, sighing and wringing his hands. It was a substantially furnished room, not elegant but comfortable, and as John Martyn had played around it as a child, as his father had before him, he loved every article of furniture in it, and would not have changed it for furniture of newer fashion. He took little note of it now, however. He walked up and down incessantly, staying only at the door to listen,

Presently a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Martyn turned to the door immediately and beckoned some one in. It was a quiet, observant, self-reliant-looking man of about fifty years of age who entered and looked sadly at the farmer.

"Doctor," said Martyn, "is there any hope?"

"I believe that depends on you now," said the doctor. "I have done all I can. But she wants Lotta, and there is just a chance that if Lotta came it might save her. You need not tell me about your oath, I know all about that. I don't say you were wrong to swear that she should never enter your doors again. I don't say you were right. I would not presume to pass judgment on that. You ask me as a friend and a doctor what the chances are, and I say that if your wife could see her daughter by her bedside it would do her more good than all my prescriptions. It is for you to decide."

"How long do you think she—" Martyn could not finish the question. His wife was very dear to him. Until the last few days he did not know how dear she was.

"I cannot tell. She is sinking now. I am afraid the most we could expect is a few days."

Martyn sank into a chair, and resting his elbows on the table, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned heavily.

"Oh God, help me!" cried the agonized man.

"I have refused her many a time, and I can't bear to tell her now. Go up again, doctor, and tell her I'm going to fetch Lotta. I'll come up and kiss her good-by the last thing when the horse is ready."

"You are a brave man," said the doctor, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder; "you have conquered yourself, and that is no small victory. I'll go up and tell your wife. It will be the most effective visit I ever paid. But lose no time, or she may die before you get back. Remember, I told you it is only a chance. The mischief may have gone too far."

Half an hour later John Martyn was driving hard behind his fleetest horse to the big city twenty miles from the farm. He shuddered as he thought of the work before him. He revolted from it as the most hateful thing in life, but he set his teeth firmly and went on. He drove to a hotel and put up his horse. Then he walked

quickly to the nearest police station. He did not know where to find his daughter, and it turned him sick to think that it was from the police he was most likely to get information of her. Three generations of his family had lived in the old farm, and before that he had been able to trace them in the same State, and not one member of it had disgraced the name. It was this girl, for whom he was seeking, who had been the first to tarnish the fair record. The thought maddened him. His daughter, living in this city in open shame, and he here to invite her back to his home! Love had never required a harder sacrifice than when Martyn's love for his wife demanded that he bring his daughter to the home she had disgraced.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "we can find her. This officer will take you to her place, and if she is not there he knows where to look."

"I can't do it, sir," said Martyn, with a white face. "I could not bear to see it. Let the man go and fetch her here. I suppose she would come."

"Perhaps so; he can try it. Her sort like to stand well with us. Williams, go to Lotta Martyn's place and give her my compliments, and I want to speak to her about a little matter of business. Tell her it is not an arrest. She need not be frightened."

Time passed heavily with Martyn. The detective was gone more than an hour. He grew restless, and at last the superintendent advised him to go and get his horse around, that no time might be lost when Lotta came. He obeyed, and so it happened that when Lotta and her escort approached the station the horse and buggy she knew so well stood at the door. Her father was standing there too, with pallid, troubled face. Forgetting that she had heard nothing of the trouble from the detective, who had not been present while he explained it to the superintendent, he simply pointed to the buggy, and motioned to Lotta to get in. He thrust a bill into the detective's hand, and mounted himself without a word.

No word was spoken on the journey either. Martyn was dreading lest, after all, they would be too late, and, as mile after mile was covered, his dread grew into conviction. He urged his horse to greater and greater speed, feeling that he was riding a race with death. Lotta clung to the splash-board in amazement, wondering if her father had gone demented. His hat blew off, but he did not notice it. The wild speed was kept up, the villagers drawing aside in terror as they passed, until the farm was reached.

"Your mother wants you," said Martyn then, speaking as Lotta had heard him speak in the bygone time. She went in wondering as her father went around to the stables. Her mother was not in the well-remembered room where Lotta expected to find her, and, divining the true cause, hurried upstairs to the bedroom. The doctor met her at the door.

"Be careful," he said, "she is very weak. Don't make a scene. Speak to her quietly, as if you had been there all the time."

Lotta tried to obey, but it was useless. The mother recognized her instantly, and held out her arms. Lotta ran to her and laid her head on her mother's bosom. The father found them locked in that embrace when he entered the room. The look of heartfelt gratitude which shone in his wife's eyes was his reward for his self-conquest, and he felt that it was enough.

"God bless you, John, for this," she said, releasing Lotta, and throwing her arms around her husband's neck.

"You will get well now?" he said, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, I hope so. I feel new life already."



A Race with Death.

Martyn would have gone away then, but his wife would not have that. She must see that Lotta was forgiven, or the deed of love was only half done. To satisfy her John took his daughter in his arms and kissed her, saying, in a whisper, as he did so, "for your mother's sake."

The doctor was quite right; the mother recovered from that day, and Lotta lived to be a comfort and a blessing to both her parents, seeking, by earnest endeavor, to atone for the sorrow and shame she had caused them.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 559.)

The Intellectual Tournament.

THERE was a perceptible rustle of expectant movement in Literary Hall as the question for debate was read by the chairman. Many were present to whom the Bible was a precious book; others there were who were beginning to doubt its infallibility, and others again who were illustrations of the maxim that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, for in their self-conceit they had decided that the Bible was an obsolete book, which the nineteenth century had outgrown. Professor Rich was aware that these three classes were among the audience, and therefore, in a few well-chosen words, he introduced the subject with an intimation that the question having been raised in his class, it was thought desirable that it should have full light and freedom of debate. He hoped that those who were troubled with doubts about it might be helped by the remarks of his young friends.

He called the debater on the affirmative, and Mr. Wentworth came forward, manuscript in hand. This last fact banished half of Leroy's fears of defeat; for he knew his opponent could not give his speech the force necessary to carry conviction, standing there with that paper be-

fore him. Yet it was a strong speech, Leroy admitted that. Its greatest fault was lack of definiteness. It discussed general principles too much. It did not scrutinize closely enough the discoveries and theories of science and the Biblical account of the creation, nor did it venture on anything like a minute comparison of the two records. It tried to prove that God, being the Author of the Bible and also of nature, the Bible and true science *must* be in harmony; which proposition covered too wide a field for any man to prove in an hour's speech. But still the speaker went on and carried his audience well to the end.

Whispered comments passed from one to another as Wentworth took his seat.

"An unanswerable argument," said one.

"An impregnable position," said another. "He takes his stand on the infallibility and veracity of God, and he cannot be beaten there."

"I believe with Wentworth," said a third, "but I fear he will be beaten. He has made the mistake that preachers so often make of begging the question. Nobody needed to be convinced of the truth on which he has spent so much time. Any man with a grain of common sense knows that if God is the Author of the Bible and the Creator of the world, that the one cannot contradict the other. The trouble with Ransom and his set is that they contend that they *do* contradict each other, and Wentworth's business was to show that they do not. You will see Ransom smash him."

"Perhaps Wentworth could not prove that there was no contradiction."

"Perhaps not, and so he ought not to have ventured on the discussion. Things of this kind ought to be done well or not at all. Many a good cause is injured by an incompetent champion."

"Oh, you think his cause is good, though you are expecting that he will be smashed!"

"Good! of course it is good; the truth is with him. Ransom has no solid ground under his feet, but he will make it appear that he has, if I do not mistake. He will doubtless do what oratory has been very apt to do in every age—convince the audience of the truth of a fallacy. The majority of all the orators the world has seen have been in the wrong."

"You are a miserable cynic. You ought not to come here at all. Now be quiet and let us hear Ransom. I am open to conviction, for one."

"Well, you had better settle in your mind before he opens what you will do if he does convince you. If one witness contradicts another, you must believe one and disbelieve the other. You will have to take your choice between the Bible and science. Bah! you ought to have more sense than to get into such a dilemma."

While this conversation had been going on in whispers in the rear of the room, the suggestion had been introduced on the platform that the discussion be adjourned, to give Mr. Ransom time to prepare a reply to the weighty arguments adduced. The suggestion came from the kindly Dr. Lester, who had enjoyed the speech of his young friend Wentworth, and, having had little contact with sceptics, really believed it unanswerable. At any rate, he thought, so strong a speech could not be answered on the spur of the moment, and therefore in fairness to Ransom he suggested delay.

"What do you say, Mr. Ransom?" asked Professor Rich. "If you would like to bring up new guns into the field time will be allowed you. This war is to be conducted with the utmost courtesy."

* Copyright reserved by the author.

"Thank you, Professor, for the opportunity. I do not need to take advantage of it. As none of my guns have been dismounted in the action so far, I will, with your permission, use them first. At a later stage of the engagement, perhaps, new guns or an ambulance may be needed, and then we can adjourn."

"Very well," said the Professor, smiling. "Open fire." And Leroy stepped upon the platform.

"The argument I have to lay before you," he said, "is not directly a reply to my opponent. I propose to deal with the question in its practical aspect, which, it seems to me, is the only legitimate method of settling it. I admired our friend's argument, which was ingenious and pretty; but, having learned by experience that sometimes these logical structures, which look beautiful to the eye, have a flaw in their foundation or construction, I do not feel safe in trusting them. There is no need to do so in this case, because we have the facts within reach. Here are the two records, both accessible. Do they agree? That is our question. As we approach it our friend kindly informs us that both records come from one source, and therefore they must be in accord. We say, 'Thank you for your encouraging assurance. If you are right, doubtless they do agree; but we will see if it is so.'"

It is as if a government auditor, being sent to examine the condition of a bank, should be met at the doors by an intelligent person, who says: 'This affair is all right. The system of bookkeeping adopted here is infallible. The cashier and clerks are intelligent and honest. They are most excellent men, respected by every one. They have had the care of the books and the care of the money, so it must be all right.' What would the auditor reply if he did his duty? 'I am pleased to hear it; my duty will be an easy and a pleasant one. I will begin by counting the cash. What balance do the books say ought to be here?' The business man goes about his work in a business way; he does not trust to theories, he counts the cash. That is the system I propose to follow. If the auditor found that the securities in the vault did not agree with the balance shown by the books he would say, 'There is something wrong with those books.' When you have heard the remarks I have to offer, perhaps you will say the same thing. So now, if you please, we will take my opponent's roseate view just as an encouraging assurance, and proceed to examine the hard stone and metal, and see if the account given in the venerated Book agrees with the facts."

There is no need to follow our hero over the well-worn ground which the assailants of the Bible have so often trodden. He discussed the nebular hypothesis, the theory of the earth's molten condition, the vast antiquity of the world and animals and man, the order of the creative days, the fact of light being made too late to do the work it did, vegetation and fowls being in reversed order, ridiculed Hugh Miller's panorama theory, and called it the "side-show theory, and a mighty mixed side-show at that." He contended that the most luxuriant vegetation—the coal-plants of the carboniferous period, tree-ferns, calamites, lepidodendrids, etc.—flourished before the period when the Bible says light was created. "Could such huge plants," he asked, "have grown in the dim, imperfect light of which the harmonizers speak? No!" He said that, according to the best geology, the lower orders of plants and animals were contemporaneous, or nearly so, both appearing first in the remote Archæan time. "And yet," said he, "the Bible teaches that animals were not created until the fifth day!"

He went over all the geological periods and subperiods with perfect familiarity according to the accepted scientific decisions, and then set them by the side of the Genetical periods and held the picture up before the audience. Quoting from Christian geologists, he contended that their views were incompatible with the Biblical record. Now and then he held the Mosaic

record up to ridicule until the audience was shocked, while a few of the more reckless broke into convulsive laughter.

"What are we to do with this Mosaic record?" he asked. "Let it be put into its proper category with the mythologies and superstitions of Egypt, India, Persia, and Greece. Put it there where it belongs, and I am ready to study it with delight as the childhood thought of a remote age, and I will glean whatever good I can from it; but if you tell me I must believe it as a historical record—that I must accept it literally or perish forever, I discard it—I discard it!"

It was an effective attack, and more than one of the auditors was disturbed by it. Carrie West especially was distressed as she listened. She had never studied geology with much interest, and was astonished at the disclosures thus made. Was it, indeed, a fact that in the crust of the earth there were objects found which disproved the statements of the Word of God? Could it be possible, she asked herself, that these rocks and fossils were tangible evidence that the world did not come into existence in the way that the Bible said it did? She shuddered, for she saw clearly the use that might be made of such evidence. She perceived that Leroy would contend, if not here and now, at other places and times, that any book, which opened with incorrect statements must be unreliable throughout, and that if the statements which could be tested proved to be false, then the statements of spiritual revelation, which could not be tested, must be doubted. While the audience was laughing and applauding, she had a difficulty in restraining her tears. To her it was no light matter to hear the Word of God impeached. She suffered then as she would have suffered had she heard some dearly loved friend charged with revolting crime. In such a case she would have cried, "It cannot be; I know him too well; he could not be guilty of such crimes." So now, she said in her heart, "It is incredible; Mr. Ransom and his teachers must be under a horrible mistake. There is a fallacy somewhere." She recalled her attention to the speaker just as he paused before commencing his peroration, on which, if he followed the custom of the college, he would use all the rhetorical skill at his command.

Throwing back his head, drawing himself to his full height, and raising his voice, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is a great warfare waging to-day between the votaries of Science and the Bible, and I am free to admit that there are valiant warriors on both sides. Let them fight. Let them fight it out until Truth shall be enthroned upon the mountain-tops and shall wield her mild sceptre over the plains and valleys of the world; yea, until she shall wave her standard over every institution of learning in the land, shall establish it in every mansion, in every cottage upon the green hillside, and in every heart. If the Bible gain the victory, so be it; we will bless its God and march to the conquest of the world under the banner of the cross. If Science win the palm-branch of victory, we are content; there will be a grand revolution in the realms of thought, and I believe that the principles of Truth, illuminated by the light of Reason and heightened by the teachings of Science, will press their way onward and upward, conquering and to conquer, until the victory is complete."

A volley of applause shook the building as Leroy stepped from the platform. Evidently his speech had carried the audience with him, and his victory was complete. He made his way to his seat at the side of Carrie West, anxious for her verdict on his effort. It was not in her kindly nature to spoil his moment of triumph by criticism. She could conscientiously praise his eloquence and argumentative powers, while wishing that they were better employed, and this she did.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Ransom," she said, "on your success. That is one of the finest speeches I ever heard. If you had been addressing a jury, you would have carried your client's

case. It was worthy of a United States senator. I consider it a masterly performance."

Apparently others were of the same opinion, and among those who gathered around the young orator to congratulate him were many whose admiration was not qualified, as Carrie's was, by dislike of the cause in which the effort had been made.

"Your speech is the beginning of a revolution," said one. "We shall hear less now about the authority of the Bible. You have struck the shackles from the limbs of thought."

"Good for you, Ransom," said another. "After this we shall not have our mouths stopped with some passage of Scripture as an authoritative dictum. You have done us all a service."

One after another they came, and Carrie's heart sank as she listened. Her presentiment was realized. The speech was evidently regarded as an impeachment of the authority of the Bible. The sacred Book had fallen in the esteem of the students who had heard the argument. Henceforth it would be said in the college that in one case at least the Bible was in the wrong, and if wrong in one it might be wrong in all. Who could estimate the effect of the speech for time and eternity? It was awful to contemplate. How many of these young people, who had hitherto been restrained from sin by the warnings of Scripture, might now give rein to their passions and evil propensities, despising those warnings! What an awful responsibility!

On their way homeward Carrie was silent. She rightly judged that the words which must be spoken, the words that alone could deliver her conscience, must not be spoken now if they were to have weight. Flushed with triumph, Leroy was in no mood to listen to them calmly; but the opportunity would come, and Carrie prayed that courage and power might be given her to use it well.

"Mr. Ransom," called out a voice behind them, which they recognized as that of Dr. Lester, "I congratulate you, though I do not agree with you."

"Thank you, doctor," said Leroy. "I hope some day I may be able to congratulate you on agreeing with me."

Dr. Lester's hearty laugh at the retort was heard ringing merrily. "Ah!" he said, "if that day should ever come I shall be needing sympathy, not congratulation. Good-night."

"How strange it is," Ransom said to Miss West, "that a man of Dr. Lester's intelligence should be so timid and prejudiced! You see, even he is afraid of conviction. I pity a man who dare not accept any truth that antagonizes his sentiments."

"You may not have understood Dr. Lester," said Carrie; "I do not think he is a timid man. Perhaps his intellect is not convinced. We must not impute unworthy motives to those who do not agree with us."

"No, but I fancy my argument should have convinced him."

Carrie laughed at the egotism of the remark. It was little likely that Leroy had told the learned professor that evening anything that he had not heard before. Ransom's knowledge of geology was but second-hand stuff collected from books accessible to Dr. Lester, and with which he was probably perfectly familiar. To her it was a comfort to think that the erudite doctor, who must have known all this, still held to the old Book. That fact might encourage some who were not so learned.

But Leroy was disposed to think every one who did not agree with him prejudiced or pusillanimous. He could not understand why people who have believed the old Book for years, who have been comforted by it in many a sorrow, who have no other solid ground of hope for the world to come, whose dear ones have died with its sweet promises on their lips, saying, "Meet me there," before they went away, who have often wept for joy at the sweet prospect of reunion in paradise—he could not understand why such people would not give up all their

hopes and beliefs after one hour's harangue against the grand old Book!

(To be continued.)

JESUS INTERCEDING.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 19, John 17: 1-10; 20-26. Golden Text, ver. 13.

Degradation that was Glory—Christ's Power over all Flesh—Work Among the Heathen—What Eternal Life is—The Work Declared Finished—Prayers for His Own—Glorified in Them—The Ineffable Unity—The Only Union Possible for the Church—His Heart's Prayer—An Answered Prayer.

THERE is nothing exclusive in the love of God. The veil is rent from the top to the bottom; the way into the holiest of all lies open; and here, in this wonderful chapter, we may draw near and listen while Jesus holds communion with His Father. "Father," He prays, "the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee." He was about to undergo suffering and humiliation, ignominy and degradation beyond all that man had suffered hitherto; His face was to be "marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." Yet when face to face with His Father He calls it "glory." His Father's will was always glory to Jesus, whatever it might cost Him. For the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame (Heb. 12:2). And this joy He thus expresses, "As Thou hast given Him

POWER OVER ALL FLESH,

to give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him." Oh, what a rest is this! Jesus has power over all flesh, to give them eternal life! We have not power to give eternal life. Some really devoted missionaries have given their lives without seeing one single satisfactory convert. But Jesus has all power to convert the heathen, and He is looking for a people who can go out into heathen lands counting upon Him, without any regard to what they are in power, learning, influence, or ought else. Instead of turning away dispirited and disheartened from some hardened, worldly, self-righteous or infidel sinner, it is blessed to turn him over to Him who has power over all flesh to give eternal life to as many as God has given Him. And how many are these? The Father said to the Son, "Ask of Me, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession" (Ps. 2:8). Let Christian workers go forth in the consciousness that Jesus, who is with them and in them, has power over all those among whom they work, to give them eternal life; then they will deal more with Jesus than with the people, and He will not fail to do the work.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." There are numbers of so-called conversions where souls are led to know something about Jesus, about the plan of salvation, about His work as our Substitute, without coming to a personal, face to face acquaintance with Himself. Eternal life is life, not mere knowledge, not mere feeling. It is God coming down to dwell in us and taking us up into oneness with Him. We cannot know Jesus without letting Him have a place in our lives—a place where He can move, speak, act, and be recognized. Eternal life is Jesus in us. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John 5:12). Eternal life makes Jesus present to us, so that it is not an effort, but a second nature, to pray to Him and praise Him, and our hearts turn easily to Him with love and confidence.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth." Yes; Jesus was the express Image of the Father, "merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth" (Ex. 34:6). Words and works of mercy marked the footsteps of Jesus. He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil"

(Acts 10:38). Sinners and sufferers were alike welcomed and blest by Him, and always His Father who dwelt in Him did the works, these works of mercy, and everywhere the Father was glorified in the Son.

"I HAVE FINISHED

the work which Thou gavest Me to do." Thank God, the work of Christ in redeeming us is a finished work; nothing remains to be accomplished—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law," it is finished. The sinner is saved by a work already finished, the struggling believer is delivered by a finished work, the sick one is healed by a finished work.

Christ's one petition for Himself in His last prayer was that He might be glorified, He the Man, the Sacrifice for sin, just about to be made a curse for us and made sin for us, that across the dark chasm of suffering He, as the God-man, might be glorified. And then He began to pray

FOR HIS OWN.

He knew all things that should come upon Him. He knew what the defection of the disciples would be, that He should be betrayed, denied, forsaken by them; yet, knowing this, He says of them: "They have kept Thy Word. . . . They have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given Me are of Thee. For I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me. I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given Me; for they are Thine. And all Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them." How could Jesus, knowing the sin which was in them, speak thus? Did He make light of sin? Let Gethsemane, let the cross, bear witness. No; but Jesus saw beyond the sin. He saw already the repentant tears of Peter and the deep humility and brokenness of his heart; He saw all the twelve self-emptying and then filled with the Holy Ghost. Jesus sees the end from the beginning, and, unless we are persisting in wilful, determined sin He has His eye on the conquests of His grace, the pardon, the deliverance, the consequent deeper consecration and acquaintance with Him which comes out of present failure.

"I AM GLORIFIED IN THEM"

is a wonderful word, when we remember all which transpired that same night. Jesus saw how the very disappointment in themselves through their great failure would leave more room for Him in their hearts and lives, and they who now so signally failed Him were to be ultimately true Christ-bearers. His faith, His foreknowledge, saw it accomplished. And oh, how tenderly He prays for them, and the one mastering desire of His heart comes out in the petition, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name (not through their faith or faithfulness, but through Thy faithfulness) those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we are."

ONE.

Life is union with that which produces and sustains life. Jesus lived by the Father (John 6:57), and said: "I and My Father are one" (John 10:30). He takes up the prayer further on, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word. That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me." The Romish Church has an idea of unity, but it is oneness in the Church, not oneness in God the Holy Trinity. It consists in an unquestioning obedience to man and belief in man's infallibility, while at the same time there is the utmost devotion and reverence for religion, and a sensuous love to

the person of Christ and of holy men; but really it is holiness, not the Holy One, which is worshipped.

The unity of the Church has been a problem throughout the Christian age; it will never be accomplished externally till Jesus comes again. But there exists at this moment, and there has existed ever since Jesus sent down the Holy Ghost, a Church as really one as the members of the body are one with each other, communicating with each other through the head. And this is the only possible unity which can last in the true Church of Christ. As we are united to Jesus in heart and spirit, as our will is entirely yielded up to Him, we are brought necessarily nearer to every other Christian. Every thought of self separates from God and from God's children, every thought of Christ brings near to Him and to them. There is a tedious brother, but God has patience with him, and this makes me patient with him. There is an unlovable, an overbearing sister, but Jesus welcomes the office of conquering and dwelling in that sister to live His own life in her; if I am one with Him, I fall into His place, and so become united to her and love her with His love. It is never anything in us which can unite us to others. All natural attractions wither before the coming of God, but Christ in us welcomes, receives, loves all others. When Jesus has a Church on earth really, practically united in Him, one in Him, His bride will have made herself ready, and the Lord will come.

But meanwhile, while the Lord is bringing this about, what is

HIS HEART'S PRAYER?

"Keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me. . . . I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Did Jesus Christ get His prayers answered? Are they answered now? Yes, *always* when our faith puts a personal signature to them. We may count on being kept from evil while we rely on the intercession of Jesus. He has given us our place if we are His. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." He does not say, "They ought not to be of the world," but "they are not." By right of their birth from above, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," by right of their eternal life, they are not of the world. As an earthly monarch gives his servants a certain standing and position by his word of mouth, so Jesus constitutes us "not of the world," an unworldly and heavenly people. We may be true or untrue to our position, faithful or unfaithful, but anyway God has given us that position, it is ours by gift, and we are responsible to take it and be true to it. It was a joy to Him to give it us; Jesus spoke these words that His joy might be filled to the full in us. None are such a rejoicing people as those who enter into the thoughts of Jesus toward them.

Four times in this wondrous prayer Jesus speaks of the Word: "They have kept Thy Word;" "I have given them the words which Thou gavest Me;" "I have given them Thy Word;" "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy Word is truth." With the Bible open we hear Jesus speaking now, praying for us now, blessing us now. It is our precious means of communicating with Him; let us prize it as He Himself prized it. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4).

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." I. PETER, v. 7.

How strong and sweet my Father's care!
The word, like music in the air
Comes answering to my whispered prayer—
"He cares for thee."

The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things,
But to the truth my glad faith clings,
He cares for me.

Yet, keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove
And care for me.

Cast me not off for all my sin,
But make me pure and true within
And teach me how Thy smile to win
Who carest for me.

O still, in summer's golden glow,
Or wintry storms of wind and snow
Love me my Father: let me know
Thy care for me.

And I will learn to cast the care
Which like a heavy load I bear
Down at Thy feet in lowly prayer
And trust in Thee.

For nought can hurt me, shade or shine,
Nor evil thing touch me, or mine,
Since thou, with tenderness divine,
Dost care for me.
—Marianne Farningham.

Special Notice.—As the subscription department of the CHRISTIAN HERALD is entirely separate from the advertising department, all persons submitting for their subscriptions, or ordering the address of their papers changed are requested to direct such letters to The Manager, 63 Bible House, and all orders for advertising and books, or inquiries about books, should be addressed to J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House. This request is made because (while all letters received by me for subscriptions are promptly handed to the subscription department) the writers expect answers from me, which causes confusion, and makes me unnecessary trouble. In sending money for books, please send post-office orders (costing only five cents) or register your letters, by which you will insure their safe delivery to me, and I guarantee all books to reach you safely. In that way any one can send for books without any fear of loss. If you want any books, it makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly.

J. E. JEWETT, Manager Advertising Department,
77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR
New Sunday-School Song Book.
Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.
TRY IT!
BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

THE VOWEL INDEX FILE (Revolving).

A simple, compact, convenient and cheap file for clippings, memoranda, etc., where they can be classified in a moment in a cylinder, containing 100 pigeon holes. Send for circular. Address
J. H. SHERRARD, Patentee and Manufacturer,
Delmar, Ohio.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.

No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient,
in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

SAM JONES'

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N.Y.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA

OF

Universal Literature

The following are some of the authors whose Biographies, with illustrative specimens of their writings, are included in the pages of VOLUME IV., ready Sept. 1.

Cable, George W.	Campan, Madame.	Carlyle, Jane Welsh.	Chambers, R. and W.
Cadmon.	Campbell, Alexander.	Carlyle, Thomas.	Channing, Wm. Ellery.
Cesar.	Campbell, Helen S.	Carnegie, Andrew.	Chapin, Edwin H.
Calderon.	Campbell, Lord John.	Cary, Alice.	Chateaubriand.
Calhoun, John C.	Campbell, Thomas.	Cary, Phoebe.	Chatterton, Thomas.
Callimachus.	Canning, George.	Castellar, Emilio.	Chaucer, Geoffrey.
Callistratus.	Capel, Monsignor.	Catlin, George.	Cheever, Geo. B.
Calverley, Charles S.	Carey, Henry C.	Catullus.	Cherbuliez, Victor.
Calvert, George Henry.	Carey, Matthew.	Caxton, William.	Chesebro, Caroline.
Calvin, John.	Carlen, Emilia Flygare.	Cervantes.	Chesterfield, Earl of.
Camden, William.	Carleton, Will.	Chadbourne, Paul A.	Child, Lydia Maria.
Cameron, Vernon Lovett.	Carleton, William.	Chadwick, John W.	Choate, Rufus.
Camoens, Luis de.	Carlisle, Earl of	Chalmers, Thomas.	Cicero, Marcus

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA of UNIVERSAL LITERATURE is publishing in parts of 160 pages each, paper covers (exchangeable for bound vols.), and in vols. of about 500 pages, bound in fine cloth, gilt tops. It will be completed, probably, in about 15 vols. Price, per Part, 15 cts.; per Vol., 60 cts., post-paid. Parts I. to XII., and Vols. I. to IV. now ready.

Great Offer. Confident that the attractions and merits of the work are its best possible commendation I will, for 35 cents, send a sample volume, post-paid, on condition that within three days after receipt you will either remit the remainder of the price, or return the book, in which case your money will be refunded.

Strong Words of Praise.

"The crowning work of this publisher's extensive list. It is the scheme of the project or to present in a convenient form and at a moderate cost, a complete survey of the written literature of all ages and all peoples. It is gotten up in a style that would make it suitable to the handsomest of libraries, while in price no one need say he cannot afford to buy it. It is one of the most remarkable schemes in the annals of publishing, and I am sure men of moderate means in the reading world will not be slow to appreciate it."—The *Keynote*, Philadelphia.

"In these volumes we have one of the best, and certainly the cheapest, work of the kind we have ever seen. It contains biographical notices, criticisms, and specimens of the writings of every eminent author, who has by his writings made a distinctive mark in the history of human culture and progress. In the case of foreign authors, the translations which have best caught the spirit of the original have been chosen. The literature of our day holds a very prominent place. So far as it has gone the collection is very full and complete, the two first volumes containing notices of about one hundred and eighty authors, with nearly as many specimens of their works. The book is

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Choice Books, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address,

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago; 420 Yonge St., Toronto.

"**Demonology or Spiritualism,** Ancient and Modern. An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"A very unanswerable work on the subject."—"Startling disclosures."—History, facts and data—Scores sent already. Whole communities roused. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo. cloth. Price reduced to \$1. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

CARDS. 15 Beautiful Gold-Fringed Souvenir Visiting Cards, with your name on, and agents' new samples, only 10 cts.; 8 packs, 25 cts. W. MAYER & CO., 255 Frankstown Ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Issued September 1st.

A NEW EDITION OF

GOSPEL HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED.

With Words and Music.

By the use of smaller type, the 426 Songs have been condensed into 304 pages, but the same order is preserved as in the original issue.

40 Cents in Tinted Paper Covers.

45 Cents in Boards.

50 Cents in Limp Cloth.

Add 5 cents each if ordered by mail.

The price of this favorite work is now so low that it can be adopted everywhere.

Former editions still published at old prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
NEW YORK. CINCINNATI, O.

HIGH NOVELTIES ON EXHIBITION.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO. ARE NOW EXHIBITING THEIR RICHEST AND MOST SELECT STYLES OF IMPORTED NOVELTIES. AN EXAMINATION IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

James M'Creery & Co.

Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatin film for Wet Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$2 to \$6. Is paying big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of men with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in time out of ten homes; Afford Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit.

To EARNEST Applicants (one copy of *Process Illustrated* FREE. Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr. & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St. N.Y. Mention this paper.

C. H. M.'s Notes. (6 vols.)

GENESIS,
EXODUS,

LEVITICUS,
NUMBERS,

and 2 vols. on DEUTERONOMY.

MR. MOODY says of these books: "I would rather part with my entire library, excepting my Bible, than with these writings. They have been to me a very key to the Scriptures."

Price for the full set (6 vols.), over 2500 pages,

Sent for \$1.50 (postage or express prepaid).

Single volume sent, postpaid, for 75 cents.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

SET A GLASS OF MILK BEFORE THE CHILDREN.

Is there a Children's Meeting in your town? Is there one in your Church? Ought there not to be one organized? It is not difficult. Can not you do it?

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS

—AND—
HOW TO CONDUCT THEM,

—BY—
LUCY J. RIDER and NELLIE M. CARMAN

Introductory by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.,

will tell you how, and help you to carry it on after it is organized.

The National Primary Teachers' Union have formally endorsed the book.

But you have a Children's Meeting?

In this book you will find a collection of Lesson

and Talks to Children by many of the best workers

with children in the world! Hints for Blackboard

and object lessons, songs, patterns for "cut things

and all kinds of helpful helps.

Does your Pastor need help in his work with the

children? Show him this advertisement, or better

still buy the book and send it to him.

Make the work of the Primary class effective by

the supplement of a good "Live" Children's Meeting.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION CONTAINS:

Talks to Children. (Over Sixty in Number.)

Plans and Suggestions for Variety in Methods.

Pattern Pages for "Symbol Gift."

Blackboard Exercises.

Outline Lessons.

Choice Hymns for Little Folks

(Words and Music.)

Among the many prominent workers for the Sunday

School who have assisted in this work by their

contributions are the following:

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

Mrs. S. R. Alden (Pansy)

B. F. Jacobs.

W. B. Jacobs.

Rev. W. F. Crafts.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry.

Mary G. Burdette.

Knob P. Taylor.

Mrs. J. F. Willing.

Martha Van Marter.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Frances E. Willard.

Mrs. Alice W. Knox.

Rev. A. F. Schauffer.

Mrs. Geo. R. Partridge.

Rev. I. Baltzell.

And a score of other

The special value of the contributions of the

above-named authors consists in the fact that

place of theorizing they have given the cream

of their experience in actual work. The outline

lessons and other suggestions are only such as

have been tested by repeated use. The book is a

practical help to the best method

of teaching the young—the things concerning the

kingdom.

212 pages, bound in rich cloth, stamped in gold.

PRICE, ONLY \$1.00 NET.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,

77 Bible House, New York.

By MISS HAVERGAL.

Royal Grace and Loyal Gifts.

Containing Royal Bounty, Royal Commandments, My King, Royal Invitation, Loyal Responses, Kept for the Master's Use. All in one volume large type, beautiful cloth binding, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, - - New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 37.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1886.

Price Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON "NEWS AND COURIER," AND PICTURE OF A SCENE IN CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAST OUT BUT RESCUED. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
MR. GEORGE MÜLLER'S ANNUAL RECORD.
 A Sabbath-Observing Governor—A Christian Heroine—What an Indian Boy Wants—A Common Mistake—A Christian Physician Among Zulus—Reasons for Persecution—Marriage on Trial—A Sufferer Healed.



CHRISTIAN LOAFERS. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Anti-Saloon Movement—Capture of Geronimo—Affairs at Charleston—Deposition of a Mormon Bishop—The British Parliament—Alexander's Farewell to Bulgaria—Gallant Rescue of a Boy—An Earthquake House—Suicide of a Lover, etc.

THE COMING EARTHQUAKE.

Gems from New Books: An Exposure on a Troop Ship.

FOUR PICTURES OF CHARLESTON RUINS.

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

SELF-SATISFACTION. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Editor of the Charleston "News and Courier"—A View in Charleston, S. C., Before the Earthquake.

CAPTAIN DAWSON, Editor of the Charleston "News and Courier."

THE accomplished journalist whose portrait accompanies the picture of Charleston on the first page rendered a service to the whole country by the vivid description of the earthquake which he gave to the Associated Press on September 1st. It was prepared for the *News and Courier*, but the compositors refused to work in a building shaken and cracked from roof to basement, while the ground had not ceased to throb. The Associated Press, however, gave it a wider audience than it would have had, and it appeared on Thursday morning in all the important daily journals of the country. A long extract from it appeared on page 566 of our last week's issue. It speaks strongly for the power of the journalistic instinct in any man that in such an agitating time, and in the midst of circumstances so distressing, he had the self-control to sit down and write so able an article.

Captain Dawson's own position must have produced some trepidation. He lives in a massive brick residence in Bull Street, near Rutledge Street, and was in his room on the second story when the first shock occurred. He says the house seemed literally to turn on its axis. The first shock was followed by a second and a third. The air was filled with the cries and shrieks of women and children. From every side came the cry, "God help us!" "God save us!" "Oh, my God!" When the first agony was over it was found that the ceiling of every room in the house was cracked, the big cistern was broken apart, the huge tank in the attic was pouring its flood of water into the bedrooms. In the parlors, the statues had been wrenched from their bases and thrown to the floor. In the hall the massive lamp had actually been turned around. In front of the house was a large porch with heavy pillars and solid marble steps; all this was swept away as though it had been shaved off with a razor. And what was Captain Dawson's experience was that of hundreds of others in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE picture on the first page, of Charleston as seen from the tower of St. Michael's Church, gives some idea of the beauty of the stricken city before its terrible visitation. It is the chief commercial city of the South, and one of the oldest and most beautiful cities of the country, rich in historical associations. It is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, in latitude 32° 45' North, and longitude 79° 57' West, and is eight hundred and four miles from New York. The rivers run a parallel course for nearly six miles, widening as they approach the sea, and thus gradually narrowing the site of the city to a peninsula. The city is laid out with some regularity, the streets generally crossing each other at right angles. The general level of the city is only from eight to nine feet above the level of the harbor at high tide. The city has a general length of two miles north and south, and is a mile and a half in width. The streets are from sixty to seventy feet wide, and the business houses, which are situated principally along the water front and on the extreme south, are mainly built of brick, and many of them from four to five stories in height. The residences are mostly of wood, and have large, open grounds around them, ornamented with trees and shrubbery.

THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.

The two principal streets are King and Meeting, which run north and south, nearly parallel, the whole length of the city, but converge to intersection near the northern limits. King Street contains the leading retail stores, and is the fashionable promenade. The jobbing and wholesale stores are principally in Meeting Street, and the banks and brokers' and insurance offices are in Broad Street. The Battery is a popular promenade, lying near the water's edge, and commanding an extensive view of the bay. It

is surrounded by fine private residences, and many of these can also be found in Meeting Street, below Broad, in Rutledge Street and avenue, and at the west end of Wentworth Street. The roads leading out of the city along the Ashley and Cooper rivers are singularly beautiful, and afford interesting drives.

POPULATION.

In 1800 the population of the city amounted to 18,711, and the United States census of 1870 places the population at that time at 48,956. In 1880 the official census recorded but 49,984, and at the present time it is said to be but little over 50,000. After the Civil War business seemed seriously depressed, and, for a decade, there was but little commercial or social activity. In 1879, however, Mr. W. E. Courtney was elected Mayor, and under his energetic administration the city rapidly regained its former enterprise and activity. The streets were widened, paved with Belgian blocks and generally improved, and the city seemed to have awakened to a new period of enterprise and progress. At the expiration of Mayor Courtney's term he was re-elected, and this year his grateful constituents sent him to Europe on a well-earned vacation. He had not returned when the earthquake occurred. The first news he had of it was when he arrived at Quarantine of New York, on Sunday, September 5th, and the New York papers were handed to him. His distress may be imagined as he read of the devastation of the city.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY

has been an eventful one. As early as 1671 some straggling French emigrants settled on the bank of the Ashley River, near what is now Old Charleston, but for some unknown reason abandoned their beautiful settlement after a few months' residence. From that time to 1679 the site was not utilized, but in the latter year an English Colony, under the guidance of William Sayle, fixed upon the place as a permanent residence. Sayle was chosen Governor of the Colony, and for some time occupied the western side of the Ashley River with his colonists. When he died the colonists decided to remove to the west side of the Cooper River. Here the settlement gradually thrived and increased, and at the beginning of the Revolution its population was nearly 12,000. At the first breath of trouble with the mother country, the citizens of Charleston became active sympathizers with the Revolutionary party, and manfully bore their part in the war which followed. Three attempts were made by the British to reduce the city, but it was only after a six weeks' resistance against twelve thousand red-coats and a naval force that the city surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, May 12th, 1780.

IN THE CIVIL WAR

Charleston bore its share of the troubles that were going. She was the first city to take an active part in Secession measures, and it was against Old Sumter, the grim fort which guards her harbor, that the first shot of the war was fired on April 12th, 1861. An assault upon the city by the Federal forces April 6th and 7th, 1863, proved unsuccessful, and the city remained in Confederate possession until General Sherman captured it February 17th, 1865. The Union troops managed to extinguish a great fire which had been started, but only after much damage had been done. During the course of the war the city had been frightfully riddled and defaced many of the public buildings and churches being torn to pieces by shot and shell. At the close of the war, the city was rapidly rebuilt, and in 1870 was again in a prosperous and thriving condition.

PREVIOUS DISASTERS

to this one of August 31st have rendered the city a place of mourning. Nearly half a century ago it was almost totally destroyed by fire. On April 27th, 1838, the fire started and burned with increasing ferocity for twenty-eight hours. The flames were checked only by the blowing up of a wide swath of buildings across their path. Before they were extinguished eleven hundred and fifty-eight buildings were destroy-

ed, and property valued at three million dollars was consumed.

In 1861 a fire broke out in the business portion and destroyed public buildings, business edifices, and dwellings to the amount of nearly \$10,000,000. In 1778 and 1796 there were also very disastrous fires in Charleston, the former destroying two hundred and fifty-two houses, and the latter causing a loss of \$2,500,000. Several other serious fires have also devastated the city at various intervals, and altogether the city has suffered a loss of not less than \$25,000,000 from this single cause.

Since the last important fire in 1861, the devastated district has not been entirely rebuilt, and there are lots in this district which are today vacant. The district over which the fire raged reached westward from the junction of Meeting and Broad streets, and is still known as the "burned district."

THE CYCLONE LAST YEAR.

Last year a new destroying element vented its wrath on Charleston, a terrible hurricane and wind storm sweeping over the city on the 25th of August. The storm lasted through the night, and at one time reached a velocity of eighty miles an hour. Along the river and harbor front the damage was great, Boyce's Wharf being completely demolished, and a number of fishing smacks, yachts, and other vessels sunk. Four piers were blown down at the Atlantic Company's dock, the Cotton Exchange Building was seriously damaged, and the convent of the Sisters of Mercy unroofed and otherwise damaged. Along Rutledge Avenue, the most aristocratic street in the city, the loss was very serious, and the Citadel Baptist Church, the Plymouth Church, the St. Philip Street Synagogue, the Trinity Methodist Church, the Mount Zion Presbyterian Church, and other religious edifices all suffered more or less damage. Nearly a mile of the Northeastern Railroad tracks were swept away, and all the railroad property in the city torn up and seriously damaged. Altogether, the loss was estimated at fully \$800,000.

EARTHQUAKES

also have visited Charleston before this. The earliest historical records show that the town was slightly shaken by an earthquake on May 19th, 1754. This was followed on April 4th, 1799, by a violent shock, accompanied by a rumbling sound and a high wind. A slight shock was felt on September 10th, 1811. Two months later there were violent and repeated shocks. Six of them were distinctly felt. Slight shocks were felt on January 24th and February 4th, 1812. There were shocks of earthquake, accompanied by a rumbling and hissing sound, on February 7th, 1843. The most violent earthquake of the series occurred on December 19th, 1857, when houses and other buildings were slightly shaken up.

Thus prior to the terrible havoc and loss of life caused by the earthquake of Tuesday, the city had passed through two fierce and destructive sieges in time of war, through four devastating conflagrations and through a hurricane and a wind-storm which destroyed nearly a million dollars' worth of property.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

from the tower of which our picture was taken, stands in the heart of the city, and is an ancient edifice which has many interesting associations. Its construction was begun in February, 1752, and its cost was \$32,755.87 of our present currency. The building is of brick, rough cast, and is now colored white. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, sixty feet wide, and its steeple, which is so badly shattered by the earthquake that it threatened to fall, is one hundred and eighty feet high, and a model of architectural beauty. This steeple has been a prominent landmark of Charleston, and could be seen for miles from the ocean. During the bombardment of Charleston, in the Civil War, it was a favorite aim for the batteries on Morris Island, but singularly it was never struck, although the body of the church was several times disfigured by burst-

ing shells. St. Michael's was first opened for service in February, 1761; the bells and clock were imported from England in 1764, and the organ in 1768.

THE STORY OF THE BELLS

forms an interesting chapter of Revolutionary history. When the British evacuated Charleston in December, 1782, Major Traill, of the Royal Artillery, seized them on the pretence that they were a military perquisite. The citizens made an appeal for their return on the ground that they had been purchased by private subscription, and Sir Guy Carleton issued an order for their restoration. But they had already been shipped to England, where they were purchased by a Mr. Ryhinen, and reshipped. They arrived in Charleston in November, 1783, and were at once replaced in the belfry.

In 1861, when the Civil War began, the bells were sent to Columbia for safety, and when that city was burned by Sherman two were stolen and were never recovered, and the rest were so badly injured by the fire as to be useless. In 1866 they were again sent to England to be recast, and this was done by the successors of the firm which had originally cast them one hundred years before. In February, 1867, the eight bells, as nearly as possible identical with the original chimes, were landed in Charleston, and after a duty of over \$2000 had been paid on them they were placed in the old steeple of St. Michael's. For the citizens of Charleston these bells appealed with the same sentiment that attaches to the chimes of Trinity Church, New York.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH,

which is seen in the distance in the picture, is another famous Episcopal Church of the city, and is situated on the eastern side of town, near the street locally known as "The Bay." It is well known in South Carolina as the church at which the Rev. William B. W. Howe, D.D., now Bishop of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, officiated prior to his elevation to the bishopric. The edifice is the fourth which has occupied the same site. The first was built in 1681, and the present church was dedicated in 1838, to take the place of the one destroyed by fire in 1835. It was a very beautiful edifice, with a graceful spire on the western extremity, rising two hundred feet toward the heavens. The interior, with its lofty arched roof, profusely ornamented, and supported by Corinthian columns, was remarkable for the elegance and correctness of its architecture. It was originally furnished with an excellent chime of bells, but these were broken up and cast into cannon during the great Civil War, and the means of the society had not yet been sufficient to replace them. St. Philip's was one of the sights of Charleston which every visitor was taken to see. It was in the direct line of the earthquake, and apparently felt its full force. In one of its two cemeteries rest the remains of John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's famous statesman.

OTHER FAMOUS BUILDINGS

are the City Hall, which is an imposing building, entered by a double flight of marble steps and standing in an open square. The Post Office, a venerable structure, the original material for which having been brought from England in 1761. It was much battered during the siege of Charleston. The Custom House, situated just south of the market wharf on Cooper River, is of white marble, in the Roman-Corinthian style, and is one of the finest edifices in the city. The Academy of Music, corner of King and Market streets, is one of the finest theatres in the South. It is sixty by two hundred and thirty-one feet, and, beside the theatre, with accommodations for twelve hundred people, it contains two large halls for concerts, lectures, etc.

THE EFFECTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE

on the edifices of the city have not been reported in detail at the time of writing. It is, however, stated that hopes are entertained of repairing both the great churches which, at first, it was believed would have to be torn down and rebuilt.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Anxious About Husband and Child.—At a recent meeting Mr. G. Clarke, an evangelist, related: "At the close of our meeting one night a lady came up to me and said: 'Mr. Clarke, if I give my heart to Jesus to-night, what will be the result? I am a wife and mother; and shall I have always to attend prayer-meetings, and leave my husband and child alone?' 'No,' I said, 'perhaps you will not be able to attend any meetings, but it will make you ten million times a better wife and mother to take Jesus home with you.' 'Oh,' she said, 'I thought after one got converted, they had to be constantly attending prayer-meetings and such places!'"

Long Sought, but Found at Last.—Another evangelist observed: "At the close of one of our meetings, I asked a man if he were a Christian, and he said: 'No; there is no use talking to me; I have tried over and over again; I am too bad to be saved.' 'Thank God,' I said, 'there is hope for you when you have come to that point—to see your own inability to face the future. It is then that the Lord takes you and lets you see that after you have tried all you can to save yourself, and have failed, you must look to Him alone for salvation.' Before parting, he took hold of my hand, and said: 'I have found something that I have been looking for all my life.'"

Choristers on the Battle-Field.—Mr. Campbell White remarked: "An American officer was lying out on the battle-field. His wounds were bare and exposed to the keen frosty air of a winter night, and one would have thought that in such a position singing would not be in his mind; but he was living in the joy of Christ, and amid his sufferings, great as they were, he raised his voice, and sang:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."

The influence was good. A wounded soldier next him took up the words, and then another and another joined in the singing, and soon the battle-field became vocal with holy song. The thoughts of their sufferings were forgotten as the words rose in the still frosty air, and went up like incense to heaven."

Going to the Wrong Door.—"I Heard of One of Rev. Murray M'Cheyne's elders who was awakened to a sense of his sin, and of his great need of a Saviour. He was in deep darkness and distress for a few weeks, but one Sunday after Mr. M'Cheyne's faithful preaching he found his way to the Lord. At the close of the service, he told Mr. M'Cheyne, who knew of his spiritual concern, that he had found the Lord. When he was asked to explain how this happy change had come about, he said: 'I have been making a great mistake. I have always been coming to the Lord as something better than I was, and going to the wrong door to ask admittance; but this afternoon I went round to the sinner's door, and for the first time cried, like the publican: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner;" and, oh, sir, I received such a welcome from the Saviour.'"

A Child's Vision of Christ.—"A Lady Lost her husband by death, but she had one little child left her, to remind her of him whom she so dearly loved; and how she cherished that baby girl no one knew but herself. But there came a time when the child's health began to decline. First a cough set in, and then followed rapid consumption. The robust little frame began to droop, and the face that was once so bright became thin and wan. The mother's heart was almost broken, for the doctor gave her no hope, and one day he called her aside and told her as tenderly as possible that her child had but a few hours to live. With a brave heart she determined to make the last hours of her darling as bright as possible, and, going into the shaded room, she bent over the child. At that moment a fit of coughing seized the little one which almost took the spark of life away, but it still fluttered, and the mother whispered:

"Your cough will soon be gone, darling; Jesus is going to take you to heaven to see papa." And then remembering how fond the little one was of pretty things, she continued: "And you will see the pearly gates and the streets of gold, and the beautiful river clear as crystal!" "Oh, mamma, I don't want to go; I am so tired," she said. The mother burst into a flood of tears, and then quickly checking herself she lifted the little weak form from the bed into her arms, and paced the room singing gently to her. The child opened her eyes, and said: "Mamma! Look at Jesus! He is so beautiful! I never thought He was like this before. Good-by, mamma, I am going to Him." The little spirit was gone to her rest."

A Sunshiny Face.—A Christian Worker Observed: "A few days ago, a gentleman, sitting next to me on the platform, said: 'Do you see that young lady there? There is no doubt of her being a Christian.' 'No,' I replied, 'one could see at a glance that she has the joy of the Lord.' For her face seemed to light up with holy joy when the name of Jesus was mentioned. In the after-meeting I went down, and without inquiring if she were indeed a Christian, for her look said she was, I said to her: 'Will you go and speak to some one and tell them how you have found that joy?' She willingly consented, and in a few moments had imparted the secret of the joy with which she herself was overflowing through a child-like faith in Christ. Oh, what an effect it would have if every one who is called by the name of Christ would show by their very look that they were living in communion with God, and that they had a joy that the world has not!"

Dignifying Common Duties.—At a Meeting of Christian workers recently a sister said: "I heard of a lady who took charge of a sewing class of young girls, and one night she was explaining to them that it was not only by working in a meeting or delivering tracts, or teaching in a Sunday-school that one could serve the Lord, but also by performing the every-day duties of life, cheerfully and willingly, whether they be small or great. At the close of the class that night one of their number waited behind to speak to the lady. She said, 'I have just waited to tell you how much you have cheered me to-night. I hold a very responsible position in our household; there are two invalids on whom I have to attend, and many other duties which I cannot enumerate, and all these I perform heartlessly and unwillingly, because I never thought I could be serving Christ in doing these things. But now I will take pleasure in those very duties which have been so long a burden to me, and perform them, as you have told me, *as unto the Lord and not unto man.*'"

A Father Led by his Child.—Mr. J. Ray Observed: "I heard of a little girl lately who gave her heart to the Lord, and afterward became very anxious that her parents also should become followers of the Saviour. Her daily prayer was that they should be born again. One night she was sitting with her father wondering how she should best break this subject to him, when she said: 'Father, may I sing something for you?' 'Surely, child,' replied the father, fondly caressing the little one who sat at his feet. She began the beautiful hymn beginning with 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' She sang the hymn throughout. It seemed to impress the father a little, but he made no remark. 'Father, may I read a bit to you?' the little messenger asked, looking up into her father's face. 'If it pleases you, you may,' he replied. She opened her Bible, and read in the third chapter of John. The man's hand was seen to tremble as his child read the wonderful story of Christ and Nicodemus. 'Will you let me pray, father?' she asked, as she closed the book. 'You cannot pray, child,' he said. 'I will try, father,' she answered, and on bended knee she prayed that God would save her father and mother. The father's heart was touched, and there, while his little child was praying, he gave himself to Christ."

CAST OUT BUT RESCUED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Sept. 12, 1886.

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."—GEN. 21: 19.

Trouble in Abraham's Household—Hagar and Ishmael Expelled—Their Journey in the Desert—The Dying Boy—The Celestial Messenger—Lessons of the Incident—I. Ambition Leads to Misery—A Place for Every One—Honor for the Lowly—The First Duty—Misplaced People—Unhappy and Injurious—II. Women Entitled to Sympathy—The Woman Conscript in the Battle for Bread—III. Mothers Guide Momentous Destinies—Who Ishmael was—The Nation he Founded—Results of a Boy's Wounded Foot—A Look into Futurity—IV. No Wilderness without a Well—The Search for the Elixir of Life—A New Astrology—Death of a Converted Hindoo.

MORNING breaks upon Beer-sheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that

THE JOURNEY

before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey. Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip! A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travellers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travellers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose instantly falls asleep. Hagar, as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are

IN THE DESERT.

A star looks out, and every falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes her son by crying out in her sleep, "Ishmael! Ishmael!"

And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands; no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood-shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is

A SHRIEK IN THE DESERT

of Beer-sheba, "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Here-

tofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when she felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and begs his mother to slay him, she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub, and goes off a bow-shot, and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud, and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and

GET TOO PROUD

for their business! Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness, and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me.

OUR FIRST DUTY

is to find our sphere; our second is, to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V. was born on the low ground, and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a sceptre. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him up to look after stars, and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hill-sides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God raised him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap-boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle, and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high-bred pointers, and angle for gold-fish in artificial ponds, and be familiar with princes; yet God may better have fitted us for a carpenter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere, and occupy it forever. Here is

A MAN GOD FASHIONED

to make a plough. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plough is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one intended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints the sphere, and the needle is just as respectable in His sight as the sceptre. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one half the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that which God in-

tended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch which beautifully went treading its golden pathway wants to be the balance-wheel, and the sparrow with chagrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier-generals! The sloop says: "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner, or a full-rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are

NOT WILLING TO STAY

in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do; for the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dollars to the missionary cause. You for fifteen years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether it win hissing or huzza; whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a Pentecost or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ, or of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May Queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street, and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

II. Again, I find in this Oriental scene a lesson of

SYMPATHY WITH WOMAN

when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar! There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. Oh, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness—plenty at the table, music in the drawing-room, welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Cruelties blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set, and the vows given, and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day broken-hearted, thinking of past joys, and present desolation, and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness!

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well-known steps on the door-sill brought the whole household out at eventide crying: "Father's coming!" will never sound on the door-sill again. A long, deep grief ploughed through all that brightness of domestic life. Paradise lost. Widowhood. Hagar in the wilderness!

How often is it we see the weak arm of WOMAN CONSCRIPTED for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not

half slept out with the slumbers of last night, tragedies of suffering written all over her face, her lustreless eyes looking far ahead, as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a Holy Baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn-out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe-begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of divine sympathy inclose her forever!

III. Again, I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth

TREMENDOUS DESTINIES.

You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded—a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts, and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence.

WHO IS THAT BOY

at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime, until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass and he lifts it, bleeding and pain-struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopædia the world has ever had provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the Word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions! That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog-shop or cry "Coward" to the Lord's hosts as they go out for their last victory. My mind this morning leaps

THIRTY YEARS AHEAD,

and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits this morning beside you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps thirty years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath-school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice this morning in the first song of the service?

My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee—a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts and I hear his chain

clank. The jail-keeper tells me that he has been in there now three times—first for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap-door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he, and where is he? This afternoon playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are this morning hoisting a throne or forging a chain; you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

a good many years ago sat teaching lessons of religion to her child, and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But oh, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, dancing on down to perdition, taking her children in the same direction, preparing them for a life of frivolity, a death of shame, and an eternity of disaster, I cannot help but say: "There they go—there they go; Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you, there are *wilder deserts than Beer-sheba* in many of the fashionable circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! and while I pronounce their names, it seems like the moaning of the death wind: "Hagar and Ishmael!"

IV. I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that

EVERY WILDERNESS HAS A WELL

in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! Water! Water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God, that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls this morning. On that last day, on that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of the desert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

—a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you this morning of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Ah! here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "Oh," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east, and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all.

LOOK UP,

where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, O soul, if to-day with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ, He would

point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else!" Look! Look, as Hagar looked!

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience this morning, I notice an unusual number of signs of mourning and woe. Have you found consolation? Oh, man bereft, oh, woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulchre of some buried joy. But sing ye to God; every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water for you from that well.

If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well-sweep, and you know how the bucket came up, dripping with bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy this morning, and I begin to draw on that Gospel well-sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! Here is

ONE BUCKET OF LIFE!

Come and drink of it. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up, bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, why, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is

A NEW ASTROLOGY

in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love Him?

Have you seen the Nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this morning, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown. And it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march, or will it be drinking at a fountain?

A CONVERTED HINDOO

was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra, it will deliver you from hell." He waved his hand as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of him." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no!" Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere, as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus." Oh, come this morning to the fountain! I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

A SABBATH-OBSERVING GOVERNOR.

OUR friend, Dr. W. H. Taylor, of Cincinnati, kindly sends us the following incident in the life of the late Hon. John W. Stevenson, formerly Governor of Kentucky, who died on August 10th:

For many years previous to 1868 it was the custom of the Legislature of Kentucky to send to the Governor a package of State bills on the last Saturday of each session. This was done in order that the Governor might have Sunday to examine and sign these bills, which would enable the Legislature to adjourn on the following day. But that custom ceased when Mr. Stevenson became Governor, and among the letters which he prized the most were some expressing a cordial approval of this firm action from those who had formerly criticised it in the severest terms. Mr. Stevenson also deserves the great credit, which he so frequently received, for having been one of the first of our public men to protest by his example against another impious custom, which for a long time disgraced our Christian civilization. In his earlier days, when duels were common, he was publicly challenged by a political opponent. The letter which Mr. Stevenson wrote on this occasion, and in which he gave his reasons for refusing the challenge, did very much toward breaking up this barbarous custom. That letter was also the beginning of a warm personal friendship between its author and the Hon. Henry Wilson, who always spoke with enthusiasm of his friend's action in this matter.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

WHILE Christians at home are sacrificing their spiritual interest to make money, a brave young convert in the foreign missionary field has proved her confidence in God's promises by facing poverty rather than forsake the Saviour. In a letter published in the *Foreign Missionary* from Rev. M. E. Caldwell, at Bogota, United States of Colombia, he says: "We have among our members a very smart young girl, full of zeal and piety. She was a saleswoman in a bakery, but on account of her profession of faith in our Church she has lost her position. Her employers told her they did not want her to leave the store, for they were well satisfied with her work and wanted her to stay, but that she must promise never again to enter our church, or on the contrary she must go. They told her that the priests could give her all the religion she needed, and that she had better resolve to stay. The situation was sad for the poor girl, for she is entirely left alone to make her living, and to be cast out might mean severe suffering. She, however, replied: 'I have chosen Christ for all eternity. These temporal blessings at best are of short duration. I cannot give up the one for the other.' When asked about her future prospects, she replied: 'I am happy in my new hope; I never felt so happy before. I will trust the Lord for the future.'

WHAT AN INDIAN BOY WANTS.

A SIMPLE touching letter sent from a little redskin at the Santee Agency to some acquaintances now in Massachusetts is published in the *American Missionary*. The boy says: "Miss Vothrees told me to write a letter to you. I will tell you about my people. My people do not believe on God, but they believe on something else. They worship snakes and water and the thunder, and the sun. They have Indian dances and the sun-dance too. I think that dance is dreadful. The house where they dance is made of leaves. They cut themselves, and they have a post in the house where they hang themselves. They cut through the flesh on the breast and put a little stick through the flesh, and tie a string on each end and then hang them up until it cut the flesh, and after it cut the flesh it cut on the shoulder, and they tie three or four buffalo heads to draw. They draw them around until the sun sets.

"Now I know the right way. First I believe these Indian ways, now I know the right way. Now I believe in God and I try to be a

Christian, and I am learning how to pray. We have boys' prayer-meeting on Sunday and on Wednesday evening. I want the people at Fort Berthold to love God and to believe on Him. But I am only a little boy, so I can't tell them now. I will ask God to help me, and I want my people to be Christians. I want you to pray for my people."

A COMMON MISTAKE.

A GOOD illustration of the need of following up prayer by effort may be found in the following anecdote related by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon:

"A scholar was remarkable for repeating her lessons well. Her schoolfellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day: 'How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?' She replied, 'I always pray that I may say my lessons well.' 'Do you?' said the other; 'well, then, I will pray, too;' but alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful. 'I prayed,' said she, 'but I could not say a single word of my lesson.' 'Perhaps,' rejoined the other, 'you took no pains to learn it.' 'Learn it! Learn it! I did not learn it at all,' answered the first. 'I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it.' The mistake is a very common one."

A CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN AMONG ZULUS.

A LETTER from Dr. Dalzell, of the Gordon Memorial Mission, in Africa, printed by Dr. Dowkontt in his *Medical Missionary Record*, reports encouraging progress. Dr. Dalzell says: "It was a time of weeping when my wife and I parted with the crying Zulus. The poor mothers remembered my kindness to their babies; it had been an anxious time to them when they carried them to me almost dying in their arms, but it gave me a blessed opportunity to speak to them of their souls. The Lord has honored me in my works in spite of the fearful odds against me, including war. All the long night of Isandklwana I watched and waited to see if the Zulus would attack our house. I have been enabled to baptize sixty-seven during my fourteen years of ministry. The first convert in our neighborhood, on application for baptism, was tied to a tree and assailed by the king's orders, but not before the poor martyr had first prayed for the king and his executioners. Now there is religious liberty, and the king's chief wife and child have been baptized. I have a long room, brick built, with an iron roof, in which I generally have thirty-five in-patients. Every morning I give them a short gospel address, and then attend to their bodily wants. With the help of two assistants I have given instruction in farming and industrial work."

REASON FOR PERSECUTION.

A BOY of some originality is at present at Kochi, Japan, receiving instruction in Christianity. He has had a somewhat remarkable experience, which is thus described by Mr. Allchin in a letter to the *Missionary Herald*:

"The boy's home is in the western part of the main island. He had a school there for little children, and his father is the physician of the village. The Buddhist priest, on making his regular tours through the villages, was accustomed to stay at their house, and on one occasion asked the youth if he had any interesting reading. He replied that he had some very interesting matter, and produced a Bible and some Christian books. In a few days the teacher noticed that his scholars were leaving one by one, and at last was obliged to close the school because so few came. It appears that the priest had gone to the villagers and warned them against sending their children to the school, because the teacher had become a Christian. The father also became enraged with the son, and for a punishment sent him to live with an uncle. Now, the young man had not become a Christian; but, having once heard a Japanese preach, had become curious to know about Christianity,

and so had purchased these Christian books. The punishment did not continue long, for, cutting it short by running away from his uncle's house, he made his way across the country on foot to Kobe, a distance of over two hundred miles. One Sunday morning he turned up at Miss Dudley's house—dusty, tired, and hungry. Employment was obtained, by which he could earn his food, and he was happy. His great object in going to Kobe was to learn from the missionaries themselves what Christianity was, and, as he says, 'having learned, to return to my country and give them something to persecute me for.' This expression sounds harsh; but we found, during our trip, that his feelings are not bitter toward his relatives. Mr. Atkinson has taken him into his home as 'boy' for a few months, that he might give him personal instruction and introduce him to the Christians. He has since embraced Christianity, and has been baptized."

MARRIAGE ON TRIAL.

IN a letter published in the *Missionary Herald* from Mr. De Forest, who is laboring at Osaka, Japan, a singular social custom is described. He says:

"An incident occurred in connection with this church that is worthy of mention as showing the abnormal power that Japanese parents have over their grown-up children. A father, mother, son, and bride all became Christians. Shortly after, the bride visited her home, fifteen miles away, and her father, a hater of Christianity, bade her go and bring home all her effects, which she did; and for a year all endeavors to restore her to her husband have failed. She is carefully kept at home, and her father is reported to be planning to get her another husband, who knows nothing of our religion. Some may wonder why the law was not invoked to restore this wife. The reply is that in the eye of the law she was not his wife. Legal marriage consists simply in transferring the woman's name to her husband's home by means of the local official register, and this girl was given without the legal transfer; that is, was given on trial. If after a year or two things went tolerably well, and the step-mother was not too great a nuisance, the name would then be transferred.

A SUFFERER HEALED.

THE following letter, signed Sarah B. Norris, and dated September 3d, has been received from Maquoketa, Iowa:

"'Tis joy, not duty, to tell what the Lord has done for me. I had been quite delicate in health since early childhood, especially in the last five years. For some years there seemed to be no definite disease except weakness and general debility. Then I began to suffer severely from dyspepsia; about the same time I began to notice an affection of the skin upon the palms of my hands. The hands were hot and dry, with much burning and itching. The skin was hard and rough, bursting open and bleeding, so that I would have six or seven fingers bound up at one time. Soon I became a great sufferer from neuralgia almost all over my whole body. I had sick headache twice every three weeks. In addition to all this, I met with an accident three years since, which so affected my eyes, that I was fast losing my sight. I could not endure artificial light of any kind, and it was impossible for me to read but very little, even upon a bright day. I had a disease of the liver, rheumatism, a sprained wrist, a sprained ankle, and other diseases.

"I had the advice of several very skilful physicians, with but little relief. Life had long ago become a burden, and I was ready to give up in despair when Mrs. M. Baxter and Mrs. E. E. Stroud Smith came to Freeport, Ill. I attended the meetings for holiness and healing held in the Baptist Church; I had, some time before, received the blessing of sanctification, but I was now led to see that Jesus "bare our sicknesses." I went home one night and threw away all my medicines, laid aside all my instruments, etc.

"It seemed a momentous step, and I trembled violently. It was all so new to me, as I had once been much prejudiced against 'faith-cures,' and would hear nothing upon the subject. The next night the Rev. Mr. Halsey, of the Baptist Church, anointed me for healing. I asked the Lord to make me 'every whit whole,' claiming the promise that, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, if ye believe that ye receive them ye shall have them.' I went home confessing what the Lord had done for me. For some time Satan tempted me terribly. This was in December, 1885, and I enjoy better health to-day than I ever could have believed to be possible. It is perfect, glory to God! I am now engaged in the work of the Salvation Army, in which I am much exposed and lose much rest. I write this in jail, where I, with two others, am serving a sentence of ten days for preaching Christ. I am kept in perfect peace, because my mind is stayed on God. Hallelujah!"

MR. GEORGE MÜLLER'S ANNUAL RECORD.

IN accordance with his usual custom, Mr. Muller has issued his "Brief Narrative of Facts" for the past year. It records the receipts of money sent to him from all parts of the world to support the orphans he maintains and educates in his Orphanages at Ashley Down. The report was written in Australia, "to which country," says Mr. Muller, "I have come, accompanied by my beloved wife, after repeated pressing invitations, in order that in these Colonies also I may, in my measure, seek to benefit the Churches and preach the Gospel to the unconverted; and I have likewise been greatly helped in my service in this vast country, as was the case in the twenty-three other countries where I had previously labored in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

"From May 26th, 1885, to May 26th, 1886, there was sent to the institution \$160,895.50. The gifts which make up this large amount were all voluntary and unsolicited. Mr. Muller has never asked any human being for help or gifts. When difficulties have come, as they often have come in the course of his work, he has committed them to God in prayer, and help has always been sent. Since March 5th, 1834, fifty-two years ago, he has received in this way more than five million dollars."

On page 20 of the "Narrative," Mr. Muller says: "God is my helper and friend. To Him are my eyes directed day by day; to Him alone I look for help, and were it otherwise, this largest of all the Orphan Institutions in the world would soon be in the greatest distress. But as my fellow-laborers and myself do not merely say that we trust in Him, but really do so, and not in friends, not in former donors, not in circumstances, and not in the reports, we are helped year after year, although we are often poor.

"I do wish in my inmost soul that the Church of God at large knew more the power of prayer and faith in these our unbelieving and sceptical days; and, among various other reasons why I am travelling from country to country throughout Christendom, I have also this particularly in view, that, by seeking to bring back professing Christians to the Bible, I may likewise thus strengthen their faith. The Christian reader will be glad to know, that my feeble efforts in this respect have been abundantly blessed everywhere. Three times I preached in the Theatre Royal in Melbourne, each time to about three thousand hearers, many of whom were of sceptical tendencies; but my statements regarding the power of prayer and faith were listened to in breathless silence. The same was the case at the great Melbourne Town Hall, when I spoke also for an hour and ten minutes. In like manner, after our arrival in New South Wales, I held very large meetings in the churches and halls at Sydney and Bathurst, and after we left Melbourne I preached six times at Geelong, in the Colony of Victoria. My dear wife and I are now at Ballarat, a large and beautiful city, the next to Melbourne in size and

importance, where I have held several meetings already, and where I purpose to preach twice more before our departure for Maryborough. We shall probably visit Sandhurst after we have left Maryborough, and then return to Melbourne for some time."

THE COMING EARTHQUAKE.

John's Description—Two Unprecedented Convulsions—Seven Thousand Killed and Jerusalem Decimated—The Greatest of all Earthquakes—Islands and Mountains Disappearing—Surpassing the Earthquake at Lisbon—An Eyewitness' Description of the Lisbon Earthquake—When the Great Convulsion will Occur—How it May be Escaped—The Practical Lesson.

THE distressing details reported during the past few days of the desolation and suffering in Charleston, S. C., from the effects of the earthquake of August 31st, enable us to form some conception of the almost universal affliction which will be produced by the great earthquakes that will accompany the dire events of the final consummation. John, describing it (Rev. 6: 12-14), says: "There was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places." This earthquake is probably the same as that mentioned in another place (Rev. 11: 13), with the additional details that it destroyed one tenth of the city, and killed seven thousand persons.

THE GREATEST OF ALL

earthquakes, however, that the world has ever experienced, is the one that follows it, at the battle of Armageddon, when "there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell, . . . and every island fled away, and the mountains were not found" (Rev. 16: 18-20). Thus the mountains and islands that were moved out of place in the former earthquake disappear entirely in the latter, and the city which had already been decimated is rent in three. Consider for a moment what the earth-throes must be that can surpass the earthquakes of the past.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE

of 1755 stands now at the head of the awful list, with its ghastly record of *fifty thousand victims*. It was about the beginning of a bright November day that the flourishing capital city of Portugal was laid low. All was smiling and peaceful in the place where, ten minutes later, the air was rent with the shrieks of men, women, and children in mortal agony. The first shock is described as having been very slight, hardly more than the vibration caused by a passing wagon. Then, after an interval of two or three minutes, came another movement which caused the houses to split and crack, and this was followed in a minute more by the most awful convulsion that ever occurred in any European town. In a moment the city was a heap of ruins, and, amid a profound darkness, the crushed and mangled people passed out into eternity. Then a fire broke out, and, driven by a fierce wind, completed the destruction of the Portuguese capital. Some unfortunate people had fled in terror to take refuge on the river banks; but the tide suddenly rose and overwhelmed them, while the marble quay of the Terreiro do Paço sank with all the persons on it, and not one of the bodies ever rose to the surface again.

In a record left by an eye-witness, he says: "With regard to the buildings, it was observed that the solidest in general fell the first. Every parish church, convent, nunnery, palace, and public edifice, with a vast number of private houses, were either thrown down or so miserably shattered that it was rendered dangerous to

pass by them. The scenes of horror I met with exceed all description; nothing could be heard but sighs and groans. I did not meet with a soul in the passage who was not bewailing the death of his nearest relations and dearest friends, or the loss of all his substance. I could hardly take a single step without treading on the dead or dying. In some places lay coaches with their masters, horses, and riders almost crushed in pieces; here mothers with their infants in their arms; there ladies richly dressed, priests, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, either in the same condition or just expiring."

It is a dreadful picture, with all the ghastly features of the Charleston catastrophe multiplied and intensified. Yet the Word of God says that the convulsion yet to be experienced will surpass even that—"such as was not since men were upon the earth."

WHEN IT WILL OCCUR

is shown in prophecy relatively with other events. It immediately precedes or accompanies the arrival of our Lord upon the earth to overthrow at Armageddon the hosts gathered out of all the ten nations of the Roman world, under the command of the mysterious being described in the New Testament as Antichrist, and by Daniel as "the little horn" (Dan. 7: 8), and follows at an interval of about three and a half years the earthquake described in the 6th and 11th chapters of Revelation.

HOW IT MAY BE ESCAPED,

is clearly revealed. Nearly two years before the earlier earthquake, Christ will descend into the air, and all those watchful Christians who are watching and waiting for His appearing will be caught up to meet Him in the heavens, with those who have part in the first resurrection (1 Thess. 4: 15-17). There with the Lord in safety and glory they will be spared the sorrow, and distress, and misery of the judgments being poured out upon the world, and will return only when He comes in power and might to take to Himself His power and reign. Christians who are leading idle, inconsistent, and unspiritual lives will lose this priceless privilege. They will endure all the horrors of the persecution of Antichrist's later years, and will share in the suffering of the woes of the earth.

THE PRACTICAL LESSON

is the necessity of holiness and watchfulness. All the events that are taking place in Europe show that the nations are rapidly assuming the position they will take in the last days. The time of Antichrist's appearance is evidently drawing near. The midnight cry summoning the watchful Christians to meet their Lord in the air will soon be heard. Then those who have missed that opportunity will know that immediately before them lies a time of trouble such as neither they nor their fathers have ever known, not even in the days of persecution. While the godless must suffer under the calamities and convulsions of the material world, the lot of the Christian will be far worse. His conscience will reproach him for his worldly life, and remind him that, but for that, he might have been safe with Jesus as others, whom he has known, then are. He will be given the dread alternative of openly deserting his Lord or of being mercilessly persecuted. Then *the most rigorous boycotting* will be enforced, for John saw that "no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name" (Rev. 13: 17). Thus cut off from the friendship of the world, bereft, by the mysterious disappearance of his more spiritual brethren, of Christian sympathy and comfort, and racked by self-reproach, he must wait through the years the coming of his Lord and His saints. The time for preparation grows daily shorter; the events going on all over the world echo Christ's warning words: "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch" (Mark 13: 35-37).

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.
Notes on Foreign Topics.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Capture of Geronimo and his Band is now definitely announced. On September 6th, General Miles arrived at Fort Bowie, Arizona, with Geronimo, Natchez, and three other prisoners; and Captain Lawton followed him with thirty-five more hostiles. They at once proceeded to Florida where they proposed to lodge the prisoners at Fort Marion; but they were stopped on their way by an order from General Drum, Acting Secretary of War, directing that the party remain at San Antonio until it is determined what course of procedure shall be taken against them. It is stated that the civil courts of Arizona want to try Geronimo for murder, but military officers contend that he should be tried by military commission or by court martial. The result for Geronimo would probably be the same in either case. His disposal will depend upon the terms on which he surrendered. They were not disclosed last week, but it was hinted that a promise was given to him that his life should be spared, and that he should not be tried in an Arizona court. Though the vindictive feeling against him has somewhat subsided, public opinion demands that Geronimo shall never again have opportunity to commit more outrages. If he is not to be executed he must be kept safely or there will be great indignation against the Government.

The Republican Anti-Saloon Conference Held at Binghamton, N. Y., on September 7th, preparatory to the National Conference to be held this day in Chicago, is a recognition of the progress of the Prohibition movement. It was publicly announced that the prime object of the conference was to "jump on the Prohibitionists," and the utterances of Mr. Blaine during the campaign in Maine appeared to lend probability to the assertion. Very little success attended the attempt, however, if it was ever contemplated. General Thomas W. Conway vainly endeavored to get passed resolutions denouncing the Prohibitionists, and though he was appointed chairman of the committee to carry on the anti-saloon movement, and announced his determination to fight Prohibitionists "from the word go," there was a general indisposition to condemn total abstainers who have left the Republican Party. General Conway produced his promised proofs of an alliance between Prohibitionists and Democrats, but he was met by the assertion that the relation between them was no stronger than between the Republicans and the Butler Party in the last Presidential campaign. The movement seemed from the speeches made, and the resolutions passed, to be an effort to keep total abstainers in the party instead of suffering them to go into the Prohibition camp. There is little doubt that if the Republican Party adopted the platform constructed, and honestly worked for the pro-

gramme mapped out, many Prohibitionists would be won back, but it is not pretended that the party as a whole sympathizes with the movement. One of the resolutions passed demanded "of the Republican Party, to which we are proud to acknowledge allegiance, that it shall take a firm and decided stand in favor of temperance and against the saloon, and that when in power it shall adopt and enforce measures for the restriction, and, at the earliest possible moment, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic." The sincerity of the men who passed the resolution is beyond question, but their course excites the derision of Republicans who do not agree with them, and of the Prohibitionists, who regard it as a snare. Only forty-seven delegates attended the conference.

The Re-Election of Senator George F. Edmunds is assured by the election in Vermont. The returns show that the Senate is solid for him, and he has an overwhelming majority in the House. One report states that besides the Democrats there are only ten anti-Edmunds men elected to the House. This would give Mr. Edmunds a majority there of one hundred and sixty. The fact shows that untrue reports have been widely circulated during the past year through the country, or that the Vermont people have changed their mind about their Senator. It was emphatically stated in Washington, New York, and elsewhere, that the failure of Mr. Edmunds to support Mr. Blaine in 1884 would cost him his seat. Prominent Vermonters were mentioned who were so indignant at the conduct of Mr. Edmunds in the Presidential campaign that they would use all their influence to prevent his re-election, and that that influence would be sufficient for the purpose. The result does not justify the prediction, for Mr. Edmunds seems to be sure of another term. The Republican plurality for the governorship was 20,590, and Mr. Ormsbee, the candidate, had a clear majority over all of 18,463.

An Appeal for the Homeless Sufferers of Charleston has been issued by the committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It is signed by William E. Dodge, Chairman; John Crosby Brown, Treasurer; George Wilson, Secretary; Levi P. Morton, John Claflin, and many others. The committee present the case with much earnestness, reminding the public that "the equinoctial storms will soon be felt, and those exposed in that malarious climate, particularly women and children, will succumb to disease and death, and thus add horror to this great calamity." By the end of the week \$48,872 had been received, and money was still flowing in. Funds have been opened in other large cities. In Philadelphia \$30,000 was contributed.

The Deposition of a Mormon Bishop Reported by the Utah journals is an unequivocal expression of the hostility of the Mormon Church to the United States Government. Bishop Sharp, who has been deposed, is admitted by the journals that advocated his deposition to be a man of ability and integrity, whose character is above reproach. "His career," says one journal, the most embittered against him, "has elicited only our unqualified admiration." The offence which has nullified all these good qualities is the course he took when arrested and tried for polygamy. He pleaded guilty, and, in an address to the court he asserted that he had entered into a marriage covenant with each of his wives at a time when the law did not forbid "plural marriage." He did not understand that the Edmunds law required him to disown or abandon his wives. "I expect to remain," said he, "under the political disabilities placed upon me, but I have so arranged my family relations as to conform to the requirements of the law, and I am now living in harmony with its provisions, as construed by this court and the Supreme Court of the Territory. And it is my intention to do so in the future until an overruling Providence shall decree greater religious toleration in the land." That was his offence. The Mormons contend that he should have refused

to obey the law and have accepted martyrdom. As he did not, they have deposed him, thus showing that obedience to the law is an offence in their eyes which ability, integrity, and irreproachable character do not palliate.

The British Parliament Has Taken Mr. Parnell's Bill for the Relief of the Irish Tenantry into consideration, and will probably begin this day the debate on its second reading. The first clause provides that leaseholders may apply to the court to fix judicial rent; the second, that tenants whose rents were fixed a year ago may apply to the court for a revaluation, and the third that the court, pending decision on applications, may suspend an ejectment on the payment of such proportion of the rent as the court may decide to be proper. It is stated that Lord Hartington has assured the Conservatives that if they will oppose the bill he and his friends will support them. As the bill is not a Home Rule bill, but simply a measure to protect tenants during the winter from undue severity on the part of landlords, it is difficult to understand the motive of Lord Hartington's opposition except on the general principle of suspecting the Irish party of disloyalty and opposing all concessions to them. If the Liberal deserters unite with the Conservatives they will be able to defeat the bill, and the coming winter will be a period of unprecedented distress and possibly violence in Ireland.

Serious Riots Took Place in Denmark Last week. For a long time past the Government has been unpopular with the people and a revolution has been dreaded. The King has insisted on keeping in power an administration devoid of statesmanlike tact and notorious for its propensity to vex and annoy the public by petty restrictions and galling exactions. Their latest blunder was forming a corps of military police decked in resplendent uniforms of blue and silver. These men are hated by the people for some cause not explained, and their appearance anywhere is the signal for disturbance. A few days ago there was a fair at Brendersleven and some drunken men were causing a commotion. A company of the hated military police was sent to arrest the noisy revellers and immediately they were assailed with sticks and stones and driven back. The fight became general, and two thousand peasants took part in it. The surrounding country districts were aroused, and organized fights with the police have occurred. The situation is critical.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria Quitted His capital on September 8th amid general expressions of sorrow on the part of the people and the army. Had he decided to remain they would have stood by him, and they earnestly besought him to reconsider his decision. The Prince, however, remained firm, and advised them to obey the regency and hope for better times. There appears to be no doubt that, had he remained, Russia would have moved against him. In obeying her and leaving his kingdom he has acted wisely, for the act has aroused the indignation of Europe against his enemy. In Germany, Austria, and England the arrogance of Russia has excited general disgust, not unmixed with alarm. The governments are asking what right Russia has to dictate to the people of Bulgaria and compel them to abandon a ruler of their own choice. They also see that the Czar's object is to open a way for himself through the Balkans to Constantinople. The popular ovations tendered to Prince Alexander on his way from Sofia to Darmstadt were a sign that the people share the feelings of the governments. It is reported that Queen Victoria has invited the Prince to visit England, and that popular demonstrations are in preparation there. The next move on the part of Russia is anxiously awaited. In the present temper of Austria and England any attempt to place a Russian or a tool of Russia on the Bulgarian throne will bring about a dangerous crisis. Prince Bismarck is reported as saying that the peace of Europe would be promoted if Russia were subjected to "a little blood-letting."

The New Building of the Young Men's Christian Association at Worcester, Mass., now in course of erection promises to become a centre of usefulness. It is in the business district of the city, within easy reach of the class it is intended to benefit. Mr. Albert Curtis, who has given twenty-five thousand dollars toward the building, laid the memorial stone. The money raised, ninety-six thousand dollars, was contributed by over thirty-one hundred donors. The Association numbers eight hundred and fifty members, has an efficient secretary, and confines itself strictly to intellectual, moral, and religious work for young men.

An Opportunity for Christian Workers to get training for work among the poor is afforded by the Bethany Institute, No. 69 Second Avenue, New York City. The managers, Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Ruliffson, request us to inform out readers that they are prepared to receive ladies desiring to become missionaries, at home or abroad, or Bible-readers, at small expense, for a year of preparation and experience in Christian work. During the last fifteen years, two hundred and seventy-five ladies have shared its advantages, which are open to members of all Evangelical churches. Its session opens about the middle of September, and those who desire to enter upon such a course of training at the institute should apply to the superintendents at the above address for a copy of the annual statement.

A Bible Bound in Pure Gold is on Exhibition in New York. This remarkable book was printed at Oxford, England, and has been rebound in solid gold as a memento of a gentleman now deceased. The binding, which was done by William Matthews in 1851, cost four hundred dollars. The gold used on it is worth two hundred. It is now at the store of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West Twenty-third Street.

Why a Revival was not Wanted in a New England church is stated by the *Independent*, which vouches for the truth of the story. It avers that a prominent trustee in one of the largest churches in New England successfully opposed the inauguration of revival meetings on the ground that such a meeting would destroy their new church carpets. "Besides," he is reported to have said, "what do we want with a revival? We are out of debt; our pews are all rented; our house is full, and a revival would only disturb the quiet and orderly development of the church." It would appear that a revival was needed in that church even though it was not wanted.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman Returned from Europe last week. Both he and Mrs. Freshman have benefited by the trip, which has not, however, been one of rest. Mr. Freshman took part in the meetings being held in England in connection with Jewish work, and made an exhaustive study of the methods employed there. Though there are nearly as many Jews in New York City as there are in all Great Britain, it is a remarkable fact that while several societies are working hard there and spending large sums of money in the effort to convert them, there is here but little work being done by any organization beside that of the Episcopal Church, and Mr. Freshman's individual effort. This fact should not be forgotten by the Christian churches of America, on which Mr. Freshman depends for funds to carry on his work. During Mr. Freshman's visit to Paris he found that Mr. Hirsch, the pastor of a Protestant church there, is a converted Jew who is earnestly desiring to labor for the conversion of his Jewish brethren, but precluded from doing so by the lack of funds. There are a large number of Jews in Paris who might be reached, and as America has shown its interest in evangelistic work in Paris by liberally supporting Mr. McAll's work, Mr. Freshman thinks that the cause of God's ancient people there will command similar sympathy. He therefore felt justified in assuring Mr. Hirsch of aid from America, and trusts that Christians here will make good his promise. A

few New Testaments printed in Hebrew, such as Mr. Freshman has brought home with him, would do much good among the Jews of Paris if the means could be obtained to purchase them. Any donations sent to Mr. Freshman, at 17 St. Mark's Place, either for this purpose, or for his own work in New York, will be gratefully received.

An Earthquake House has stood in Cincinnati, O., for many years. The *Commercial Gazette* of that city says that the house was built by a prominent citizen soon after the earthquakes which shook the city in 1811 and 1812. He believed that there would be future developments of the same dread and mysterious subterranean influences, and he built in that belief. The house is a one-story structure of great superficial dimensions; the walls are of cubic dimensions sufficient to sustain at least a hundred times their present weight, and iron girders and stout iron braces in every corner render the building proof against the lateral movements which were the most destructive feature of the earthquake of 1811. This is proof in itself of the impressive lesson of that early disturbance. It is also proof that the citizen who had it built was a prudent man, who prepared to meet the danger which he believed was coming. It would be well if men manifested the same prudence in spiritual affairs. Only a small proportion of those who believe that after death is the judgment avail themselves of the perfect safety won for them on Calvary (Heb. 2:3).

One of the Suffering Families of Charleston, S. C., is in peculiarly sad circumstances. The wife and mother thus described the situation to a reporter: "My husband has been sick and unable to do much work for the past four months, and we have had a hard time providing for our five little children. About three years ago we bought our little home by monthly instalments which are nearly completed. On Tuesday night we had all gone to bed, and by nine o'clock every one was asleep. I was awakened, and the house seemed to be picked up and thrown violently down on the ground. This happened three times before I could in my terror get my little ones, whose screams added to my fright. I got all the children into the street and went back for my husband, when the second shock came. The children rushed back into the house and I met them when I was bringing my poor husband out. We were all in our night clothes. We dressed in the street, and we have not changed our clothes since, nor have we had enough to eat, although the people camped around us have shared with us what they have had. The house, as you see, is ruined, and all our savings are gone. God knows what will become of us." It is well that the lady recognizes the fact, for it must be a consolation to her. She will doubtless remember that though the house which represented long years of saving is destroyed, she has the promise God gives to all who love Him of "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II Cor. 5:1).

A Ludicrous Imposition on an Evangelist, by a wicked youth, is described by a Maine journal. It states that a revivalist of noted power both as a preacher and a singer commenced a series of services in the town. He made his home with an hospitable family whose resources were by no means large. The preacher had a voracious appetite, and his visit, though welcomed by the heads of the family, was resented by the younger branches who suffered in board and sleeping accommodation by Mr. Salem's presence. They concocted a wicked plot to get rid of him. One of the young men, who slept in the attic over Mr. Salem's chamber, removed a board from the floor and when the preacher was retiring to rest called out in a loud voice, "Salem! Salem!" The preacher heard, and, following the prophet's example, replied, "Here am I Lord." "Arise," said the voice, "and go down to the next town and preach the Gospel." The preacher responded, "Yea, Lord, I will do Thy bidding," and in the morning he

went to the next town. One cannot but regret that a man so ready to obey a divine call should have been deceived by the impious trick. There is in these days of remarkable experience urgent need for caution in this matter. Persons seeking indications of their duty sometimes open the Bible at random and take the first passage on which the eye falls as a special message from God, others rely on dreams, or consult spiritualists: mediums. They are frequently misled. The apostolic injunction must not be forgotten (I John 4:1).

The Suicide of a Lover who was to have been married on October 1st is reported from Birmingham, Ala. Some time ago a young man of Elmira, N. Y., occupying a lucrative position on a railroad became engaged to a young lady residing at Birmingham. He went there on September 2d to make preparations for their marriage, but during his stay he fell into temptation and became intoxicated. He was very boisterous and disorderly, and finally was arrested and fined. As the affair was published in the local journals it was the subject of general talk, and the young man was much ashamed. His depression increased, until, on September 5th, he went out and procured small doses of morphine at several drug-stores. When he had sufficient to kill him he took it, and the next day he was found dead. He left a note behind saying that after his disgrace he could not bear to live. In common with other suicides the young man seems to have made the awful mistake of supposing that the misery of the sinner in this world is greater than that in the world beyond the grave (Ps. 9:17).

The Recognition of a Fellow-Citizen in a distant city made two men happy recently. A Chicago physician who returned from his vacation a few days ago, speaking of his trip, said: "Not long ago I was in Washington, and walking along one of the residence streets with a feeling that approximated to home-sickness, when a gentleman came out of the door of a house, came lightly down the two or three steps, and started off just ahead of me. I said without thinking, 'from Chicago?' and he turned quickly, held out his hand and said, 'Yes, are you?' We walked down the street together, and there was no sign of depression of spirits with either of us. I did not remember that I had ever seen the man's face before, but I was glad to meet a man loyal to my own city." That ought to be the case with citizens of the heavenly kingdom. Neither difference in rank nor wealth should prevent one Christian hailing another Christian as a brother and treating him as such (I John 3:14).

A Boy was Saved from a Dreadful Death, at Louisville, Ky., on September 7th, by the strength and endurance of a companion. The two boys, who live at Jeffersonville, wanted to go to Louisville, and agreed to steal a ride over the bridge on the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis Railroad. They noticed a freight train make a stop at the entrance to the bridge and began to climb upon it. Just as they sprang on the bumpers the train started, and they were afraid to move. Both were much alarmed at their perilous position, and one of them was horrified to see his companion turning faint. Seizing a brake-rod with his left hand to steady himself, he grasped the fainting boy with his right just as he lost consciousness. He held him with the strength of desperation, and continued to hold him, his feet dangling only a few inches above the cross-ties, until the train stopped on the other side of the bridge. If he had released his hold for a moment his companion would have been crushed under the wheels of the cars or dashed to pieces on the rocks in the river bed one hundred feet below. Had he been alone or with a companion less strong or persistent he must have perished. As he passes through life and into the life beyond, it may be hoped that he will then, too, not be alone. If he puts his trust in Christ he will have an Almighty Saviour able to hold him from all harm (John 10:28).

CHRISTIAN LOAFERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out"—NUMBERS 32: 23.

The Proposal of the Two Tribes—The Pledge Demanded of Them—Moses' Warning—The Sin of Violating It—I. What the Sin was—A Negative Sin—Idleness and Self-Indulgence—Sunday Fare for Loafers—The Sin of Sitting Still—Unbrotherliness and Ingratitude—Discourages Others—II. The Chief Sin in It—III. What Will Come of It—Found out by Conscience—Enfeebled—Cut Off—Lose their Appetite—Found Out in the Family—In Illness and Old Age.

THE Israelites had conquered the country possessed by Og, King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites; and the tribes of Reuben and Gad, having great quantities of cattle, thought that so rich a pasture-country would be eminently suitable for them and for their flocks. They were no bad judges, for the country was specially fitted for sheep-farming. They therefore asked of Moses that they might have that country to be theirs. But Moses objected. Did they mean to sit still and enjoy that country, and then leave the rest of the tribes to cross the Jordan, and to fight for their possessions? If so, he declared that it was

A VERY EVIL COURSE

to take—that they were selfish in seeking their own ease, and that they would be discouraging God's people, and doing all sorts of mischief. He therefore proposed to them that, if they were to have that conquered country for their own, they should at least cross the river with their brethren, and fight and continue fighting until the land on the other side of Jordan had been cleared of its old inhabitants, and the whole of Israel could take the whole of the country, and each tribe could possess its portion. He put it to them as a matter of honor, and as a matter of right, that they ought to help in conquering the rest of the land. He would have them take their full share in the war, and on that condition they might have the rich meadows of Bashan, but not else. This was clearly just and equitable, and commended itself to those concerned. They at once agreed to the proposal; and Moses, to enforce the agreement, told them in the words of the text that, if they did not keep their covenant, and give all due aid to their brethren, then they would sin against God; and they might be sure that their sin would find them out.

I. First, then,

WHAT WAS THIS SIN?

What is this sin about which the Spirit of God says by Moses, "Be sure your sin will find you out?" A learned divine has delivered a sermon upon the sin of murder from this text, another upon theft, another upon falsehood. Now they are very good sermons, but they have nothing to do with this text, if it be read as Moses uttered it. If you take the text as it stands, there is nothing in it about murder, or theft, or anything of the kind. In fact, it is not about what men do, but it is about *what men do not do*. The iniquity of doing nothing is a sin which is not so often spoken of as it should be. A sin of omission is clearly aimed at in this warning—"If ye will not do so, be sure your sin will find you out." What, then, was this sin? First, it was the sin of

IDLENESS AND SELF-INDULGENCE.

"We have cattle; here is a land that yields much pasture; let us have this for our cattle, and we will build folds for our sheep with the abundant stones that lie about, and we will repair these cities of the Amorites, and we will dwell in them. They are nearly ready for us, and there shall our little ones dwell in comfort. We do not care about fighting; we have seen enough of it already in the wars with Sihon and Og." Alas! the tribe of Reuben is not dead, and the tribe of Gad has not passed away. Many who are of the household of faith are equally indisposed to exertion, equally fond of

ease. Hear them say, "Thank God we are safe! We have passed from death unto life. We have named the name of Christ; we are washed in His precious blood, and therefore we are secure."

Spiritual self-indulgence is a monstrous evil; yet we see it all around. On Sunday these *loafers must be well fed*. They eat the fat and drink the sweet, and they crowd to the feast of fat things full of marrow, and of wines on the lees well refined—spiritual festivals are their delight: sermons, conferences, Bible-readings, and so forth are sought after, but regular service in ordinary ways is neglected. Not a hand's turn will they do. They gird on no armor, they grasp no sword, they wield no sling, they throw no stone. No, they have gotten their possession; they know they have, and they sit down in carnal security,

SATISFIED TO DO NOTHING.

They neither work for life, nor for life; they are arrant sluggards, as lazy as they are long. Nowhere are they at home except where they can enjoy themselves, and take things easy. The sin of doing nothing is about the biggest of all sins, for it involves most of the others. *The sin of sitting still* while your brethren go forth to war breaks both tables of the law, and has in it a huge idolatry of self, which neither allows love to God or man. Horrible idleness! God save us from it!

This sin may be viewed under another aspect, as selfishness and unbrotherliness. Gad and Reuben ask to have their inheritance at once, and to make themselves comfortable in Bashan, on this side Jordan. What about Judah, Levi, Simeon, Benjamin, and all the rest of the tribes? How are they to get their inheritance? They do not care, but it is evident that Bashan is suitable for themselves with their multitude of cattle. Some of them reply, "You see, they must look to themselves, as the proverb hath it, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.'" Did I not hear some one in the company say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I know that gentleman. I heard his voice years ago. His name is Cain, and I have this to say to him: it is true that he is not his brother's keeper, but he is his brother's killer. Every man is either the keeper of his brother or the destroyer of his brother. Soul-murder can be wrought without an act or even a will; it can be, and is constantly, accomplished by neglect. "But oh," says another, "they can conquer the land themselves. God is with them, and He can do His own work, and therefore I do not see that I need trouble myself about other people." That is selfishness; and selfishness is never worse than when it puts on the garb of religion. Oh, my brothers, hear ye this text, and let it operate with salutary influence to produce in you constant effort for the salvation of those around you!

But with this there was mingled

INGRATITUDE OF A VERY DARK ORDER.

These children of Gad and Reuben would appropriate to themselves lands for which all the Israelites had labored. God had led them forth to battle, and they had conquered Sihon and Og, and now these men would take possession of what others have struggled for, but they are not to fight themselves. This is vile ingratitude; and I fear it is common among us at this very day. How come we to be Christians at all? We owe under God much to past ages, and much to present laborers. There is no man among us but stands immensely indebted to the Church of God. Wilt thou not hand on the light thou hast received? Verily thou deservest to perish in darkness. Art thou fed, and wilt thou not break thy bread to the hungry, or pass a cup of cold water to the thirsty? What art thou at, strange ingrate! that thou shouldst simply be a stagnant reservoir into which streams of mercy fall never to run out of thee again, but to stand and putrefy in selfishness? Remember the Dead Sea, and tremble lest thou be like it, a pool accursed and cursing all around thee!

Again, we may view this from another point of view. It is the sin of *untruthfulness*. These people pledged themselves that they would go forth with the other tribes, and that they would not return to their own homes until the whole of the campaign was ended. Now, if after that they did not go to the war, and did not fight to the close of it, then they would be guilty of a barefaced lie.

IT IS SACRILEGE

for any man to lie, not only unto man, but unto God. I would speak very tenderly, but if any man has been converted from the error of his ways, by that very conversion he is bound to serve the Lord. If his joining a church meant anything, it meant that he would take part in the common service of God. A do-nothing professor is a merely nominal member, and a nominal member is a real hindrance. He neither contributes, nor prays, nor works, nor agonizes for souls, nor takes any part in Christian service, and yet he partakes in all the privileges of the church. Is this fair? What is the use of him? Once more, and I will have done with this painful subject. What would their sin be? According to Moses it would be a grave injury to others. Do you not notice how he put it to them? "Moses said unto the children of Gad and to the children of Reuben, Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?"

WHAT AN EXAMPLE

to set! If one Christian man is right in never joining a Christian church, then all other Christian men would be right in not doing so, and there would be no visible Christian church. Do you not see, you non-professing believers, that your example is destructive of all church-life? What are you at? If one Christian man, with the talent to preach, is right in not preaching, then other Christian men have a right to trifle in the same way, and then there would be no ministry left. An idler is a great waster, and makes others wasters, too.

"Oh," says one, "nobody knows me, and therefore I cannot have much influence either for good or for evil." Not over your own child—your daughter, your son? That influence which you have over even one or two little ones may spread far further than you imagine. We cannot calculate the range of moral influence; it is immeasurable. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself;" for good or for evil we are yoked with the universe, and there is no possibility of severance. Oh, barren tree, do not excuse thyself because thou dost not drip with poison like the upas! It is crime enough that

THOU CUMBEREST THE GROUND!

Moses goes on to remark that if these people did not go forth to war they would discourage all the rest. It is no slight sin to discourage holy zeal and perseverance in others. May we never be guilty of killing holy desires even in children! How often has a burning desire in a boy's heart been quenched by his own father, who has thought him too impulsive, or too ardent! Yet without cold words our chill neglects may freeze. We cannot neglect our own gardens without injuring our neighbors. Do you live anywhere near a house that is not let, which has a back garden left to run to waste? All manner of seeds are blown over upon your ground; and, though you keep the hoe going, yet the weeds baffle you, for there is such a nursery for them just over the wall. One mechanic coming late among a set of workmen may throw the whole company out of order for the day. One railway truck off the rails may block the entire system. Depend upon it, if we are not serving the Lord our God, we are committing the sin of discouraging our fellow-men. They are more likely to imitate our lethargy than our energy.

If I had preached a sermon about murder or theft, you would all have escaped the lash; but few of us will be without rebuke now that I have kept the text in the setting in which God originally put it, and in which He meant it to be presented for our rebuke and exhortation.

II. Secondly, let us carefully notice what was THE CHIEF SIN IN THIS SIN?

Of course, if the Reubenites did not keep their solemn agreement to go over Jordan, and help their brethren, they would sin against their brethren; but this is not the offence which rises first to the mind of Moses. Moses overlooks the lesser, because he knows it to be comprehended in the greater; and he says, "Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord." In this he anticipated the confession of David, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight." To refuse to help their brethren would be disobedience to the Lord. The hearer of the Gospel is bound to be a repeater of the Gospel. We are all called upon, as we know the Lord, to tell to others what the Lord has told to us; and if we do not so, we are guilty of disobedience to a great Gospel precept.

There would be sin against God in the conduct of these people, if they did not aid in the conquest of Canaan, for they would be dividing God's Israel. Shall the Lord's heritage be rent in twain? God meant them all to keep together. They all came out of Egypt together; they all marched through the wilderness together, and now He meant them to fight His battles together. Were these to take their inheritance, and abide among the sheep-cotes, and leave the other ten and a half tribes to go over Jordan and wage the war alone? This would be scattering the family of God. Can it be that any of us are dividing the Church of God; that is, dividing it into drones and workers? This would be a terrible division; and I fear that it exists already.

III. We have now reached the last point, and the point that is most serious:

WHAT WILL COME OF THIS SIN of doing nothing? What will come of it? "Be sure your sin will find you out." Now, as the time is nearly gone, I will not do more than show that these Gadites and Reubenites would be sure to be found out by their own neglect. Their sin would find them out to their shame and sorrow if they did not lend all their strength to their brethren according to their promise. It would find them out thus: they would be ill at ease. One of these days their sin would leap upon their consciences as a lion on its prey. They would wake up and say, "We were wrong. We were bound to have taken our share in that war;" and every man among them that was good for anything would be troubled in heart because he had failed to do his duty in the hour of need.

More than that, the tribes who went not to the war would be enfeebled by their own inaction. God would have His people learn war; but if these men did not go to the fight they would not be soldierly, and they would not be able to take care of themselves when their land was invaded. How much of sacred education we miss when we turn away from the service of God!

Their sin would also have found them out, had they fallen into it, because they would have been divided from the rest of God's Israel. If they had not gone across the Jordan to fight, the ten and a half tribes would always have said: "What have we to do with you? The Jordan rolls between us, and so let it do. We do not want any connection with those who acted so basely to us in our hour of need." They would practically have cut themselves off from union with the Israel of God, and they would have secured to themselves the loss of all fellowship with earnest men. Those who are non-workers lose much by not keeping pace with those who are running the heavenly race.

To come more practically home, brethren beloved, if you and I are not serving the Lord, our sin will find us out. It will find us out perhaps in this way. There will be many added to the Church, and God will prosper it, and we shall hear of it; but we shall feel no joy therein. We had no finger in the work, and we shall find no comfort in the result. It may be that you will

begin to lose all the sweetness of public services. By doing nothing

YOU LOSE YOUR APPETITE.

Many a person who has no appetite needs a wise doctor to say to him, "Of course you cannot eat, for you do not work. Exercise yourself, and your appetite will return." He that earns his breakfast enjoys his breakfast; and he who labors for Christ finds that the services of the sanctuary are exceedingly sweet to Him. If you do not work, your sin will find you out in the loss of enjoyment when present at the means of grace.

I have known this sin find people out IN THEIR FAMILIES.

There is a Christian man; we honor and love him, but he has a son that is a drunkard. Did his good father ever bear any protest against strong drink in all his life? No; he did not like the blue ribbon, of course. I will not dispute about total abstinence, but I do not feel much astonished at a boy drinking much when he sees his godly father drink a little regularly. Every man should labor by precept and example to put down intemperance, and he who does not do so may be sure that his sin will find him out.

Here is another. His children have all grown up thoughtless, careless, giddy. He took them to his place of worship, and he now inquires, "Why are they not converted?" Did he ever take them one by one and pray with them? Did he ever speak earnestly to each boy and each girl, and labor for the conversion of each one? I am afraid that in many cases nothing of the sort has been attempted. Certain mistaken individuals almost think it wrong to seek the conversion of their children while they are children, and their sin finds them out when they see them growing up in ungodliness.

Besides, if we do not look after God's children, it may be that He will not look after ours.

"No," says God, "there were

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

in the streets, and you had no concern about them, why should your children fare better? You never opened a ragged-school for the poor, why should I bless you? There were men in your employment by whom you gained your living, but you never spoke to them about their souls, nor cared whether they were saved or damned, and I am not going to look after your family when you have no concern for mine."

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

I do not know how this warning may come home to any brother or sister here who has been idling; but it is better that my warning should find him out than that his sin should find him out. I do not know whether there are any idlers here, though I have a pretty shrewd guess that there are. Friends, neglect of the Lord's work will come home to you, and I will tell you when it will come to you, if it does not do so before. When you are sick and ill, your faith in Christ will bring you great comfort, but you will be sorrowful if you have to say to yourself: "Oh, that I had served God while I was young!"

A FRIEND SAID TO ME,

"My dear sir, you are often laid aside, and no doubt the reason is the imprudent manner in which you worked away in your youth. You preached ten times in a week almost all the year round, year after year, and of course you wore yourself out." "Oh, yes," I said, "it may be so, but I do not regret it in the least. Thank God, I preached with all my might all over the land when I could do so, and I would again if I could only get renewed strength!" If I cannot work so much as in earlier days, I have not the misery of saying: "I wasted my opportunities, and spent my best days in ease." I do say to myself, "Would God I had done more, or had done it better; but I am thankful to be able to exonerate myself from all charge of sloth."

Thus far have I spoken to God's people, and if you think that this is rather rough upon them, what shall I say to you who do not love the Lord at all? Oh, sirs, if the fan that is in Christ's hand purges His own floor in this stern

way, what will that fan do with you who are as chaff to the wheat! Tremble, ye that forget God. Hear His own words, they are none of mine: "Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." God help you to flee from the sin of doing nothing! The Lord Jesus Christ Himself lead you into the Father's service! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN EXPOSURE ON A TROOP-SHIP.*

[THE scene is on board a ship on which a regiment has embarked for transportation from England to India. The colonel of the regiment, with his officers, is standing talking with the captain of the vessel on the poop.]

Suddenly a great noise and confusion was heard at the lower end of the vessel. There was a scuffling of feet, a clamor of voices, and an occasional volley of oaths. A struggle of some kind was evidently going on, and the captain called out angrily to know what was the matter. One of the ship's officers came up to him at once.

"A woman, sir, who was found secreted in the hold, and refuses to go on shore."

"Is she not on the war office list, then?"

"No, sir; she is not a soldier's wife at all. Sergeant Dale and Private Smith say they know her for an impostor. She tried yesterday to get herself passed among the women at the depot with false papers."

"Send the jade ashore at once, then; we have no time to lose; we must be off in five minutes."

"They are trying to get her into the boat, sir, but she won't go. She is like a wild cat, and clings to everything she can lay hold of. It took three men to get her up from the hold."

"Oh, bother! hoist her overboard with a rope, then. Threaten her with a ducking for her pains; there are plenty of boats to drop her into. I can't have the hands hindered from their work."

The officer touched his cap, and went off to obey orders. In another moment a shriek so wild and thrilling that it startled every one on board rang through the air. A figure was seen to burst from the crowd of sailors, with streaming hair and outstretched arms, dashing them aside with a force which seemed almost superhuman. With one bound she broke away and leaped from the fore-castle, flying rather than running along the deck, up the steps to the poop, and on till she flung herself down at Colonel Courtenay's feet, and clasped his knees with power which he could not resist. She threw back her head, showing a face once beautiful, but now distorted by an intensity of agony and passion that smote the bystanders with a sense of terrible mental pain; her long black hair, wet with the dews of anguish that stood on her forehead, fell back in masses from her flushed face; her dark eyes were full of wildness; her whole frame quivered, and her dress, torn and disordered, was stained with blood from the injuries she had received in her struggle with the men.

Clinging to Courtenay as if her life depended on the tenacity of her grasp, looking at him, speaking to him only, she gasped out: "George, George, my own George, save me, save me; don't let them send me away; I must go with you, I will go with you; I cannot live without you. Indeed I cannot; I have tried it, and I cannot; I must be with you; nothing shall tear me from you."

At this unexpected address, spoken loud enough to be heard by all present, a look of significant meaning passed among the officers of Colonel Courtenay's regiment, and from them to the captain and the men who stood around; while Courtenay himself looked down on the girl at his feet with a look of absolute fury.

"Is the woman mad or drunk?" he exclaimed, struggling with cruel violence to disen-

* From "Hidden Depths," a story of hideous social wrong, written by a lady who has herself been a witness of some of the scenes of cruel evil which she has woven into a thrilling story. Pp. 243; price, paper covers, 35 cents. Published by S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.



CORNER OF MARKET AND MEETING STREETS.
(From Harper's Weekly, Copyright by Harper & Brothers.)



BIRD'S OIL AND PAINT STORE.
(From Harper's Weekly, Copyright by Harper & Brothers.)

Charleston Buildings Ruined by the Earthquake.

gaged himself from her convulsive grasp; "how dare you attack me in this way? Here, men, drag this woman off, some of you."

At these words a cry more appalling than that which had startled them broke from the poor girl's lips; she lifted up her eyes to his face, piteous with their expression of sorrowful dismay.

"O George, my dear George, don't you know me? I am Lois, your own Lois, that you said you would love forever and ever. O George, it is you who are mad not to know me; you can't have forgotten me. You took me from my home; you took my good name. O George, you will take me with you, won't you? I'll be your servant or anything you please, only don't drive me away." She burst into tears, laying her face against him, and kissing the fierce hands with which, all the time she spoke, he had been trying to loosen her hold.

But now Mrs. Courtenay, who had been engaged at a little distance in a lively conversation, began to be attracted by the noise and excitement, and when, looking around, she saw a woman clinging to her husband, a sudden color flushed her face, and she came forward, saying: "Colonel Courtenay, what is the meaning of this?"

"Only a drunken woman, my love, who mistakes me for some one else."

Then suddenly stooping down over the girl, he said to her in an energetic whisper: "Lois, I do know you, but that lady is my wife. You can never be with me again. Go on shore quietly, and I'll give you some money."

* * * * *

Two sailors came forward and raised her gently and set her on her feet; she made no resistance; it was as though they were dealing with a corpse, but for the staring, mournful eyes. Some money which Colonel Courtenay had secretly thrust into her hand fell from her powerless fingers and rolled on the deck. A young naval officer standing near, with an unmistakable expression of disgust at the scene, kicked it with his foot into the water, and then went to help the men in taking the poor stricken girl as carefully as possible to the boat.

THE DEAD COAL.

IN the course of a sermon on the temptations of the world the Rev. Sam Jones related the following incident:

"A young lady said: 'Father, may I go to the ball to-night?' at a certain place. 'No, daughter; I don't want you to go.' 'Why,

father?' 'Well, daughter, I don't like the company you will be in.' 'Well,' she said, 'father, I know all of them are not good that will be there, but,' she said, 'I am not afraid of their hurting me.' About that time there was a dead coal lying upon the hearth. He said: 'Daughter, what is that?' She said: 'A dead coal.' He said: 'Pick it up.' She picked it up in her fingers, and he said: 'Does it burn you?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, throw it down.' She threw it down, and he said: 'Daughter, what is that on your fingers?' She said: 'It is smut.' 'Well, daughter, remember when you go into bad company if they don't burn you they will smut you every time, every time; you can't dodge it, you can't dodge it.'"

WHAT AN EMBROIDERED SLIPPER DID.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Evangelist* relates an incident in the life of Mrs. Mullens, the wife of the eminent missionary, which will be new to many readers. "Mrs. Mullens had often prayed that a way might be opened for her to visit the women in the harems of India. Her chief hope was that the boys in her school, when grown men, would become her allies in some scheme of relief. But in this she was disappointed. Caste was invincible even to those who had yielded to her reasonings against its injustice and cruelty.

One afternoon her thoughts were busy with her woes, and her finished work—a slipper she was embroidering as a present for her husband—dropped from her hand as a young Baba (native gentleman), a former pupil, came to see her.

"Struck with the gay embroidery, he picked it up, chatted upon its beauty and her marvelous skill in its execution. With a sudden flash of inspiration, she said: 'Take it home and show it to your wife.' After a little parleying he consented, and after giving his wife what proved a great pleasure, he handed it to another Baba, who in turn passed it to a third who continued the passing until quite a number of Zenanas had been stirred by the story of the slipper. Then it was returned, and glowing pictures of the excitement it had caused were coupled with the thanks of the gentlemen. With another kindling of inspiration, Mrs. Mullens said: 'Your wife can learn to do that work; and if you will allow me I will teach her.' The Baba hesitated. The presence of a Christian was an offence, the touch of one pollution; how then could he admit her into the most sacred precincts of the Zenana!"

"But the wish stole, he knew not how, into his heart to provide this little enjoyment to the poor prisoner at home. Mrs. Mullens added a gentle entreaty, and the day was carried. A trial might be made. The lady went eagerly to her appointment, found an enthusiastic scholar into whose life the bright worsteds and new occupation brought variety and interest. The news of this venture with the fancy work spread from house to house till soon her hands were full of pupils. And she took another step. 'I can only teach embroidery,' she now announced, 'to those who will learn to read.' It was a startling proposition, but it was accepted, and the Zenana, firm shut to reason and entreaty, was now opened to the Christian teacher with her skeins of worsted and her Bible."

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

(See Illustrations.)

A VIVID impression of the havoc made in the beautiful city of Charleston, by the convulsion of August 31st, is produced by the four pictures here given. They are made from photographs taken on the spot, and are specimens of the ruins to be seen in all quarters of the city. It is appalling to think of the desolation effected in so short a time. Not even a lengthened bombardment could have produced so disastrous an effect. In some few cases, however, the loss will not prove so irremediable as was at first apprehended. The two churches, especially, are, we are glad to learn, less seriously injured than was reported.

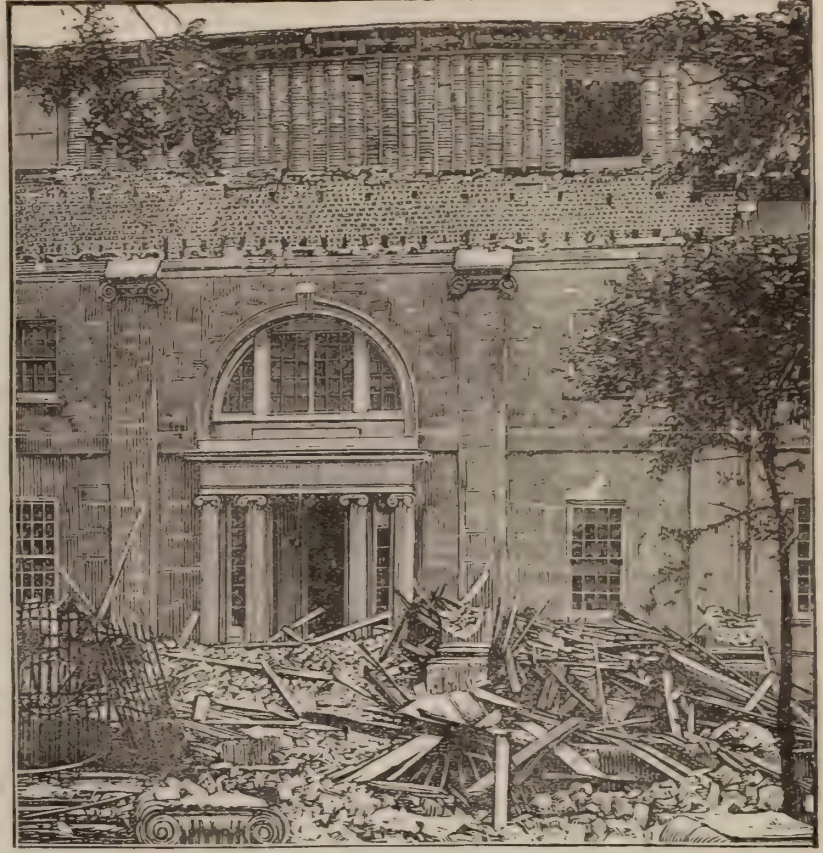
An expert who was employed to examine St. Michael's, on September 6th, went all through the church, which is very much cracked as seen from the inside, and then passing along the north aisle opened the door of the tower without difficulty, no evidence of jarring being apparent. All the walls over the middle aisle vestibule were found to be sound, except that the stairway, where they ring the bell in the east wall of the tower, shows a slight crack in the side wall about twelve feet long. The wall at this point is *six feet thick*, and the winding stairway is built inside the wall. All above the crack just mentioned is perfectly sound. The bells were found to be in position and uninjured.

The doors of the first and second piazzas were also opened without difficulty, thereby indicating the absence of any great strain to the frame. The tower of the bell dome was found to be sound, with the exception that the copper was wrenched out of place a little on the shed out-



HOUSES IN BROAD STREET.

(From Harper's Weekly. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.)



THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

(From Harper's Weekly. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.)

Charleston Buildings Ruined by the Earthquake.

side. In the middle vestibule the flooring was shaken up, and is now about *eighteen inches above its former level*. The walls around the place seem to be in their true position, and are not cracked.

The porch of the church, which is so badly broken as seen from the street, had no fixed connection with the steeple, and is independent of the foundation of the latter, except as connected with it by woodwork. The body of the church, while resting against the east wall of the tower, is separate from it, and is cracked. The foundation of the steeple, in other words, is perfectly sound so far as can be ascertained.

St. Philip's Church, also, owing to the peculiarity of its construction, may be saved. The upper part of the spire is of wood and the lower of masonry. The latter has been displaced, and a large portion has fallen. It was supposed that the wooden part rested on the masonry, and must, therefore, fall now that the masonry has given way. But it is now discovered that the wooden part is independent of the masonry. It rests on gigantic columns, which pass clear down to the foundation of the church, where they are fixed in the concrete. It will, therefore, be possible to replace the masonry without taking down the spire.

THE DEATHS

reported so far are ninety-six, of which fifty-eight were killed outright on Tuesday night, and the remainder have died since then of their injuries. Much suffering and many deaths must, it is feared, yet result from the calamity. Efforts are being made to shelter the homeless poor, who are unable to leave the city. An English captain, whose ship entered the harbor on September 7th, promptly placed his vessel at the service of the authorities, and it was immediately filled by a troop of grateful people. Other shipowners have also generously detained their ships for the shelter of the poor. Tents, also, have been sent from all quarters. The Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, and Mr. W. L. Klopsch, who each had a large new tent at the recent camp-meetings, promptly packed them up and sent them to Charleston, and other Chris-

tian friends have nobly given tents or money. It is almost pathetic to read of poor people and even children contributing out of their poverty small sums, which are large for them, to the relief of the afflicted. Queen Victoria, when she heard of the calamity and the suffering, sent a cable message expressing *sympathy*, to which the President suitably replied.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 575.)

An Ebullition.

BEFORE our young friends separated on the night of the discussion they were joined by several students who had been present, and were, like them, making their way homeward. From them Leroy obtained some consolation for his disappointment about Dr. Lester. Their congratulations were not qualified, as his had been, by an avowal of dissent from the views he had expressed. Either scepticism was more prevalent in the college before than had been supposed, or Leroy had made converts by his speech. Certain it was that his opinions were popular among the young people who spoke to them, and Carrie was sorry to see that Leroy was being supported by his friends, and stimulated to further efforts in the same sad direction. Dr. Lester was spoken of as an antiquated specimen of a school fast passing away before the new light, which was driving away the superstitions of the past.

It was a relief to Carrie that she was not left alone with Leroy, as she was thus able to maintain silence without his noticing it. She even made no protest when one enthusiastic student declared his conviction that, apart from the professors, and perhaps Wentworth himself, every one who had listened to the discussion had accepted Leroy's conclusions. It surprised and pained her to hear the opinion, but even if that were true in all cases but her own, there should be no wavering on her part. Surprised as she

had been by the array of facts marshalled by Leroy, there was no element of doubt in her mind about the Bible. That, at any rate, was true, whatever science might have to say. Though she might not be able to reconcile the two, her allegiance to the Bible was unshaken. If it became necessary she was ready to declare publicly that, whatever others might do, the sacred volume would be her guide still and forever. This, however, she felt was not the time when such a declaration could be made with the best results, and so she kept silence.

But the evening was not to pass without her protest. At her own gate she and Leroy were alone. It would have been better for his peace of mind had he simply bade her good-night and left her; but the cup of his triumph needed one more drop to make it full. As he took her hand he looked her inquiringly in the face and said:

"Carrie, you, I am sure, must have been convinced that the Bible is an obsolete book?"

She would have been glad to be spared this point-blank question. She hoped to have kept back her objections until she had arranged them and prepared them in effective shape, but it could not be now. Leroy must be under no delusion as to her attitude. So she said quietly, but firmly:

"No, I am not, although you did as well as could have been done to prove it so."

"What! not convinced after all these facts! Why not?"

"Well, I will tell you where I think you were wrong, if it will not offend you."

"Not at all; proceed."

"It is this: those statements you quoted from the scientists you gave as actual facts, whereas they are only probable opinions, and many of them are disputed by other men equally able. There is no true scientist who would say positively that his theory is true, although he might strongly incline to believe it. None of them claim to have discovered the exact truth. Besides, biblical interpretation has not reached a state of perfection yet. You did not prove the *premises*," and she smiled archly.

"Then you admit that the two records do not agree."

"I admit that at the present stage of scientific knowledge and Scriptural interpretation no man can entirely reconcile them," she answered, frankly.

"Then which do you take—the scientists or the Bible?"

"I take the Bible."

"And I take the scientists—that's the difference. And now I must say good-night."

She laid her hand softly upon his arm, and looking into his face, said earnestly:

"God only can give you the truth; go to Him."

"I will reason it out," he protested.

"You cannot, nor can any one; it is beyond the reach of unaided reason."

"No, no; I cannot disregard the voice of reason. I must believe what my judgment tells me is true."

"A child might say that, and yet he might blunder egregiously. A father would punish him, and justly, for trusting his own judgment in defiance of parental instruction; and there is more difference between the wisdom of God and the intellect of man than between the mind of the father and his child. Faith is higher than reason."

"Not in such a case as this. I take my stand on reason."

"I hope you will soon see your mistake. Good-night."

He walked slowly and thoughtfully to his room.

Evidently, so far as Carrie was concerned, his effort had failed. In preparing his great speech he had, half-unconsciously, cherished the hope that she, at least, would be convinced by it. She had natural intelligence, good logical power, and had studied much. It seemed to him that she must be convinced. Yet here was she as firm and unmovable as ever. Leroy was not only disappointed, he was irritated and impatient. His triumph had lost all its sweetness, and, in spite of it, he went to bed depressed and unhappy.

The morning brought him no consolation, but it brought resolve. He determined that he would find an opportunity of seeing the girl he loved, alone, and would go over with her this ground of difference, and show her how illogical was the position she occupied. Surely when the situation was presented to her clearly, and brought home to her individually, she would surrender.

Miss West yielded to his importunity when he informed her of the object of the interview. She had half expected it after the conversation on the way home from the debate. It would only confirm Leroy's low estimate of the intelligence of Christians, she thought, if she declined to meet him, and would imply that she dared not face the difficulties he had unearthed. Besides, in a private conversation there would be more hope of convincing him than any one would have in public. Surrounded by friends and admirers, his pride would force him to stand his ground, while alone with her there would be less humiliation for him in yielding. Therefore she consented to an interview, and as it was a bright, warm day in spring they strolled out to a sequestered spot in the woods, where, seated on a felled tree, they could talk without fear of interruption.

Somehow Leroy felt unable or unwilling after all to enter upon the discussion at the point where it had been dropped in the walk after the public debate. He felt more at ease in his favorite topic of the defects and oversights of Christian ministers.

"I was amused," he said, "at some of Mr. Delaware's hallucinations last Sunday in church. How wild he did get! He tried to get in something about science, too, and some of the students and Professor Rich turned around and looked at me, and laughed. What does Delaware know about science? I do wish these preachers had a little more culture. Some of them are

grammatical homicides, if that is possible; and it seems all of them lack greatly in knowledge. They do not seem to know anything but the Bible, and only their favorite dogmas in that, and, of course, they can repeat the creed of their church."

"I admit," replied Carrie, "that some of them do not understand themselves or their business; but that may be said of all professions. Will you bear with me while I speak somewhat plainly on this subject?"

"I am always attentive while you speak," he said.

"Infidels, for some cause or other, are not well informed in regard to the real work and standing and degree of culture in the church and ministry. They do not become intimate enough with the people of the church. One blatant infidel, whose unfairness I am glad to see even you admit, said in a lecture not very long ago: 'Everybody talks about the Bible and nobody reads it. I have read it through during the last year, and am, perhaps, the only man in America who has done so.' He must be a fool—if you will pardon that rather strong expression; but I do get indignant sometimes. Why, there are little Sunday-school boys and girls who have read the Bible through within the last year. Ministers are studying it diligently and critically all the time. Commentators and translators study it, not only in the English, but also in the original Hebrew and Greek, and they search diligently for the most ancient manuscripts that can be found. Many people in the backwoods can quote whole chapters from the Bible."

"Then, too, you think preachers are ignorant. Some are; but granted that many of them do not know as much as you do about some things, is it not probable that most of them know more about their own profession and the knowledge pertaining to it than any one else? A man cannot preach every Sunday and hold his audiences, as Mr. Delaware does, without a great deal of reading and study."

"I admit that they study the Bible and religious works," Leroy replied; "but having assumed that the Bible is literally and historically true, they do not inquire into the objections against it, but swallow it down like young robins—with their eyes shut. And I think they are lamentably ignorant of science and the insurmountable difficulties it presents to Scripture."

"Again, Mr. Ransom," she answered, sweetly, "I think you mistake, for I read only the other day the testimony of a New York bookseller, who says that he sells by far the largest number of the writings of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, etc., to ministers—more to them than to any other class. How does that agree with your theory?"

Leroy was silent, and she continued: "Have you never heard the saying, severe but true, 'He is a fool who thinks nobody else thinks?'"

"Miss West," he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, while his face flushed hotly, "from any one else I should resent such an insinuation as an insult. The proverb is not at all opposite, and the terms employed are uncalled for."

"Please be seated, Mr. Ransom, and excuse the severe expression. I suppose that sometimes I am too outspoken to be quite courteous," she said, deprecatingly. He obeyed, and she continued: "Dr. Comstock, one of the professors in the W— Theological Seminary, used to preach for us occasionally in my native town. He would come up from the seminary on Sunday. He was a grand old man, and highly cultured. Everybody spoke of his learning, piety, and eloquence. He was in the habit of giving friendly and practical talks to young sceptics. I remember one Sunday he was discoursing on this very subject. He said there are many infidels who declaim upon these difficulties and objections to Scripture, just as if they had originated them, and then throw out the insinuation that other people, especially Christians, do not think. Now, he said, there is not a young man who passes through a single theological semi-

nary in the land who does not go over all this ground. There is not a difficulty so loudly trumpeted abroad by popular infidelity, which is not recognized, examined, and has not for years been discussed during the term of a theological course, and settled to the satisfaction of both teachers and students. Take the great questions of the Trinity, of the origin of evil, of why God permits sin and suffering, whether God is just in punishing the wicked, how God can foreknow and yet be just, the historical difficulties in the Bible narratives, the so-called contradictions, the ancient MSS., miracles, the story of the flood, the eternity of matter, with the scientific difficulties, and a thousand others—they are all investigated in the schools. It would do infidels good to take a seminary course just to find out what they don't know, and how much the Christian ministry thinks. 'Why,' cried the old man, while his face glowed with kindly earnestness, 'if anybody is liable to become an infidel, through acquaintance with scepticism, it is one who is connected with a theological seminary; and yet of all the students who have gone forth from our institution, not one has ever turned infidel.' What say you to that?" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

He was silent for a moment. The only reply that was really apt was one that he knew must pain her, because it imputed to an adversary mean and unworthy motives, and its use might seem to her ungenerous. But she had not been careful about hurting his feelings, and as she had set him the example of hard hitting, he followed it.

"Miss Carrie," he said, "is it not all a made out thing among them to believe the Scriptures?"

The shot told. Carrie made a visible effort to control her indignation, but the color mounted to her cheeks, as she said, with carefully constrained voice: "Then you must impeach the integrity of many of the best men the world has ever seen; of all who died gladly, triumphantly, for their religion. You impeach the honesty of the self-sacrificing Christian workers in our own land and in heathen countries. Why should they form such a conspiracy? If they know that religion is a sham, why not save all this expenditure of money and energy?"

"Ah! but the preachers, Miss Carrie—are they not interested? Do they not depend for their livelihood upon the prosperity and continuance of the church? You see they are not altogether disinterested advocates of their views. Might they not be duping the people?"

"Mr. Ransom," she said, indignantly, "I cannot argue with you. You cannot mean that all the ministers are in a miserable league for mercenary purposes. Think of all the great and good men from Chrysostom to Spurgeon."

"Carrie, I take it back, partly. I believe many of them were and are sincere; but they are mistaken. In this matter they have their opinions, and I have mine."

"Is this only a matter of opinion? If so, then why not let them have their opinions in peace, instead of ridiculing and attacking them and imputing sordid motives to them continually?" She became more and more animated.

"Because they do not let me alone. I hardly ever hear a sermon without having my feelings jarred by some overt attack on my sentiments, and that without a pretence to argument."

"Which shows," she answered, "that it is not a mere matter of opinion, but a real concern for truth." And now, let me say, that many infidels are as badly in need of information as they need anything. The other day I picked up one of those infidel tracts published in New York, and as I read it, I could not help but pity the poor, deluded author, who seemed to be plunged into the deepest error simply on account of ignorance. Many sceptics do not know what the Church believes; they think the Church's faith consists not so much in the vital doctrines of Christ and the Cross as in believing the story of the flood and that of Jonah and the whale; they do not understand the prin-

ciples by which the Scriptures are interpreted; they do not know what the Church is doing for the world. It seems to me men ought to inform themselves better before they trumpet themselves as public reformers, or, rather, overturners!"

Leroy's eye glittered with something like anger, as he replied: "Do you mean to say that we are deficient in information—that we are ignorant?"

"I mean to say that men ought not to be so bold in tearing down old and sacred institutions until they have thoroughly examined them and found out whether they are a blessing or a curse to the world."

He arose and said, while his voice trembled with suppressed wrath: "It is time to return to town."

They started back in silence.

"Have I offended you, Mr. Ransom?"

"You have insinuated—no, you have openly said that the assailants of the Church—and I am one of them, as you know—are too ignorant to discuss this question."

She bit her lips with irritation, but said nothing. Leroy, too, walked on silently until they reached the gate, when he lifted his hat formally and bade her good-evening.

(To be continued.)

SELF-SATISFACTION.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 26, Luke 18: 11, 12.

The Pharisee Admiring Himself—Pleased with the Survey—A Common Failing—Modern Boasters—Christian Workers Affected—God will Cure Them—The Cause of Depression—A Young Man's Disappointment—A Robbery of God—Self-Satisfaction in False Religions—How Deliverance Comes.

THE Pharisee was pleased with himself; the natural craving of the heart for satisfaction had found an object; it was no other than *himself*. Surveying himself, he had no fault to find but very much to admire, and he bestowed his admiration ungrudgingly. Looking at others, he compared them with himself, and always to his own advantage. Looking back from what they were to what he was, he took infinite pleasure in the favorable comparison, and even in his devotions nothing could detract his eye from

THE PLEASING PICTURE

of his own goodness. The question with him was not what *God* thought of him, nor yet what *man* thought of him, but what *he* thought of himself; and this was the staple commodity of his prayers, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." To his eyes he was quite another being from the rest of men. He saw in them extortioners, unjust, adulterers, who were sinners more or less conscious of their sins, while *he* was in no way conscious of his. "Or even as this publican," he adds, as he sees the convicted sinner smite upon his breast. *He* had never smitten upon *his* breast because of sin, and so he satisfied himself there was none there; he lulled himself into a pleasing dream, to awake sometime to the realities of death and judgment, when all his self-satisfaction must be exchanged for utter despair. "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness" (Prov. 30: 12).

We look upon him with contempt or pity; and yet, are there none

AMONG CHRISTIANS

who are yielding to the same fascination of self-complacency? What is it that makes the converted man boast of his conversion, of the great change in him, of how warm his love is to God, if he is not in some measure pleased with himself, if he does not admire his own religiousness? This was the case with Job, and when his own righteousness failed, he could even blame God. When the heart is turned round from itself to Jesus, then conversion, experience, and all else is lost sight of in the new blessed acquaintance with Him; the Person of Jesus fills the whole horizon, they are satisfied with *Him*.

Winners of souls are not free from the idolatry

of self-satisfaction. How many enjoy a meeting and feel quite elated when *they* have been used to lead souls into the light; and they talk over their method and appear to admire their way of working immensely. It is often so with young workers, and God lovingly uses them; but the time will come when the Lord will put them out of conceit with their own work, when they will be self-emptied, and will let Jesus Himself work through them without taking one bit of credit to themselves. It is wonderful how this self-satisfaction pervades our lives; one has, perhaps, a good deal of dispatch, and he admires himself for the way in which he gets through business. Another is cool and calculating, and he takes credit to himself that he is never in a hurry. One will travel some thousands of miles, and take credit to himself for the distance he has journeyed; another is a quick reader, and he admires the celerity with which he can read and take in information. Another has a taste for gardening; he congratulates himself upon it, and reaps quite as much satisfaction from his intense admiration of his own taste as he does from the sweet and lovely flowers. But one does not expect this kind of thing among Christians, yet half the depression from which Christians suffer arises from the fact that God throws down this idol of self-satisfaction, and they have not yet learned to be satisfied with Him.

"I WANT TO FEEL

just as I felt when I first experienced a clean heart; I was so happy and so free, nothing seemed a burden; I was like a bird, just as though lifted from the earth!" "Well, sister, have you done anything to grieve God?" "No; I am not conscious of doing anything wrong, but I don't feel so happy." "Has Jesus changed in any way?" "No." "Then is it in order that Jesus may be better pleased with you, or that you may be better pleased with yourself, that you desire to have back the old experience?" Ah! just there the cap fits many of us; we want to have an experience which we can admire, which will make us pleased with ourselves, while God's aim is to make us admire and be satisfied with Jesus.

A young man had definitely accepted the Holy Ghost to dwell within him as a Person, and to take the entire control of his inner and outer life. He expected to be flooded with joy and with a consciousness of power. Instead of this the Holy Spirit showed him how much of self there was in all his life and work, so that instead of being satisfied with himself he abhorred himself. He asked a Christian sister whether his experience could be right. She asked him, "Does all this knowledge of the self within you come from Satan?" "Why no; it must be the Holy Ghost's work." "What are you thinking about Jesus?" "Why, He is everything; I am like a drowning man without Him." "Then you are nothing, and Jesus is everything?" "Yes, thank God!" The next day he was filled with joy not in his own experience, for he saw himself to be utterly undependable; but Jesus was so sure, He was his guarantee against sinning. He was his power for work, He his Wisdom. He ceased to expect anything of himself, but his joy is now a deep, calm, settled joy, and a trust in and admiration of Jesus.

Every bit of credit which we take to ourselves is

A ROBBERY OF GOD.

Jesus says, "Without Me ye can do nothing." Is it not sacrilege, then, to attribute to ourselves anything that we do? Self-satisfaction does not make us right with God; it is a kind of intoxication from which we must wake up to a bitterly humbling reaction. Nothing is so natural as self-complacency, yet nothing so hinders the life of God within the soul and the power of God in the world. What, then, is the cure for this idolatry? Only satisfaction with Jesus. Paul of Tarsus was self-satisfied when he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the first Christians; he looked upon himself as a noble,

devoted defender of the Jewish faith; but when God filled and used him, Paul so sank in his own estimation that he called himself "nothing" (II Cor. 12: 11).

In all false religions, self-satisfaction holds a prominent place. In the superstitions of Rome, how easy it is for a monastic devotee to submit himself to every kind of austerity, to afflict his body, crucify his natural affections, and subdue by force of will every other tendency, only to feed this self-satisfaction, this admiration of his own holiness to the very full, so that the self, apparently mortified and trodden under foot, reigns more strongly in him than in many others who live an ordinary life! The Hindoo Fakir, the Mohammedan devotee, equally take credit to themselves, and this great outlet for self-satisfaction makes it perfectly easy to them to forego all other gratifications. The Socinian, and all who with him deny the Atonement of Christ, are satisfied with their own goodness; they believe in themselves, count upon themselves, are often morally upright, but cannot rise to Christian morality; they cannot take the ground which Jesus took, and say: "I can of mine own self do nothing." The distinguishing mark of the man of faith is that he appreciates God—"My people shall be satisfied with My goodness" (Jer. 31: 14).

ALL BOASTING

of ourselves or our work comes from this root of idolatry; the power of any work of God diminishes exactly in the ratio in which man boasts of it. Boasting has more of heathenism than of Christianity; and as long as any heathenism clings to our work God cannot let it rise to its true and highest level. We have yet to see what God can accomplish in the heathen world by a company of self-emptied men and women filled with the Holy Ghost! Thank God for what He is doing, especially by the China Inland Mission and by Bishop Taylor's missionaries, who all go out without purse or scrip in simple dependence on God, either to find them work by which they may live or to supply their needs without. But they feel, and we feel, that we all need a more real, constant, moment-by-moment satisfaction with Jesus, which will leave Him free to do far more than He has ever yet done. God has had so much to do in the education of His workers that the work has been necessarily delayed; and one of the chief causes of delay has been this self-satisfaction which is born with us, and which only Christ in us can dislodge. Now,

HOW SHALL WE BE DELIVERED

from this thing? By handing it over to Jesus, that He may crucify it with our other affections and lusts. Then if, as is likely, it may rise again and again, and if it may seem to rise more than ever before, because we are more aware of it, let there be a distinct transfer of it on the instant to Him who has undertaken it, so that it may find no lodgment for a second of time. And let us cultivate adoration of Jesus, seizing every opportunity to let our hearts out in joyous praise for what He is, that so we may more and more continually rejoice in the Lord. The psalmist David's harp was habitually fed with the sweet declarations of what he found God to be; this was the man after God's own heart.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for September: The Doom of the Turkish Empire. By the Rev. Charles Graham.

The Latter-Day Mystery. By Mr. C. B. Taylor.

The Rapture of the Saints.

The Return of the Lord Jesus. By Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D., of Chicago.

The Jews: their Past, Present, and Future.—Part I. By the late Professor Gaussen, Geneva.

King Solomon's Garden for Sale.

The Future of the Jews." By Christlieb.

The Spouse and the Harlot.

Daniel's Prophetic Dates. By Rev. M. Baxter.

Revolution in Bulgaria.

Return of the Jews to Palestine.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1883 may be had, price, \$1.

"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

BY LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

Is there no other way, O God!

Except through sorrow, pain and loss,
To stamp Christ's likeness on my soul—
No other way except the cross?

Through eyes grown dim with falling tears,
In vain some other path I seek;
"The cross is heavy, Lord," I pray,
"So heavy, and I am so weak."

"I cannot drink this bitter cup,"
I plead with passionate protest;
"Lord, let it pass—Thy hand lies hard
Upon me—I am sore distressed."

And then a voice stills all my soul,
As stilled the waves on Galilee;
"Can'st thou not bear the furnace heat,
If 'mid the flames I walk with thee?"

"I bore the cross, I know its weight,
I drank the cup I hold for thee;
Can'st thou not follow where I lead?
I'll give thee strength—lean thou on me."

And then, with sudden shame, I fall
Low at His blessed, pierced feet;
"Lord, teach me how to follow Thee,
And make me for Thy service meet."

"I am not worthy e'en to lift
Thy hallowed cross—Thy pain to share;
Perfect through suffering, if Thou wilt,
So I at last Thine image bear."

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



TALMAGE'S

NEW
TABERNACLE
SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it.
This book contains the best specimens of the wonder-
ful pulpit productions of their brilliant author.
Every page beams with originality, flashes with light,
and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame
"has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the
end of the world." Hence the demand for his
sermons, which is met by this new volume, authorized
by Dr. Talmage.

410 Crown 8vo pages, \$1.50.

We also publish *Mother, Home, and Heaven*. Intro-
duction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. 180,000 sold. *Cu-
riosities of the Bible* (10,000, with key). Introduction by
J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th Thousand, \$2.00.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher,
77 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Talmage on Rum. The National Tem-
perance Society has just published eight sermons
and addresses by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on
rum and tobacco, giving startling statistics, argu-
ments, and appeals in his most vigorous style.
They show "The Evil Beast," "Red Dragon,"
"Archfiend of the Nations" to be the "Worst
Enemy of the Working-Class," and "High
License the Monopoly of Abomination," etc., etc.
12mo, 114 pages. Price, only \$0.25.

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,
58 Beade Street, New York.

SAM JONES'

Sermons. 600 pages. 50 En-
gravings. Price, paper, 75
cents; cloth, \$1.75, postpaid.
Send for mammoth illus-
trated circular. Good Pay to Active Agents.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N.Y.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother
is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a
safe substitute for mother's milk.
No other food answers so perfectly in such cases.
It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be
relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will
surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient,
in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value.
It will be retained when even lime water and milk
is rejected by the stomach. In *dyspepsia* and all
wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious
and palatable, and at the same time the most eco-
nomical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition
of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The Latest and Best.

LIVE COALS By T. DE WITT
TALMAGE, D.D.

A large octavo volume of 700 pages,
STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED
with 16 full page illustrations, history of the author's
life, and fine portrait.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
A copy elegantly bound in cloth will be sent, post-
paid, for \$2.00. Descriptive circulars of this and
all other books by Dr. Talmage on application.

LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, New York.

Issued September 1st.

A NEW EDITION OF

GOSPEL
HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED.

With Words and Music.

By the use of smaller type, the 426
Songs have been condensed into 304 pages,
but the same order is preserved as in the
original issue.

40 Cents in Tinted Paper Covers.

45 Cents in Boards.

50 Cents in Limp Cloth.

Add 5 cents each if ordered by mail.

The price of this favorite work is now so
low that it can be adopted everywhere.

Former editions still published at old
prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
NEW YORK. CINCINNATI, O.



Precious Promises.

By Dr. Geikie, author of "Hour by Hour Bible," etc
Contains Choice Devotional Reading
and Hymns. Full of Management,
Help and Refreshment for Christians in
all Stations of Life.

"Inspiring and elevating." *Christian Herald*.
12mo, cloth, 75 cts. Price, 75 cts.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised,
or by whom or where they are published or sold,
send your orders to me and I will attend to them
promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guar-
antee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps
received for fractional parts of a dollar.
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

HIGH NOVELTIES ON
EXHIBITION.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO. ARE
NOW EXHIBITING THEIR RICHEST
AND MOST SELECT STYLES OF IM-
PORTED NOVELTIES. AN EXAM-
INATION IS CORDIALLY INVITED.

James M'Creery & Co.

Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.

THE "MANHATTAN"

OF NEW YORK,

156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of
nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,250,-
000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."

This is a common expression, one used perhaps
more frequently in connection with Life Insurance
as an objection to the ordinary life plan. "It is an
excellent form of provision for the family, but I
must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.
This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets
the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy
payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you
die before the termination of the period—your
family wins. You survive the period, the policy
becomes at once a provision for your own advancing
years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN" new plan meets the
case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment
feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insur-
ance under the contract to almost nothing.
For an example of the operation of this plan
address the Company, giving your nearest age, and
a statement will be sent to you. Mention this paper.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EX-
PENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one
hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without
science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT
SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10
per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

A WONDERFUL OFFER!

7 Stories for 30 Cents! We will mail for
30 cents No. 33 of Ogilvie's Popular
Reading, containing the following complete
stories: Missing, by Mary Cecil Hay; The Fatal
Lilies, by Dora Thorne; Twist Cup and Lip, Char-
lotte Temple, The King's Servants, The Octagon,
Back to the Old Home. Handsomely bound in lith-
ograph cover. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamps
taken. Address
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR
New Sunday-School Song Book.
Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.
TRY IT!
BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

BOOKS HELPFUL

IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS AND HOW
TO CONDUCT THEM, by Lucy J. Rider and
Nellie M. Carman, with contributions of plans,
methods and outline talks to children by nearly
forty others, including the best-known and most
successful workers among children in this country.
208 pages, fine cloth, \$1.00.

THE PRAYER MEETING AND ITS
IMPROVEMENT, by Rev. L. O. Thompson.
12mo, 256 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

This is no good a book that we wish we could give
a copy to every young minister. —C. H. Spurgeon.
"A very suggestive book." —Sunday-School Times.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, by Major D.
W. Whittle. A handbook for Christian workers.
134 pages, flexible cloth, 50 cts.

"A manual of Scripture texts arranged to present
the leading subjects met with in dealing with en-
quirers."

SECRET POWER; or, the Secret of Success
in Christian Life and Work, by D. L. Moody. 116
pages, 12mo, cloth, 60 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
"Every page is full of stimulating thought." —Chris-
tian Commonwealth.

* * * Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, New York.

WE HAVE NOW
270,000 SUBSCRIBERS

WE WANT HALF A MILLION, AND
TO INTRODUCE into every family in
the land, we offer the
PHILADELPHIA



LADIES'
Home Journal
AND
PRACTICAL
HOUSEKEEPER
From now to January
1887—balance of this
year—on receipt of
ONLY 10 CTS.

Silver or Stamps.

Illustrated by best artists, printed on fine cream
tinted paper, and carefully edited by MRS. LOUISA
KNAPP. Employs the best writers.

Pure and Safe Fiction only. Domestic Stories.

BY
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
Josiah Allen's Wife,
Marion Harland,
Rose Terry Cooke,
Harriet Prescott Spofford,
Mary Abbott Rand, Ella Rodman Church,
Charity Snow, Margaret B. Harvey, Charles
Potter and many others.

IN THE
PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER Department
we have

Christine Terhune Herrick,
Eliza R. Parker,

and other well-known writers, giving us the best and
most practical matter ever written on household top-
ics—The Tea Table and how to make it attractive,
Washing and Ironing; Nursing the Sick, etc.

MOTHER'S CORNER

A page devoted exclusively
to the care of infants and
young children. Filled with
interesting letters from sub-
scribers exchanging views
and methods of management;
and original articles from the
best writers. Helpful, sug-
gestive, and worth double the
subscription price of the
paper to every young moth-
er.



HINTS ON ETIQUETTE; How to entertain,
by LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON; is a special strong feature
finely illustrated. JOHNSON (Daisy
Eyesbright).

"Brush Studies," and Household Decoration, by
LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON; is a special strong feature
finely illustrated.

LECTURES TO YOUNG WOMEN, by REV.
F. E. CLARK,
of Boston, Mass. "A Young Woman's Rights,"
"Frivility and Flirtation," "Getting Mar-
ried," &c.

Instructive articles on "How to Appear Well in So-
ciety," "How to Talk Well, and Improve your Gram-
mar," by MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK A Special
Feature!

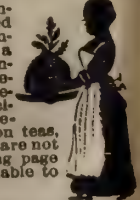


With special illustrations.
Knitting, Crocheting, and all
kinds of embroidery. Edited
by an expert. Prizes given
for contributions.
Its hints and suggestions
with regard to both old and new
industries for women, are in-
valuable. It should be in the
hands of every lady in the land
who has a taste for art deco-
ration or fancy-work. The illus-
trations are excellent, and the
patterns selected with extreme
good taste, and written in so
plain and explicit a manner
that a novice will find no trouble in following them.

DRESS AND MATERIAL. How to dress well
and economically, with answers to
correspondents on Fashion, by MRS. J. H. LAMBERT.

HOME COOKING.

With original
and tried
recipes con-
tributed by subscribers. This is a
Special Feature with and is con-
sidered the best and most practical
department ever published in any house-
hold paper. Prizes given for best re-
cipes and contributions. How to pre-
pare delicacies suitable for afternoon teas,
or small evening companies, that are not
too expensive. The Home Cooking page
with its helps and hints, is invaluable to
every practical housekeeper.



FLORAL DEPARTMENT; Illustrated, and
carefully edited by
EBENEZER REXFORD

Letters from subscribers and answers to correspon-
dents on all household topics. It is the best house-
hold paper ever published; and so popular that, in less
than three years, it has gained a circulation of
\$70,000 copies each issue. Address:
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila., Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 38.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF REV. W. HANNA, D.D., AND PICTURES OF EDINBURGH.

THE HANDICAPPED. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Mrs. Cleveland on Temperance—Recurrent Blessing—How the Meetings were Continued—A Missionary's Adventures—An Open Door in Siam—Changing the Time of Flogging—The Roman Letter Movement in Japan.

THE GOING FORTH OF THE KING. By Rev. W. Haslam.

Gems from New Books: A Famous Caricaturist.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF MRS. W. OSBORN, OF NIAGARA FALLS.

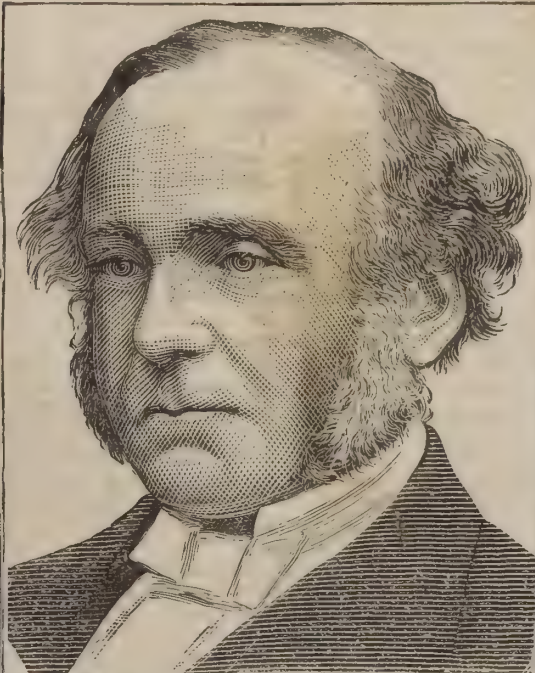
IN CHRIST NO CONDEMNATION. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Maine Election—Anti-Saloon Republicans in Convention—The Condition of Charleston—The British Parliament—The Bulgarian Difficulty—The Hay Fever Conference—A Child Among Elephants, etc.

THE TIRED SOLDIER. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

JESUS BETRAYED. S. S. Lesson by Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Dr. Hanna, of Scotland.



John Knox's House, High Street.



Tolbooth in Canon Gate.



The Late Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D.—Scenes in the City of Edinburgh.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH during the past month has been a centre of interest to the people of Great Britain, for the Queen, whose public appearances for the past twenty-five years have been few and far between, has paid a visit of state to the Scottish metropolis. It is evident that the Royal visit is considered a matter of no slight importance, and the Queen may well consider whether, if so small a mercy evokes such enthusiasm from the press and people as did her visit, she may not undertake to exhibit herself on a more extended scale.

The London *Times* goes into the following ecstasy on the subject: "It cannot but be highly gratifying to all the Queen's loyal subjects that in this, the jubilee year of her most eventful reign, she should have given so many evidences of her desire to emerge from the retirement in which she has so long been shrouded, and to take her rightful place in various kinds of public pageantry. The great personality which occupies the throne of England cannot afford to conceal itself, or can conceal itself only at the risk of occasioning disorders which it would be far better to prevent than to remedy. Every appearance of her Majesty affords ample testimony of the love which her subjects feel for her, and shows that this has in no way been impaired, possibly it has even been increased, by the sad circumstances which so long in some degree withheld her from them; but they none the less rejoice to see that the cloud is passing away, and they will hope that the year of jubilee may be marked, among other things, by a more complete resumption of that visible headship of the State which the Queen cannot delegate, and for which, as long as she is able to accomplish its duties, no delegate would be acceptable."

THE RECEPTION

accorded by Edinburgh to the Queen was one of extraordinary enthusiasm. It was a welcome which, in the opinion of many capable of judging, has never been surpassed for its magnitude and cordiality. A few minutes before eight o'clock in the morning the castle guns firing a Royal salute announced to the citizens the safe arrival of their sovereign from the South. In accordance with her express desire, her Majesty was allowed to alight quietly, and with a minimum of ceremony. Lord Provost Clark, stepping forward, said: "On behalf of the citizens, I have to welcome your Majesty to your capital of Scotland," while his youngest daughter, dressed in white, presented her Majesty with a beautiful bouquet of orchids. The Queen graciously acknowledged both the speech and the gift of flowers, and having bowed to Major-General Elliott, she entered the carriage, followed by Princess Beatrice and her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg. Notwithstanding the early hour, the streets outside the station were crowded with citizens, and the moment the Royal carriage emerged from Canal Street a loud cheer of welcome was raised, a demonstration renewed again and again. Princes' Street was gained, and the Royal party went to Holyrood Palace.

At half-past three o'clock the Queen again made her appearance. The Royal carriages were opened, and the party left Holyrood for the Exhibition building. The demonstration of welcome along the route, about three miles in length, was most enthusiastic; and was renewed with, if possible, redoubled emphasis as they

ARRIVED AT THE EXHIBITION,

a picture of which appears on the first page. The grand hall of the Exhibition was seated for about 1600 persons. A magnificently upholstered canopied seat, erected for the accommodation of her Majesty, occupied one end of the oblong, the other was filled by the organ, with a raised platform, in front of which the members of the Choral Union were seated. The space between was occupied by the invited guests, leaving in the centre a broad pathway covered with crimson cloth for the passage of the Royal procession to and from the throne.

After her Majesty had taken her seat the Marquis of Lothian, the convener, presented an address elaborately emblazoned on vellum in the Renaissance style. The Queen accepted the address, and in a firm, clear voice, read the speech in reply prepared for her. When the applause had subsided the choir commenced a new hymn, "Lord of Heaven, of Earth, and Ocean," written for the occasion. Her Majesty then received a number of the officials, headed by the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Dean of Guild Gowans, who presented the official badge of the Exhibition and the official catalogue, which were smilingly accepted. The procession then re-formed, and, amid much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, her Majesty left the Grand Hall to begin

HER OFFICIAL INSPECTION

of the Exhibition. As arranged, she limited her visit that afternoon to "Old Edinburgh," with the antique appearance of which the Queen was much pleased. In passing through the women's section, her Majesty halted at the Shetland stall, and spoke a few words to the native women at work. The Queen also accepted from Sheriff Thomas a shawl in Shetland wool, manufactured at Unst. The Queen and Royal party also examined several of the Irish exhibits. After which she left the building and returned to

HOLYROOD PALACE.

This ancient building was decorated and illuminated for the occasion. It is a place rich in historical associations. It was originally an abbey, founded in 1128 by David, King of Scotland. The present structure consists of a quadrangle ninety-four feet square flanked by towers. The front is only two stories high, surmounted by a double balustrade. The portico is adorned by well-proportioned columns, supporting a cupola in the form of a king's crown. The other three sides of the building are each three stories in height. The length of frontage is about two hundred and thirty feet; from back to front not quite so much.

THE ROYAL APARTMENTS

are on the east side, that which is nearest the Firth, of whose sparkling waters a glimpse can be obtained from the windows. Since its restoration by Charles II. the Royal apartments have been occupied by the Duke of York, afterward James II., by the Pretender in 1745, by Charles X. of France, by the Duke of Cumberland, by Louis XVIII. of France, by her Majesty and the Prince Consort and the Royal Family, on their way to Balmoral, and by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, when they were studying at Edinburgh University. Above the picture-gallery in the northwest tower are Queen Mary's apartments, where the intrepid reformer, John Knox, soundly rated the beautiful sovereign, whom he characterized as a "bonny bit of painted clay." Queen Mary's bedroom, with the State bed, is still on view.

Adjoining this room, where by back-stair entrance the Italian musician, Rizzio, gained access, is Queen Mary's boudoir, where, at a supper-party, the fascinating favorite, dragged from the Queen's table, was slain at the top of the secret stairs by Darnley and his friends, fifty-six dagger wounds being counted on the musician's body. The tradition is that these blood-stains are ineradicable; and the attendants aver that they reappear at the same place even upon new flooring.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE,

a picture of which appears on the first page, stands in old Edinburgh, at the foot of the High Street. It is approached by a walk up the Canongate (see illustration), so called from its foundation by the Augustine canons, a thoroughfare fraught with memories of the most interesting nature. To right and to left stand houses, but little altered from what they were three centuries ago, wherein dwelt the most powerful nobles and the highest gentry in the land, for it was the court end of the city at one time. How much Scotland owes to John Knox, the fiery and undaunted religious re-

former Scotchmen are only now beginning to realize. He was an austere man, caring little for royalty or for those who made courteous obeisance. But he dared to tell the truth to a Queen, and because that truth was necessarily disagreeable to such a Queen as Mary, he has been held up to obloquy by historians. His countryman, Carlyle, was one of the first of our day to recognize the true greatness of the man. The following eloquent passage from one of his works tells us what his penetrating vision saw in him:

"It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world, intrinsically for having been in such way as it was then possible to be the bravest of all Scotchmen. Had he been a poor half-and-half he would have crouched into a corner like so many others; Scotland would not have been delivered, and Knox would have been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom of all others Scotland and the world owe a debt; he has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million unblamable Scotchmen that need no forgiveness. He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life; if this world were his place of recompense he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent these two hundred and fifty years and more what men say of him. But we having got above all those details of his battle, and, living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to look through the rumors and controversies enveloping the man into the man himself."

The house in which he lived, and from which he went to preach to Mary of righteousness, temperance, and judgment, ought to be a honored shrine to every lover of liberty, civil and religious. It stands there in the High Street, still very picturesque, cornered to the heart's content—a house of many gables and more numerous chimneys and curiously small-paned windows. A thrifty coffee-house keeper has taken a portion of it facing the Tron Church, and has painted in glaring black letters on a white ground, "John Knox's Coffee-House." No remonstrance has induced him to keep from vulgarizing the hallowed building where Knox used to preach out of a little window to the crowd below. It is conjectured that Knox only occupied the second floor, where he once narrowly escaped an assassin's bullet.

REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D.

ASSOCIATED with the city of Edinburgh is the eminent preacher and author whose portrait appears on the first page. He was the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, the valiant hero of the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, and for many years the colleague of Dr. Guthrie. He died May 24th, 1882, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Dr. Hanna was a son of Professor Hanna, of Belfast, Ireland, in which city he first saw the light in the year 1808. After passing through Glasgow University, young Hanna studied divinity under Dr. Chalmers, who is said to have been quick to recognize the powers of his pupil. In 1835, having been licensed to preach the Gospel, he was presented by the crown to the living of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, and two years later he removed to Skirling. About this time Dr. Hanna married Agnes, eldest daughter of Dr. Chalmers. Being thus brought into close relationship with the founder of the Free Church, it was only natural that Dr. Hanna should have quitted the Established Church with so many of his brethren at the Disruption about four years later. Nearly the whole of the congregation at Skirling followed his example and cast in their lot with the Free Church, and to that congregation he continued to minister during the succeeding six years. He was instrumental in turn-

ing many from sin to righteousness, the blessing of God resting richly upon his labors.

At the death of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Hanna removed to Edinburgh to prepare the life of his illustrious father-in-law, which work was in due time published in four volumes, and met with a well-deserved popularity. Dr. Hanna subsequently became colleague to Dr. Guthrie in the pastorate of Free St. John's, a post he occupied for a period of fifteen years.

In addition to his "Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers," Dr. Hanna published several works, which were widely circulated, including, "Martyrs of the Scottish Reformation," "Wycliffe and the Huguenots," "The Earlier Years of Our Lord," "The Ministry in Galilee," "The Close of the Ministry," "The Passion Week," "The Last Day of Our Lord's Passion," and "The Resurrection of the Dead." Some of these volumes are characterized by great beauty, and have passed through several large editions.

His style as a writer was singularly pure and graceful, and his powers of description remarkable. The following anecdote of

AN ECCENTRIC OLD WOMAN,

which occurs in his life of Dr. Chalmers will serve as an illustration of his work. The incident occurred during a vacation tour on which Dr. Hanna accompanied Dr. Chalmers with Mrs. Hanna and some other ladies. Dr. Hanna says: "While staying at Rosstrevor, a picnic party proceeded across the bay to visit the ruins of Carlingford Castle. The day was fine, the company numerous, the scenery enchanting, and Dr. Chalmers was in the highest spirits. We dined on a green knoll near the ruins, and as dinner proceeded some old crones from a neighboring village were seen hanging around us in the hope of sharing the spoil. When Dr. Chalmers was told that the inhabitants of the village spoke the Irish language he declared that it would be quite an acquisition to him to hear a new set of vocables uttered by a native. To gratify his curiosity one of the most picturesque of the villagers was selected, and a sixpence was given to her to come forward and speak a sentence or two of Irish.

"By this time we were all upon our feet and had formed a circle, in the centre of which stood Dr. Chalmers; fronting him the old and greedy-looking crone, and beside her the village doctor, who was to act as an interpreter. 'Well, sir, tell her now to say something in her own tongue.' A sentence was accordingly spoken, and turning eagerly to the interpreter, Dr. Chalmers asked, 'What was it that she said?' 'Why, doctor, she says that she wants another sixpence.' The revolt was instantaneous from curiosity to intense disgust and indignation. Addressing himself instantly to the woman, he said: 'It is too bad; you must really learn to set limits to your unbridled *appetency*.' An interpreter was evidently as much needed as before.

"When Dr. Chalmers had done with her—leaving her, however, quite untouched by his rebuke—a good lady of the company stepped forward to inquire of her whether it really could be true that she worshipped the Virgin. She appeared to be much provoked, and the village doctor, who had no relish for such kind of conversation, cut the colloquy short and sent the woman away. The lady, fearing that she had really hurt the woman's feelings, followed her to a retired place, and telling her that she had no intention whatever to give her pain, in proof of her good-will put a shilling into her hand. The woman looked for a moment at the shilling, then at the donor, and with a toss of hand and head, she said in tones of the greatest glee, 'Och! and what does your ladyship think that I care about the Virgin?'"

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, to Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Dying Office-Bearer.—Mr. Riddell said at a recent meeting: "I shall never forget what one, who was an office-bearer in my church, said to me on his dying bed. I asked him if he enjoyed sweet communion with the Lord; he shook his head, while a look of dread passed over his features, as he said: 'No, sir; when I go to pray there is no one there to speak with me.' It was a sad reply from one who was about to pass into another world."

Experimenting Upon the Lord.—A Christian friend said: "Some people talk of trying the Lord: to experiment upon Him, as it were. But the Lord will not be so dealt with. I heard of a man some time ago who had a very quick temper. After he had failed to control his temper himself, he said, 'I will try the Lord, just as an experiment, to see if He can keep my temper.' Of course in a very short time the man lost his temper as usual. We must step right out on to the Word of God in reply to the Saviour's 'Come.' Anything short of this is not *faith*, but *sight*."

A Disappointed Preacher.—Mr. Salmond remarked: "An incident has come to my mind of a minister who was called to address a meeting in a country district. With a carefully prepared sermon he set out on his labor of love and found to his disappointment only a mere handful of people. He thought it a pity to deliver such a sermon to so small an audience, and had almost selected another text to speak from, when it was strongly impressed upon him to deliver the sermon which he had prepared. He did so, and by means of it, a soul entered into light, and eventually did much to further the Gospel of Christ."

A Prayer on the Roadside.—"I Spoke to a man in a gospel meeting a little while ago, and he told me that a few nights previous he had come to the meeting, and the speaker's text was, 'Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.' He left the meeting much disturbed by the speaker's words, and as he walked home along a dark country road, meditating on the words of the text, he was constrained to kneel down and pray, 'Oh, Lord Thou knowest that I am not ashamed of Thee, but I am dreadfully ashamed of myself!' But before he reached his home that night he had resolved to bear witness for Christ."

A Providential Dream.—"A Gentleman spent a large sum of money on a piece of land in Cornwall for mining purposes. He set a band of men to dig it. They toiled on for many days, digging deeper and deeper, never coming to anything of value. At length the gentleman's heart failed him, and the search being fruitless, in despair he gave orders that the men should cease their work. But that night he had a dream. He thought he digged just a little further and came to metal. In the morning, with renewed courage, he told his men to resume their work, and before they had digged many hours they came to the hidden treasure. They had been very *near* it, but not *at* it when the gentleman had given up in despondency. In like manner many come short of salvation. Oh, so near the kingdom; one step more, and they would be inside; but alas! the step is not taken, and the door is shut upon them."

A Dissolute Persian Saved.—A Christian minister said: "About twenty miles from a missionary station in Persia, there lived a man, one of the wildest, most dissolute and defiant of all the nominal Christians. A work of grace was going on at the missionary station. Would this hardened, impenitent heart remain obdurate? The question was soon answered. One day he was seen to enter the mission chapel at the close of a meeting. Seriousness and anxiety were depicted on his face. He was distressed and full of shame, sank into the nearest seat, and the tears were seen silently falling. When a missionary spoke to him he cried out, 'Oh, my sins! my sins! they are higher than the

mountains!' That night he could not sleep; he was in sore distress until the morning, when peace came as he realized that Christ is a great Saviour. Like him who in the ferocity of his character he had much resembled, and out of whom Christ had cast the legion of devils, he was found sitting at the feet of Jesus in his right mind. He was constantly exclaiming, 'My great sins, and my great Saviour.'"

Led to Christ through a Lily.—A Minister of the Gospel observed: "A sick woman was brought to Christ by hearing the voice of God speaking to her through a single flower. A white lily grew through clay and mire, by the edge of a lake. A little boy came by and plucked the solitary flower, and scarcely knowing what to do with it carried it home, and told his mother where he had found it. His mother advised him to carry it to a certain sick woman, and tell her that he had found it growing through the mud and mire, and that God was its only Gardener. The little fellow did as he was bid, and laid it on the woman's pillow. When she was left alone, and looked at the purity of the lily, she thought, 'If God can make that flower, which grew through the clay and the mire, so white and without a single stain, is He not more willing to cleanse and make me white?' She found that He was far more willing when she sought to be made pure, and there and then gave herself to Christ and found cleansing in His most precious blood."

What a Brother's Tear Did.—The Rev. Mr. Gullan remarked: "I remember a sea-captain telling me the story of his conversion. He said he had a brother who was a Christian, and whom he almost hated because he was a continual reproach to him. He often tried to justify himself by saying that there was not so much difference in their conduct after all. On day while on a voyage the captain met with an accident. In the momentary anger and out of a malicious desire to annoy his brother, who was standing but a few steps from him, he uttered a fearful oath, and then looked up with angry defiance at his brother, expecting a lecture, or at any rate a few reproachful words. But he was surprised to hear him say nothing, but hastily brush away a tear that had sprung unbidden to his eye. He sought his brother, who had gone aside and to God to have mercy upon him. Soon he was by his side asking his forgiveness, and not only that, but he was truly sorry for his past sinful life, and vowed by God's help to lead a better and nobler one. When speaking of it to his brother afterward, he said: 'Ah, brother, it was not your lectures, it was not your reproaches, but it was that tear which you brushed from your eye that led me to Jesus' feet.'"

A Question by the Well.—Mr. Blacketer Related: "A lorryman was driving along a country road, and as he passed a well by the wayside he saw there a young man standing, who looked up as the carter passed by, and inquired: 'Do you know Christ? Because if you do not I want to recommend you to Him this morning.' The carter looked at the young man, but passed on without a word. However he could not help quietly repeating to himself the simple sentence that had fallen from this stranger's lips. Years passed by, but this stranger by the well had not lost his reward, although as yet he had not seen any fruits of the few words which he had spoken that morning. One day they met on the street. The lorryman approached the young man, and holding out his hand, he asked: 'Do you remember speaking to me by a well at the roadside some years ago?' 'Yes, I do,' answered the young man. 'Do you remember what you said?' asked the other. 'No,' he replied, 'I do not.' 'I will tell you, then. You said, "Do you know Christ? Because if you do not I want to recommend you to Him this morning." Your words were not in vain. I could not rest; I could not stay away from Christ. I went to Him accepting salvation on God's terms, and since then I have been a happy Christian.' 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

THE HANDICAPPED.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Sept. 19, 1886.

"All these things are against me."—GEN. 42:36.

Jacob's Mistake—Treatment for Discouraged People—I. People Discouraged by an Unfortunate Name—Parents' Folly—Objectionable Scripture Names—Sprinkling Bathsheba—Names and their Meanings—Messrs. Sour & Pickle—Redeeming a Name—II. By Physical Defect—A Soldier's Farewell to his Hand—A Scene in a New York Hospital—How a Battle was Decided—Some Famous Sufferers—III. By Lack of Early Education—A Pious Ungrammatical Layman—IV. By Varied Personal and Domestic Difficulties—What is the Matter with the World—A Way Up for All.

FATHER JACOB, you are wrong! You think your son Joseph is dead, but he is Prime-Minister of Egypt, and has the keys of the great corn-crib. You think that circumstances are all adverse, but they will turn out well. In all your life you never made a greater mistake than when you said: "All these things are against me."

A great multitude of people are under SEEMING DISADVANTAGES, and I will to-day, in the swarthiest Anglo-Saxon that I can manage, treat their cases; not as a nurse counts out eight or ten drops of a prescription, and stirs them in a half glass of water, but as when a man has by mistake taken a large amount of strychnine, or Paris green, or belladonna, and the patient is walked rapidly round the room, and shaken up, and pounded until he gets wide awake. Many of you have taken a large draught of the poison of discouragement, and I come out by the order of the Divine Physician to rouse you out of that lethargy.

I. First, many people are under the disadvantage of

AN UNFORTUNATE NAME

given them by parents who thought they were doing a good thing. Sometimes at the baptism of children, while I have held up one hand in prayer, I have held up the other hand in amazement that parents should have weighted the babe with such a dissonant and repulsive nomenclature. I have not so much wondered that some children should cry out at the christening font as that others with such smiling face should take a title that will be the burden of their lifetime. It is outrageous to afflict children with an undesirable name because it happened to be possessed by a parent or a rich uncle from whom favors are expected, or some prominent man of the day who may end his life in disgrace. It is no excuse, because they are Scripture names, to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-Pileser. At this very altar I baptized one by the name *Bathsheba*! Why, under all the circumambient heaven, any parent should want to give to a child the name of that loose and infamous creature of Scripture times I cannot imagine. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did Rev. Dr. Richards, of Morristown, N. J., when a child was handed him for sprinkling, and the name given: "Hadden't you better call it something else?"

Impose not upon that babe a name suggestive of flippancy or meanness. There is no excuse for such assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with

NAMES MUSICAL AND SUGGESTIVE

in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God;" or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household;" or Alfred, meaning "good counsellor;" or Joshua, meaning "God, our salvation;" or Ambrose, meaning "immortal;" or Andrew, meaning "manly;" or Esther, meaning "a star;" or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy;" or Anna, meaning "grace;" or Victoria, meaning "victory;" or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose;" or Margaret, meaning "a pearl;" or Ida, meaning "God-like;" or Clara, meaning "illustrious;" or Amelia, meaning "busy;" or Bertha, meaning "beautiful," and hundreds of other names just as good, that are a help rather than a hindrance.

But sometimes the great hindrance in life is not in the given name, but in the family name. While legislatures are willing to lift such incubus, there are families that keep a name which mortgages all the generations with a great disadvantage. You say: "I wonder if he is any relation to so and so, mentioning some family celebrated for crime or deception. It is a wonder to me that in all such families some spirited young man does not rise, saying to his brothers and sisters: 'If you want to keep this nuisance or scandalization of a name, I will keep it no longer than until by quickest course of law I can slough off this gangrene.'" When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States met in this building in 1876, two estimable men of the sweetest disposition stopped at the same house, and one had the misnomer of being *Mr. Sour*, and the other the misnomer of being *Mr. Pickle*. And your city directory has hundreds of names the mere pronunciation of which has been a life-long obstacle. If you have started life under a name which either through ridiculous orthography or vicious suggestion has been an encumbrance, resolve that the next generation shall not be so weighted. It is

NOT BEMEANING TO CHANGE A NAME.

Saul of Tarsus became Paul the Apostle. Hadassah, "the myrtle," became Esther, "the star." We have in America, and I suppose it is so in all countries, names which ought to be abolished, and can be, and will be abolished for the reason that they are a libel and a slander. But if for any reason you are submerged either by a given name or by a family name that you must bear, God will help you to overcome the outrage by a life consecrated to the good and useful. You may erase the curse from the name. If once it stood for meanness, you can make it stand for generosity. If once it stood for pride, you can make it stand for humility. If it once stood for fraud, you can make it stand for honesty. If once it stood for wickedness, you can make it stand for purity. There have been multitudes of instances where men and women have magnificently conquered the disasters of the name inflicted upon them.

II. Again, many people labor under the misfortune of

INCOMPLETE PHYSICAL EQUIPMENT.

We are by our Creator so economically built that we cannot afford the obliteration of any physical faculty. We want our two eyes, our two ears, our two hands, our two feet, our eight fingers, and two thumbs. Yet what multitudes of people have but one eye, or but one foot. The ordinary casualties of life have been quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, aye, centupled, in our time by the Civil War, and at the North and South a great multitude that no man can number are fighting the battle of life with half, or less than half, the needed physical armaments. I do not wonder at the pathos of a soldier during the war, who, when told that he must have his hand amputated, said: "Doctor, can't you save it?" and when told that it was impossible, said, with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Well, then, good-by, old hand; I hate to part with you. You have done me a good service for many years, but it seems you must go. Good-by."

A celebrated surgeon told me of

A SCENE IN THE CLINICAL DEPARTMENT

of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students, and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation, when the poor man leaped from the table and hobbled to the door, and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but, by the help of God, I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Crecy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God, will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, He will add it on somewhere else. As Augustus, the emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself, so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another.

SOME FAMOUS SUFFERERS.

But it is amazing how much of the world's work has been done by men of subtracted physical organization. S. S. Preston, the great orator of the South-west, went limping all his life, but there was no foot put down upon any platform of his day that resounded so far as his club foot. Beethoven was so deaf that he could not hear the crash of the orchestra rendering his oratorios. Thomas Carlyle, the dyspeptic martyr, was given the commission to drive cant out of the world's literature. Rev. Thomas Stockton, of Philadelphia, with one lung raised his audiences nearer heaven than most ministers can raise them with two lungs. In the banks, the insurance companies, the commercial establishments, the reformatory associations, the churches, there are tens of thousands of men and women to-day doubled up of rheumatisms, or subject to neuralgias, or with only fragments of limbs, the rest of which they left at Chattanooga, or South Mountain, or the Wilderness, and they are worth more to the world, and more to the Church, and more to God than those of us who have never so much as had a finger-joint stiffened by a felon.

Put to full use all the faculties that remain, and charge on all opposing circumstances with the determination of John of Bohemia, who was totally blind, and yet at a battle cried out: "I pray and beseech you to lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one good blow with this sword of mine." Do not think so much of what faculties you have lost as of what faculties remain. You have enough left to make yourself felt in three worlds, while you help the earth, and bask hell, and win heaven. Arise from your discouragements, O men and women of depleted or crippled physical faculties, and see what, by the special help of God, you can accomplish!

The skilled horsemen stood around Bucephalus, unable to mount or manage him, so wild was the steed. But Alexander noticed that the sight of his own shadow seemed to disturb the horse. So Alexander clutched him by the bridle, and turned his head away from the shadow, and toward the sun, and the horse's agitation was gone, and Alexander mounted him and rode off, to the astonishment of all who stood by. And what you people need is to have your sight turned away from the shadows of your earthly lot over which you have so long pondered, and your head turned toward the sun—the glorious sun of Gospel consolation, and Christian hope, and spiritual triumph.

And then remember that all physical disadvantages will after awhile vanish. Let those who have been rheumatized out of a foot, or cataracted out of an eye, or by the perpetual roar of our cities thundered out of an ear, look forward to the day when this old tenement-house of flesh will come down and a better one shall be built. The resurrection morning will provide you with

A BETTER OUTFIT.

Either the unstrung, worn-out, blunted, and crippled organs will be so reconstructed that you will not know them, or an entire new set of eyes, and ears, and feet will be given you. Just what it means by corruption putting on incorruption we do not know, save that it will be glory ineffable; no limping in heaven, no straining of the eyesight to see things a little way off; no putting of the hand behind the ear to double the capacity of the tympanum; but faculties perfect, all the keys of the instrument attuned

for the sweep of the fingers of ecstasy. But until that day of resurrection comes let us bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

III. Another form of disadvantage under which many labor is

LACK OF EARLY EDUCATION.

There will be no excuse for ignorance in the next generation. Free schools and illimitable opportunity of education will make ignorance a crime. I believe in compulsory education, and those parents who neglect to put their children under educational advantages have but one right left, and that is the penitentiary. But there are multitudes of men and women in mid-life who have had no opportunity. Free schools had not yet been established, and vast multitudes had little or no school at all. They feel it when as Christian men they come to speak or pray in religious assemblies or public occasions, patriotic, or political, or educational. They are silent because they do not feel competent. They owe nothing to English grammar, or geography, or belles lettres: They would not know a participle from a pronoun if they met it many times a day. Many of the most successful merchants of America and men in high political places cannot write an accurate letter on any theme. They are completely dependent upon clerks, and deputies, and stenographers to make things right. I knew a literary man who in other years in Washington made his fortune by writing speeches for Congressmen, or fixing them up for the *Congressional Record* after they were delivered. The millionaire illiteracy of this country is beyond measurement.

Now, suppose a man finds himself in mid-life without education, what is he to do? Do the best he can.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE LAYMAN

in a former pastoral charge that I ever heard speak on religious themes could, within five minutes of exhortation, break all the laws of English grammar, and if he left any law unfractured he would complete the work of lingual devastation in the prayer with which he followed it. But I would rather have him pray for me, if I were sick or in trouble, than any Christian man I know of, and in that church all the people preferred him in exhortation and prayer to all others. Why? Because he was so thoroughly pious and had such power with God he was irresistible; and as he went on in his prayer sinners repented and saints shouted for joy, and the bereaved seemed to get back their dead in celestial companionship. And when he had stopped praying, and as soon as I could wipe out of my eyes enough tears to see the closing hymn, I ended the meeting fearful that some long-winded prayer-meeting bore would pull us down from the seventh heaven.

Not a word have I to say against accuracy of speech, or fine elocution, or high mental culture. Get all these you can. But I do say to those who were brought up in the day of poor school-houses, and ignorant school-masters, and no opportunity, you may have so much of good in your soul and so much of heaven in your every-day life that you will be mightier for good than any who went through the curriculum of Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, yet never graduated in the school of Christ. When you get up to the gate of heaven no one will ask you whether you can parse the first chapter of Genesis, but whether you have learned the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom; nor whether you know how to square the circle, but whether you have lived a square life in a round world. Mount Zion is higher than Mount Parnassus.

UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE.

IV. But what other multitudes there are under other disadvantages! Here is a Christian woman whose husband thinks religion a sham, and while the wife prays the children one way the husband swears them another. Or here is a Christian man who is trying to do his best for God and the Church, and his wife holds him back and says on the way home from prayer-meeting, where he gave testimony for Christ:

"What a fool you made of yourself! I hope hereafter you will keep still." And when he would be benevolent and give fifty dollars, she criticises him for not giving fifty cents. I must do justice, and publicly thank God that I never proposed at home to give anything for any cause of humanity or religion but the other partner in the domestic firm approved it. And when it seemed beyond my ability and faith in God was necessary, she had three fourths the faith. But I know men who, when they contribute to charitable objects, are afraid that the wife shall find it out. What a withering curse such a woman must be to a good man!

Then there are others under the great disadvantage of

POVERTY.

Who ought to get things cheapest? You say those who have little means. But they pay more. You buy coal by the ton, they buy it by the bucket. You buy flour by the barrel, they buy it by the pound. You get apparel cheap because you pay cash. They pay dear because they have to get trusted. And the Bible was right when it said: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Then there are those who made a mistake in early life, and that overshadows all their days. "Do you not know that that man was once in prison?" is whispered. Or, "Do you know that that man once attempted suicide?" Or, "Do you know that that man once absconded?" Or, "Do you know that that man was once discharged for dishonesty?" Perhaps there was only one wrong deed in the man's life, and that one act haunts the subsequent half century of his existence.

Others have unfortunate predominance of some mental faculty, and their rashness throws them into wild enterprises, or their trepidation makes them decline great opportunity, or there is a vein of melancholy in their disposition that defeats them, or they have an endowment of over-mirth that causes the impression of insincerity.

Others have a mighty obstacle in their

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

for which they are not responsible. They forget that God fashioned their features, and their complexion, and their stature, the size of their nose, and mouth, and hands, and feet, and gave them the gait and the general appearance; and they forget that much of the world's best work and the Church's best work has been done by homely people; and that Paul the Apostle is said to have been hump-backed, and his eyesight weakened by ophthalmia, while many of the finest in appearance have passed their time before flattering looking-glasses, or in studying killing attitudes, and in displaying the richness of wardrobes—not one ribbon, or vest, or sack, or glove, or button, or shoe-string of which they have had brains enough to earn for themselves. Others had

WRONG PROCLIVITIES

from the start. They were born wrong, and that sticks to one even after he is born again. They have a natural crankiness that is two hundred and seventy-five years old. It came over with their great grandfathers from Scotland, or Wales, or France. It was born on the banks of the Thames, or the Clyde, or the Tiber, or the Rhine, and has survived all the plagues and epidemics of many generations, and is living today on the banks of the Hudson, or the Andros-coggin, or the Savannah, or the La Plata. And when a man tries to stop this evil ancestral proclivity he is like a man on a rock in the rapids of Niagara holding on with a grip from which the swift currents are trying to sweep him into the abyss beyond.

Oh, this world is an overburdened world, an overworked world! It is

AN AWFULLY TIRED WORLD.

It is a dreadfully unfortunate world. Scientists are trying to find out the cause of these earthquakes in all lands, cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic. Some say this and some say that. I have taken the diagnosis of what is the matter

with the earth. It has so many burdens on it and so many fires within it, it has a fit. It cannot stand such a circumference and such a diameter. Some new Cotopaxi or Stromboli or Vesuvius will open and then all will be at peace for the natural world. But what about the moral woes of the world that have rocked all nations, and for six thousand years science proposes nothing but knowledge, and many people that know the most are the most uncomfortable?

In the way of practical relief for all disadvantages and all woes, the only voice that is worth listening to on this subject is the voice of Christianity, which is the voice of Almighty God. Whether I have mentioned the particular disadvantage under which you labor or not, I distinctly declare, in the name of my God, that there is a way out and

A WAY UP FOR ALL.

of you. You cannot be any worse off than that Christian young woman who was in the Pember-ton Mills when they fell some years ago, and from under the fallen timbers she was heard singing: "I am going home to die no more."

Take good courage from that Bible, all of whose promises are for those in bad predicament. There are better days for you, either on earth or in heaven. I put my hand under your chin, and lift your face into the light of the coming dawn. Have God on your side, and then you have for reserve troops all the armies of heaven, the smallest company of which is twenty thousand chariots, and the smallest battalion one hundred and forty-four thousand, the lightnings of heaven their drawn sword.

An ancient warrior saw an overpowering host come down upon his small company of armed men, and, mounting his horse with

A HANDFUL OF SAND.

he threw it in the air, crying: "Let their faces be covered with confusion!" And both armies heard his voice, and history says it seemed as though the dust thrown in the air had become so many angels of supernatural deliverance, and the weak overcame the mighty, and the immense host fell back, and the small number marched on. Have faith in God, and though all the allied forces of discouragement seem to come against you in battle array, and their laugh of defiance and contempt resounds through all the valleys and mountains, you might by faith in God, and importunate prayer, pick up a handful of the very dust of your humiliation, and throw it into the air, and it shall become angels of victory over all the armies of earth and hell. The voices of your adversaries, human and Satanic, shall be covered with confusion, while you shall be not only conqueror, but more than conqueror, through that grace which has so often made the fallen helmet of an overthrown antagonist the footstool of a Christian victory.

A Society to Befriend Working Girls has established a home in New York at 356 West Thirty-third Street, in which forty girls can be accommodated. It is not intended to make the place a charity, but to provide a clean, healthy home with moral and religious surroundings for girls who are engaged in labor, and who have difficulty in finding a suitable boarding place. The terms are fixed at the lowest rate at which it is possible to cover expenses. "We want this building to be a friend's house," one of the directors said, "to which any girl may come for advice and sympathy and assistance. If she is ill we have skilled physicians to attend her. If she wants to increase her earning powers by learning housekeeping, or dressmaking, or stenography, or book-keeping, or almost any other occupation for which women are fitted, she can come and learn. If she wants a shelter we will give it to her. If she wants a resting spell in the country, we will try and get it for her. A pleasant, cheery evening, our rooms are open for her. We will give when giving is a necessity, but what we chiefly want to do is to help. Charity, in the ordinary sense of the word, pauperizes; but friendship is an aid to independence."

CHANGING THE TIME OF FLOGGING.

A PATHETIC incident of Sunday-school work is thus told by Mr. Moody: "A young lady was sent to a boarding-school, and was there led to Christ; not only so, but taught that she ought to work for Him. By and by she goes home, and now she seeks, in one way and another, to work for Him, but without finding how. She asks for a class in her church Sunday-school, but the superintendent is obliged to tell her that he has already more than enough of teachers.

"One day, going along the street, she sees a little boy struck by his companion, and crying bitterly. She goes up and speaks to him; asks him what the trouble is? The boy thinks she is mocking him, and replies sullenly. She speaks kindly, tries to persuade him to school. He does not want to learn. She coaxes him to come and hear her and the rest singing there; and so next Sunday he comes with her. She gets a corner in the school of well-dressed scholars for herself and her charge. He sits and listens, full of wonder. On going home, he tells his mother he has been among the angels.

"At first at a loss, she becomes angry, when a question or two brings out that he has been to a Protestant Sunday-school; and the father, on coming home, forbids his going back, on pain of flogging. Next Sunday, however, he goes, and is flogged, and so again, and yet again, till one Sunday, he *begs to be flogged before going*, that he may not be kept thinking of it all the time. The father relents a little, and promises him a holiday every Saturday afternoon, if he will not go to Sunday-school. The lad agrees, sees his teacher, who offers to teach him then. How many wealthy young folks would give up their Sundays to train one poor ragged urchin in the way of salvation?

"Some time after, at his work, the lad is on one of the railway cars. The train starts suddenly; he slips through, and the wheels pass over his legs; he asks the doctor if he will live to get home; it is impossible. 'Then,' says he, 'tell father and mother that I am going to heaven, and want to meet them there.' Will the work she did seem little now to the young lady? Or is it nothing that even one thus grateful waits her yonder?"

HOW THE MEETINGS WERE CONTINUED.

THE tendency noticed in many special meetings to depend on human instrumentality frequently results in the work suddenly ceasing when the clergyman or evangelist who has led them is withdrawn. Many Christians grieve as they witness this who make no effort themselves to carry on the work. An incident related in *Thy Healer* furnishes a hint to such brethren. Mrs. Fox, the lady who gives the testimony, says that in the place where she lives there was great spiritual darkness, but it pleased God to send there a strange clergyman to conduct a mission at a time when the rector of the parish was sick. She says:

"I was in great doubt whether any blessing would come, as the missionary was High Church. However, he was a very clever man, and preached wonderful sermons. He preached the necessity of conviction of sin and conversion to God by the work of the Holy Spirit. He spoke earnestly to inquirers, and numbers came out of the vestry, crying, 'Oh, what shall we do when he is gone?' I felt very much for them, for there was no one to carry on the work. But one day I got him to come and see me. I said, 'What is to be done with these poor people, for there seems a good work commenced among them; but who is to carry it on when you are gone?' I told him I never had met a High Church clergyman before who knew the work of the Spirit of God in the heart. But he turned on me at once, and said, 'Do you know it? Do you know what it is to have Christ dwelling in you?' Well, I can hardly describe to you how I felt when I said I did, and he replied, 'Mrs. Fox, you must do the work that lies before you in carrying on this good work.' 'I do it. Oh, I cannot.' He said, 'Of course you cannot, but

Christ in you can.' I said, 'Yes, I know how my heart yearns over souls.' 'Remember,' he said, 'it is Christ in you that yearns over souls; it is Christ that speaks.' That so strengthened me that I felt I must do something. 'One rule more,' he said, 'I will give you. Never you say a word more than your experience.' And then he gave me his blessing; he also knelt down and prayed.

"He was, as I have said, a High Church clergyman, and I asked him why he carried on such performances in church, and gave him my mind plainly. He explained what seemed to satisfy him, but it did not satisfy me. Then I asked him, 'What about the rector? Will he not object to ladies trying to carry on this work?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'God has spoken to him in this illness. He will not be against it, but for it.' 'Then,' I answered, 'what about the curate? I am afraid he will be opposed to it.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will speak to the rector, and ask him to get rid of the curate.'

"Well, I have had six meetings a week of different kinds, and in all this new work it is Christ in me who has done all. The clergyman was the first to open the room with the Mothers' Meeting. The work has gone on even in that place which was so dead."

RECURRENT BLESSING.

IN the course of some remarks on Genesis 32: 29 Mr. C. H. Spurgeon related the following sketch of a Christian life: It was with a young man a day of seeking, and he entered a little sanctuary and heard a sermon from "Look unto Me and be ye saved." He obeyed the Lord's command, and *He blessed him there*. Soon after he made a profession of his faith before many witnesses, declaring his consecration to the Lord, and *He blessed him there*. Anon he began to labor for the Lord in little rooms, among a few people, and *He blessed him there*. His opportunities enlarged, and by faith he ventured upon daring things for the Lord's sake, and *He blessed him there*. A household grew about him, and together with his loving wife he tried to train his children in the fear of the Lord, and *He blessed him there*. Then came sharp and frequent trial, and he was in pain and anguish, but *the Lord blessed him there*. This is that man's experience all along, from the day of his conversion to this hour: up hill and down dale his path has been a varied one, but for every part of his pilgrimage he can praise the Lord, for "*He blessed him there*."

AN OPEN DOOR IN SIAM.

ENCOURAGING reports continue to arrive from Siam, where there is a population of nearly six millions, with no restrictions against the preaching of the Gospel. An epidemic of cholera raged there a short time ago, and Mr. E. P. Dunlap, who is laboring in Siam, remained at his post through the whole time. One of the last persons seized by the dread disease was Mr. Dunlap's little son, but he happily recovered. When the pestilence abated the missionary travelled down to a place called Chantaboon on the sea-coast, for the sake of the invalid child. Writing to the *Foreign Missionary*, Mr. Dunlap says:

"Before leaving home I called upon a prince who has large possessions in Chantaboon, and asked him regarding a lodging place for our party. He very kindly placed his cottage by the sea at our disposal. We found it a charming place, suitably furnished, and that the prince had also sent orders to his men to give us good attention. They received us at the steamer in comfortable boats, and during our stay served us well. We should be very grateful to the Siamese for the constant kindness shown us. Those in authority seldom, if ever, deny us.

"There was a military post near us, and I enjoyed preaching to the soldiers, and found them very accessible. The captain gave me the armory as a chapel, and in accordance with my request marched the soldiers from evening roll call to hear me preach. They seemed impressed

with the Saviour's wonderful works and words, asked questions during the sermons, and numbers afterward attended inquiry meetings.

"By invitation we also held services at the house of a government official. He called in the villagers—some forty—and all gave good attention to the Gospel. I also had the pleasure of preaching in the Buddhist temple in the village. Surely we could not ask for greater liberty in preaching than was given at Chantaboon. And just so it is all over the country. In this respect there is not a more inviting field than Siam on this side the globe."

MRS. CLEVELAND ON TEMPERANCE.

A GENERAL principle for the settlement of difficult questions in the lives of women, which, if it were adopted, would do much to remove difficult questions from the lives of men also, was enunciated recently by the wife of the President. It occurs in a private letter to a friend in West Virginia, who had asked her advice about joining a temperance society, which letter has happily found its way into type. Mrs. Cleveland wrote:

"The subject to which you refer, and ask my advice, is one in which your own conscience must dictate the wisest course for yourself to pursue. You have better opportunities for knowing *how you can do the most good, and, it seems to me, that should be the standard* by which we women should settle all our great questions in life. It rarely occurs that a woman needs for herself the restraining influences of a temperance pledge; but if, by placing ourselves under the obligations of such an organization we can better help our fathers, brothers, lovers, and friends, I think there should be no hesitation in the matter. I know something of the Good Templars, and that they do much good work. It is quite certain you can do no harm by casting your lot on the side of temperance, and you may do much good. I do not consider it a small matter by any means, and I am glad you asked me the question. It is encouraging to know of every sister who wants to add her strength to the cause which, happily, some day will rid our land of ruined men and broken families."

A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURES.

A LETTER describing a series of hairbreadth escapes has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. A. Haegert, the devoted German Christian, whose portrait was published in this journal on September 14th, 1882. Fourteen years ago he resigned a lucrative office to preach the Gospel in Santhalistan, a district of India then much neglected. Mr. Haegert has been laboring among the Santhals ever since. He learned their language, went to live among them, established schools, set up a dispensary for the sick, and worked earnestly to help them in body and soul. Mr. Haegert's letter relates some of his experiences. He says:

"In Borotham three or four Brahmin priests flew at me. One caught hold of my bridle, while the others jumped about me in great excitement. About eighty or a hundred people were present. Their yelling and shouting was really Bengali, and a person must have been mobbed by them to know anything about it. I have been in very large crowds in Berlin, Paris, and London, but never heard such a hellish noise before. One was for cutting my head off, the others for smashing it to a jelly. The noise was awful; nothing could be heard distinctly. For one moment I thought that my labors would cease. The crowd grew larger and more boisterous. At last I got a hearing, and I said to the priests, 'You seem to be very excited, as if you had inflammation of the brain. Now, if you will bring me a vessel of water, I will give you some medicine which will cool you. You should have seen them, they jumped and gnashed their teeth at me, like wild beasts, showing all their molars.

"There were also about thirty Santhals present, and these men had a talk in their own language among themselves. 'Shall we allow these Bengalis to give the Sahib (missionary) a

thrashing, or what do you say?' They all agreed that if the Bengalis touched the Sahib they would give them a sound thrashing, but of this I knew nothing at the time. After about three quarters of an hour I left the crowd unhurt, heartily thanking God for the deliverance. This was in 1883.

"On Monday, September 28th, 1885, I was mobbed in Kindooa. Some twenty or thirty Bengalis, the Jamjoori Zemindar's people, came yelling and jumping like demons to drive us away with their sticks, which were six feet long. Long before they came in sight we could hear their unearthly shouting. My men were fleeing, and I was thinking for a moment to get on my horse and be off; but remembering that my people could not follow me so quickly, and that these fellows would probably chase us, I determined to go and meet the foe and stand the consequence, only I prayed for Jesus to go with me. Besides, if I bolted, the country would soon hear of it and laugh and mock. We are the only Europeans in our district, and I thought it would be improper for me to run like a hare, so I walked quietly up to the shouting, hooting mob with only my umbrella; and by and by we came to close quarters. First, they rushed at me, but on coming quite close they got afraid and bolted, shouting, 'Sir, you stand there.' Still I moved quietly forward, asking what they wanted. They drew back more and more, flourishing their big sticks, and shouting louder.

"There was a Baboo Rajoo, who had boasted that he would drown the Padre Sahib, and beat him with a bamboo. This fellow was present, and I asked him, going up to them, my umbrella being my only weapon—the crowd receding more and more into the rice-fields—whether he had come to fulfil his threat. Like a lying Bengali he denied the whole. Well, I spoke to the people, and they calmed down at once. After awhile they all approached, making a profound salaam. They begged leave to go, which, of course, I readily granted. After a hymn and prayer, with the blue heavens for our roof and stars for our lamp, we fervently thanked God for this new deliverance, and then returned home. What a gracious thing it is to be always 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'

"On the 15th of April, 1886, two of our preachers were brutally attacked in Fooljoori, and one of our brethren had his eye destroyed. Thank God, this does not occur every day.

"During last month we completed and dedicated two new chapels, twenty-five miles north, and ten miles east.

"I have trained four native preachers for medical work, and in April they opened four dispensaries, twenty-five miles north, twenty miles south, ten miles west, and twenty miles east. Three of them attended sufferers from fifty villages since above time. Pray for them."

THE ROMAN LETTER MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

THE effort to substitute our letters for the clumsy system in vogue in Japan and China is making progress. The change will be beneficial alike to the Japanese and to the missionaries. The ordinary Japanese writing is by indivisible syllables, each of which is represented by a sign. This involves an immense amount of labor to the missionary learning the language, and to the Japanese child learning to read and write. The number of signs to be remembered is enormous, and even a bright, intelligent child requires from six to seven years to memorize them thoroughly. The superiority of our letters is becoming generally recognized among the educated classes, and a society has been formed to promote their use. The *Spirit of Missions* says that there are now seven thousand members of this society, and that it has all the influence of the Imperial university behind it, and the earnest advocacy of two cabinet ministers, Counts Ito and Inouye, who are liberal in their views and favorable to the introduction of Christianity.

All that is now needed is a government order decreeing the change, and this, it is expected,

will be issued before long. The movement, if successful, will serve as a rapid means of increase of Christian literature, and accelerate the progress of the Christian religion in Japan. The New Testament has already been published in this style and is largely circulated.

THE KING GOING FORTH.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

His Investiture—Acclamations in Heaven—The Emblem and its Meaning—The Character of Noah's Days—Peter our Noah—The State of Society in the Last Days—A Period of Liberty and Prosperity—The Warning Unseen on Earth.

IN the fifth chapter of Revelation the Lord Jesus Christ is represented standing before the throne of the Ancient of Days to receive the sovereignty which by right belonged to Him. Thus authorized, He is the King of the whole earth, the Heir of the Land of Promise and of the throne of David. He who had been Prophet and Priest is now duly inaugurated as the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

HIS INVESTITURE

into this office is witnessed by the living creatures, the elders, and the great company of angels. These all express their joy with triumphant acclamations. They evidently understand the import of the whole scene, and, in anticipation of the glory and power yet to be manifested, they give thanks and praise; whereupon all creation join in the chorus. In the midst of this grand tumult of heavenly triumph, the Lord Jesus Christ goes forward without delay, having taken the book, to open the seals thereof.

"I saw," says the Apostle, "when the Lamb opened one of the seals; and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see. And I saw; and behold, a white horse: and He that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto Him: and He went forth conquering, and to conquer" (Rev. 6: 1, 2).

What is the meaning of this emblem? It is intended to represent the Lord Jesus Christ going forth

AS KING AND RULER

to commence the exercise of His governmental power. The same emblem or figure appears again in the nineteenth chapter of this book. There we are told that His name is called "The Word of God," and on His vesture and on His thigh a name written "King of kings and Lord of lords."

There He is going forth in a vesture dipped in the blood of His enemies, and with many crowns upon His head. Here He has but one crown given to Him; and He is now only setting out to the fight, and the victory that is to be. He has a bow in His hand, to indicate His warlike purpose; but we see not yet any arrows or sword in His possession. This is quite in keeping with the circumstances of the present time and action.

In this action upon the world at large we see the Lord's manner of dealing with those who resist and refuse Him and His message of love. The Lord knows how "to reserve the unjust unto the Day of Judgment to be punished" (II Peter 2: 9).

When Peter wrote these words he had in his mind

THE DAYS OF NOAH

and the people of that time. How did God reserve the unjust of that day? Not by casting them off and afflicting them, but, in the first instance, by pleading with them in mercy. Through the voice of Noah, Christ Himself preached to these people; and no doubt He pointed to the ark which was in course of preparation to confirm the warning He was giving them. The Deluge was surely coming!

In every case these warnings were more or less in vain. Men seemed enamored of destruction, and turned a deaf ear to all God's remonstrances and pleadings. Human nature is not changed; and men still disregard God's Word

as they did in times past. Many people are not aware that

PETER IS OUR NOAH;

and others are so little interested that they do not even know the subject of his warning. Noah's world was reserved unto the deluge of water; ours, as the apostle testifies, is reserved unto fire. He says that men are "willingly ignorant" of the fact that "the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the Day of Judgment and perdition of ungodly men" (II Peter 3: 5, 7).

Terrible things are coming upon the earth; but the majority of men are heedless; and some who do hear these warning words think they are not to be taken literally; others again, that they will not happen in their time. Thus no doubt it will be in the particular days of which we are speaking.

In the days which are coming, the Lord's witnesses will preach the Gospel of the Kingdom, and proclaim the Coming of the King to take vengeance; but men will not regard it. They will go on "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," as if the world were to continue forever.

When men reject God's Word, they become judicially hardened. We see how it is now in the case of an individual who so disregards it. God gives him up to himself and his idols. The poor infatuated and deluded creature thinks that it is well with him. He cares for no one to hinder him in his doomed career. He goes on in his own ignorant way until he is lost beyond the reach of mercy. If the rejection of God is so solemn in the case of one person, imagine what it will be in the case of many thousands, who are thus given over to their wilful and rebellious ways.

In the beginning of the days of the Son of man this will be exactly the state of things upon the earth. Unparalleled

LIBERTY AND PROSPERITY

will mark this period. As when a dam or barrier is borne away, the long pent-up torrent pours itself out in headlong force, overflowing its banks and spreading desolation everywhere, so will it be when the ungodly are permitted to go forth according to their own will.

It is the counterpart of the sign or emblem in the heavens—the Lord going forth in His power, though without arrows or sword. Notice that the sign is in heaven, and not manifest upon the earth; and it is not seen by those who are most concerned in it. The world did not know when God shut the door of the ark; nor did the Jews know when the Lord left the Temple for the last time, saying, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate" (Matt. 23: 38).

The men of the world will go on their own way, with a tide of prosperity at first, flourishing like a green bay-tree. They

WILL NOT LOOK FOR DANGER,

nor suspect any. Lifting themselves up in their pride and vanity, they will laugh at the idea of God's government, and perhaps even at His very existence. Men will desire to be their own masters; and in their selfishness and their rivalry with others they will come into endless collisions.

Predicting these days, the Apostle Paul says to Timothy, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof" (II Tim. 3: 1-5).

Peter also, referring to this time, says, "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (II Peter 3: 3, 4).



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Long Pending Dispute Between the Postmaster-General and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has at length been settled by the company accepting the terms offered by Mr. Vilas. It will be remembered that the department refused to divide among the companies the special appropriation of \$400,000 made by Congress for the purpose, but offered to pay sea and inland rates for the transportation of the mails. The companies, believing that they had a right to the appropriation, refused to carry the mails unless it was paid. Mr. Vilas made other arrangements, but renewed his offer each month. This month it has been accepted by the Pacific Company, and its steamers are scheduled. It is stated that the company has lost \$40,000 by the struggle.

The Official Returns from Maine, as Stated by the chairman of the Republican Committee, give Bodwell, the Republican candidate for Governor, a plurality over the Democratic candidate of 14,000. Other returns place it at 13,351. In 1884 the Republican candidate for Governor had a plurality of 19,709. This shows a decrease of more than 5000 votes. As compared with 1884, the total vote was less by about 10,379; the Republican vote fell off by 9600, the Democratic vote decreased by 3300, but the Prohibition vote increased by 2682. This, too, in spite of the fact that prohibition was burdened this year by Neal Dow's advocacy, while in 1884 he was fighting for the Republican Party and against St. John. Though the chairman of the Republican Committee declares himself satisfied with the result, there is general disappointment expressed by Republicans elsewhere. It was thought that, as Mr. Blaine stumped every county in the State, the plurality would have been as large as in 1884, though the total vote might be less. The Republicans have elected 148 members of the Legislature and the Democrats 35. Mr. Hale's seat is therefore secure.

The National Convention of the Anti-Saloon Republicans held at Chicago on Thursday last was attended by 187 accredited delegates. Senator Blair was temporary chairman. In his opening speech he declared the loyalty of himself and his friends to the Republican Party. He said he preferred low license to free rum, high license to low license, and prohibition to high license. He also said that the anti-saloon men were determined to stay in the Republican

Party, and any members of the party who did not like them might leave them and the party too. Ex-Senator Windom became permanent chairman and made a vigorous attack on the saloon power. Commissioner Hiram Price, who also spoke, is reported as making the assertion that the leaders of the Prohibitionists in 1884 were Democrats. The most important planks of the platform adopted were the third and fourth, which declared that "the National Government should absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia and in all the Territories of the United States;" and that "the best practical method of dealing with the liquor traffic in the several States is to let the people decide whether it shall be prohibited by the submission of constitutional amendments, and, until such amendments are adopted, by the passage of local option laws." Less acrimony was manifested against the Prohibitionists than was expected.

Subscriptions for the Help of Charleston continue to be sent from all parts of the country and from Europe. At the close of last week four hundred thousand dollars in all had been received. At least a million dollars are needed, and it is suggested that some help ought to come from the national Government to make up that sum if voluntary subscriptions fall short of it. New York City's contribution has reached a total of \$125,000. Offers of homes for destitute people who can leave the city have been made by several places in the neighborhood. It is hoped that by the end of the month accommodation will be found for every one, and the camps broken up. Much suffering and some danger to the health of the city must result if the camps continue many weeks longer. The Relief Committee is furnishing two meals a day to seven thousand persons, two thirds of whom are colored. Some trouble owing to labor strikes has been experienced in the work of rebuilding. The bricklayers, however, are now going on with their work, and report themselves satisfied with their present wages. They are receiving five dollars a day. The brick-cleaners, who receive one dollar, have struck for a rise of fifty per cent. The deaths reported up to the close of last week as the result of the earthquake bring the total up to sixty-two, but there have been many deaths registered as by other causes which the earthquake indirectly caused or precipitated.

A Mining Disaster Occurred at Scranton, Pa., on September 13th which caused the death of seven miners. A large part of the roof of the Marvine Colliery, weighing many thousand tons of rock and coal, fell in, either crushing the men or hemming them in. Three hundred miners were at work in the colliery when the fall occurred, and about sixty were in the chambers crushed in. They noticed that there was a "squeeze" and that the roof was bulging, and ran for their lives. Many were hurt by the falling masses from the roof. Parties of miners worked in relays all the week boring through the wall of fallen debris behind which the seven men are, but were unable to reach them. The air is loaded with gas, and it is thought that they must have been suffocated if they were not crushed.

A Railroad Collision Caused the Death of fourteen persons on September 14th. An excursion train bound east on the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis Railroad ran into a freight train one mile east of Silver Creek. Both trains were running at the rate of ten miles an hour. The engines struck each other, pilot against pilot, with a terrific crash that left them both a mass of broken metal; the baggage-car of the excursion train was driven back on the smoking-car, telescoping it almost the entire length of the car. The cars in the rear were badly shaken, but not injured. Fourteen persons in the smoking-car were killed on the spot and twenty others severely injured, three of whom have since died. The accident was caused by the disregard of instructions on the part of the engineer

and conductor of the excursion train. The former has absconded, but the latter testified at the inquest. He explained his conduct by saying that he had received a verbal order by a flagman which he considered superseded the instructions of the train despatcher.

Another Riot Occurred in Belfast on Sunday. The police arrested some drunken brawlers who were fighting in front of the police station, when they were surrounded by a mob and had much difficulty in getting their prisoners into the cells. There were only four policemen in the station, and the mob, taking advantage of its defencelessness, attacked the building. Shutters were torn down and windows were smashed with brickbats and paving stones. The four constables fired eleven rounds, killing one man and wounding several others. It is stated that a woman was wounded and has since died in her own house. The mob was scattered by reinforcements of police. Later the mob re-gathered in small groups, when a number of priests tried to persuade the people to retire to their homes.

The Bulgarian Difficulty Grows More Ominous daily. A significant hint to Russia has been conveyed in the reply sent by the cabinets of England, Austria, and Italy to the circular of the Sultan. They assure him that the further steps needed for the settlement of affairs in Bulgaria must be taken by the Powers acting in concert. The Sobranje, the curious constitutional assembly which has been summoned to decide on the future government of the country, has adopted a doubtful policy. While cringing to the Czar and sending him an abject letter, the Sobranje has denounced the plot against Prince Alexander, which was undoubtedly the Czar's work. European observers notice with alarm that Russia is making hasty and extensive preparations for war, and that England, Austria, and Italy are drawing closer together in diplomatic concert.

Debate on Mr. Parnell's Important Bill for the relief of Irish tenants was commenced on Monday last in the House of Commons. The administration expect to defeat it by the help of their Liberal allies by a majority of seventy. There are clauses in the bill which Mr. Gladstone's followers do not approve, and the one relating to leaseholders has been emphatically condemned by the ex-Premier. There is therefore little probability of its passing at all, and no chance of its passing in its present shape. An attempt has been made to induce Mr. Parnell to moderate the clause staying evictions in cases in which the tenant has paid one half his arrears. He has been advised to raise the limit to two thirds of the arrears. The Parnellites are agreeably surprised to find Sir Michael Hicks-Beach more conciliatory than they expected. As he is Secretary for Ireland, his attitude toward them encourages hope that some compromise may be effected on Mr. Parnell's bill. Some amusement has been caused by a lively tilt between Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends of the Scottish Protestant Alliance. They wrote to protest, on religious grounds, against the elevation of Mr. Matthews, who is a Roman Catholic, to the high post of Home Secretary. Lord Randolph replied that he observed "with astonishment and regret that in this age of enlightenment and general toleration persons professing to be educated and intelligent can arrive at conclusions so senseless and irrational" as those which they had communicated to him. To this the alliance replied, characterizing Lord Randolph's letter as insolent, and expressing their "astonishment and regret that you have not laid aside those weapons of abuse with which you tomahawked your way to power. It is a national calamity when men pitchforked into high position are destitute of decent manners." These are early days in the curious political league for such hard words to be flung at each other by the allies.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1883, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

The Bible and Prophetic Conference to be held in Chicago November 16th-21st is attracting the most intense interest in the Christian churches throughout the country. Letters from clergymen of various denominations and from professors in colleges have been received by the secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, in response to the call published in our columns on September 2d (p. 550). It promises to be an assembly truly remarkable for catholicity of Christian brotherhood, as well as for earnestness. Twenty-seven papers on prophetic subjects have already been promised by eminent men, and the list is not yet complete. A partial list, which arrived too late for publication in this issue, will be published next week. Ministers desiring to sign the call or to take part in the conference should write to Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Authentic News from China of the Attack on the missionaries at Chung King has been received at Davenport, Iowa, from Mrs. Gamewell, who is a native of that city. She has labored as a missionary in China since 1871. Her husband is superintendent of missions at Chung King, Western China, sixteen hundred miles from Shanghai. A private letter from her is published by the Davenport *Democrat*. It states that she was attacked in her house by a Chinese mob on Sunday, June 6th, while her husband was away preaching. She was beaten and ill-used, but succeeded in scaring the mob with an empty gun. Shortly afterward another attack was made, and the missionaries were driven out of their homes and robbed of all their possessions. They were not allowed to save anything but the clothes they had on. Mr. Bowen, the British resident, the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and American Bible Society colporteurs, were treated in the same way. No one was killed, but all were stripped of their property. Mrs. Gamewell is now on her way home.

A Convention of the Young People's Association of the city of New York is to be arranged preparatory to the winter's work. In June last a letter suggesting the convention was issued by the "Young People's Association of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church," to which forty representatives from different city churches responded, and at their meeting they unanimously adopted the following resolution: "That it is the sense of this meeting that a convention of the Young People's Associations of the city of New York would be conducive to their general growth and interest in Christian work." A committee of seven was appointed to take the matter in hand, which has arranged to receive representatives from the different churches on Monday evening, September 27th, 1886, at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, at eight o'clock, which assembly shall constitute a committee to act on the resolution.

A Walking Illustration to a Discourse was supplied recently in New York. At an open-air service held in the large triangular space in front of the Roosevelt slip by the Rev. James Mathews, the preacher was led to speak of the evils of the drinking habit. He said he would mention twelve reasons for abstaining from intoxicating liquor. His sixth reason was: "It debases man." Just as he had given utterance to it a miserable, drunken loafer staggered into the crowd and cast himself down full length in the dirt at the preacher's feet.

A New Way of Spending a Vacation has been adopted by three ladies of Baltimore, Md. They are deeply interested in the cause of foreign missions, and finding it difficult to arouse the country churches to a similar concern by correspondence simply, they determined to spend their vacation this summer visiting about from church to church; so that, if possible, they might leave behind them, in every church where no organization of ladies exists, a working circle specially devoted to the cause of missions. The time usually spent at a fashionable watering-place was fully occupied by the tour through the State, giving a few days to each church. In this way they hope, before the summer is

over, to have an organization planted in every town of the State, which will keep alive the interest in the missionary cause in its locality.

A Conference of Sufferers from Hay Fever was held at Bethlehem, N. H., on September 11th, and there was a large attendance. The discussion centred on the new drug, hydrochlorate of cocaine, and the new galvanocautery process, both of which are used to deaden or destroy the oversensitiveness of the lining membrane of the nose. The testimony of doctors and hay-fever sufferers seems to be that hydrochlorate of cocaine gives temporary relief, but that its use is attended with danger. One reported that it had paralyzed his auditory nerve. Concerning the galvanocautery, reports were diverse—some reporting complete cure; others relief for one or two years; and still more no relief whatever. Boxes of nostrum are sent to the association yearly, but the association refuses to give its sanction to any remedy the absolute efficacy of which is not known. The association has done a great work in collecting and comparing data for the locating of exempt places in the White Mountains, Adirondacks, and California. The misery endured by victims of this disease explains the organized effort thus made to find a remedy. It is remarkable that men are not similarly anxious in spiritual matters. The malady of sin is infinitely more general, causes more misery here and threatens greater misery hereafter, and an infallible remedy is provided. Yet how few sufferers apply to it (Isa. 1 : 6, 18)!

A Bride's Dementia was Caused by the Charleston earthquake. One of the saddest incidents of the earthquake came to light only last week. A New York business man received a letter from his friends in the South giving the narrative. It stated that two young persons living near Charleston were married about a week before the earthquake, and they were enjoying the first days of their honeymoon in a visit to friends in Charleston when the terrible disaster came. The groom was hurt somewhat, not gravely, but enough to add a large measure of personal anxiety to the fears of his bride, who, naturally of a frail constitution, became mentally overwrought, and is now not merely emaciated and a wreck physically, but is pronounced hopelessly insane. The young husband bears his sorrow in a dazed sort of way that promises ill, too, for his future, seeming scarce able to comprehend what really has come to pass. Strong men speak of the severe strain the shocks put upon their nerves, so that it is not surprising that a lady of the susceptible temperament described has been mentally unbalanced by her terrible experience. There will doubtless be many such cases when that great earthquake comes which, as prophecy warns us, will accompany the last scenes of this dispensation; for then men will be "marrying and giving in marriage" (Matt. 24 : 38). But the bride of Christ will be safe, having been withdrawn to meet Him in the air as He has promised (1 Thess. 4 : 17).

A Child Among Elephants Came Near Losing his life at Orillia, Canada, recently. Forepaugh's menagerie was exhibiting in that town, and among the spectators were a mother and a chubby four year-old boy. When the performance in the circus commenced many of the people moved away from the menagerie to witness it. Suddenly they were startled by a loud shriek from the menagerie. "My child! My child!" rang through the pavilion, and roused the half dozen animal keepers. Hastening to the spot they saw the mother in the act of crawling under the guard ropes which encircled twelve huge elephants. Another glance revealed the tiny form of her baby-boy, standing in the midst of the herd, patting their squirming trunks with his diminutive hands, laughing and shouting. Unnoticed he had strayed from his mother's charge, and run under the ropes among the elephants, who were stretching their trunks out to him. The elephant keeper understood the situation at a glance, and quickly seizing the

frenzied woman, handed her to an attendant, and shouting to the elephants, who were familiar with his voice and presence, entered among them, and gently raising the daring little intruder to his shoulder, carried him to his agonized parent. The child could not realize his danger, and the mother, who did realize it, could not avert it; only the keeper knew how to save the little one's life. So it is in the perils to which parents see their children exposed in the world. They alone act wisely who cry to God for the deliverance of those they love (Isa. 49 : 25).

Tenants in a Quaking Tenement in New York came near losing their lives last week. Six families lived in a very old house in Leonard Street, which has long been deemed unsafe. Recently the next house to it was pulled down to make room for a new structure. It was then seen that the wall between the two was cracked from foundation to roof. The inmates were given notice to leave the place, but they did not comply. The heavy rainstorms of Monday, however, had such an effect on the exposed wall that it shook with every passing vehicle. Even then the tenants could not be aroused to a sense of their peril. They stayed to remove their furniture, and would have done so had they not been compelled to leave by the captain of the fire brigade, who forced them out of the house, and proceeded to tear it down. So men cling to the world, where their treasures are, in spite of warnings and entreaties to seek salvation by flying to Christ (Gen. 19 : 16, 17).

A Man Trying to Sell his Body was Unsuccessful in finding a purchaser in Buffalo, N. Y., last week. A citizen of that place was accosted in the street on September 16th by a German who placed in his hand a paper on which was written: "This man would like to know if he could sell his body. Would like to know how much his children would receive after his death. He is a poor man, and would like to get \$50 in advance. He is a German. Is six years in the country. He cannot speak English very well, so please write an answer." The man explained in broken English that he was willing to end his life at any time his purchaser might desire. The citizen declined to purchase, and the man then went to the medical college, but found no buyers there. It is saddening to learn that any man is in circumstances so desperate as to offer to sell his body. We often hear of men selling their souls for gain, and in this case too the terms offered included the loss of the soul. Those who offer such bargains do not reflect that the Son of God died to redeem their souls, or they might truthfully say, as tradesmen sometimes do of their goods, that they are being "sold regardless of cost" (1 Peter 1 : 18, 19).

An Unerring Sign of Approaching Marriage was recognized by the late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt in one of his acquaintances who was married recently. The gentleman is a heavy dealer in Wall Street, and was noted for his gruff and sometimes discourteous manner. For a year past he is said to have changed radically, and has not been known to say an unpleasant word to any one. The improvement in his manner was the subject of comment among a circle of Wall Street men gathered on the piazza of a hotel in Saratoga last summer, and various suggestions were made as to its cause. While the subject was under discussion the gentleman himself passed with a lady. Mr. Vanderbilt no sooner saw him than he said: "He is going to be married. Do you notice that he is carrying the lady's shawl on his arm. That is a sure sign, gentlemen, an unerring sign. When a man gets that far he's gone. I've noticed it a hundred times. It never fails—never!" It would appear that the broker's love was strong enough not only to prompt him to render delicate attentions to the object of his affections, but made him kinder and more affable to others. True love often has that transforming effect. It is *always* so when a man begins to love Jesus. It is one of the signs by which Jesus said we might recognize the true Christian (John 13 : 35).

IN CHRIST NO CONDEMNATION.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—ROMANS 8:1.

The Man who Ought to Doubt—The Apostle's Connected Experience—I. The Serpent's Gospel Refuted—The Larger Hope—Those who are Under Condemnation—II. The Believer's Position—In Christ by his Faith—As his Federal Head—By Vital Union—By His Finished Work—III. The Believer's Walk—An Interpolation—The Words Scriptural and True—IV. The Believer's Absolution—A Bold Statement—A Condemned Soldier's Dear Grapes.

YOU are well aware, dear friends, that the division into chapters has only been made for convenience's sake, and is not a matter of inspired arrangement. I may add that it has been clumsily made, and not with careful thoughtfulness, but as roughly as if a woodman had taken an axe and chopped the book to pieces in a hurry. It was a very unfortunate thing that the axe dropped down just here, so as to divide a passage which ought to have been kept entire. We once heard a friend say, "I have got out of the seventh of Romans into the eighth." Nonsense! There is no getting out of one into the other, for they are one. The field is not divided by hedge or ditch.

Our apostle, after having said, "So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin," goes on to say, without any break, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." The fact is, that believers are in a state of conflict, but not in a state of condemnation; and that at the very time when the conflict is hottest the believer is still justified. The man who never strives against the sin which dwelleth in him, who indeed is not conscious of any sin to strive against, that is

THE MAN WHO MAY QUESTION

whether he knows anything at all about the spiritual life. He who has no inward pain may well suspect that he is abiding in death, abiding therefore under constant condemnation; but that man who feels a daily striving after deliverance from evil, who is panting, and pining, and longing, and agonizing to become holy even as God is holy, he is the justified man.

Observe that the text is written in the present tense. You will lose much of its force and beauty if you leave out that word "now," or regard it as a mere term of argument. This "now" shows how distinctly the statement of non-condemnation is consistent with that mingled experience of the seventh chapter, which certain good people do not appear to understand. Every child of God must know this conflict if he knows himself. Reading my text in that connection, with an emphasis upon the "now," my heart sings for joy. With all my watching, and warring—yea, with all my fears and tremblings—yet will I rejoice in the Lord even now; for "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

I. I would say, first of all, that this verse contains a refutation of

THE SERPENT'S GOSPEL.

"The serpent's gospel," say you, "what is that?" It is another name for the gospel of modern thought—that gospel which casts a doubt upon the threatenings of the law, and even denies them altogether. Quote the first few words of the text, and stop there, and this false gospel is before you—"There is therefore now no condemnation." The serpent promulgated this gospel in the Garden of Eden when he said, "Ye shall not surely die." With what greediness our first parents received that highly advanced teaching which contradicted the declaration of God—"Thou shalt surely die!" The doctrine of no punishment for any man is popular at this day, and threatens to have even greater sway in the future. Generally it comes in the serpent's favorite form of "honest doubt"—"Yea, hath God said?" Can it be so? Is He not far too merciful?

The denial of the penalty attached to sin comes out in different ways, but when put into a nutshell it amounts to this—"There is therefore now no condemnation to any man, however he may live." Some teach that you may live in sin, and die impenitent, but it will not matter, for at death there is an end of you; the soul is not immortal, men are only cooking animals. Others tell us that if you die unforgiven it will be a pity, but you will

COME ROUND IN DUE TIME,

after a purgatorial period; you may take a little longer road, but you will come to the same end in the course of time. The wrath of God and the judgment to come are mere bugbears, according to the teaching of our new apostles. This is the Gospel according to Satan—a gospel which has already ruined thousands of souls, and is now sealing up myriads in a stony-hearted unbelief which enables them to sin without fear.

Here is Paul's refutation of this doctrine of a general amnesty—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." They would be condemned, every one of them, if it had not been that they are in Christ Jesus; and there is now no condemnation to them, solely because they are in Christ Jesus. Their being in Christ Jesus is the great method by which alone they have escaped condemnation. If Paul had only stopped when he had got as far as "there is now no condemnation," every drunkard and swearer and whoremonger would have cried, "Bravo, apostle, that is the gospel for us! Now you speak

LIKE A MAN OF THOUGHT."

But Paul was too honest to court popularity by pandering to man's desire of immunity in sin. He believed the terrible truth that the impenitent sinner is under condemnation, and believing that truth, he spoke it plainly. He did not deal out comfort hand over head, catch it who can; but he put it thus—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

It is a work of almighty and sovereign grace, to put men into Christ Jesus; by this method they escape condemnation, but by no other. I understand Paul tacitly to tell us that those who are not in Christ Jesus are under condemnation; and this is a terrible truth. "He that believeth not shall be damned" is as much the declaration of our Lord Jesus as that other divine sentence, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." As many as believe not in Christ Jesus, and repent not of sin, have before them at this moment "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation." O sirs, I must tell you these things. It is as much as my soul is worth to be silent about them. If you think that I find any pleasure in them you misjudge me. I appeal to those who know me—am I morose? Am I without tenderness? No, it is because I love you that I warn you. You shall not perish through any flattering words of mine. I will be clear of your blood. If you are not reconciled to God by the death of His Son, you are His enemies, and to be at enmity with God is to be miserable; it cannot be otherwise. How I wish you would feel this truth, and be led by it to escape from the wrath to come before yonder sun shall again go down! God grant you may.

II. And now, secondly, we have in the text a description of

THE BELIEVER'S POSITION—

he is "in Christ Jesus." What does that mean? I am not going into any deep theological disquisitions; I speak very simply and with a view to practical results. He that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is in Christ. By an act of simple dependence upon Jesus he realizes his position as being in Christ. By nature I am in myself, and in sin, and I am, therefore, condemned; but when the grace of God awakens me up to know my ruined state, then I fly to Christ. I trust alone in His blood and righteousness, and He becomes to me the cleft of the rock, wherein I hide myself from the storm of vengeance justly due to me for my many

offences. Judge, then, my hearer, whether you are in Christ. Do you stand before God on your own footing, or do you rest upon Christ, and find your all in Him? This is not an abstruse problem, but a plain question.

Will you at home kindly read the fifth chapter, and you will perceive that believers are in Christ as their federal head. By Christ's righteous life and substitutionary death, justification has come upon all who are in Him. His righteousness and sacrifice have availed for you: "There is therefore now no condemnation." It has been my joy to preach to you for many years the blessed doctrine of substitution. If our debt was paid, it was paid, and there is an end of it; a second payment cannot be demanded. You know the story, the very excellent story, which I think was first told by Mr. Moody, of the man who in the French war was drawn for a soldier, but a friend stepped in, and was accepted as his substitute. That substitute served in the war till he was slain in battle. The man for whom he served was drawn a second time, but he declined to serve. He appeared before the court, and pleaded that he had been drawn once, had served in the war by his substitute, and must now be

REGARDED AS DEAD,

because his representative had been killed. He pleaded that his substitute's service was practically his service; and it is said that the law allowed his plea. Assuredly it is according to divine equity even if it be not according to human law. No criminal can be hanged a second time; one death is all the law requires; believers died in Christ unto sin once, and now they penally die no more. Our condemnation has spent itself upon our gracious representative.

III. Now we come to the third point, upon which we shall speak briefly, because this part of my text is not a true portion of Holy Scripture. We have before us in this verse a description of

THE BELIEVER'S WALK

—"who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." You who have the Revised New Testament will kindly look at it. Do you see this sentence there? To your surprise it is omitted, and very rightly so. The most learned men assure us that it is no part of the original text. I cannot just now go into the reasons for this conclusion, but they are very good and solid.

Do you ask me, "How did it get into the text?" Probably the sentence now before us was put in, and allowed to remain, by general consent, in order that the great truth of the non-condemnation of those who are in Christ Jesus might be guarded from that Antinomian tendency which would separate faith from good works. But the fear was groundless, and the

TAMPERING WITH SCRIPTURE

was unjustifiable. We are greatly obliged to our revisers for leaving out the sentence, since it should not be there, and without it the doctrine of justification in Christ is made more clear than in the Authorized Version. In the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, service of the same kind is most properly rendered; for instead of, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life," the Revisers have given us a more accurate text: "Blessed are they that wash their robes." In these two cases we have proof that the more nearly the text of Scripture is restored to its original purity, the more clearly will the doctrines of grace be set forth in it.

Again, you ask me, "Where did the man who made the gloss get his words from? The words are so good and true that they read like inspiration." Just so. The words are borrowed from the fourth verse. The Holy Ghost meant to say this very thing a little further on, in its proper place; but the good men who felt it right to tamper a little with the document must needs make him say it sooner, and therefore they copied the last sentence of the fourth verse and placed it here: "who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Truly, there was not much hurt done, for the words are true; but no

man has a right to add to holy Scripture or take from it, and I fear that many may have been brought into needless bondage by this sentence being inserted where the Holy Spirit did not place it. Beloved, when you desire to know your state, be content with this question—"Am I in Christ?" and if you can answer it from your heart, let it suffice you: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Others may better judge your walk than you can judge it yourself; but your union with Christ is

BEST KNOWN TO YOURSELF.

Still, the interpolated sentence is true; the man who is in Christ Jesus does not walk after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Suppose me to be now preaching upon verse four. Observe carefully that the flesh is there; he does not walk after it, but it is there. It is there, striving and warring, vexing and grieving, and it will be there till he is taken up into heaven. It is there as an alien and detested force, and not there so as to have dominion over him. He does not walk after it, nor practically obey it. He does not accept it as his guide, nor allow it to drive him into rebellion. The man who is in Christ Jesus commits himself to the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

Judge ye yourselves in which way ye are walking. Are you walking according to the flesh? Do you do whatever you like to do? Do you believe whatever you like to believe? Do you say to yourself, "I am not going to be limited by Scripture, nor by rules of holiness; these are too old-fashioned and strait-laced for me?" Then, you walk after the flesh; you are your own guide; your own wisdom and righteousness and vain desires conduct you whither they will. You are blind; and your guide is blind, and you will soon fall into the ditch. You think not so, but time will prove my words.

IV. And so I come, in closing, to notice the ABSOLUTION OF THE BELIEVER:

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." What a grand sentence! I call upon you to notice it. You may have seen a well-painted picture called "Waiting for the Verdict." What interest is displayed on every face! What fear and trembling upon the countenance of the prisoner! In his wife and the friends around him what anxiety is seen! "Waiting for the Verdict" is a sad picture; but what another might be drawn of "The Favorable Verdict Received." The prisoner is acquitted! Oh, what joy! It is not possible to bring in a verdict of "Not Guilty" for you and for me, for we are undoubtedly guilty; but yet it is possible by the processes of substitution and divine grace to bring in a just verdict by which it is witnessed that "There is now no condemnation."

Notice, first, that this is a *bold speech*. "There is no condemnation." "But you said just now that the thing you would not that you did." Yes, but there is no condemnation. The same lips which made such a humble confession and revealed such a troublesome experience now assert positively and joyfully "There is no condemnation." Free grace makes men speak bravely when their faith has a clear view of Jesus. Though it is a bold assertion, *it is proven*. Whenever a man has a "therefore" at the back of what he has to say, he may say it without stammering. "There is therefore now no condemnation." Paul is always a reasoner and a great logician. Here he seems to declare his certainty. "What I say I can prove. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, and I can prove it to a demonstration."

The devil says there is condemnation, and therefore he accuses us day and night. He was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies! Conscience sometimes censures us, for even conscience itself needs to be enlightened and to be purged from dead works; but when conscience understands the plan of free grace, and sees things in the light of truth, it also bears witness, and the Spirit of God bears witness with it, that we are the children of God.

"No," saith the apostle, "there is no condemnation." What a broad sweep these words take! What

A JOYFUL STATEMENT

it is! When Giant Despair's head was cut off, Mr. Bunyan says that the pilgrims danced; and well they might. Mr. Despondency and Miss Much-afraid took a turn, and even Ready-to-Halt with his crutches must needs join in. I warrant you he footed it well. When he saw the monster's head upon the pole he could not help being merry. This text sticks the giant's head up on the pole for us. "There is therefore now no condemnation." Oh, for the loud-sounding cymbals! Poor prodigal sinners have fled to Jesus and hidden in Him, and there is now no condemnation to them. Poverty? Yes, but no condemnation. Depression of spirit? Yes, sometimes; but no condemnation. Infirmities and weaknesses, and things to grieve over? Yes, plenty of them, but no condemnation. "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!"

"All very well," says one, "but we should like

SOMETHING PRACTICAL."

Practical! this is *the most practical thing that ever was*, because the moment a man receives this assurance into his soul his heart is won to his loving Lord, and the neck of his sinfulness is broken with a blow. There never was, ay, never can be, a man that has realized by the witness of the Holy Ghost that he is free from condemnation who will ever go to love sin and live in it. While I am condemned I say, "Well, if I am to be sent to hell for my sin I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and therefore I will continue in sin, and get what pleasure I can out of it." Do you not know how the guilty man often feels, that since there is no hope for him, he may as well harden his heart, and enjoy himself? A mouse was caught in a trap, the other day, by its tail, and the poor creature went on eating the cheese. Many men are doing the same; they know that they are guilty, and they dread their punishment, but they go on nibbling at their beloved sins. They remind me of the soldier in

THE OLD CLASSIC STORY.

The army marched through a certain country, and the commander-in-chief ordered that there should be no plundering; not a man must touch a bunch of grapes in going through the vineyards, or he should die for his disobedience. One soldier, tempted by a bunch of grapes, must needs pluck it, and begin to eat it. He was brought before the captain, who declared that the law must be carried out, and the thief must die. He was taken out to die; and though he knew his head would be cut off, he went on eating the grapes as he walked along. A comrade wondered that he should do this; but the condemned man answered that no one ought to grudge him his grapes, for they cost him dear enough.

Such are the bravados of sinners. The breasts of wicked men are steeled rather than softened by a sense of condemnation; but once let the Holy Spirit remove the burden of their guilt, and they will be dissolved by love. Free pardon is a great conqueror. The love of Jesus soon makes men turn from sin with burning hatred. In the experience of free grace you have something to work upon; you have put a new affection into the man, and it will drive out his base affections. A life force is communicated to him which will cause him to forsake his old ways and turn unto the Lord. "How do you know?" says one. I know by experience and by observation. I could point you out many specimens of the power of divine grace in this assembly, but I will not do so. If I were to say, "Brothers and sisters, you who once lived in sin but have escaped from it through free grace and dying love, stand up!" what an exceeding great army would start to their feet! Yes, we know it is true, for the lips of many witnesses declare it; they say, "Jesus saved us from the worst of

sins, and made us His friends by His free grace, and now we rejoice to love and serve Him." So shall it be with you, dear hearer, if you also believe in Jesus. The text shall be true of you also—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God bless you! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE PHILOSOPHER-PAINTER.*

THE humorist school of engraving gained great distinction in England; but it is of historical rather than artistic interest, as it borrowed its subjects largely from literature, politics, and contemporary customs, and would lose much from being considered from a merely artistic point of view.

William Hogarth is the master of this style. Born of poor parents he was apprenticed to a goldsmith instead of being sent to a good master, who could have prepared him for a literary career. His father had struggled in vain all his life, in spite of a good education to attain a higher position than that of a printer's overseer, and his example early showed his son the illusory character of a literary life. He turned resolutely from literature, and this man, who was to inaugurate a new style of art, began life by chasing metals, and engraving armorial bearings, figures and arabesques on silver, gold, or bronze. It was thus he learned the trade of an engraver.

After working for some years with a goldsmith he determined to leave the humble profession of a copyist and devote himself to art properly so called. He studied nature with enthusiasm, looking always at the picturesque side of every creature and of everything, and noting in his memory or on paper that which struck his attention on his rambles. The wretched life of his parents had left a tone of sadness on his observing and inquiring mind, which made him see the saddest and most painful side of humanity. Thus his ideal was not beauty of form or elegance of outline, not graceful action or noble attitude, but truth and power of expression. Though harsh and rough sometimes, his work is always full of energy and character.

Fielding said of Hogarth: "The figures of other painters breathe. Those of Hogarth think." He was right. Hogarth is more of a philosopher than an artist. His paintings, often dull and inharmonious, are cleverly composed, and some figures are really artistic, but the thought is everything; the subject absorbs all attention and interest at the expense of the drawing and execution. The "Harlot's Progress," the "Rake's Progress," or "Marriage a la Mode," are really comedies in several acts, moral comedies in which the author does not shrink from a coarse and revolting representation of certain actions for the sake of teaching how terribly they are afterward expiated. William Hogarth did not confine himself merely to composing pictures, he also engraved them, a fortunate circumstance, as his works retained their original style and attractions better than they could have done in the hands of other artists. His engravings were nearly completed in etching, and then most skillfully retouched by the graver. Thinking above all of expression, he used the needle or graver for that purpose as readily as the brush, and his engravings not only possess all the qualities of his pictures, but excel them in their harmony. There is a wide difference between William Hogarth and other

* From "Wonders of Engraving," an illustrated work by Georges Duplessis, describing the most famous engravings in the world, and the characteristics of the most eminent masters of the art. Pp. 338; price \$1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Broadway, New York.



Sunset.

English painters of manners and caricaturists. The master is anxious about the philosophical side of his work, and desirous of giving to his compositions all the value of a moral lesson, but the caricaturists who succeeded him cared little to make their works of general interest. If they intended to ridicule any one they exaggerated his physical defects, or represented him in rags, or wretched and scorned, that was all; and if they did depict one of the thousand miseries of life, they carried buffoonery to the greatest extreme; the figures, the gesture, the expression, the dress are exaggerated to such an extent that they do not always provoke even a laugh.

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

(See Illustration.)

"ANNETTE, my child, I think I will lie down a little; I am very tired." The speaker was an old pensioner who in his youth had followed the eagles of the first Napoleon, had been in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and had seen his master's star of glory set on the field of Waterloo. He was old and feeble now, but his last days were made pleasant for him in the home of his son and the comely young matron whom he now addressed.

Annette rose as the old man spoke, and giving a glance of motherly care at the cradle by her side, in which the treasure of her life lay asleep, she went to the rough bed on which the old man had thrown himself, and put a pillow under his head and drew the coverlet over him.

"Thank you, my daughter," said the old man; "God reward you for all your kindness to me!" He lay silent for a few minutes watching the busy fingers as they plied the knitting needles. Then he said: "Annette, you have been a great blessing to us. When I came back and they told me that Pierre had married a Huguenot I was grieved. I thought this would be no home for me. Not that I cared for religion, but I had been used to think Huguenots accursed of the Church. I soon learned better. You have been like an angel to Pierre and me. We were godless men till you taught us to pray and to love the good Jesus. God bless you for it, Annette!"

Annette looked lovingly at the old man as he spoke, but she said nothing; her heart was too full to speak. She remembered well the prejudice against her that her father-in-law spoke of. She saw it in his face and manner when he came to their home, and had prayed for help to overcome it. God had blessed her beyond her hopes, and now both her husband and his father were Christian men.

The sun was near its setting, and was filling the room with golden light, and she sat on quietly knitting with the aged soldier on one side and the dear infant on the other, both locked in slumber. Presently her father opened his eyes and looked around wonderingly. "What is it, father? Does the sunlight disturb you?"

"No, daughter," was the reply; "I was dreaming, and scarcely knew where I was; I thought I must have got into the golden city that you read of. I seemed to see an angel there in the sunlight beckoning to me. Only a dream, my dear, but it was very real to me. Ah, well! it will be true some day, and thank God I am not afraid now."

He turned on his side and was soon asleep again, breathing as peacefully as his grandchild in the cradle. Annette looked at him and saw him smile in his sleep. When her child smiled so, she said, as the old nurses used to say, "the angels are whispering to him." Perhaps they were whispering to this battered old soldier too. She sat very quietly till after the sun went down, and her husband came home from his work. Then the lamps were lighted, and Pierre, looking at his father, noticed the smile too; but the face was very pale, and the breathing could not be distinguished. Annette laid her hand gently on the old man's brow, and it was cold. The old soldier was gone, and, as she had reason to know, was gone to the land to which he had seen the angel beckoning him, and, as he had said, he was not afraid.

MRS. W. B. OSBORN.

(See Portrait on page 605.)

A REMARKABLE illustration of the unlimited resources which God places at the command of

His children who put their trust in Him is found in the life of the Christian lady whose portrait appears on the next page. From her youth she has been accustomed to look to God in all her difficulties, and has never been put to shame. In sickness she has experienced God's power to heal; in pecuniary difficulties God has supplied her need; and in Christian service the Holy Spirit has given her many souls as proofs of Divine favor. She is now residing at Niagara Falls, where her home is filled with young people whom she is training for work in heathen lands, and hitherto the cost of their board and education has been defrayed from funds for which she has made no appeal except to the Hearer of prayer.

Mrs. Osborn is now forty-two years of age, having been born October 27th, 1844, at Stoughton, Mass. Her parents were both godly persons, and her father was intensely interested in the cause of foreign missions. It was said of him that if a time of financial difficulty were to come upon him he would live on two meals a day rather than curtail his usual gifts to the foreign mission cause. His daughter inherited his devotion to that field of usefulness, and after her conversion, which occurred when she was seventeen years of age, she earnestly desired to go as a missionary to India. It was found, however, that her lungs were affected, and no missionary society would take the responsibility of sending to India one whom the dread scourge of consumption had marked for its prey. The disappointment was borne with composure, but it had its effect on her mind and body.

After the discovery of her condition the disease made rapid progress, and physicians whom she consulted pronounced her case hopeless, and intimated that her life was extremely precarious. She was liable to die, they said, at any time.

The extreme weakness and lassitude incidental to the disease were experienced to an unusual degree, and so low was she brought that death seemed to be a question of weeks, if not of days. It was then that the conviction came to her, she believed from God, that a work of usefulness in the Lord's service was before her,

and she logically inferred that if this was so, God intended that she should recover. Acting upon this belief she rose from her sick-bed and went about her work. She was made whole, and was able to go through labors that a short time before seemed impossible to her.

The faith by which she had risen from the borders of the grave now took complete possession of her. Looking to God for guidance, and trusting wholly to Him, she commenced evangelistic work in the churches, especially endeavoring to lead young people to a life of faith, the joy and happiness of which she was experiencing. In all her work, which was carried on for seven years, she placed her sole dependence on God for her temporal needs, and they were fully supplied. It sometimes happened that in a strange town and penniless her circumstances for the moment seemed to have reached a crisis, but invariably before the time when the train started, by which she was to travel, sufficient funds were supplied to her, and that without seeking human aid. Once, when by excessive work rest and change were needed, she was able to go to Europe for a time, and to engage there in Christian work.

The desire for employment in heathen lands, particularly in India, revived with her renewed physical powers, and when she was thirty years of age an opportunity occurred for the realization of her long-cherished wish. Money was provided for her passage in answer to prayer, and she was guided to a part of India previously neglected. There she had the privilege of preaching to many who had never before heard of Christ. During her work in India she met Rev. W. B. Osborn, the Presiding Elder of the Bombay and Madras District of the South India Conference, familiarly known as Bishop "William Taylor's work." She and Mr. Osborn were much drawn to each other, and finally were married.

The first year of their married life was spent in Christian labor among the natives and the English-speaking peoples, after which, trusting in God for the means of travel and their daily bread, they went to Australia, where for some time they engaged in evangelistic work with remarkable success. Thence, in 1882, the money for the passage being sent in answer to prayer, they sailed for California, where Mr. Osborn organized the Ocean Grove and Ocean Park of the Pacific coast. Several months were afterward spent in evangelistic work in Oregon and Washington Territory, at the conclusion of which they travelled east, settling finally at Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada, where they are now living. Mr. Osborn has inaugurated there the Wesley Park International Camp Ground, which promises to become a popular place of resort for religious assemblies.

The enterprise in which Mr. and Mrs. Osborn are now engaged originated in the Union Missionary Conference held at Niagara last summer, at which seventy returned missionaries of various nationalities were present. The project of founding a Missionary Institute with a Library and Museum attached was discussed and some donations were made. Mrs. Osborn took a deep interest in the scheme, and in order that no time might be lost in making a beginning, she received into her house for training several young people who had given evidence of having been called of God to labor in the foreign mission field. There they receive instruction in science from helpers in the work, in biblical knowledge, and in the language of the country to which they intend going. They do the work of the house, are taught to cut and make their own clothing, and help in Christian work.



Mrs. W. B. Osborn, of Niagara Falls, Canada.

The house is now full, and Mrs. Osborn is in correspondence with some thirty young people anxious to enter the field of missionary labor, for whom there is no room. Encouraged by past experience, and profoundly conscious that nothing is too hard for the Lord, Mrs. Osborn is contemplating the purchase of a property adjoining Wesley Park, well adapted for the purpose of a Training Institute. It comprises a large building and fifty acres of land, and is offered for twenty-five thousand dollars. It is proposed to divide one half the ground into lots and offer them for sale at two hundred dollars each. If twenty-five acres of land could so be sold, the proceeds would suffice to purchase the entire estate. Of the actual value of the lots in the market we know absolutely nothing, but should any of our readers be disposed to invest money in a purchase they may obtain particulars by writing to Mrs. Osborn, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 591.)

Reconciliation.

THUS the interview from which both our young friends had hoped so much had ended in mutual disappointment. Neither of them had succeeded in the object contemplated. It was as evident that Leroy had not been drawn from his attitude of antagonism to religion, as it was that Carrie West had not been convinced that she was inconsistent or prejudiced. The only result achieved was to prove that both had the power of delivering hard blows, and also that both could suffer from them.

Leroy entered his room with glowing face and flashing eyes, flung his hat across the room, and sitting down in his chair, pushed his books impatiently aside, and resting his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands glared absently out of the window.

"Say, Mr. Dynamite," said Burt, "are you going to explode? You look dangerous."

"Don't chaff, Burt; I'm not in the mood for it."

"Oh, I won't chaff; only express your preferences, and I'm yours to command in any way! I am scared. I would not provoke you for the world. I'm quite inoffensive, but if you wish it, I will vanish."

"Don't be absurd, Burt. I have been unspeakably annoyed—insulted, in fact, and I feel mad."

"Yes, an idiot would perceive that. I don't object to your feeling mad, only don't mistake the proper object. I am not ready to depart this mortal life at present. It has its trials and vexations, but I would like to bear them a little longer. It would distress me very much if you took a fancy to ease your perturbed mind by cutting short my promising career. Let me carry a challenge to the man who has insulted you. Pistols and coffee, you know, like the German students do."

"Pshaw, Burt, don't be silly. It is not a man at all who has insulted me."

"Oh, you have been quarrelling with a woman, have you? That is bad. You were sure to get the worst of it. I understand your black looks. Still there is no need to despair while you have an ingenious friend like me to counsel you. Now, if I were you I would just go to that Miss Lost Atlantis of yours, tell her your wrongs, and set her on your assailant. I think she would champion your cause, and you could metaphorically sit on the fence and enjoy the spectacle of the battle."

"Burt, if you will stop your nonsense and listen to me I'll tell you all about it. It is Miss West herself who has wounded me."

Burt burst into a loud laugh. "Oh," he said, "this is tragic; it is romantic. Love's retribution. Go on, I am all attention."

"Well, Miss West and I had an argument about the preachers to-day, and as she seems to me to have been deluded by them and to entertain altogether too exalted an opinion of them, I showed her how prejudiced they are, and how ineffectively they go about their work. Well, sir, she fired up, and in so many words told me I was ignorant, and hinted that I did not understand what I was talking about."

"And you?"

"Oh, I—well, I suppose I lost my temper! At least I made her understand that I felt insulted, and we parted on unfriendly terms. But I was right to be indignant; don't you think so?"

"Well, that may be. You were not wise, though, if you were right. You have not learned the lessons taught by history and experience. All authorities will tell you that in the many difficulties which have occurred through the six thousand years during which men and women have been together more or less peaceably on the earth, a man never succeeds in an encounter with a woman in any way but one. He must never be provoked by anything she may say or do. They are observant creatures, are women, and they watch you closely. They lay on the rod in different ways and places, and if they see you wince they never forget how they made you do it, and where the vulnerable place in your armor is. It gives them a sense of power; they know they can punish you at any time. So if you are going to see much of Miss West you have begun badly. Besides, it was foolish to let her see the extent of your vanity. If you had taken up the cudgels for a friend it would not have been so bad; but to resent an imputation of ignorance was silly. You are not a Solon, you know."

"Then you think I was in the wrong?" Ransom asked, gloomily.

"Oh, wrong and right are not concerned in this affair! You were not wise, that is all."

"What would you do now?"

"That depends on the course you mean to take in the future. Now that you have seen the error of your ways, you will probably wish to return to your studies and forswear ladies' society in future. In that case you need do nothing. The acquaintance simply dies a natural death. If, on the other hand, you wish to be reconciled, you cannot do a better thing than go right away and ask her pardon."

"Ask pardon for being insulted!"

"Oh, yes; that is only one of the humiliations a man must expect when he becomes a lover. You need not ask it on your knees, you know. Just say that you had the toothache or rheumatism or something painful, and think you may have said something impolite. Tell her you know you are ignorant, but you hope she or one of her ministerial friends will teach you."

"Never," said Ransom. "I will tell her no such thing, and I do not care if I never speak to her again."

But he did care very much in his heart, and when, next morning, much of his irritation had cooled down, he found that he cared more than he was aware of. A reconciliation was absolutely necessary to his peace of mind. Going over the ground again, he could not help admitting that Carrie was right in a certain sense. He was ignorant, and should not have been so angry at being reminded of a fact that was true. In this very geological discussion, had he not been obliged to get his facts from the books? Not one had he discovered himself! Of the vast mines of knowledge, how little had he explored! How superficial was all his knowledge which, parrot-like, he had repeated! Yes, Carrie was right, though he was sorry that she had been ungentle in reminding him of his ignorance.

"Well," he said to himself, "I must ask pardon. That is only right. It is due to her that I should admit that I was wrong to resent her remark. I behaved badly in being so surly, and she has the right that belongs most righteously to every human being of insisting that the person who has misbehaved shall confess his fault and ask pardon before being forgiven."

That day a letter, more humble than any Leroy had ever penned, went by mail to Miss West, expressing his regret that he had failed in courtesy to her at their interview, and also his shame at discovering that, unconsciously, his vanity had grown to such inordinate proportions that it had been so easily wounded. It was a manly apology, creditable to the writer, and proving that he possessed the spirit of a gentleman. It had its effect, too. Carrie replied in a brief note, admitting that she had given provocation by her bluntness of speech, and fully accepting his apology. Both felt that the incident had drawn them nearer to each other and increased their mutual respect.

It must not be supposed, however, that Leroy in apologizing had surrendered his position of hostility to religion and its professors. A very short time afterward an incident occurred which proved that his antipathy had not been overcome. Meetings were being held in the church over which Mr. Delaware was pastor. Miss West took a deep interest in the meetings, and attended them regularly. Wherever Carrie went Ransom was attracted by the magnetism of her presence, and so it happened that he had an opportunity of observing the impressive phenomena of a real revival. One night he and Carrie were sitting together in the church. Mr. Delaware preached with more than his usual earnestness. He appealed to the love, consciences, and fears of his auditors. Leroy scowled and sneered, and particularly was he irritated when the preacher exclaimed: "Will you sink your souls to perdition?" Leroy muttered: "Wretch! does he want to scare us into his religion?" Carrie glanced at him with a troubled eye.

When the exhortation was ended, and the audience arose to sing, a number went weeping to the altar; and the members of the church gathered around them, while the earnest voice of the

preacher was heard above the song, "Flee from the wrath to come! Why will ye die?"

During the services at the altar some of the active members of the church sought out their friends in the audience and pleaded with them to "come on the Lord's side." One well-meaning old lady stopped before Leroy, but his frown was so forbidding that she passed on. What reason had he for being so bearish? He pretended to pity them as poor, deluded creatures; then why be angry at them?

As the services proceeded a man was busily engaged in trying to persuade a young woman to go forward. His face was bent close to hers, and he seemed to be pleading eagerly with her. Leroy watched him with disgust and anger on his face. Now and then he almost hissed between his set teeth. He was thoroughly aroused at the scene. "Wretch! fool!" he muttered so loud that Carrie heard it and looked up. Her enjoyment of the services was all destroyed. On their way home she said:

"What was wrong with you this evening, Mr. Ransom? You seemed very angry."

"Carrie, I couldn't help it," he said. "Did you see that scoundrel talking to that girl with his face nearly against hers, and that before all the people? That man is a hypocrite, a deceitful, despicable wretch. There's no religion or principle in him. I could have choked him."

"Why? Because he was talking to that young woman? Perhaps she was a near relative or particular friend."

"Not a bit of it," he hotly returned. "I have been watching him, and I have not seen him talk to a man yet! He always talks to some woman—some young woman. He's a scawlag, I say."

"Well, you may be right," she returned, "and I'm sorry if it is true. Such people are great stumbling-blocks, I confess."

"And yet they are allowed to occupy prominent positions in the church! Why don't they kick them out, like any other nuisance?"

"The church can't always do as she would like, and the reasons may be various. But I don't justify such people, or the church in tolerating them."

"And is that all the good religion does?"

"Mr. Ransom, do people often counterfeit lead or pewter?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Gold or bank-notes, my Socratic questioner."

"And why?"

"Because they are valuable, Miss Socrates."

"That is just why people counterfeit religion."

"Well, you beat all the preachers," he said, admiringly. "You must be thinking of these things all the time."

"You have sharpened me," she laughed.

"Then, if your views are right, an infidel is of a little use after all?"

"Very little indeed to himself or society."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Leroy said with some sadness: "Why is it, Carrie, that your God has not made these things plain, so that we would not be compelled to be in doubt at all if they are true, especially since you say they are of such importance? Why, it ought not to be possible to doubt or misunderstand such matters, if they are true."

"I do not know," she answered; "but let me ask you a question. I see you have acquired some knowledge of geology. Did you acquire it easily or by diligent effort?"

"Some more of your originality, Miss Socrates; but the cases are different. My salvation does not depend upon a knowledge of geology, but you tell me my eternal welfare depends on whether I accept the Bible or not. You see there is a great difference."

"Yes, I acknowledge that there is; but however it may be with you, I think that some sceptics give less time and effort to be right in this matter of paramount importance than they do to be right on scientific questions, in which a

mistake is not so fatal. I have often wondered myself why there is the possibility of mistake, and why perfectly honest men, sitting down to read the Bible, should come to opposite conclusions—but it is so. There is much in God's way that we cannot understand; but we shall know more hereafter. It is not to be expected that finite man can fully understand the infinite God. But I will tell you *how* the way to see these matters may be made plain, however dark they may seem now; by trying the way the Scriptures point out."

"And what is that?" he inquired.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.'"

"Which sounds to me like cant," said Leroy; "very pious, but not practical. Your prescription lacks the support of experience. Just think how many prayers have been made for centuries past, and how many are still being made for the conversion of the world, and yet the greater portion is still pagan. That don't look much as if your God answered prayer. But tell me why your God does not take better care of His people. You have read the history of Christianity. It is a bad picture—quarrels, errors, superstitions, wars, carnage, inquisitions, and St. Bartholomew's Days. If the church is a mere human institution, I do not wonder at this history; but if the church is God's special protégé, why don't He take better care of it?"

"I admit the force of your doubts, and cannot explain the difficulties satisfactorily on the ground of reason. But the God of nature is the same; He permits earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, famine, and pestilence."

"Miss Carrie, have I ever justified the course of Nature? Have I ever said her rule was just? If there is a God, He is unjust in allowing all these evils; but if everything is only Nature's evolution, then we cannot call her course unjust, because she is not responsible."

"Mr. Ransom, has it come to this—you doubt the existence of God?" she asked, anxiously.

He was silent awhile. He had gradually come to this conclusion. At last he said: "Would not that view be the most rational way of accounting for the existence of evil, and free us from this eternal endeavor to reconcile the goodness of God with the facts of sin and suffering?"

"No; for then we would have no logical reason for the evils of the world; but if we take the Christian view, we can at least suppose that God, for some wise purpose, permits these things, and if we do our part, they will all be explained by and by. You, however, cannot hope for an explanation according to your views. But do you see the tendency of your scepticism? Be careful it does not ruin you. I believe it can be proved to be invariably demoralizing. I remember some time ago reading a very exhaustive statement by an eminent theologian, which convinced me of the fact. It is in a book in our reference library which you can examine for yourself. The author shows that all scepticism leads finally and logically to naturalism, and shows what has been its awful effect on the moral condition of Germany. It has, as you know, the same tendency in our country, generally and individually. Mere Deism always has a short reign. What would be the moral status of the world if all men turned materialists? But that is not all. The same theologian proves that it has another pernicious effect. You know some years ago optimism was the popular creed among certain classes of sceptics; but it is not so now, and that fact shows what is the awful tendency of unbelief. They do not say anything now, especially in Germany, about 'the best world;' they have given that up, and have sunk into pessimism; the world is a 'mishap;' the world is worse than none; this is 'the worst world.' What a despondency they have fallen into, and what a hopeless world this would be if such views were universal! Why do we not hear such howls of despair from the lips of good

Christians as we do from these men? I hope you never will fall into such a pernicious belief. It would destroy all your usefulness and happiness."

"I must believe what seems to me to be true," he said, "whatever the consequence may be. The man would be a fool and a coward who hugged a lie to his breast for the sake of the comfort it gave him. If your creed is true I will accept it all the more gladly for the happiness and usefulness it may bring; but if it is not true, the happiness and usefulness will not bribe me to accept it. But I am in no danger of falling into pessimism. This world is too happy a place for me. My life is too bright."

"Ah! wait," she said, slowly, "until you meet some great sorrow."

(To be continued.)

JESUS BETRAYED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 3, John 18 : 1-14. Golden Text, Mark 14 : 41.

Jesus Undisturbed by the Presence of Judas—Satan's Place—Jesus Always Accessible—Satan Energized by the Presence of the Godly—The Irresistible Power of a Holy Life—Involuntary Homage of the Soldiers—Jesus Bound—Forsaken by All—His Answer to the High-Priest.

"THE Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Not only given up by God to die for man, but betrayed by man, for whom He died! Jesus knew "all things that should come upon Him"—knew from the beginning who should betray Him; yet He could go on with His teaching, and with the manifestation of His Father, in the constant presence of this man who He knew was a devil, and the son of perdition (John 6 : 71 ; 17 : 12)! Nothing seems so impossible as to hold on in faith and love just when we are conscious of the presence of the devil in a meeting, in a household, or in a person. Yet it is just when we are most conscious of the power of the enemy that faith may be in most lively exercise. Thank God, He is stronger than Satan. We cannot too often strengthen ourselves with the fact that Christ has destroyed him that had the power of death, even the devil (Heb. 2 : 14), and that he is a conquered foe; not under *our* feet, but

UNDER JESUS' FEET.

It was just after His last intercessory prayer for His disciples (John 17) that Jesus was betrayed. Straight from the most glorious communion with His Father, His heaven upon earth, Jesus went out to meet the devil in the person of His own disciple. What a contrast! "He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which He entered, and His disciples. And Judas also, which betrayed Him, knew the place." What then! had Jesus no place shut out from even the traitors among His disciples? No; the door into His presence and into all His grace stands open for all, even the most depraved. Any one can get at Jesus. He knows no barred doors; all His life, all His Word, all His heart, says "Come;" come, sinner, come, backslider, come, traitor Judas, back to Me!

Judas had laid his plans deep; the chief priests and Pharisees were glad enough to make common cause with Judas against his Lord; such an accession to their ranks, one of the very twelve, the bodyguard of Jesus, was the summit of their wishes. Yes; it needed this in order that they should succeed. Beloved in the Lord, in order that the machinations of Satan should succeed, it seems necessary that some child of God should subscribe to them. It was when the sons of God began to fail in the days of Noah, by their guilty marriages with the daughters of men, that God gave Satan rein, and the flood was brought upon the world of the ungodly. It was when a child of God had settled in the city of which the men were "wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly" (Gen. 13 : 13), that Sodom was doomed to be destroyed by fire, and the great enemy, the de-

stroyer, had it his own way. It seems as though it were defection among God's children which set Satan free to act. It is a fearful thing when God's children are in league with the enemies of Jesus, when those who hate God count in the influence of God's children as on *their* side; the men of Sodom counted Lot as one of them, and when he spoke to his sons-in-law "he was as one that mocked," his words fell powerless. Abah counted in Jehoshaphat with him in his attack upon Ramoth-gilead; Jehoshaphat nearly lost his life, and met with the severe rebuke, "Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them which hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord" (II Chron. 19 : 2). But all this was nothing to the defection of Judas, who had been called to be with Jesus, to preach, to heal, and to cast out devils in His name, and now was found plotting with his Master's enemies; and for what?

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!

Are there not among the disciples of Jesus more than a few who are in business found among the ranks of the enemies of Jesus, playing into their hands by acting unrighteously? Many things which are done "in the way of trade" or "in the way of business" cannot bear the light. "Everybody does the same" is the business man's plea; and with the respectable name of "business" attached, converted men, who wish to be considered disciples of Jesus, can cheat and lie! Others who know not God are encouraged by it, and these members of churches "strengthen also the hands of evil doers, so that none doth return from his wickedness" (Jer. 23 : 14). What is this but the sin of Judas—his making common cause with those who are enemies of Jesus? What the world wants now is not teaching, but life and power, the life of Jesus and the power of God lived out among His people. It has been abundantly proved how men can honor God with their life while their heart is far from Him; how there can be a form of godliness without the power thereof; but it has never yet been proved that men could stand against a holy life, power, and Spirit like that in Stephen, manifested in words which were irresistible and a face which was like an angel; this, though it may bring its possessor to martyrdom, is a seed of power in the church.

Judas and his company came "with lanterns, torches, and weapons." They might have spared themselves the trouble, Jesus was not so difficult to find; the Light of the world needed neither lanterns nor torches to show where He was; all the light man has must be put out in order to see Him. And weapons! Had Jesus ever lifted up His hand except to bless? It was a needless insult. "Have ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves for to take Me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took Me not" (Mark 14 : 48, 49)? There they were, men face to face with their Maker, seeking to apprehend Him! Whom seek ye? He asks. "Jesus of Nazareth," was the reply. Two words were His only answer, but in those two words were the revelation of Jehovah, the self-existing God, and the coming One—I am. He did nothing, He only spoke, but with one irresistible impulse the whole band went backward and fell to the ground. Why did they not then acknowledge Him; why did not Judas own himself the traitor? He would have lost thirty pieces of silver! And this he could not afford; it would be a bad business transaction! The devil applied his restoratives to the prostrate gang and nerved them to their work, and Jesus repeated His question and His assurance, "I have told you that I AM; if therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way." And they went; "they all forsook Him and fled" (Mark 14 : 50). But Peter, with his usual impetuosity, rushed forward in defence of his Master, and smote the high-priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. Yet Peter forsook Jesus, and soon after denied Him. Would not this act of Peter's belie the teaching of the Lord, "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever

shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" (Matt. 5 : 39). Oh, is it not wondrous love that Jesus, just now, just at this very time, should take upon Him to remedy Peter's mistake. "Suffer ye thus far," said He. "And He touched his ear, and healed him" (Luke 22 : 51), and then to Peter, "Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" Then they

BOUND JESUS.

Dangerous men are bound, those who are not safe to be at large; thieves, murderers, seditionists, and libertines ought to be chief among the number. But Jesus was none of these!

WHAT HAD HE DONE?

He went about doing good and healing all them that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him. This was all, and for the sin of doing good Jesus must die. His life and teaching interfered with the influence of the chief priests and Pharisees, the *real* thing showed up the *unreal*, it seemed as though Satan was to triumph in the death of Jesus.

Peter, although, in common with the other disciples, he had forsaken Jesus and fled, yet could not go very far away, and one other disciple—the nameless one of this Gospel, the one who lay on His breast at supper, Peter's constant companion later—was also with him now, and they came, irresistibly drawn to the place where the great High-Priest, who now liveth to make intercession for us, stood at the bar of an earthly high-priest for judgment. John went in with Jesus; Peter stood without. A maid recognized him as a disciple, but Peter said, "I am not." There are times when it costs dear to acknowledge, "I belong to Jesus." There are those who count us fools, there are those who count us hypocrites, there are those whose deadliest hatred is aroused by the confession. None but himself knows how sore was the temptation to Peter just now. It was not simply that his own life might be in danger, but he beheld the Man whom He had seen ruling the waves and wind, casting out devils, raising the dead, as powerless against His enemies as any other man; could this indeed be the Messiah? Had He not said, "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father?" True, Jesus had told His disciples repeatedly that He must die, but they had never taken it in; a reigning Messiah was their expectation, and it was the downfall of every hope when Jesus was led away bound and stood at the bar like a common criminal. Oh, how often temptation has power over us because we have formed our own plans as to how God would act, and He worked in a way quite unlike what we had expected; we have though He was unfaithful to us!

The high-priest asked Jesus of His disciples and of His doctrine. What could He say of the disciples? Betrayed by one, denied by another,

FORSAKEN BY ALL,

He might have said, "They have failed Me to a man;" but He said nothing to man, and He did not withdraw what He had said to God, "I am glorified in them," for He saw beyond and above the present to His work perfected in them in the future. Precious, faithful Jesus! Of His doctrine He said, "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou Me? ask them which heard Me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said." This was all. And one who had heard Him from the beginning of His ministry, Peter, was listening. He looked on when one officer struck Jesus, and his Master said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou Me?" But once having denied Jesus, sin had got possession, and until it was cast out Peter was not his own master. Again he was asked was he not one of Christ's disciples, and again he denied. A third time and a third time he denied, and then the cock crew. The prophecy of Jesus had come to pass, Peter had failed, disciples had failed, man had failed, but Jesus even betrayed, denied, condemned, never failed.

"UNTO THE END!"

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."—JOHN xiii., 1.

"Unto the end!" What strange, Sweet, wondrous love! how deep, how fond and true: For love that knows no change We seek, but seek in vain, the wide world through. Unto the end He loved The frail, weak, timid ones He called "His own," Nor ever heard unmoved Their cry for help in sorrow's plaintive tone.

"Unto the end!" All, all Who are His own are known to Him by name; No tear of theirs can fall But Jesus knows the source from whence it came. Unto the end, though Faithless and wayward we may be, With calm and ceaseless flow The tide of love divine flows strong and free!

"Unto the end!" Though wide And high along our way dark barriers frown, This truth will still abide To comfort and sustain, "We are His own" Unto the end, His own! Not death itself from Him our souls can part; His hand has overthrown All that divides us from his home and heart.

"Unto the end!" With arms Outstretched, He waits to clasp us to His breast; Where, safe from all alarms, He offers us our shelter and our rest. "Unto the end!" to live, And know that we are His, and only His! The joys that earth can give, Its sweets and its best yield no such bliss.

"Unto the end!" Thine own? O dear and blessed Master! Can it be That, never more alone, Our weary hearts may dwell in peace with Thee, Knowing that to the end Thou wilt be with us, walking by our side, Our Guardian, Guide and Friend, Until in heaven we shall with Thee abide!

—Selected.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

TALMAGE'S

NEW TABERNACLE SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it.

This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light, and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame "has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN. Introduction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000, with key.) Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th Thousand, \$2.00.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher,
771 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent and discovery of substituting a Dry Gelatine film for Wet Co. plates, the entire method is now prepared in three Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cameras for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of diligent practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen better photos, that sell for \$4 to \$6. Is doing big with other business in stores or shops, or at home, or from house to house. The nice, surprise of a photo, anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals, secures profitable orders in time out of ten homes; Affords Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit.

To EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process illustrated, Free, Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 183, 485 Canal St. N.Y.

Mention this paper.

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.

No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The Latest and Best.

LIVE COALS By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

A large octavo volume of 700 pages, with 16 full-page illustrations, history of the author's life, and fine portrait.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

A copy elegantly bound in cloth will be sent, postpaid, for \$2.00. Descriptive circulars of this and all other books by Dr. Talmage on application.

LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, New York.

Issued September 1st.

A NEW EDITION OF

GOSPEL HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED.

With Words and Music.

By the use of smaller type, the 426 Songs have been condensed into 304 pages, but the same order is preserved as in the original issue.

40 Cents in Tinted Paper Covers.
45 Cents in Boards.
50 Cents in Limp Cloth.

Add 5 cents each if ordered by mail.

The price of this favorite work is now so low that it can be adopted everywhere.

Former editions still published at old prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
NEW YORK. CINCINNATI, O.

Talmage on Rum. The National Temperance Society has just published eight sermons and addresses by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on rum and tobacco, giving startling statistics, arguments, and appeals in his most vigorous style. They show "The Evil Beast," "Red Dragon," "Archfiend of the Nations" to be the "Worst Enemy of the Working-Classes," and "High License the Monopoly of Abomination," etc., etc. 12mo, 114 pages. Price, only \$0.25.

Address
J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,
58 Reade Street, New York.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.

7 Stories for 30 Cents! A new and popular for 30 cents No. 33 of Ogilvie's Popular Reading, containing the following complete stories: Missing, by Mary G. Johnson; The Fata Lillies, by Dora Thorne; The King of the Lip, Charlotte Temple, The King of the Lip, The Octagon, Back to the Old Home, and many others, all bound in lithograph cover. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp taken. Address
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS,
31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Estey Organs and Pianos

Estey organ. Solidly made. Tone unrivalled. Elegant finish. Years' popularity. Illustrated catalogues sent free.

ESTEY ORGAN CO., Brattleboro', Vt.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR

New Sunday-School Song Book.

Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.

TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.

FLORENCE FILOSELLE

(FILLING SILK.) Manufactured expressly for fine art needle work from the best Italian Silk, and dyed by the most approved methods known to ancient and modern science. This brand is noted for uniformity in the size of thread, and for the correct shading of colors.

Every skein bears the ticket with trade mark—"Florence" as shown in engraving. The color number is also placed on every ticket through the entire list of nearly 300 Shades, which is a great convenience to dealers and consumers. Trade supplied by **NONOTUCK SILK CO.** Sole Manufacturers, 25 Green Street, New York.

Life of T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Something that every friend of this world-renowned preacher should have. It will be sent by mail, postpaid, for only 20 cents. Address all orders to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO

Prescott's HISTORY of the CONQUEST of MEXICO. With a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés. Illustrated Library Edition, in two volumes, small octavo. Price, \$2.25. Popular Edition, two volumes in one, without illustrations, \$1.25. Now ready.

Copyright. The expiration of copyright enables me now to present this great work to American readers at a popular price, yet in form worthy of the author, and worthy of the finest library. Its mechanical qualities are fairly equal to those of my best edition of "Guizot's History of France."

Whipple, the noted essayist and critic, says: "A history possessing the unity, variety, and interest of a magnificent poem. It deals with a series of facts and exhibits a gallery of characters, which to have invented would place its creator by the side of Homer; and which to realize and represent in the mode Mr. Prescott has done, required a rare degree of historical imagination."

Beyond ALL PRAISE. "This announcement is all that is needed. The work itself long ago passed beyond all praise. The thousands of people who were unable to secure it at former prices will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of doing so at a reduced rate."—Interior, Chicago, Ill.

"The work itself occupies too high a place among historical writings to need commendation."—The Mail, Toronto, Ontario.

Timely. "The enterprising Mr. Alden has chosen a most timely occasion for the reissue of this valuable work, and its excellent and convenient library form,

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. HISTORY of the REIGN of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Illustrated Library Edition, in two volumes, small octavo, including portraits and other illustrations. Fine heavy paper, fine cloth, gilt tops. Price, \$2.25. Popular Edition, from the same plates, but without illustrations, the two volumes in one. Price, \$1.25. Now ready.

"Prescott had the genius to invest the dry facts of history with the charms of fiction; and yet he never sacrifices truth to the graces of style."—WESTLAKE.

"It is one of the most pleasing as well as most valuable contributions that have been made to modern history; it is the only one that gives us a faithful and sufficient picture of a period so

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Choice Books, 122 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address
JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.
The Alden Book Co., Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago; 420 Yonge St., Toronto.

Silks and Velvets.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO. have complete representative assortments of their Fall Importations in Silk and Velvet novelties, with the most appropriate textures for combinations. In Black Silks they are showing very large stocks of the newest and most approved weaves at very moderate prices. An examination is invited.

Broadway and 11th Street, New York.

"Demonology or Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern." "An effective weapon."—"A sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on the subject."—Startling disclosures.—History facts and data—Scores saved already. Whole communities rescued. Every family, preacher and christian worker needs one. 310 pp. 12mo, cloth. Price reduced to \$1. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address **J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.**

FLORENCE FILOSELLE

(FILLING SILK.) Manufactured expressly for fine art needle work from the best Italian Silk, and dyed by the most approved methods known to ancient and modern science. This brand is noted for uniformity in the size of thread, and for the correct shading of colors.

Every skein bears the ticket with trade mark—"Florence" as shown in engraving. The color number is also placed on every ticket through the entire list of nearly 300 Shades, which is a great convenience to dealers and consumers. Trade supplied by **NONOTUCK SILK CO.** Sole Manufacturers, 25 Green Street, New York.

Fascinating. "This history has a fascinating interest, and is so well known as to need no praise."—Christian Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

"Especially interesting at this time. Is published in two handsome volumes, and like all Mr. Alden's publications is sold at an astonishingly low price."—Advertiser, Detroit, Mich.

A Noble Work; judiciously planned and admirably executed; rich with the spoils of learning easily and gracefully worn; imbued everywhere with a conscientious love of the truth, and controlled by that unerring good sense without which genius leads astray with its false lights, and learning encumbers with its heavy panoply. It will win the literary voluptuary to its pages by the attractiveness of its subject and the flowing ease of its style; and the historical student will do honor to the extent and variety of the research which it displays. It will take its place among those enduring productions of the human mind which age cannot stale and custom cannot wither.—G.S. HILLARD

Fascinating. "This history has a fascinating interest, and is so well known as to need no praise."—Christian Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

"Especially interesting at this time. Is published in two handsome volumes, and like all Mr. Alden's publications is sold at an astonishingly low price."—Advertiser, Detroit, Mich.

A Noble Work; judiciously planned and admirably executed; rich with the spoils of learning easily and gracefully worn; imbued everywhere with a conscientious love of the truth, and controlled by that unerring good sense without which genius leads astray with its false lights, and learning encumbers with its heavy panoply. It will win the literary voluptuary to its pages by the attractiveness of its subject and the flowing ease of its style; and the historical student will do honor to the extent and variety of the research which it displays. It will take its place among those enduring productions of the human mind which age cannot stale and custom cannot wither.—G.S. HILLARD

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Choice Books, 122 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Catalogue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address
JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.
The Alden Book Co., Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago; 420 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 39.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D., THE OCTOGENARIAN REVIVALIST.

THE TERMINI OF TWO CITY ROADS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning. ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE CALL FOR THE BIBLE AND PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO.

The Invitation Society—Mr. Spurgeon's Levee—Slavery in Australia—A Modern Rehoboam—A Sacred Bathing Place—How Bishop Hannington Died—A Reformed Thief's Experience.

GROUNDLESS DESPONDENCY—A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

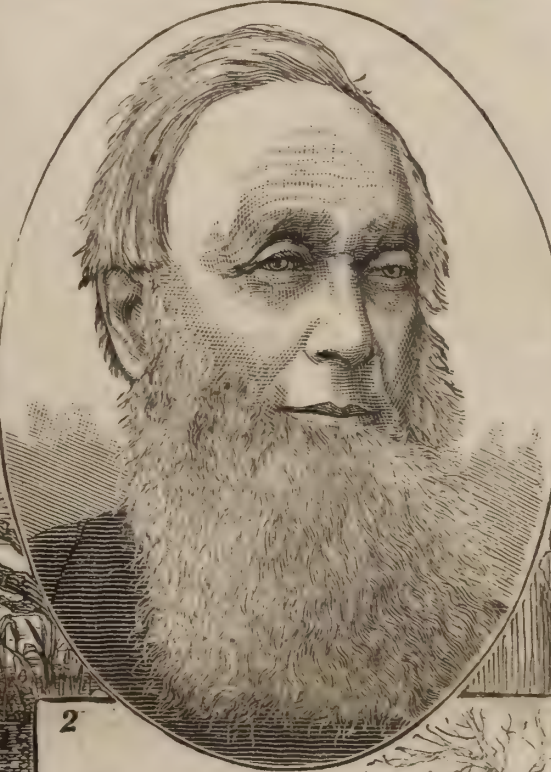
PICTURE OF THE RECEPTION OF PRINCE ALEXANDER AT SOFIA.

CURRENT EVENTS: Reported Reciprocity Treaty with Canada—The Trouble with the Spanish Treaty—The Pension Roll—Heavy Defalcations—Prorogation of the British Parliament—Russia's Ultimatum to Bulgaria—A Lady's False Diamonds, &c.

WORSE THAN A HEATHEN. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. (Continued).

JESUS BEFORE PILATE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D., The Octogenarian Revivalist.—Scenes in his Life.

REV. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D.,

The Octogenarian Revivalist.

Born in 1799—Early Religious Impressions—Dread of Death—A Narrow Escape—Funeral of a Playmate—Conversion—Begins Teaching School—A Trial of Faith—Called to the Ministry—Appointed to the Pastorate—Conveyed in a Chair to Sabbath Services—Life as College President—Working with his Students—How Oberlin College was Tided Over Difficulties—Dr. Mahan's Later Life and his Publications.

THE venerable preacher and writer whose portrait appears on the first page, is doubtless known by reputation to many of our readers. He has labored earnestly during his long life to propagate the doctrines in which he so firmly believes, and to lead young people especially, to a realization of the fulness of blessing which God is ready to pour out on the faithful, believing heart. Dr. Mahan is now nearly eighty-seven years of age, having been born on November 9th, 1799. No record of his life would be so clear and effective as his own modest narrative, and, therefore, the bulk of this sketch is given in his own words. Dr. Mahan says:

"It was at the age of seventeen years and two or three months that I was born of God.

MY EDUCATION

from my childhood up was, especially in a *doctrinal* sense, a religious one. Always a regular attendant upon public worship on the Sabbath, as soon as I was able to read the first treatises put into my hands were the Assembly's Longer and Shorter Catechisms. The latter I was required to commit to memory, and to repeat to my mother from Sabbath to Sabbath, during the years of childhood.

"I had an inconceivable dread and horror of death. Wherever I was, the thought of dying and being buried was seldom absent from my mind. Often, when alone, I would cry aloud for horror at the thought of death, the coffin, and the grave. Between my ninth and thirteenth years three events occurred, in each of which I

ESCAPED DEATH

as by a miracle. In the first instance, when wholly unable to swim, and with no one present able to help me, I found myself, by a momentary accident, in water far over my head. By singular presence of mind, I moved under the water toward the shore, until, in a most exhausted state, my head rose above the surface, and I was safe. Had I moved in any direction but the one I did, death would have been inevitable (*see Illustration No. 1*).

"The other two escapes, which were as remarkable and providential as that, I need not detail. These events brought eternity as never before, to my apprehension. How often would I start back at the thought which would suddenly come over me that I had three times hung as by a thread over the bottomless pit, and that, had I lost my life on either occasion, eternal damnation would have been my portion! An event which made a very deep and lasting impression on my mind occurred when I was about fourteen years of age. It was *the sickness and*

DEATH OF A PLAYMATE,

who was very dear to me. I was one of four lads who were selected to bear that silent body, so tenderly dear to us all, into the graveyard (*see Illustration No. 2*). With what impressive interest did the question often come home to my mind, 'Where has the spirit gone? And what if mine, instead of his, had been called for?'

"The month in which I became seventeen years of age I received the

APPOINTMENT TO TEACH

the winter school in an adjacent town, my school-house being just four miles from my father's residence. The district was composed almost entirely of Christian families who had emigrated from the Eastern States, and nearly all of whom belonged to the same denomination as my parents. Thoughts of an eternal future

began to drop one after another into my mind; and that with a force and impressiveness never before experienced. As a consequence my Bible was read with greater frequency and interest than formerly. One cause of the unusual impressions to which I was subject at this time was, as I afterward learned, what was passing between the spirit of my mother and God at my home. Immediately on my leaving, the question of my eternal interests seemed to occupy all her thoughts. Whenever she approached the throne of grace, this was the great object of her petitions, the almost insupportable burden of her prayers. I was her only son, and, with the exception of a younger sister, her only child then living. What an unspeakable blessing is

A PRAYING MOTHER!

"In a solemn state of mind I bowed the knee before God and confessed that I had no right to ask or expect any favor at His hands, and that my whole eternity hung upon His mere grace and mercy. I had no sooner pronounced these words than I was consciously encircled in the 'everlasting arms.' I was so overshadowed with a sense of the manifested love of a forgiving God and Saviour that my whole being seemed to be pervaded with an ineffable quietude and assurance. I arose from my knees without a doubt that I was an adopted member of the family of God. With 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' I could look upward, and, without a cloud between my soul and the face of God, could exclaim: 'My Father and my God!'

ONE DECISIVE 'TRIAL OF FAITH'

I had in my early Christian life. The occasion was the day of the State and town elections, which occurred in early spring. That was the great gala day of the year, ordinary labor being wholly suspended, and the mass of the youth of my own age, and younger lads, always meeting at the place where the elections were held; that place being in the immediate vicinity of my father's residence, and directly under my eye wherever I moved. When I saw my former associates engaged in their sports, in which I had ever before so intensely delighted and excelled, it seemed as if the concentrated powers of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' in their accumulated strength, were brought to bear upon my young and susceptible mind, to induce me to join that company, and in doing so to make a final choice of the worldly instead of the religious life. As soon as I was at liberty to leave home, having the day free to myself, I took my Bible and went into the forest far out of sight and hearing of the causes of my temptation. There I spent the day in reading the sacred Word, in meditation, and prayer (*see Illustration No. 3*). The result of thus seeking 'grace to help in time of need' was not only deliverance from the temptation which then beset me, but a life-deadness to sinful pleasures in all their forms. From that time to the present I have not felt the least drawing toward any form of amusement not conscientiously regarded as compatible with the Christian life in its divinest forms.

"Soon after this I spent several days in the place where I was converted, going there to witness the public examination of the converts, and their reception into the church on the Sabbath. While there, a friend questioned me about my plans for the future. On my telling him that I had no definite plan in mind, he replied that *the ministry was the sphere to which I was manifestly called*, and that I should at once set about a preparation for it. My response was, that such a sphere appeared to me so high and sacred that it did not seem that I could ever be deemed worthy of it. In the course of the conversation, however, I was fully convinced that my venerable adviser was right. From that hour I set my face with singleness of purpose toward this high calling. In the mean time I set about

WINNING SOULS

from the world around me. Nor were my labors in vain in the Lord. Before I had completed

my first year in college, I had taught four winter schools, all but one of which were occasions of powerful revivals of religion. Some six or eight months of one year, during my preparatory course, I spent in a society where, under a regular ministry, there had been no revival for many years. At midsummer I proposed to four or five young men, Christians like myself, that we should meet in a private room one evening each week for prayer and religious conversation. All the meetings were strictly private, and intended to be such. Individuals outside, however, soon heard that God was with us, and sought admission to our circle.

"Soon the place became too crowded, and we were necessitated to adjourn to the large school-house in the village. Not more than two or three months had passed, before the pastor came in and found a crowded audience there. He then told us with tears how that, for nearly twenty years past, himself and the members of his church had been mourning over the want of revival influence in the community, and how his heart was now rejoiced at the prospect of a great ingathering of souls. The work thus commenced continued during the winter, and the result was

A GREAT AND GENERAL REVIVAL."

At the conclusion of a prolonged preparatory ministerial course of study Mr. Mahan was appointed pastor over "a flock of God," in Cincinnati, O., in which office he showed much devotedness and realized a large measure of success. "In conformity to a life-principle," says Dr. Mahan, "I had determined to put forth my best possible efforts in any field where, for any period, my lot might be cast, and had commenced work in the city of Rochester, N. Y., with the expectation of organizing a new church there. Just as the organization was being effected, I was suddenly stricken down by an *attack of inflammatory rheumatism* in both knees and ankles and my left wrist. In this state, with my flesh wasted to an almost skeleton condition, I was conveyed to my father's residence where my youth had been spent. I found the church and congregation there in a perfectly dilapidated condition. The dissolution of the church and society, and the disposal of their house of worship were talked of. Emaciated and almost helpless as I was, I raised the question, 'What can I do to repair these desolations?' I proposed that the people should *convey me in a chair*, at the time of the Sabbath services, to their house of worship, which was near my father's residence, and there listen to me, while, thus seated (*see Illustration No. 4*), I should speak to them, as I was able, the 'words of this life.'

"For about three months I thus continued to serve them; and when I was able to commence labors as pastor-elect of the Congregational Church in Pittsford, near Rochester, I left Orangeville, the place above referred to, with a new and faithful pastor-elect upon the ground, and, what was of infinitely more importance, with a gracious revival of religion in actual progress, a revival which resulted in gathering into that church almost the entire society. For the amount of the population, that was one of the most powerful revivals known in the United States. Among the converts was my aged father."

Dr. Mahan took a decided stand privately and publicly in the political discussions which agitated the nation some years before the war. It needed some courage to meet the odium his attitude brought upon him. He suffered much from the world and his Christian brethren, and even his family did not escape. On one occasion he records that his two children were pelted in the street (*see Illustration No. 5*) because of their father's unpopularity.

Thirty years of Dr. Mahan's life have been spent as

PRESIDENT OF COLLEGES,

first of Oberlin Institution, where he remained fifteen years, and where his personal advocacy of the doctrines of what is now designated as the

Higher Life had a marked effect upon the students. Dr. Mahan writes:

"It was in conformity to this ideal that we aimed to educate our pupils of all classes; and the *manual labor* which then almost universally obtained in Oberlin, was of a class most favorable to insure the end we aimed at. As a consequence, our brightest young ladies, and those who afterward attained to the highest spheres of influence and usefulness, did most to sustain themselves, while acquiring their education, by taking in washing, and doing service as house servants in families. By laboring with all willingness and fidelity at any kind of work which came to their hands, teaching school, by agencies, and labors in the churches, during our long winter vacations, our young men worked their way through a nine years' course of preparatory liberal and theological education. Having occasion myself to employ, during our terms of study, numbers of these young men, *I was accustomed to join them, and especially when any 'dirty work' was to be done. No apology was ever made. Its necessity made*

EVERY FORM OF LABOR HONORABLE.

"It was this one feature of the institution, together with its religious influence, that saved it from being utterly wrecked during the crisis through which it passed a few years after my presidency commenced. In consequence of a great fire in New York City, our entire endowment fund was swept away. The occurrence which saved the college from a total wreck, and insured for it a permanent existence, was this. At this time William Dawes, Esq., living at Hudson, O., spent a Sabbath with us. As he approached the place, he passed a company of men at work on the highway, making necessary repairs—a company consisting, as he learned on inquiry of students from the college, with *their president in their midst*, laboring as diligently and willingly as any of his pupils (*see Illustration No. 6*). 'This,' said the visitant, 'appears like primitive Christianity revived.' On the Sabbath, he saw with wonder and gratitude with what power the Spirit of God was working among believers and the unconverted. So deep was the impression made upon his mind that, before he left, he called upon our treasurer, and expressed the assurance that in a few days he would send us a reliable subscription, amounting to from two to three thousand dollars. Within the time specified, he did bring us such a subscription; the amount appended to his own name being, according to my clear recollection, one thousand dollars. The result of negotiations immediately entered upon was, that that man of God closed up his large and very prosperous business, removed his family to Oberlin, and devoted his time and talents, without a salary, to the college. The consequence was, that with God's blessing, the institution was sustained during that crisis; and in a few years every item of its great debt was paid off, and a prosperous life was insured to it."

Fifteen years of his life Dr. Mahan was President of Adrian College. Latterly he has resided in England where he now is honored by a large circle of friends. We may add that Dr. Mahan's writings on "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost," "Christian Perfection," "Out of Darkness into Light; or, the Hidden Life made Manifest," "The Critical History of Philosophy," have had a large circulation, and some Christian students have received help from them.

The Exploration of Africa has been Advanced another stage by Herr Fischer, the German traveller, who reports that he has reached Wanga, north of Pangam, with the remnant of his expedition, after a journey of extreme hardship, lasting thirty-two days. The members of the expedition suffered severely from hunger. Of the two hundred and thirty natives who accompanied the party, fifty-seven died from disease and starvation or from wounds received in battle. Herr Fischer has secured a valuable botanical and ornithological collection. He will proceed to Zanzibar from Wanga.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Hard Work and Bad Wages.—A Gentleman speaking at Grover Street Hall recently said: "I was visiting a few days ago in a court in one of the back streets in this city, and there I saw an old woman who was confined to bed through rheumatic fever. When I went up to her to speak to and try to comfort her, she said, 'Oh, you need not pity me; I am just getting the result of my own doings. For many years I served the Devil faithfully, and now I am getting my wages.' On one stormy wet night she had gone out, got drunk, lost her way, and been obliged to pass the night on the street in her wet clothes. Next day she was seized with rheumatism, which had kept her in bed ever since. 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap.'"

Put Off Too Long.—"I Remember Going to see a poor woman in one of the back streets in our town, and pressing her to accept Christ as her Saviour and to put her trust in Him; but she said, 'Not to-day; I'll think over it, and perhaps to-morrow I'll accept Christ, and give up my sinful ways.' I tried to show her that 'now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation,' and that she might never see to-morrow; but she would not be persuaded, and the last words I heard as I left that house were—'I'll think over it, and perhaps to-morrow.' About a month after that, going to the same close, I was met by a woman who said, 'We had an awful sudden death here lately. Old Mrs. Stafford fell down dead in her own house; it was a great shock to us.' It was the very woman who was going to think over Christ's invitation some day, and whom, I have reason to believe, a great eternity met still undecided."

A Runaway Daughter's Death.—Mr. Weaver observed: "A few years ago I knew a young woman who had a godly mother and sister. She had been well brought up, and was often pointed to the Saviour and prayed for by both mother and sister; but she got tired of the quiet ways at home, and started, as the prodigal did, to see life. She went to Macclesfield, and there entered upon a life of sin. But the ways of sin are hard, and fast life means fast death. In the midst of her sin illness came upon her. Her brother discovered where she was, and coming to me, asked me to accompany him to visit her, as he heard she was dying. I went, and there, lying unconscious on the bare stones, was that young girl who, but a short time before, had left her mother's respectable home. But even in that short time, what a change! Sin had laid its debasing mark on her, and there she lay in her youth, stricken down by the hand of the master whom she served. When she regained consciousness I asked, 'Are you saved?' She answered, 'No!' and without speaking again she died."

A Minister's Singular Dream.—An Evangelist related that: "There was a minister, who after thinking over his sermon for a good time retired to his study to pray over it. While there, from some unaccountable cause, he fell asleep and had this dream. He thought that Satan and all his attendant devils were sitting in committee; and Satan said, 'Look here, there is a minister on earth who has a terrible sermon prepared, and if he preaches without something being done to counteract it I don't know how many souls will be saved. Who'll go and poison the minds of his congregation?' Then one jumped up and said, 'I'll go and tell them there is no God.' Satan scowled at him and said, 'Is that all you've got to say? Sit down. The people know there is a God.' Another said, 'I'll go and tell them that the Bible is not all true; that some of it certainly is, but not the whole of it.' Satan said, 'That's better, but it won't do; the people know the Bible is true.' Then a third rose and said, 'I know; let me go, and I'll tell the people that the Bible is all true, that there is a God, that they must come to Him some day, but that there is plenty of time;' and Satan laughed with fiendish glee and cried, 'Get you gone as quickly as you can;' and that devil

flew to earth. Of all the excuses that Satan gives men for not coming to Christ, there is none so popular as 'there is time enough yet.' That is his favorite bait, and many a poor soul it has landed in hopeless perdition."

A Picture of Beauty.—Mr. Ewing Said: "Once when going to Italy I passed over the Alps through great mountain passes, and through wild gorges, seeing nothing of that Italy about which we have read so much. Where was the grandeur and beauty of which poets sung? Above us were the cold, bleak mountain tops, while on either side of us were narrow defiles and steep precipices. All looked barren and uninviting until coming to the top, when suddenly there burst upon our view a picture of ravishing beauty—the rich fertile fields stretching for miles, and just a glimmering of the blue sea in the distance; but had we stopped just about the top of the mountain, just almost there, should we have had that view to reward us? No; we should have lost all our former pains in coming so far, and have been just the same as if we had never started. So some people come *almost to Christ* through a most toilsome journey, giving up one thing, then another, coming through many difficulties, but never coming to Christ."

Seeking Water in the Desert.—Mr. William Stewart observed: "It is customary for those travelling in the Eastern deserts, when their supply of water is done, and the skins are all emptied, to send forth a messenger in search of a spring on a swift-trotting dromedary. When he is a mile from their encampment they send forth another, and a third, a mile behind him, then a fourth and so on, until the last messenger is but a mile from the camp. As soon as the foremost messenger discovers the much-wished-for water, he shouts to the man next to him, 'Water.' As soon as the welcome word borne on the clear Eastern air reaches him, he calls to the next man, and so on the word goes from man to man until it reaches the camp, when the whole company proceed whence the sound came. We can follow them in our imagination until they reach the spring, when each and all drink freely. Does not the imparting of the good news from one man to the other beautifully illustrate our Lord's words, when He says, 'Let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

A Dying Infidel's Confession.—Mrs. Cole Observed: "In London there was an infidel who had among other friends one, a poor fisherman, who not only preached Christ to him by word, but by a holy and consistent life; but it did not affect him. He was as the fool who in his folly said there is no God. This infidel had also a good wife, and they had an only child. This child fell ill, and the father could only stand and watch her suffering. He could do nothing to help her; he could say nothing to comfort her; he could not pray for her, for he had always said there was no God; but he sent for a friend to pray for the recovery of his child. The friend came, but refused to pray, as the father did not believe in God. The father was in despair, and at length said, 'You pray to God for my child, and if He hears you, and she recovers, I shall live in future for Christ only.' Prayer was offered, but the Lord took the child, and the infidel parent continued to blaspheme the name of the Lord at every opportunity. But it pleased the Lord to lay him also on a bed of sickness. His wife sent for the Christian fisherman, and together they prayed at his bedside; but he refused to have anything to do with them or with Christ, saying he meant to die as he had lived. When, at last, he was unable to speak, they still prayed by him, and asked him just to hold up his hands in token that he prayed the Lord to have mercy on him; but he would not. In despair, his wife tried to force up his hands, but he would not allow her. Just as he was dying he recovered his voice, and shrieked out, 'I am lost! lost! lost forever!!!' and so he died. That was the death-bed of an infidel."

THE TERMINI OF TWO CITY ROADS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached last Sunday Morning, Sept. 25, 1886.

"Ponder the path of thy feet."—PROV. 4: 26.

The Country Home—Two Boys Setting Out for the City—Good-Bye at the Front Door—Arrival in the City—Preparation—Edward's Employment—Home-sickness—New Friends—Taken to See the Sights—The Drain on Purse and Reputation—Futile Effort to Stop—Begins Gambling—Situation Lost—Sought by his Father—The Home of Nicholas—Good and Prosperous—A Church Official—Summoned by a Policeman—Edward Killed—The Funeral—The Tremendous Secret—Mills for Grinding up Men.

It was Monday, September 20, at a country depot. Two young men are to take the cars for the city. Father brought them in a wagon with two trunks. The evening before, at the old home, was rather a sad time. The neighbors had gathered in to say good-bye. Indeed, all the Sunday afternoon there had been a strolling that way from adjoining farms, for it was generally known that the two boys the next morning were

GOING TO THE CITY

to live; and the whole neighborhood was interested, some hoping they would do well, and others, without saying anything, hoping for them a city failure. Sitting on the fence talking over the matter, the neighbors would interlard their conversation about the wheat crop of last summer, and the apple crop yet to be gathered, with remarks about the city prospects of Edward and Nicholas, for those were the names of the two young men, Edward seventeen, and Nicholas nineteen; but Edward, although two years younger, being a little quicker to learn, knew as much as Nicholas.

Father and mother on Monday morning had both resolved to go to the depot with the boys, but the mother at the last moment backed out, and she said that somehow she felt quite weak that morning, and had no appetite for a day or two, and so concluded to stay.

GOOD-BYE AT THE FRONT DOOR

of the old place. Where she went and what she did after the wagon left, I leave other mothers to guess. The breakfast things stood almost till noon before they were cleared away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming around the curve, the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles, and one of the joints stiffened years ago by a wound from a scythe—and said: "Good-bye, Edward; good-bye, Nicholas! Take good care of yourselves, and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."

LANDED IN THE CITY

they sought out, with considerable inquiry of policemen on street corners and questioning of car-drivers, the two commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far apart that thereafter they seldom saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially if their habits are different. Practically a hundred miles from Bowling Green to Canal Street, or from Atlantic Avenue to Fulton.

Edward, being the youngest, we must look after him first. He never was in so large a store in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitation of real men and women to display goods on, such agility of cash boys, such immense stock of goods, and a whole community of employees. His head is confused, as he seems dropped like a pebble in the great ocean of business life. "Have you seen that green-horn from the country?" whispers young man to young man. "He is in such and such a department. We will have to break him in some night." Edward stuck at his new place all day, so

HOMESICK

that any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a tear he carelessly dashed off as

though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies.

But that evening, as the hour for closing has come, there are two or three young men who sidle up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them, and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements, as he had just arrived, but says that after a while he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding-house room, walking up and down, looking at the bare wall, or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour toying with the match-box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire, and it seems that ten o'clock at night, or even nine o'clock, will never come, he resolves to accept the chaperoning of

HIS NEW FRIENDS

at the store. The following night they are all out together. Although his salary is not large, he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving by for sometime. He cannot be mean, and these friends are doing all this for his pleasure, and so he pays the bills. At the door of places of enchantment, his companions cannot find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will make it all right, and will themselves pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt iniquity Edward would have immediately repulsed, but sin accompanied by bewitching orchestra, sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery, sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.

But after a few nights being late out, he says:

"I MUST STOP."

My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this." Indeed, one of the business firm, one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play in which attitudes and phraseology occurred which if taken or uttered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from this high-priced box sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is led to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped awhile, and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall, and counting the matches in the match-box.

"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I cannot stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young men, and others of a now larger acquaintance, are ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants to go the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who knows the way. But after a while Edward's

MONEY IS ALL GONE.

He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now? Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gambling table men who put down a dollar and took up ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he! To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand, and wins; is so pleased he takes another hand, and wins; is in a frenzy of delight, and takes another hand and loses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a

little, and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now, Sunday is a day of carousal. He is so full of intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day, he staggers into one of the licensed rum-holes of the city.

Some morning, Edward, his breath stenchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless or silly or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says, "The firm desire to see you

IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE.

The gentleman in the private office says:

"Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I cannot understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."

"Out of employment!" What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work. "Out of employment!" What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a lightning express train on a down grade on the Grand Trunk to Perdition.

It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel, of his wardrobe, and goes to the city to find out.

"Oh, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes suddenly upon him, that night,

IN A PLACE OF ABANDONMENT.

The father says: "My son, come with me. Your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know as long as we live you can have a home. Come right away," he says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder.

In angry tone, Edward replies: "Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please! Take your hands off me, or I will strike you down! You go your way, and I will go mine!"

That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—for it was by this time two o'clock in the morning—the father goes to the city

HOME OF NICHOLAS,

and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries, "Who's there?"

"It is I," says the old man.

"Why, father, is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened and the son says, "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"Oh! Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy, not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I suspected."

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you any thing about it. I have tried my best with him, and all in vain. But it is after two o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleep comes. Whose house is it? That of his son, Nicholas. The fact is, that Nicholas, soon after coming to the city, became indispensable in the commercial establishment where he was placed. He knew, what few persons know, that while in all departments of business and mechanism and art, there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary

diligence, there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity, of

PEOPLE WHO EXCEL.

Plenty of people to do things poorly or tolerably well, but very few clerks, or business men, or mechanics who can do splendidly well. Appreciating this, Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after everybody had gone; as extremely polite to those who declined purchasing, as to those who made large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the empoisonment of multitudes; and when any one asked him to take something, he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening.

He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never betted or gambled, even at a church fair! When he was at the boarding-house, after he had got all the artistic development he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men; or went forth to places of innocent amusement and to Young Men's Christian Associations, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer-meeting. He rose from position to position and from one salary to another salary.

Only five years in town and yet he has rented his own house, or a suite of rooms, not very large, but a home large enough in its happiness to be a type of Heaven. In the morning, as the old father, with handkerchief in hand, comes crying down stairs to the table, there are four persons, one for each side: the young man, and opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife; and on another side, the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking glee, that makes the grandfather opposite smile outside, while he has a broken heart within.

Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with one of the silver chalices, showing him to be

A CHURCH OFFICIAL.

The fact was, that Nicholas from the start in city life honored God, and God had honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him, he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest of all armor, that mightiest of all protection, that mightiest of all reinforcements, the multipotent and omnipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a thistle down against Gibraltar, expecting to destroy it, as, with all the combined temptations of earth and hell, try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say, "God is my refuge and strength."

But that Sabbath afternoon while in the back room, Nicholas and his father are talking over any attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door-bell and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there, and a man with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a round-about way says, that in a fight in some low haunt of the city

EDWARD HAD BEEN HURT.

He says to Nicholas: "I heard that he was some relation of yours.

"Hurt? Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes; very badly hurt."

"Is the wound mortal?"

"Yes; it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you, he is dead."

"Dead!" cries Nicholas. And by this time the whole family are in the hallway. The father says: "Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee! Oh, my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the last we can do for him."

Oh, what obsequies! The next-door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the dissolute brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh thing said. On a bank of camellias is spelled out the word "Brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life, and honorable in death, he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brothers who left the country for city life five years before now part forever. The last scene of the *fifth act of an awful tragedy* of human life is ended.

What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. The one depended on himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same home, had the same opportunities of education, arrived in the city on the same day, and if there is any difference, Edward had the advantage, for he was brighter and quicker, and all the neighbors prophesied greater success for him than for Nicholas. But behold, and wonder at

THE TREMENDOUS SECRET.

Voices come up out of this audience and say, "Did you know these brothers?" "Yes; knew them well." "Did you know their parents?" "Yes; intimately." What was the city, what the street, what the last names of these young men? You have excited our curiosity; now tell us all.

I will. Nothing in these characters is fictitious except the names. They are in every city, and in every street of every city, and in every country. Not two of them, but ten thousand. Aye, aye! Right before me to-day, and on either side of me, and above me, they sit and stand, the invulnerable through religious defence and the blasted of city allurements. Those who shall have longevity in beautiful homes, and others who shall have early graves of infamy. And I am here to-day in the name of Almighty God to give you the choice of the two characters, the two histories, the two experiences, the two destinies, the two worlds, the two eternities.

Standing with you at the forks of the road something makes me think that if to-day I set before the people the termini of the two roads, they will all of them take the right one. There are before me in this house and in the invisible audience back of this—for journalism has generously given me every week full opportunity to address the people in all the towns and cities of Christendom—I say, in the visible and invisible audience, there are many who have not fully made up their minds

WHICH ROAD TO TAKE.

"Come with us!" cry all the voices of righteousness. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of sin.

Now, the trouble is that many make *disgraceful surrender*. As we all know, there is honorable and dignified surrender, as when a small host yields to superior numbers. It is no humiliation for a thousand men to yield to ten thousand. It is better than to keep on when there can be no result except that of massacre. But those who surrender to sin make a surrender when on their side they have enough reserve forces to rout all the armies of Perdition, whether led on by what a demonographer calls Belial, or Beelzebub, or Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Ariel.

We have talked so much the last few weeks about

THE ABDICATION

of Alexander of Bulgaria, but what a paltry throne was that from which the unhappy king descended, compared with the abdication of that young man, or middle-aged man, or old man, who quits the throne of his opportunity and

turns his back upon a heavenly throne, and tramps off into ignominy and everlasting exile! That is an abdication enough to shake a universe. In Persia they will not have a blind man on the throne, and when a reigning monarch is jealous of some ambitious relative, he has his eyes extinguished so that he cannot possibly ever come to crowning. And that suggests the difference between the way sin and divine grace takes hold of a man. The former blinds him so he may never reach a throne, while the latter illumines the blind that he may take coronation.

Why this sermon? I have made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes, in every September and October, a large influx of those between sixteen and twenty-four years of age, and *New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year*. They are shovelled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What, with the wine-cup and the gambler's dice, and the scarlet enchantress, no young man without the grace of God is safe ten minutes.

There is much discussion about which is

THE WORST CITY OF THE CONTINENT.

Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you cannot make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. No rice mills or cotton mills. Not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the grog-shops, licensed and unlicensed. Such are all the gambling saloons. Such are all the houses of infamy. And we do the work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads; and the earth about a cider mill is not more saturated with the beverage than the ground about all these mind-destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims.

We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages, "Send us more supply;" and to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York, "Send us more men and women to put under the wheels." Give us full chance, and we could grind up in the municipal mill five hundred a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Give us more homes to crush! Give us more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the wardrobes and the family Bibles, and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with the earthquakes of an incensed God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August, of the year 79, Vesuvius avalanched Herculaneum.

Oh, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day, when the burnished chalices stand in the presence of the people, start from the foot of the cross for usefulness and Heaven. Plutarch tells us that after Cæsar was slain and his 23 wounds had been displayed to the people, arousing an uncontrollable excitement, and the body of the dead conqueror, according to ancient custom, had been put upon the funeral pile, and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches, with which they ran through the city, crying the glory of the assassinated ruler and the shame of his assassins. On this sacramental day, when the five bleeding wounds of Christ, your king, are shown to you, and the fires of his earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start heavenward—a torch with light for yourself and light for others; for the race that starts at the cross ends at the throne. While the 23 wounds of Cæsar wrought nothing but the consternation of the people, from the five wounds of our Conqueror flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who will accept it, forever happy and forever free.

THE INVITATION SOCIETY.

SOME time ago, a man residing in a large city was deeply impressed and grieved by seeing multitudes who neglected public worship, and he determined to make the effort to induce some of these to frequent the house of God. It required some little effort at first, but he overcame his timidity. One Lord's Day evening he went forth with his holy purpose, and meeting a young man who did not appear to be on his way to a place of worship, he respectfully addressed him, got into conversation with him, and persuaded the stranger to accompany him to worship, and, as an inducement, offered him a seat in his own pew. Succeeding in this case, he was emboldened and encouraged to proceed in this line of Christian activity and usefulness. And now, mark what a blessed result; he was the means of leading one hundred young men to become stated attendants at the sanctuary, many of whom have become truly converted to God.

A minister of the Gospel mentioned this at one of his prayer-meetings, when the idea was caught up by some persons present, who at once said, "How admirable a plan this is for doing good!" A little association was immediately formed, called the "Invitation Society." In sixteen months two hundred persons were persuaded by eight or ten of its agents no longer to forsake the assembling of themselves in the house of prayer. One of those agents, an earnest Christian in humble life, devoted himself to this work, and was the means of bringing forty to hear the Word of Life.

MR. SPURGEON'S LEVEE.

THE winter session of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Pastor's College opened on September 7th, when the sixty old students and twenty-one new ones were entertained at Mr. Spurgeon's house. The new men were welcomed individually, and, from what was said to each, it came out that several of the number were volunteers for the Congo and other mission service. Mr. Spurgeon said they must consider that meeting a levee; the new brethren were to be introduced, the younger ones in the glory of their perfectness. What would they turn out? He had read somewhere that *marriage was illegal* because it was a lottery. That taking in of new men was really a lottery, however. He used his own judgment in selection, but he was not infallible. Sometimes, those who came with the best testimonials turned out the least satisfactory; while, on the contrary, the men who were but poorly recommended developed into useful pastors. The proof of the student was in the studying. Some began well and then went lame; others could not study because it was not in them. Some thought they knew too much already; and there were those who found sweethearting an obstruction to their progress. Some failed from want of piety, or they made a mistake in choosing their vocation; and if any such were present it was hoped that they would return to their secular work. There were some who never intended to labor, because they were so clever. The work of the ministry could never be done in that manner, however. He could not do without hard work; and he advised all the students to go in for that, and work to the utmost of their power. Let them not aspire to be the smallest men in their denomination—there were a large number of that description already—let them aspire to become the best preachers.

SLAVERY IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

A MISSIONARY who has been laboring in Western Australia reports that slavery in a disguised form is flourishing there. It is called the "assignment system." The missionary, whose name is Mr. Gribble, says: The assignment of natives to white settlers is carried on under an unwritten law, and though the governor, in an interview I had with him recently, refused to recognize the term, yet every one who has lived in Western Australia and has made inquiry, as I have, knows the practice. The assignment is

made in this way: A settler desires to possess a native, we will say, for a laborer. He makes out a paper in which the native is made to say that he offers himself for employment for such-and-such a period. The paper is signed by the settler, and witnessed by the policeman, and "crossed by the unfortunate native, who is in absolute ignorance of its contents, and whose consent is, in the great majority of cases, never asked. In such way are the natives enslaved. The system is not legal, but yet the unfortunate blacks, if they run away or commit any offence, are punished under the Masters and Servants Act of Great Britain, an act which was never intended to apply to barbarous peoples. In connection with the pearl fisheries, there has been such trouble with the native labor that the Legislature was obliged to pass an act specially dealing with the natives pearling. That, however, only relates to the punishment to be inflicted for running away. Frequently the natives are first brought into service by capture, and "assigned" afterward. The settlers are a law unto themselves. One evening, when staying at a station, I discovered a man assaulting a young black girl. I was horrified, and I asked him how he dared do such a thing. He was astonished at the inquiry, and with the most unblushing effrontery said, "She has been assigned to me by the police for six months, and I can do what I like with her."

A MODERN REHOBOAM.

THE following graphic portrait of an acquaintance has been given by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon: Well known to me was a kindly, well-disposed gentleman, who, like Rehoboam, was tender-hearted or persuasible. He was a worldling of pleasing manners, who delighted in the esteem of the circle which surrounded him. He had a great respect for religious persons, and especially for ministers; but he could not afford to be a godly man himself, for then he might have become unpopular with a large circle of worldly fashionables. He once quitted an assembly which I addressed, because, he said, "I felt almost on the go, and should soon have been converted if I had not rushed out." "There," said he, "Spurgeon, I am like an India-rubber doll when you are preaching; you can make me into any shape you like; but then I get back into my old form when you have done." He was an accurate reproduction of the soft-souled son of Solomon; a very Pliable, easily persuaded to set out on pilgrimage, but equally ready to return at the world's call.

A SACRED BATHING-PLACE.

A GRAPHIC description of the scene at the sacred bathing-place of India during the period of annual devotion is given in the *Missionary Link* by Miss McIntosh, who visited the place recently. She says:

"Crowds may be seen every day for a month at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, all intent on bathing and getting through their devotions. I visited the Mela grounds on a special bathing day. There was a strong breeze, and clouds of dust were flying in every direction. There was no mistaking those who travelled on foot, for the faces of the men, and the bare feet of the women were covered with dust. No one stood, or answered if spoken to, so we looked on at the sad sight, as we thought of those numbers without any knowledge of a Saviour's love, or the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. We could not speak there because the people and the priests were excited, so we moved on a little farther. There was a fat priest seated with a blanket spread before him, and a quantity of grain heaped upon it. I saw the people as they returned from bathing adding to the heap, and then going up to the priest give him pice,* and get from him a few drops of holy water to put on the head of the sacred cow, which was making an effort to break from its chain. I asked the meaning of the performance, and was

* Coins worth a little less than a cent. Sixty-four pice equal fifty cents.

told by the priest himself that those who offered grain, pice or anything else to the cow would have their sins forgiven, and in case they could not find heaven it had the power to take them there. He said, too, that in the second birth [not regeneration, but transmigration of the soul, in which they believe] the cow could, by its influence over the gods, make them human beings again instead of animals."

HOW BISHOP HANNINGTON DIED.

FURTHER details have arrived respecting the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington, who was killed by order of Mwanga, King of Uganda. Mr. Mackay, who was at King Mwanga's, reports that he had received a letter from one of the king's storekeepers, who had got details of the murder of the bishop and party; "There were fifty-three servants, and all (except two or three boys whom Luba seized for himself) were killed. S— heard from some of his friends who had been in Busoga how the massacre took place. The army of the Baganda, under Mutesa, Sembuzi, Betège, and Masudi, first arrested the bishop. They tied him up and put him into a wretched hovel, apparently deserted, for it was filthy and full of cobwebs. He complained for some days of being ill, and begged his captors to build him a new hut, which they did. Wakoli (the king's gate-keeper) then arrived. The white man and his men were at once taken to an open place outside the plantations, where the Wang'wana (porters) were all speared. The bishop implored them not to spear him, but to shoot him with his own rifle. This they did, and afterward cut off his head and feet. They allowed six days to elapse after the massacre, and then Musoke (Mwanga's page) returned to Buganda with the intelligence that all were dead. I believe that the reason for delay before reporting was that they have some notion that white men have a resurrection soon after death. This, too, explains the cutting off the head and feet probably." Mr. Mackay states also that several native converts have been put to death by the king who seems to be a modern Nero. When he wrote the missionaries were in peril of their lives but were unable to leave the country.

A REFORMED THIEF'S EXPERIENCE.

A NOTORIOUS thief who was brought under the influence of the St. Giles Mission, which has been established in one of the most squalid districts of London for rescue work, thus told the story of his life recently:

"My father was a thief, sir; I know'd nothing else but thieving. I began when I was about ten years old. I was in prison when I was just turned fourteen; I believe in the next twenty years I spent well-nigh eighteen in quod—doing two long terms. At Dartmoor I heard tell of the Mission, and how there was some chance for a fellow like me. The fact is, I'd got tired of it, and lots of 'em are; I sent in my name to the governor as wanting to be discharged to the Mission. Very well; when I comes to the Home, Mr. Wheatley, he makes me stare. Why, 'cause he spoke about pardon. I thought I might do better, and live honestly, but I'd never thought of sins being pardoned. He took me into the Home till I could pick up a trade and get a job somewhere. All the time I was working I kept turning over in my mind what he could mean about a Saviour for me. One of the fellows there—as I know'd had turned religious—came, and he says to me, 'Look here, turning over a new leaf won't do, you've got to cry to God for pardon, to take Christ as your Saviour.' Says I, 'Take Him; why, how can I take Christ?' So he spoke plain to me, and showed how Christ saved the thief on the cross, and how He died for me. I'd never heard the like before; for, more shame to me, I'd paid little attention to what the chaplain said. Well, from that day I began to see things different, and 'tweren't long after till He saved my soul. He did; and now I don't want to steal, I don't really, sir. I believe He's made a new man of me."

THE COMING BIBLE AND PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

WE learn from the secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, that a large number of ministers and theological professors have signed the call for the conference to be held in November, in Chicago, as announced in our issue of September 2d.

Mr. Needham is in receipt of letters daily from all parts of the country, many of them thrilling in their earnestness for such a meeting. We append a partial list of the subjects to be discussed, and the speakers who have promised to present the subjects assigned them. The completed list will be published in our columns later on with further details of the programme. Ministers who are willing to sign the call may correspond with the secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass. The conference will be held November 16th-21st. The subjects are not given in classified order, the list as yet being incomplete.

1. "Interpretation and Fulfilment of Prophecy," by Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D., pastor and editor of *The Truth*, St. Louis.
2. "Christ's Predictions and their Interpretation," by Professor Henry Lummis (M. E. C.), Lawrence University, Wis.
3. "Condition of the World at Christ's Second Advent," by Rev. A. J. Frost, D.D., pastor of Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.
4. "Objections to Christ's Premillennial Advent," by Rev. J. M. Orrock, editor of *Messiah's Herald*, Boston.
5. "The Antichrist," by Professor E. G. Moorhead, U. P. Seminary, Xenia, O.
6. "Power of the Hope of Christ's Second Coming," by Rev. James S. Kennedy, pastor M. E. Church, Abingdon, Va.
7. "Judgments and Rewards," by Rev. Henry M. Parsons, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Toronto, Canada.
8. "The Fulness of the Gentiles," by Rev. William J. Erdman, pastor of Olivet Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.
9. "Messiah's Kingly Glory," by Bishop W. R. Nicholson (R. E. C.), Philadelphia, Pa.
10. "The Holy Spirit in Relation to our Lord's Second Advent," by Rev. F. L. Chapelle, pastor Baptist Church, Flemington, N. J.
11. "Israel's Future," by Rev. N. West, D.D., Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, Minn.
12. "Christ's Second Coming Premillennial," by Professor E. T. Strocter, Central Wesleyan College, Waventon, Mo.
13. "Importance of Prophetic Study," by J. D. Herr, D.D., pastor Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.
14. "Modern Delusions," by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., pastor Baptist Church, Boston.
15. "The Necessity of a Vicarious Atonement," by Rev. Julius E. Grammar, D.D., rector Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md.
16. "Priesthood of Jesus Christ," by Rev. William Dinwiddie, D.D., pastor Presbyterian Church, Alexandria, Va.
17. "The Covenants," second paper, by Professor E. G. Moorhead.
18. "Earth's Future Regeneration," by Rev. J. T. Beckley, D.D., pastor of Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
19. "Redemption and Sonship," second paper, by Rev. W. J. Erdman.
20. "Sanctification," by Rev. John F. Kendall, D.D., pastor of Presbyterian Church, LaPorte, Ind.
21. "The Mosaic Authorship of the Pentateuch," by Professor J. Stiffer, Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa.
22. "Inspiration of the Scriptures," second paper, by Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D.
23. "Spirit of Power," second paper, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.
24. "Man's Loss Through Sin," second paper, by Rev. A. J. Frost, D.D.
25. "The Apostolic Church Premillenarian in its Belief," by Professor J. T. Duffield, of Princeton, N. J.
26. "The Lord's Coming in Relation to

World-wide Evangelization," by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

27. "Eschatology as Taught by Our Lord," by Professor D. C. Marquis, of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

THE PLAGUES OF THE LAST DAYS.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

The Vision of the Four Empires—The Clay and Iron Governments—Revival of the Roman Empire—Anarchy Under Military Restraint—Foreign Wars a Necessity—The Three Horses—The Beast with Iron Teeth.

WE have an interesting prophecy of the period covered by the opening of the seals in heaven (Rev. 6 : 1-15), given us in the Book of Daniel. The great king Nebuchadnezzar had a dream "wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him." The prophet revealed to him his dream (Daniel 2 : 31-35).

The king's dream sweeps over centuries of time, and refers to the four great monarchies of the world. The Babylonian; that of the Medes and Persians; the kingdom of Alexander the Great of Macedon; and the Roman Empire. This last empire was divided into two parts, Western and Eastern, represented by the two legs of iron. But it is more to our purpose here to call special attention to the two feet of the great image, composed not of iron only, but of clay and iron.

It is little suspected that many centuries intervene between the legs of iron and the feet of clay and iron. The gold of the image symbolized the irresponsible dominion of the king of Babylon; the silver, the limited monarchy of Darius; the brass, the indomitable courage of the Macedonian conqueror; and the iron, the hard military sway of the Romans; but the clay and iron represent democracy coerced under military rule. This is to be the character of the people at the time to which I am referring.

At this time we expect that the boundaries of the old pagan Roman Empire, called "the world" (see Luke 2 : 1) in the Gospels, will be clearly defined; and that the restored empire will be divided, as before, into two parts. The restored Roman Empire will be democratic in character—that is, under the rule of the people, though restrained by military power. Moreover, we are led to expect that each of these two parts will be divided into five kingdoms, answering to the ten toes of the image. These will be ruled over by ten kings, who are figured in the image as toes of iron and clay. (See Dan. 2 : 42.) This is very significant, showing that the kings will exercise their rule by means of military power.

We can well understand that the lawless and wilful ones may and will be kept in check and

RESTRAINED BY FORCE

of the military power. But if lawless and wilful kings rise up and set themselves against their people, nations rise against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms, who shall restrain them?

If this be the character of the ten kingdoms, and if they can scarcely keep from war among themselves, what shall it be when kings, overborne with anarchy and insubordination at home, make a diversion by declaring war with outside kingdoms! Such being the tendency of the revived Roman Empire, we cannot wonder at the events which are indicated by the opening of the second, third, and fourth seals. These emblems—the

RED, BLACK, AND PALE HORSES—

represent war, famine, and pestilence, which are to follow one another upon the earth. As to the first event, war; even now it would appear that the great nations of the world are anticipating it. Otherwise what means this universal preparation, and this eagerness in learning the terrible arts of war? If no one expects nation to rise against nation, why these costly slaughter-engines, and why this gathering and training of soldiers and navies?

War is the sure consequence of rival ambitions, and to its arbitrament appeal is made,

especially when one proud nation or kingdom will not yield to the other. Whether, then, these ten kings will war with one another, or combine to carry war and devastation elsewhere, we are not told. This we do know, that there shall be wars and rumors of wars; nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom (Matt. 24 : 7). The judgment of war with its fearful results, and with even more than its wonted fatalities, is predicted; yet we are told that this is only "the beginning of sorrows" (Matt. 24 : 8). As a consequence of war,

FAMINE

is sure to follow—famine, with none to help the poor famished ones; the fields trodden down, harvests trampled under foot, and laborers called out to the battle. This accumulation of evils must produce scarceness and famine.

After this trouble, greater and more distressing scourges are to ensue, even

PESTILENCE AND DEATH.

Fatal diseases will be induced by scarceness and unnatural food, or, may be, by the poisoned state of the atmosphere. Thousands of unburied dead will pollute the air. Death and hell are shown to be the awful followers which bring up this solemn train of evils. Untold misery, surpassing anything which has taken place before, remains to fall upon the rebellious ones who will be on the earth at this time.

It will be observed that the plagues which are to overtake men, as mentioned in the Book of Revelation, are plagues which have occurred in the past. Also, that the

FOUR SORE JUDGMENTS

which are coming have all been let loose upon the world before, though not to the same extent or with the same severity. God will make known that He is the Lord, be the earth never so unquiet. Though the waves of the sea rage and swell ever so horribly in the madness of their power, still the Lord will remain King.

The fierce and active energy which kings will let loose upon kings, and nations upon nations, is well prefigured in the prophet Daniel by the formidable and cruel beast which is represented as the emblem of this Roman Empire.

The vision which the king Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream of the four great monarchies of the world was an image intended to foreshadow the moral character of the times. The wild beasts which were shown to the prophet were emblems of the same monarchies in the energy of their cruel power. The prophet was permitted to see four great beasts.

THE HEAD

of gold (for Babylon) was presented to him as a lion; the silver breast and arms (for Persia) by a bear; the belly and thighs (for Greece) by a leopard; the two legs of iron, with their feet of clay and iron (the Roman Empire), by an indescribable monster, unlike any other, and more cruel than all. This is the emblem of the Roman Empire, not so much in the old days of its pagan existence as in the coming days of its restoration.

Formerly it was great and noble in its military power and conquests, breaking in pieces like iron. In future it is to be popular and democratical in its character—no longer iron only, but clay mixed with iron.

"After this I saw in the night visions, and behold, a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had

GREAT IRON TEETH:

it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it; and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns" (Dan. 7 : 7). From this it would appear that all the power of the three previous monarchies, and all their cruelties, were centred in the fourth, or Roman, Empire.

The character of this empire is truly terrible, on account of the oppression and tyranny which shall come upon both the rulers and the ruled. So much for the governmental schemes of men who rebel against the government of the Lord God of the universe.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

Subscribers who desire to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to their friends, or to send it to persons to whom God may make it useful, will, as in former years, be supplied at a reduced rate. Any subscriber may have the paper mailed to any address in the United States or Canada from this date to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. Last year several cases came to our knowledge of persons receiving blessing through this effort.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Commercial Agreement with Spain for Reciprocal privileges in the ports of Cuba is not, it appears, being fulfilled to the satisfaction of merchants or our government. The old tonnage duties are still being charged in many cases, and the stipulated privileges and exemptions are not allowed. The Washington government does not propose to revoke the treaty but intends to make a further effort to induce the Spanish Government to carry out its part of the agreement in good faith. The difficulty is known to be with the officers at the different ports, men who have long looked upon the fees exacted as their rightful dues, and who are disinclined to submit to the reduction of the tonnage taxes. The contention of Spain is that the agreement bound the officers of that country in Cuba to collect duties at a reduced rate on all goods of American manufacture imported in American vessels, and that the discrimination in favor of the United States did not extend to goods of foreign manufacture imported through the United States and shipped to Cuba in American vessels.

A New Reciprocity Treaty Between the United States and Canada is said to be under consideration. Last Thursday a draft of the proposed treaty was telegraphed to the New York journals. Both at Washington and Ottawa it was denied that any such treaty was in existence, but it is generally believed that the report was not without foundation. The summary of its provisions, as published by the New York Herald, shows that the treaty is not only designed to appease the fishery troubles, but to renew commercial reciprocity between Canada and our country on a scale rivaling that which was terminated in 1865. As to the fisheries, it proposes that our citizens shall enjoy free sea fishing on all the Canadian coasts, and the Canadians the same on our coast as far south as the thirty-

sixth parallel of latitude. As to commercial reciprocity, the schedule of the articles to which it is designed to apply, follows closely that of the treaty concluded in 1854. The additions are those only of salt, boots or shoes, agricultural implements or farming tools, cotton or woolen goods of all kinds, when manufactured into clothing; wooden, china and earthenware, books, music and compositions, prints and sculpture. Such a treaty would not be likely to meet with approval here or in Canada. On both sides of the border there is too strong a feeling in favor of protection to permit the ratification of a treaty as broad as the Washington and London cabinets would desire.

The Pension List Increased Last Year as it has continued to do from year to year since the war. From the summary of the report of the Commissioner of Pensions, published last week by the New York Times, 40,857 new names were added to the roll during the year, and 22,098 names were dropped on account of death, remarriage and other causes. The average yearly value of pensions was increased from \$110.35 to \$122.88, and the aggregate annual value of all the pensions was increased from \$38,010,985.93 to \$44,708,027.44. Including accrued pensions and arrearages, the whole amount paid for pensions during the year was \$63,797,831.61. Pensioners of the United States Government are found in all but 118 of the 2,647 counties of the country and in 35 foreign countries.

The Defalcation of the Cashier of the First National Bank of Portland, Me., discovered last week, caused a painful sensation in that city. The cashier, Mr. William E. Gould, who is the son-in-law of Neal Dow, enjoyed the respect of the whole community, and held several honorable and responsible offices in connection with financial institutions. He was also an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and took a prominent part in Church work. The amount of his defalcation is stated to be \$137,000, a large part of which will be covered by the property he has surrendered and by his bond. His difficulties were the result of unsuccessful stock operations, which he attempted to retrieve by using more of the bank funds. It is stated that there are no false entries in the books, but his account is simply overdrawn by the amount of his shortage.

Considerable Distress was Caused Last Week by the appointment of a receiver for the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company. The action was the result of a defalcation by its President, George M. Bartholomew, who has absconded, and is believed to be in Canada. The amount of the defalcation is placed at \$127,000, but the result of the investigation, not yet completed, indicates, as far as it has gone, that the loss will be still greater. Mr. Bartholomew has left unmarketable securities behind him, which if held for a time may lessen the loss. He was connected with other companies in Connecticut, some of which are also involved by his disappearance. It is believed that he was ruined by speculation, as his way of life was not extravagant.

The Nomination of Henry George, the Author of the famous work, "Progress and Poverty," as Mayor of New York, will give unusual interest to the fall election. Mr. George is the labor candidate, but he has received promises of support from store-keepers, clerks, and professional men. The meeting which nominated Mr. George, on Sept. 23, was composed of delegates from trades unions, and represented more than forty thousand workmen. Nearly all the delegates were instructed to vote for Mr. George. The campaign will be vigorously conducted and the efforts of the labor party concentrated on the mayoralty. Mr. George promises that if elected he will give the people an honest government, and do all that lies in his power as Mayor, to effect such reforms as were laid down in the declaration of rights made by the trade and labor organizations. Personally he may not have the power to accomplish much in

this direction, but he will use all the influence of his position to have these reforms accomplished by those having the power.

The British Parliament was Prorogued on Saturday last. Unless an emergency arises it will probably not assemble again before February. The Queen's speech releasing the members referred very slightly to Ireland, simply announcing the issue of the Royal Commission to examine and report on the working of the Land Act. As there is no question about the prevalence of severe distress in Ireland, the omission of any allusion to it in the speech has called forth much criticism. Mr. Parnell's bill for the protection of tenants from eviction during the winter was defeated on Sept. 21, by a vote of 297 to 202. The estimate that the majority against it would be seventy was exceeded through the absence of many members who were expected to vote in its favor. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replying to an interrogation by Mr. Parnell, said that since the 13th of last June, 1,000 families, comprising 5,311 persons, had been evicted in Ireland, and that of these 650 families, including 3,626 persons, had been readmitted to their premises as care-takers.

Arrangements for the Permanent Settlement of Egyptian affairs are being made. The aspect of matters in eastern Europe and in Afghanistan appears to have convinced the British government that a gigantic conflict with Russia is inevitable and may be near at hand, which will demand all the resources of Great Britain, and in which an open question will be embarrassing. The present arrangements in Egypt involve irritation to France, to Turkey and to the Egyptians themselves which it is desirable to remove. Accordingly, last week there were frequent consultations between representatives of the Powers concerned, at the London Foreign Office, at which various solutions of the problem were discussed. It is understood that the plan most favored was the organization of a native army with British officers, as in India.

A Messenger to Bulgaria from the Czar arrived in Sofia on Sunday last, bearing an ultimatum. He demands the release of the political prisoners prior to the election, on October 10. The men in prison are there on the charge of being traitors to their country. Some of them were concerned in the attack on Prince Alexander, and all of them are friends of Russia. The Czar naturally wanted their votes in the great Sobranje, at which Bulgaria will express her choice of a ruler. General Ignatieff, Prince Vladimir and other Russians are mentioned as candidates, but as the attempt to make a Russian ruler of Bulgaria would be likely to precipitate a war with Austria and England, the Czar may prefer the election of a German prince under bonds to Russia.

A Military Rising in Madrid caused general apprehension on September 20. The citizens feared it was the prelude to a revolution and anarchy. It commenced in the Gil Blas barracks, where three regiments were quartered. The men attacked the officers opposed to them, and leaving the barracks, marched through the streets of the city to the chief park, hurrahing for the Republic and uttering menacing cries against the queen and her ministers. The insurgents attempted to secure possession of the arsenals, docks and barracks, which they attacked with open fire, but all these places were well and successfully defended, and the rebels were repulsed. Finally, their reverses drawing them together, they attacked and got possession of the Southern Railway. The loyal troops were marched to the railway, and, after a short fight, they completely dislodged the revolutionists, who dispersed into the country, General Pavia pursuing. During the fighting in the city, one of the officers leading the insurgents was shot and killed. The rebels shot General Velarde for refusing to join them. They also mortally wounded Count Mirasol, and killed a colonel of artillery. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the city as soon as the condition of affairs was clearly perceived by the government.

Seven Recruits for Bishop Taylor's African Mission are to leave New York on October 2. Farewell services were held last Sunday, September 26, in New York and Brooklyn. The missionaries are W. H. Arringdale, of Baltimore, and his wife and son; Louisa H. Hartley, of Southampton, New Brunswick, Canada; Martha E. Kah, of Hastings, Iowa; Susie F. Harvey, of Des Moines, Iowa; Mary B. Lindsay, of Chicago, and L. Fanny Cummings, of Reading, Mass. They are to join Bishop Taylor, who, at the present time is doubtless at Leopoldville, Stanley station, planting a mission station.

A Scheme to Purchase Palestine has been Organized in Canada. It has been perfected by Henry Wentworth Monk, M. P., of Ottawa. He is at the head of a company recently formed for the purpose of buying the territory of Palestine, and establishing there the capital of the earth. The capital stock of the "New British Empire Company" is \$10,000,000, and it is said that \$1,500,000 has been subscribed already. Mr. Monk, as President, has issued a prospectus, and next month he will go to England to place the stock of his company. Mr. Monk describes his scheme of federation in his prospectus, and says, until other nations are prepared to join us, Palestine would be the most convenient central position for the capital of the proposed confederation of the British empire, or for the English-speaking communities everywhere, for the United States would doubtless immediately join us in such a confederation for the sake of insuring the general peace of the world at the earliest day.

Gen. Booth, the Chief of the Salvation Army, arrived in New York by the Aurania, of the Cunard line, on Sunday last. The daily journals describe him as wearing a flaming red and gold uniform, which was partially covered by a dark overcoat. He was welcomed by Commissioner Frank Smith, who was also clad in scarlet and gold. Mr. Booth spent the day in Brooklyn, leaving for Toronto on the following day. He said he was going to return to England on Dec. 11, and until then will travel and make speeches. It is his first visit to America, and he will inspect the finances of all the American branches of the Army during his travels. It may be hoped that he will also impress on his representatives here the importance of exercising increased care in the selection of officers. The appointment of unworthy men and women to positions of trust cannot but involve the army in discredit and injure the cause of Christ.

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting Celebrated its twenty-ninth anniversary on Thursday last, Sept. 23. Nearly every denomination in the city was represented, and the venerable President and originator of the meeting, Mr. Lamphier, received many congratulations from his ministerial brethren. An extract from the first circular, printed in 1857, in connection with the Fulton Street prayer meetings, was given on the programme. It stated that the meeting was intended "to give merchants, mechanics, clerks, strangers, and business men generally an opportunity to stop and call upon God amid the daily perplexities incident to their respective vocations." It was also designed for those who might find it convenient to remain not more than five or ten minutes, as well as those who could spare an hour. Rev. John Hall, D. D., presided, and there was a very large attendance.

Opposition to the Prohibition Movement in Ohio has appeared in an unexpected quarter. A telegram to the New York Times from Youngstown, O., on September 25, states that a plan is being formulated by Francis Murphy and some of his most earnest and prominent supporters, to organize a State Temperance Association. "The movement is in direct opposition to political prohibition, and the object of its organization is to offset the results accomplished by the third party." Moral suasion, as opposed to legal prohibition, will be the foundation of the movement. The organization will be permanent, and it is expected that the association will shortly become one of the strongest reform-

atory and moral societies in the State. Whether that be so or not, the liquor dealers will surely welcome the news that some one has been found within the temperance party, willing to lead a division in the Prohibition ranks, which are becoming formidable.

A Child's Gift to the Charleston Sufferers, acknowledged in the Charleston *News and Courier*, has in it the elements which made the widow's two mites a gift of value (Luke 21: 2-4). Among the letters received by the treasurer of the fund was one enclosing five dollars from a little girl in St. Louis. She wrote: "I shall enclose \$4, and you may send that because you know who needs it, and I know you will send it for me. Papa gave me \$5, but until he sends me more I shall keep \$1 because maybe I shall have to use it. No, now that I come to think of it, I will send all, because I needn't get anything unless it's important, and I can sacrifice little things for my pleasure when so many are suffering, and, of course, if it doesn't cause any denial of self it won't be very acceptable to God." The little woman seems to have a clear perception of the spirit which God desires to see in the heart of every giver to the cause of religion or charity (11 Sam. 24: 24).

A Mortifying Discovery was Made in a Jeweller's shop, in Stamford, N. Y., this summer by a wealthy lady from New York City. During her visit to the vicinity of Stamford she had occasion to have some trifling repairing done to the setting of her diamond earrings. They were very costly articles, the stones being of large size, so the lady took them herself to the local jeweller. Probably with the view of impressing him with the value of the gems intrusted to his care, she asked him what he considered they were worth. He examined them critically for a moment, and then said that they might have cost five dollars. "Five dollars!" said the lady. "Why, my husband gave twelve hundred dollars for them." "Then he was cheated," said the jeweller, laconically. "These are crystals, not diamonds." An investigation at the house in New York at which they were purchased confirmed the statement, and the firm discovered that the earrings had been sold by a dishonest clerk, who pocketed the difference between their value and the price paid. The firm, to save its reputation, replaced the crystals with genuine stones. The lady now wears her earrings with restored confidence, but probably with no greater pleasure than before. She was content with them so long as she believed them genuine. That is the case with many good people who pride themselves on their blameless character, regular church-going, and their works of charity. It is well for them when their disillusion comes this side the grave, when they can seek and gain "the pearl of great price" (Rev. 3: 17, 18).

The Marriage of Two Clerks in the Treasury Department was recorded by the Washington *Republican* last week, with some interesting details. It states that a young man of good family, formerly one of the most efficient and diligent clerks in the department, became dissipated and spent his evenings in drinking and gambling. The chief of his department expostulated with him, and warned him that he would be dismissed, but without avail. Recently a number of new clerks were appointed, one of whom was a lady so pretty and graceful that her friendship was eagerly sought by the young men, the dissipated clerk among the others. Very strangely, the young lady preferred him. One of the older ladies warned her against him, and assured her that he was a dissolute fellow not deserving her notice. "I think there is good in him," said the pretty clerk. "He might reform if he had encouragement." After this a wonderful change came over the young man. He stopped drinking, abjured gambling, attended to his work with a will, and was altogether a new man. A short time ago both the young people resigned, the young man to occupy a more lucrative position in a merchant's office and the lady to become his wife. The head of the department, who re-

lated the incident, received a visit last week from the newly-married couple and says there is no doubt about the permanent character of the young man's reformation. When hope and love enter the heart there is no limit to the effect that may follow on the life. It is when the miserable and depraved learn that Jesus loves them and desires to save them that they turn from their sin (11 Cor. 5: 14, 15.)

Two Gold Medals were Presented to American seamen last week. They were part of the collection sent to this country by the British government for distribution among the crew of the pilot-boat Phantom, who assisted in rescuing the passengers from the sinking steamship Oregon on March 14. They were presented by Collector Magone to Capt. Albert E. Mitchell and Capt. Charles L. Lawson. The medals are about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and bear the Queen's head on one side and on the other the inscription, "Presented by the British Government for saving the lives of British subjects." The gallant seamen may wear them with pride wherever they may go. A medal won in battle the winner often feels a delicacy in wearing when among his former enemies, but these medals will not remind any one of defeat or bereavement. It is so with the distinctions in the army of Christ—they are conferred for service in rescue work (Dan 12: 3).

A Prosecutor Offering Bail for a Prisoner was the singular spectacle witnessed in a Brooklyn court last Thursday. On the previous day a man was met in the street by a person in clerical attire, who asked him for a small loan. The borrower stated that he was a clergyman from a distance who knew no one in Brooklyn, and was without funds to pay the railroad fare to his home. The money was handed over, but some time afterward the lender came to the conclusion that he had been victimized by an impostor, and sought the supposed clergyman and had him arrested. By the time the case came on for hearing before Justice Kenna, the accuser had satisfied himself that he had made a mistake, and the clergyman was really the man he represented himself to be. He told the Justice so in court, and offered himself as the prisoner's bondsman. That was only a fair acknowledgment of the wrong he had unintentionally done to an innocent man. It is not so that the Christian is released from the penalty of his sins. He admits his guilt, but pleads the merits of his Surety (Heb. 9: 15).

A Violent Remedy for Obesity has Overthrown the reason of the man who tried it. The daily journals of New York report the arrival on board an English steamer of a man who was promptly taken to the insane asylum on Ward's Island. He was a circus performer until two years ago, when he became too fat to perform agile feats. Hearing that hard exercise in a high temperature would rid him of flesh, he decided to make the ocean passage as a fireman in a steamship. The fire-room on a steamer is a veritable roasting-place. It is away below the water-line, where ventilation is impossible, or at least unattempted. The temperature ranges from 135 to 175°, and in that atmosphere the men are required to shovel coal eight hours in every day—two stretches of unceasing and heavy work of four hours each in the twenty-four. He was advised that he could not stand the exhausting labor, but he was not to be dissuaded. Several times he fell fainting to the hot floor of the fire-room, but always insisted on resuming his duty. When within a day of this port, he rushed madly from the heat, climbed to the deck and leaped over the rail into the sea. He had become a maniac. Sailors rescued him, and he had to be kept under restraint during the rest of the trip. He believed that he had escaped from the bottomless pit, and that his captors meant to return him to the fiery torment. The man, being insane, was, of course, prone to illogical ideas. Otherwise, he would probably have been aware that it was not from the bottomless pit that he had escaped, because escape from that place is impossible (Luke, 16: 26).

GROUNDLESS DESPONDENCY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Joshua, son of Josedech, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts: according to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not."—HAGGAI 2:4, 5.

The Work for God Hindered—By Selfishness—By Despondency—Similarity of these Times—I. Discouragement Forbidden—A Natural Growth—Very Common—Very Weakening—Prevents Service—II. Encouragement Imparted—The Object of the Spirit's Presence—III. Encouragement Applied—Dr. Payson's Singular Invitation—The One Filmy Thread.

SATAN is always doing his utmost to stay the work of God. He hindered these Jews from building the temple; and to-day he endeavors to hinder the people of God from spreading the Gospel. A spiritual temple is to be builded for the Most High, and if by any means the evil one can delay its uprising he will stick at nothing; if he can take us off from working with faith and courage for the glory of God he will be sure to do it. He is very cunning, and knows how to change his argument and yet keep to his design; little cares he how he works, so long as he can hurt the cause of God. In the case of the Jewish people on their return from captivity he sought to prevent the building of the temple by making them selfish and worldly, so that every man was eager to build his own house, and cared nothing for the house of the Lord. Like some in our day, they

SAW TO THEMSELVES FIRST.

God's turn was very long in coming; hence the prophet cried: "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house lie waste?"

By the mouth of his servant Haggai stern rebukes were uttered, and the whole people were aroused. All hands were put to the work; course after course of stone began to rise; and then another stumbling-block was thrown in the way of the workers. The older folks remarked that this was a very small affair compared with the temple of Solomon, of which their fathers had told them; in fact, their rising building was nothing at all, and not worthy to be called a temple. Being discouraged by the humiliating contrast, they began to be slack; and as they were quite willing to accept any excuse, and here was an excuse ready made for them, they would soon have been

AT A STANDSTILL

had not the prophet met the wiles of the arch-enemy with another word from the Lord. He did this by assuring them that He was with them. Twice the voice was heard: "I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." Thus they were encouraged to put their shoulders to the work; the walls rose in due order, and God was glorified in the building up of His Zion.

The present times are, in many respects, similar to those of Haggai. History certainly repeats itself within the Church of God as well as outside of it; and therefore the messages of God need to be repeated also. The words of some almost-forgotten prophet may be re-delivered by the watchman of the Lord in these present days, and be a timely word for

THE PRESENT EMERGENCY.

We are not free from the worldliness which puts self first and God nowhere, else our various enterprises would be more abundantly supplied with the silver and the gold which are the Lord's, but which even professing Christians reserve for themselves. When this selfish greed is conquered, then comes in a timorous depression. Among those who have escaped from worldliness there is apt to be too much despondency, and men labor feebly as for a cause which is doomed to failure. This last evil must be cured. I pray that our text may this morning flame from the Lord's own mouth with all the fire which once blazed about it. May faint

hearts be encouraged and drowsy spirits be aroused, as we hear the Lord say: "My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not."

I. To begin with, here is

DISCOURAGEMENT FORBIDDEN.

Discouragement comes readily enough to us poor mortals who are occupied in the work of God, seeing it is a work of faith, a work of difficulty, a work above our capacity, and a work much opposed. Discouragement is very natural; it is a native of the soil of manhood. To believe is supernatural, faith is the work of the Spirit of God; to doubt is natural to fallen men; for we have within us an evil heart of unbelief. It is abominably wicked, I grant you; but still it is natural, because of the downward tendency of our depraved hearts.

Discouragement may come and does come to us, as it did to these people, from a consideration of the great things which God deserves at our hands, and the small things which we are able to render. When in Haggai's days the people thought of Jehovah, and of a temple for Him, and then looked upon the narrow space which had been inclosed, and the common stones which had been laid for foundations, they were ashamed. Have you not felt the depressing weight of what is so surely true? Brethren, all that we do is little for our God; far too little for Him that loved us and gave Himself for us. Thus have we been discouraged. The enemy can use humility for his purpose as well as pride. Whether he makes us think too much or too little of our work, it is all the same to him so long as he can get us off from it.

The tendency to depreciate the present because of the glories of the past is also injurious. The old people looked back to the days of the former temple, even as we are apt to look upon the times of the great preachers of the past. What work was done in those past days! What Sabbaths were enjoyed then! What converts were added to the Church! What days of refreshing were then vouchsafed! Everything has declined, decreased, degenerated! As for the former days, they beheld a race of giants, who are now succeeded by pigmies. We look at one of these great men, and cry:

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

But, brethren, we must not allow this sense of littleness to hamper us; for God can bless our littleness, and use it for His glory. I notice that the great men of the past thought of themselves even as we think of ourselves. Certainly they were not more self-confident than we are. I find in the story of the brave days of old the same confessions and the same lamentations which we utter now. It is true that in spiritual strength we are not what our fathers were; I fear that Puritanic holiness and truthfulness of doctrine are dying out, while adherence to principle is far from common; but our fathers had also faults and follies to mourn over, and they did mourn over them most sincerely. Instead of being discouraged because what we do is unworthy of God, and insignificant compared with what was done by others, let us gather up our strength to reform our errors, and reach to higher attainments.

Brethren, it is clear that discouragement can be produced by these reasons, and yet they are a mere sample of a host of arguments which work in the same direction; hence discouragement is

VERY COMMON.

The multitude of the people are all apt to suffer from panic, and to flee at the sight of the enemy. How many are they who say: "The old truth cannot succeed; the cause of orthodoxy is desperate; we had better yield to the modern spirit"! The fearful and unbelieving have brought terrible disasters upon our camps. Discouragement is the national epidemic of our Israel.

Wherever discouragement comes in it is

dreadfully weakening. Distrust, and thou wilt fail in everything; believe, and according to thy faith so shall it be unto thee. To lead a discouraged people to the Holy War is as difficult as for Xerxes' commanders to conduct the Persian troops to battle against the Greeks. The vassals of the great king were driven to the conflict by whips and sticks, for they were afraid to fight; do you wonder that they were defeated? A church that needs constant exhorting and compelling accomplishes nothing. The Greeks had no need of blows and threats, for each man was a lion, and courted the encounter, however great the odds against him. Each Spartan fought *con amore*; he was never more at home than when contending for the altars and the hearths of his country. We want Christian men of this same sort, who have faith in their principles, faith in the doctrines of grace, faith in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and who therefore contend earnestly for the faith in these days when piety is mocked at from the pulpit, and the Gospel is sneered at by professional preachers.

Discouragement not only weakens men, but

IT TAKES THEM OFF

from the service of God. It is significant that the prophet said to them: "Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work." They had ceased to build; they had begun to talk and argue, but they had laid down the trowel. It is always so when we are discouraged; we cease from the work of the Lord, and waste time in talk and nonsensical refinements. May the Lord take away discouragement from any of you who now suffer from it!

II. Secondly, here is the

ENCOURAGEMENT IMPARTED,

which is the grand part of our text. "According to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not." God remembers His covenant and stands to His ancient promises. The Holy Ghost descended upon the Church at Pentecost, and He has never gone back again; there is no record of the Spirit's return to heaven. He will abide with the true Church evermore. This is our hope for the present struggle. "The Spirit of God remaineth with us. To what end, my brethren, is this Spirit with us? Let us think of this, that we may be encouraged at this time. The Spirit of God remaineth among you to aid and assist the ministry which He has already given. Oh, that the prayers of God's people would always go up for God's ministers, that they may speak with a divine power and influence which none shall be able to gainsay! We look too much for clever men; we seek out fluent and

FLOWERY SPEAKERS;

we sigh for men cultured and trained in all the knowledge of the heathen; nay, but if we sought more for unction, for divine authority, and for that power which doth hedge about the man of God, how much wiser should we be! He who rested on those who have gone to their reward in heaven can rest this day upon our ministers and bless our evangelists, if we will but seek it of Him. Let us cease to grieve the Spirit of God, and look to Him for help to the faithful ministers who are yet spared to us.

This same Spirit who of old gave to His Church eminent teachers can raise up other and more useful men. The other day, a brother from Wales told me of the great men he remembered; he said that he had never heard such a one as Christmas Evans, who surpassed all men when he was in the *hwyl*. I asked him if he knew another Welsh minister who preached like Christmas Evans. "No," he said, "we have no such man in Wales in our days." So in England we have neither Wesley nor Whitefield, nor any of their order; yet, as with God is the residue of the Spirit, He can fetch out from some chimney-corner another Christmas Evans, or find in our Sunday-school another George Whitefield, who shall declare the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Let us never fear for the future, or despair for the

present, since the Spirit of God remaineth with us.

Nor is this all. The Holy Spirit being with us, He can move the whole Church to exercise its

VARIED MINISTRIES.

This is one of the things we want very much—that every member of the Church should recognize that he is ordained to service. Every one in Christ, man or woman, hath some testimony to bear, some warning to give, some deed to do in the name of the holy child Jesus; and if the Spirit of God be poured out upon our young men and our maidens, each one will be aroused to energetic service. Both small and great will be in earnest, and the result upon the slumbering masses of our population will surprise us all. Sometimes we lament that the churches are so dull. There is an old proverb which says of So-and-so, that he was “as sound asleep as a church.” I suppose there is nothing that can sleep so soundly as a church. But yet the Spirit of God still remaineth, and therefore churches go to be awakened. If the Spirit be with us, there will come multitudinous conversions. We cannot get at “the lapsed masses,” as they are pedantically called. We cannot stir the crass infidelity of the present age; no, *we* cannot, but *He* can. All things are possible with God.

When once the Spirit of God putteth forth His might all things else will be in accord with Him. Great commotions will co-operate with the Holy Spirit. We may expect that God will work for His people in an extraordinary fashion if they will but be faithful to Him. Empires will collapse, and times will change, for the truth's sake.

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED,

reckon upon the unlikely, if it be necessary for the growth of the kingdom. Of old the earth helped the woman when the dragon opened his mouth to drown her with the floods that he cast forth; unexpected help shall come to us when affairs are at their worst. Specially do I look for a shaking among the hosts of unbelief. When Cadmus slew the dragon with his javelin, he was bidden to sow its teeth in the earth. When he did so, according to the classic fable, he saw rising out of the ground nodding plumes, and crested helmets, and broad shoulders of armed men. Up from the earth there sprang a host of warriors; but Cadmus needed not to fly; for the moment they found their feet, these children of the dragon fell upon each other till scarcely one was left. Error, like Saturn, devours its own children. Those that fight against the Lord of hosts are not agreed among themselves; they shall sheathe their swords in each other's bosoms.

And next, the Lord in this chapter promises His people that they shall have all the supplies they need for His work. They feared that they could not build His house, because of their poverty; but, saith the Lord of hosts, “The silver and the gold are Mine.” When the Church of God believes in God, and goes forward bravely, she need not trouble as to supplies. Her

GOD WILL PROVIDE

for her. One of our English kings once threatened the great city of London that if its councillors talked so independently, he would—yes—he would, indeed he would—take his court away from the city. The Lord Mayor on that occasion replied, that if his majesty would graciously leave the river Thames behind him, the citizens would try to get on without his court. If any say, “If you hold to these old-fashioned doctrines you will lose the educated, the wealthy, the influential,” we answer: But if we do not lose the godly and the presence of the Holy Ghost we are not in the least alarmed.

The best comfort of all remained. “The desire of all nations shall come.” This was in a measure fulfilled when Jesus came into that latter house and caused all holy hearts to sing for gladness; but it was not wholly fulfilled in that way; for if you notice, in the ninth verse it is written, “The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former; and in this place

will I give peace,” which the Lord did not fully do to the second temple, since that was destroyed by the Romans. But there is another advent, when “the desire of all nations shall come” in power and glory; and this is our highest hope. “Therefore, My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.”

III. I should have done if it had not been that this text seemed to me to overflow so much, that it might not only refresh God's people, but give drink to thirsty sinners who are seeking the Lord. For a moment or two I give myself to encouragement further applied.

It is at the beginning of every gracious purpose that men have most fear, even as these people had who had newly begun to build. When first the Holy Spirit begins to strive with a man and to lead him to Jesus, he is apt to say—“I cannot; I dare not; it is impossible. How can I believe and live?” Now I want to speak to some of you here who are willing to find Christ, and to encourage you by the truth that the Spirit lives to help you. I would even like to speak to those who are *not* anxious to be saved. I remember that

DR. PAYSON,

an exceedingly earnest and useful man of God, once did a singular thing. He had been holding inquiry meetings with all sorts of people, and great numbers had been saved. At last, one Sunday he gave out that he should have a meeting on Monday night of those persons who did not desire to be saved; and, strange to say, some twenty persons came who *did not wish to repent or believe*. He spoke to them and said, “I am sure that if a little film, thin as the web of the gossamer, were let down by God from heaven to each one of you, you would not push it away from you. Although it were almost invisible, you would value even the slightest connection between you and heaven. Now, your coming to meet me to-night is a little link with God. I want it to increase in strength till you are joined to the Lord forever.” He spoke to them most tenderly, and God blessed those people who did not desire to be saved, so that before the meeting was over they were of another mind. The film had become a thicker thread, and it grew and grew until the Lord Christ held them by it forever.

Dear friends, the fact of your being in the Tabernacle this morning is like

THAT FILMY THREAD;

do not put it away. Here is your comfort, the Holy Spirit still works with the preaching of the Word. Do I hear you say, “I cannot feel my need of Christ as I want to feel it?” The Spirit remaineth among us. He can make you feel more deeply the guilt of sin and your need of pardon. “But I have heard so much about conviction and repentance; I do not seem to have either of them.” Yet the Spirit remaineth with us, and that Spirit is able to work in you the deepest conviction and the truest repentance.

“Ah, dear sir,” says one, “I want to conquer sin!” Who made you desire to conquer sin? Who, but the Spirit that remaineth with us? He will give you the sword of the Spirit and teach you how to use it, and He will give you both the will and the power to use it successfully. Through the Spirit's might you can overcome every sin, even that which has dragged you down and disgraced you. The Spirit of God is still waiting to help you. When I think of the power of the Spirit of God, I look hopefully upon every sinner here this morning. “Oh,” you say, “if I were to begin I should not keep on.” No; if you began perhaps you would not; but if *He* begins with you *He* will keep on. The final perseverance of saints is the result of the final perseverance of the Holy Spirit; He perseveres to bless, and we persevere in receiving the blessing. If He begins, you have begun with a divine power that fainteth not neither is weary.

I wish it might so happen that on this fifth day of the ninth month, not the prophet Haggai,

but I, God's servant, may have spoken to you such a word as you shall never forget; and may the Lord add to the Word, by the witness of the Holy Ghost, “From this day will I bless you!” Go away with that promise resting upon you. I would like to give a shake of the hand to every stranger here this morning, and say, “Brother, in the name of the Lord I wish you from this day a blessing.” Amen and amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A LAND OF DARKNESS AND CRUELTY.*

IN Cortez's time Mexico was full of vast numbers of heathens, brownish colored people, something like the Red Indians, but a fairer, handsomer, stouter, heavier-bodied race; and much more civilized also. They had great cities and idol temples, aqueducts for water, and all sorts of noble buildings, all of most curiously carved stone; which is all the more wonderful and creditable to them when we remember that they had no iron—not a knife, not a nail of iron among them. But they had found out how to make bronze by mixing tin and copper, and with it could work the hardest stones as well as we can with iron. They had another stuff which was curious enough of which they made knives, razors, arrow-heads, and saw-edged swords as keen as razors; and that was glass. They did not make the glass, they found it about the burning mountains, of which Mexico is full; itztl they called it; we call it obsidian. It is tougher than our glass, and chips to a fine razor edge. I have seen arrows of it which I am certain would go clean through a man, and knives which would take his arm off, bone and all. Gunpowder of course they knew nothing of, nor of horses or cattle either. They had no beasts of draught; and all the stones and timber for their buildings were carried by hand.

But they were good farmers, and for handicraft work, such as pottery, weaving, and making all kinds of ornaments I can answer for it, for I have seen a good deal of their work—they had not then their equals in the world. They made the most beautiful dresses out of the feathers of birds, parrots, humming-birds, and such like which fill the forests in hot countries. And what was more, their country abounded in gold and jewels, and they knew how to work them just as well as we do. They could work gold into the likeness of flowers, of birds with every feather like life, and into a thousand trinkets. Their soil was most fruitful of all that man can want. There was enough of the best for all to eat; and altogether there never was a richer and need never have been a happier people, if they had but been good.

But that is just what they were not. A bad lot they were, cruel and bloodthirsty, continually at war with each other; and as for cruelty, just take this one story: At the opening of a great temple to one of their idols in 1486, about thirty years before the Spaniards came, they sacrificed to the idol seventy thousand human beings.

This offering in sacrifice of human beings to their idols was their regular practice. They got these poor creatures by conquering all the nations around and carrying back their prisoners to sacrifice; and if they failed they took poor people of their own, for blood they and their false gods must have. Men and sometimes women and children were murdered by them in their temples, often with the most horrible tortures, to the number, I am afraid there is no doubt of it, of many thousands every year; and their flesh, afterward cooked delicately, was eaten as a luxury by people who, as far as outward show went, were just as fine ladies and gentlemen as there are now.

When the Spaniards got into Mexico they found the walls of the temples crusted inches thick in blood, the altars of the idols heaped with smoking human hearts, and whole houses

* From “True Words for Brave Men,” By Charles Kingsley. A volume of twenty-nine short lectures to soldiers and sailors, in the simple, earnest, practical style for which that eminent clergyman was noted. Pp. 246; price, 75 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bille House, New York.



The Welcome at Sofia to Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria.

full of skulls. They counted in one house one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls. It was high time to get rid of those Mexicans off the face of the earth, and in God's good time a man was found to rid the earth of them; and that man was Hernando Cortez.

And who was Cortez? He was a poor young Spanish gentleman, son of an infantry captain, who, in his youth, was sickly and weakly; and his father tried to make a lawyer of him, and would have done it, but young Cortez kicked over the traces, as we say, right and left, and turned out such a wild fellow that he would not stay at college; and after getting into plenty of scrapes, started as a soldier to the West Indies when he was only nineteen. Little did people think what stuff there was in that wild, sickly lad!

How he got on in the Spanish West Indies would be a long story. I will only tell you that he turned out a thoroughly good soldier, and a very dashing, smart fellow, a first-rate rider and fencer, a great dandy in his dress; but also—and if you go to hot climates keep this in mind—a particularly sober and temperate man, who drank nothing and could eat anything. And he had, it is said, the most extraordinary power of managing his men. He was always cool and determined; and what he said had to be done, and they knew it; but his way with them was so frank and kind, and he was so ready to be the foremost in daring and enduring, often living worse than his own men, while he was doing everything for their comfort, that there was nothing they would not do for him, as the event proved; for if those soldiers had not trusted him for life and death, I should not have this grand story to tell.

RECEPTION OF PRINCE ALEXANDER.

(See Illustration.)

If there had been any doubt about the true character of the Bulgarian revolution of August 21, when Prince Alexander was carried forcibly out of the country, it would have been removed by the popular ovation of September 3, when he returned to Sofia, and by the demonstrations of public regret when he again quitted it on September 8. The Bulgarians evidently wished to retain Prince Alexander as their ruler, and did not sympathize with the revolution nor

with the policy that finally compelled his abdication.

The picture on this page shows the scene when the Prince entered the streets of his capital. The houses and public buildings had been decorated, and all the thoroughfares along the Prince's route were crowded with soldiers and citizens eager to show their loyalty. The priests were in front of the assembly at the entrance to the city, and as the representatives of his people read to him the address of welcome, the Prince replied to it in appropriate terms, and then went to the Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, as an expression of gratitude to God for the Prince's return. Everywhere there was joy and congratulation. On the morrow all was changed; the Czar of Russia had declared himself opposed to Prince Alexander, and hinted a threat of Russian occupation of Bulgaria, and the Prince, feeling sure that to retain his throne in the face of Russian hostility would involve the country in misfortunes, signed his abdication, and quitted Sofia.

That the Prince acted wisely there can be no doubt. He could have no hope in a struggle single handed with the gigantic power of Russia. His officers and soldiers declared their readiness to make any sacrifices in his interest, and with tears besought him to stand his ground. But the Prince had a clearer view than they of the situation. He had the sympathy of Austria, Germany and England, but apparently neither of the three would give him active support. Being thus left face to face with an enemy immeasurably his superior in power, he prudently declined a contest which could have but one issue.

The situation in Europe has not become less threatening by Prince Alexander's compliance with the Russian demand. In obeying the Czar he has placed a very difficult and serious problem in the hands of the governments of Europe. They have to decide whether it is safe for them that the Czar should thus arrogantly impose his will on a nation not under his dominion. As Prince Alexander was appointed ruler over Bulgaria by a European council, his expulsion is an insult which the Czar offers to the whole of Europe. It is a menace of a most humiliating character, which must be dealt with now or in the near future. The small boy of the school dare not resist the big bully who wrongs him,

but sooner or later the bully himself has to be taught to behave himself, to act justly, and respect the rights of the weak. So it will be with Russia. Her arrogance, her contempt for the sanctity of treaties, her overbearing insolence, must eventually arouse the indignation of Europe, and bring upon her severe castigation. This may come speedily in the selection of a successor to Prince Alexander, or it may be delayed until, emboldened by this and other successes, the Czar ventures on some more impudent outrage on the public opinion of Europe.

WORSE THAN A HEATHEN.

(See Illustration on Page 621.)

It was a pretty scene, as I remember it half a century ago, in a quaint corner of an English county far removed from the turmoil and bustle of the large towns. A quiet country village on a Sunday morning, with the villagers in their old-fashioned clothes coming out of church.

One Sunday especially is very vivid in my memory. Godfrey Ellison with his wife and two comely daughters were just leaving the churchyard, when they were met by one of those comfortable old women, whom nature has sprinkled through every community to be a comfort to others. Mrs. Brown was always the one sent for in every case of sickness; to help the doctor administer the "drops" and apply the leeches. The sick-room seemed to be her natural element, and she felt at home in it. She was emphatically a good woman, kind and motherly in her ways; thinking nothing of leaving her own house and her own work to lend a hand to her neighbor in an emergency. Yet she was a trial to good Mrs. Ellison, who was a pious woman, and anxious about the spiritual welfare of her acquaintance. Many a talk she had with Mrs. Brown about her soul, and many a prayer had she offered for her. It seemed that if Mrs. Brown could be really converted, there were so many opportunities at her disposal for speaking a word in season to the sick and the dying whom she nursed. But it was of no use. Mrs. Brown had been baptized and confirmed; she had never wronged anyone, and she fully expected to be all right at the last.

On this Sunday morning in particular Mrs. Ellison had been "exercised" about her kindly neighbor, who seemed, in her ready helpfulness,

not far from the kingdom of God. It seemed like a special providence, meeting her right at the church doors. Mrs. Brown, however, was full of news, which must be told before anything else could be said.

"Have you heered the news o' Joe Wilmott?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Ellison. "What's the matter with him? I expected he would get into some trouble with his drunken habits."

"He's fell down and broke his leg, and a mercy it warn't worse. He fell right against the brook when he was agoing home last night, and he might a-fell in and been drowned. My man found him lying there with his leg doubled up under him. Doctor's coming to set it now. I'm agoin' in to help."

"It is a pity you cannot do something to help Joe's soul, as you will his body, said Mrs. Ellison. He needs it badly."

"Oh, Parson 'll happen come and talk to him by-and-bye. He'll mind Parson more nor me," said Mrs. Brown, philosophically.

"Yes, maybe; but if you could get him to look to Christ to keep him from the liquor, and to save his soul, what a good thing it would be. It is sad to think how many people you nurse, and never say anything to help them to salvation. You do so much to help their bodies, that if you could help their souls too, you would be so useful."

"You are always a harping on that string, Mrs. Ellison; anybody to hear you 'ud think I was a heathen instead of a reg'lar church-goer."

"Well, are you not a heathen, or worse? What will you do when you meet God, and have to tell Him that, although He sent His Son to die for you, it was of no use; you would have nothing to do with Him?"

"Oh! it is not so bad as that, Mrs. Ellison; you know I'm very reg'lar at church."

"That makes it worse. If you had never heard about the Saviour I would not wonder; but going to church, you know all about it."

"There's the doctor," said Mrs. Brown, "I mustn't stay," and glad of the diversion, she hurried away, muttering, "Worse nor a heathen, it's come to summat now! I wonder what makes Mrs. Ellison so dead set on me!"

Mrs. Brown was very busy for the next two or three hours; but after the doctor had set Joe's leg, and she sat down to watch by him, her mind reverted to Mrs. Ellison's words. "Worse nor a heathen," she repeated again and again; "what 'll become o' me?"

The words clung to her, ringing in her ears like a trumpet-call. A day or two passed; and her anxiety increased. Finally, much against her inclination, she was driven by her fears to go and see Mrs. Ellison, that she might learn what she ought to do. The first visit was followed by many others, until at last her distress and terror, which had been increasing at each interview, gave place to the peace and joy of those who see in Christ the Way, the Truth and the Life. Mrs. Ellison's hopes were realized, and the good nurse was able to tell to others how they might meet death without dread of the judgment to come.



Mrs. Brown's News.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 607.)

The Only Way.

LEROY could not see why Miss West should think that a great sorrow would change his views about Christianity. If it were true, it was just as much true in happiness as in distress.

He looked at her, but he could not understand, and he changed the subject.

"Have you ever read Voltaire?" he asked.

"To some extent."

"Why not extensively?"

"Because I have no confidence in him."

"Why not?"

"Because he is not entitled to it. A man who lived such a life as he did and was so deceitful in his dealings with men, could not write an honest book. Besides—but have you ever read Nelson's 'Cause and Cure of Infidelity'?"

"I have not."

"I would advise you to do so. Also the first volume of Horne's 'Introduction to the Study of the Bible.' These works are not specially philosophical, but plain and practical, and the argument is on the plane of most people's thinking. I have told you my father was a minister, and when he died he left me his library, or perhaps I never could have talked at all with you on these questions. These two books were in his library, and I have read them again and again. Nelson, in his invaluable work, points out several wilful misrepresentations of Voltaire, which I recall. He says that at one place Voltaire quotes Solomon as speaking of the wine sparkling in the glass. This, Voltaire says, could not have been written by Solomon, as there was no glass in his days. But Voltaire misquotes, for he has it, '*sa couleur brille dans le verre*,' when the common French Bible says, '*sa couleur brille dans la coupe*,' 'it giveth its color in the cup,' not 'in the glass.' And the Hebrew word, *kis*, means 'a common cup.' Solo-

mon says nothing about glass! Is not that a palpable misrepresentation? It shows either ignorance or wilful deceit, and if either be true, he is not entitled to respect and confidence. But this is not all. Nelson goes on to show other misrepresentations equally wicked, and says there are many statements false, absolutely false, and calculated to lead the unlearned astray. Can you have any confidence in a man who will do such things?"

"How many Christians do the same?" replied Leroy, hotly. "Only the other day I was reading a debate between an infidel and a Christian, and the latter misrepresents and takes advantage of his opponent in the meanest way."

"And how quickly you lost confidence in him, too. Why not in Voltaire?"

"Why, because this man professed to be a Christian."

"And do you expect more honesty in Christians than in infidels? What a comment on infidelity!" she said, with a triumphant laugh.

"Fairly caught, I confess," said Leroy, joining heartily in the laugh against himself. "I am no match for you in the tactics of the field. That was a regular ambush; and you lured me on."

"No; I simply found you off your guard, and you involuntarily made an admission of what was in your mind before. Well, I agree with you that the creed of a Christian is higher than the man. That is as it should be, because his struggle to attain his ideal is a struggle upward. Your creed, if you have one, is below you, and it will drag you down to its level if you do not abandon it. Let me beg of you, for your own sake, to break through your prejudice, and open your mind to the truth."

"My mind is always open to the truth, Miss Carrie. The question between us is, what is truth? Convince me that this visitor you would introduce is the truth, and the lady shall be admitted immediately. I acknowledge that she is strongly introduced; your indorsement is a very influential one at the doors of my heart."

"Oh, no," said Carrie, blushing, as she saw the direction the conversation was taking; "I would have you admit her for her own sake."

"I am afraid you are deceived as to her character. My heart is not inhospitable to a worthy guest. It opened very readily to you."

"Now, I shall say good-night, Mr. Ransom; this is not fair fighting."

Leroy rose in obedience to her intimation, and said with a smile, "Oh, yes; it is quite fair, and I hope we shall both win."

Leroy walked homeward with some elation. He had succeeded in making his sentiments known to Carrie, and though she had promptly and decisively closed the interview without giving him any encouragement, she must now be perfectly well aware that he loved her. That was a clear step gained. It was an advantage worth having. So attractive a young lady must have admirers, and two in particular Leroy knew. Train had frankly admitted his own ambition on the night when he and Ransom first heard her speak. Then there was Sanderson, and there were, doubtless, more. Slight and in-

* Copyright reserved by the Author.

direct as was the declaration he had made, Leroy felt that it was sufficient with so acute a mind as Carrie's to indicate his position unequivocally. Now, if any of those fellows proposed to her she could not give a decision without knowing that he too was a competitor for her hand. In such a case Carrie would doubtless consider the proposal on its merits, and would honestly try to do so without regard to any one else; but a man's merits do rise or fall in the estimation of another according to his relation to those around him, though that other may not be conscious of it. So he felt as if he had written his name down on the list of competitors for a prize.

Meanwhile study went on vigorously. Leroy's love braced his mind to mental effort. He would distinguish himself if it were possible. She should not have cause to blush for him if she accepted him. He was not worthy of her, he admitted freely, but then, what man was worthy? The best he could hope for was to distance his rivals in the college, to stand above them in academical honors, and to compel her admiration if he could not win her love. So in his room, in the class rooms, and at the Franklin Society he worked hard to gain knowledge and to win a place in the very highest ranks of the college. The Franklin Society was his special delight. There he could win triumphs, and there was the best training ground for ready eloquence which is so helpful to the lawyer or legislator. In the prosperity of the Franklin Society, therefore, he took a deep interest, and exerted himself to promote its popularity in the college. He was delighted to see that it was prospering and gaining ground over the Philos, as the rival association called themselves.

One evening the members of the Franklin Society were in secret conference. There was a hot rivalry between the two societies of the college, and sometimes strategy was resorted to in order to gain a victory. On this particular evening the Franklins had met to consult as to the best means of gaining a telling and decisive victory over the Philos. Various ways were suggested, but none could be accepted on account of some flaw in the plot. At last one of the boys proposed a plan which was almost sure of success, but it was not strictly honest. Still the Franklins, in their enthusiasm to carry off the laurels, were on the point of passing a motion to adopt the scheme, when Leroy arose.

"Brother and sister Franklins," he began, "I see that this plan involves a dishonest principle. I object to it. You will say I am stickling for a hair-split point of casuistry, but I care not by what epithet you call it, I stand up for honor among the Franklins. There are many things I do not believe, but I do believe in the principles of honesty. What, the Franklin Society stoop to a trick! I am told that such a thing has never been known in her history, and shall we now smirch her fair name? I am as anxious as any of you to gain a victory, but if it cannot be done honorably, let them carry off the laurels. I am firmly opposed to this motion."

A storm of applause followed. Henry Burt, Francis Train, and others spoke to the same effect, and the motion was voted down, and another plan adopted which, if less sure, was more honorable.

Miss West was present when the subject was debated, and, like Leroy, had been opposed to the dishonorable trick. She hoped that some capable member would oppose it and prevent its adoption, and was pleased that Leroy should be that one. It was a surprise to her, for, assured as she was of his honor, she did not expect that one who was not influenced by religion would have taken the lead in a struggle for truth and high principle.

"How nobly he stands up for the right!" she said to herself as he spoke. "With all his faults and conceits he would not be guilty of an act of meanness." And then she thought, "If I know my own heart, I have never been so interested in any one else as I am in him. His principles are good, if they were only consecrated

to a good cause. If something should separate us I should be very sad."

As they were walking home he said, "This is a wicked world; it needs reforming."

"And how do you propose to reform it?"

"By bringing the people to a higher state of culture. By teaching them the natural sciences—science of mind, poetry, literature, ethics, æsthetics—in short, to inform the mind and refine the taste. This would give them something to think about, so that they could not plan wickedness, and hence would not engage in it. Christians accuse us of wanting to tear down or burn down the churches, and put nothing in their stead. They do not know us. I would not tear down a single church; but instead of having them as places in which to preach old superstitions and Jewish mythologies, I would have them converted into temples of science—into laboratories, museums, lecture halls, in which the people should gather Sabbath after Sabbath to be instructed in the mental and physical sciences; to hear discourses on Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, and our own glorious poets and philosophers. Thus people would become readers and thinkers, and of course would grow in moral power. They would be refined, scholarly, and true."

"A splendid theory," she replied, "but Utopian and impractical, I fear. We must take people as they are, not as they ought to be, if we want to bring about a reform. Now, if education is really such a powerful incentive to virtue, one would think there would be more of it among the so-called cultured classes. But where will you find more meanness and frivolity, and envy, too, than in many of our colleges—the very centres of culture? Politicians are generally pretty well informed, and many of them are mentally cultured, but how much substantial honor is there in politics? Read about the private lives of literary men, and some even of the writers we most admire, and how much envy and hatred we find! How invidiously some of them write and speak of one another! Read what is said by Carlyle—himself a conspicuous offender—about the unhappiness, faults, and follies of men of letters. He says, 'Look at the biography of authors! Except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man.' What became of Otway, Collins and Chatterton? Hannah More says the more she saw of the 'honored, famed, and great,' the more she saw the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good. Southey calls literary society 'about the worst society in the world,' and denominates literary people *cattle*. Did culture make Byron and Poe and Gray good men? I think that more is needed than mere mental and literary culture."

"But these same objections might be brought against your much-vaunted religion. It has been a grand failure in keeping us an honorable people, and there are many so-called Christians who are no better than Byron or Poe were."

"The real value of institutions must be estimated by their effect," she answered. "The world is really better for the influence of Christianity—imperfectly as its principles are practised. When you point the finger of scorn at the fallen Christian, what do you imply? Is it not that he has not practised his belief? In other words, that if he had been true to his profession he would have been a good man. What is the logical inference? The man who is true to Christian principle is good. Now, what has infidelity ever done that shows real self-sacrifice for mankind? It has no colleges, no missions, no asylums for the poor and oppressed, no organizations for the education of the heathen. I know no real philanthropist who is a pronounced infidel. On the other hand, look at the institutions of the Church. How many colleges she has founded in our own land! Some say the Church does not foster science. Why, science is taught in every college belonging to her. All over the land are temples whose spires point men to heaven, and all of them are centres of moral force. In nearly every city religion has

established missions for the support and elevation of the poor. Do infidels have such institutions? or do they, by any self-denying labor, help to support those that are established? No. Christians teach these down-trodden classes, and with their means support many of them. In pagan lands the Church is trying to educate as well as Christianize the people, and many are sacrificing their lives and leaving country, friends, and all that they love for this great object. Then nearly all the great philanthropists, as well as those who are unknown, are and have been Christians. Why, I believe I am safe in saying that Spurgeon, of London, has been instrumental in building up more institutions of mercy himself than all the infidels of the present day together."

"You speak as if infidels do not believe in doing good," he said, excitedly.

"I know many of them *talk* a great deal about it, and individually, doubtless, a few of them are charitable; but the question is, Are they as a rule engaged in works of mercy, and have they any organization for the special purpose of lifting the race to higher things? No; unbelief is essentially a tearing down process. It is destructive, not constructive or instructive. If infidelity were inaugurated everywhere, I fear all this mission work would cease."

"No, no, Carrie," he cried; "we believe in all the principles of virtue and truth; we would have all men noble; we only object to the superstitious tenets of the Church and the absurdities of the Bible."

"Ah! but you supply no equivalent substitute for those superstitions, as you term them; and where the human heart demands certainty you leave uncertainty. You cannot tell certainly whether there is a future state, whether sin will be punished, whether, when men repent, they will be forgiven, and to all the queries that the troubled heart utters you answer, 'We do not know.' You believe in virtue and goodness. So does the Church, and the Scriptures taught them centuries ago. So you could introduce nothing new in the realm of ethics, and would demolish everything in the realm of religion. You take away all its comforts and—"

"Stop right there, Carrie. I would tell every man that it cannot be ill with the good; that if a man is truly upright, he will attain to the very best thing in the universe."

"But that is too vague for the practical mind," she answered, "and we must take people as they are. We want a definite good, not some vague, undefined goal of happiness and holiness; we want a definite heaven to anticipate. What comfort could you give to the mother who has just buried her babe?"

"That the best thing is possible."

"Which is virtually telling the afflicted one that we know nothing about it. How different the positive assurances of religion."

"But those assurances may be positive without being true. Does not the Mohammedan find comfort in his religion? yet you have told me that the Church is trying to induce him to give it up. You are trying to rob him of his hope and consolation, actually doing for him what you complain that infidelity is trying to do for you."

"Ah! but observe, when we try to persuade the Mohammedan to give up his religion, we offer him something definite in its stead. We give him better doctrines and more comforting assurances than he had before. But this infidelity does not. Think of the Christians you have known—your father, your mother, any one. Would they have been happier or better if they had not known or had not believed Christianity and lived it?"

"Miss Carrie, I purpose to search this matter out by reason, and not through my emotional nature. You take an unfair advantage when you try to stir up my feelings, and you do not leave my reason clear."

"But are not the emotions," said Carrie, "a part of our mental constitution, and are they not, therefore, for some purpose? All mental

philosophies assign an important place to the susceptibilities. You know that. You believe in emotion in other things. In teaching, you try to win the love of your pupils, in order that you may influence their intellects; and sometimes you try to arouse their fears to secure their obedience. Yet both love and fear belong to the emotions. Why have they no place in this great question?"

Leroy did not answer. He knew that in many things he could rely on his emotions more safely than on his reason. Just then, especially, he believed in the emotion of love. But he could not understand that religion was not a matter of mere intellect. He thought religion was only an affair of the head, whereas it is emphatically a matter of the heart as well as the head, and appeals to the strongest and holiest emotions of our being.

(To be continued.)

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 10, John 18 : 28-40.
Golden Text, ver. 38.

The Farcical Trial—The Verdict Settled Beforehand—Jesus' Death Necessary to the Priests' Reputation—His Life a Reproach to Them—A Capital Charge Needed—Blasphemy for the Jews Treason for the Romans—Pilate's Unanswered Question—Declares the Offence Ecclesiastical—Politics on the Bench—The Prisoner's Innocence Admitted—Pilate's Fear of Other Exposures—Another Unanswered Question—Pilate's Modern Followers.

JESUS, betrayed and denied by His own disciples, was now apparently given over to the hands of His enemies. Once again the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Him to put Him to death (Matt. 27 : 1). They must have a semblance of law on their side, but it was a miserable subterfuge for justice. Every man among them knew that Jesus was innocent; that His life was so pure as to be a reproach to their own; that He had a power which no man could deny, and that wherever He went He did works of mercy. They took counsel, but

DETERMINED BEFOREHAND

upon the verdict. All along the chief priests and Pharisees saw Jesus in the light of their own religious reputation. If the righteousness of Jesus was established, their unreality and unspirituality would be seen by all, and thus, at any cost, Jesus must die. And the question of questions, whether or not He was the Messiah, whether He was the Son of God, did not come into their counsels at all. It was more convenient every way to take for granted that He was an impostor, and to conjure up some accusation against Him which should bring Him to death, and so convince the multitude that, though He could raise the dead, He was not Himself proof against death, and so He could not be the Son of God. Miserable device! But it is just like all man's devices.

They who led Jesus into the judgment hall would not enter in themselves, "lest they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover." Oh, how little they knew that the Fountain for sin and uncleanness (Zech. 13 : 1) was just about to be opened, and that the blood they were so eager to shed alone cleanseth from all sin! Peter's repentance, just in time; Judas' repentance, just too late, preceded the final condemnation of the Son of Man. Pilate was no party to the faction which sought to put Jesus to death. In his character of judge he asked, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" This is the first question with regard to one who is accused, yet this

QUESTION REMAINED UNANSWERED.

No man could be found to substantiate a charge against Jesus. All they had to say was, "If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee." But justice demanded the proof of this assertion. Law deals, not with assertions, but with proofs of guilt, and these were not forthcoming. The

chief priests accused Him of many things, but there was nothing even then that the law could lay hold of until they attempted to prove that He was guilty of high treason. They changed the ground of accusation. Before the high priests they sought to prove that He had incited the people to destroy the temple, wresting His own words; now they attempted to prove that He set Himself up to be King of the Jews. But, after all, the only thing which could give color to the accusation was His ride into Jerusalem mounted on an ass's colt, with little children crying: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" An unarmed mob, with such an One in their midst, did not threaten great danger to the government! Pilate saw through it. "He knew that the chief priests had delivered Him for envy" (Mark 15 : 10). Then Pilate said: "Take ye Him, and judge Him according to your law;" as much as to say: "There is nothing in this case of which the Roman law can take cognizance." It was, in fact, a declaration of the innocence of Jesus. But the ecclesiastical authorities were unwilling for this, and said: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." Poor deluded men! They believed themselves champions of the law of God, the very essence of which is love, and which in spirit as well as in letter they were transgressing in all their thoughts and words at this very time.

Jesus knew beforehand that He should be delivered over to the Gentiles (Matt. 20 : 19). But Pilate, like the chief priests, had

HIS OWN ENDS TO SERVE.

He would not willingly offend the Jews, and so he took up the only accusation which had a shadow of truth about it, and said unto Him: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of Me?" If Pilate saw through the Jews, Jesus saw through Pilate, and even at this moment the soul of the Roman governor was dear to his Saviour. He sought to arouse the conscience of this man, that so by some means he might be saved. Jesus knew that Pilate had no fear of political troubles on His account, and that he was tampering with his own conscience in this mock tribunal; yet Pilate wanted to justify himself. He said: "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me: what hast Thou done?" Jesus took him out of his depth in His answer: "My kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is My kingdom not from hence." This was unanswerable. Only one blow had ever been struck in defence of Jesus, when Peter cut off the ear of the high-priest's servant, and Jesus healed him.

Pilate would have released Jesus, but if he did it must be upon his own responsibility, and this he would not do. Pilate's wife "sent to him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." Oh, how we see the hand of God in all this, seeking to hold him back! For a few moments he wavered, and when the people chose Barabbas he said: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" The people answered: "Let Him be crucified." Pilate, for the moment, took up the cause of justice, and said: "Why, what evil hath He done?" Seeing that "he could prevail nothing"—i.e., nothing without a decided verdict of the innocence of Jesus, which, for fear of the Jews, he was unwilling to give—"he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just Person" (Matt. 27 : 19-24). Poor Pilate! "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God" (Jer. 2 : 22).

He who overrules all things permitted everything possible to work together so that Pilate should have no shadow of excuse for condemning Jesus. It was the custom that one prisoner should be released at the feast. Pilate offered

the people their choice whether Barabbas, the most notorious criminal of the day, or Jesus, should be released to them. The chief priests influenced the people, and the cry was for Barabbas. How He remained true to His own teaching: "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil" (Matt. 5 : 39). The accusation of the Jews had fallen to the ground by the very facts of the case, yet this non-resisting, wonderful, unearthly Man claimed a kingdom, and Pilate said: "Art Thou a king then?" Jesus answered, *Thou sayest that I am a king.* To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice." It was like an appeal to this man: "Wilt not thou hear My voice?" Jesus was not seeking to plead His own cause, but to save Pilate's soul. Alas! alas! that misguided self-interest prevailed! Pilate thought his interests safer in his own hands than in those of Jesus, and though he went out to the Jews and said to them: "I find in Him no fault at all," yet it was this very Pilate who passed sentence that Jesus should be crucified.

Oh, how depraved is poor human nature! Pilate came so near being saved, but he left off with the question unanswered which every man should get answered at any cost—

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

He asked it of Jesus, who is the Truth, but alas! he did not wait for the answer; and yet when he asked it he was in the very presence of Jesus. The dying thief and the centurion discovered what is truth, but Pilate thought he could not afford to sound it; he would lose his position, his wealth, his honor, if he were to take part with Jesus, and he has lost his soul by taking part against Jesus!

Every living man who has heard the Gospel is, day by day and hour by hour, passing sentence upon Jesus. Either we are going out to Him "without the camp bearing His reproach," and glorying that it is "enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord," or we are

TAKING SIDES WITH THE WORLD

against Jesus. If we will have a "kingdom of this world," if we will be something and somebody here, if we will justify ourselves and seek our own, if we will fight our own battles and exercise lordship over others, we side with Pilate and condemn Jesus. But if, on the contrary, we let Jesus reign over us and in us, if He is Lord over all we are and all we have, if He is to be honored, if He is to take the first place, if He is to fight our battles and we be simply at His disposal, as He was at His Father's disposal, then we are taking part with Him. There may be, there will be, suffering; but it is that which brings the greatest sweetness with it, the blessed, constant consciousness of His presence with us, the knowledge that He takes the responsibility of our life, and that He cannot but carry out His own purposes. God calls us "kings and priests," but not of this world. Our kingdom, like our Lord's, is "not from hence," our honor not the flattery of men, but the "honor that cometh from God only;" it is the honor of fitting into God and taking our relative position with regard to Him, serving His purpose who is our blessed, indwelling God.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for September: The Doom of the Turkish Empire. By the Rev. Charles Graham.

The Latter-Day Mystery. By Mr. G. B. Taylor.

The Rapture of the Saints.

The Return of the Lord Jesus. By Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D., of Chicago.

The Jews: their Past, Present, and Future.—Part I. By the late Professor Gaussen, Geneva.

King Solomon's Garden for Sale.

"The Future of the Jews." By Christlieb.

The Spouse and the Harlot.

Daniel's Prophetic Dates. By Rev. M. Baxter.

Revolution in Bulgaria.

Return of the Jews to Palestine.

Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.

Bound volumes containing the monthly numbers for 1884 or 1885 may be had, price, \$1.

THERE'S ONLY ONE.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."
PSALM lxxiii. 25.

There's only One on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only One who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only One whose pity falls
Like dew upon the wounded heart;
There's only One who never stirs,
Though enemy and friend depart.

There's only One, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only One to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring,
And each perplexing wheel in wheel.

There's only One who can support,
And who sufficient grace can give
To bear up under every grief,
And spotless in this world to live.

O blessed Jesus, Friend of friends!
Come, hide us 'neath Thy sheltering arm;
And while amid this evil world,
Keep us from all its guilt and harm.

Thou art the One, the only One,
For whom no love too warm can flow;
Thou art the One, the only One,
In whom there's perfect rest below.

—Selected.

EARNEST Christians desiring to make themselves useful in the Master's work are requested to write to J. A. Whipple, The Evangelical Book Store, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

TALMAGE'S

NEW
TABERNAACLE
SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents want to introduce it. This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light, and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame "has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish

MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN. Introduction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated. Pleases everybody. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000, with key.) Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th thousand, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher,
771 Broadway, New York.

Sweet Florida Oranges Free!!

I am anxious to make Northern and Eastern people familiar with Florida. I enclose the columns of the *Florida Dispatch*, a 20-page Agricultural and Horticultural weekly, 2 per year. I will give to any person sending *five* yearly subscriptions, one box, regulation size, holding from 150 to 200 choice *SEEDLING* ORANGES, FREE, delivered on board the cars. Sample copies *DISPATCH* furnished on application. Address CHAS. W. DA COSTA, publisher, Jacksonville, Fla.

Refers to Gen. J. C. Greeley, Resident Fla. Savings Bank, A. M. Ives, Manager Fla. Fruit Exchange, W. E. Simpson, Real Estate, Jacksonville, Fla. *Correspondence Solicited.*

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD
FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk.

No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This *predigested* and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient,
in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In *dyspepsia* and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

THE "MANHATTAN"

OF NEW YORK,

156 & 158 BROADWAY,

Was organized in 1850, and has accumulated assets of nearly \$11,000,000, with surplus of \$2,350,000.

"I MUST DIE TO WIN."

This is a common expression, one used perhaps more frequently in connection with Life Insurance as an objection to the ordinary plan. "It is an excellent form of provision for the family, but I must die to win."

YOU MAY LIVE AND WIN.

This refers to the Endowment plan, which meets the above objection. Take, for instance, a policy payable to yourself 10, 15 or 20 years hence. Say you die before the termination of the period—your family wins. You survive the period, the policy becomes at once a provision for your own advancing years. You have lived and won.

The "MANHATTAN'S" new plan meets the case. It retains the advantage of the Endowment feature, while it reduces the net cost of Life Insurance under the contract to almost nothing.

For an example of the operation of this plan address the Company, giving your nearest age, and a statement will be sent to you. *Mention this paper.*

THE
SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK

AND

Autographic Register.

Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.

This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.

Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address J. E. JEWETT,

77 Bible House, - - New York.

THE GLAD REFRAIN

IS OUR

New Sunday-School Song Book.

Only \$25.00 per 100 Copies.

TRY IT!

BIGLOW & MAIN, New York and Chicago.



Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS.

How to Build Houses, paper cover, 25c.
1,500 Conundrums, " 15c.
700 Album Verses, " 15c.
How to Entertain a Social Party, paper cover, 15c.
Ninety-nine Recitations, " 12c.
One Hundred Popular Songs, words and music, 25c.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Send your address and we will forward to you a sample copy of the *BOOK RECORD*. A new Literary paper of interest to you.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM,
Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

TRACTS Words for Children. Words to able with or without an accompanying gift. Beautiful poems on the death of parents or children. Assorted if desired, 10c. per dozen.
Address TRACTS, P. O. Box 516, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Issued September 1st.

A NEW EDITION OF

GOSPEL
HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED.

With Words and Music.

By the use of smaller type, the 426 Songs have been condensed into 304 pages, but the same order is preserved as in the original issue.

40 Cents in Tinted Paper Covers.

45 Cents in Boards.

50 Cents in Limp Cloth.

Add 5 cents each if ordered by mail.

The price of this favorite work is now so low that it can be adopted everywhere.

Former editions still published at old prices.

BIGLOW & MAIN, THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
NEW YORK. CINCINNATI, O.



IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar.
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

Literary Leaders.

The greedy grasp of monopoly is broken. The short-sighted policy of seeking \$1.00 profit from each of 1,000 readers gives place to the more liberal plan of asking a few cents profit from each of a million readers, (\$1.00 multiplied by 1,000 equals \$1,000 but 2 cents multiplied by 1,000,000 equals \$20,000). Surely the most brilliant products of American literary genius are wanted by the millions. The expiration of copyright enables me now to publish beautiful editions of some of the most famous writings of EMERSON, IRVING, PRESCOTT, HAWTHORNE, and others. I here describe three volumes which I offer as representative of their authors, and as specimens of new styles in book-making which I have recently introduced.

Emerson says: In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Angels they are to us of entertainment, sympathy, and provocation, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art.

Ideal Edition is the name I have adopted for the new form and style in which I issue many celebrated works. It is almost universally pronounced unique and beautiful, as neat and graceful as it is convenient, easy for the eye, perfect in form for hand-holding and equally well adapted for the library shelf. Description is inadequate. See it!

Nature and other Addresses is the volume I have chosen to represent Emerson. It is the work which most greatly contributed to his fame. It treats of: 1, NATURE; 2, COMMODITY; 3, BEAUTY; 4, LANGUAGE; 5, DISCIPLINE; 6, IDEALISM; 7, SPIRIT; 8, PROSPECTS; 9, THE METHOD OF NATURE; 10, LITERARY ETHICS. It is printed from Long Primer type, on fine heavy paper, bound in fine cloth, beveled boards, gilt top, price, 40 cts.; half Morocco, marbled edges, 65 cts.

Irving. WASHINGTON IRVING'S two most celebrated works are "The Sketch Book," and "Knickerbocker's History of New York." These two famous books, I have published in one volume, in large, beautiful, leaded type, with a fine portrait of IRVING, very finely bound in half Morocco, marbled edges. The only other edition published, known to me, which at all compares with this, is issued at the price of \$3.00. As a sort of "Literary Coup D'Etat," to win the book-buyers of the continent, I offer this volume, for the nominal price of 50 cts.

An Enigma. "How you can publish good books at such low prices is an enigma. It is perfectly wonderful, this constant stream of first-class books and the low price they are offered at."—FRED MYRON COLBY, Warren, N. H.

Great Offer. As the most effective means of advertising these and numerous other standard and popular works which I publish, I offer, for a short time only, sample volumes of the books described, as follows: For 25 Cents a copy of EMERSON'S "Nature," etc., in cloth, as described, will be sent post-paid. For 40 Cents a copy of PRESCOTT'S "Miscellanies," in half Morocco binding. For 50 Cents, IRVING'S "Sketch Book," and "Knickerbocker," as described. This gives the opportunity of securing a specimen of each author, and each style of binding, at only nominal cost; they will be sent as specified, only, at the reduced price—if wanted otherwise, full price will be charged.

Discounts Books sent post-paid at prices named, or by Express at discounts as follows: Over \$5.00 at 20 per ct.; over \$15.00 at 25 per ct. discount. Illustrated Catalogue of Choice Books, 132 pages, 4 cts.; Condensed Catalogue, free.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago; 420 Yonge St., Toronto.

James McCreery & Co.

display this week a special shipment of rich Plush and Wool Fabrics for the Fall and Winter Season.

A very large stock of Black Silks in the newest and most approved weaves are now on exhibition.

Special notice is given of a great sale in their Linen Department. Fine Bleached Table Damasks will be offered at 50 cts., 65 cts., 75 cts., 85 cts., and \$1 per yard; also a great variety of fine Table-cloths, Napkins, Towels, etc., at a large discount from regular prices.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Broadway and 11th Street.

New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for
PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1,000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. *Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight.* Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1884 in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 40.

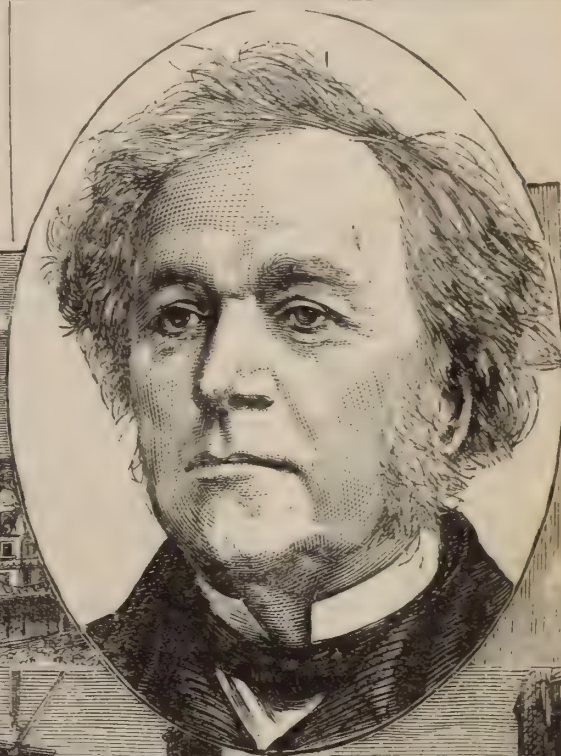
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE MR. SAMUEL MORLEY.
SCATTERED ENEMIES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
THE POLIOY OF ANTIOCHRIST.
 From the Congo—The Burden Bearer—The Restoration of Israel—Trophies of Out-Door Service.
THE BURIAL OF THE HATCHET (with Illustration).

A VERY BOLD PROPHECY. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
PORTRAIT OF REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK.
THE MYSTERIOUS MOURNER (Illustrated).
CURRENT EVENTS: The Public Debt—The Spanish Treaty—The Apache Prisoners—The Mormon Immigrants—Change in Civil Service Rules—A Defaulter Sentenced, &c.
THE WAY OUT. (Continued).
 Jesus Delivered to be Crucified, by Mrs. M. Baxter.



A Portion of the Market Place, Nottingham.



The Late Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, The Munificent Merchant.—A Street in Bristol.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL MORLEY.

Chairman-elect of the Congregational Union.

A Munificent Giver—Huguenot Ancestry—Birth and Early Life—Marriage and Business Prosperity—Gift of \$25,000 to the Y. M. C. A.—Gives \$60,000 to Build Churches—Elected Chairman of the Union—Three characteristics of His Benevolence—Temperance Work—Temptations of Drummers—Parliamentary Labors—Illness and Death.

EXPRESSIONS of profound regret have been called forth from all denominations of Christians by the intelligence that Mr. Samuel Morley, the distinguished philanthropist, is dead. He was well known in America, having paid an extended visit to this country in 1881. He died on September 5th, and was buried amid signs of general mourning, in Abney Park Cemetery, London, on Sept. 10th.

Mr. Morley was noted chiefly for his munificent gifts to religious and philanthropic work, but he was also distinguished for active personal labor in the cause of Christ, and for his strenuous efforts in Parliament and out of it to promote legislation for the benefit of workingmen and the poor.

HIS PRIVATE MUNIFICENCE.

It was extraordinary. It was exercised with discrimination, but without limit. Many tradesmen who to-day are in comfortable circumstances, are largely indebted to Samuel Morley for their position and good name. He has been known in times of commercial pressure not only to forego his own claims upon a debtor, but to advance money without interest or security to enable him to tide over the crisis of his affairs. Once satisfied of the integrity of an unfortunate man, and convinced that to aid him would be an act of Christian charity, and Samuel Morley gave or lent with no grudging hand. Many a hoary-headed Christian whom the vicissitudes of trade have involved in difficulties, has been seen on his knees thanking God with a heart full of gratitude and eyes suffused with tears, that through Samuel Morley's aid he has been saved from bankruptcy, and the Church of Christ from reproach through his financial collapse. The extent of such benefactions is of course unknown; but a London accountant said recently that in the exercise of his profession he had found instances of Mr. Morley's private generosity which aggregated a sum incredible by persons who could not test its truth.

A FATHER TO THE ORPHAN.

Another form in which Mr. Morley was able to do a beneficent work was in the charity schools. Mr. Morley's face was well known in every institution where orphans and *friendless children* are congregated. He delighted in taking boys into his house of business, when their education was completed, and they were looking forward to a struggle in the world, unaided, with some apprehension. There they were carefully watched to see what kind of talent they developed, and some were placed in the factory, others in the warehouse in London, and others in the office, according as the bent of their minds suggested, and in each department a career honorable and prosperous was open to them. Thus, throughout Great Britain and the colonies may be found men engaged in commercial pursuits, respected and prosperous, who owe, under God's blessing, all they have and are to Samuel Morley's aid and wise Christian counsels given at the critical time when they were entering upon life orphaned and friendless. Such are some of the ways in which the princely income Mr. Morley derived from his business was made to work for the cause of Christ and the welfare of men.

HUGUENOT ANCESTRY.

Samuel Morley was descended from the Morlains, an ancient Huguenot family who, before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, being exiled from France, settled in England. There they engaged in a humble way in the manufacture of hosiery, and with frugality managed to earn a livelihood. They had gone

to England because there they could enjoy religious liberty, not to make money. But the sterling honesty, the intelligence and skill of these French stocking-makers began to have an effect in the trade. Their productions were sought after because *they were reliable*, and very soon their prosperity was established. The occupation was continued by their descendants. About the close of the last century one of them, John Morley, was well known as a manufacturer of hosiery on a large scale. He, with his brother Richard, opened a warehouse on the third floor of a building in London under the style of J. and R. Morley, which title the firm still bears, though both John and Richard have long been dead. Small as was the beginning of the business, its growth was rapid, and it continues to increase. It has now transactions with every civilized nation on the face of the earth. In all the countries of Europe, in the cities of America, in India, Australia, and in South Africa, wherever a dry goods store is established, there may be seen, with more or less frequency, the famous initials J. & R. M. on boxes and bales, which indicate that the goods encased are the manufacture of the eminent firm of J. and R. Morley, of London.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Samuel Morley was the youngest of John's three children. He was born at Hackney, a suburb of London, in the year 1809. He was, therefore, in his seventy-seventh year when he died. Both his parents were godly persons, but his mother was a woman of singularly pure and elevated spirit. Very recently, referring to some remarks that had been made about him, Samuel Morley said, "*I am much what my mother made me, and I wish to continue so.*" He was educated at a private school, and his aptitude for learning and progress in his studies suggested to some of his friends that he would probably find his life-sphere in the ministry. It was not, however, so to be, and in early manhood he joined the business of his father and uncle in London, where he soon became the chief director and moving spirit; his elder brother undertaking the management of the factories that were established in Nottingham, which is the centre of the hosiery trade. The sagacity and enterprise of the principal partner, Mr. John Morley, aided by the efforts of his two sons, John and Samuel, enabled the firm to take advantage of the changed and more favorable conditions of commerce, and to climb to the highest place on the ladder of commercial success.

MARRIAGE AND BUSINESS.

In the year 1841 Mr. Morley married Miss Rebekah Maria Hope, daughter of Mr. Samuel Hope, banker, of Liverpool, and this marriage placed at his command additional capital, which permitted of the development of the business, and the erection of the imposing warehouse, which when first built was one of the sights of London. His interest in the young people employed by him was shown in the provision made in the building for their moral and religious well-being, and not a few Christian ministers gratefully remember the influences that gathered round their young life when they were in Mr. Morley's service.

The business was conducted by the two brothers, the sons of the original John Morley, until 1858, when the elder brother retired, and it has since been carried on by Samuel Morley alone, on a plan which showed his benevolent spirit. It was his habit to admit into a limited partnership, for a certain number of years, five men, who at the time were the heads of departments. They became partners, and the next in rank in each department was promoted to the head of the department, to be taken into partnership when the due time came. Thus every boy who entered the employ of Mr. Morley had before him the possibility of winning the magnificent prize of a partnership in the famous house. Being thus brought into close contact with young men, and taking so

deep an interest in their welfare, it was natural that he should foster the growth of the Young Men's Christian Associations. They found in him a warm and liberal friend, on whose aid they could count in every emergency. Not many years ago, when the famous building known as Exeter Hall, and honored by many hallowed associations, was offered for sale, and efforts were made to use it as a theatre, Samuel Morley came to the rescue. He wrote his cheque for *twenty-five thousand dollars*, and gave it to the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to enable him to buy the building for the Association.

AID TO CHURCHES

came from him, too, with astonishing munificence. Any church desiring to erect a new building or to clear its present building of debt, might count on a gift from Mr. Morley. The low spiritual condition of London weighed heavily upon him, and he labored hard to arouse public interest in the subject. Eventually twenty-four places of worship of the Congregational denomination were built as the result of his effort, and to each of them he gave \$2,500—a total of *sixty thousand dollars* in that one matter alone. He loved the Congregational denomination dearly, and it is deeply indebted to him. It showed its consciousness of its obligations last year, by electing him Chairman of the Congregational Union for 1887—the most distinguished mark of honor it could pay to any of its members. Toward the cost of its beautiful Memorial Hall in London, Mr. Morley gave \$30,000; and shortly before his death he undertook to pay \$25,000 more toward the cost of erecting ten similar halls, on a smaller scale in various parts of London, for poor brethren to meet in.

One of his earliest and most valuable public services was rendered to the cause of Christ in rural England, when he undertook to assist in the resuscitation of the Home Missionary Society. It was found that, either from lack of enterprise or lack of funds, the County associations were doing but little evangelistic work; and the aid rendered by the Home Missionary Society was not worthily responded to by the gifts of the churches. Mr. Morley, on becoming treasurer of the society, resolved to visit the counties of England, holding conferences wherever possible, and at least getting into personal contact with the wealthier members of the churches. In this work the

THREE CHARACTERISTICS

of Mr. Morley's philanthropy found abundant illustration. He was willing himself to give in a generous fashion, but so that it might act as an example to others. He felt that giving was most effective when accompanied with personal service. And he made it a condition of his gift, that it should stimulate the liberality of others. The kind of work he did, and the power he exerted, may be illustrated by his experience at Worcester. At the Conference there he asked the pastor, if he thought that five gentlemen present could be induced to give \$500 each for lay evangelical work. It does not seem that the Conference then responded, but Mr. Morley canvassed a few of the friends privately, and presently laid on the table a list of subscriptions amounting to \$9,250 from nine persons. That list was almost entirely a response to his personal influence.

Mr. Morley was an earnest advocate of temperance, and some years ago prepared a paper, which was published, portraying in vivid colors the evils of the drinking habit among commercial men. The following sketch of

A DRUMMER'S DINNER

in a provincial hotel, taken from its pages, showed that Mr. Morley knew the temptations to which his employees were exposed: "It is four o'clock, or half-past; the soup and fish are on the table, dinner is announced, and eight or ten sit down to the repast. The oldest in the house occupies the head of the table, and is called President; the last comer doing the duties of the vice-chair. The President, after consulting 'Mr. Vice and gentlemen,' orders in

two bottles of sherry, which, somehow or other, manage to disappear before the fish is removed; if game succeed the joints, port is considered a proper accompaniment.

"In the absence of game, port is brought in with the cheese, when Mr. President very kindly challenges his friends to a 'round robin'; and if the party be a jovial one, it not unfrequently happens that before the cloth is withdrawn the usual pint is consumed; and as commercial men are very loyal, and must toast the Queen, and as they have had a good dinner, some one (generally the President), feeling on good terms with himself and with all the world, proposes that they shall have an extra bottle, and this extra bottle is sometimes followed by one or two more. After 'the Queen,' such toasts as 'Absent Friends,' 'Wives and Sweethearts,' 'Success to Trade,' etc., are given. On Sunday it is not unusual to sit at the table from four till seven or eight o'clock.

"We have said enough, without commenting on the drinking, smoking, card and billiard playing, in the evening, to show the evil of such customs. We maintain that these habits of drinking, whatever may be urged to the contrary, unfit men for business, and that they are fearfully injurious to drinkers themselves, to their employers, to their families, and to others; and numerous instances attesting the truth of this could be collected."

Mr. Morley not only urged others to abstain, but himself set the *example of total abstinence*, and was President of the Band of Hope Union. In Parliament he was a strong advocate of the Permissive Bill, which is equivalent to the measure we call Local Option. His practical good sense also prompted him to attack a practice very common in England—that of paying workmen their wages in the nearest saloon. His first step after he entered Parliament was to bring in a bill making that practice illegal. His

ELECTION TO PARLIAMENT

did not take place until he was fifty-six years of age, though he had long taken a keen interest in socio-political questions. He was a consistent Liberal, but preferred slow reformatory to sudden and violent changes, and, therefore, but seldom felt able to stand in the front rank with the more forward school of politicians. As in philanthropy, so in politics, his supreme interest lay in the improvement of the condition of the people. With this in view he was always found on the side of any movement to give greater liberty to the people, to remove restrictions from them, and to protect the poor against the rapacity of unscrupulous employers. With his keen sense of justice and fair-play, he heartily supported Mr. Gladstone's effort to obtain for Ireland the right to govern herself by her own legislative assembly. In the House he sat as representative of the city of Bristol. (*A picture of one of the principal streets of that busy place appears on the first page, with a picture of the Market Place at Nottingham, where the manufactories of the firm are situated.*)

About two years ago Mr. Morley retired from Parliament, intending to devote his remaining years exclusively to religious and philanthropic work. Early last spring, however, he had a severe attack of pneumonia, and though he appeared to have recovered from it, his vigorous constitution was evidently impaired. He suffered from that time from a weakness of the heart, and was confined to his house much of his time. On Saturday, September 4, he had a fainting fit, from which he never rallied. He lingered in unconsciousness until the following day, when he peacefully breathed his last. He leaves five sons and two daughters. One of his sons is a *director in the Bank of England*, and another—Mr. Arnold Morley—is a member of Parliament, and one of Mr. Gladstone's aides-de-camp in the organization and direction of the Liberal Party.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Roman Priest's Conversion.—Mr. Lakin observed at a recent meeting: "Some time ago I was at Dublin, where we had splendid meetings, people getting saved every night, and not by twos and threes, but by hundreds, and among them many Roman Catholics; and I remember one meeting particularly, where a Roman Catholic Priest, and another young man just preparing for the priesthood, were both converted. The next night both of them were at the meeting, and the priest was not a bit backward in getting on the platform and professing his faith in Christ, his being born again and entering upon a new life."

A Variety Theatre Singer's Ingratitude.—An Evangelist observed: "A preacher and a music hall singer were staying at the same hotel, and one day, both being a little too late for the regular dinner, they sat down at a side table by themselves. The singer at once unceremoniously began to devour his dinner. The preacher waited for a moment or two, then said, 'I beg your pardon, but have you said grace?' 'No,' replied the man; 'I never say grace.' 'Oh,' replied the preacher; 'and how old are you?' 'Forty-five.' 'And you have lived on the Lord for forty-five years and have never thought it worth your while to thank Him for all He has given you.'"

Ruined by a Bad Mother.—Mr. Langley observed: "I remember some of us getting a good situation for a poor servant girl, whom we had met in the market. For some time she did well and pleased her mistress; but unfortunately she had a bad mother, and she constantly came to her tormenting her, and causing a disturbance, until at length her mistress was obliged to dismiss the young woman. From that time she took to evil ways, going from bad to worse. I saw her a few days ago, and said to her, 'Miss Harriet, are you not going to leave this bad life and come out again for Christ?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'I should have been happy had I remained in Christ's service, and would always have been there if it had not been for my mother; but when she lost me my place, she was entirely to blame, and I am but what my mother made me. She will have to answer before God for the ruin she has made of me.'"

A Vocal Soloist Saved.—A Devoted Worker for Christ remarked: "I was once at a meeting held by a few workingmen, that they might praise and thank the Lord for all His goodness to them and save their unconverted relatives and companions. A young man came occasionally to sing to them, he being blessed with a good voice. He was known to be most actively engaged in Christian work, and none of us ever doubted but that he was a Christian. But coming out of the meeting one night with a friend, he surprised me by saying, 'I don't think that young man that sings the solos is a Christian.' 'How?' I asked. 'Because,' he said, 'when he sings these hymns he does not put enough emphasis on the word Jesus.' Though I tried to convince him he was wrong, he persisted, and determined to ask the young man himself, and he really was not converted, but before my friend left him he joyfully accepted Christ, and now when he sings he puts all the emphasis on the incomparable name of the Saviour."

Through the Attic Trap-door.—Mr. Cole said: "Some time ago we had in our mission a little boy about ten years of age; when he became converted, though he was very young and very poor, he became a real missionary. He and I used to go through the district singing hymns, and he carrying a little bundle of tracts, and when he saw a man coming down the street, away he would run and give him one. Well, this little fellow got unwell, and his father, being long out of work, he was unable to get much food. I went to visit him; and what a house that was: At the head of a long court, up four or five flights, and then through a trap-door into the attic, and then I found the poor little fellow, and though he was unable to work in the streets as before, still he was working for Christ,

even in that lonely attic, for he led his little sister Lily to trust in Jesus, and to look forward to meeting him in heaven. I said to him, 'Are you not sorry to go away to Jesus?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I am most happy to think of being with Him; but I said, 'Are you not sorry to leave your father and mother and little sister?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'I would like them to come with me. But I can trust them with the Lord. Just two days ago, that is Lily and mother and I, having no food in the house, prayed to God to send some bread and butter and other things; and before we were right off our knees, there was a man at the door with bread and butter, and coals, and everything that we needed. How can I fail to trust God, who gives us everything that we ask, and should I not be happy to be with Him?'"

Result of a Mother's Death.—Mr. Evans said: "The late Mr. J. B. Gough was very fond of his mother and sister, and when he for the first time had fallen a prey to drink, they both came to stay with him. He was a bookbinder, and had very small wages then, yet they lived happily together in their little home. One morning, on a very warm day, he left the house as usual; his mother was very feeble, but there was no immediate danger. He went to his work till time for closing; then, after going for a bath, he was returning home quite lightheartedly, bounding up the stairs two or three steps at a time and whistling joyously, when he was met at the top by his sister, who with white face and tear-swollen eyes was waiting to tell him the sad news. She simply said, 'John, mother's dead.' For a few moments he stood motionless; then, staggering forward, he seized his sister's hand, and laughing like a maniac, bounded up-stairs to his little attic, and stayed there all night. When that mother was buried, she was followed to the grave by only her son and daughter. One would have thought that such an affliction would have had the effect of drawing John nearer to Christ; but it had precisely the opposite effect, for he again took to drink, gave up his employment, and shortly afterwards we find him ridiculing the temperance movement in songs which he sang on the platform of a theatre. Sorrow and suffering have always some effect upon us, either softening or hardening our hearts, either drawing us nearer to or driving us farther away from Christ."

Maggie's Welcome Home.—Mr. Rd. Weaver narrates: "I heard of a young woman who came from the Highlands to the city of Glasgow, and there entered upon a life of sin. One night, passing a hall where an evangelistic meeting was going on, she heard them sing a hymn which she remembered to have heard her mother sing years before; it brought back all the old times; she thought she saw her mother sitting by the fireside in the evening when all the work was done, and praising God in those beautiful hymns. She went in to the meeting, and before it closed gave herself to God. At the end of the meeting she told one of the workers her story, how she had quarrelled with her mother and come to Glasgow to have her own way; but she said, 'This very night I shall start to go back to her.' After walking ninety miles, she came to her mother's door. She knocked, but there was no answer; she knocked again, no answer; again, and still no answer. Then she tried the latch; it lifted, the door opened, and she stood in her mother's house once again. Her mother she could see in another room kneeling on her knees in prayer. On hearing the noise, she turned round and said, 'Who's there?' 'Your poor, lost Maggie come home,' sobbed the girl. 'Oh, God be thanked,' cried the woman; 'I knew the Lord would bring you home, for I prayed Him to do so.' 'Mother,' said the daughter, 'how is it that I, coming home at one o'clock in the morning, find the door open?' The mother gave her a look of love, and said, 'For seven long years that door has never been shut. I knew you would come, and I could not think of your coming home at any time and finding the door shut.'"

SCATTERED ENEMIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday Morning, October 3, 1886.

"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."—Ps. 68: 1.

A Battle-Hymn—Chanted by the Cameronians—By Cromwell's Ironsides—A Battle-Cry Needed Now—Lost Leaders—The Banners of the Sects—A Battle-Cry for all Christendom—The Time Come—Blasphemy Abroad—A Boaster Killed by Lightning—A Blasphemer's Challenge Accepted—The Evil of Drunkenness—The Uxoricide of the Century—Social Impurity—Worse than Sodom—The Confession of a Procuress—The Epochs of History—A New One at Hand.

A PROCESSION was formed to carry the Ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

THE CAMERONIANS

of Scotland, outraged by James the First, who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles the First and Charles the Second, were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named

"THE IRONSIDES,"

he went from victory to victory! Opposing armies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the General, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle-cry of "the Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Wincepy Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasselled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of Chapultepec, Cerro Gordo, and Cherubusco, and Thatcher's Run, and Malvern Hill—for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work,

WHAT WE MOST NEED NOW

is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of *some one who plays Arnold* and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious

leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD

and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American Revolution are to free America, it must be "the sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "the sword of the Lord and of Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "the sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as

THE BATTLE CRY OF CHRISTENDOM

in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God, telling Him to come on if He dare? Look at the

BLASPHEMY ABROAD!

What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the numbers of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? So common has blasphemy become, that the public mind and public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that, the Mayor of Toronto. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft or arson or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft or arson or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is, an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man travelling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago, among the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription "A boy was struck dead here, while in the act of swearing." Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, in this State, are

EIGHT HEADSTONES

in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and

a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and

GOD ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE.

But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August, of 1886, a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if he would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring.

Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, oh profane swearer! that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that

GOD MAY COME

to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, etc., out through busy exchanges where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and cracking billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship-captain damns his crew, and the merchant damns his clerks, and the master-builder damns his men, and the hack-driver damns his horse; and the traveller damns the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at

THE EVIL OF DRUNKENNESS.

Whether you live in Brooklyn or New York, or Chicago or Cincinnati, or Savannah or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The rum fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide,

THE UXORICIDE OF THE CENTURY.

Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestive." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm That Never Dies"? Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of *sour mash*. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. Sour mash! One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil. It is more and more entranced and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect, and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, Satanic and Apollyonic and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Bastille of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers

EXPLOSIONS OF SOCIAL LIFE

that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; for such things, Christ says, were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for the Chorazins and Bethsaldas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil now night by night rivalling upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all a-flame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farmhouses, one procuress confessing last week in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty souls in six months. Oh! for five hundred *Pall Mall Gazettes* in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put

MILLIONAIRE LOTHARIOS.

and the Pompadours of your brown stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be, as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing, stand and simper and giggle, and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the square dance, the maternal chaperone meanwhile beaming from the wall on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches; for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called pécadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularly, and few efforts are being made against it.

GOD BLESS THE "WHITE CROSS"

movement, as it is called, the excellent and talented Miss Frances Willard, its ablest advocate on this side the sea—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to inhibit this crime!

But, is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for His appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!"

I got a letter a few days ago asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the Divine chastisement on that city for its sins. That letter I answer now, by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impurities, the earth would long ago have cracked, opening crevices transcontinental, and taken down all our cities; and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of our church spires would be five hundred feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about

EVERY TWO THOUSAND YEARS?

God turned a leaf, and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the Deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the appearance of Christ. Almost two thousand more years have passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily He can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of His power, but just to get up from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary: "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now He is sitting in the

majesty and patience of His reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most securely organized, He will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have defied Me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And now

GOD BEGINS TO RISE,

and what mountains give way under His right foot, I know not; but standing in the full height and radiance and grandeur of His nature, He looks this way and that, and how His enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families, will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found His warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

THE BURIAL OF THE HATCHET.

(See illustration on page 636.)

MANY interesting incidents of Indian history and characteristic traits are mentioned by Samuel Adams Drake, in his new work on the making of New England, recently published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Among them is that of the Burial of the Hatchet; or, the Ceremony of Making Peace, as depicted in the illustration.

"The Indian councils," says Drake, "were always conducted with the greatest gravity and deliberation. Only chiefs took part in important councils; when one rose to speak, he was listened to without interruption. Most Indians are natural orators. The language they sometimes employed to express their thoughts was very striking and appropriate, as will be seen by the following incident, which occurred at a council between two tribes, to bury the hatchet, after a long and bloody struggle. One of the chiefs proposed that a large oak which grew near by should be undermined and the hatchet buried beneath its roots, where it might remain forever.

"After he had concluded, another chief, who was greatly revered, spoke in his turn. Said he, 'Trees may be overthrown by storms, and in course of time will certainly decay, therefore, that the hatchet may forever be at rest, I advise that it be buried under the high mountain which rears its proud head behind yonder forest.'

"This proposal greatly pleased the whole assembly, till another chief, distinguished for his wisdom, gave his opinion, in the following remarkable words; 'If you would forever hide the hatchet from our sight, let it be cast into the great lake, where no man can find it, or bring it forth to raise enmity between us and our brethren.'

The Indian chief's idea of utter oblivion was the one which, unknown to him, had been used by the inspired prophet twenty centuries before, to express the completeness with which God pardons the sins of those who repent, and turn from their evil ways: "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah. 7: 19).

HAS THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL COMMENCED?

HEAR the Word of the Lord by His holy prophets—"And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing; fear not, but let your hands be strong. For thus saith the Lord of hosts: as I thought to punish you, when your fathers provoked Me to wrath, saith the Lord of hosts, and I repented not. So again have I thought in these days to do well unto Jerusalem and to the house of Judah: fear ye not" (Zech. 3: 13-15).

"For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you unto your own land" (Ezek. 36: 24).

"And I will bring again the captivity of My people Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the LORD thy God" (Amos, 9: 14-15).

"And they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob My servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children FOREVER" (Ezek. 37: 25).

An American now resident in Jerusalem, in recent letters to this country, states: "There are wonderful improvements going on in this land and in this city. Splendid buildings are being erected and a general and increasing interest is manifested everywhere. I believe that no other city in the world has so much improved during the past five years. . . . I am told that thirty years ago there were not ten Jews in Jerusalem. The man who gave me this information said that his father was one of the first who came. It is only about nine years since Jews have been coming back in any considerable numbers. . . . There are twenty-one thousand Jews in Jerusalem alone, and one hundred thousand in all Palestine."

Never before, since the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews by the Roman army under Titus, has there been such flow of the covenant people to their land "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled" (Luke 21: 24). SO SAID JESUS! Are we nearing the end? Think on these things!

THE BURDEN BEARER.

IN the *Indian Witness*, of Aug. 21, is an affectionate tribute to the memory of the late Rev. M. B. Kirk, from Dr. S. Dease, one of his sorrowful fellow-laborers. He relates the following, among other incidents characteristic of the man:

Last year I had a young woman as a patient, who had been dreadfully hacked about the head by a jealous husband. Her recovery depended on careful nursing. Mr. Kirk volunteered to look after her, and night after night slept on a bench in the verandah of the hospital, to be within call of that poor sufferer. His own health began to suffer, but he never shrank from his self-imposed duties till the wounds had healed and the life was saved. Leprosy being very prevalent in this portion of Kumaon, the Mission to Lepers opened an asylum here last year. Mr. Kirk offered to live at the asylum and do all he could to help the lepers, not receiving any recompense for his services. One of the first cases received was a man dreadfully diseased, and a most repulsive sight. One day he fell from weakness, and no one, not even his fellow-lepers, consenting to carry him back to his room. Mr. Kirk carried him back himself. A few days later the man died, and the others again absolutely refusing to carry him to his grave, he did it himself. He was seen one day going along the mall in Naini Tal, carrying a little native child, with the mother following. He explained to his friends that he had met the

woman coming up the hill, and seeing that she was utterly exhausted from carrying her child, he took it from her and carried it for her. This was characteristic of the man: he was always ready to help other people carry their burdens.

THE CLAIMS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

A VISIT was paid to the office of this journal last week by Mr. F. G. Bingley, the well-known Jewish evangelist, whose labors in South America have been much blessed, and who is now seeking to arouse public opinion in this city to the responsibility of the Church for the evangelization of that wide land. He reminds his Christian brethren that the great continent at our southern door, rich in gold, silver, and minerals of all kinds, contains twenty-eight million persons, educated, intelligent and highly civilized, yet sunk in the darkness of Romanism. There was not a ray of gospel light in the spiritual darkness until about twenty years ago, and the people were as blindly faithful to the Romish Church as they were in the days of Pizarro, Cortez and Balboa. Latterly, however, a movement of a most hopeful character has been observed. Mr. Bingley says that he finds everywhere among the Spanish-Americans desires for purer and better teaching than the Romish priests furnish.

One characteristic of the people he noted particularly, which might be turned to good account. They are childlike in their unquestioning faith in the religious teacher they accept. An enlightened priest might lead them without difficulty to Christ. A missionary winning their confidence would have unlimited influence over them. There is none of the independent thought and scepticism there which are found in other lands. The name and the image of Christ are seen everywhere save in the hearts and lives of the people. Like the men of Athens, they need preachers to declare unto them Him whom they ignorantly worship (Acts 17: 23). To them He is an unknown God, but no people are better able than they to understand and reverence the simple majesty and glorious perfection of Him whom they know as the Son of Mary were the veil of tradition removed which now hides Him from their sight.

Mr. Bingley has had much experience among them, and he assures any who may be moved of the Holy Spirit to labor among them that an abundant harvest is waiting to reward the laborer. It is only necessary to preach Christ in all His fullness, proclaiming His power to save, to sanctify and to heal, and the people would accept Him with gladness.

RETALIATION ON A CLERGYMAN.

A CLERICAL hair-dresser resides in a small village in Maine, according to the *Boston Record*. There is no regular barber there, but the old minister, having been in the trade before he became a preacher, occasionally supplies the lack when one of the villagers is unable to travel to the nearest city. He is not an artist in the tonsorial line, but the villagers are not particular, and are generally satisfied with the minister's work. It is noticed that his failures have occurred when he was absorbed in thought about his next Sunday's sermon or in exhorting the person on whom he was operating. The worst of these failures occurred some two weeks ago, when he performed the operation in most phenomenally ragged and irregular style. In some places he sheared the hair down to the scalp, and in others left it almost untouched, so that when he had finished his absent-minded task his subject's head had a weird and unkempt look that was wonderful to behold. The compensation was to be given by the man mowing the minister's lawn. The next day the minister was away at a funeral, but when he returned the sight of his lawn astonished him. In some places it was not mown at all, and in others the grass had been dug up by the roots. He immediately went and complained to the mower, who, in reply, simply removed his hat and exhibited his chaotic locks. "Well, well, did I do that?"

said the minister. "Come up to the house and I'll cut it again." The visit was paid, and each man respectively touched up his work. It is probable that the old minister is more careful about his work in the pulpit than about his hair-cutting. There are cases, however, in which carelessness and a perfunctory manner are seen there. The result is too often as in this case; the hearers become as lifeless and indifferent as their pastor (Mal. 2: 6-9).

FROM THE CONGO.

THE following earnest request for prayer is made by Mr. J. T. Comber, in his latest letter from the Congo:

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Therefore, let your voices rise for us, and not alone for health, but for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of the people. Many at our oldest station of S. Salador are now well instructed in the Word of God, and understand the way of life. Some of them, indeed, seem to have their feet just outside the kingdom of God. One of the brethren there wrote me recently, "What we now need is just a baptism of the Holy Ghost;" and so it is. We want God to "give the increase" from the sowing of one and the watering of another. Let there be fervent prayer among the churches. The principal work here just now is among our eighteen schoolboys. Ngombe boys' hearts are, I truly believe, good soil. For many things we are much attached to these bright, intelligent, high-spirited, and fine-looking Ngombe boys, and we do earnestly want to bring them to Christ. As soon as we can build a good brick school-room and living-house (for they are all boarders), we shall try and get our number increased to fifty, or even a hundred.

Since my return I have not been into the towns, as I have been suffering from a painful boil. I hope we shall all three be able to continue at this station; at any rate, until our permanent buildings are finished. If we are to do good, thorough work—preaching, school, medical work, etc.—our station must be well manned. Mr. Grenfell is expected back at the Pool by midsummer.

TROPHIES OF OUT-DOOR SERVICES.

A CHRISTIAN worker, who preaches on street corners and in the parks, sends the following incidents of his work as an encouragement to others:

One Lord's Day evening a band of Christians were singing "Rock of Ages" at the street corner of a low neighborhood. A barber, who had been out the whole of the day waiting on customers, was returning home, and was attracted by the singing. Before he was aware, he had entered the chapel with his tools in his pocket. Under deep conviction he trembled and sought mercy. When asked during the week how he was getting on, he said, "Never better; it's such a change. The devil is a bad master. He got me drunk three months ago and broke my leg. I have had eleven weeks on my back. I've done with him."

While the same friends were singing in the streets in another place two young men thought they would annoy them by shouting "Amen" between each verse. They followed the preacher to the chapel and came in. Both of them that night professed to be converted to Christ. They were leaders of a band of young men who on previous Sundays had played cards in an old stable.

The next Lord's Day they gathered about thirty of their old companions and held a prayer-meeting in the stable. Several of the young men have been saved through these two. A fortnight later, holding a mission seven miles from the place, several of these young men walked out, although it was pouring rain, and then walked round the town with the preaching band. One said, "We don't mind the wet; it was through a mission band we got saved."

Another night, when singing the last hymn in front of the chapel, a young man was seen to

linger, and presently came in to the service. He remained to the close, and was deeply affected, but could not be persuaded that God for Christ's sake would save him, and he gave us a little of his past life and sin, telling how, when attracted by the singing, he was on his way to a gambling den. He promised to come the next night. On entering the chapel we saw him in the same seat he occupied the night before. As soon as the invitation was given he came into the inquiry-room, and the prodigal gambling drunkard was saved. The next evening he was found with his arm around an old companion in sin, with tears imploring him to give his heart to God. His joy was unbounded when his companion accepted Christ as his Saviour.

AN INFECTIOUS LUNACY.

A LETTER from a missionary laboring in China under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, appears in the current number of *Thy Healer*. In the course of it he mentions the following incident of a man whom his neighbors accused of lunacy:

"Mr. Wei is the third elder of the church. He was introduced to us in this way: New Year's time in China is a very remarkable time. The shops are all closed. People put on their best clothes and go out to pay visits to their friends. One New Year's time, Mr. Wei said, 'Why, I will go and pay my respects to the foreigners.' One can go into any one's house in China; it is not at all rude. He walked in, made a very polite bow, and wished them a happy New Year. They asked him to sit down and take some refreshment, and then talked to him and introduced the gospel; and so the old man at New Year's time heard the gospel and believed it, and went home happy. It was the happiest New Year he had ever had. That was the way he was brought to Christ.

At that time he could not read a character, but he has most diligently applied himself, and has mastered sufficient to enable him to read the Gospel of Christ. He carries his Testament just inside his clothing. Wherever you meet with him—in the road, in the house, or at the stall—he always has his Testament by him. When our friend was converted, he went home to his village, six or seven miles south. His wife would not have the new religion, and his son left him, and has never seen him since; but the old man stood firm. He got his living by selling vegetables in the street. It is a large place, and the rumor soon went about that old Mr. Wei had gone mad. He said, 'Yes, praise the Lord;' and very soon a great many more went mad. His wife went mad, and several others went mad, and now there are about forty gone mad.

There is a good work going on in that place. If you and I could go next Sunday we should find a little mud chapel, which they themselves built, with very little help from others, and about forty met together in the name of the Lord. Very poor they are, being agriculturists and workingmen, but they are very sincere and hearty in their worship, and very hearty in their love of the Lord."

A PATIENT BECOMING AN EVANGELIST.

In an interesting communication, printed by Dr. Dowkontt, of New York, in his excellent publication, the *Medical Mission Record*, Dr. J. L. Maxwell, late of Formosa, narrates the following:

"In South Formosa I could point to four different congregations, which lie far removed from each other, and at considerable distances from the mission headquarters, each of which sprang from men who had received their first religious impressions in the mission hospital. One case strikingly illustrates my position:

"Eleven years ago I was visiting with my wife at a country station, some twenty-seven miles distant from our headquarters. At the close of a day spent in visiting in the neighborhood, I returned to the station. A party of men were wanting me—five, if I remember right—bigger and stronger-boned than I had been in the habit

of meeting, up to that time, in Formosa. These men had travelled seven days to reach me. News of the mission hospital at Taiwanfoo, the capital, had penetrated as far over the mountains as the valley in which they lived, and they had come in search of the help it could afford as far as Taiwanfoo. Not finding me there, they followed me to the country station where I was then living. One especially wanted surgical help for a tumor from which he was suffering, and very shortly we returned to Taiwanfoo together. The chief patient remained with me two months. He was relieved of his malady, and ere he left he was very warmly interested in the Gospel message.

"Six months after his return home, we had an urgent invitation to come to that quarter. It was 150 miles distant by the road then used, and I could not be spared; but in due time the place was reached, and it was found that the faithful testimony of this man to his family and neighbors had been blessed, that not a few were interested in the truth. Springing from the visit of that man to the mission hospital, there now exist four congregations of Christians with a membership of three hundred and fifty souls, with double that number of adherents, and with flourishing schools. When, in the ordinary progress of mission work, we should have succeeded in crossing the mountains inhabited by cruel savages, and reaching the region, I should not dare to guess. It was settled for us in God's providence in the way I have described, and the whole story shows how powerfully Medical Mission work can operate in rapidly spreading to great distances a knowledge of the truth."

THE POLICY OF ANTICHRIST.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

Jewish Nationality Restored—Strong in Wealth—Rebuilding the Temple—Glorifying in Antiquity—Antichrist's Commercial Policy—Business to Supersede Religion—The Protesting Remnant.

WHILE the old Roman Empire is being resuscitated, the Jews, or "the dispersed of Judah," will return to their land in the plenitude of their wealth. The Prophet Isaiah speaks of them at this period thus: "They be replenished from the east, and are soothsayers like the Philistines, and they please themselves in the children of strangers. Their land also is full of silver and gold, neither is there any end of their treasures; their land is also full of horses, neither is there any end of their chariots; their land also is full of idols." (Isa. 2: 6-9).

With all this

WEALTH AND INFLUENCE.

and labor, it will command, we can understand how swiftly and thoroughly the land which is now desolate will be brought into cultivation, roads made, houses erected, and cities rebuilt. From the construction and growth of modern cities we may easily imagine that Jerusalem will be quickly restored, and that on a scale of splendor and greatness she never knew before. The Temple also will be rebuilt with lavish expenditure. Probably it will outvie in magnificence the Temple which Herod adorned so richly, and surpass every other religious edifice in the world.

The Jews, having returned to, and become settled in, their own land, will with great pomp and ceremonial speedily restore the daily sacrifice and

SERVICE OF THEIR TEMPLE.

While other nations are contending and disputing for mastery and pre-eminence over one another, they will be going on quietly with their work of national reconstruction, re-establishing their own nationality. Their gold and their silver (more honored in that time than noble birth) will command for them respect, and even homage! Already we see how the potency of wealth is in the ascendancy. Whether the possessor be noble or simple, educated or uneducated, money makes the man, if not the gentleman.

There is a career of worldly greatness before the Jews in their land which is yet to be de-

veloped, and one in which they will pride themselves exceedingly. In the consciousness that they are not Gentiles, but a covenant people of God, with a wonderful history behind them and a glorious destiny before them, they will be greatly exalted in their own minds. Perhaps also the world at large will accord to them, as a remarkable people, the high position which they claim. So high will their position become, that Antichrist will even covet to be their leader and Messiah. He will consider that a more exalted state than being king of the kings of the earth. In the

CHARACTER OF THE LITTLE HORN

Antichrist takes possession of the dominions which have been given to him, and exercises his power in a very different way from that in which the ten kings exercised theirs. He evidently has a fascinating influence, a mighty charm; for at his appearance upon the scene a marvelous change takes place. The contending kings and armies relinquish hostilities; and no doubt the people themselves are content to cease from war and all its dreadful accompaniments. The new ruler proposes peace instead of war, and money-making commerce instead of slaughter.

It would appear as if Satan had changed his tactics. He who has been stirring up kings and people to cruel fightings, thereby inducing famine and pestilence, is now about to combine them in league against God. Men's hearts and thoughts in future are to be given over to commerce and business, to eating and drinking, to marrying and giving in marriage. Now, instead of devastating the earth, they are going to make it a heaven for themselves. Aristocracies, and all castes and creeds of every kind, are to be set aside in the promotion of this worldly confraternity and equality. God and His Book, His day and His ordinances, are to be secondary to the urgency of business transactions.

As to the principle of

ANTICHRIST'S GOVERNMENT,

if principle it may be called, it will be one for setting commerce and secular advancement above every other consideration. It will simply supersede God's Word, and even ignore His existence. If God's Word and His providence are found to be convenient for furthering mercantile transactions, well and good; but if otherwise, they will be overlooked or set aside. The improvement of men in general, and the promotion of their prosperity and worldly advancement, will be the great object of legislation. So-called Christians will be combined together with Jews, Mohammedans and heathen of all kinds to promote universal success. In this amalgamation creeds will be merged; that is to say, Christianity will not be regarded more than other religious and professions of religious belief.

Already we see this rapidly coming to pass. Governments do not interfere with religion; they give free toleration, and profess to be equally favorable to all. The Bible is the same to them as the Koran or the sacred books of the heathen. This is the kind of infidelity, or

PRACTICAL ATHEISM,

which is coming upon the world increasingly. It is in such a godless confederation as this that the "Little Horn," the "King of Babylon," will bind together all nations. Commercial treaties will be far more important and cogent than creeds!

After war, pestilence, famine, and death, to glide into such a summer ocean of smiling success will be intoxicating in the extreme. There will be no bounds to the joy and merrymaking of men. They say, "How doth God know? Is there knowledge in the Most High?" (Ps. 73: 11.)

Notwithstanding this, there will be some who will sigh and cry over the abomination and spiritual desolation on every side. Though despised, kept down, and placed afar off, they will still go on with their testimony. Though it may be unheeded, they will continue the cry. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

Subscribers who desire to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to their friends, or to send it to persons to whom God may make it useful, will, as in former years, be supplied at a reduced rate. Any subscriber may have the paper mailed to any address in the United States or Canada from this date to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. Last year several cases came to our knowledge of persons receiving blessing through this effort.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Treasury Statement Issued Last Week Shows a further decrease in the public debt during September. The reduction for the month amounted to \$10,627,013.17. In other words, it shows that in spite of increased expenditures the Treasury surplus continues to mount in a remarkable manner. The statement of receipts and expenditures for the month of September and for the last three months proves that the revenues are considerably larger than they were a year ago. Fifteen millions in bonds were called in last week, and another call will probably be made shortly. We are now rapidly reaching the limit of the bonds held at the option of the Government, when the subject will assume a new form. At present there appears to be no other use to which the money in the Treasury can be put. If members of Congress truly represented the people, or were in sympathy with the people, they would reduce their intolerable burden instead of accumulating a prodigious sum of money which cannot be profitably employed.

The President has Instructed our Minister to Spain to ascertain immediately if the Spanish government intended to honorably regard the provisions of the agreement of 1884, and whether the royal edict of last June, which our merchants regard as a confirmation of the treaty, has been annulled. If the reply comes that the agreement does not provide for the entry into Cuba of merchandise from foreign countries transhipped at American ports in American vessels, the President will at once revoke the proclamation of 1884. The clause of the treaty in dispute applies to "the products of and articles proceeding from the United States." These words appear to cover foreign goods in United States vessels, but the Captain-General of Cuba still insists that only goods produced or manufactured here are entitled to the new rates. Minister Curry's answer should at once

set the matter at rest. At present it would appear that the Captain-General of Cuba is disobedient to his government.

The Report that Mr. Manning is About to Resume his duties at the Treasury has been received with much gratification. The Washington *Star* states that he has so far recovered that he will return in a few days, and, if his health permits, remain at his post to the end of President Cleveland's administration. The report of his intention is the more welcome because it is understood that his seizure was the result of overwork. It may be hoped that measures will be taken to avoid this in future, and that such assistance will be provided for him as will secure to the President during the remainder of his term the services of an officer so universally respected.

Geronimo and his Band of Hostile Apaches are still imprisoned at San Antonio, Tex., and the frequent conferences now taking place between the President, Mr. Endicott and the army officers give color to the rumor that the Government is not free to act in regard to the Apaches. One report has it that General Miles pledged himself to them that they should not be surrendered to the civil authorities of Arizona, and that their lives should be spared. If he did so, he acted contrary to his instructions, which bound him to offer no terms but unconditional surrender. It is, however, alleged that, if he had insisted on those terms the Apaches would have surrendered to Mexico, and would have been a source of danger, causing continual apprehension.

The Decision of the Mormons to Avoid New York in future, announced last week, is wise in view of recent events. The Castle Garden authorities, in examining the emigrants and hesitating whether they would not send the whole cargo back again to Europe, produced a natural feeling of alarm. In future the recruits for the Utah harems are to be landed at Philadelphia. Should the officials of that city follow the example of those in New York, as is probable, another change will become necessary. The managers of the Guion line of steamers, by which they cross the Atlantic, have also intimated that they will bring no more Mormons, as they may some time be required to carry a whole cargo back free. As the European governments do not protect their citizens from the Mormon emissaries, these difficulties placed in the way of disembarkation may be of some service in checking the degrading traffic.

The Sentence on William E. Gould, the Son-in-law of Neal Dow, who was charged with embezzling the funds of the Maine bank, was pronounced on September 30. Gould pleaded "guilty," so there was no trial. Judge Webb sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment in State Prison. There appears to be no doubt that Gould deserves the punishment, and it is only relatively that there is any injustice in it. It seems unfair that the man who confessed his guilt and surrendered his property, should suffer, while similar criminals who showed less compunction are living at their ease in Canada.

The Moral Sense of American Theatre-goers is being put to a test in New York, and the experiment will doubtless be tried in other American cities. An English actress, calling herself Violet Cameron, arrived here last week. She is accompanied by the Earl of Lonsdale, who states that he is her business manager. Both the parties are married, but the Earl's wife is in Europe, and the husband of the actress came over in a different ship, and has been put in prison, at the request of his wife, for annoying her. The proprietor of the hotel at which she stayed requested her to remove to some other hotel, which she did. So the matter stands. The daily journals of the city unite in regarding all the scandal as an advertising scheme, which is expected to draw the American public to the theatre at which the actress appears. It remains to be seen whether the public will be attracted or repelled by the scandal. It is said that the theatre-goer has no right to inquire into the

private character of the artist who amuses him, but in this case there seems to be no need for inquiry; it is flaunted in his face, apparently under the impression that he will like it. The result of the test thus directly applied will be watched with interest. The success or failure of the enterprise will show the moral standpoint of the average theatre-goer. Our own opinion of theatres is too well known to our readers to need reiteration here.

A Royal Gift to France Was Made Last Week by the Duc D'Aumale. The magnificent estate of Chantilly, with its castle, forests and streams, was presented by the Duke to the French Institute in trust for the French nation. The estate is worth twelve million dollars, and the gift of it immediately after the giver's expulsion from France is an act of rare magnanimity. With the domain, the Duke gives all it contains, including trophies, books, pictures, archives and objects of art. He directs that, after defraying the expenses of keeping it up, the Institute will employ the excess of revenue from the estate, first, in acquiring objects of art; second, in pensions and pecuniary aid to literary men and artists; third, in establishing a fund to aid and encourage those who devote themselves to the career of letters, science or art.

A Warning to Russia was Administered by Austro-Hungary last week, which the Czar cannot affect to misunderstand. On September 30, Herr Tisza, the Prime Minister of Hungary, made a speech in the Hungarian Parliament which produced a profound sensation throughout Europe. He said that "Austro-Hungary intended to prevent any single Power from establishing a protectorate over Bulgaria. 'We want independence among the Balkan States,' he continued, 'without having any covetous designs toward any of them. No community of interests exists in the Balkans. The Austro-German alliance continues, guarding the mutual conditions of existence without endangering peace. Austro-Hungary will not allow any single Power to make armed interference in Bulgaria. Austro-Hungary earnestly intends following this policy during these critical times.'" There is a general impression that the Prime minister would not have uttered remarks so threatening had he not received assurances of the support of England in the event of war. Italy and Turkey are also said to be ready to take the same side. The declaration will probably bring the trouble to a crisis and prevent war. Demented as the Czar appears to be, he will scarcely dare to face so powerful a combination. It is significant that in England the Liberal newspapers which have heretofore fawned on Russia are now as bellicose in their tone as the Tory press.

An Important Speech Outlining the Policy of the British Cabinet, was made on Saturday last by Lord Randolph Churchill, who, being the leader of the House of Commons, spoke authoritatively. On the subject of Ireland he said: "There are resources in Ireland which may be scientifically developed by state credit. With the resulting prosperity there must be further land legislation, accelerating the change from double to single land ownership. No Ministry can afford to shirk local government for Ireland." He gave several reasons why he thought there were distinct signs of the foretold revival in trade which would tend to remove Irish troubles by removing hardships. He continued: "I am perfectly sure, unless met by a no-rent manifesto, the Irish landlords will not provoke the tenants. In my opinion, the unscrupulous plans of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell to make the Queen's government impossible will fail. From the duty of maintaining order in Ireland no risk or danger will deter the government. We will no longer tolerate Ireland being a disgrace to England and the civilized world." Lord Randolph appears to think that Ireland would become loyal if she became wealthy; on this side the Atlantic very few persons coincide with that opinion.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with the *Christian Herald*, have been received since our last acknowledgment, to the amount of \$11.50. They are as follows: From Lipscomb, Va., \$1; Warren, N. H., \$5; New Haven, Conn., \$1.50; Wisner, Neb., \$1; Halifax, N. S., \$2; a Friend, Orwigsburg, Pa., \$1.

The Massacres in Africa of Christian Converts are explained in a communication to the *New York Sun*, as the result of jealousy on the part of the bad advisers who surround the young king of Uganda. A short time before King Mtesa's death about eighty converts were admitted to the English Church on one occasion. Old and young crowded the school to learn to read. But the King's counsellors always viewed these whites with suspicion. King Mtesa, on the whole, was friendly to the missionaries, and they and their work were safe while he lived. His young son, Mwanga, however, is the tool of his council.

The Persecution of the Jews is again Revived in Russia. The *American Hebrew*, of New York, has received intelligence that sixteen thousand Jews are to be driven into exile, by a decree recently promulgated. It says: Not long ago the cities of Rostow and Taganrog were annexed to a military district in which Jews were forbidden to dwell. As usual, a senatorial commission was appointed to consider the contingency, and this body has rendered its decision to the effect that the Jews should not, or could not, be permitted to remain in the newly created district, with the exception of merchants of the first guild and those who have secured real estate. This will enable some 4,000 wealthy Jews to remain in possession of their homes, while about 16,000 poor, helpless Jews will have to go forth upon the olden, well-worn road of exile.

Funds for the Restoration of the Churches of Charleston, S. C., are urgently needed by all denominations. The members are unable to defray the cost themselves, having suffered heavy losses of private property. Help must be rendered to them in this trying emergency by their brethren in other States, and there is general recognition of the fact. Each denomination should take care to make public the amount needed, and the name and address of the treasurer of its fund. The Presbyterians of Charleston have but one church that it is safe to use. That is the Westminster church, of which Rev. W. F. Junkin, D. D., is pastor. The amount required to repair the other Presbyterian churches is \$61,000, as estimated by the contractors. Dr. Junkin has come North to collect funds. His address is 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The New York City Mission, in Closing the Sixtieth year of its work, issues an encouraging statement of its condition. It states that the year has been one of great prosperity in all branches of this indispensable work. In 3,000 gospel-meetings, and in 75,000 visits among the poor and sick and needy, and by 500,000 tracts and leaflets and books, the good news of salvation has been made known to 250,000 men, women and children of all classes and conditions. The churches for the people are growing in numbers and influence, the Sabbath-schools are only limited by their accommodations, and a new and enlarged building is needed for the Olivet church.

The Committee Appointed by the Convention of Christian workers, held at Chicago in April last, have issued a circular which deserves the attention of churches of all denominations. The committee offer to co-operate and correspond with churches and individuals, without regard to denomination, who may desire to obtain information about the most successful and capable workers throughout the country, and the various methods of Christian work, in reference to "evangelistic help;" "how to stimulate and increase individual activity on the part of church members;" "how to reach individuals and classes not hitherto reached by the ministrations of the Gospel;" "work for the young;" "reading-rooms for young men and

boys," and other practical matters of church work. Communications should be sent with stamps enclosed for reply to Rev. John C. Collins, English Hall, New Haven, Conn.

A Cigar that Cost Two Lives was Smoked in Indiana on Oct. 1. A man residing at Bringhurst, Ind., went on Friday to the grocery store to purchase gunpowder. The grocer, who was smoking, poured the powder from a large can into the scales. In setting down the can he accidentally knocked the cigar from his mouth into the scale in which the powder was. Instantly there was a terrific explosion; the grocer was killed, his customer was so severely injured that he died shortly afterward; the front of the store was blown out, and several persons badly hurt. It is dreadful to think of the extent of the calamity caused by that one man's carelessness. Few realize how much evil may accrue to others through their own want of thought and care. It is so in religion: a thoughtless act or speech may involve the loss of some soul at that time in the crisis of its existence (Eccles. 5:1).

A Child's Song in a New York Hospital Startled the nurses and patients on Thursday last. On the night before, an ambulance was called from Gouverneur Hospital to a house in Hester Street for a burned child. She had been sent by her parents to the cellar for firewood, and in descending the steps she stumbled and dropped the lamp, which exploded and set her clothing on fire. The surgeon wrapped the poor, crisped, writhing form of the child in what is known as a "prepared sheet," and told the driver to get to the hospital quickly. There all was done for her that science could do, but it was impossible to save her life. A narcotic was given to her and she fell asleep. Waking after some hours, she asked for water. The nurse immediately called the doctor. In a minute he was beside the cot. He felt the pulse, ominously shook his head, gave some more instructions, and turned to go away. As he did so, the little creature turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and, in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only the humming-like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard. That ceased, she heaved a sigh and all was over. Her tuneful aspiration was granted to her. She could not have sung in her agony had she not previously responded to Christ's invitation (Matt. 19:14).

The Mishaps of a Bridal Couple are Reported by a Maine journal. It states that after the wedding ceremony, which took place at Portland, the newly made husband and wife went to the Boston and Maine depot to take the train for Boston. The bridegroom went to look after the baggage, leaving the bride in the care of "the best man." The husband had not returned when the cry of "All aboard for Boston!" alarmed the "best man," and he hurried the bride into a car on the Western Division. When the husband returned and discovered that his wife was gone, he was naturally provoked, but was told that by taking the Eastern Division train he would meet her at North Berwick. He accordingly followed the bride on the next train. During the afternoon the bride appeared without the husband. She had boarded a way train and returned to Portland. She was told her best plan would be to stay where she was, and wait until her husband returned to her. She failed to take this advice, however, and started in pursuit of the bridegroom. But the latter was hunting for the bride, and the 5 o'clock train brought him back to Portland. He was told of his wife's journeying up and down the line, and made a fresh start for Boston on the six o'clock train. As neither returned, it may be presumed that this last expedition was successful. It was a vexatious

way of spending a day which ought to have been without a cloud. In their future married life we may hope that they will have no more unhappiness from "playing at cross-purposes." In the union between Christ and His church, of which marriage is a type, separation is impossible, and those who seek Him always find Him (Rom. 8: 38, 39).

A Boy's Retort Caused Some Amusement in a car on the Michigan Central Railroad recently. It was Sunday, but the cars were full of excursionists, and among them a lady who was a Sunday-school teacher returning to her home from the country. A diminutive boy was endeavoring to please the passengers and get a few pennies by singing comic songs in the car. When he had finished and was passing along the aisle with outstretched palm, making his collections, the lady in question said to him, "Don't you know it's wicked to sing songs on Sunday?" The youngster looked at her for a second and, with a twinkle in his black eyes, replied, "Don't you think it's wicked to travel on Sunday?" The passengers roared and no more questions were asked. Clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, and Christian workers generally, may be sure that their warnings and appeals will fail if their own lives are inconsistent (Rom. 2: 20, 21).

A Sailor's Advice to a Quarrelsome Family is reported by the *Youths' Companion*. It states that a fisherman from Gloucester, Mass., recently went on a voyage as mate to Valparaiso. He left behind him, in his home, his wife and children and his mother and uncle. When he returned he found them all at enmity. They had so many complaints of each other to lay before him that they could scarcely welcome him. He listened in silence, and when they were through he invited them down to see his schooner. They went, and examined the vessel throughout. The women expressed their astonishment at the size of the cabin. "How ever do you manage to get eight men in this box without crowding?" they asked. "How do you get any peace living as close as this?" The man said: "I'll tell you; each man is willing that his neighbor should have his own sheer of room and keep it. Suppose you take that rule home with you 'n try it." It may be hoped they did, for it is a good rule that many Christian homes and churches might adopt with advantage. Christ's law is still more stringent. It requires the Christian not only to refrain from encroaching on a neighbor's rights, but to submit cheerfully when his own rights are withheld (Matt. 5:39, 40).

A Lady was Brought Back to Life in Chicago, a few days ago, after her husband and friends, who surrounded her bed, had given her up for dead. She had been ill for some time, and was getting well, when she was suddenly seized with acute pain, and utterly collapsed. She lost her pulse, her heart ceased to beat, and she stopped breathing. She was becoming rigid, in spite of everything the physician did to restore animation, and he, like her friends, was giving up hope. As the case was desperate, he determined to try a remedy he had never seen used before. He had with him a little bottle filled with nitroglycerine, which is sometimes given in cases of epilepsy, and he thought it might be beneficial in this case. The patient could not swallow, so the physician administered ten drops hypodermically. The effect was astonishing. Life gradually returned, the body relaxed, and in four minutes she was able to speak. She is now completely recovered. The physician relates the incident for the benefit of other medical men, as he thinks the drug was never used in that way before. The discovery is important, and in similar cases, in future, physicians will doubtless apply it before finally abandoning hope. It is very rare that anyone so near death is saved, but in spiritual matters the phenomenon frequently occurs. Many who were once spiritually dead, and were despaired of by all who knew them, have become alive unto God, when the Holy Spirit has quickened them (Col. 2: 13).

A VERY BOLD PROPHECY.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not: I said, Behold me! Behold me! unto a nation that was not called by my name."—ISAIAH 65: 1.

Why it was Bold—Jewish Monopolists of Grace—The Doctrine Still Unpopular—An Assured Truth—I. The Personality of God in the Work—The Exclusion of God in Modern Philosophy—God Observant of All—Fills the Vision of Faith—Directs the Message—Testimonies from Tabernacle Hearers—II. God Glad to be Sought—The Pearl and Hidden Treasure—III. The Experience of Salvation Described—IV. The Use God Makes of it—A Bargain Never Concluded—The Encouragement in it.

THIS is the passage which was quoted by the apostle Paul in the tenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. At the twentieth verse of that chapter he says: "Esaias is very bold, and saith, I was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me. But to Israel he saith, All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people." The apostle followed the Septuagint translation, but altered the position of the clauses.

We learn on inspired authority that this is a very bold passage; it required much courage to utter it at the first, and in Paul's day it needed still more to quote it and press it home upon the Jews around him. He who protests against a self-righteous people, and angers them by showing that others whom they despised are saved while they themselves are being lost, will have need of a dauntless spirit. The Israelitish people thought that

THEY HAD A MONOPOLY

of the grace of God, that the Lord who had chosen their fathers, and had indulged them with a divine revelation, would never deprive them of their advantages, nor advance others to like privileges. They dreamed that God was almost bound to bless them above all the nations that were upon the face of the earth. To meet this national conceit with plain rebuke, needed one who was very bold.

This text has the clear ring of free grace about it; and for this reason it may be called bold. He had need to be bold who in this day would preach fully and plainly the doctrine of the sovereign grace of God. This cultured age repudiates the doctrines of grace, which are the heart of evangelical teaching. Men are vexed when we declare that God is first in human salvation, and seeks men before they seek Him. Yet many who have heard the gospel from their childhood continue to hear it in vain; others who have never heard it before are brought by what are commonly called accidental circumstances to hear the quickening word, and at once they embrace it and live. My prayer has been that this morning our text may be again fulfilled. May the Lord be sought of those who hitherto have not enquired for Him!

I. The first point for your consideration is the personality of

GOD IN THE WORK

of His grace. This is remarkably prominent in the words before us. Let me read them and lay the emphasis upon the personal pronouns which relate to God: "I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not; I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name." Is not the Lord here, not only as speaker, but as the theme of His own speech?

The philosophy now in vogue labors to shut God out of his own creation. They inform us that by some means this world and all that is therein were evolved. Even this will not long content the men of progress; they care nothing for evolution in itself, but only so far as it may serve their purpose of escaping from the thought of God. If by some method or other vain men could scheme a world without a God, they would be delighted; and that philosopher who comes nearest to the invention of a subtle lie which

will justify their forgetfulness of God is the prince of the hour, the favorite of his age. Yes, God must be obliterated somehow, for "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

These wise men would have done with God also in providence: according to

THE MODERN NOTION,

the universe is like a watch which goes because it has been wound up long ago. It is not even admitted that there was a God to wind it up; but anyhow, if there be such a great personal power, He has put the watch under His pillow, and has gone to sleep while the machine goes on ticking without Him. Certain fixed laws operate without any force at their back, and the world is so self-contained that it goes on by itself without God: this is the modern idea. They have no one to wind up this watch again when it runs down—no prospect of new heavens and a new earth, wherein righteousness shall dwell. Those who would get rid of God out of nature and providence, have tried their hands at making a religion without God, and a pretty religion it is!—it is too small a business to need consideration.

Notice that in the text the personality of God comes forth in that He Himself is observant of all that is done. Do any seek Him?—He saith, "I am sought." Do any find Him?—He saith, "I am found." Is there any preaching of the Gospel?—the Lord declares, "I said, Behold me, behold me." God taketh note of it all. Not a prayer is breathed, nor a sigh heaved, nor a note of praise uttered from the heart, but what the omniscient Lord has noted every thought. God Himself fills

THE VISION OF FAITH;

observe the words, "Behold me, behold me." We look to God in Christ, and find all that our soul needs. God is the sum of our necessities. God we seek as sinners; God we find as saints. I have sometimes put it thus to you: Here is a little child picked from the gutter; it is starved, unclothed, unwashed, and sickening to death. What does it want? Well, it would take me a long time to write out a list of all its wants. It needs washing, clothing, warming, feeding, nursing, loving—no, I will not attempt to complete the catalogue, but I will tell you all in a word: this little child wants *its mother*. If it finds a loving and capable mother, it has all that it needs at once. Every lost soul of man needs a thousand things; but no soul needs more than it will find in God.

The loving personality of God comes out in the work of grace, in that He Himself is

THE SPEAKER OF THAT CALL

by which men are saved. Here are the words: "I said, Behold me, behold me." The Lord Himself speaks the effectual word. Did not Isaiah proclaim the Gospel? Yes, he did, and this was the result of Isaiah's speech: "Who hath believed our report?" But when God's arm is revealed, so that God speaketh through His prophet, then a very different result follows; for God's word shall not return unto Him void, but it shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it. Dear soul, if you have looked to Christ, it is because Christ has looked at you, and influenced you to look to Him. If there be any glancing of the eye even of the feeblest faith towards God, it is because He has said by His Spirit, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Thou hast never heard a living word yet, my brother, a really living, quickening word from my lips alone: it may have come, perhaps, through my mouth as the vocal organ; but if it be a quickening word it must have come from God Himself. Man's words are mere breath, but the word of the Lord is spirit and life.

Moreover, God is seen in the work of grace, for He Himself is the director of the message. "I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name." Not only does God speak the gospel, but He speaks it home to those whom He appoints to hear it. We who preach know not to whom the truth

will be applied. Very marvellous it is how the Lord prepares the ground for the seed and the seed for the ground. Of late, Thursday night after Thursday night I have had singularly striking proofs of this. Letters have come again and again of this character: "I felt *drawn to attend the tabernacle* from a notice in the paper, but I shall never forget the words which I then heard, for they were evidently

MEANT FOR ME."

Then the person goes on to detail certain circumstances of his life which have corresponded, with remarkable minuteness, to observations made in the sermon. How is this? The preacher knew nothing of the matter, and yet the word fitted like a glove to the hand. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. I call upon you, therefore, beloved, to rejoice that God cometh very near to us in the work of grace, as our God.

This surrounds the gospel with a strange solemnity: if the gospel blesses us it is not *it*, but God that blesses. God Himself has come unto us. Yet remember that this fact has another aspect to it, for: if the gospel be rejected, it is God that is rejected. It is true that the hands which were stretched out to you were human, and therefore you criticized the style of the invitation, and perhaps refused it with scorn; but at the back of the feeble ambassador stood the great King, and behind the simple invitation was the sublime mind of God. Oh, how differently would some of you hear if you did but remember that in the gospel God Himself in person comes to you!

II. But now, secondly, dear friends, in the text I see the delight which God takes in the work of grace. The text is the utterance of delight.

GOD IS GLAD TO BE SOUGHT

and found by those who once were negligent of him. It is evident that he rejoices in contrast to the complaint of the next verse. It is with joy that God says, "I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not;" for it is placed in opposition to the mournful notes in which the Lord saith, "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people."

The Lord rejoices in each step of the process. There is a poor soul beginning to cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" and lo, the Lord says, "I am sought." A man has only just begun to attend the House of Prayer; he has only lately commenced the earnest study of the Bible; the Lord sees it, and he says, "I am sought." It was but a poor little prayer you prayed last night; you started up from your knees astonished to find that you had actually been attempting to pray; but your heavenly Father saw you, and he said with pleasure, "I am sought." "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him." Behold the infinite compassion of the all-observing God!

The very next sentence is, "I am found." What a delight it must be to God's heart when at last the poor sinner cries, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" Then Jesus says, "I am found." Do not imagine that a soul ever found the great Father without the great Father's knowing it. God rejoices when He is sought and when He is found. Oh do not think that you seek an unwilling God. He comes to meet you; He falls upon your neck and kisses you.

The Lord also rejoices in the persons who seek Him. He says, "I am sought of them that ask not for me." God takes special joy in being sought by those who formerly did not seek Him. He will be glad for any heart to keep on seeking that has begun to seek; but he is best pleased when

NON-SEEKERS

become seekers. You that were taught to pray at your mother's knee, God is glad to hear your sincere petitions; but if there is a man here who has never prayed before in his life, let him begin at once, and the Lord will rejoice to hear him.

"Alas!" said one, "I have never sought him." Yet you may find him, for the word of the Lord is, "I am found of them that sought me not." Our Saviour tells us of a merchant of earnest spirit who went out to seek goodly pearls. He traversed many lands inspecting

A VARIETY OF JEWELS,

that he might find one specially precious pearl, and at last he found it and bought it. They that seek the Lord shall find him. But there was another man whose mind sought after less ambitious matters; he was of the earth earthy. He yoked his bullocks one morning to the plough, and he was thinking only of his clods and of his fields, when, on a sudden, the plough made a baulk: there was something in the way. He stopped the oxen; he examined the ground; he digged in the earth. He came to an old crock, and in that crock he found a treasure of gold and of silver. He had found what he never looked for, and the moment he found it he decided to sell all that he had, and buy the field, that he might possess the treasure. I hope you have stumbled on full salvation at this moment. Happiness and heaven lie before you; will you not have them? The plough has struck on the hid treasure of the blessed Gospel, and if you will stoop down and look, here are riches such as you never dreamed of.

III. Now we have a third matter to consider, and that is—the description which God Himself gives of the work of grace. Time flies too quickly, wherefore let me give you only rough hints, instead of full instructions. This verse is a little Bible. Here you have

THE EXPERIENCE OF SALVATION

described. The Lord tells us where He finds the object of His grace. He says, "They asked not for me; they sought me not; they were not called by my name." In the Book of Hosea, we read that they were not his people. These are the careless and senseless beings, whom the Lord called by His grace. He manifested great love to us when we were dead in trespasses and sins. When there is no good thought, nor wish, nor desire in us, then God comes to us in abounding love. What a mercy it is that He comes to us in our sin and misery, for assuredly we should not else come to Him.

Having told us where we were, he next describes that gospel which comes to them as the power of God. Here are his own words: "I said, Behold Me, Behold Me." If anybody were to ask me to state the gospel in a few words, I should answer—the Lord says, "Behold Me, behold Me." The way of salvation is, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Christ on the cross cries to the guilty sinner, "Behold the Lamb of God." To encourage a trembling soul to behold Him with steadfast hope, the Lord says twice, "Behold Me, behold Me." Does any sinner exclaim, "But Lord, I am so filthy"? Do not look at yourself: "Behold Me, for I can cleanse you." Look to your bleeding Saviour, your forgiving God.

LOOK AND LIVE.

I think I may say of this description of the way of salvation, how simple it is! God seeks the sinner, the sinner seeks his God. The sinner finds his God because God has found the sinner, and it is all done. Intricacies and difficulties are at an end; believe and live in simplicity itself. "Oh, but," saith one, "there must be a deal of preparation before I who seek God can hope to find Him." There needs no preparation. He says, "Seek ye my face;" and if your heart says, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek," the Lord is nigh unto you at once. "But surely, sir, I shall have to feel, I shall have to learn, I shall have to do." Oh, yes, you shall have all that by-and-by; but as to salvation, you may have it at once, there is no need of an hour's delay! behold your God, and live.

Oh, I wish I knew how, this morning, to speak as I should speak about this plain way, this road which the wayfaring man may so readily follow, this method which is as gracious as the blessing to which it leads. Before I knew the Lord Jesus

and His cross I used to fancy that there was some great mystery about faith; and, poor soul that I was, I feared that I should never be able to understand and enjoy it; but I heard a simple workingman say, "Look to Jesus, look and live," and I was not disobedient to the message. I trusted Jesus, and I lived. I gave up trying to understand: I believed, and I lived.

IV. I conclude with the fourth point, which is this—

THE USE WHICH GOD MAKES

of all this. What a wonder it is that men and women who never had a thought about God, but an aversion to him, should, nevertheless, be turned into seekers! It is often so; there can be no doubt about it. Sudden conversions have not ceased. I knew a man, a singular person, but a sincere Christian, who, in his early days, never thought of going to any place of worship. One Sunday morning he set out to visit a comrade, intending to conclude a bargain which had been talked over the day before, *about a pair of ducks*. He stepped into the meeting-house, because it came on to rain, and there he found what he had never sought. He never bought that pair of ducks; he forgot them, as the woman of Samaria forgot her water-pot. The Lord met with him there and then, and he beheld his Saviour. Many such things have happened in this house, and some such will occur this morning.

Remember the famous Colonel Gardiner. He had made an appointment to commit a deed of wickedness, but reached the spot too soon, and while he waited he thought he saw the Saviour on the cross, and heard him say, "I have done all this for thee; what hast thou ever done for Me?" He fled the place, he sought his own chamber, he cried to God, and Colonel Gardiner, from being a wild soldier became a saint of God. Surely this is meant to make us reverently adore the Lord of grace. Oh, to see the like to-day!

Why does the Lord thus declare the conversion of those who were out of the way? I think it is to destroy pride and self-esteem. Some of you who are not converted are yet, in your own esteem, a cut above others. You have sittings in the Tabernacle, or else you attend at some thoroughly evangelical church, and you say to yourselves, "If anybody will get to heaven we shall, for we hear the pure word of God."

YOU POSTPONE REPENTANCE

and put off the consideration of eternal things because you feel that you can secure salvation when it pleases you. What doth God do? Why, He sends His gospel to the abandoned and fallen, and brings outcasts to Himself. He saves those whom you thought He had given over to their sins; and you church-going and chapel-going people, who dream that you have a monopoly of privileges, are left to your own wilfulness. God will pay no regard to caste. He is no respecter of persons, but calleth whomsoever He wills, according to His royal word, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." Pride of birth and education He thus casts to the ground.

He does it, next, to encourage you who are seeking Him; for if those who do *not* seek Him often find Him, why, you that do seek Him are sure to find Him. If He is found of those who seek Him not, He will surely be found of those who are daily agonizing for Him. Do not believe that He will let you seek His face in vain. Come and believe on Him to-day, and He will then be found of you.

The Lord magnifies His grace, that He may convict those who do not come to Him of the greatness of their sin. Look, saith He; those who never heard of me before have found salvation, while you who have been instructed and invited and impressed have still held out, and resisted My Spirit. You have been persuaded, entreated, prayed over, and wept over, and yet you have not come to Me. Who is to blame for this but your own selves? Your own hard hearts have robbed you of mercy. Publicans

and harlots enter the kingdom of heaven before you, because of your wilful unbelief. Take heed, my hearers! Take heed, lest you perish in sight of heaven. I pray you, for God's sake and your own soul's sake, awake to righteousness.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning, on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

UNCLE ELIJAH'S REPENTANCE.

NOT far from the roadside, in one of the southern counties of Virginia, there stood a neat log cabin, inhabited by a worthy negro couple, known as Uncle Elijah and Aunt Maria. These two had belonged to a widow lady, who owned the estate of Cloverfields, about three miles away; but when the close of the Civil War had set them free, they, in common with nearly all the negroes in the county, thought it incumbent upon them, as an assertion of their independence, to leave their former owners and either work for themselves or go into service elsewhere. Thus there was a general shifting from plantation to plantation. Uncle Elijah and his wife, both past middle age, left the place where they had been born and raised, and hired this cabin on a neighboring plantation, where, by day's labor and odd jobs on the part of the husband, and washing and ironing and chicken-raising on the part of the wife, they managed to live in moderate comfort.

Elijah had been the family coachman, and he had found it a hard thing to resign the dignity of this position; but had he retained it he would virtually have admitted to all his brethren and sisters that freedom had done nothing for him. In order to show that he was now director of his own fortunes, it was necessary that he should drop the reins by which he had so skilfully directed and controlled the two black carriage horses, which had been his especial care since their early colthood.

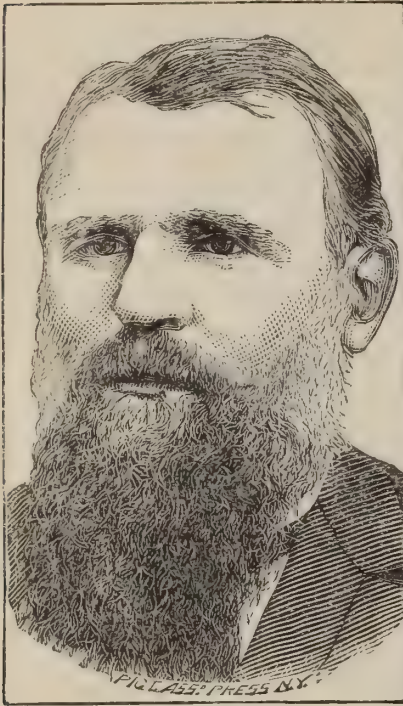
But his love for his old mistress, and his sense of his former dignity never left him; and now, when from afar he saw approaching the familiar carriage, he would drop his work, or get up from his meal, and watch it until it had entirely disappeared from sight. Sometimes, if it were near enough, he would advance, hat in hand, to speak to his old mistress; but this he did not often do—people might think he wanted to go back.

One autumn evening, just about dusk, as Uncle Elijah came out of his cabin, he perceived, near the top of a long hill on the road, the Cloverfields' carriage and horses. Other eyes in the growing gloom might not have known what vehicle it was, but the eyes of Uncle Elijah could make no mistake. As he stood and gazed they sparkled with emotion.

"Whar Miss Jane gwine dis time o' night? an' wot's de matter wid dat kerridge?" he ejaculated. "I'll be dangdiddled ef de eberlastin' fool dat's drivin' hain't gwine and chain' up de hin' wheel as ef it was a hay wagin. An' who's de no' count idyot wot can't drike down Red Hill widout chainin' de wheel? Lor'! how he do bump de stones! and how dat mus' rile Mis Jane! but I reckon she mus' done got use' ter bein' riled, a pickin' up all sorts o' niggahs to drike her kerridge."

When the vehicle reached the bottom of the hill, not far from the cabin, it stopped, and the driver got down to unchain the wheel. Possessed by a sudden thought, Uncle Elijah rushed into the house, from which his wife was happily absent, clapped on his hat and seized his coat; keeping

*From "Stockton's Stories." The second collection of these amusing and wholesome stories, each of which has its good moral purpose and is excellent of its kind. The first series has already been noticed in these columns, pp. 242; price, \$1.25; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



The Late Rev. George C. Haddock.



The Burial of the Hatchet. (See page 629.)

well away from the road, he ran towards the carriage, climbing the fence, and approached the vehicle in the rear, where he could not be seen by any of its occupants. When he reached the man, who had just unfastened the chain, the soul of Uncle Elijah was filled with righteous indignation at finding it was Montague Braxton, a negro shoemaker of the neighborhood. Without a word he seized the cobbler coachman by the collar, including a good part of one ear in his grasp, and led him away from the carriage, Montague, who knew who had clutched him, submitting without a word. When they had hurriedly gone a dozen steps, Elijah hissed in the other's ear:

"Is you comin' back ter-night?"

"Yaas," whispered the shoemaker, very much astonished at the manner of his interviewer.

"Well, den, jus' you go 'long up ter my house, split de wood fur aun' M'riar, fotch a bucket ob water from de spring, and stay hyar till I come back. I'se gwine ter drike dis kerridge myse'lf; ain't got no time to say no moh; now, git!"

Montague, who knew "Uncle 'Lijah" as a pillar of strength in the church, as well as a pillar of not very easily restrained strength in his own proper person, made no answer, but noiselessly slipped away. Elijah passed quickly around the carriage, keeping a little distance from it, to avoid being recognized by those within, although he scarcely need have feared this, in the dusky light, and mounted to the elevated seat in front, when, taking up the reins and whip, he started the horses and the equipage moved on. Now sat Uncle Elijah like a king behind Gamma and Delta, the two horses that he had driven so long, a little older, a little browner in their manes and tails, but still the same good horses, with plenty of strength and spirit left; here was the same old harness—he could recognize it even in the dark—badly kept, and badly put on, but still the same; here were the reins that once no hand but his had ever dared to touch; and here the whip, very old now and shabby, with a miserable new lash on it, but still the same whip he used to wield; and here was the high seat on which he alone had sat, from the time he became a man in years until the day when his freedom made him another man. * * *

The next morning, not very early, the cobbler approached the Cloverfields' stables, to attend to the horses, and to do the various oddments and bitments of work for which he had been temporarily hired. To his surprise, just as he turned

a corner of the barn, he met Uncle Elijah, who was engaged in attaching a new lash to the carriage-whip.

"Didn't spec' to see you hyar, Uncle 'Lijah," stammered the cobbler.

"Reckin not," said the old man; but you dunno how to drive a hoss. P'raps you dunno who I is. I'se de drier ob de Cloverfields' kerridge and as long as I'se de use ob my jinst an' can see wid my eyes, nobody dries dat kerridge but me. An' now look hyar, you shoemaker, when me, and Miss Jane, and Miss Almira and Mahs Chawles gits ter de happy lan', don' you reckon you's gwine to come dar, too. De angel Gabriel, he pint his horn right at you, and he sing out, 'aint got no use for yaller cobbler angels hyar.'"

THE REV. GEORGE C. HADDOCK. The Martyred Prohibitionist.

MENTION has already been made in these columns of the dastardly murder at Sioux City, Iowa, on August 3, of the uncompromising foe of the liquor traffic, the Rev. George C. Haddock. We now give his portrait.

George C. Haddock was born at Watertown, N. Y., in the year 1831. He received a fair education at the Black River Institute of that place, where he was an industrious and exemplary student. After learning the printing business, he worked as a journeyman in various places for some years. He then settled down at Beaver Dam, Wis., where he published a paper. In 1863 he entered the Methodist ministry, at Port Washington, Wis. He subsequently filled several appointments in that State. In 1880 he was appointed to Burlington, Ia. After serving in that charge, and at Fort Dodge, in October, 1885, he removed to Sioux City.

Mr. Haddock was a man of powerful physique, able, when necessary, to defend himself against open attack. It is related of him that eight or nine years ago, while he was advocating temperance in Sheboygan Falls, Wis., he was waylaid by five or six men, who all attacked him at once with the intention of giving him a sound thrashing. Although surprised by the attack, Mr. Haddock quickly rallied, and placing himself against a fence, kept his assailants at bay with so much vigor, that they were glad to quit the field. At another time, while preaching on temperance in the interior of Wisconsin, Mr. Haddock made remarks which aroused the ire of the village blacksmith to such an extent that after the meeting he waited for the preacher, to give him a severe beating. He, too, found

himself overmatched and was ignominiously defeated. The blacksmith was also morally overcome, for he is now one of the most energetic Prohibitionists in his district.

THE MYSTERIOUS MOURNER.

(See illustration on page 637.)

ALL Elmsmere attended Charles Longmore's funeral. He was the last representative of a grand old family who, before the war, had held the first position in the State. It had furnished a Governor in its day, and more than one Senator, and had been potent in all political and social affairs. It was twenty years since Charles had left Elmsmere to repair his fortune. He had prospered, but he had not returned until he was brought back thus silently to sleep with his fathers in the family vault of Elmsmere church. Scarcely anything was known of his life in the interval.

After the funeral Dr. Marsh, the rector of the church, sat and talked of the dead and gone Longmores with his daughter Ursula, a bright girl of sixteen years, who had been born after Charles, the last representative of the family, quitted Elmsmere. She was a girl of singular purity of character and deep religious feeling, and to her the story of this extinct family was deeply interesting.

Nearly two years after that funeral a lady came to stay in the village. She occupied the best rooms in the hotel, and was evidently a person of some distinction. Every day, when the weather permitted, she went for a walk, and it was noticed by the curious villagers that she never returned to the hotel without passing through the graveyard around the old church.

"Who can that lady be?" said Ursula Marsh one day to her father, as she stood at the parsonage window which overlooked the graveyard. "She must be some connection of the Longmores, I fancy. She stopped before the Longmore vault ever so long, and when she went away she was crying. Had Mr. Longmore a sister, papa?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Marsh. "Old Mr. Longmore had no daughters."

"Oh, dear," said Ursula, "the storm has come, and the poor lady will be wet through before she can get to the hotel. May I ask her to come in and shelter?"

The rector nodded his consent, and soon Ursula brought the lady into the parsonage, where Mr. Marsh received her with dignified politeness; neither he nor Ursula showing any

disposition to pry into her affairs, the widow relaxed the hauteur which usually characterized her, and talked freely, though not cheerfully, on general subjects. When the storm cleared it had become dark, and she accepted Mr. Marsh's escort to the hotel.

"If I can be of any service to you during your stay," he said, at parting, "I shall be pleased."

"I have thought," she said, "when I heard you preach, that if I could confide in anyone, it would be in you. But," she added with a sigh, "it would be useless."

"There is no sorrow, madam," said the rector solemnly, "that the gospel cannot alleviate, no broken heart it cannot heal."

"You are very kind," said the lady. "Mine is an exceptional case, and I am sure it is incurable."

After this introduction Ursula Marsh often spoke to the mourner, and in her simple, artless manner dwelt on the peace religion brings to the despairing, the weary, and the heavy laden. Ursula saw from the lady's remarks that she was a stranger to that peace, but she indicated no desire to seek it.

One day, Ursula, passing the window of the parsonage, saw the mysterious lady taking her usual walk through the graveyard. She looked more melancholy than ever, and Ursula, regarding her closely, saw that she was weeping. When she reached the entrance to the Longmore vault she stopped, apparently unable to go farther, and, seating herself on a tombstone and leaning her head against the wall, she put her handkerchief to her face and gave way to her emotion. It was not in Ursula's nature to witness distress without trying to administer comfort. She put on her hat, and ran around to the graveyard. Seating herself beside the mourner, she silently and gently laid her hand on hers. The lady looked up, but, seeing who it was, covered her face again and wept bitterly.

"I am the resurrection and the life," said Ursula softly.

"Oh no, no, not for me," said the mourner. "There is no hope for me. Too late! Too late! No pardon for me now."

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin," Ursula quoted. "It is so indeed, dear lady."

"Not from mine; I am excluded."

"Oh, no; none are excluded."

"You do not know my case. Perhaps your father—but no, it is useless."

"My father? Oh, yes, he would tell you that you are not shut out. Do let him assure you of it. Come to him now."

"No, it would avail nothing; I should trouble him needlessly."

"It would be no trouble; I am sure he would convince you. Do come," and Ursula took the mourner's hand in both her own in the earnestness of her appeal.

Reluctantly the lady rose and followed her young friend to the clergyman's library. There, encouraged by his gentle tact, she told her sad story. Charles Longmore was her husband. In a moment of fierce temptation she had been unfaithful to him. When, overwhelmed with

sorrow and remorse, she went to beseech his forgiveness, he was dead. She had come to Elmsmere to weep at his grave, intending to end her life there.

From the Book that has a balm for every case Mr. Marsh read to her the story of Mary Magdalen, and of the woman to whom the Saviour said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." The eagerness with which the poor creature clutched the hope held out was painful to witness. It was like the throes by which those who have nearly passed over the border, sometimes come back to life. Again and again during the days that followed she relapsed into despair; but at last, after long battling with the adversary, who had so long held her soul in darkness, victory was given her. She took her place among those who love much, because they have been forgiven much (Luke 7: 47).

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 623.)

Farewells.

EXPERIENCE certainly added her testimony to Carrie's argument. In one matter at least, and that the most engrossing at the time, reason was not supreme in Leroy's nature. Carrie divined the conflict going on in his mind, and deemed it a good time to press the matter to a higher stage. She said:

"Mr. Ransom, your difficulty is, you are trying to fathom these spiritual things with your intellect. No man ever did that yet. They require the exercise of a different faculty of the soul. A certain old Book says, 'Spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' and it speaks very wisely. These things are apprehended by the spiritual faculties."

"Yes, that is the old talk again."

* Copyright reserved by the Author.



Ursula Entreats the Mourner to go to Her Father.

"But it is the old talk that is the true talk, after all, and its age is a proof that it has stood the test of time."

He did not vouchsafe a reply.

"You have read Dr. Holland's 'Kathrina,' of course," she said, when he did not answer.

"Yes, indeed, and I admire it as a poem. Some of the descriptions are exceedingly graphic, and at times the real spirit of song is manifest. I do not know where there is anything more vivid than the last part. But as an argument I think 'Kathrina' is a failure. While I was reading it I supposed that those awful difficulties which Paul encountered, and which have met me so often in my life, would be solved and satisfactorily explained; but the poem closes with the death-scene and Paul's praying. Now, the pressure brought to bear upon him compelled him to pray, and then he simply gave up his doubts; and that is not argument. The awful questions he raises in the former parts of the book are left unsolved, unanswered. The author cuts the knot;

he does not untie it.

"The poem raises the doubts of reason, carries on the argument by reason, until at last it pretends to dash away all the doubts and rebellion, on the ground of emotion—in the presence of a dying wife, his heart's idol, who pleads with him to fall upon his knees. I must confess that when I had finished the book the doubts that Paul had suggested were much more vivid—much more convincing—to my mind than Paul's conversion. For weeks the awful event of his mother's death, and his subsequent doubts, were like a nightmare on my mind. They are there yet. He did not answer those questions—he simply gave up their solution. The simple matter of prayer was no answer to his previous doubts and arguments. I love Holland, but I must say that, as an argument, this poem is too light in the closing part."

"But did not Paul gain peace?" Carrie asked.

"He says at the last,

'Rebellion slept,
I grieved, and still I grieve; but with a heart
At peace with God, and soft with sympathy
Toward all my sorrowing, struggling, sinful race.'

"Yes," replied our tenacious sceptic; "but that was simply because he gave up trying to answer the questions he had raised; but, you see, I can't give up the questions. I propose to solve them if possible. I cannot take things on trust. I must have reason for them. Besides, I cannot shut my mind to the thought that 'Kathrina,' though a noble poem, is only a fiction of Holland's mind, and was written to carry out his favorite views on this subject."

As they parted that evening she looked into his eyes with more than wonted tenderness, and said, putting her very soul into the words, "If you ever gain peace of mind, it will be in the way that Paul, in Dr. Holland's 'Kathrina,' gained it. You must pray!"

Her voice rang in his ears through the wakeful hours of the night, and during the unoccupied moments of the following day. It was like the voice of an oracle. There was no argu-

ment, no advice, no appeal. It was like the voice of the Pythoness, whose vision was clearer and far outreached the vision of ordinary humanity. "*You must pray.*" Who was this teacher who thus dictated to him with authority? A student like himself, knowing little if anything more than he did. Yet she spoke as some sage professor might speak to a school-boy; as a physician might speak to a patient. Yet he did not resent the implied superiority. Was it that love had made him humble? Or was it that the traveller over the desert had found the water of life, and was telling him of the only track by which it could be found?

The college term was passing away all too swiftly. This friendship seemed to make the hours fly. The brightest hours of the term were those which Leroy had spent in Carrie's society. They were not wasted hours, as sometimes happens when two young people become engrossed in each other. Generally they were characterized by intense mental activity, and their influence had been stimulating and healthful. There were times when literature, pure and simple, was the subject of conversation, and then the exquisite purity of Carrie's taste and her acute penetration surprised her friend. Carefully as he had read the books which they discussed, he found that she had detected beauties and defects which had escaped his notice. But it was in religion that her knowledge and skillful argument most amazed him. More than once he had been ignominiously defeated, and even when, as he thought, victory was with him Carrie had sailed out of the conflict with colors flying, admitting her inability to fight longer, but calmly confident that she was right. Thus they were drawn nearer together as the weeks passed, and each grew more interested in the other as their interviews became more frequent.

They sat together in the dear old Hall on Commencement night, enjoying with the others the good fellowship and exhilaration that seemed to fill the very atmosphere of the room, yet with a touch of sadness too, that the pleasant intercourse of the past months must be interrupted for a time. Both, however, expected to return, and that prospect was consoling. With some, of course, it was the last night within the old walls, and from them hearty ringing words of farewell came almost sadly. Among these was Francis Train.

"Good-by, old friends," he cried, extending his arms as if he meant to shake hands with every one. "How often these walls have echoed to your voices, as they now echo to our farewells. Shall they ever hear you again? O hallowed memories, that in future days will come back to you and to us like the tender reminiscences of childhood! You leave these classic halls to engage in the great battle of life, perhaps never to come back again. Those blessed days are over and gone, like the innocent days when we played in the yard around the old house. We part; good-by! good-by! Acquit yourselves like men. We soon shall follow you into the whirling scenes of life. And now, though we shall be separated here in life, on the fair spring morning of the resurrection, amid the floral decorations of the great Commencement Day, we shall meet in the hall whose floor is gold, whose walls are jasper and whose doors are pearl."

Speeches over, they surrendered themselves to unconstrained social enjoyment. This last evening must be without a cloud, one never to be forgotten through all the years of life. Carrie and Leroy strolled off by themselves. To both of them, this parting was more than the parting with all their fellow-students. Short as their friendship had been, it was very precious, and now that separation was impending, its value seemed to increase.

The moon hung grand, full and round in the east. A few stars looked out modestly, as if half afraid to appear in the presence of her majesty. The two walked along the street and talked. Leroy could not conceal his regret at the prospect of parting. He thought, if it only were not premature, he would ask her to-night

to be his own—his own forever. But it was too soon. How her hand upon his arm thrilled him! He was both happy and sad. His great love filled his soul with sanctity. It made him a better man. He could almost have worshipped God under the hallowed influence of that love. Did the moon guess his secret, that she looked down so brightly? Did the stars sympathize with his emotions, that they looked down in such glad glee? But the happiest and most eventful hour must have a close, and this came for the two friends, and for many others at the college, all too soon.

The next morning there was a busy scene at the depot. The platform was full of students awaiting the train on which they were to depart for their homes. Dr. Lester was there, shaking hands with every student, and saying good-bye. Dear, old simple-hearted savant! He loved his students, and they returned his affection heartily. Prof. Rich was there, and he hadn't left his smile at home. The fact is, it was a constant companion of all his movements. As he shook hands with Leroy, he said, his eye a-twinkle. "Let them fight. Let them fight it out, until Truth shall be enthroned on, etc." And then he laughed heartily, and said, "Heaven bless you!"

Carrie was there with her friends. She and Leroy were going together for some distance, as they both went the same direction. Leroy lived further east than she. The whistle of the locomotive was heard in the distance, and as the train came up to the depot the students crowded in until all the coaches were full. Good-byes were shouted, handkerchiefs were waved, tears were wiped away. The last thing Leroy saw was Prof. Rich shaking his handkerchief.

One matter Leroy had left for these final minutes. With some shrewdness, he had calculated on the softening influence which parting produces on every friend. They were nearing the station at which Carrie was to leave that train, while Leroy was to journey in it some hours longer. Then Leroy spoke:

"Carrie, may I write you sometimes during the vacation? You have been very helpful to me, and we have had some pleasant hours together; may we not have some communication, though we shall be separated? Say you will let me write, and you will answer."

"Why, certainly," said Carrie, frankly. "I shall be very pleased."

And so, almost before he knew it, Leroy's boon was granted, and this thing on which he had set his heart, and for which he expected to have to contend and entreat, was given him unhesitatingly. A few minutes more, and he was leaning from the car-window, anxious to catch the last glimpse of the lithe, graceful figure on the platform, with the waving handkerchief and glistening eyes.

It was a home darkened by calamity that Leroy entered that night. His mother had been anxious that he should not be worried, and therefore had not written him of her trouble. She had known of it for some weeks, but with the self-sacrifice for which the mother of many a family is noted, she had borne her burden silently. Besides, she had hoped that in some way it would be averted, and then her boy need never know. But now it could not be; her last hope was gone. One loss had followed another, until her little possessions were swept away, and it seemed impossible to save even the old homestead. That night she opened her heart to her boys, and they heard of her heroic struggle and her heart-breaking sorrow, with sad sympathy. They talked together after the mother had retired, and discussed every plan they could think of for saving at least the home which, to leave, would bring their mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Leroy took but one night to consider his duty, and before morning he had reached a decision. The following letter to his friend Carrie will explain his plans:

"Miss Carrie West: My mother has met with a financial loss. If she does not have help she will be compelled to give up her little home, and be without a place to rest her head. We can-

not see this. She shall not be homeless, let the sacrifice be what it may. So I have given her my money, which will save her little place. But this prevents my going to college next year. It is a bitter disappointment—the most bitter of my life. Sometimes I think it is not just. I must go back to teaching again. My uncle in the West has secured me a good position as teacher in a town, and I must go to that place in a few weeks to commence work. On my way West (you know I have a great partiality for the West), I shall pass at but a short distance from your place, and should be happy to visit you, if agreeable to yourself. Please answer at once. Your letters are always looked for impatiently, and read with delight.

"Ever yours,"

"L. T. RANSOM."

In a few days an answer came back, of which this was a small part:

"All my people and myself will be happy to have you visit us on your way to the West from the West, if that is not too much of a pun."

"Allan," said Leroy, one day, "on my way West I intend to stop and visit Miss West, and I shall ask her to be my wife. Of course, I have only known her for six months, but we seem to be well acquainted, and I never thought so much of a girl before. Besides, I am going far away from her, for a year at least, and I can't think of leaving her without a promise of some kind, and I want to hear her say 'yes.'"

"Well, brother mine, you will please yourself, and at your age you must be supposed to know better than anyone else what is the best thing for you. No one can tell what will promote your happiness so well as you can. You are not a child now, to cry for a cartridge to play with. As you have concluded that the lady's companionship through life will make life better for you, I wish you success with all my heart. So far as I am concerned, too, I shall be glad to have you win a good wife. It will be very pleasant to have a sister at last. I wish your principles would let you pray about it. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' It is a serious step, my boy—one that will make or mar your life; in my case, I should not neglect the offer of divine guidance."

Leroy made a gesture of impatience. "I am sick of such nonsense," he said. "A few centuries ago I should have been urged to consult an oracle, or be guided by the entrails of some animal slaughtered by a priest, or by the conjunction of the planets. It is all superstition. There are plenty of pious men who pray about everything, and yet blunder egregiously. I rely on my own judgment, and I am sure I am right in this."

"Well, I infer, from your account of Miss West, that she will not give her answer until she has prayed about it, so God will be asked about the union, and if it is not His will, it will not be achieved. That you may be very sure of."

"I shall do my best to achieve it, nevertheless. I am not sanguine, however. I know I am not worthy of her, and I know that she will hesitate about marrying a man who is not a Christian; but I believe that in her heart she loves me, though she has never uttered the most distant hint of such a thing. The difficulties will be great, but I shall do my best to overcome them."

"And I hope you will succeed. Forgive me just this once reminding you how much you miss, in this and all other efforts, by your persistent rejection of God. 'He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him.' Ah! my brother, with all your learning you are not wise."

"I am glad to have your good wishes, my boy, and I know your advice is well meant, though I cannot take it," said Leroy. "But now I must be preparing to go. I will write you the result. In a day or two my troubles will either vanish in happiness or be doubled. Carrie has the alternative in her hands."

So, good-byes were said, and Leroy started on

the first stage of his journey to his new sphere of labor. He took with him the blessing of a good mother, whose heart was full of pride in and love for a son capable of sacrificing the delight of his heart that she might be saved from sorrow in her old age. She knew how much the sacrifice must have cost her son, and appreciated it accordingly. "God bless thee, my boy," she said, at parting. "May thy days be long in the land," according to His promise to those who are good to their parents, and may He bring thee, in His own good time, into the light of His countenance." The old lady's voice was broken by tears, and Leroy felt that, whatever came of his loss of the college term, he was going into the world with his mother's blessing. That thought was a consolation to him as he was whirled rapidly away toward the little city in which Carrie lived.

(To be continued.)

JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 17, John 19: 1-16. Golden Text, Romans, 4: 25.

Unconvicted by Three Tribunals—A Decision Imperative—Neutrality Impossible—Christ Crowned by Sinners—Thorns the Fruit of Sin—Kingship in Sorrow—Pilate's Reiterated Decision—The Representative Man—Those who Looked at Him—Pilate's Dread—Self's Contracted Vision—Pilate's Loyalty Impeached—Sentence Pronounced—Crucified Again.

THEN Pilate, therefore, took Jesus and scourged him. He knew, and declared Him innocent, yet treated him as guilty! He had sent Him to Herod in the hope of finding some accusation against Him, but no shadow of excuse for his condemnation of Jesus came from that quarter. Pilate had gained something, the friendship of the wicked Herod, but he found no such justification of his crime in condemning Jesus as he had longed for. He called together the chief priests and the rulers, and the people, and said unto these, "Ye have brought this Man unto me, as one that perverteth the people; and behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this Man, touching those things whereof ye accuse Him; no, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him; and lo, nothing worthy of death hath been done by Him. (R.V.) I will therefore chastise Him and release Him." (Luke 23: 13-16). But the united voices of the multitude prevailed. Pilate did chastise Him, but did not release him.

BEFORE THREE TRIBUNALS,

the ecclesiastical and the Jewish and Roman civil tribunals no crime had been proved against Jesus. in the heart of hearts of every living man who has heard of Christ, Jesus is found guiltless. Every man must have to do with Jesus, must acknowledge His claims as his Lord and Saviour, or he must, some time or other, know that he is guilty in not doing so. Every unsaved man must, some time or other, come to the knowledge of his own lost state, and then he must decide whether it is he or whether it is Jesus who is responsible for it. Every saved soul who is under the dominion of besetting sins, must settle the question whether Jesus is at fault, whether His salvation has broken down, or whether he himself is the guilty party. O reader, if you have come to the conclusion "that there is no fault in this man," no fault in Jesus, then make haste to tell Him that you are the one in fault, and yield yourself up to be dealt with at the bar, not of judgment, but of His redeeming grace. Thank God, He waits to be gracious and longs for the hour when you will let Him serve you. Some may think that if they do not believe in Jesus to the saving of their souls, they are at any rate not against Him; they take

A NEUTRAL POSITION.

Neutral! when life and death are at stake! neutral! when it took the death of the Son of God to save you; and instead of falling down at His feet in deepest gratitude, that He stands between you and eternal ruin, you continue in the sin which has wounded and brought Him to the

cross! Pilate sought to take a neutral position; do you hold him guiltless of the death of Jesus? Every hour of our lives that we live without Jesus we are saying to the world that we find some fault in Him, or we are committing Pilate's sin of joining the world against Him. The Jews preferred Barabas, Pilate preferred Herod; what are we preferring to Jesus?

The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on His head, Pilate doing nothing to hinder them; and they put on Him a purple robe, and mockingly said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and they smote Him with their hands. O how little they understood what they were doing! Thorns and thistles, equally with sickness and death, came on earth as the result of sin. Not only was Jesus anointed by a sinner for His burial, but He was crowned by sinners with the thorns which were the consequences of their sin. And Jesus accepted such a kingship, a superiority of sorrow and suffering above every other human being! O the unspeakable love which adopted as its own, for our sakes, the sin of man and all its terrible consequences, that it might be true—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," and that He might set us free from all which He bore for us!

Once again Pilate's heart smote him, poor, vacillating, unmanly man! He said, "Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him." Again and again he spoke the words, but his deeds belied them: he is a weak man who says one thing and does another! Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and Pilate said unto them,

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

What made him say it, we know not. "Son of man" was the title Jesus ordinarily took; it was His choice; He came on earth in the character of the Son of man. When God first created Adam He could have said, Behold the man; for Adam was the embodied thought of God, made in His image, and "very good." Nothing foreign to God was found in him; he was the perfect expression of God's highest thought in creation. But Jesus, the second Adam, the Man in whom the Father dwelt, the Man who came down from heaven, not to do His own will, but the will of the Father; the Man who was the expression of God's thought in redemption; the Man on whom God could look on fallen man again—yes, more, *dwelt* in fallen man again—behold Him! O beloved, do we behold Him? Let us never take our eyes off Him again; we never sin, we never grieve, we never fail in anything, so long as we are beholding Jesus.

Pilate looked at Him, but he looked also at what it would cost him to acknowledge Jesus; he would lose his worldly position and become a nobody! He would gain glory and honor and immortality and eternal life (Rom. 2: 7) and a quiet conscience. The chief priests also beheld the Man; they also looked away, and saw Pilate wavering. Personal interests absorbed every other thought with these men. If Jesus lived, and continued to teach and work His miracles, they too would become nobodies, and this they could not, would not brook. They were the leaders of the people; had they not a claim to be heard and revered beyond any who were not, as they were, of the tribe of Levi? So, with bitter, malignant rage, they cried out, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

The war with his own conscience was still raging in Pilate's heart, and he said, "Take ye Him and crucify Him: for I find no fault in Him." The Jews answered him, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God." When Pilate, therefore, heard that saying he was

THE MORE AFRAID.

Afraid of what? Lest in very deed he was crucifying the Son of God. The words of Christ had made an impression on Pilate, if not upon the Jews; he had marked the wondrous unlikeness of Jesus to any other criminal; he had seen

Jesus so unwilling to speak and take up His own cause, and in his heart he said, 'The claim is true; He is the Son of God.' Strange that the Jews could not see what Pilate saw, strange that these miracles, this teaching the wonderful spirit of non-resistance, should have no power over them! But nothing is so blind as self; self in them was wounded by all which Jesus did and all He said; it pricked them to the heart, took all the lustre out of their piety, showed up all their unreality; in fact, it took off the veil which hid them from themselves and from others, and left the guile and wickedness of their hearts exposed. They must either give in and own themselves the hypocrites they were, or they must persuade themselves that He was an impostor. This they had no difficulty in doing, although they had not one single proof of it. But their will was on that side. And we have the same hearts: where self is allowed a rein, no reason or argument will convince;

SELF SEES WHAT IT CHOOSES

to see. We are conscious of this in others, but just as far as self has power over us, this tendency to be biassed, and to have a colored view of things, obtains with each one of us.

Pilate again and again tried to extricate himself; he entered into the palace, or Prætorium, again, and saith unto Jesus, "Whence art Thou?" But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate therefore saith unto Him, "Speakest Thou not unto me? knowest Thou not that I have power (authority) to release Thee, and have power to crucify Thee?" Jesus answered him, "Thou wouldst have no power (authority) against Me, except it were given thee from above: therefore, he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin," (R. V.) What was this? A prisoner, whose own fate hung upon the words which he should speak, calmly and deliberately pronouncing on the jurisdiction of His judge! But the words carried weight. Pilate felt that the connection of Jesus with that "above" of which He spoke was real, and the Roman governor could not get away from it. Upon this Pilate sought to release Him, but the Jews cried out, saying, "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend; everyone that maketh himself a King, speaketh against (opposeth) Cæsar." It was Pilate's weak point. He knew that Cæsar's kingdom had nothing to fear from Jesus, yet the dread of being represented in Rome as joining an insurrection against the Emperor, overcame him.

Again he brought Jesus out, and sat down on the judgment seat at a place called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Golgotha. Now, it was the preparation of the Passover; it was about the sixth hour; and he saith unto the Jews:

BEHOLD YOUR KING!

They therefore cried out: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Pilate saith unto them, "Shall I crucify your king?" They say unto him, "We have no king but Cæsar." (R. V.) But their loyalty to Cæsar varied with the occasion. Once they asked, "Shall we give tribute to Cæsar or not?" Now they seem to abjure their very nationality in their hatred of Jesus. The decision must come. Pilate had delayed, in every way possible, the giving sentence against Jesus, but, do what he would, use what subtleties he might, he must give sentence, and, contrary to the dictates of his conscience, in violation of what he knew to be right, the unhappy man "delivered Jesus unto them to be crucified." God permitted it. Before the creation of the world Jesus was, in His purpose and that of His Father, "the lamb slain." But this does not in any way lessen the guilt of Pilate or of the chief priests. There is such a sin as crucifying to ourselves the Son of God afresh and putting Him to an open shame (Heb. 6: 6), it is the sin of falling away. The same loving God, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, is our only, but our perfect security against backsliding. So we "behold the Man," enlisted by His own love and grace in our behalf to keep us as well as save us to His eternal glory, we see in Him all our salvation.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet off there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp, and seraph song,
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side! Ah, there's the place
Where saints in joy past times retract,
And think of trials gone;
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all the earth had need to be,
That they might safely home.

The other side! No sin is there
To stain the robes that blessed ones wear
Made white in Jesus' blood;
No cry of grief, no voice of woe,
To mar the peace their spirits know—
Their constant peace with God.

The other side! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
Of Zion's city fair!
And many dear ones gone before
Already tread the happy shore:
I seem to see them there.

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care;
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
With all the blessed ones there!

—Selected.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Adver. Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements on the Christian Herald, at the rate of 10 cents per line per week, in advance. For longer terms, apply to the publisher. No advertisement taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. No discount on large ads or repeated insertions. No advertisement of medicines or humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. All advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to insure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. **Look only in cans.**

TALMAGE'S

NEW
TABERNACLE
SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it. This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light, and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame "has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the ends of the world." Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 416 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish **MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN.** Introduction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated. Houses every body. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. 10,000. A Manual of Phenology and Physiognomy by Prof. Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton. 200p. 200 illus. 400. 753 Broadway, N. Y.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

TRACTS Words for Children. Wonderful Medals. Merry Christmas and New Year's. A new and beautiful series on the death of parents or children. Assorted subjects. 10c. per dozen. **IRA L. P. O. Box 516, Ft. Johnson, Vt.**

Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

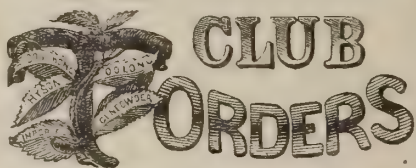
FOR INVALIDS it is a Perfect Nutrient, in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia and all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" free on application. **WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.**



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 30 Club Orders every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

Henry's Commentary for \$10.00.

- * Henry's Commentary on the Bible. 3 vols., 4to, cloth. \$10.00
- * Another edition in large type, 5 vols. 4to, cloth. \$15.00
- * Still another edition, 9 vols. 8vo, cloth. \$20.00

Persons desiring to purchase this Commentary can have a circular sent them without charge giving a specimen page from each of these editions, by sending us their address.

"King of Bible explorers yet."—Cuyler.
"First among the mighty, for general usefulness, we are bound to mention Matthew Henry."—Spurgeon.
"Sparkles with jewels of wisdom and incisive humour."—Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS., 530 Broadway, - - New York.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Sterling Anthems.

A new collection of more than 100 choice Anthems selected from the most popular compositions of over 50 different authors.

Anthems for Every Occasion of Public Worship. Beautiful Type, Convenient Shape, Well Gotten Up.

Ought to be in Every Choir in the Land. Only 60 cts. per Copy by Mail. Sent by Express for \$6.00 per Dozen.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth Street, NEW YORK. Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.



Now Ready. **HOW TO STUDY THEM** A Manual of Phenology and Physiognomy by Prof. Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton. 200p. 200 illus. 400. 753 Broadway, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.—They Lead the World. \$35 to \$500. Gold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Sold Wholesale 50c. each. Double copies guaranteed for Six Years and Sent, with Book and Book, for \$35. **MARSHALL & SMITH,** 255 East 24th Street, New York.

"Cottage Dinners"

BY **Christine Terhune Herrick.** Published Regularly in the Philadelphia

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

AND PRACTICAL



CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK is to contribute a series of "Cottage Dinners." Most of the bills of fare in household magazines are too elaborate for people in limited circumstances. "Cottage Dinners" will suit people of moderate means. Accompanying the recipes will be remarks upon pretty table adjuncts, methods of serving and waiting, garnishing, table manners and etiquette. **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** is elegantly illustrated, employs the best writers, and has nearly 400,000 paid subscribers.

Mailed to you, dress, 3 months on trial, on receipt of only 10 cts. in silver or stamps. Address: **CURTIS PUB. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By **John B. Gough.**

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.**



FLORENCE SILK KNITTING SILK

WHY IS IT SO POPULAR?

BECAUSE it is THE MOST DURABLE of any textile known. Because FULL WEIGHTS and MEASURES are always given. Because it is PURE SILK. Because NO POISONOUS DYES ARE USED for the purpose of obtaining an artificial lustre. Because it is "SOFT FINISH," and easy to knit. Because it is UNIFORM IN SIZE, and CORRECTLY NUMBERED. Because it is POSITIVELY THE ONLY SILK suitable for knitting which WILL BEAR WASHING WITHOUT INJURY to color or texture.

A Remarkable Book!

MILLENNIAL DAWN, THE PLAN OF THE AGES.

Just Published. A Book for the Times.

"It is emphatically a helping hand for Bible Students. In these latter days when Christians are so eagerly seeking the light of God's Word, to interpret passing events, and to forecast the dawning future so pregnant with tremendous import to all mankind, this book comes as a soothing, satisfying draught from the fountain of all truth, knowledge and wisdom."

"Every earnest seeker after truth, every sincere student of the Bible, will do well to secure a copy of this remarkable book at once, and enjoy the feast of fat things which it contains." Handsome cloth binding, embossed, 351 pages, price \$1.00.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. **J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,** 77 Bible House, New York.

GOOD BOOKS.

How to Build Houses, paper cover, 25c.
1,500 Conundrums, " 15c.
700 Album Verses, " 15c.
How to Entertain a Social Party, paper cover, 15c.
Ninety-nine Recitations, " 15c.
One Hundred Popular Songs, words and music, 25c.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price by **J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York**

GOODS FOR INFANTS WEAR.

Messrs James McCreery & Co. have received from Paris a select importation exceedingly choice Novelties for

BABY'S WEAR.

Infants' Wardrobes furnished complete with our own designs in these goods very reasonable prices.

Orders by mail promptly filled.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway and Eleventh St., NEW YORK.



Estey organ. Solidly made. Tone unrivaled. Elegant finish. Years popularity. Illustrated catalogues sent free.

ESTEY ORGAN CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

"Demonology or Spiritualism Ancient and Modern."—An effective weapon. "—sword of fire."—"Only unanswerable work on subject."—Startling disclosures.—History facts data—Scores saved already. Whole community rescued. Every family, preacher and christian need one. 310 pp. 12mo, cloth. Price reduced. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address **J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York**

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New Invention of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY."

By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatin film for WET Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, in Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women, no experience, to produce superior Photos to what only required long years of difficult practice; costing less 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$4.00. Is paying big with other business in stores or at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise with complete apparatus, appearing at the door in photo. anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or any secure profitable orders in line out of ten homes. **Steady Work** and pays 300 per cent. profit. To EARNEST applicants (one copy of Process illustrated. FREE. Sample Photos. 10 cents. **FRANKLIN PUGH** & Co. Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St. Mention this paper.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised or by whom or where they are published or send your orders to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage paid and received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886 in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 41.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF MR. H. W. BROWN, OF CHICAGO, THE EMINENT EVANGELIST.
THE STOLEN GRINDSTONES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
IMPENDING NATIONAL CONVULSIONS.
 The Prodigal's Return—A Somnolent Toll-Keeper—Conversion of a Spiritualist—Curious Gambling in India—Work Among Turkish Women—First Fruits in Corea

PICTURE OF PHILIPPOLIS.

CURRENT EVENTS: Report of the Utah Commission—The Strike in Chicago—Arrest of the Alleged Murderers of Mr. Haddock—Sentence of the Chicago Anarchists—Disaster on the Mississippi—Rumored Concessions to Ireland—The Bulgarian Difficulty—French Hostility to England—A Needless Exile—A Man Rescued from Quicksand, &c.
PORTRAITS OF THE SEVEN CAMBRIDGE COLLEGIANS IN CHINESE COSTUME.

CLEANSING. A New Sermon by Pastor O. H. Spurgeon.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
Gems From New Books: Electricity in the Household.
MRS. PELHAM'S FRIEND. (With Illustration.)
THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)
JESUS CRUCIFIED. S. S. Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.



Mr. H. W. BROWN, the Eminent Evangelist of Chicago.

MR. H. W. BROWN.
The Eminent Evangelist.

Birth in Canada in 1836—Education—Failure of Health—Falls Down a Hatchway—An Incurable Injury to the Spine—Conversion in 1852—A Solemn Covenant—Ordained—Work with the Christian Commission—Pastor of a Church in Michigan—Call to Evangelistic Labor—An Unmistakable Sign—A Significant Telegram—Incidents of his Labors.

THE well-known Evangelist, whose portrait appears this week on the first page, was born in Glengarry County, Ontario, Canada, in the year 1836. He is now, therefore, in his fiftieth year. His parentage was Scotch, and his family emigrated to Canada in the year 1833. After receiving a fair education in his native country he entered Madison University, New York. His health failed before the completion of his college course, and it was necessary for him to return home.

A FALL THROUGH A HATCHWAY of a steamer had caused an injury to his spine, and produced a curvature, which, while extremely painful at first, threatened to cause increasing suffering as years went by. The young man consulted skilled physicians in Canada, Buffalo, New York and other places, but without relief. They concurred in the opinion that his case was hopeless. He must be a cripple for life. It was a most distressing situation for an active, intelligent young man to find himself placed in, and it may be well imagined that he must have almost wished for death rather than a life of continued suffering.

In the year 1852, Robert Boyd was holding evangelistic services in London, Ontario, and one night when the service was being held in a barn, Hugh Brown was among the hearers. He was deeply moved under the preaching, and that night he prayed nearly all night long, that God would save his soul. He was converted, and immediately there arose in his heart an intense desire to live and work for God. He thought much and studied earnestly, sincerely endeavoring to discover the will of the Lord regarding him. During the following months, that was the predominant subject before him. He was exercised with it all day and during the waking hours of the night. He came at length to see that

A CONSECRATED LIFE

was the only life worth living, and that for himself it was the one blessing to be sought. The idea grew stronger within him, and his resolve was taken. Rising from his bed in the middle of the night, he knelt down by its side, and there, with no witness but God Himself, in the solemn silence of the midnight hour, he solemnly pledged his life to the service of Christ, and registered a vow that if the Lord healed him, giving him strength to work, that the strength should be spent in the Lord's service, and should not be used for his own advantage, or in the service of the world or of Satan. It was a most solemn, binding obligation, a covenant made in the strength of the Lord, to be faithfully observed until death. God heard the prayer and the vow, and the young man rose from his knees a new creature—Christ's bondsman henceforth, rejoicing that he was no longer his own. From that time a change was observed in him; new life and vigor were manifested, and, what was more remarkable, his spine grew gradually straighter, until after a few months the curvature wholly disappeared, and young Brown stood straight as other men. He at once proceeded to carry out his part of the covenant, and prepared to enter the Christian ministry. In 1860 he was

ORDAINED

pastor of a Baptist church in western New York. In common with other young men at that time, he found quiet, ordinary work of any kind soon become impossible. The terrific struggle going on in the field, called for every man with youth and strength to take his part in it. Mr. Brown quitted his church, and traveled South. He was employed by

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,

to labor among the men in the field. During that winter he was constantly at work, and personally labored with not less than fifty thousand men. His post was with the army of Virginia, then at Petersburg, and he shared with the men in their privations. With his blanket and hard tack he got through the winter, and had the gratification of knowing that his labors, privations and hardships had not been without fruit. One of the most blessed results was a revival, which occurred among the sixth corps, at a place called Yellow Tavern, which was General Wright's headquarters.

At the close of the war Mr. Brown accepted the invitation of another church in Western New York, and subsequently labored for some months of 1866 as pastor of a church in Michigan. He was happy and successful in his work, when

A CALL TO EVANGELISTIC LABOR

came to him. It seemed to him that God was calling him to that field, and his brother ministers in a remarkable way, independently of each other, urged him to devote himself to the service. The call, as Mr. Brown admits, was most unwelcome. He was reluctant to leave pastoral occupation in which God was blessing him; he had a comfortable home and was thoroughly happy in the society of wife and children, from whom it was very hard to separate. Like Jonah when he felt it his duty to go to Nineveh, Mr. Brown turned a deaf ear to the voice of conscience and sought for some time to evade the manifest duty. For several months the struggle went on, and he lived during that time in a state of spiritual darkness. It culminated in a conflict of intense earnestness, which continued three days. Finally, after a period of prayer, Mr. Brown's spirit yielded. "Do with me Lord according to Thy will," he said, and then waited for an indication of that will. He went further. He asked the Lord that, if it really was His will that he should devote his life to Evangelistic labor, the undertaking being serious and involving his family and church in some difficulty, he might be favored by

AN UNMISTAKABLE SIGN.

He would like to commence the work at the church of the minister under whose preaching he had been converted—Mr. Boyd. If, without any intimation to any one of his wish, an invitation came from Mr. Boyd to him to hold services in his church, he would accept the sign as a clear indication of God's will in the matter, and would thenceforth devote himself entirely to the work of an evangelist. The next day Mr. Brown received a telegram from Mr. Boyd, begging him to come to his help in conducting revival meetings in his church. Mr. Brown felt deeply solemnized. He felt that God had dealt with him in a very direct manner, and he dare no longer hesitate. He has kept that telegram as a sacred thing—a call to his apostleship.

Setting out immediately, Mr. Brown stayed for a week with Mr. Moorhead in Chicago, where he received a fresh spiritual baptism. He then proceeded to the sphere of his first evangelistic effort. There, meetings were held for five weeks, and over a hundred persons were converted. That was in 1868. During the following year Mr. Brown was appointed by the Baptist Home Missionary Society an evangelist for the State of Wisconsin, and spent twelve months among the smaller churches of that State. In the eighteen years which have elapsed since he entered the field, giving up pastoral privileges, a settled home and an assured income, Mr. Brown has been in constant service. He has labored in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, in the Territories and on the Pacific slope, and wherever he has gone the Lord has given him tokens of His blessing.

Mr. Brown has experienced another operation of divine healing since the one already described. His

HEARING WAS RESTORED

some time ago in answer to prayer. He was

suffering from a large abscess which had formed on his head. For a long time his life was despaired of. After consulting many physicians, he was removed to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, in Chicago, where he lay for seven weeks, suffering agony. Strong opiates were administered to enable him to get sleep, but for six weeks of the seven he was unable to obtain one hour's sleep in the twenty-four. Mrs. Brown watched over him and waited upon him with unremitting devotion, but he gradually grew worse. One day Miss Dryer called to see him, and urged him to commit his case to the Lord, and she and her Christian friends would pray for him. She called a meeting for prayer in her own room in Farwell Hall. That night the abscess broke and relief was instantaneous. The case, from the surgical point of view, is recorded on the books of the Chicago Eye and Ear Infirmary.

The trouble was not entirely removed when the abscess broke. The surgeons had made an incision in the bone, with the object of facilitating the discharge, but the abscess discharged in the middle ear and ruptured the drum of the ear. Mr. Brown found, on his recovery, that he was completely deaf on that side. He was assured that he would have to submit to that inconvenience, as no case was on record of a burst drum of the ear being restored. Some time afterward, however, while conducting services at the Bedford Avenue Church, Brooklyn, Miss Hutchings, the daughter of the pastor, was marvelously healed (as already described in these columns) in answer to prayer, and her case encouraged Mr. Brown to hope for the recovery of his hearing. He prayed himself, and asked the prayers of the people. God heard the prayer, and one morning Mr. Brown made the glad discovery that he could hear as distinctly on one side as the other. Since that time, although he does not make Divine healing the subject of preaching, he has always responded when called upon by sick persons to pray for their recovery, and has testified publicly of his own healing.

A THRASHING THREATENED.

In the course of his work Mr. Brown has frequently been threatened with personal violence. On one occasion, while conducting services at Bloomington, Ill., he aroused the animosity of some lawless men by exposing the vicious condition of the city. One of them made a bet of fifty dollars, that he would administer to the preacher the worst thrashing a man ever had. The next night he came to the service, accompanied by the stakeholder and several witnesses delegated to see that the operation was properly performed. During the service the man was visibly affected, and before the sermon was over he was trembling from head to foot. At the close of the service Mr. Brown spoke to the man, and found him under deep conviction. He confessed the wicked object that had brought him to the meeting, and added with grim pathos, "*But the Lord has thrashed me instead.*" That man is now a consistent member of the church.

TAR AND FEATHERS

were threatened in a city of Iowa. There was an infidel club in that city, and a sermon Mr. Brown preached exasperated the members. He received a warning to quit the place within twenty-four hours, under penalty of receiving a coat of tar and feathers, and being carried on a rail to the State line. The deacon of the church where the services were being held, who knew the desperate character of the men, came to Mr. Brown and assured him that they would surely execute their threat, and he offered to drive him to the depot. Mr. Brown smilingly told him he would be as willing to go to Heaven on a rail as by any other way, and he should not quit the ground. That night one of the leaders of the infidel club, a physician, attended the service and took a seat near the front, evidently intending to keep track of the preacher's utterances. During the progress of the service he was seen to fall headlong from his seat, as if from some crushing blow, and was

picked up and carried out unconscious. When he recovered, some hours later, he began crying to God for mercy, and Mr. Brown was summoned. He was converted that night, and accompanied the preacher to the next three cities on his route, giving him most earnest aid in his work.

A PERSONAL REVELATION

was witnessed by Mr. Brown while assisting Mr. Moody in Chicago. One of the Christian workers came to him after the conclusion of the general meeting, and said that a man was present who declared himself willing to become a Christian if any one could convince him of the existence of God. "Go to Mr. Moody," said Mr. Brown, "that is a case for him." But Mr. Moody was already engaged, and could not leave. Another application was made to Mr. Brown, who then went to the unbeliever. Asking Divine guidance, Mr. Brown began to speak to the man. "You cannot prove it," he said, "I defy you to prove to me that there is a God." "No, perhaps not," said Mr. Brown, "but kneel down, and I will ask God to reveal Himself to you." Both knelt, and Mr. Brown prayed earnestly to God that the man might have such a revelation of God's existence as would convince him. When he ceased praying the man fell forward on his face, and, in a tone of deep distress, cried aloud for mercy. He too was saved, and became an earnest Christian.

A SUICIDE PREVENTED.

When Mr. Brown quitted his home to engage in evangelistic work, his wife naturally dreaded the loneliness that would come into her life. "What shall I do?" she asked him. "There is abundance of work," he said, "visit the sick and the sorrowing. Do not mind the rich; they will get along without you. But the poor and miserable and depraved need help. Look after them." Mrs. Brown took up that work, and soon became known as a sympathizing friend to all who were "out of the way." She was especially sought by the fallen women of the city, who frequently appealed to her when deserted by their companions, and left to die neglected and alone. In paying a visit one night to one of these unhappy women, who lived in a quarter infested by disreputable resorts, she noticed one of them acting strangely. Going near to her, she saw that she had a pistol in her hand, with which she was just about to terminate her miserable existence. She spoke kindly to the wretched creature, and took the pistol out of her hand. Her words were the first words of kindness a pure woman had addressed to her for years, and the poor woman melted under them. Mrs. Brown took her to her home, talked with her, prayed with her, and had the happiness of seeing her converted, and restored to her family.

The White Cross Movement is Vigorously Advocated by Miss Frances E. Willard in a brief letter to the *Witness*. In it she explains why it is so clearly and closely affiliated to the temperance work. Every disreputable house, she says, is practically a saloon. "This rendered the movement no departure from our line of work. We have started after drink, and the sale of drink, and we follow it just wherever it leads us, and it leads us into these places. So we are trying in this way to promote social purity. It is a most difficult undertaking, and it will be years before we can bring that part of our work to the development to which we have brought our total abstinence efforts.

"We are not so blind as to limit our efforts to those who are gone very far in the ways of sin; our great effort is to educate and prevent. One object of the White Cross movement in England is to have children in very early days taught at home by their mothers about the dangers of their lives, and we think if the mothers of this Union would rise up to this thought they would consider it a virtue to say to their children what they now regard as a sin. We think that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and that virtue founded on knowledge is better than innocence founded on ignorance."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Secret of a Dying Man's Peace.—The Rev. H. Hall related at a recent meeting: "Many years ago, when I was quite a boy, I remember being in the house of an elder one night when he came in and his wife asked, 'What has detained you to so late an hour?' 'I was called to see a man who is dying,' he rejoined. 'And has he had a peaceful deathbed?' inquired his wife. 'Yes, he is in a very happy frame of mind,' was the reply. 'When I asked him if he were at rest, he said, 'Oh, yes, sir, I know there is room in the Father's love, there is room in the Spirit's graces, there is room in Jesus's blood for me and many more.' Oh, how true were the words of that dying man. There is room—room for all who will come unto the Father through Jesus the Son."

A Necklet that Cost \$75,000.—Mr. Larkin observes: "When I was in London lately I heard of a lady who had bought a necklet at the price of \$75,000; she bought it on the occasion of her presentation at the Court of Queen Victoria. I was sorry to hear of such a great price being paid for a mere ornament; surely she could have found a more advantageous way to dispose of her money. But had any of us been offered that necklet, do you think we should have refused it? I don't think so; and yet here is the precious blood of Christ, that is infinitely more precious than all the jewels on earth, and which will adorn your spirit both for time and eternity; here is this precious blood being offered freely to every one of you, and yet how many there are who refuse it."

Why a Monument was Wrecked.—Mr. Garriot observes: "One day I was driving with a friend, and we passed a monument. The monument was large, massive, well built, and with a good foundation, yet it was a complete wreck. When first built it had been very strong, and had withstood the storms of wind and rain for many years; but a night came on when there was a terrific thunderstorm, and just because it had no lightning conductor, all that great and noble structure was rent from top to bottom. In like manner, some Christless ones seem to be good, honest and respectable Christians, but that is when things are going well with them; but some time or other the lightning of God's wrath will break over them, and what will become of them?"

"The Young Man in the Next Bed."—Mrs. Cole relates: "I had a little stable boy who used to look after the horses, clean the boots, and little things of that sort. Now, I wanted to know if that little boy was a little Christian or a little sinner, and I found that he knew very little about Jesus, but that he was anxious to know more; so I used to talk with him while he was cleaning the knives and forks. He had a bad father, and had never been at school until he went to a night school when with us. He left us, and I did not see him for some years, as he went to learn a trade. At last I heard he was in the hospital, dying of consumption. He sent for me, and when I came he said, 'I could not die without letting you know that the Lord Jesus has saved me, and has kept me and watched over my ways ever since I was in your house; but oh! there is a young man in the next bed who says there is no God, and I am so sorry for him; if you would please speak to him about his soul,' and that poor stable boy died; but for him to die was happiness. He had known no other happiness in this world except in the Lord Jesus, and now he has gone to be with Him forever."

A Woman's Inconsistency.—Rev. Mr. Wilson remarks: "A woman came into my vestry recently, and said: 'I want to be a Christian; I want to be converted; and last night I went down on my knees and prayed God to save me, but it seemed as if the heavens were made of brass, for I got no answer.' 'Well,' I said, 'the first thing is, did you expect to be saved? Just look here. Here is my Bible; if I say to you, take this Bible, what would you do?' 'I should

just take it, and say thank you, sir.' 'But if, instead of your taking it, you said: 'Oh! Mr. Wilson, give me that Bible; please give me that Bible,' and continued pleading for it while I was offering it to you, what would you be doing?' 'Making a fool of you, sir,' she answered. 'And is that not what you are doing to God? God has been offering you the gift of salvation, and each time you have put it aside and continued to cry for it; when, in fact, you had but to accept that which He so generously proffered you.' 'Is that all?' she exclaimed; 'why, that is so simple.' 'I have heard people say, when shown the way of salvation, 'That is far too cheap a way.' If it is too cheap for you, it was dear enough for Christ. It cost Him His life, that it might be free for us."

A Bankrupt Brewer's Wife.—A converted brewer, who is now an evangelist, remarks: "I was speaking to my wife one day of a brewer, and, knowing that I had been in that line of business, we naturally began to speak about the brewery, and from that to her husband. 'Yes,' she said, 'I have been very unfortunate. First of all, my husband lost \$150,000, then he lost his business, and after that, when he died, I am afraid he lost his soul. After his death I began to read the Bible, and I got much comfort, but these are two words which I cannot fully understand—*justify* and *justification*.' I took up my Bible and read, 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man Christ Jesus is preached unto you forgiveness of sin!' She said, 'Now tell me how that it is?' I said, 'The law could not justify any one, but on the other hand condemned him, but Christ Jesus came and fulfilled the law, and by believing in Him, and that he was punished for us, we become justified through Him; but in Luke 18: 10, we hear of two men who went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee and the other a Publican.' I narrated the whole story and continued: 'A person is not only justified by believing in Christ, but he is counted as righteous as if he had never committed a sin in his life; and it is not by works, but by faith—by believing in Christ—that one is justified—is "saved." That dear woman cried, 'I never thought that believing was so easy before, and that it did so much, and I am so happy now I have got it explained to me, and I find I have nothing to do but believe in Christ, and that He has done all the rest.'"

Slaves of the Gambling Mania.—Mr. Oatts says: "One of the greatest sins among the young men of this city is gambling. Only last week I had the door of one of these betting places watched, and within one hour, the dinner hour, there passed out and in four hundred and ninety young men. They came from their various places of business, went to that den, put on their bets, which occupied only about five minutes, and then had plenty of time to take their lunch and be back to business at the usual time. I know where many of the young men got the money they thus used. It did not come from their wages. It is not theirs by right. No. It comes from their employers; it is taken from the till, or the petty cash drawer, and by-and-bye, when they have taken too much to hush it up, they will run away, leaving business, friends, character, and everything near and dear to them because they yielded to the sin of gaming. I had an example of this a day or two ago. A poor widow had two sons, whom she had brought up and educated at great personal hardship to herself, comforting herself with the thought that they, in their turn, would become her support. But her eldest son took to evil ways, and especially to betting, using not his own money, but his master's, always expecting to make a grand coup, and be able to repay all he owed; but that coup never came, and during the last few days he had to leave England, being found out embezzling. The younger son is following in the footsteps of his brother, and instead of benefitting their poor widowed mother, they bid fair to bring her grey head in sorrow to the grave."

THE STOLEN GRINDSTONES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday
morning, October 10, 1886.

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears. But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattock, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads" 1. Samuel, 13: 19-21.

Pitiable Plight of the Israelites—Practically Disarmed—The Deliverance—I. Dangerous for the Church when its Enemies have its Weapons—Scientific Christians Wanted—II. The Undeveloped Resources of the Church—Too Large a Reserve Corps—The Call to the Front—Laymen to be Enlisted—Ministers Not Suffering From Hard Study—A Lecture to Pay Marriage Expenses—III. The World's Grindstones to be Used—Paul's Example—Chalmers and Jonathan Edwards—IV. Sin Puts Men on a Small Allowance—Voltaire's Death—V. The Church Losing its Metal—Men Powerful on their Knees.

WHAT a galling subjugation for the Israelites! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths, and torn down all the blacksmiths' shops, and abolished the blacksmiths' trade in the land of Israel. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plough or his axe, he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file; the farmers and the mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pick-axe, save a simple file.

INDUSTRY WAS HINDERED and work practically disgraced. The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not for ever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock, beyond which were the Philistines; and his armor-bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. Two men of God on their knees, mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

I. I learn, first, from this subject, that it is DANGEROUS FOR THE CHURCH of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites; but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plough, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines, to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men, why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Jesus Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. You know it is

making this boast all the time, and after a while, when the great battle between Sin and Righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpening instruments. I call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that the men who go into the class rooms to stand beside the Leyden jars, and the electric batteries, and the microscopes, and telescopes, be children of God, not Philistines.

The Carlylean, Emersonian and Tyndalleian thinkers of this day are trying to get all the intellectual weapons in their own grasp.

WE WANT SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANS to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform. We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan, a Theodore Christlieb, of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists of the day, a God-worshipping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus, and swing around the telescopes on the swivel, until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the Rock of Ages, and amid the flora of all realms find the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.

We want a clergy learned enough to discourse of the human eye, showing it to be a microscope and telescope in one instrument, with eight wonderful contrivances, and lids closing thirty thousand or forty thousand times a day; all its muscles and nerves and bones showing the infinite skill of an infinite God, and then winding up with the peroration, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" And then we want to discourse about the human ear, its wonderful integuments, membranes and vibration, and closing with the question, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" And we want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bring to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "The stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and the stars in their course shall fight against Sisera. Oh, Church of God, go out and recapture these weapons!

Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let any printing presses that have been captured by the enemy be recaptured for God; and the reporters, and the type-setters, and the editors, and the publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth. Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if the great body of Christian men have not the faith, or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy hands and on his praying knees, climb up on the Rock of Hindrance, and in the name of the Lord God of Israel slash to pieces those literary Philistines. If these men will not be converted to God, then they must be overthrown.

II. Again: I learn from this subject what a large amount of

THE CHURCH'S RESOURCES is actually hidden, and buried, and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land, this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass;" and yet hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the Church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat, and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it would in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God. There is enough undeveloped energy in this one church to bring all Brooklyn to Christ—enough undeveloped Christian energy in the city of Brooklyn to bring all the United States to Christ—enough of undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole

world to Christ; but it is buried under strata of indifference, and under whole mountains of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mini to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and this buried metal to be brought out and into the furnaces, and be turned into howitz and carbines for the Lord's host?

The vast majority of Christians in this d are useless. The most of the Lord's battali belong to the reserve corps. The most of t crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most the metal is under the hills. Oh, is it not ti for the Church of God to rouse up and unde stand that we want all the energies, all the t ent and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake I like the nickname that the English soldie gave to Blucher, the commander. They calle him "Old Forwards." We have had enough r treats in the Church of Christ; let us have glorious advance. And I say to you as th general said when his troops were affrighte —rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying i the wind, he lifted up his voice until twent thousand troops heard him crying out "Fo ward, the whole line!"

WE WANT ALL THE LAYMEN enlisted. Ministers are numerically too smal They do the best they can. They are the mos overworked class on earth. Many of them di of dyspepsia because they cannot get the righ kind of food to eat, or, getting the right kind are so worried that they take it down in chunk They die from consumption, coming from earl and late exposure. If a novelist or a historia publishes one book a year, he is considered industrious. But every faithful pastor must orig inate enough thought for three or four volume a year. Ministers receive enough calls in year from men who have maps and medicine and lightning-rods and pictures to sell, to exhaust their vitality. They are bored with agent of all sorts. They are set in draughts at funer als, and poisoned by the unventilated rooms of invalids, and waited upon by committees who want addresses made, until life becomes a burden to bear.

It is not hard study that makes ministers loo pale. It is the infinity of interruptions and botherations to which they are subjected. If die before my time, it will be at the hand of committees that want an address or a lecture. A man called on me to give him a lecture by which he might pay the expenses of his wedding trip. If there were fifty hours in each day of the year, and I worked forty of them, I could not do the work of this one parish; and I am not behind most clergymen in disposition to toil. Numerically too small! It is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If men go to ruin, there will be as much blood on your skirts as on mine.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us, in all our churches, two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits' end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The Church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial cisterns until

THE BUCKETS ARE DRY and choked, while there are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life. Before you and I have the sod pressing our eyelids we will, under God, decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame, or come to an inheritance of righteousness. Long, loud, bitter, will be the curse that scorches our grave if, holding within the Church to-day enough men and women to save the city, we act the coward or the drone. I wish I could put enough moral explosives under the conven-

onalities and majestic stupidities of the day to blow them to atoms, and that then, with fifty thousand men and women from all the churches, knowing nothing but Christ and a desire to bring all the world to Him, we might move upon the enemy's works. For a little while heaven would not have trumpets enough to celebrate the victories.

III. Again: I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of.

THE WORLD'S GRINDSTONES.

These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their ploughs sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I read at the beginning of the service—that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it, for Christ's sake. The fact is, we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul, when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men, and among sharp literary men, and find out what their tact is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it.

In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will

USE THEIR GRINDSTONES.

and will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail-trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Doctor Gamaliel, but afterward, standing on Mars Hill, and in crowded thoroughfare, quoted their poetry, and grasped their logic, and wielded their eloquence, and employed their mythology, until Dionysius the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers.

That was what gave *Thomas Chalmers* his power in his day. He conquered the world's astronomy and compelled it to ring out the wisdom and greatness of the Lord, until, for the second time, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to *Jonathan Edwards* his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting-house at Northampton, Massachusetts, but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power. Well, now, my friends, we all have

TOOLS OF CHRISTIAN POWER.

Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coulter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no axe that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in possession of the Philistines, compelling them to turn the crank while we bear down with all our might on the swift revolving wheel, until all our energies and faculties shall be brought up to a bright, keen, sharp, glittering edge.

IV. Again: my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords; then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is

THE WAY SIN WORKS;

it grabs everything! It begins with robbery, and ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty, and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the

man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid and genial and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross; and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping, and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard!" His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man: "Now, surrender to me and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits, in baskets of golden filagree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filagree is made up of twisted reptiles. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. So it was with

VOLTAIRE,

the most applauded man of his day.

"The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.

An infidel when well, but what when sick?

Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick!"

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned as the idol of all France, he sends a messenger to get a priest, that he may be reconciled to the Church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. He makes the place all round about him so dismal that the nurse declared that she would not for all the wealth of Europe see another infidel die. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed a solacing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file. So it was with Lord Byron: his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to end his brilliant misery at Missolonghi, fretting at his nurse Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God; and he who gave the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file. Oh, sin has a great facility for making promises; but it has just as great facility for breaking them!

A Christian life is

THE ONLY CHEERFUL LIFE,

while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin, and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican Empire, Montezuma said he felt gnawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps, and galls, and tears, and upbraids, and files. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye; aye! It is so, it is so. "The way of the wicked He turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were twelve vultures flying through the air; but when a transgressor dies the sky is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! vultures! vultures! When I see sin robbing so many of my hearers, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back, lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape Rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks; but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock, and he went down with all his cargo. God declares: "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

V. I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the Church of God loses its metal! These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites, all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the Church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. It has

NOT ENOUGH METAL.

How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pew or in pulpit or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism. The Church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of opposition he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetting the fact that if a man be right, all the opposition of the earth pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate His truth, and He is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.

Go forth in the service of Christ, and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor-bearer he hewed down the Philistines; and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments on his knees can storm anything for God, and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage; and he looked down at his knees, and said: "Ah, if you knew where I was going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask, and for me to ask,

WHAT DOES GOD WANT

me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer-meeting? Where is the pulpit? And, finding out what God wants us to do, go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. O my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God! You will be dead soon. Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave" whither we are all hastening. Opportunities of usefulness gone forever; souls that might have been benefited three months ago never again coming under our Christian influence. Oh, is it not high time that we awake out of sleep?

Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down and the Israelites will go up. We are

ON THE WINNING SIDE.

I think just now the king's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when He does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among His friends and such a wailing among His enemies, as will make the earth tremble, and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalry men tossing in the air. The archangel before the throne has already burnished his trumpet, and then he will put its golden lips to his own, and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all the nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! Hark! I hear the falling thrones, and the dashing down of demolished iniquities. "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

CONVERSION OF A SPIRITUALIST.

VERY successful services are being held at Manchester, N. H., by the Rev. E. W. Oakes, who is assisted by Mr. Peter Bilhorn, a singer of remarkable power, formerly engaged with Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, in Brooklyn, and later very much blessed in Western work. Among many interesting cases at the Manchester meetings are the following:

On Sept. 27 a young man rose and said: "I came to this city a poor, miserable fraud. My business was to gull the innocent and credulous. I was a pretended spiritualist medium. I was corrupt to the depths of my being, though successful in my devilishness. I wandered into these meetings a few nights ago, heard the sweet, tender story of Jesus and His wondrous love to me. Friends, it broke my heart, hard and sinful as it was. I came to Jesus all full of sin and deceit and corruption, and His blood washed me white as snow. Now I am living true to God and earning an honest living, praise the Lord. Oh, young people, beware of frauds and cheats such as I was."

A young lady said: "I tried to do right before I came to these meetings, but I could not believe that 'Jesus' was the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. I was miserable, for I found I could not overcome my temper and many other things. I came to these meetings rather to have a little fun, caring nothing about Jesus. I listened, and laughed at the idea of yielding to Jesus' claims upon me; wanted to stay away, but could not. At last I heard convincing truth as to Jesus' claims on me, and my extreme helplessness and need of him. Convicted of my sin and rebellion against my best Friend, I bowed at His feet, and now my precious Jesus is the 'One altogether lovely, and the fairest among ten thousand.' Since then my mother, who was a pronounced Unitarian, has also bowed her head and worshipped the Dear One whom she for years denied. She is now washed in His precious blood and serving my precious Jesus. We two walk together."

Mr. Oakes is now engaged exclusively in evangelistic work. Any church wishing to secure his services may address him at the office of this journal, and we will forward the letters to him.

A LADY'S WORK IN TURKEY.

AN important work is being carried on in Asiatic Turkey by Miss West, whose report appears in the current issue of the *Missionary Herald*. She says:

"No less than fifty Armenian houses were visited during my stay in Trebizond, mostly strangers to our Protestant community—some of them many times, and none without personal spiritual conversation, often with reading of the Word and prayer. Six Gospels in Arabo-Turkish were left at Turkish houses where the women could read. In my rambles about the town I came upon three schools for Moslem children, boys and girls, taught by Turkish women—sometimes a mother with her babe in her arms. In each case I left a Gospel with the teacher, which was gratefully received.

"It has been a surprise that so many Moslem women can read, and that the Turks are so ready to receive and read the Gospels. I have sold not a few copies to men—six on one day in the open street. In passing a by-way one afternoon with a friend, having my basket on my arm, a young Turk of perhaps twenty-five years stopped to say: 'I wish the story of the life of Jesus Christ.' In one or two Turkish houses a number of Moslem women collected and listened attentively, afterward sending for us again to 'come and preach to them.' One of the women read aloud to the others with fluency.

"Word has come since from another Turkish house that the women had read the Gospel I left and were much pleased with it; they wished the teacher to come and visit them. Stopping to speak with some pleasant-looking Turkish women one day, one of them read aloud from the Arabo-Turkish Gospel to the others. I left

it with them, and a scribe came to the door as I went on my way. I feared he might oppose their reading; but on my return, an hour later, they were watching for me with others who had joined them, and begged me for a good visit in their houses.

A SOMNOLENT TOLL-TAKER.

IN his Sermon Notes, recently published, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon says: "There was an old turnpike man, on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night, and take his nap. One dark, wet midnight I knocked at his door, calling 'Gate, gate!' 'Coming,' said the voice of the old man. Then I knocked again, and once more, the voice replied, 'Coming.' This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door, and demanded why he cried 'Coming,' for twenty minutes, and never came. 'Who is there?' said the old man, in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. 'What d'ye want, sir?' Then awakening, 'Bless yer, sir, and ax yer pardon, I was asleep; I gets so used to hearing 'em knock, that I answer, 'Coming,' in my sleep, and take no more notice about it."

Thus, may the ministry accomplish nothing, because the habitual hearer remains in a deep sleep, out of which the Spirit of God alone can awaken him. When the secret influence from heaven ceases to speak to the heart, the best speaking to the ear avails but little.

WORK AMONG TURKISH CHILDREN.

IN his report of missionary work in Smyrna, published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Bartlett says:

"The children are enthusiastic in their love of the school and of their teacher, and their parents are delighted with their progress. The change in their conduct has often been exceedingly gratifying. From wilful, disobedient, quarrelsome children, some have become gentle, obedient, and loving. The case of one little boy demands a brief notice. He was almost the personification of ugliness; was profane and quarrelsome, and so bad that the teacher of the Boys' School was unwilling to retain him. But now he has become a model of gentleness and obedience, apparently loving all that is lovable and hating all that is bad, and his teacher has strong hope that the grace of God is implanted in his heart. His influence, also, over his intemperate father, has been very marked. Repeating his Bible-lessons at home, his father at length became interested in the precious words and began the daily reading of the long-neglected Book. The gratitude of his parents is unbounded, and though they are poor, his tuition in full is promptly paid."

CURIOUS GAMBLING IN INDIA.

IT is matter of notoriety, says the *Advocate of India*, that merely on the simple question "Will it rain?" hundreds of bets, representing a large sum in the aggregate, are made in this season in Bombay during eighteen hours of the day. Under a rude shed in Mombadavie the rain speculators, assembled from all quarters, ply their simple calling. There is no lack of company, the district being the heart of the native town. The building has no doors; it is open to all. Within, the scene is of the wildest confusion. It is not easy for the novice to take in in a moment its significance. The shed is perhaps eighty feet long, with a width of twenty feet. It is roughly constructed, largely of timber, and covered with corrugated iron. Not a seat is provided, and every inch of ground seems to be occupied by a heterogeneous mob, composed of most of the varied nationalities of Bombay. Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsees, Goanese—men of every shade of respectability and ruffianism—are present, with occasionally a few women of the lower class.

A little observation shows that along the sides small platforms have been raised to accommodate the bankers with whom bets are made. They are accompanied by clerks who

register all operations and receive money. The mode of conducting business is simplicity itself. If you desire to stake on the probability of rain, you signify your wish to one of the clerks. The ruling "odds" are made known to you. If the weather at the time be fine, they are, of course, attractive—perhaps 10 to 1 against a heavy shower, and 3 to 1 against a drizzle. You may take your choice of either contingency happening within three hours; and having paid your money, the transaction is registered in your name. You may now either go about your business, or await the result on the spot.

On the other side of the building, farthest from the entrances, is a quadrangle. In the centre is a small erection, not unlike a watch-tower, about twenty feet in height. It has a terraced roof, constructed to retain rain-water, with a spout at one side. When moisture trickles out of this spout within the given time, those who have bet in favor of a drizzle are declared to have won. Another pipe, laid over a portion of the main building, is anxiously watched for indications of a shower. Should any dispute arise regarding the nature of the fall—whether it is a drizzle or a downpour—or the exact time at which it occurred, a permanent umpire, retained by the bankers, is at hand to pronounce on the merits of the case; and his decision must be considered final. The bankers are said to pay their losses with scrupulous exactness at nine o'clock every night, at which time all who are winners present themselves.

Within the past week cases have come before the Police of men who have sacrificed their lives as the result of this form of gambling, and it is matter of gossip that young natives of respectable family are being daily ruined by the fascination. Efforts are being now made to have the place closed as a public nuisance.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE Rev. Marcus Rainford related the following incident at the recent Northfield Convention: "I was called to visit a dying young man on a stormy winter's night. He had burst a blood-vessel, and was just gasping for life. 'I thought you would never come,' he said to me. 'I am dying, and there is no hope for me. I have neglected God all my life, and there is no hope whatever.'

"I quoted the promise, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;' that means you. 'Oh, yes, but I must come with repentance.' 'Christ says, 'I will in no wise cast out.' 'If there is one thing fixed in my mind more than another, it is that God will not receive me without repentance.' 'My dear friend, you are putting repentance where God never put it.' 'Well, I believe I must repent before I can come to Christ.'

"Said I, 'Did you ever hear the story of the prodigal son?' 'I cannot say that I have; I have heard my poor old father talk about a prodigal, but I thought it might be myself he meant.' 'It is a beautiful story in God's Word,' and I told him the story. When we came to the place where it says, he came to himself, I said, 'Now tell me, what brought him to himself?' Said he, after a pause, 'Well, I suppose it was because he had nothing but husks to eat.' 'Poor fellow,' said I, 'you had nothing but husks to eat for a long while, but that never brought you home. Now, what brought him to himself?' 'Well, I suppose he found out he was a bad boy.' 'No, you have not got it yet.' I shall never forget the poor fellow's agony as each time I told him he was wrong.

"I repeated the story one more, and when I came to the words, 'he came to himself,' I saw a beautiful light shine over his face. 'I have it!' he exclaimed. The tears began to roll down his hollow, pale cheeks, and he said: 'He remembered that his father loved him, and had a heart big enough to take him back.' Then he began to pray: 'Oh, my God and Father, may a poor

prodigal like me return to Thee?" So he came back.

"While the Lord spared him I used to go and see him, and joyful times we had. I happened to be beside him when he died. A friend of his who had been an ungodly man came to see him, but when he noticed me he withdrew. I said, 'Come in and speak to your friend.' I wanted him to get something that would do him good. He came in and said to the dying man, 'Poor fellow! I am sorry we are so soon to lose you.' His voice was almost gone, and he could not reply. I said, 'Ask him where he is going.' He said, 'Do you know where you are going?' The poor thin finger went up, and he whispered, 'To the Father; to the Father.' I said, 'Ask him how he knows.' 'How do you know?' said his friend. Again he whispered, 'The Father tells no lies.' And that was the last thing he said."

FIRST FRUITS IN COREA.

GLAD news of a baptism comes from Corea, the hermit nation only recently opened to the missionaries. The Rev. H. G. Underwood, writing to the *Foreign Missionary* from Seoul under date of July 29th, thus describes the first convert:

He is a Corean, who first heard about Christianity from its enemies by reading what a Chinese book had said against Christians and the religion of Christ, and he was led to try and look further into it. He simply knew of it as the foreign religion, and thought that the simplest way to find out about it would be to make the acquaintance of some foreigner. This, however, was not an easy matter, as he did not know any one that knew the foreigners, so he came up near our houses to see what could be done.

By a little work he soon made the acquaintance of Dr. Heron's teacher, and, professing to want to learn English, was brought to me. He tells me now that his only object was to see whether he could find any books or see anything that would give him light upon the subject of the foreign religion. As those who were studying did not come into my study at all, but had a room to themselves, he did not see what he was after, and soon left Seoul for the country, where his family live, and I saw nothing of him again till early this spring, when he came to me with copies of Mark and Luke in Chinese.

He had returned from the country the day before, and not having given up his searching had called upon Dr. Heron's teacher, who was at this time with Dr. Allen's interpreter, and had seen on Dr. Allen's desk these two books, which he quietly took home and sat up all night to read them, and came round to see me the next morning to tell me what good things he found there, and to ask me to teach him more about what those books spoke of.

I supplied him with copies of all the Gospels in Chinese, and when he had read them loaned him one or two Chinese commentaries, and also some tracts in Chinese, as the "Temple Keeper," "Salvation of the Soul," and a small book called "Easy Christian Doctrine." He attended many of our English services, and then had to go to the country again. But on Saturday last he called and asked whether he could come to the meeting on Sunday. I of course said that he could, and as the next day was our regular communion Sabbath I advised him to read the institution of the Supper, as given in Matthew, and also what the commentary said about it. He did so, and after the service was over told me that although he could not understand what was said, yet after reading from Matthew and seeing what was done he had been able to understand it. He then told me that he would like to be baptized. I had never said anything to him on this point, so his proposition was purely voluntary.

We are greatly rejoiced over this, the first fruits of our work here, and feel that we cannot sufficiently praise our Master for having, at this time, when we are as yet only able to

use a few Corean words, and before we have anything in the language of the people, given to us this encouragement in our work.

THE IMPENDING NATIONAL CONVULSIONS.

From a Recent Lecture by L. Liesching, Esq., of Ceylon.

Great Changes Impending—The Great Aim of Russia—Current Elements of Social Disorganization—What the World is Waiting For—The Lesson of the French Revolution—Future of the Holy Land.

WHEN the war cloud which last year overshadowed Bulgaria, appeared to many to be dispelled, the writer ventured to foretell that it was but the lull that preceded the storm; this opinion was based on the study of prophecy.

THE EVENTS IN BULGARIA

which are taking place at the present time will probably culminate in a war of unprecedented magnitude, after which, in all probability, we shall see the beginning of what is to happen in the latter days. We need to be prepared for great social, religious and geographical changes; and such those who are waiting for their Lord expect and confidently anticipate.

The great aim of Russia is, and has been since the time of Peter the Great, to obtain possession of Constantinople, the former capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, and the site of the church of St. Sophia, which is now a Mohammedan mosque. All Russia's movements in the East are part of a scheme for the accomplishment of this purpose. It is not so much her object to possess herself of the British possessions in India, as to present a barrier on the northern frontier against interference with her designs on Persia and Turkey. He must indeed be sanguine who believes that the peace of Europe is likely to remain undisturbed much longer. We are probably on the eve of

THE MOST TERRIBLE WAR

that has ever yet been known, and at its conclusion the present map of Europe, and of a great part of Asia, will have to be reconstructed. History repeats itself. Out of that war it is not improbable that the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire will eventuate, the Greek Church will be re-established at Constantinople, and the great aim of Russia be accomplished in the possession of the capital of the Byzantine Empire. The Cross will take the place of the Crescent on St. Sophia.

But besides the probability of warlike disturbances, other elements of discord have to be considered. The foundations of our social organization are being shaken. Influences are at work which cause the rulers of the earth to tremble for the future. Nihilism, socialism, communism, dynamism, assassination, conspiracies, boycotting, are all real and terrible factors which have to be dealt with. The subversion of constituted authority, the reign of anarchy, the spirit of lawlessness, all these are looming on the dark horizon.

Were the question to be asked, What at this moment is the world waiting for? the answer would be: *A Man*. Never did it seem more in need of a RULING SPIRIT.

Why does Bismarck command so much influence? Simply because he can see a little farther than most men. How is it that but a few weeks ago Mr. Gladstone brought England within measurable distance of the disruption of the Empire? Simply by the glamour of his name. Let a man arise a head and shoulders above his contemporaries, and the world will follow after him. For men are looking, on this side and on that, for some one to stem the tide of anarchy that threatens to overwhelm the world, and to show them what is to be done. *Such an one is coming*. Satan himself will energize and direct him. He will be the very incarnation of selfishness, pride, daring, ability, statecraft, subtlety and power, and before him mankind will bow down and worship. Let me recall for a moment the events of the French Revolution. After untold

horrors—such as, if predicted, would have been regarded as the ravings of a lunatic—a young lieutenant is raised to the Imperial throne, subjugates empires, aims at universal dominion, not over Europe only, but over Jerusalem and the East, subdues the Pope and brings him to his capital, buries his hitherto invincible forces beneath the snows of Russia, and is finally destroyed at Waterloo.

When we contemplate the history of Napoleon and the many points in which he seemed to fulfil prophecy—when we look at Antiochus Epiphanes, and in how many respects he, too, seemed to do so—does it not appear as if, from time to time

SATAN HAS FOUND AN INSTRUMENT

suited to his purpose; has carried out a part of the programme, and has then been hindered from its full accomplishment? Be it as it may, none has yet come who fulfils all the conditions; but the partial accomplishment under the first Napoleon has led some to look for a second of the same name who is to do so, and who will come out of France.

Let us suppose the old Roman Empire reconstructed on even a wider basis, the Eastern Empire re-established, Constantinople the chief seat of government, the temporal power of Rome restored, and all this accompanied by the agency of a master-mind. Marvellous changes, though rapid, will have taken place—changes that we can only imagine—but under these changes both the Roman and Greek ecclesiastical systems will have received their death blow, and a new cult will have enthralled the minds of most men, for Satan will have been busy at work, knowing he has but little time.

Let us, then, imagine that after a series of political convulsions the first beast becomes predominant in Rome; the second in the eastern division of the great empire—in fact, the Latin and Greek divisions restored as before. These two heads—the one subordinate to the other in temporal power—intimately united in one common bond, and working for one common purpose. A great commercial federation is established—a union in which men of all or of no creed find common ground for meeting, and from which all are excluded who do not receive the mysterious sign which will then, and not till then, be recognized by the understanding ones as

"THE MARK OF THE BEAST."

But when the social fabric has been rent asunder by conflicting influences, and when war has devastated the earth till men are weary of the strife, whoever then gives hope and promise of being able to calm the storm and bring about a reign of peace, will be hailed as a deliverer. As already said, we have a parallel in the rise of the First Napoleon. The "coming one" will be all that he was, and a great deal more.

The Holy Land will, of course, form part of this new Empire. Trade and traffic have for the last fifty years been so directed towards the East, that once let the ports of Asia be re-opened to commerce, and they will teem with the navies of the world, and the sons of Jacob will fly, as the doves to their windows, rebuild the old wastes and re-establish their old form of worship.

THE SCENE OF THE EVENTS

in which the world is now most interested will be the Holy Land. How, and by what means the false prophet and the beast will enthrall the world is only dimly foreshadowed, and can but be conjectured. Probably the false prophet will be subordinate to the beast, and will excel him in craft; he may succeed in persuading the Moslems that he is their prophet; he may represent him to the Jews as their Messiah; and to the Buddhists as the Buddha whom they expect. The spiritualists, who may be numbered by millions, will regard him as the greatest of adepts. "The mystery of iniquity" is already at work to such an extent as would scarcely be credited. Let Satan once have his will, and an image may be made to speak without people being much surprised at its so doing.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. B. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

Subscribers who desire to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to their friends, or to send it to persons to whom God may make it useful, will, as in former years, be supplied at a reduced rate. Any subscriber may have the paper mailed to any address in the United States or Canada from Sept. 30 to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. Last year several cases came to our knowledge of persons receiving blessing through this effort.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Utah Commission Filed its Report last week. It surveys the operations of the past year, but, despite the many successful prosecutions, the commission is doubtful whether polygamous marriages are decreasing. It states that the total number of Mormons throughout the world is over two hundred thousand, a large majority of whom reside in Utah. While of these a great majority of the adults are not living in polygamy, yet every orthodox member of that church professes to believe in it as a divine revelation. The people have been taught this dogma in their temples, tabernacles, meeting-houses and Sunday-schools for a third of a century. Their church organization and ecclesiastical polity are marvels of skill and ability. Their leaders are fertile in resources, while the mass of the people are fanatical and superstitious to a degree that has seldom been witnessed in modern times. These facts render the work of the commission one of extraordinary difficulty. That it is far from being accomplished was proved by the utterances at the conference of the Mormon Church, held at Coalville, U. T., on Oct. 6. John Taylor, the President, is in hiding, and did not appear, but sent a letter breathing defiance against the government.

Sentence of Death Was Pronounced on Saturday on the seven Chicago Anarchists, who were concerned in the dynamite outrage of May 4th. Judge Gary, having listened to long addresses from the prisoners, one of which, by the prisoner Parsons, occupied over five hours, sentenced all the seven prisoners to be hanged on December 3d. He said that he should not speak to them in reproach nor exhortation, but for the sake of the men whom they had duped, he would utter words of solemn warning. In the course of his remarks, the Judge so plainly defined the liberty extended to the individual under our insti-

tutions, that even the Poles and desperate foreigners of other nationalities may understand it. He said: "The existing order of society can be changed only by the will of the majority. Each man has the right to entertain and advocate, by speech and print, such opinions as suit themselves, and the great body of the people will usually care little what he says. But if he proposes murder as a means of enforcing, he puts his own life at stake. And no clamor about free speech or the evils to be cured or the wrongs to be redressed, will shield him from the consequences of his crime." This sentence is the first of the kind ever passed in this country. It was not proved that any one of the prisoners threw the bomb which did the mischief, but that, having incited to murder by their teaching, they were guilty of murder.

A Serious Strike Commenced in Chicago on Oct. 7. It involves the idleness of twelve thousand men. In May last the trouble between the pork-packing houses and their employees was settled by the men working eight hours as a full day's work, the firm continuing to pay them the same wages as for the day of ten hours. The Chicago houses have been complaining for some time that they are now unable to compete with packers in other cities, and have been threatening a return to the former arrangement. Last week the threat was executed. Notices were posted on the principal houses that after Monday, Oct. 11, the men would be expected to work ten hours a day without increase of pay. A consultation of the men was held, and it was decided to go on strike. Accordingly, on Friday twelve thousand men left their employment. The struggle, it is feared, will be an obstinate one, involving much suffering.

A Distressing Steamboat Disaster on the Mississippi, occurred on October 5th. The steamer La Mascotte, one of the swiftest boats plying between St. Louis and Cape Girardeau, Mo., was proceeding on her regular trip, when about noon, just as she was near Neely's Landing, her boilers exploded and scattered the engine fire about the ship. Several of the crew were scalded, but none of the passengers were hurt by the explosion. In a few minutes, however, the boat took fire in several places, and there was a rush for the side. The pilot headed for the shore but was driven from his post by the flames before the gang-plank was lowered. The bow of the steamer swung out into the river again, and it was some time before the gang-plank could be taken to the stern. When it was finally lowered the crush was so great that many were crowded off and drowned. Just then, to add to the horror of the scene, the smokestack fell right across the plank, crushing many beneath it and causing others to jump into the stream. Nearly all those not killed by the falling stack were drowned. It is believed that at least thirty-five lives were lost, but the exact number has not been ascertained, owing to the books and papers of the steamer having perished in the fire.

An Experiment in the Suppression of Dives was made last week, in New York, with success. Other large cities infested with these nuisances may profit by the example. Of late years the disreputable resorts have increased in number and in effrontery. The plan of arresting the bar-tenders and imposing fines which the proprietors could well afford to pay, proved useless. Another engine of the law has now been put in operation. An injunction was served on the proprietors of two places, restraining them from having the disgusting performances in their resorts and from selling liquor. To disobey would have been "contempt of court," and the penalties for that offence are too heavy to be lightly incurred. The proprietors therefore closed the dives.

The Arrest of a Woman in Montreal last week will, it is hoped, furnish clues which will lead to the extinction of the infamous traffic in innocent girls so long flourishing between this country and Canada. The woman when arrested had two Canadian girls in her charge, whom she was bringing South. She had prom-

ised them good wages as domestic servants in the States. Her residence is in Portland, Me., where the police give her a bad character. It is believed that many persons are engaged in enticing young French girls from Canada, and then sending them to Portland, Boston and New York, to vile dens, where their ruin is quickly accomplished. It is stated that this has become an organized business.

An Anarchist Plot to Destroy the City of Vienna has been disclosed to the Austrian police. An Anarchist, of Prague, betrayed his companions, and the police watched the plot develop until the verge of its execution, when they arrested seventeen conspirators. The facts given to the press by the police show that the plot surpassed in extent and ingenuity any exploit yet devised by the Anarchists. It was planned and directed from America and England. It was thoroughly organized. The conspirators were divided into several groups, one of which was detailed to set fire to the town, another to take charge of the dynamite operation, and another to forge the necessary official documents and to coin money for expenses.

Rumors of Concessions to Ireland were Prevalent last week. The London *Daily News*, a journal usually well informed, asserted that the Government had prepared a scheme for the self-government of Ireland which differed materially from that of Mr. Gladstone only in trusting the government to provincial councils instead of to one Parliament sitting in Dublin. It is well known that Mr. Chamberlain approves, if he did not originate, that solution of the Irish difficulty, and it is therefore probable that if the Conservatives introduce such a measure it will have the support of the Liberal seceders. The publication of the rumor has evoked strongly-worded protests from Conservatives through the country. Some refuse to believe it possible, while others declare that if the Conservative Cabinet introduce such a measure they will quit political life in disgust. The really important significance of the scheme is that its logical outcome is the application of the same principle to Great Britain as well as Ireland. Therein lies the improbability of it originating with the party now dominant. It is so close an approximation to the American system of State Legislatures and a Federal Congress, that every Tory would recognize in it the thing he dreads most on earth, "an attempt to Americanize British institutions."

The Bulgarian Problem Remains Unsolved. The elections to the Sobranje, or constitutional convention, on Sunday last, appear to have been, so far as is yet ascertained, overwhelmingly ante-Russian. If the dread of Russia were less potent than it is, the Sobranje would probably re-elect Prince Alexander by acclamation. In the present situation, no one ventures to predict the man on whom the doubtful dignity will be conferred. The suggestion is made that Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, whose wife is the sister of the Czar, would be a candidate acceptable alike to England, Austria, and Russia. It would appear so on the surface, but the Czar appears desirous that the new Prince should be a puppet of his own, and he must have seen sufficient of the Duke of Edinburgh to know that he is not promising material to be made into a puppet. In the meantime, the Czar's envoy, General Kaulbars, is provoking the Bulgarian people by a display of arrogance.

The Antipathy of France to England, which has existed since the British occupation of Egypt, is perceptibly increasing. The reported alliance of England with Germany and Austria against Russia in the Bulgarian difficulty has further embittered public opinion in France against England. The press indulges in fierce tirades and open boasts of the superiority of the French over the English army and navy. Should a war break out in the near future the French government would be irresistibly forced to take a hand in it.

The Rev. M. Baxter arrived in New York, on Monday last, by the Servia, of the Cunard line. He will make a tour of the United States and Canada, lecturing in the principal cities on Coming Great Earthquakes, Wars, Revolutions, future rise and career of the great Democratic Antichrist, Second Advent of Christ, Resurrection and Translation of Christians, Subsequent Millennium of 1,000 years. These lectures have been lately given to large audiences in Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, London, etc. Mr. Baxter makes no charge for his lectures and defrays his own travelling expenses. He holds with Matthew Henry, the great commentator, that the end of this age and beginning of the Millennium will probably be about the end of this century, according to Daniel's and St. John's dates. His lectures are illustrated with twenty large diagrams and prophetic paintings. His visit affords an opportunity to churches interested in the momentous subject of unfulfilled prophecy to obtain the latest information of the results of the study of the most learned and prayerful prophetic students. Letters addressed to him at the office of this journal will be forwarded to him.

The Annual Convention on Holiness and Divine Healing was held under the presidency of the Rev. A. B. Simpson, in the church recently acquired by the congregation of the Gospel Tabernacle, at 45th Street and Madison Avenue, last week. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's, Dr. John Cookman, Major Cole, of Chicago, and other well-known speakers took part in the proceedings. An interesting feature of the Convention this year was the dedication on Thursday of an Orphanage, a Training College, and the new Berachah Home, at 102 East 61st Street. On Friday numerous testimonies were given spontaneously by persons present who had experienced Divine Healing, a few of which we hope to publish at a future time. A full report of the proceedings of the Convention will be issued by Mr. Simpson as speedily as possible. The pamphlet will be sold for twenty-five cents.

The Bible and Prophetic Conference, to be held in Chicago, next month, is exciting general interest on both sides the Atlantic. Letters of inquiry respecting the arrangements are daily received by the Secretary, Mr. George C. Needham, from all the States, from Canada, and from England. Eminent men of all denominations are looking forward to it with intense interest. Since the last Conference in 1878, many able and learned clergymen have been led by the Holy Spirit to examine the prophecies for themselves, and have been convinced that the coming of the Lord is to precede the Millennium and is now near at hand. Such a gathering of students of prophecy may be expected in Chicago as has never been witnessed in any land, and some distinguished European clergymen, who cannot attend, have prepared papers to be read there. The cost of hiring halls, printing, correspondence, etc., will be considerable, but the importance of the meeting being realized, there is no doubt of it being fully met. Contributions to the fund, however small, will be gladly received by the Secretary, the Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

The Churches of Charleston, S. C., Have now issued their appeals for help to rebuild the edifices wrecked by the earthquakes. Their need is so urgent and their cause so deserving, that no words of ours are necessary to recommend their claim. The response should be prompt and liberal. Each denomination should see to it that their Charleston brethren are supplied with the funds they need. Their private losses preclude them from defraying the cost themselves. The following are the names of persons respectively representing the various denominations, to whom contributions may be sent: Presbyterian, Rev. W. T. Thompson; Huguenot French Protestant, Rev. Dr. C. S. Vedder; Methodist, Rev. J. A. Wilson; Baptist, Rev. A. S. J. Thomas; Protestant Episco-

pal, Bishop Howe; Lutheran, Rev. E. T. Horn; Colored Methodist, Rev. William H. Heard; Colored Baptist, Rev. L. R. Nichols.

A Lame Railroad Conductor, Beginning a long walk recently, explained his reasons to a friend for making the journey on foot. Eight weeks ago he was severely injured in a railroad accident. He was recovering, but was obliged to go around on crutches. He was in the train on the Boston and Lowell Railroad two weeks ago when the collision occurred near North Chelmsford. He occupied a saloon car at the rear end of the freight train, and was looking out of the window when the collision was impending. He saw the locomotive of the cattle train in time to leap from the car and save his life. Both crutches were broken by the operation, but his lame leg was not hurt. He was seen, a short time afterward, hobbling toward Lowell, supporting himself with sticks which he had picked up. A friend remonstrated, and told him to wait for a train. "Not much," was the reply. "This is the second accident I have been in inside of two months, and I shall foot it hereafter if I have to go a thousand miles." The conductor will probably reconsider his determination when he gets well, and will trust himself on the railroad again. That is the case with those who fall in the spiritual life. Few of those whose sinful ways bring them sorrow and pain, and make resolutions of reformation, keep them when they recover (Prov. 23: 35).

A Man was Rescued from a Quicksand at Norristown, Pa., on Oct. 4. On the previous day he went to assist a neighbor in deepening a well. After digging down a little distance he struck a deposit of fire clay, which oozed into the well faster than he could shovel it into the bucket attached to the windlass. First one foot and then the other became fast in the quagmire. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper and had to work with all his might to keep himself from being drawn completely under. All the time he was shouting for help, which came at last. A rope was fastened under his arms to drag him out by means of the windlass, but the sinking and almost exhausted man shouted to those at the top that they were tearing him limb from limb. A cradle was then lowered and put under him, but the suction of the sand around his limbs could not be overcome. Other experiments were tried without success, and the man remained all night firmly held at the bottom of the well, the difficulty increasing every hour. At length some huge hooks were procured and forced through the sand and under his feet. These were attached to the windlass, and the man was drawn out after being held in the quicksand over seventeen hours. It is thus with the man caught and held by his sin. His own efforts cannot release him. Deliverance must come from above (Ps. 40: 2).

The Use of a Bishop's House as a Mortuary was advocated by a mob in Detroit, Mich., on Friday last. On October 5th, a woman died in that city, who was in bad odor with the priest of the Roman Catholic Church, to which she belonged. There has been trouble in the church, and the priest of it was deposed recently, and another priest appointed. The woman, in common with many members of the church, was friendly to the deposed priest and believed he had been unjustly treated. So decided was her partiality that the new priest refused to administer the rites of the church to her in her last moments. After her death permission to bury her in the local cemetery was refused. The gates of the cemetery were closed against the funeral procession, and when it went to another cemetery, the gates were closed there also. An excited crowd collected, and for a time rioting was feared. Some shouted one thing, some another. One proposed to lay the coffin on the priest's door-step and leave it there, but as the Bishop had signified his approval of the priest's course, it was decided to take the body to his house and let him dispose of it as he chose. While the dispute was going on, the undertaker drove away to a Protestant cemetery and

the corpse was interred there. The bereaved family were much distressed by the trouble. One can but wish that their experience of priestly tyranny might lead them to seek more knowledge. They would then learn that to the saved soul the disposal of the body after death is of no consequence (Matt. 10: 28).

A Household Politically Divided Exists in Washington Ter. A Tacoma journal announces that the political campaign in Lincoln county this fall has an amusing characteristic. One of the gentlemen who are running on the Republican ticket for the legislature is the husband of the lady who is the Democratic candidate for School Superintendent. The journal ventures the safe prediction that in the speeches of the Republican aspirant for the Legislature, the demerits of the Democratic candidate for School Superintendent will not be very severely handled, and that if he indulges in the habit common among politicians, of throwing mud on the personal character of his opponents, he will be careful not to do it indiscriminately. The prediction will doubtless be fulfilled, and if men realized Christ's ideal of universal brotherhood, the absence of acrimony, which will render this contest almost unique, would characterize not only other elections, but all the relations of life (Eph. 4: 31, 32).

A Needless Exile is being Suffered by an Insurance broker of New York. Last week an application was made to the Supreme Court in the case of a prominent business man who has quitted the country and is in hiding. He has been engaged in transactions of an enormous character, involving prodigious amounts of money, and it is thought that his mind must have been unsettled by them. He was very much distressed a few weeks ago by losing a lawsuit which involved the loss of fifty thousand dollars. He said to several of his friends that he should never be able to pay the amount, but they laughed at him, knowing well that his property was worth more than ten times that sum. The man, however, evidently believed himself ruined, and collecting a small amount of available cash, he absconded, and has not been traced. There is no doubt of his solvency, and there is no reason in his moral character for his flight. He is clearly under the delusion that he is bankrupt, and is flying from creditors who will be fully satisfied from his estate. Being partially demented, such a man is entitled to pity, but there are numbers of sane men who are acting in the same way in spiritual matters. They are distressed about their sins, and fail to realize that by the death of Christ the record against them has been satisfied (Cor. 2: 13, 14).

A Distressing Separation in Court Occurred in Newark, N. J., on Friday last. Judge Van Fleet, of the Court of Chancery, had before him the application of a mother for the custody of her daughter, a child ten years old. In 1877, being deserted by her husband, she advertised her child for adoption. The advertisement was answered, and a legal agreement was drawn up by which the mother made an absolute surrender of the babe. Since then she has prospered, and being now in good circumstances desired to regain possession of the girl. The foster parents have become much attached to their adopted daughter, whom they have educated and treated with great kindness. She reciprocates their love, and when brought into court clung to them, convulsively weeping, and begging that she be allowed to remain with them. She did not even know the woman who wanted possession of her. The Judge said the law allowed him no discretion in the matter. The child must go to her mother. "Don't let them take me!" sobbed the girl, with her arms around the neck of her foster-father, who was melted to tears and cried like a child. But the law had to be obeyed, and there were few dry eyes in court when at last the separation was effected. Those who are born again, and have become children of God by adoption, have no such separation to dread. None can take them out of His hand (John 10: 29).

CLEANSING

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Ezekiel 36: 25.

Sin a Plague and Pest—I. God Deals with His People while they are in Sin—Could not Cleanse Themselves—Their Special Filthiness—The Devil's Runaways Welcomed—A Ragged School—II. God Provides for the Cleansing—In a Righteous Way—A Simple Way—III. Himself Applies It—IV. Effectually Cleanses His People—The Idols Rachel Protects.

THIS is one of the opening words of the glorious covenant of grace. Ezekiel's copy of the covenant is full and clear, and deserves to be written in letters of gold and hung up in the best chamber of every believer's dwelling. This is the *Magna Charta* of saints: the title-deed of the land of our inheritance. Glorious covenant of grace, our heart delights in every line of promise wherewith thou art enriched!

You perceive that this promise deals with *sin*; and it deals with sin because sin broke the first covenant, and thus ruined us all. Sin must be removed before covenant relationship can be re-established. Sin must be purged from the conscience before covenant communion can be enjoyed. Sin must be abhorred ere covenant union can be consummated. Blessed be God, sin shall be washed away, for thus it is written.

Sin is the great plague and

PEST OF OUR LIVES,

now that we are awakened to discern between good and evil, and now that the new heart and the right spirit have been put within us: is it not well that this cause of misery should be destroyed? O curse of curses, fountain of hell, and father of the devil, thou unutterably horrible monster, sin! Shall we not be doubly blest when we are rid of thee? We certainly should never fear death if we had no sin; neither need we even fear the devil himself; for, if there were no traitor within the city, Mansoul might laugh to scorn all the attacks of her enemies without.

Sin, to the awakened sinner, is his burden, his misery, his horror. It is a nightmare which haunts him; he can never escape from it. Like David, he cries, "My sin is ever before me." Even when sin is forgiven, the memory of it often makes a man go softly all his days. It is therefore a very blessed thought on the part of our God to make the covenant to bear so much upon our sin and our sinfulness, and especially to make it open with this unconditional promise of infinite love. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you."

I. Our first remark at this time shall be that God begins to deal with His people *while they are yet in sin*. The text evidently implies this. He does not wait until they are clean before He bestows his love and pity upon them. He does not wait till they have saved themselves, and then come to them with a nominal salvation. He does not make promises of purification to them upon condition that they cleanse themselves; but He comes to them according to the riches of his grace, even when they are dead in trespasses and sins. He finds them in all their defilement, rebellion, and iniquity, and He deals with them just as they are.

JESUS SAVES SINNERS.

God's love comes to those who in no degree merit it. His grace stoops to the ruin of the fall and lifts us up from it. These are very simple words, you say, but there are those here to whom these plain sentences will sound like the ringing of the silver trumpets of jubilee. I know them, for I once was one of them—they are a people sighing because of their defilement, which they mourn over, but cannot remove.

I may be speaking to one who is ready to cry out, "I am not fit to be in the house of God to-night. I am not worthy to lift mine eyes to the place where His honor dwelleth." That is where He finds you, just there; and it is to you in this

sad position that the covenant of grace refers. Our Redeemer comes to us in our very worst estate. As I was speaking to an aged brother in Christ, who is, probably, very near home, he said, "I feel what a blessed thing it is still to come to Christ with the cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I do not rest upon past experience, nor upon anything else, but I constantly begin at the beginning. I come to Jesus even as I did at the first, only more humbly, and with a more intense sincerity than I ever knew before." I am sure there is wisdom in this course, and in no other.

If the covenant of grace did not deal with sinners as sinners, I should be

AFRAID TO COME

to Christ; but because it opens its mouth wide to me while I am yet unclean and polluted by sin, I feel that it meets my case. The free-grace of the covenant does not come half the way, and say to me when I am nearly dead, "Get up and take what I give you, and I will deliver you." But it comes, like the good Samaritan, where I am. It sees me to be unconscious, and it arouses me. When it sees me conscious of my wounds it pours in the oil and the wine. When it sees my weakness to be so great that I cannot stir a step, it sets me on its own beast, and takes me to the inn. When it marks my utter poverty, so that I am not worth so much as two pence, it does not ask me to pay my own shot, but discharges everything for me, and leaves its promise that whatever more is needed shall be freely given.

You may notice in the text, or gather it therefrom by clear inference—that these people with whom God dealt were not only unclean, but they

COULD NOT CLEANSE THEMSELVES.

It is a rule with miracles, as well miracles of the Spirit as miracles of the body, that God never does what others can do. As long as there is strength left in the natural laws God does not go beyond them; but our extremity is God's opportunity. Now, inasmuch as the text brings in God, saying, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean," it is clear that this evil could not be cleansed without the divine interposition. There was no other way for the purging of the chosen ones but by the direct interposition of the Lord.

Oh, but divines have fine notions nowadays! It appears, according to the latest information, that children are not now born in sin as they used to be. They say that certain highly favored children commence life in a most extraordinary way: they are born gracious at the very first. They do not want any regeneration or conversion, for the stock is so superior that the branches naturally bring forth good fruit. I have never read of such people in the Scriptures, but I am often told that there are such nowadays; at least, their parents and their parsons say so. Of old it used to be, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and only "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." That, of course, is very

OLD-FASHIONED DOCTRINE.

Well, when we have a new-fashioned God, I dare say we shall have new-fashioned truth; but at present truth seems to me to be as immutable as God himself. If it be true to-day, it was true yesterday, and will be true even to the end, even as God himself changeth not.

As for myself, I know that I was born in sin, and I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. I know also that I once tried to purge and cleanse my own heart, and labored at it, I believe, as honestly as any person that lived. I went about to seek a righteousness of my own, and I endeavored to get quit of sin; but my failure was complete. I do not advise any other person to try self-healing. It brought me to despair; it drove me almost to the loss of reason. Therefore speak I of my own experience; and, taught by my own failure, I cannot urge any man to seek cleansing by his own doings or efforts, but I urge him to accept that cleansing which God has promised in the covenant of grace.

More than that, when God begins to deal with his people, many of them have a

SPECIAL FILTHINESS.

"From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." When he begins with them they are given up to their idols. Other lords have dominion over them, and these lords lead them into filthiness. Some upon whom God has looked with everlasting love have become, before their conversion, openly, manifestly, loathesomely filthy; and yet he begins in his grace with them. The harlot—she strays into the house of God, and feels that she has no right to be there; and yet the day comes when she stands behind the Master, washing his feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head, because she has had much forgiven. The man who has been guilty of foul vices, of which we say but little, but which he would fain weep over with tears of blood at their remembrance—when the Lord of love comes to such a horrible offender in a way of mercy. He says to him, even to him, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins."

The heathen of old once reported that ours was the religion of the most abandoned. There is much truth in the statement: it is a very good figure, though meant to be a slander. The Lord does receive

THE DEVIL'S RUNAWAYS.

If there is one here that is servant to that black master, I would recommend him to run to Christ to-night, and not give his master five minutes' notice. Quit the tyrant's employment and run for it at once. But then look at this: the Lord receives sinners to cleanse them. He does not receive them that they may remain as they were. The Lord Jesus receives sinners just as teachers receive children into a ragged-school. It is their glory that it is a ragged-school. The more ragged and the more dirty, the more welcome the child. But why do they receive the ragged child? Why, to wash him, to teach him, to clothe him, to instruct him. We do not receive ragged children for the love of their rags, nor to keep them in their rags; but that they may be taught, cleansed and elevated. Such is my Master's house of mercy. It is a hospital: sick folk are always welcome. It is not a place for spreading disease, nor for treating it lightly: it is the place where disease is discovered, set apart, and made to appear in all its horror, in order that it may be conquered and destroyed. Nobody speaks so sternly against sin as Jesus, and those who believe his gospel; but yet it forever stands true, "This man receiveth sinners."

II. The second is this—that God

PROVIDES FOR THE CLEANSING

of those to whom He comes in sovereign grace. "I will sprinkle clean water upon you." Pure water is the best of purifiers, and the Lord has provided that which is the most sure purification from sin. When, under the old Mosaic law, they took water and scarlet wood and hyssop, and sprinkled the unclean therewith, he was cleansed ceremonially; and now, under the gospel, God has provided a wondrous way by which, being himself perfectly pure, he can put away the impurities of our nature, and the iniquities of our lives.

It is a righteous way. You do not need that I explain to you the way in which God puts away our filthiness? Whether you need it or not, there are many who do need it, and, therefore, we must have the gospel over again. You put bread and salt on your table at every meal, and even so every sermon should have the gospel in it. God must be just; even if He would forgive sin, He must still be just. Sin must not go unpunished. Therefore, the Lord took sin and laid it on his Son, that his Son might bear what was due for our transgressions. This the Lord Jesus did as our substitute and Saviour, "He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He made a full atonement and expiation for the guilt of men, so that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In addition to that, God has given the Holy Ghost as a gift of Christ on His ascension; and that Holy Spirit is here to renew men in their hearts, to take away from them the love of sin, to give them a new life, to create in them a new heart and a right spirit, and so to change their inward longings and desires that their outward conduct shall become altogether different from what it was before. Here are two cleansings—the blood of Christ and the work of the Holy Ghost; and these are as clean water. God can justly forgive you, my fellow sinner, and God can totally change you and make you to be as though you had been new-born to-night, and were now to begin afresh. You see it is a clean way which God has devised; there is nothing in it which favors wrong or injustice. And what

A SIMPLE WAY

it is, as well as clean. "I will sprinkle clean water upon you." The application of the blood of Jesus Christ to the conscience, and the coming of the Holy Spirit to the heart, are as simple as the sprinkling of water. The wisdom of God made the rite by which the leper was cleansed under the law very simple; but even more simple is the act by which God applies the merit of His dear Son to us. Oh, that we might have the blood of Jesus sprinkled on our hearts at once by faith.

It is a way of unfailing efficacy, for He says, "From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." He does not only attempt the cleansing, but He accomplishes it. You may have a thousand sins, but this clean water can put the thousand sins away. Your heart may be a very pandemonium of idols, but the power of the Holy Spirit can break them all to pieces, and can do it for you at once. What, though your heart be like the Augean stable, the labors of Hercules shall be outdone by the wonders of Jesus. He shall cast your sins into the depths of the sea. Your hardness of heart, your pride, your lust, your unbelief, your enmity, your fickleness, shall all go down at a stroke, as when Dagon fell before the incoming of the ark of God into the holy place.

III. Thirdly, God Himself

APPLIES THIS MEANS

of cleansing. See how He puts it: "Then will I sprinkle"—"I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Ah, dear sirs! if God had only provided the medicine, but had never brought it to us, we could not have found it, reached it, or applied it. If He had made the plaster and had left it by the side of the wounded man, the poor wretch would have died, for he never could have laid it to his own wound. The same grace which "first devised a way to save rebellious man," carries out all the plan from the beginning to the end. Who can sprinkle clean water on the foul sinner? "I will do it," saith the Lord.

I am sure that I speak to many brothers and sisters here whose experience will bear out what I am going to say: it was the Lord who made us first to feel that we were filthy, and that we loved idols. We were very fine people once—were we not? Our own righteousness was quite as good as that of anybody else, and a little better. If we had sinned, we had a great many excuses for our failings; and, besides, we always meant to be so good by-and-by; therefore, we felt that we ought not to be condemned, but rather to be commended. The Lord fetched us down from the tree, and made us lie at the bottom of it and cry for mercy. We should still have refused to taste of His mercy, and we should have perished in our sin if divine grace had not convinced us of our folly. Oh, yes, the clean water is provided, but the clean water must be sprinkled by another hand than ours, if we are to be cleansed. Are we not witnesses of this? Do we not acknowledge that when at last we were made clean through the precious blood of Christ the closing act of faith was wrought in us by the Holy Ghost?

And all the way through the rest of life it is just the same. "All things are of God." If he that has brought me so far toward heaven does not help me throughout the rest of my journey, I must die, even within sight of the promised land. When we get to heaven, it will be, "Glory be to God for ever and ever and ever." We shall not hum even a single note to ourselves for our own glory, or on account of any part of the work for which we deserved credit; but we shall ascribe the whole of our salvation to infinite love and undeserved favor, and to the unceasing faithfulness and power of our gracious covenant God.

IV. I close with this last remark: The Lord effectually

CLEANSES ALL HIS PEOPLE.

First, He cleanses them from all their filthiness. I do want to dwell on that for a minute. "From all your filthiness will I cleanse you." All of it. Oh, what a vast "all" that is! "All your filthiness." All the filthiness of your birth-sin; all the filthiness of your natural temperament and constitution and disposition. "From all your filthiness will I cleanse you." All the filthiness that came out of you in your childhood, that was developed in you in your youth, that still has vexed your manhood, and, perhaps, even now, dishonors your old age. From all your actual filthiness, as well as from all your original filthiness, will I cleanse you. From all your secret filthiness, and from all your public filthiness; from everything that was wrong in the family; from everything that was wrong in the business; from everything that was wrong in your own heart—"From all your filthiness will I cleanse you." From all your pride. What a filthy thing that is! From all your unbelief. What an abominable thing that is! From all your tainted imaginations; from all your lustings; from all your wrong words; from all your covetousness; from all your murmuring; from all your anger; from all your malice; from all your envy; from all your distrust—"From all your filthiness will I cleanse you."

And then it is added that we shall be cleansed "from all

OUR IDOLS."

We are, all of us, idolaters by nature and by practice. The unregenerate man has always an idol. He will worship anything rather than his God; yea, he will sooner worship himself than his Saviour. Even the Christian may find, to his own surprise, that his dear Rachel, whom he loves so much, has managed to hide the idols away under the camel's furniture, and she is even now sitting on them and concealing them. I do not know an idol that is more apt to escape being broken than the idol that some beloved Rachel protects. But it must not be: "The idols he shall utterly abolish." God's way is, "From all your idols will I cleanse you."

If there is anything, beloved, that has our love more than God, it is an idol, and we must be purged from it. This is not a threatening, but a promise: it is a great blessing to have our images of jealousy put away. If you make an idol of a child, either that child will die, or something else will happen which will make your idol to be your burden. If you want to kill your husband, idolize him. If you desire ill to a beloved one, set him up in Christ's place. We can, alas! make idols of baser things than these: we can love gold, or dress, or honor, or rank, or even a forbidden thing. We are so dull and carnal that our affections are soon captured by earthly objects. Whatever it is that we idolize, God says, "I will cleanse you from it." And I think that we can say in response, "Lord, be it so."

Now, poor sinner! do you see what the Lord can do with you? He can break you loose from your temptations. He can set you free from every sin that holds you in captivity. Pardon and purity Jesus gives most freely. Trust Him to cleanse you, and the work shall be surely done. Trust to Him that did hang upon the tree to redeem His people, and you are delivered. Trust Him to sanctify you wholly by His Spirit,

and He will purify you till every spot and wrinkle is gone. It is His work to save His people from their sins; believe in Him, and you shall triumph in His salvation. May the Lord add His blessing, for Jesus' sake!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

ELECTRIC SERVANTS.*

The variety of services to which electricity may be applied by an ingenious person may be realized by a visit to the priory in the village of St. Gervais, the residence of M. Houdin. The main entrance to the priory is a carriage-way closed by a gate. Upon the left of this is a door for the admission of visitors on foot; on the right is placed a letter-box. The mansion is situated a quarter of a mile distant, and is approached by a broad and winding road, well shaded with trees.

The visitor presenting himself before the door on the left sees a gilt plate bearing the name of Robert Houdin, below which is a small gilt knocker. He raises this according to his fancy; but, no matter how feeble the blow, a delicately tuned chime of bells sounding throughout the mansion announces his presence. When the attendant touches a button placed in the hall the chime ceases, the bolt at the entrance is thrown back, the name of Robert Houdin disappears from the door, and in its place appears the word "Enter" in white enamel. The visitor pushes open the door and enters; it closes with a spring behind him, and he cannot depart without permission.

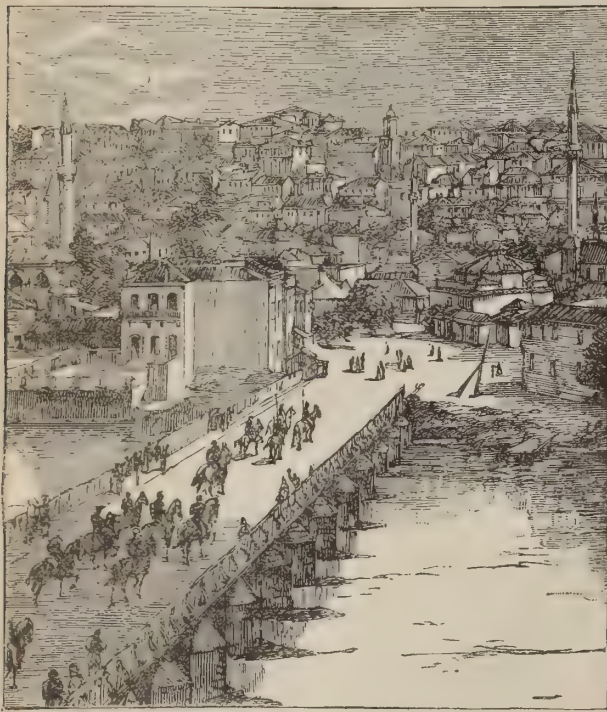
A resident of the place is readily distinguished, for, knowing in advance what is to occur, he knocks, and at the instant that the bolt slips back he enters. The equi-distant strokes follow immediately the pressing of the button. But a new visitor, surprised at the appearance of the word "Enter," hesitates a second or two, then presses open the door gradually, and enters slowly. The four strokes, now separated by a short interval, succeed the pressure of the button by an appreciable time, and the host makes ready to receive a stranger. The traveling beggar, fearful of committing some indiscretion, raises the knocker timidly; he hesitates to enter, and when he does so it is with great slowness and caution. This the chimes unerringly announce. It seems to persons at the house as if they actually saw the poor mendicant pass the entrance, and in going to meet him they are never mistaken.

When a carriage arrives at the Priory, the driver descends from his box, enters the door by the method just described, and is directed to the key of the gate by a suitable inscription. He unlocks the gate and swings open its two parts; the movement is announced at the house, and on a table in the hall, bearing the words: "The gate is—" appears the word "open" or "closed," according to the fact.

The letter-box, too, has an electric communication with the house. The carrier, previously instructed, drops in first all the printed matter together; then he adds the letters one by one. Each addition sounds the chimes; and the owner even if he has not yet risen, is apprised of the character of his mail. To avoid sending letters to the village, they are written in the evening and a communicator is so arranged, that when the carrier drops the mail into the box the next morning, the electricity, in place of sounding the chimes in the house, sounds one over his head. Thus warned, he comes up to the house to leave what he has brought and take away the letters for mailing.

M. Houdin possesses a mare for which he has a great affection. A former hostler had contracted the habit of changing the oats of his master into five-franc pieces. To prevent this peculation, the house, distant from the stable seven or eight rods, is connected with it by electricity, so that by means of a clock fixed in

* From "The Age of Electricity," by Park Benjamin, Ph. D., a beautifully illustrated work, describing the history of electrical discovery from amber-soul to telephone; 384 pages; price \$2; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



Philippopolis the Capital of Eastern Roumelia.
The Bridge over the Maritza.



C. T. STUDD, B. A., M. BEAUCHAMP, B. A., S. P. SMITH, B. A.,
A. T. POLHILL-TURNER, B. A., D. E. HOSTE, C. H. POLHILL-TURNER, W. W. CASSELS, B. A.

the study, the necessary quantity of food is supplied to the horse at a fixed hour three times a day. The distributing apparatus is very simple, consisting of a square box, funnel shaped, which discharges the oats in the proportion previously regulated. Since the oats are allowed to fall only when the stable-door is locked, the hostler cannot remove them after they are supplied nor can he shut himself in the stable and thus get the oats, as the door locks only upon the outside. Moreover, he cannot re-enter and abstract them, because an alarm is sounded in the house, if the door be opened before the oats are consumed.

PHILIPPOPOLIS.

PRINCE Alexander of Bulgaria had no place in his dominions more loyal to him than the city, a picture of which appears on this page. It has been under his rule a little less than a year, but it gave him an enthusiastic reception when he returned after his first abdication, and it showed sincere sympathy and regret when he finally quitted his throne.

The city is built on an island formed by the river Maritza, which there becomes navigable. It is about ninety-one miles to the northwest of Adrianople. It is on elevated ground, the island on which it stands being considerably above the plain, which extends beyond Adrianople. It is a conspicuous object for a long distance—"a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." It stands on the site of the ancient Roman city Trimontium, and some parts of it are of great age. Considerable trade is done there with Austria and the East. Its population has increased during the past half century from 45,000 to 60,000.

THE COLLEGE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

PORTRAITS of two graduates of the English University of Cambridge appeared in this journal on April 9, 1885. They were two young men who formed part of a contingent, who, under the influence of Mr. D. L. Moody, abandoned wealth and a distinguished career to go out as missionaries to China. The picture on this page is made from a photograph of the party, taken in China after they had assumed the Chinese costume.

The experience of Mr. Hudson Taylor and other missionaries who have gone to labor among the Chinese, proves that it is much less

difficult to get access to the homes of the people when the Chinese dress is adopted, and there is besides less probability of their being mobbed in the streets. To our eyes the dress gives them an extraordinary appearance, and to the missionaries themselves it was doubtless something of a trial to disfigure themselves in that way. That, however, would be a trivial matter, and they have the gratification of knowing that in thus adopting the dress and customs of the people to whom they preach, they are following the example of the great pioneer missionary of the cross (1 Cor. 9: 19-22).

MRS. PELHAM'S FRIEND.

(See Illustration on page 653.)

"THERE is Lucilla, talking to old Betty Gardiner; let us hurry, Herbert, I want to ask if she has been invited to the ball?"

Colonel and Mrs. Seymour quickened their steps and met Mrs. Seymour's cousin, Lucilla, as she turned from the Gardiners' cottage to visit another of her humble friends. As the ladies met she extended her hand, but Colonel Seymour playfully interposed. "I don't think it is safe to let Clara shake hands with you, Mrs. Pelham, until you have been disinfected. How many fever germs have you brought away with you from the Gardiner place?"

"Don't be absurd, Colonel Seymour," said Lucilla, "I have not been inside the cottage. I simply went to the door to inquire after the old man, and to leave a little basket of good things for him. He is very sick; I am afraid he will never recover."

"Well, he can be spared; when persons of that class are old and poor and miserable, they are a burden to themselves and all about them."

"Ah! that is very cold philosophy. The survival of the fittest suits the fittest, but it is hard on those who are not so fit. I am very sorry for the poor old man; I wish I could make his life brighter for him."

"I suppose you do," said the Colonel, "but it is a very thankless task, and involves some risk as well. Here have you been to that house which is reeking with infection, taking your little daughter, too. And for what? Just to give delicacies to a man who has not the slightest claim on you."

"Pardon me, Colonel, he has a very strong claim. He is one of the Lord's representatives on earth. Jesus specially appointed such men

as he to receive the kindness which we would show to him."

"You have a very literal and practical way of acting on Christian precepts," Mrs. Pelham. The next thing we shall hear of will be your selling all your possessions and giving to the poor. I believe there is an injunction of that kind, is there not?"

"Let Lucilla alone, Herbert," interposed Mrs. Seymour. "You and she will never settle these questions. I am sure it is very good and kind of her to visit these poor creatures. Very few ladies would take the trouble. I for one would not like to undertake it. But, Lucilla, I am dying to know if you have an invitation to the ball. I am going, and I want you to come up to the house and let us arrange."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pelham, "I have been invited, but I shall not go. I decided last winter that I would never go to such places again."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Mrs. Seymour. "I do so wish you would go, Lucilla; it will not be half so pleasant for me without you. Just imagine that I am one of your poor people, and that it is your duty to make me happy."

"Cannot imagine it at all," said Mrs. Pelham, laughing. "You are much too gay and sprightly to impress me with a sense of your dependence upon me."

"Well, it is of no use to argue with you, Lucilla, so I shall not attempt it. Having appealed to your principle of self-sacrifice without avail, I know there is no other point on which you are vulnerable."

The Seymours continued their walk, and Mrs. Pelham and her little daughter went on their way visiting the Lord's poor and ministering to the sorrowing.

Two years afterward Mrs. Pelham was spending a few weeks at a summer resort with her cousin, Mrs. Seymour, and the Colonel. The two ladies were sitting together in their room in the hotel, overlooking the sea, when Colonel Seymour strolled in.

"I met a friend of yours in the lobby just now, Lucilla," he said.

"Indeed; I did not think I had any friends here. Who could it be?"

"Well, it is one of the waiters here. I suppose you will like to invite him up, but I did not give the invitation on my own responsibility. He is a son of that wretched old Gardiner you used to visit. He is grown a big, stalwart fellow. Not bad looking, either."

"Oh, Will Gardiner," said Mrs. Pelham. "I am so glad he got the place; his mother said he was trying to get employment in a hotel. I must go and speak to him."

"Would you not like him to call. If Clara and I would spoil the interview, we can go for a walk."

"Do not be ridiculous, Colonel. He is a very deserving fellow, and I hope he will always regard me as a friend."

"You have a queer notion of friendship, Lucilla; the worst of it is, that all the obligations are on one side."

"I don't mind that at all, if I can help them. Poor creatures! many of them need the little I can do, very badly." So saying, Mrs. Pelham tripped lightly down stairs to see the young man and cheer him in his efforts to earn a livelihood. It did him good to have so bright and kind a lady put aside her dignity to speak to him in the presence of the hotel-keeper and the guests, and the fact of his being so acknowledged was not overlooked by his employer.

That night there was a scene of terror in the hotel. It was a frail frame structure, very much painted and decorated, but as lightly built as summer hotels generally are. When, therefore, the midnight silence was broken by a cry of "Fire!" everyone knew that the hotel was doomed. There was no hope of saving it, and but little hope of saving the guests. The stairs were blazing, and the elevator shaft was full of flame, before Col. Seymour learned his danger. He aroused his wife and Lucilla, and bidding them dress and remain still until he could procure a ladder, he jumped from the window to the lawn. He alighted on a large boulder, and rolled over, helpless, with a broken leg. He lost consciousness, for a moment, with the pain, but recovering, shouted loudly for a ladder. Men were hurrying about, each intent on some special effort, and no one took any notice of him. At last a man answered his cry.

"Bless you, sir," he said, "there ain't a ladder on the place as would reach them windows. They are lost, sir, whoever they are."

"Think, my man; is there no way of getting at them? I would give you a thousand dollars if you could save those ladies."

"No use, sir; dollars ain't o' no use to a dead man, and that's what it would come to. There's only one way, and that's at the back, and there's fire and smoke all the way. Why, bless me, if it ain't Col. Seymour! You don't mean as Mrs. Pelham is up there?"

"I do, Gardiner, and Mrs. Seymour, too. 'I'll give you—'"

But Gardiner was gone before he heard any more.

Making his way through the stifling corridors, almost suffocated with smoke and scorched by the flames curling up the staircases, Gardiner found the room. Half leading, half carrying, the two ladies, he hurried back over the perilous road through those interminable corridors until at last he had them safe in the open air.



Col. Seymour is Afraid of Fever Germs.

It was a narrow escape, and the Colonel shed tears of joy as he thanked him. The young man would take none of his money. "No, sir," he said, simply, "it warn't done for money. You couldn't ha' got me to run that risk for no sum you could name. But I'd a died for Mrs. Pelham, wot's been my friend, and good to the old folks at home."

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 639.)

Leroy Proposes.

It was no trivial errand on which Leroy was bound. As he sat looking from the car window at the country through which he was rapidly whirled, he realized that the color of all his future life would be fixed indelibly in the next few hours. Would Carrie accept the offer he was about to make? If she did his arm would be nerved for the struggle. His months of drudgery would pass as those years passed with Jacob when he served for Rachel.

But if she refused? He could not entertain the thought. Why should she reject him? She had showed a personal preference for him. They had congenial tastes. They had seen enough of each other to know that they would be mutually helpful. There was no reason for apprehension, save the one difficulty of religion. Surely Carrie was too sensible a lady to make an obstacle of that. True, she felt strongly on the subject, but he would guarantee her perfect liberty. They could be happy without agreeing on that point. Their discussions would give a piquancy to married life, and would prevent it becoming insipid. So by the time Leroy stepped from the train at the little station he

had settled it with himself that success was assured.

Carrie's welcome confirmed him in the impression. It was the welcome of a dear and intimate friend. In introducing him to her family she spoke warmly of his kindness and flatteringly of his reputation at the college, and they received him accordingly for Carrie's sake. They were anxious that he should enjoy his visit, and sent for a carriage, that he might drive around the little city, to see the beauties of the neighborhood. During the drive, Leroy gave his companion the whole history of the disaster which had necessitated his spending the winter in teaching instead of in college. Her words of approval were music to his ears. It was no stinted praise that she bestowed on the self-sacrifice which impelled him to save a parent from sorrow at the cost of his cherished projects. He saw that his act raised him in her esteem, and was rewarded.

Nevertheless, there was a constraint perceptible in Carrie's manner. He could not define it, could scarcely realize it; but there was something wrong. She must be suffering mentally,

he thought. Possibly, and the thought thrilled him, she was grieving that the next term would be lonely for her. She would miss him, surely, and perhaps that thought was oppressing her. Well, the declaration of his love, which he resolved to make before he went to rest, would restore her gaiety and animation.

The opportunity came that evening, as they were seated in the trim little parlor in which Carrie's little library of books and her other treasures were carefully arranged. They had been looking them through together, and chatting about their favorite authors, as in the college days, which now seemed so long ago.

"Carrie," Leroy said, "those were very pleasant days at Clayville."

"They were," Carrie assented. "The old college will not be near so pleasant next term. I shall miss you sorely."

"You will think of me sometimes, I hope. My thoughts will constantly hover about you. I could not have believed a year ago, before I knew you, how potent an influence could be exerted over me. You hold the half of my life, Carrie, and without you I am a but poor, riven creature. I need you to complete my existence. I never knew how necessary you were to me until the vacation. Even at college I did not know it. Carrie, I love you very dearly; will you not promise to be my wife?"

She did not look at him. Her eyes drooped, and her heart beat high. Her face was pale. He loved her—ah, how passionately! He drew his chair close to hers and took her hand.

"Carrie, Carrie, I am going away in a few days, and I cannot leave without an understanding. I must know whether I dare hope for you. Oh, Carrie, my love, may I not call you mine forever?"

Her face was death-like in its pallor, her lips were almost as white as snow when she raised

her eyes. He thought her heart must have ceased to beat. She spoke with a tremulous voice.

"Leroy, I love you, but I cannot be your wife."

He rose slowly to his feet, unable for a moment to understand, and his heart sank within him. It seemed that an awful gulf was opening beneath him, and he was sinking, sinking. He still held her hand tightly between both of his.

"You love me, but cannot be my wife!" he repeated slowly. "What do you mean by that? Why—why not? tell me, my own Carrie!"

She arose, and with both her hands she returned the pressure of his grasp as she said:

"I cannot tell you, Leroy. It is best I do not tell you—best for you and best for me. Believe me, trust me in this."

He tore loose from her grasp and paced the floor with a heavy tread.

"Love me, but cannot be my wife!" he said over again and again. At last he stopped before her and said, almost fiercely:

"Why, then, did you not tell me before?"

"Because I loved you, Leroy, and I could not reject you before you had asked for my hand. I have wronged you, Leroy; but believe me, I did not intend to deceive you. I did so hope the obstacles would be removed before it came to this."

"What are the obstacles? tell me," he said, with the earnestness of desperation.

"Leroy, I cannot, I must not tell you; and yet, how I long that you should know!" and at last she sank into her chair and wept.

"How can I believe in a God!" he exclaimed. "There cannot be a God, or He would not permit such terrible woe among His creatures. This world is a mishap, and existence is a misery. The German skeptics are right. The earth is only a desert. Even the beauty of nature is designed to mock our sorrow. Curse it! curse it!"

He said, vehemently and with a solemnity that made Carrie shudder. "Curse earth, Heaven, love and all! Curses on my own heart! Curse—no, no, I will not curse you, Carrie. I love you, I love you; and yet now I wish I could hate you."

Thus he raved. It was terrible to hear him curse so. At last he almost leaped to her side, and seizing her arm, he exclaimed:

"Are you bound to another? If you are, I will ask no more. I would not press you to break a promise. Is it so?"

"Oh, Leroy; do not ask me further, I plead. Go to your room and rest."

"Rest! rest! Why don't you tell me go to the Christian's hell to rest? I can never rest again. I shall become demented. I know not what I say. Carrie, is there no hope? Tell me that this is not final, and I will obey you; I will leave you now and wait, if it is for half a lifetime. Can you give me not a shred of hope to save me from lunacy?"

"Listen," said Carrie, summoning up all the calmness she could. "Listen: I cannot explain this now; I have told you so. I am suffering as you suffer. It has cost me great agony to reach this decision. I do not speak lightly, but under solemn conviction. There are obstacles to our union existing now. I pray God they may be removed; I will pray day and night for that. If ever they are removed, I will accept you, my dear Leroy, with a glad and grateful heart. I can say no more. You must leave me now."

Leroy looked at her in a dazed, wondering manner, like a man in a dream, and still in the same distracted way he turned and left the room, staggered to his chamber and flung himself on the bed in an agony of grief.

Carrie, too, sought her room, pale and trembling with agitation, and fell on her knees to seek strength where she had never failed to find it—the Refuge of the troubled and sorrowing in all ages.

That was not the first time that those walls had witnessed her conflict and victory. The very struggle of to-night was but a sequel to a

fiercer struggle that had occurred there but a few days before. It was there that she had come to the decision that she had announced to Leroy to-night, and she had reached it before she wrote the letter that Leroy had accepted as a sign of success. He had no idea of the struggle that had been fought before that letter was penned.

When she read the letter in which he told her of his disappointment, and asked permission to visit her, she divined, with the intuition the female mind possesses, what his object was. Had he been returning to college next term, he would probably have been content to wait without seeking an interview. As it was, she was sure that he dreaded to run the risk of her forming new friendships among the students while he was absent, and possibly a friendship which might develop into an engagement. There was no hint of it in his letter, but she realized that, so sure as she allowed him to visit her, he would endeavor to win her consent to an engagement. Being thus prepared, and fully comprehending what his visit involved, she set herself to study the situation before replying to his letter.

One question must be answered to her satisfaction before a decision could be reached. Ought she to promise herself to him in marriage when he asked her? Her logical mind winnowed the whole subject down to that question; and that she earnestly set herself to consider. Before taking it up she spent some time in earnest prayer. The prediction which Leroy had heard from his brother, had actually been fulfilled before it was uttered. She prayed earnestly for guidance, and that God would enable her to find a right way to come to a right conclusion. Then she sat down to examine the questions thoroughly. She believed that God had endowed her with reason, to be used in difficulties, and that she had no right to look for more help than the guidance she had asked for. She must reason it out.

The first step was easily taken. If Leroy Ransom had been a Christian, Carrie admitted to herself that she would have consented to marry him had he asked her. She loved him; there was no doubt of that. Her heart was throbbing even now, as she thought of him, in a way that set at rest all questions about her love. But it must not influence her judgment.

The objection to him, the sole obstacle to their union, was his scepticism. Point by point she went over his character, as she knew it, and arrived at the same conclusion, "If he were not a sceptic," she said, "I would accept him." Was the obstacle of scepticism insuperable? Now, she had reached the marrow of the subject, and the inward battle waxed fierce and strong.

"Why should I not marry a sceptic, if we love each other? He might hold his views and I might retain mine, and, as the saying is, we might agree to disagree."

For a time the suggestion seemed practicable. It was too welcome to the desire of her heart to be lightly cast aside; but soon her better judgment asserted itself, and she saw the fallacy of the idea.

"Agree to disagree on such a vital matter! That would be impossible. I dare not play fast and loose with the eternal truths of religion. No; in the intimate associations of married life, our interests and aspirations would continually come into conflict, making our home a scene of contention, instead of quiet domestic happiness. There would be no community of feeling on those questions of faith, which I regard as of paramount importance.

"And yet," she cried, "How can I give up all my dreams of happiness!" Then her face brightened as a new thought entered her mind. "If we were married I might be God's instrument in bringing about a change in his convictions."

But neither of these suggestions could her judgment approve. "I have not succeeded at

all thus far," she had to admit, "in winning him to my faith, and why should I then. I have known instances—yes, more than one—when the wife lost her hold on her husband's intellect after marriage. The fact is, Leroy has been going deeper into unbelief ever since my acquaintance with him began. Even in this letter he implies that he has suffered injustice at the hand of God, and I fear he has sunk into complete atheism. No man can believe that God is unjust; he must believe that there is no God. And so I cannot be certain that I should be able to produce a change in his character. The change might be just the reverse—in me instead of in him. I might begin to doubt, too, or, if not that, I might cease to grow in grace amid uncongenial surroundings.

Then she fell into a reverie for a time, from which no definite train of reasoning could be produced. She scarcely marked the flight of time, as the evening shadows gathered; she only knew that a dull, leaden pain was in her heart. By and by she roused herself from her incoherent musings.

"Besides, there is another consideration—that of congruity of taste. True, we are congenial in our literary aspirations, but oh! how far from congenial on that matter of highest and deepest concern. The antipodes of the earth are not farther apart. How can two persons who have no spiritual affinity be happy together!"

The more she reflected upon the subject, the more she was convinced that a union with Leroy, in his present state of mind, would entail unhappiness on them both. For the present, at least, she felt it her duty to tell him frankly, if he should make her a proposal of marriage, that such a consummation as their union would be impossible. So it could remain for a time. If ever he should experience a change of conviction, then—. If he never did become a Christian, why—then—she would leave it all in God's hands.

Another question that passed her was, should she tell Leroy the reason she could not accept him? Here she wavered for a time between conflicting doubts. If she did not give the reasons of her conduct, he might leave her in wrath, never to return; and how could she endure such a calamity, for there still was a gleam of hope in her heart. On the other hand, if she stated her reasons, he might, such was the strength of his passionate nature, make an attempt to abandon his infidelity by a mere mental effort—not for truth's sake, but for her sake.

She could not make herself responsible for such an endeavor on his part. Such a change would not be radical, and, consequently, it would only be temporary. The infidelity would still be in his heart. She well knew that no man could coerce himself into a belief of the Scriptures, especially when his doubts had been so deeply rooted as Leroy's. No; if Leroy experienced a change, it must be real, it must be for religion's sake and not for the sake of a merely human passion, however pure that might be. The revolution must be one of character—of the reason, the understanding, the emotions, the will; in short, of the whole current of his being. He must be "born again."

Her decision involved a case of conscience that might have embarrassed the acutest casuist, but Carrie determined to follow the dictates of duty, and not the impulses of passion.

"We might continue to correspond," she thought. "Certainly I need not deny myself that pleasure." But a little more thought changed her conclusion in this respect also. "No, he may never change his views, and in that case I should be holding out inducements to him only to disappoint him at last. Besides, he might meet some other girl—" Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought. "If he should—should meet some other—other—girl, our correspondence would only be an obstacle in his way. Though I hope God will spare me this, I will make the sacrifice, for Leroy's sake." That was the decision she had come to, and

having conquered herself, she had found it less difficult to maintain her composure when she communicated it to Leroy. She had suffered terribly during the ordeal, but there had been no traitor in her own heart to embarrass her, and now, having done the right, she was at peace.

(To be continued.)

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson, for October 24. John 19: 17-30. Golden Text: Ver. 30.

Jesus Led Away—Not Occupied with Himself—His Followers—The Mystery of the Cross—Ignominy and Suffering—Truth in Mocking Words—Pilate's Writing—The Words of the Thieves—The Seamless Vesture—Prayer for the Murderers—Provision for His Mother—Not Self-Absorbed—Creation Mourning—The Spiritual Eclipse.

"AND they took Jesus and led Him away." They had gained their point. It was only because God permitted it; but every one of those bitter enemies of Jesus must, some time or other, look on Him whom they have pierced. It was the common custom for a criminal who was condemned to be crucified, that he should bear his cross to the place of execution. And Jesus bore His, but not alone. Simon, the Cyrenian, was compelled by the enemies of Jesus to bear it after Him (Luke xxiii., 26). He had nearly died in Gethsemane, and their bitter, cruel vengeance would not be satisfied if He should be exhausted before He came to the cross. But He was

NOT OCCUPIED WITH HIMSELF, even in such an hour. A great company of people followed Him, and of women, "which also bewailed and lamented Him" (Luke 23: 27). Having so little understood His teaching, their hopes of temporal deliverance through Him were at an end. They loved Him, they could not bear that He should suffer, but they were altogether uncomprehending and astonished that this Man of mighty deeds should be at the mercy of men whom they saw to be so inferior to Him; had He lost His power, was He, after all, not the Messiah? Oh, had they taken to heart His own repeated teachings, they would have understood His wondrous redemption work; they would have adored while they wept; they would have seen salvation accomplished in the one great Sin offering; they would have beheld in Him "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" Jesus turned to them, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." The heart of Jesus was sad for the coming destruction of the city which was now in the very act of rejecting Him and slaying Him.

They crucified Him, and He, "for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame" (Heb. 13: 2). Yet none can ever know what it was to Jesus to bear upon Him sin and sin's consequences, sickness and death. How it could be that He who knew no sin could yet bear our sins, and be made sin for us. How He, in His perfection as a man, could take our infirmities and bear our sicknesses. How He, who is the Resurrection and the Life, could die, is

A MYSTERY

beyond human knowledge and human language. But so it was. He met man's due in every form. Not only did He die for sin as a whole, but on Him every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, otherwise He would have been unrighteous to justify, unholy to forgive. Our hearts fail us when we think of His suffering, spiritual, mental, physical, all accumulated upon Him at that terrible time. And He did it willingly. He made a freewill offering of Himself to God on our behalf, and He makes a freewill offering of His propitiation to you and to me. Precious, wondrous Jesus!

To add to His humiliation, they crucified two

thieves, one on either hand, as though to prove to the assembled crowd that He was one such as they! But the only robbery Jesus was guilty of was to rob Satan of his prey, and death of his sting! This He continued to do on the cross. These very thieves took up the insolent cries of the priests who, in their fancied victory and exultation, manifested the spirit they were of, and mockingly cried, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. Let Christ, the King of Israel, descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe" (Mark 15: 31-32). It was the vulgar irony of a brutal mind, which might become a murderer, but how did it fit the lips of chief priests? It was but the outcome of hearts full of all uncleanness! Yet, they spoke the truth. He saved others, He saves others still, but no thought of sparing Himself found place in the heart of Jesus. He was in every sense a sacrifice, and a complete one. "Himself He cannot save," because His wondrous love demands that He shall die! His arm was not shortened. He was the same Mighty One, but He was giving the death stroke to death by dying, the death stroke to sin and sickness, by bearing both, that so, he that believeth should not bear that which He has borne for him.

When our beloved Lord was placed upon the cross, Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross, and the writing was,

JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. Pilate ordered that it should be written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin. Naturally, the passers-by looked up and read it. The chief priests saw the danger that, if Pilate announced Jesus to be the King of the Jews, the people might believe on Him. So they corrected Pilate, and said, "Write not, The King of the Jews, but that He said, I am the King of the Jews." Pilate answered, "What I have written, I have written." Was it, perhaps, a salve to his own conscience, and a silent protest to the Jews? We know not; but all who could read in that company read, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. One man who was present—one of the thieves who was crucified with Him—accosted Him as a king. The other thief was pouring out maledictions on Jesus with his dying lips, perhaps with the hope that he should be taken down and his life spared—perhaps with that unaccountable madness of rage in which Satan sometimes worries some of his victims to their end. But this one rebuked him, saying, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing we are in the same condemnation? And we indeed, justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And he said, "Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Yes, he believed Jesus was king—king of a kingdom which it should be possible for him to enter after death. To him, Jesus was King of the Jews, and his king, too. And that man's soul was saved there, upon the cross, and the King of Kings said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise" (Luke 23: 39-43).

The clothing of one who should be crucified was the perquisite of the executioners, and thus the soldiers parted among them the garments of Jesus. But a passage of Scripture had to be fulfilled in order that no single proof of the identity of the Messiah should be wanting! "Now, the coat was without seam, woven from top throughout, no doubt the work of Mary, His mother, or of the other women who ministered unto Him of their substance." They said, therefore, among themselves, let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted My raiment among them, and for My vesture they did cast lots." Every prophecy regarding Jesus as the suffering Saviour was fulfilled in every detail, so that the Jews could have no excuse for failing to recognize Him.

All through this time of unspeakable agony and torture, Jesus was at leisure with Himself as much as when He walked from place to place in Galilee. When He was nailed upon the cross

could remember the souls of his murderers, and prayed,

"FATHER FORGIVE THEM,

for they know not what they do." While bearing His cross He had a heart for the daughters of Jerusalem. In Gethsemane He could make an excuse for the disciples. We have just seen how He was at leisure for salvation of the thief. And now we see Him caring for those who had been the nearest to Him on earth. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary, wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." These women, whose lives had been so different, yet united in Jesus, one at the cross! "When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." Jesus did not forget family ties at the cross! How is it that suffering, whether physical or mental, so absorbs us. We see Jesus under it, yet so free as to be at the disposal of others, far less sufferers than He. It is only self-pity and self-consideration that makes suffering so absorb us. Truly, there are natures less highly wrought than others, and to them the exquisite torture which others suffer is unknown; but then, their joys are less keen, and so there is always compensation. But Jesus was capable of suffering in the most acute degree, or He would not have been the Man of Sorrows. He could not have taken our infirmities and borne our sicknesses. There are details of our lives that we have not fully let Jesus into, or His life would be in us, according to our circumstances, all that it was in Him.

After this, Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar; and they filled a sponge with vinegar and put it upon hyssop and put it to His mouth." Thus was fulfilled the word of the Psalmist, "They gave Me also gall for My meat, and in My thirst they gave Me vinegar to drink" (Ps. 69: 21). It was at this time that

DARKNESS CAME.

over the whole land from the sixth to the ninth hour. Jesus, in His death, was not dependent on human mourners: the whole creation put on black. The sun had come into being at His word, and now veiled his face and shrouded the earth so that no human eye should see the moment when death triumphed over Jesus. But one witnessed that sight: it was the Father. There came a moment when another scripture was fulfilled in the one bitter cry of Jesus on the cross, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken Me?" Up to that moment, while bearing the awful weight of what was laid on Him, Jesus had yet the joy set before Him, and the unbroken consciousness that He pleased God. That in order to take our place to the full, He must know what it was to be cut off from His Father. The darkness around was nothing to the horror of great

DARKNESS IN THE SOUL

of Jesus when that cloud which He was joyfully bearing, as the scape-goat of men, came between and eclipsed the Father's countenance, and for the time He did not know that He pleased Him. It was enough; this was the last pang. To Him light had come, and He could say, "It is finished; Father, unto Thy hands I commend My spirit." "And when He had said this He gave up the ghost." After all, death did not conquer Jesus. He gave up the spirit as a king would surrender his sword. In Jesus, sinless as He was, there was no element of death or decay, it could only be by His own will that He could die, just as by His own will He rose again. But O, what has He done for us? In that cross we see, to him that believeth Satan's power gone, to him that is crucified with Christ, death a mere harmless accident, incapable of touching the eternal life within; we see every question settled, but how shall we say, how shall our lives say, all we owe to Jesus?

WAITING.

I am waiting for the coming of my dear Redeemer Lord,
I am resting in His promise, in His precious, price-
less word;
And, although He seems to tarry, yet I know He'll
surely come,
And take His own, His ransomed, to His bright and
blissful home.

When I waken in the morning, ere the dawning of
the day,
I lift my soul to His dear side, and watch and praise
and pray,
For it may be in the morning I shall hear His
blessed voice,
Triumphant o'er the waves of time, bid all His own
rejoice.

Then in the noon-tide splendor of the sun's merid-
ian light,
When the busy world's surroundings need our
armor should be bright,
'Tis sweet to turn aside our thoughts from the
carking cares of life,
And think perhaps 't is now He'll come 'mid the
battle and the strife.

Then when the shadowy wing of night spreads
darkness on the land,
Ere soft slumbers close my senses, I yield all into
His hand;
My body, soul and spirit—self—all I ask Him safe
to keep,
And thinking on His precious blood, I fain would
fall asleep;

For it may be while I'm sleeping the Archangel's
trump will sound,
Then, oh, what a glorious waking, to be all in
Jesus found!
Yes! but whether in the morning or the noontide
or the night,
It reck's little to the Christian soul whose light is
in His Light.

For no matter when He cometh—oh, what praise for
truth like this!
When He comes, we shall be like Him, "we shall
see Him as He is."

—Caroline L. Elliott.

Send for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

Sweet Florida Oranges Free!!

I am anxious to make Northern and Eastern people fam-
iliar with Florida through the columns of the Florida Dis-
patch, a 20-page Agricultural and Horticultural Weekly, \$2
per year. I will give to any person sending five yearly sub-
scriptions, one box, regulation size, holding from 150 to 200
CHOICE SWEET ORANGES, fresh, delivered on board the cars.
Sample copies distributed furnished on application. Address
CHAS. W. DA COSTA, Publisher, Jacksonville Fla.

Refers to Hon. J. C. Greeley, President Fla. Savings Bank.
A. M. Ives, Manager Fla. Fruit Exchange. W. E. Simpson,
Real Estate, Jacksonville, Fla. (ORANGE SPONSORSHIP SOLICITED.)



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoid Agents and Dealers whose pro-
fits and expenses double the cost on
every Piano they sell) and send this
First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM
7 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano, War-
ranted 8 years, for \$193! We
send it with Beautiful Cover and
Stool—for Trial in your own Home—
before you buy. Send for circulars to
Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS.

How to Build Houses, paper cover, . . . 25c.
1,500 Conundrums, " " " " 15c.
700 Album Verses, " " " " 15c.
How to Entertain a Social Party, paper cover, 15c.
Ninety-nine Recitations, " " " " 12c.
One Hundred Popular Songs, words and music, 25c.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Ross St., New York

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Send your address and we will forward to you a sam-
ple copy of the BOOK RECORD. A new Literary
paper of interest to you.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM,
Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated
food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of
the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

It has been the positive means of saving many
lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases
where other prepared foods failed.

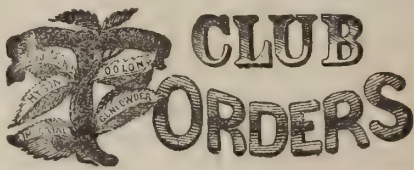
The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most
Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of
Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as
Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and
Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band
Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents
per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee busi-
ness, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS
every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5,
\$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. De-
signed Tea Sets with \$15. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44
pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a
host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you illus-
trated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Sterling Anthems.

A new collection of more than 100 choice Anthem-
selected from the most popular compositions of over
50 different authors.

Anthems for Every Occasion of Pub-
lic Worship.
Beautiful Type, Convenient Shape,
Well Gotten Up.

Ought to be in Every Choir in the Land.

Only 60 cts. per copy by Mail.
Sent by Express for \$5.00 per Dozen.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East 10th Street, NEW YORK.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

TALMAGE'S

NEW
TABERNACLE
SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it.
This book contains the best specimens of the won-
derful pulpit productions of their brilliant author.
Every page beams with originality, flashes with light,
and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fam-
"has gone out through all the earth, and his words to
the end of the world." Hence the demand for his ser-
mons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Tal-
mage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish

MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN. Intro-
duction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated.
Pleases everybody. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000 with key.)

Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th thousand,
\$2.00. Agents Wanted.

E. B. TREAT, Publi-
771 Broadway, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
PLATFORM SHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John Gough.

His last and crowning work, brim full of thrilling inter-
est, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of
"laughter and tears," it "tells right to all." To it is added
the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN AB-
RAHAM. 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$100
\$250 a month made. No distance no hindrance as we
give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised,
or by whom or where they are published or sold,
send your orders to me and I will attend to them
promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guar-
antee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps
received for fractional parts of a dollar.

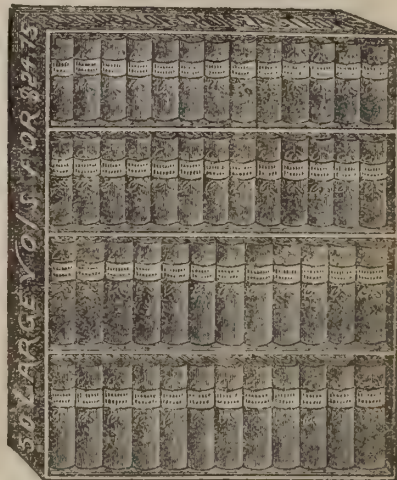
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

\$59.05 worth of Books for \$24.75!

LIBRARY of CHOICE AUTHORS

A REMARKABLE
COLLECTION OF 50 VOLUMES—
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Not a single Book put in to fill up.
No Single Volume Admitted Except
on REAL WORTH.



No other set heretofore issued can compare with this
LIBRARY OF CHOICE AUTHORS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called
1st. To our galaxy of well known authors.
2d. To the size of our books (25 per cent. larger than
any other set at the price).
3d. To the durability of the binding (no small matter).
Every book is bound with extra head band, adding
double strength.
4th. To the real worth of every book in the list.
The list price of the 50 volumes (singly) is \$59.05.
Our SPECIAL PRICE for the entire set of 50
vols. fully illustrated, well printed and very well
bound, and put up in imitation walnut case, four rows
deep, as shown in cut is

ONLY \$24.75.

THIS IS CERTAINLY A MARVEL
OF CHEAPNESS.

SPECIAL OFFER. Any school desiring to
purchase a Sunday-
school Library may send for this set with the under-
standing that if, after examination, it is not found
perfectly satisfactory in every respect, and better and
cheaper than any other set of books on the market,
they may be returned, and the money will be re-
funded and return charges paid by us without any
question being asked. We are convinced we have a
remarkable set of books to offer, and so bind our-
selves to these conditions.

Do not fail to send for our full descriptive catalogue
of this set, giving titles, authors, size of each volume,
&c., &c. Address,

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher and Bookseller,
77 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

HOURS with the BIBLE

"A work beyond Criticism."—The Churchman, New York.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE, or the Scriptures in The Light of Modern Dis-
covery and Knowledge. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. In six vols., 12mo, Brevier type, leaded. With
many illustrations and notes. Price per volume, in cloth, 60c.; half Morocco, marbled edges, 90c.

The volumes are as follows, each complete in itself, and sold separately:

Volume I. From Creation to the Patriarchs. Now Ready.

" II. From Moses to Judges. Ready November 1.

" III. From Samson to Solomon. Ready November 25.

" IV. From Rehoboam to Hezekiah. Ready December 25.

" V. From Manasseh to Zedekiah. Ready January 15.

" VI. From the Exile to Malachi, (Completion.) Ready February 15.

DR. GEIKIE has won a place in modern
religious literature that is almost unrivaled. For
profundity of scholarship, grace and beauty of liter-
ary style, eloquence and power of presentation of
religious truth, and graphic, entertaining statement
of the facts of science and of history, he is, in popu-
lar estimation, unexcelled.

"It meets a real need."—Pacific Baptist.

GEIKIE'S "Life and Words of Christ" has sold probably not less than 150,000 copies
in this country. It deserves to sell by the million. Its reduction in price from
\$8.00 to 50 cents (I now publish an improved edition at 60 cents) was one of the early notable achieve-
ments of The Literary Revolution. The extraordinary merits and wide popularity of this work has natu-
rally attracted attention to DR. GEIKIE's other writings, and in response to a very great popular demand I
have decided to undertake the publication of "Hours with the Bible."

—Works of the highest merit are their own best possible advertisement.
Two Offers. With a view to securing (upon their merits), promptly, the immense sale that
will warrant the low cost, I offer to send Vol. I., post-paid, for the nominal price of 40 Cents. Or, for
\$2.80, received on or before November 1, 1886, I will send, as issued, the entire set of six volumes.
Those who have already purchased my edition of Volume I. may deduct from the \$2.80 the amount paid.
Add 20 cents per volume for half Morocco binding, under this special offer.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Choice Books, 132 pages, 4 cents; Condensed Cata-
logue, free. The best literature of the world at the lowest prices ever known. Address,

JOHN B. A'DEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

The Alden Book Co.: Clark and Adams Sts., Chicago; 420 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1885 in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 42.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS OF DR. WILLIAM F. STEVENSON and THE MARQUIS AND MARQUIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

THE REGENERATED CITIES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon last Sunday Morning.

ANTICHRIST'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY. DR. VINCY'S PATIENT (with Illustration).

PICTURE OF GHOORKA SOLDIERS OFFERING SACRIFICE.

CURRENT EVENTS:—The President's Retaliatory Proclamation—Return of Mr. Secretary Manning—The Appalling Disaster on the Gulf—Programme of the English Cabinet—The Plague in Corea—The American Flag Hauled Down—A Physician's Large Fee—A Marriage Stopped by a Falsehood, etc.

CONCERNING DEATH. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

The Salvation Army's Mutilated Bible—A Chinese Ruth—The White Cross Army—Missionaries on the Battle Field—The Christian Herald in a Criminal's Cell—The Convention on Divine Healing.

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.) JESUS RISEN. S. S. Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late DR. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, of Dublin—LORD and LADY LONDONDERRY—the Lord Lieutenant's State Entry into Dublin.

THE LATE DR. WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

Born in 1832—Family Training, and Ministerial Appointments—His Call to Dublin in 1859—His Devotion to Mission Work—A Voyage Round the World—Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant—His busy Philanthropic Life.

THE Irish Presbyterian Church has met with a serious loss in the sudden death of Dr. William Fleming Stevenson, of Dublin, *whose portrait is given on our front page.* He passed away on Thursday night, September 16, at his residence, Rathgar, of heart disease, from the effects of which he had a long time been a sufferer. He was only 54 years of age, having been born at Strabane, in 1832. Dr. Stevenson labored up to the last, preaching in Liverpool on the Sunday before his death, conducting his own prayer-meeting in Rathgar, on Wednesday evening, and conducting family worship in his own house on Thursday evening. He was caught away before midnight into his eternal rest. It was a remarkable coincidence that he gave out and joined in the singing of the hymn, "Let me be with Thee where Thou art," just twenty minutes before the hymn fulfilled itself in his experience.

Dr. Stevenson belonged to the sturdy stock of Ulster Presbyterians. He studied and graduated in Glasgow University. His theological training was carried on partly in Scotland, partly in Germany. In 1856 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Strabane, and immediately afterwards accepted an appointment on the Belfast Town Mission. Even at this early stage, his public addresses in the churches and school-houses, in which he delivered them, began to draw around him many of the most intelligent and refined. But Dublin, not Belfast, was to be the sphere of his life work. There the congregation of Rathgar flourished beneath his fostering care. The little nucleus met, in 1859, in one of those school-houses with which he had already become well acquainted in his Belfast work. It leaped into sudden vitality under his earnest ministrations, was erected into a settled charge in 1860, called Dr. Stevenson to be its minister, built for itself a church in one of the beautiful, leafy suburbs of South Dublin, and steadily grew into

ONE OF THE FOREMOST CONGREGATIONS of the Presbyterian Church. Shortly after his ministry began, a leading member of his congregation was taken away, and it was his lot to conduct the funeral service in the very chapel in which his own was conducted on Tuesday, September 21, amidst groups of mourners from all parts of the land. In the middle of his address he paused, his head sank down upon his hands, and he burst into a flood of tears. Such was the tie by which minister and people were bound to one another. It is true that the multiplying public engagements of more recent years took him away frequently from home, but his people were prepared to make any concession, so that only they could count on his coming back to them again.

The work with which Dr. Stevenson's memory will be mainly associated, however, was the management of the Presbyterian Assembly's Foreign Mission. To Dr. Morgan, the first Convener, was due the inauguration of the Mission, but to Dr. Stevenson was due its great expansion and development. In 1877, at the request of the Assembly, he made

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, as Dr. Norman McLeod had done, for the purpose of visiting the various mission-fields in India, China and Japan. The tour involved a year's absence from his church and country; but the amount of valuable information he amassed during the journey, and the stimulus he communicated to the church on his return, amply compensated for the inconvenience of his absence. He was probably the greatest living authority on the subject of Christian missions during the interval between Dr. McLeod's death and his own.

During the twelve years of his Convener'ship he was burning the candle at both ends. He

was gradually sucked into that whirlpool of dizzying work to which the most capable men are exposed, and though well aware of his danger, he was too gallant and devoted to save himself by a prudent husbanding of his powers. A sick lad, a member of his congregation, used to lie awake at a window in the Rathgar Road, opposite the letter-box, and he used to tell how his minister came down through the dim dawning of the early day to post his correspondence before snatching the hour or two of sleep that should prepare him for the labors of the day. And yet, though his nights as well as days were so full of labor, the sense of hurry was never to be noticed in him. He was too full of courtesy and genuine goodwill, to seem impatient at the presence of any; and many were tempted by his grace of manner to lay too heavy a tax upon time which was so precious to its possessor.

Dr. Stevenson was a member of the Senate of the Royal Irish University. When the General Assembly met in Dublin, in 1881, he was elected Moderator by its unanimous vote. Under the Vice-regency of the Earl of Aberdeen, he was appointed

CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD-LIEUTENANT, a unique appointment in the history of Irish Presbyterianism. He was a man, however, who did not seek but shrank from honors. His modest and unobtrusive nature withheld him from taking part in any but the most important of the General Assembly's debates. But he never stood up to speak without being breathlessly listened to, and his words were always weighty, luminous and convincing.

He was a man who was fitted to shine in various walks of life, and he had a rare literary faculty. He served, under Dr. McLeod, on the staff of *Good Words* in the earliest days of that periodical, and wrote a number of articles, principally on the various phases of Christian work, which, afterwards, in 1861, formed the basis of the one complete book his overburdened life permitted him to prepare for the press, a book the title of which may be taken as the motto of the man, "Praying and Working." He was an advocate of every good work. Sunday-schools, temperance organizations, orphanages, hospitals, all who were in need, found in him an unfailing friend. In his own support of them he led the way with open-handed generosity. His memory will be cherished with ardent affection, and his example long act as a stimulus to a Christ-like life.

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

IN appointing the Marquis of Londonderry to the vice-royalty of Ireland the British Premier displayed less sagacity than generally distinguishes him. The Irish are a susceptible people, to whom the very name the Marquis bears is an offence. Personally he may be a wise and capable ruler, but it seemed folly to appoint him to rule a people who would be predisposed to dislike him. He is the nephew of that Lord Castlereagh who was the Benedict Arnold of Ireland. It was by his exertions and by the bribes he lavishly distributed among Irish members of Parliament in 1800 that that Parliament voted its own extinction. He found men there open to corruption, and he bought them and with them the legislative independence of Ireland. The Irish have never forgotten this nor forgiven it, and now that his nephew is sent to govern them they are not unlikely to visit upon him the odium earned by his uncle. A prominent journalist, not an Irishman, writing in an influential London journal, recently said: "This young Marquis of Londonderry of course owes his position to the fact that his second title is Viscount Castlereagh; he needs some compensation for the hard necessity of having to bear a title of such evil repute. Perhaps he does not object to it; for my part I would almost as soon be called Caligula or Judas Iscariot."

George Henry Richard Charles William Vane-Tempest-Stewart, Marquis of Londonderry, Viscount Castlereagh, Earl Vane, Knight of St.

Patrick, was born in July, 1852. He is therefore now thirty-four years of age. To Londoners he is best known as a coal merchant. Having extensive coal mines, he does not, as other colliery-owners do, supply coal merchants by wholesale, but deals directly with consumers, thus saving the profit of the middle-man. Any London house-holder, therefore, may purchase a ton of coal from the noble Marquis, and thus bring himself into business relations, at least, with the peerage. Besides the mines which are in Durham, he possesses a considerable estate in Downshire, Ireland. His principal seat in the north is Wynward Park, near Stockton-on-Tees. He also possesses a residence in Seaham Hall, which is close to Seaham Harbor, a busy little port about six miles from Sunderland. Lord Londonderry is best known in the north of England as the Colonel-Commandant of the Seaham Artillery Brigade, composed largely of his own workmen, and perhaps the finest volunteer artillery brigade in the country. His lordship, being an Irish peer, was not entitled to a seat in the British House of Lords in his younger days. He therefore endeavored to secure a seat in the House of Commons. He unsuccessfully contested South Durham in 1874, and Montgomery District in 1877. In 1878, however, he was elected by County Down, and held the seat until 1884, when he succeeded to the title of Marquis, and took his seat in the House of Lords. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1875 he married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Her portrait accompanies that of her husband on the first page.

STATE ENTRY OF THE LORD LIEUT. OF IRELAND INTO DUBLIN.

(See Picture on first page.)

The Scene in Dublin Streets—Arrival of the Viceroy at Holyhead—The Reception at Kingstown—Congratulatory Address and Reply—The Procession from the Railway Station to the Castle.

THE Marquis of Londonderry made his public entry into Dublin on Saturday, September 18, to assume the office of Lord Lieutenant. The ceremonial was a military pageant more imposing than usual. The knowledge of his unpopularity and the probability of an outbreak being foreseen, a strong military force was provided which made a brilliant display. The Lord Lieutenant received from the citizens of the Protestant creed, the office holders and the English residents a hearty and cordial welcome, somewhat boisterous and fatiguing to them, as they had to shout for those of their fellow citizens who were in no mood for shouting, and also to overpower the groans and execrations freely uttered by the crowd. It was none the less cordial on this occasion because Lord Londonderry is an Irishman, the first who has for many years filled the office. The loyal side of the city of Dublin was seen to advantage in the magnificent weather. Flags and banners were suspended over banks, clubs, and commercial houses in the principal streets, and the Union Jack and Royal Standard occupied the place of honor. The buildings belonging to members of the patriotic party were, of course, bare of decoration.

Before he entered Dublin, a deputation from the Kingstown Town Commissioners arrived to present

AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION to his Excellency, who stood on the deck to receive it. The address stated that they welcomed Lord Londonderry with the greatest pleasure because he was an Irishman. Many Viceroy's had come with the best intentions to study the requirements of the country, but before they were in a position to advocate a successful remedy for what appeared to be manifest grievances, they were either misled by interested advocates or removed by a change of Government. They trusted that the wants of Ireland would have his Excellency's personal study, that under his viceroyalty an impetus might be given to trade and commerce, that home industries would be

fostered, Irish manufactures encouraged, and that all measures brought before Parliament for the benefit of the land might be such as to warrant the unanimous advocacy of their representatives.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT REPLIED:

"I thank you for your loyal address and the kindly welcome you have accorded to me as the representative of our beloved Sovereign. I am very much gratified by the expression of your satisfaction that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer the high office of Viceroy upon an Irishman, and I assure you that in undertaking its responsible duties I am animated by an earnest desire to promote by all means in my power the social and the national prosperity of our own native land. It will ever be my constant care to encourage and stimulate to the best of my ability the efforts of Irish enterprise in developing the latent resources of our sea and our soil, and I heartily trust that in endeavoring to secure this much-desired result I shall have the cordial co-operation and support of all classes of my countrymen." Immediately after the deputation retired, their Excellencies went on shore, amid hearty cheers and salutations from the assembly on the pier. The band played "God Save the Queen," and the battery at the East Pier thundered a Royal salute.

As the Viceregal procession passed by Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland, it was received with mingled demonstrations. Nationalists had taken up a position there, but the vast majority of the spectators were friendly, and the murmurs of hostility only stimulated their ardor. An interchange of hostile cries had taken place before the arrival of the Viceregal party, between the students and the Parnellites, the former cheering for "Castlereagh" and the latter for "Home Rule." But the encounter went no further than words, and was good-humoredly carried on. The cavalcade, brought into view in Dame Street, had a very impressive effect, the massive splendor of the Dragoon Guards and Staff being relieved by the gay and vivid pennants of the Lancers, who formed the escort, and the solid files of infantry closing in brilliantly in the rear. Their Excellencies

ENTERED THE CASTLE GATES

at one o'clock, while the band played the National Anthem and the guard of honor presented arms, and, after luncheon, they drove out to the Viceregal Lodge, in Phoenix Park.

A Man with Ten Million Servants is Described in a despatch to the New York Times from Cobleskill, N. Y. A reporter of that journal states that while in Schoharie County he found that the farmers were receiving rent from a great bee-keeper for pasture for bees. He made inquiries, and learned that the bee-keeper had twenty-five hundred swarms, comprising in all fully ten million of these industrious brown-winged servants busily engaged in collecting honey for him. His California competitors have the advantage of him in the climate and endless variety of honey-yielding flowers, and, as he has not enough clover, buckwheat, etc. of his own to supply his bees, he pays a rent to every farmer in the vicinity for the privilege of his bees working on their premises. He won't have his bees running loose on his neighbors any more than he would have his cows, and so he hires pastures for them, and they go on and pile up so much honey for him that some years he gets no less than \$25,000 for it. He has succeeded in getting it on the English market, and an agent there, not long ago, sent at one time orders for half a million pounds of it. There must be a sense of extensive dominion in this man, in having so many servants at work for him, though they are but bees. When the Christian is tempted to entertain fear for himself or Christ's cause, he might recover confidence did he reflect that God has at his disposal the services of not only ten million intelligences, but of every living creature in the universe (Ps. 119: 91).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Blind Sheep Over the Precipice.—At a recent meeting Mr. Clark said: "Once when I was in New Jersey, in America, I saw a sheep go to the edge of a precipice and fall over. I soon learned the cause of it. It had been perfectly blind, and, straying from the flock, had wandered, not knowing whither it went, when it was suddenly dashed to pieces on the rocks below because it was blind, and could not see the danger. How many are there like this blind sheep?"

Run Over by an Express Train.—Mr. Maughan said: "A young friend of mine, with a companion, was crossing a railway line, when a train which they had not observed was but a few yards from them. They ran to escape from the danger, when an express train came rushing up in the opposite direction, killing my friend on the spot, his companion having escaped in safety to the other side. There he lay, a mangled, bleeding body, only twenty yards from his father's home; his young, happy life crushed out without a moment's warning. Oh, friends, how needful it is that we should be ready for death, come how or when it may. Happily, in his case, sudden death was sudden glory. 'All men think all men mortal but themselves.'"

An Exchange of Priests.—Mrs. Cole said at a recent evangelistic service for children: "Once when I was speaking at a children's meeting, and showing them Jesus as their keeper as well as their Saviour from sin, at the close of the service I asked the children to tell their mothers I should be glad to see them at the mothers' meeting on the following evening. Two little girls went home and said to their mothers, 'There was a lady speaking to us girls to-day, and she wants to speak to you to-morrow, and I do wish you would go.' Both these mothers went, and both were won for Christ; and one of them, who was a Roman Catholic, went away saying she had gone to the priest long enough, but that now she was going to the Great High Priest, the Lord Jesus Himself. So these two mothers were won to Christ by their little daughters simply carrying a message, and I am sure every little girl here could do that."

A Timid Husband and Wife.—"When I gave myself to Christ it was a long time before I had courage to confess Him to my wife. I could stand on a platform and tell others what the Lord had done for me, but still I was ashamed of Him at home. So, finally, one day I resolved to tell my wife. I went home, and took my supper in silence. I was very uncomfortable, and I could see my wife was the same. I turned from the table and lifted the book, thinking as I did so how I could break a subject on which we had never spoken before. Here my courage failed me; I could not do it. I rose and went to my study, and in a few minutes I returned, and just looking into the room, I said, 'I am going out; but shall not be late.' I closed the door, but immediately I opened it again, and said, 'By the way, I wanted to tell you that I have made up my mind to be a Christian.' It was all I could say; I closed the door. When I returned home a short time afterwards, I found my wife on her knees; and it turned out that she, too, for three months, had been longing to confess Christ to me, but had not the courage. This, I think, seems to be one of the most difficult things that a young Christian has to do, to confess Christ to his friends.

Christ Given Up for a Ball.—"I recall a sad incident regarding a young lady friend of mine who gave up Christ for a ball. A gentleman, to whom she was engaged, had yielded himself to the Lord, and after his own conversion he tried to lead this young girl to the Saviour's feet. But she was fond of the world and its pleasures, and would not yield; so the engagement between them was broken off. The balls of the season had just begun, and she could not give them up. But taking her diary she wrote therein, 'I will surrender my heart to God on the fifteenth day of May.' When that date arrived

she was just as unwilling to become a Christian as ever. Again she took her diary and wrote: 'I will give up the world for Christ on the twenty-ninth of June.' There was to be a ball on the twenty-seventh of that month. 'Ah,' she thought, 'I must be present at this ball, for it is the last I shall ever attend. On the night of the ball she wrote a note asking the young man to whom she had been engaged, to call on her the next day, for she was going to give herself to the Lord. But that night in the ball room she caught cold from an open window, and all through that night the beautiful and much admired young girl was tossing on a bed of fever. She grew worse towards morning, and at half-past eleven she passed away in a most miserable and wretched state of mind. She had gone unprepared to meet her God. The blinds were lowered and a sad stillness reigned in the house. At twelve o'clock the young man rang the bell to obey her summons, little knowing she was no more. When he was informed by a sorrowing servant at the door, he turned away, knowing that the fair young girl whom he loved had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.'"

Religion with a Vengeance.—Mr. Downie said: "I know an old lady and her niece, who live in Stirling. The former went regularly to church for years, and it would have been thought a very strange occurrence indeed, had she been missing from her usual seat at either service. The prayer-meeting she never neglected, and every religious ordinance in connection with the church she attended, and allowed nothing to interfere with family worship. She warned her niece against theatres and all kinds of gaieties; and, altogether, she was looked upon as a very religious woman. One night her niece went to a gospel meeting, and she, having the same idea as her aunt, was much surprised to hear that a change of heart was needful. She listened to profit, and went home saved through the blood of Christ. She surprised her aunt by continually singing the hymns she had just heard. 'This is religion, with a vengeance,' thought the old lady; 'I never saw it in this fashion before.' Her peace of mind was disturbed, and she went to the meeting, in which her niece now took so much pleasure. She stayed to an after-meeting, when she was personally dealt with. 'And must all those thirty years of my religious life go for nothing?' she asked. 'All for nothing,' was the reply. 'Only in Jesus can salvation be found.' Her formal religion is all gone, it is a reality with her now, for she has found Jesus Christ."

"That Old Pawnbroker, the Devil."—A Christian worker remarks: "Three ladies were in a difficulty about the meaning of the word redemption. I said, 'I think I can explain that to you by a very common illustration.' I said, 'As I came up the street I saw a shop with three golden balls above it; it was a pawnbroker's shop. When I was a little fellow in Manchester I used to see many people go to such shops, especially on Monday mornings, when they would go in with bundles of clothes and come out without them, but with a little money in their pocket; and on Friday or Saturday night you may see these same people coming with part of their week's wages to get back their clothes. Now do you know what they call this money with which they buy back their clothes?' 'No,' said the lady. 'Well, they call it redemption money. If they do not before a certain time pay this money, then the pledged goods are sold, and lost to them forever.' But here the lady interrupted me by crying out, 'But you don't mean to say we are in pawn?' I answered, 'God says so; but He has paid the redemption money and we were redeemed, not with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. You and I, and every one on this earth, have sold ourselves to that great old pawnbroker the devil, but Christ in His wondrous love redeemed us by His precious blood. These three ladies got down on their knees and thanked God for their salvation through the precious blood of Jesus Christ.'"

THE REGENERATED CITIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached last Sunday Morning October 17, 1886.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Zech. 8:5

A Glimpse of a Redeemed City—Cities as they now are—The Citizen Proud of his Native City—Why some men dislike some Cities—Disgusted by a Free Ride in the Black Maria—The Present and Future of New York—Perpetual Influence of the Founders of a City—Predictions of a Glorious Future—Coming Financial Prosperity—The Great Foe to Business—A New Party to be Formed—More Churches to be Built—Better Music—An Englishman's Utopian Scheme—The Gospel the True Regenerator—The Parted Sea.

GLIMPSE of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But, in the coming time spoken of, our cities will be so moral that lads and lassies shall be as safe in the public thoroughfare as in the nursery.

For purpose of rousing the people to the work to be done, I have preached some sermons about the

DARK SHADOWS OF THE CITY.

Pulpit and printing-press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky.

Every man has pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base-heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! Swartout did not like New York, nor did Parkman like Boston, and people who have a *free ride in the prison van* never like that city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on

LAUDABLE CITY PRIDE,

or, with the idea of building ourselves up, at any time try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its Common, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its Mint, and its Girard College. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

NEW YORK

is a goodly city. It is on both sides the river, the East River only the main artery of its great throbbing life. We, or our children, will live to see two or three bridges spanning that river, and more and more, as the years go by, we will be one; so when I say in my sermon New York, I mean well on two millions population, and everything from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to Gowanus. That which helps one city, will help the other; that which blasts one city, will blast the other. Sin is a giant, and when it comes to the Hudson or the East River, it steps across it as easily as you step across a figure in a carpet. God's angel of blessing has two wings, and one wing hovers over that city and the other wing hovers over this city.

In infancy our metropolis was put down by the banks of the Hudson. It was as feeble as Moses in the ark of bullrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to bathe. She took it up in her arms and it waxed strong, and foreign ships brought silver and gold to its feet, and it has stretched itself up into a great metropolis, looking up to the mountains and off upon the sea, the mightiest energy in American civilization.

THE FOUNDERS' INFLUENCE.

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrim Fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet, and his meeting-house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations.

What Southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, and our physicians did not throw themselves on the sacrifice? What foreign nation was ever struck with famine, and our ships did not put out, laden with breadstuffs? What national struggle, and our citizens did not pour their blood into the trenches? What street of Damascus, or Beyrout, or Madras, has not resounded with the step of our missionaries? What gallery of art, and our painters have not hung in it their pictures? What department of science or literature, and our scholars have not made to it contributions?

I need not talk to you of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and the mechanic and the glassblower sit side by side with the favored sons of millionaires and merchant princes. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the insane on these islands, where those who cut themselves among the tombs come forth clothed in their right mind. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and the orphans, the widows, the out-cast.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and, while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected, and many wrongs that ought to be overthrown, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to

A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after a while come; or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering, and sorrow, and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we

are toiling on toward a defeat, or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be

GREATER FINANCIAL PROSPERITY

than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millenium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world, people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and, as all social life will be purified, there will be no hilarity, and, as all business will be purified, there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers.

THE GREAT FOE TO BUSINESS

in New York and Brooklyn is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain-makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak *taxes will be a mere nothing*. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

And I tell you Republicans and you Democrats, that if you do not let down the taxes and let the people up,

WE WILL FORM A NEW PARTY,

anti-excessive taxation, anti-rum, anti-monopoly, anti-abomination, and you who have been fattening on the public spoils, and reckless of the public virtue, shall not have so much as the wages of a street-sweeper.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empanelling of juries to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories. Grand architecture. Fine equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities, Christ's

CHURCHES WILL BE MORE NUMEROUS,

and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the churches of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are en-

vious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no ascerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day, is *not four hundred*. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. O what rousing songs they will sing! O, what earnest sermons they will preach! O, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day, the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against

ARTISTIC MUSIC.

The two or five dollars I pay to hear any of the great queens of song, is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreathing song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the Church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath-school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and, afterward, a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

"Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

"Praise ye the Lord: let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities, and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time, also, of which I speak, all

THE HAUNTS OF INIQUITY,

and crime, and squalor, will be cleansed and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say, perhaps, by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it: The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

Mr. Ecsler, of England, had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied, and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow men—I promise to show the means of

creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years.

UTOPIA.

"From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views to be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof, and from the turrets, may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to tire the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind, and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be twenty dollars each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of. But I will take no stock in that company! I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is

TO BE DONE BY THE GOSPEL

of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. That is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sun-glass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse, he brought to bear this sun-glass, and he focussed the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. O! my friends, by the sun-glass of the Gospel converging the rays of the Sun of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire.

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of New York and Brooklyn.

REFORMED MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities! Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness, and carried up to the courts, and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the grogshops that made them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole

a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleeced that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing.

Ah! we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of His retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these

WRONGS WILL BE RIGHTED.

I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but, when righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime purified. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith, and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted

THE SEA PARTED.

It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But, after awhile, the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits! Wheel into line; O, Israel! march! march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime, and sin, and wretchedness. "It don't amount to anything," people say. Don't it? God's winds of help will, after awhile, begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us, and derided us, and tried to destroy us, will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S MUTILATED BIBLE.

AN English vicar writes to the London *Record*: "More than a year ago attention was drawn in a religious contemporary to a book issued at the headquarters of the Salvation Army. It is entitled the "Salvation Soldier's Guide," but is more truly described as a "Mutilated Bible." Thousands of copies (it costs only 6d.) must have circulated, chiefly, no doubt, among members of the Salvation Army and their friends. It seems, therefore, a painful necessity to lay before your readers a few of the omissions in such important Scriptures as the Epistle to the Romans, the Pastoral Epistles and the General Epistles of St. John. I feel that the integrity of God's Holy Word, and the edification of all believers, is more important than the credit of any sect.

I affirm that the omissions are neither few, insignificant, nor unsystematic; and I ask all who take the trouble to verify them, what sort of Christianity we may expect from those who make this defective Bible their text-book? Let none think this an impossible contingency, in spite of the wary general order, 'This book is not intended as a substitute for the Bible.' The other day, when a very genial and large-hearted clergyman said to a young man in his parish, who had adopted the Salvation Army views on sin, 'Suppose, dear young friend, we consult the Bible together,' he received the vehement reply, 'I don't read your Bible, Sir; I prefer General Booth's.'"

The following are some of the passages omitted in the "Salvation Soldier's Guide:"

Rom. i.	Verses 2 to 6, and 8 to 10, v. 17.
" ii.	" 1, 12, and 14 to 27.
" iii.	" 5 to 20, and 26 to 31.
" iv.	" 1 to 15, 17, 19, 22 to 25.
" v.	" 11 to 18.
" vi.	" 3 to 5, and 19, 20.
" vii.	" 5, part of 6, end of 25.
" viii.	" 3 to 5, 9 to 13, 20.
" xii.	Chapters 9, 10, 11, on Election, etc.
" xiii.	Verses 4, 5.
" xiv.	" 3 to 6, and 9.
" xv.	" 4 to 6, and 13 to 16.
" xvi.	" 8 to 12, 15 to 28.
1 Tim. i.	" 5 to 18, and 21 to 24.
" ii.	" 3 to 10, 18 to 20.
" iii.	" 7, and 13 to 15.
" iv.	" 1 to 15.
" v.	" 1 to 7, parts of 14, 15, 16.
" vi.	" 4, 7, 9 to 16, and 23 to 25.
2 Tim. i.	" 1 to 15.
" ii.	" 6, 8, and 13 to 18.
" iii.	" 6 to 10, 14 to 18, and 20, 21.
" iv.	" 6 to 8, 10, and 18 to 26.
Titus i.	" 9 to 15, and 19 to 22.
" ii.	" 2, 3, and 5 to 14.
" iii.	" 1 to 10, and 15.
1 John i.	" 1 to 3, and 9 to 15.
" ii.	" 10.
" iii.	" 22, 23.
" iv.	" 12.
" v.	" 2, 3, 15.
2 John.	" 8.
3 John.	" 2, 5 to 7, and 9 to 12.
	" 3, and 6 to 12.

The whole of the book of Daniel is also omitted, and all Revelation except three chapters.

A CHINESE RUTH.

In an encouraging letter from Hong Kong published in the *Missionary Herald*, Mr. Hager writes:

"Let me relate an incident of the recent persecution of one of our members. He bore much for Christ before baptism, and since then it has been a period of trial and suffering persecution for the Master's sake. Some time since he married, and his wife almost immediately took the part of her husband and was willing to believe him as to the great value of the Christian religion. When he was shut up by his mother and not allowed to go out of the house, she was the companion of his suffering and sorrow and sympathized with him, and her reply to him had a little of the spirit, if not the words, of Ruth to Naomi. 'You know,' she said, 'which is the true God; and, if you are unwilling to serve the

idols, I will also worship them no longer. If you are persecuted, I will bear the persecution with you. It may be that after a while we shall be cut off from our kindred and relatives and be turned into the street houseless and homeless; that will be hard to bear, and perhaps we shall have no rice to eat and must die of starvation; but you know about these things better than I, and I am willing to believe as you do. If you say that your God will protect us, why, then, we will serve Him.' It is true that not all the Chinese women are so minded, but I believe that, if their husbands are Christians, and exert the right influence over them during the first stages of their married life, they will usually turn to Christ. Very often, however, the relatives oppose them so much that they do not declare themselves so outspokenly for the truth."

THE WHITE CROSS ARMY.

THE eloquent benediction on the White Cross movement, uttered by Dr. Talmage in his sermon published in this journal of Sept. 30, has caused many persons who know nothing of the Army to seek information about it. The object of the White Cross Society is to enlist young men in an effort to stem the tide of vice which threatens to engulf the great cities of our land. The Army now numbers over one thousand members, and has branches at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Kansas City, Utica, Rome, Auburn, Watertown, Cornell University, and Hamilton College, and from those places have been received testimonies from many young men who had received physical, moral or spiritual benefit through their connection with the White Cross work. Every member is required to agree to the following pledge:

"I promise by the help of God:—

"1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

"2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

"3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

"4. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, 'Keep THYSELF pure.'

"5. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers."

Persons interested in the movement, and young men willing to join, can obtain full particulars by letter or personal application at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner 23d Street and Fourth Avenue, New York.

MISSIONARIES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

FROM the Livingstonia Mission, in Africa, founded by the Free Church of Scotland, in memory of Dr. Livingstone, comes the following narrative of peril and bloodshed in which the missionaries behaved as followers of the Prince of Peace. They ministered to both sides, and, after three days of slaughter, peace was secured through their exertions. Dr. Kerr Cross states that the war arose out of an old quarrel of seventeen years' standing, and culminated in a terrific battle of three days' duration. One of the chiefs was seriously wounded in the arm, and sent to the missionaries for aid. Dr. Kerr Cross gives an account of the coming of thirty-two armed men asking help:

"After carefully considering the matter, we both agreed to go and see the wounded chief. It was to some extent a risk, as the way led right through the battlefield. We went, however, believing it to be a call from God. The bush on every hand seemed to us crowded with men. Every tree and shrub hid a black armed warrior. We found the chief lying in a grass hut, surrounded by his men, who supported the disabled limb. After examining the arm, we explained the serious nature of the case, and showed that there might be life or there might be death in the case; and that, should the case go to the worst, they must never blame us. We further assured him that if he intrusted himself

to our care, we would do our best. The circumstances, their belief in witchcraft, and a dozen other things, occasioned this precaution on our part. This settled, we dressed the limb and bound it up with splints. The bullet had struck the left arm, just above the elbow, and shattering the bone, had directed its course toward the elbow. Before we left we offered him the mid-room of the cottage, now empty, where he might reside with a few of his men, and so be constantly under our care.

"On the way back a messenger called us to the opposite camp, and of course we had to go. All the wounded were brought forward that we might give directions as to what each should do. What a sight they presented! arms and legs broken, great ugly gashes, and assegai wounds. It was the most ghastly sight I ever saw. We were then surrounded by three or four hundred armed men, and had a conference with them for upward of an hour. At last we got them to agree to peace, and immediately sent a messenger to the opposite camp. I am glad to say that in God's good providence we were the means of staying the bloody affair. The wounded chief came to the station in the evening, and has ever since been under our care. His case has caused us great anxiety, but, after a fortnight, we are beginning to be hopeful. In saving his life we might almost say we have saved the lives of upward of one hundred people. A chief never dies alone: for with him in the grave are put six or eight wives, some dead and some alive, and upward of one hundred of his men, etc. Otherwise, according to the native mind, what would he do in the spirit world?"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD IN A CRIMINAL'S CELL.

A PRAYER for a murderer was the subject of a paragraph which appeared in this journal on May 20 (page 310). It contained a private letter, which we were permitted to copy, that had been sent to Mr. George Coe, of Englewood, N. J., to a friend in New York. In the letter, Mr. Coe, who was then lying in hospital with his life despaired of, begged his friend to ask for prayers at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, that the Spirit might be poured on the man who had tried to murder him, and that he might be brought to see the error of his ways and obtain salvation through Christ.

In some way the would-be murderer saw the copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing the letter, and on September 28, when he was brought up for trial, he produced the paper and questioned Mr. Coe about it. A local journal says: The prisoner rose, and looking at the judge, said:

"I haf someding here dot I would like to show de jury."

"Well, that will come later on," replied Judge Skinner, in a voice that admitted of no parleying.

"All rhied, your Honor," responded the burglar suavely, in broken English, "youst as you say."

Then followed one of the most extraordinary scenes ever enacted in a court of justice. The victim of a would-be murder sat in a witness chair to be cross-examined by his assailant, a burglar. Both looked at each other for a full minute. Finally the burglar broke the silence by handing Mr. Coe a cutting from the CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York.

"Mr. Coe," said he, in a pleasant voice, "please read dis paper and tell me if you told dot man to wride vat ish dere?"

Young Coe took it and read aloud a copy of a letter dictated by him to a friend whom he frequently met at the Fulton Street prayer-meetings in New York. It asked for his prayers for both himself and the burglar. It prayed forgiveness for the hardened, erring man.

"Yes, I wrote it," responded Coe, after finishing the clipping, "at the time I was in bed and thought I would die."

The burglar's eyes glistened; his voice became low and melodious.

"Was dot your feeling at dot time?" he inquired, almost tremulously.

"It was," responded Coe.

The court-room was still as death. The victim's statement of his forgiveness of his enemy, when face to face with him, drew tears from many eyes. The burglar stood like a statue, and appeared to be moved. Everybody eyed him expectantly, evidently thinking his emotions would convert him on the spot. Not so. Hugg shrugged his shoulders, waved his hand at the jury, and said, triumphantly:

"Shendlemens, I only wanted to show de jury dot a man sick abed and a man excided and fighting for life was two different things."

In spite of his obduracy, however, the man must have been touched by his victim's magnanimity, and we can but hope that the prayers offered for his conversion will yet be answered.

THE CONVENTION ON HOLINESS AND DIVINE HEALING.

THE third annual convention in connection with the work under the care of the Rev. A. B. Simpson, New York, was held in the Gospel Tabernacle, corner of Madison Avenue and 45th Street, beginning on Monday evening, October 4th, and closing Monday evening, October 11th.

The convention had for its object the promotion of Christian Life, Work, and Hope, and Divine Healing. The meetings were well attended, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt in great power, stilling the hearts of the people, and breathing upon them His divine life and energy. Many burdened hearts were brought out into the liberty of the gospel, and there were few who came into the meetings that did not receive conviction or help there from contact with the Lord.

A preparatory meeting was held on Monday afternoon in Berachah Home, and all hearts were bowed under a sense of God's love and blessing, and the outlook of faith upon the meetings to follow was clear and refreshing. The dear Lord did not disappoint His trusting children, and the banquet they sat down to during the succeeding days was satisfying to every hungry heart.

The meeting opened on Monday evening in the large Tabernacle at 45th Street and Madison Avenue. Members of the church had decorated the platform with evergreens and flowers; but far more beautiful was the atmosphere of love that pervaded the gathering.

The general theme given for the meeting was "The seven spirits which are before His Throne," or, the fulness of the Holy Ghost. Each day was devoted to a consideration of a special manifestation of that seven-fold spirit. On *Tuesday* the theme was: "The Holy Spirit revealing Christ as All in All." On *Wednesday*: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Holiness." On *Thursday*: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Life and Healing." On *Friday*: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Prayer and Faith." On *Saturday*: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Prophecy." The *Sabbath* was given up to: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Praise and Fellowship." On *Monday* the convention closed; the theme that day was: "The Holy Ghost as the Spirit of Service," with special reference to the claims of Home and Foreign Missions. This order was not rigidly followed out, but a few changes were introduced as the Holy Spirit seemed to direct.

The meetings were presided over by Rev. A. B. Simpson, the pastor of the church. Among the friends who were seated on the platform with him were, Rev. Jno. E. Cookman, of New York; Rev. Mr. McBride, of Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Wilson, of New York; Rev. A. Pierson, of Philadelphia; Rev. Mr. Luce, of Old Orchard, Maine; Rev. Mr. Salmon, of Toronto; Rev. Mr. Walker, of Vermont; Rev. Mr. Blynn, of New Hampshire; Rev. Mr. Rider; Rev. A. Funk, assistant pastor of the church; and many other pastors and evangelists. The music was under the care of Rev. Walter Gardiner, one of the assistant pastors, and was full of sweetness and life.

The addresses and exhortations given were stirring. The meeting closed with a precious testimony meeting on Monday evening, and the feeling in all hearts as they went away, was, "The Lord hath visited and redeemed His people."

ANTICHRIST'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY.

By Rev. W. Haslam.

Religion Necessary to Antichrist's Influence—His Offer of Patronage—Will be Gratefully Accepted—Treading in Napoleon's Steps—Carrying the Church—Assumes Responsibility—Encourages Persecution—Constantine's Example—The Miseries of the Faithful.

WHEN Antichrist is established in greatness and power, and poses as the joy and idol of nations, the magnificent benefactor of the whole human race, he will direct his thoughts to another stage or platform of influence. He will propose to give a positive form of religion to the world. Hitherto it has had no place in his political and governmental economy. Now, to add an imposing magnificence to his dignity, he will take to

PATRONIZING RELIGION.

Like Constantine the Great, he will become a nursing father to the Church. The poor deluded Church will think once more, as she did then, that her millennium is come. Willingly and thankfully she will avail herself of the offer of this arm of flesh for her advancement. He will as willingly avail himself of her prestige to make his reign profoundly effective in the minds of the people.

We know that ecclesiastical pomp and religious ceremonials have a great effect upon the human heart, and even upon hardened and worldly men. No doubt, as in the case of Charlemagne and the Napoleons, there will be a grand pageant of a coronation. Whether this potentate will place the greatest of Imperial crowns upon his own head, or utilize the Pope for his purpose, remains to be seen; but we can well imagine what

A TREMENDOUS CORONATION

it will be. What Te Deums will be sung, and grand masses celebrated by the Churches! What universal rejoicings will fill the world upon this occasion!

Antichrist will desire to have it known that he recommends and uphold the Church, and that he himself is steeped in religiousness. He is represented in the vision as draped in scarlet colour! "I saw," says the Apostle John, "a woman sitting upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls; having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: and upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth" (Rev. 17: 3-5).

This vision tells in a few words the story of Antichrist's pretensions, and the arrogant and proud position of the Church under his patronage. He actually

CARRIES THE CHURCH

on himself, as if he had placed himself and his power at her feet. He carries her as if all her burden and responsibility were his; and she vaunts herself as being Babylon the Great, "that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth" (Rev. 17: 18). Antichrist's countenance and support will advance her influence throughout the whole world; so much so, as to absorb into herself and her corrupt Christianity other religions. In this way the Romish Church under royal patronage has been paramount before, over kings and peoples. But this time she will prevail with such perfection of authority and success, that her influence will be felt in a way it has never been before.

If "catholic" means universal in the sense of assent and consent to the Church, irrespective of Scripture and in spite of Scripture, then she

will be the "Catholic Church" with a vengeance! She will give no quarter to heretics, and will be more "drunk" than ever "with the blood of saints and martyrs." All and any who arise to oppose her will feel the weight of that arm mightily strengthened by the patronage of the king. This is the harlot which is said to sit on many waters. The waters are the peoples, multitudes, nations and tongues. (See Rev. 17: 15.) This by itself implies the vast influence the Church will have throughout the world. Besides this, she, as the Great City that rules over the kings of the earth is

ARRAYED IN IMPERIAL PURPLE.

Arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with the treasures of the earth, gold, precious stones, and pearls, she holds in her hands the golden cup with which she intoxicates her votaries. Such is the enchanting sorcery with which she bewitches multitudes who submit to her. This was her work in time past when she was in absolute power; and it will be again in time to come. Her arrogance, her pride and boasting, will surpass anything she has ever shown before. She will brook no dissent from, and no opposition to, her infallible decrees! Her splendour and dazzling pomp will be wondered at with great admiration.

On all sides, even now, we see how Romanism is increasing, if not in outward temporal power, yet inwardly in influence. We are told that the Gospel of God needs all these extrinsic and meretricious adjuncts in order to draw people to hear it! Any one may observe, if he will, how the public mind is being influenced; and any one may discern why it is. As the secular mind is being drawn into insubordination and democracy, so the religious mind is being led to sacerdotalism and to sensuous ceremonial. Obviously all this is in preparation for the times that are coming, and which, it may be, are close at hand. So much for the woman!

Now as to the Beast which carried her. We read that this Beast had "seven heads and ten horns" (Rev. 17: 3), which identifies it as the representative of the fourth or Roman monarchy, which is denoted by these same marks. (See Dan. 7; Rev. 13: 1.) The seven heads refer to

THE SEVEN DOMINIONS

which were possessed by the Gentile monarchs. One for Babylon, one for Persia, four for Greece, and one for Rome. This also shows how the gold, the silver, the brass, and the iron, as also the clay and iron, are all united in this Beast, the Antichrist. The ten horns indicate the powers of the ten kings, which are given to this one.

In addition to these marks there is another feature added here. It is said, "The Beast that thou sawest was, and is not; and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition; and they that dwell on the earth shall wonder (whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world), when they behold the Beast that was, and is not, and yet is" (Rev. 17: 8). This evidently refers to the Roman dominion or monarchy, which was, as in the days of Constantine, in connection with the Church; it "was not," or ceased; and it is to be universal under a similar combination, with greater power of Church and monarch than before.

This Antichrist will exercise his power not only in the world at large, but through ecclesiastical agencies in the hearts and consciences of the people. His sway will be universal, and his power dreaded by many who are under it; but how much more so by those who protest against it! Such as these, that is, persons who have been converted to God under the preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom, no doubt will have a hard time of it. Like the early Christians in the time of the early Roman Emperors they will worship by stealth in catacombs and caves of the earth. But in vain will the combined powers of State and Church strive to extirpate them or silence their testimony for Jesus their King.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

Subscribers who desire to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to their friends, or to send it to persons to whom God may make it useful, will, as in former years, be supplied at a reduced rate. Any subscriber may have the paper mailed to any address in the United States or Canada from Sept. 30 to the end of the year, by sending twenty-five cents to this office. Last year several cases came to our knowledge of persons receiving blessing through this effort.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Proclamation Issued by the President on October 13 revokes the privileges enjoyed by traders from Cuba and Porto Rico. The step is a painful one, and was taken with evident reluctance. Efforts were made through our Minister at Madrid to induce the Spanish government to enforce observance of the treaty as our government understood it. The Spanish Foreign Office accepted the interpretation put upon the disputed clauses by Mr. Bayard, and in June last issued a royal decree confirmatory of it. But the customs officers at Cuba and Porto Rico continued to exact the old schedule of duties on foreign goods carried in American ships. Another protest was made by Minister Curry, and then it was learned that the Spanish government had recalled its former decree, and adopted the colonial view of the matter. Our merchants found it impossible to do business on this one-sided arrangement, and the result has been the issue of the President's proclamation of retaliatory measures. The proclamation does not formally cancel the treaty, and whenever Spain concedes the advantages demanded by our Government it will be easy to revert to the arrangement contemplated by the treaty.

The Return of the Secretary of the Treasury to Washington took place on Oct. 12. The Washington press correspondents speak hopefully of his health. They say that as he walked from the train to his carriage, with Mrs. Manning leaning on his arm, as erect and straight as ever, and without any visible indications of the long illness from which he has so recently recovered, it was remarked by many of those who saw him for the first time since he was stricken down that he looked as little like a man whose life was despaired of only a few weeks ago as it was possible to conceive. He appeared less fatigued from the journey than did either of his colleagues in the Cabinet who

accompanied him. He looked bright, seemed to be in good spirits, conversed cheerfully with his companions, and pleasantly greeted those who assembled to meet him.

The Failure of the House to Deal with the Indian question at the last session of Congress was the subject of severe animadversion at the Indian Conference, which met at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., on Oct. 13. Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, President of the Board of Indian Commissioners, occupied the chair. He said that the bills recommended by the Conference of last year had all passed the Senate. In the House, however, little or nothing was done, the cause of the Indian, after having been assigned a day, being sacrificed to the interests of oleomargarine. Mr. Herbert Welsh, secretary of the Indian Rights Association, declared that there could now be no further question whether the Indian could be civilized. What was needed now was good legislation and good administration. He believed that the Dawes bill passed by the Senate and still pending in the House, would furnish all the legislation needed for the present. The next thing needed was a business-like, non-partisan administration of the Indian Bureau. He thought it almost impossible to secure this until the civil service rules were extended to take in the Indian Department, including Inspectors, Agents, chief clerks, and farmers.

An Appalling Disaster, Costing over Two hundred lives, has fallen on the villages around the Gulf. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, a violent hurricane struck Johnson's Bayou, La., carrying the waters through the village, overturning houses and killing eighty-five persons out of twelve hundred. The same storm did worse damage at Sabine Pass, at the mouth of the Sabine River, about sixty miles from Galveston, Tex. The waters of the Gulf inundated the town with unprecedented rapidity. The people had no time to escape. They took to the attics of their houses, and from there were driven to the roofs. In less than two hours from the influx of water the smaller houses began to succumb. Some were swept away bodily; others were thrown on their sides, and several were turned completely upside down. Soon the larger houses gave way, until it seemed that the whole town would be wiped out of existence. All night long the storm raged, and the morning broke on a scene of desolation rarely witnessed. One hundred and twenty-seven persons and six thousand head of cattle perished, and nearly every one in the desolated village is financially ruined. Help was promptly sent from Orange and Beaumont to the wounded and destitute survivors, but little could be done to afford relief save distributing food and clothing. Shelter is needed for the homeless, and some well-organized system has, doubtless, by this time, been organized to succor the poor sufferers.

Unusual Interest is Excited by the Struggle for the Mayoralty of New York City, now fully opened. It is a triangular contest, the various sections of the Democracy having combined to nominate Abram S. Hewitt, at present representing the Tenth District in Congress; the Republicans have nominated Theodore Roosevelt, who has done signal service for the city at Albany; and the workingmen of all political sections have nominated Henry George, the well-known author of "Progress and Poverty," and other works on social questions. It is certain that, if all the workingmen vote for Mr. George, he will be elected; but, as many of them have affiliations with one or other of the old parties, which they will naturally be reluctant to sever, Mr. George's election is by no means assured. Besides this, many workingmen, while endorsing Mr. George's theories on the nationalization of land and the relations of capital and labor, will fail to see in what way his election to the Mayoralty can afford him opportunities to put his theories in practice. The excellence of the other two candidates is also a factor in the questions. Altogether, the pros-

pect for New York in the election is a hopeful one. Whoever may be elected, the city will feel confident that there will be no stealing that the Mayor can prevent, and though, if Mr. George is elected, many will regret that a man of his principles should attain prominence, they may console themselves by reflecting that, as Mayor of New York, he can do nothing to advance Socialism, while he must inevitably lose much of his popularity.

The Acceptance of Lord Randolph Churchill's programme by the British conservatives appears to be assured. It was predicted that the older members of the party would repudiate the plan proposed by their young and somewhat erratic leader. The London correspondent of the New York Sun cables, however, that Mr. Chaplin, the spokesman of the "high and dry old Tories," has publicly announced his adoption of Lord Randolph's programme with one trivial exception, inserted doubtless to prove the independence of the party. The proposals accepted include the scheme of freehold allotments for laborers, the transfer of tithes from farmers to landlords, the sale of the glebe lands, the reform of the method of land transfers, the equalization of railway rates, the extension of local government, including the power to deal locally with liquor licenses, and the further reform of the Irish land laws. That such measures would ever form part of the programme of a Conservative administration, no one would have believed fifty years ago. Radicals scarcely dared to advocate them then, lest they should be denounced as revolutionary.

The Bulgarian Difficulty Attained an Acute stage last week. The elections to the Sobranje, or Constitutional Assembly, have gone wholly against Russian influence. There are five hundred and twenty-one members, and of these only forty-one are opposed to the present government. Russian newspapers speak of the result as a gross affront to the Czar, and urge him to speak the decisive word commanding an occupation of Bulgaria. Meanwhile, the financial barometer of the Exchanges persistently foretells storms. Russian securities, which are largely held in Germany, suffered a further severe decline on the Berlin Bourse, as if the capitalists regarded war as inevitable. The rumors in circulation, also, are of a bellicose tone. One which originates in Vienna, has it that France and Russia, acting in concert, have endeavored, though without success, to effect an alliance with Turkey. The bribe offered to the Sultan was the restoration of his lost provinces—Bosnia and Herzegovina—and an arrangement by which Russia was to occupy Bulgaria, Egypt to be occupied by a mixed French and Turkish garrison, under the supreme command of a French general, and Greece to be given back her lost territory. The proposals also referred to a Russian campaign against India. France strongly supported Russia, and offered financial assistance to Turkey. The general indications are that the war is at hand which students of prophecy believe will precede the closing years of this dispensation.

The Ravages of Cholera in Corea are Stated to be unparalleled in modern times. A despatch received at San Francisco last week says: "No idea can be formed of the extent of the scourge. It has decimated the capital, where, out of a population of 200,000, the death rate rules at the frightful rate of 1,000 per day. About as many Coreans as there are people in the State of California have been swept away already, and it is hard to say where the plague will stop. Corea is described as an 'appalling pest spot.' Never was there a more frightful record of the ravages of disease on mankind. The story of the plague of London is beggared by what is now going on in Seoul.

Earnest Christian Men and Women, who can raise hymn tunes and give short gospel exhortations, are wanted to be permanently stationed as evangelists at mission stations of the Gospel Union; salary ranging from five to ten dollars a week. Address Rev. M. Baxter, President Gospel Union, 63 Bible House, New York.

A Witness of the Murder of the Rev. George C. Haddock was arrested in Chicago, on Thursday Oct. 7. He admits that he was with the party that gathered to punish Mr. Haddock, and claims that he knows the actual murderer. He made a sworn statement before a notary, in which he said that there were nine men beside himself in the party, two of them being Dutchmen, who had previously been hired to commit another outrage. It was decided in consultation to give Mr. Haddock a beating, not of a severe character, but the men were to be careful that he had a black eye. When they met Mr. Haddock, John Aernsdorf, the foreman of the Franz Brewing Co., who was one of the party, went on in advance and threw up his hand in Mr. Haddock's face. Mr. Haddock struck at him, and then Aernsdorf shot him. H. L. Leavitt, the witness in question, swears that he saw him do it, and wishes to be admitted as State's evidence. Aernsdorf has been arrested, and warrants have been issued for the other members of the gang. It may be hoped, for the credit of the State, that justice will be done.

The Rev. W. F. Re Qua Purposes Leaving Aurora, Ill., for the Indian Territory, early next month. The appeal made to our subscribers has resulted in the receipt of one hundred and fifty-five dollars and ten cents. Thus encouraged, he is leaving his church and his home to labor among the Indians, in full reliance on the promise that God will supply all his need. In a letter received from him last week, Mr. Re Qua promises to send us the photographs of himself and Mrs. Re Qua. These we hope to publish in an early issue. He also promises to send us regularly, for publication, after his arrival in the Territory, a letter, describing the progress of his work. Until the close of the first week in November, Mr. Re Qua's address is 135 North 4th Street, Aurora, Ill.

Successful Gospel Temperance Meetings are being held by Messrs. Mabee and English in North Carolina. Their tour commenced at Elizabeth City, where they remained ten days. Nearly seven hundred persons, many of them young men, signed the pledge and a thriving Reform Club has been formed. On Sunday, September 26, a large open air service was held in Creecy Park. Over fifteen hundred persons were present and a large number signed the pledge. A colored Reform Club also has been organized there which has one hundred and thirty members. Messrs. Mabee and English found the ground prepared for their work. A vigorous Women's Christian Temperance Union, the secretary of which is a lady well-known in journalism, was organized there some time ago, and has done earnest work in arousing public opinion to the evils of the Liquor Traffic. Meetings were held at first in the Methodist Church, and afterward, in Zimmerman's Union Chapel, a Band of Hope was formed and temperance literature circulated. The results of the visit of Messrs. Mabee and English will therefore be appreciated and carefully fostered by these devoted ladies.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in session at Chicago voted last week on an important resolution. It was introduced on October 7, by Mr. S. Corning Judd, of Chicago, and was couched in these words: "Whereas, The name 'Protestant Episcopal' is too narrow and exclusive as a designation of a branch (as ours is) of the 'One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church' of Christ, in which we express our belief in solemn creed; and Whereas, Such designation is not only thus incomprehensive in its significance, but misleading to the uninformed, and to that extent pernicious and harmful; therefore, *Resolved*, As the sense of this house, that such name should be expunged from the present designation of this Church in her laws and formularies, and that proper legislative action should be taken to that end. The motion was reached on Saturday, and the balloting commenced amid absolute silence. The Southern delegates generally voted in favor of the resolution, and the Eastern

dioceses against it, but nearly every diocese was divided on the question. The vote was as follows: Yeas 112, nays 185. The comparatively strong vote in favor of the proposition was a surprise to the convention.

The Stars and Stripes Torn Down from an American ship was a report that caused some excitement last week. It appears that the American schooner, Marion Grimes, was detained at Shelburne, N. S., for failing to report, and, on Oct. 11, while she was still under detention, the captain ran up the American flag to the masthead. The British cruiser "Terror" was watching the ship, and her captain sent an order to the Marion Grimes to take that flag down. The order was obeyed, but soon afterward the offensive colors again floated from the schooner's masthead. The British captain sent a second order, but the American captain this time refused to lower his colors. The British captain then boarded the schooner with an armed party, and himself hauled down the flag. The Canadian authorities have explained the incident, and the State department is said to have accepted the explanation as satisfactory. The American captain also admits that he had no right to raise his flag while under detention, but says that he was celebrating his birthday, and wished to do so under the Stars and Stripes. It is much to be wished that the American captain's persistent desire to show his colors, even when technically under disgrace, were shared by Christian people in seasons of unpopularity. Too often in times of danger or when in worldly society in which religion is despised the Christian is careful not to show his colors (2 Timothy, 4: 16).

A Clergyman's Calmness in an Earthquake is described in the *Charleston News and Courier*. It states that the shocks of earthquake which have been felt since the great convulsion of August 31 have tried the nerves of the citizens in many cases more than did that appalling night, and at the first indication of an approaching tremor they have thrown down whatever they held and run from their houses. A barber named Nesbitt, however, claims that he refrained from doing so on one occasion. He was shaving a well-known clergyman of Charleston when a shock came. Nesbitt felt a peculiar sensation come over him. He paused a moment and looked down into the eye of his customer, who also looked up at him. Not a word was exchanged. Nesbitt says he would have given anything to be able to put down his razor and get out into the street, but the unflinching look of his customer chained him to the spot, and he thought, anyhow, he was as *safe alongside of a minister* as he would have been anywhere else. So, after catching his breath and trying to deafen his ears against the sound of the horrible rumbling that he could hear away down in the bowels of the earth, he braced himself up and went on and finished the job. After he had brushed off his customer, the latter congratulated him on his nerve, and gave him a gold dollar in place of the regular fee of fifteen cents. The composure of the clergyman must have been very decided to so influence the panic-stricken man, but it may well have been unshaken, being based on God's promise (Isa. 26: 3).

A Mountain of Glass Half a Mile Long, and two hundred feet high in its highest parts, is to be seen in the famous Yellowstone Park. A paper by Prof. Joseph P. Iddings, fully describing it, will be appended to the next report of the Geological Survey. The Professor says: "The cliff presents a partial section of a surface flow of obsidian which poured down an ancient slope from the plateau lying east. The dense glass, which now forms its lower portion, is from seventy-five to one hundred feet thick, while the upper portion shows signs of glacial action. A remarkable feature of the cliff is the development of prismatic columns, which form its southern extremity. These are of shining black obsidian, rising to sixty feet in height, with diameters varying from two to four feet. The

color of the material of this cliff is for the most part jet black, but much of it is mottled and streaked with bright brownish red, the contrast of which with the black is very striking. In places the glass in the process of cooling has been broken into small angular pieces, which have been again cemented by the later flow, producing many-colored and beautiful breccia, the effect of which is still further to vary the appearance and beauty of the rock and make it the most conspicuous and characteristic variety of volcanic lava known." Anything more brilliant than this glass mountain, illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, cannot be imagined. The time will come, however, when a far more resplendent object will be seen by the whole world. That will be when the city John saw descends out of heaven (Rev. 21: 10, 11).

A Curious Fee to a Physician was Paid in Nashville, Tenn., some time ago. The *Medical Record* says, that during the cholera epidemic in that city, the late Dr. Bowling attended an old blind negro, who eked out an existence by playing the flute at the street corners. He recovered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude he took his flute and sat under the doctor's bedroom window and played it the whole night long. Of all the large fees he ever received the doctor said this was the largest. It brought him no accession of fortune, but the doctor was well off and did not mind that. In estimating the value of the fee, the physician took account of the spirit that prompted his patient's act. Christians who have little of money, talent, or time to consecrate to the Lord's service may take comfort from the fact that, like the grateful colored patient, they may show their love and gratitude in services that will not be measured by their intrinsic value, but by their motive (Mark 14: 8).

A Marriage Engagement was Cancelled Recently in York County, Maine, because of the untruthfulness of the prospective bridegroom. The engagement was announced in the newspapers and the wedding day fixed, but a whisper reached the young lady's mother that the suitor had misrepresented his position and circumstances, and would not be able to provide for her daughter so well as he had promised. A trusted friend was quietly sent to the distant town in which he lived, to make inquiries, and it was his report that quashed the marriage arrangements. It appears that the young man was given to the common habit of boasting, and had represented himself as the owner of a three thousand dollar house and a handsome library, and claimed to have a large law-practice and an income from the press. Finally, the habit growing upon him, he had announced that he was elected to the legislature. The investigation showed that he had no real estate, his library consisted of a few volumes of law reports, and he had not been elected, nor thought of, for the legislature. It is stated that his poverty would not have been an insuperable obstacle to the marriage, but his misrepresentation and untruthfulness would not be forgiven. Happily the facts were discovered before the union was consummated, and the young lady was saved from being allied to the unprincipled man. How many young people there are who are being still more woefully deceived! Satan promises them a life of pleasure and all pleasant things, and they rely upon his lying assurances until it is too late (John 8: 44).

The Rev. M. Baxter Gave Five Prophetic discourses on "The Coming Great Events and the Second Coming of Christ before the year 1900," in Odd-fellow's Hall, North Clinton Street, Rochester, N. Y., last Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Three of the discourses were delivered on Sunday. He found the population of Rochester increased from 50,000 people when he last lectured there, about the year 1862, to 120,000 now. Odd-fellow's Hall seats 500 persons, and is the only Hall of that size available, except Washington Hall, which is hired at \$50 an evening. 120,000 handbills, 200 large posters and advertisements in the newspapers fully announced the particulars of his lectures to the Rochester people.

CONCERNING DEATH.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living."—Job 30:23.

The Sick Man Turning his Thoughts to Eternity—His Mistake—I. Personal Knowledge—The Universality of Death—Two Exceptions—The Exception at the Lord's Coming—II. Holy Intelligence—Perception that Death is of the Lord—His Guidance to the End—The Sure Resurrection—III. Quiet Expectation—The Mooring-Ropes Cut—Wesley's Anticipation—IV. Sacred Instruction—How to Prepare for Death—An Ancient Coronation Custom.

Job suffered from a terrible sickness, which filled him with pain both day and night. It is supposed that, in addition to his grievous eruptions upon the skin, he endured great difficulty in breathing. He says in the eighteenth verse, "By the great force of my disease is my garment changed: it bindeth me about as the collar of my coat." His clothes were sodden, and clung to him: his skin was blackened, and seemed to be tightened. He was like a man whose tunic strangles him; the collar of his garment seemed to be fast bound about his throat. Those who have suffered from it know what distress is occasioned by this complaint, especially when they are also compelled to cry, "My bones are pierced in me in the night season: and my sinews take no rest."

At such a time Job thought of death, and surely if at any period in our lives

WE SHOULD CONSIDER OUR LATTER END, it is when the frail tent of our body begins to tremble, because the cords are loosened and the curtain is rent. It is the general custom with sick people to talk about "getting well;" and those who visit them, even when they are gracious people, will see the tokens of death upon them, and yet will speak as if they were hopeful of their recovery. I remember a father asking me when I prayed with a consumptive girl to be sure not to mention death. In such cases it would be far more sensible for the sick man to turn his thoughts towards eternity, and stand prepared for the great change. When our God by our affliction calls upon us to number our days, let us not refuse to do so. I admire the wisdom of Job, that he does not shirk the subject of death, but dwells upon it as an appropriate topic, saying, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living."

Yet Job made a mistake in the hasty conclusion which he drew from his grievous affliction. Under depression of spirit he felt sure that he must very soon die; he feared that God would not relax the blows of his hand until his body became a ruin, and then he would have rest. But he did not die at that time. He was fully recovered, and God gave him twice as much as he had before. A life of usefulness, and happiness, and honor lay before him; and yet he had

SET UP HIS OWN TOMBSTONE, and reckoned himself a dead man. It is a pity to pretend to predict the future, for we certainly cannot see an inch before us. As it is idle with day-dreams to fascinate the heart into a groundless expectation, so is it equally foolish to increase the evil of the day by forebodings of to-morrow.

It is the part of a brave man, and especially of a believing man, neither to dread death nor to sigh for it; neither to fear it nor to court it. In patience possessing his soul, he should not despair of life when hardly pressed; and he should be always more eager to run his race well than to reach its end. It is no work of men of faith to predict their own deaths. These things are with God.

Job made a mistake as to the date of his death, but he made no mistake as to the fact itself. He spake truly when he said: "I know that thou wilt bring me to death." Some day or other the Lord will call us from our home above ground to the house appointed for all living. I invite you this morning to consider this unquestioned truth.

I. First, then, very solemnly under the teaching of God's Spirit, I call your attention to a piece of

PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE:

"I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." A general truth here receives a personal application. Job knew that he should be brought to the grave, because he perceived the universality of that fact in reference to others. He lived on the verge of an age when life was longer than now; and yet the patriarch had never known a person who had not, after a certain age, quitted this earthly stage. Cast your eye over every land, glance from the pole to the equator, and along to the other pole, and see if this be not the universal law, that man must be dissolved in death. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Two men alone entered the next world without seeing death, but those two exceptions prove the rule. Another great exception is yet to come, which I would never overlook. Peradventure the Lord Jesus

CHRIST MAY PERSONALLY COME

before we see death, and when He cometh, we that are alive and remain shall not fall asleep; but even then "we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." This is the great exception to the rule, and we cheerfully allow it to dwell upon our minds; but if the Master tarry, we ourselves shall not be exempt from the common rule. Job knew that he himself should be brought to death, because all others had been brought there.

Once more, Job arrived at this personal knowledge through his own bodily feebleness. Perhaps he had not always said, "I know that thou wilt bring me to death;" but now, as he sits upon the dunghill, and scrapes himself with the potsherd, and writhes in anguish, and is depressed in spirit, he realizes his own mortality. That poet was half inspired who said, "All men count all men mortal but themselves." Is it not so with us? We do not really expect to die. Those who die daily will die easily. I would to God we had learned this lesson. Let us live as dying men among dying men, and then we shall truly live. This will not make us unhappy; for surely no heir of heaven will fret because he is not doomed to live here for ever. It were a sad sentence if we were bound over to dwell in this poor world for ever. Who among us would wish to realize in his own person the fabled life of the Wandering Jew, or even of Prester John? Who desires to go up and down among the sons of men for twice a thousand years? If the Supreme should say, "Live here for ever," it were a malediction rather than a benediction. To grow ripe and to be carried home like shocks of corn in their season, is not this a fit and fair thing? To labor through a blessed day, and then at nightfall to go home and to receive the wages of grace—is there anything dark and dismal about that? God forgive you that you ever thought so!

II. Having thus discoursed upon a piece of personal knowledge, I now beg you to see in my text the shining of

HOLY INTELLIGENCE.

Job, even in his anguish, does not for a moment forget his God. He speaks of Him here: "I know that Thou wilt bring me to death." He perceives that he will not die apart from God. He does not say his sore boils or his strangulation will bring him to death; but "THOU wilt bring me to death." He does not trace his approaching death to chance, or to fate, or to second causes; no, he sees only the hand of the Lord. To him belong both life and death. I love that old-fashioned verse—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of Love thinks fit."

In the midst of malaria and pest we are safe with God. We are immortal till our work is done. Be ye therefore quiet in the day of evil;

rest you peaceful in the day of destruction: all things are ordered by wisdom, and precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. No forces in the world are outside of His control. God suffers no foes to trespass on the domain of Providence. All things are ordained by God, and especially are our deaths under the peculiar oversight of our exalted Lord and Saviour. Let us rejoice that in life and death we are in the Lord's hands,

The text seems to me to cover another sweet and comforting thought, namely, that God will be with us in death. "I know that thou wilt bring me to death." He will bring us on our journey till he brings us to the journey's end; himself our convoy and our leader. We shall have the Lord's company even to our dying hour: "Thou wilt bring me to death." The child has to go to bed, but it does not cry if mother is going upstairs with it. It is quite dark; but what of that? The mother's eyes are lamps to the child. It is very lonely and still. Not so; the mother's arms are the child's company, and her voice is its music. O Lord, when the hour comes for me to go to bed, I know that thou wilt take me there, and speak lovingly into my ear; therefore I cannot fear, but will even look forward to that hour of thy manifested love. You had not thought of that, had you?

It may not be in the text, but it naturally follows from it, that if God brings us to death,

HE WILL BRING US UP AGAIN.

Job, in another passage, declared that he was sure that God would vindicate his cause—"I know," saith he, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Certain wise men who would expunge the very idea of a resurrection out of the Old Testament have tried to make out that Job expected to be restored and vindicated in this life; but he evidently did not expect any such thing, for, according to the text, it is clear that he feared he should die at once. We gather from this verse, by a negative process of reasoning, that the living Redeemer, and the vindication which was to be brought to him by that living Redeemer, were matters of hope in another life after death. O beloved, you and I know this truth from many declarations of our Lord in His divine book. Though we die in one sense, yet in another we shall not die, but live. We shall come forth from the land of the enemy in fulness of joy. Wherefore we ought to take great comfort from the words of our text, and be of good courage.

III. I pass on to notice the

QUIET EXPECTATION

which breathes in this text. It is my prayer that we may enjoy the same restfulness. My dear brothers and sisters, the text is full of a calm stillness of hope. Job speaks of his death, as a certainty, but speaks of it without regret; nay, more, if you read the connection, it is with a smile of desire, with a flush of expectancy—"I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." Many men are unable to regard death with composure; they are disturbed and alarmed by the very hint of it. I want to reason with those disciples of our Lord Jesus who are in bondage from fear of death.

What are the times when men are able to speak of death quietly and happily? Sometimes they do so in periods of great bodily suffering. I have on several occasions felt everything like fear of dying taken from me simply by the process of weariness; for I could not wish to live any longer in such pain as I then endured; and I have no doubt that such an experience is common among sufferers from acute disorders. It is well that pain and anguish should cut the ropes which moor us to these earthly shores, that we may spread our sails for a voyage to the Better Land. Oh, what a place heaven must be to those whose bones have worn through their skin through long lying

upon the bed of anguish! What a change from the workhouse or the infirmary to the New Jerusalem! The bitter suffering of the body helps the believer to look upon translation as

A THING TO BE DESIRED.

The growing infirmities of age work in the same way. Yonder venerable sister has at length become quite deaf. Her great delight was to attend the house of God, and she comes now; but the service is dumb show to her; she cannot hear her pastor's voice, which was once so sweet in her ear. Her eyes, after being helped with more powerful glasses, are at length unable to read that dear old Bible, which remained her sole solace when she could not hear. Her existence now is but half life: she cannot walk far; even in crossing the room her limbs tremble. She is already half gone. Do you not think that she will now feel happy to quit life, even as a ripe apple easily leaves the tree?

Beloved, without either falling into sickness, or ageing into infirmity, we can reach this state of mind in another way—by being filled with an entire submission to the will of God. When the decree of God is our delight, we feel no abhorrence to anything which he appoints either in life or in death. Next, I believe that great holiness sets us free from the love of this world, and makes us ready to depart. By great holiness I mean great horror of sin and great longing after perfect purity. When a man feels sin within him he hates it, and

LONGS TO BE DELIVERED

from it. Have you ever been cast in the midst of blasphemers? I am sure you have then sighed to be in heaven. If you have been sickened by the drunkenness and debauchery of this city, you have cried, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Did you not wish as much last year when the lid was being lifted from the reeking caldron of London's unnatural lust? I am sure I did. I sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where rumor of such villainy might never reach me more. In the midst of human sin if the trumpet were sounded "up and away," you would be glad to hear it, that you might speed to the fair land, where sin and sorrow will never assail you again.

Another thing that will make us look at death with complacency is when we have a full assurance that we are in Christ, and that, come what may, nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. What reason can you have for alarm? A Christian man should go to his bed at night without an anxious care as to whether he shall wake up in this world or in the next. He should so live that nothing would need to be altered if his last hour should strike. Let us imitate John

WESLEY'S CALM ANTICIPATION

of his end. A lady asked Mr. Wesley, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the society in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me; converse and pray with the family as usual; retire to my room at ten o'clock; commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Live in such a way that any day would make a suitable topstone for life. Live so that you need not change your mode of living, even if your sudden departure were immediately predicted to you. When you so live you will look upon death without fear. We usually fear because we have cause for fear; when all is right we shall bid farewell to terror.

Brethren, we shall soon be on the wing. Then will we rise and sing, and sing as we rise. We will ascend yon azure sky, and within the jewelled portal we will spend eternity in praise. I hope some of you are getting up a bit out of

your notion that to think of death is gloomy work. I trust you will begin to view it with hope and confidence.

IV. I conclude by saying that this subject affords us

SACRED INSTRUCTION.

"I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." Brethren and sisters, I shall not always have the privilege of coming here upon the Sabbath to speak with you. Perhaps ere long another voice will invite your attention, and I shall be silent in the grave. Neither will you mingle in this throng which so happily gathers here; not much longer will you sit among those who frequent these lower courts. What then?

Let us prepare for death. Let us cleave to the Lord Jesus, who is our all. Make your calling and election sure. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe intensely. Repent of sin and fly from it earnestly and with your whole heart. Live diligently. Live while you live. Let every moment be spent as you will wish to have spent it when you survey life from your last pillow. Drop no stitches. Do all your work at your best. Do a day's work in a day, and have no balance of debt to carry over to to-morrow's account. Soon shall you and I stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the things done in the body; therefore let us live as in the light of that day of days, doing work which may bear that fierce light which beats about the great white throne.

Next to that, let us learn from the general assembly in the house appointed for all living to walk very humbly.

A COMMON CARAVANSARY

must accommodate us all in the end; wherefore let us despise all pride of birth, rank, or wealth. Therefore speak no more so exceedingly proudly. It is madness for dying men to boast. When Saladin lay a-dying he bade them take his winding-sheet and carry it upon a lance through the camp, with the proclamation, "This is all that remains of the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of nations."

Be prompt, for life is brief. If your children are to be trained up in God's fear, begin with them to-day; if you are to win souls, continue at the holy labour without pause. You will soon be gone from all opportunity of doing good; therefore, whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with your might. When the Eastern emperors were crowned at Constantinople, it is said to have been a custom for the royal mason to set before his majesty a certain number of marble slabs, one of which he was to choose to be his tombstone. It was well for him to remember his funeral at his coronation. I bring before you now the unwritten marbles of life: which will you have, holiness or sin, Christ or self? When you have chosen, you will begin to write the inscription upon it; for your life's works will be your memorial. God help us to be diligent in his business, for it is not long that we can be at it!

Men and women, project yourselves into eternity; get away from time, for you must soon be driven away from it. Oh, sirs, some of you will one of these days wake up as from an awful dream. Oh that you could foresee the scene which awaits you! Those were strong words, but they were the words of Jesus—"And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." These words reveal none of that pretty nonsense which some prattle about—"a larger hope"; yet Jesus spake them, and His hope was of the largest. He that loved you better than these philosophers love you, also said, "Beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from hence." Our Lord put it very strongly. If you mean to dare the infernal terrors, I can do no less than ask you to know what you are at.

But if you have chosen Christ, mercy, and eternal life, and if by faith these are yours, begin to enjoy them now. Rehearse the music of the

skies. Taste the delights of fellowship with God—even here! Rejoice in the victory which now overcometh the world, even our faith. You will be in the glory land ere long, and some of you much sooner than you think. So, as the sermon ends, under a sense of my own frailty I bid you a sincere adieu. Until the day break and the shadows flee away—fare you well.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

An Application from a Japanese Banker.*

A PROMINENT counsellor imported from England by the government, said that all Japan needed was civilization and beefsteak. The gentleman furnishing this advice was an infidel, and evidently did not realize the fact that whatever was good in the civilization of Europe and America was based on Christian principles. The religion and the civilization of a country go hand in hand. Show me the Druidical mysteries, the fetiches of the African savages, and I will show you a degraded civilization. Show me the nonentities of Shintoism and of Buddhism, and I will show you a civilization characterized by social and intellectual stagnation and by spiritual and political degradation. Show me the sensuous creed of the Turks, and I will show you the vilest civilization of to-day. Show me the comic mythology of the Greeks and Romans, based on the vagaries of childish imagination, and I will show you a civilization presenting many excellent qualities, but uninfluenced by any deep moral under-currents, and characterized by selfishness and cruelty. In short, give me the general features of any religion, and I can show you with reasonable certainty the nature of the civilization prevailing among its votaries. These terms denote correlative conditions of society. Religion is the cause, civilization is the effect.

The Japanese who have been so assiduously introducing our civilization, are now startled by the discovery that they have been but pioneers for the Christian missionaries. They now see that the intellectual qualities, the animal passions, and the selfish desires of nations under Christian influence are curbed and controlled by some moral power that they had not noticed. And they also see that but for the checking force of these moral principles, the tremendous faculties of Europe and America would be dangerous to the world. While they have assiduously cultivated the intellectual powers of their youth, are intensifying their appetites and passions by nourishing and stimulating food, they have put no guide on the road, have put no brake on the wheels, have introduced no power to restrain the undue exercise of these mental and physical powers. They find Shintoism and Buddhism quite powerless to do so. Nor can the copious and bitter draughts of infidelity, already freely imbibed, accomplish this end. Nothing under the sun but the Gospel of Christ can do it.

This fact was most whimsically acknowledged by the Japanese, when the Mitsui Bank was started in Tokio. This is a National Bank and is backed up by the money of the government. Young Japanese had been specially educated abroad to carry on the banking system on approved foreign principles. They were intelligent, capable and shrewd. They made excellent cashiers, tellers, book-keepers and clerks, so far as the mere executive qualities were concerned. They possessed every intellectual requirement necessary for carrying on a bank. But they were *too intelligent*—they were so thoroughly acquainted with financing, that they understood many little methods of deflecting cash from the treasury into their own pockets. And there was no power except fear which could prevent their doing so; and fear had but little effect, as there was hardly any danger that the capitalists, composed of effete Daimios and of government officers unfamiliar with banking, could detect how the cash disappeared.

*From "A Budget of Letters from Japan." By Arthur Collins Maclay, A.M., LL.B., formerly Instructor of English in the Kogakko-Rio, Tokio, Japan; a deeply interesting illustrated work of 322 pages. Price, \$2. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, New York.



A Battalion of Ghoorka Soldiers en route for Burmah, Offering Sacrifices to Drive Away Cholera.

In this predicament, one of the bank officers, with great candor and solicitude, came and explained the situation to one of the missionaries. He frankly admitted that he did not believe in any religion whatsoever. He claimed that the Japanese intellect was of too philosophical a nature to accept the Jewish myth called Christianity. "But," said he, "your religion does something that our religions cannot do—it makes men honest. Now, we wish our employees at the bank to be carefully instructed in these principles, so that they may learn to discharge their duties with scrupulous integrity." This story is thoroughly characteristic. At one time the government insisted that Christianity should not be taught in their schools in any shape whatsoever. They even went so far as to insert in some of their contracts a clause to the effect that no instruction should be given on this subject. Latterly, however, a great part of my teaching in the government schools of Japan has been pure missionary work. It was necessarily so.

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for October: Earthquakes in Divers Places. The Bulgarian Crisis: A Sign of the Coming Great European War in 1887-88. By Rev. M. Baxter. Russia's Predicted Invasion of Turkey. A Prophetic Exposition by Rev. Samuel Valentine Edwards. An Outline of the Destiny of the Empire of Russia. By W. J. Ross, Esq. Prophecy and the Balkans. The Jews: their Past, Present and Future.—Part II. By the late Professor Gaussen, Geneva. Restoration of the Animal Creation. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche. Condition of Believers at the Coming of the Lord. By H. Meymott. Signs of the Coming Age. By J. P. Weethe. Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint. Bound volumes, containing the monthly numbers for 1884 and 1885 may be had, price \$1.

GHOORKAS OFFERING SACRIFICE.

(See Illustration.)

A SINGULAR scene to occur under the protection of the flag of a Christian government was witnessed during the march of the British force recently sent to suppress the rising in Burmah. Part of the force was a regiment of Ghoorka troops from Nepaul, one of the minor states of India. The Ghoorkas, who are the fighting men of Nepaul, as distinguished from the Newars, or civilians of the State, make useful soldiers when commanded by British officers,

being fierce, reckless and physically powerful. They are, however, remarkably superstitious.

On the way to Burmah a few cases of cholera broke out among them. Col. E. Stedman, the officer in command, promptly isolated the cases, and made improvements in the sanitary arrangements for the regiment, to prevent the disease spreading. The Ghoorkas, however, had little faith in such measures. They believed that the cholera was sent as a punishment upon them by their goddess, Kali, and that the best way to save the regiment was to propitiate her. The Oriental mind knows only one way to propitiate an offended deity, and that is by sacrifices. Accordingly, when the regiment halted, the six hundred and twenty-four men of which it is composed, assembled to perform the rite. They collected the assortment of victims ordered by their sacred books—a buffalo, a number of sheep and goats, a monkey, and a pigeon—which they decapitated with their famous "kooke'es," or fighting knives, with appropriate prayers and tokens of homage to the offended deity.

There were no more cases of cholera, and both officers and men rejoiced in that fact. Colonel Stedman thinks that his sanitary reforms were the cause of its disappearance, while the men insist that the deliverance resulted from the wrath of Kali being appeased by the sacrifices. Probably both Colonel Stedman's measures and the sacrifices were beneficial. The latter would inspire the men with confidence, as they had faith in them, and that is a very potent factor in the cure of diseases, not in India only.

The religion of the Ghoorkas is a sect of Hindooism, but they differ from Hindoos in paying special devotions to Kali, just as Roman Catholics pay special honor to the Virgin Mary. According to their doctrines, Kali is content with the sacrifice of animals ordinarily, but once in a thousand years it is necessary to offer to her a human sacrifice. There are many stipulations about this rite, reminding us of the stipulations about the sacrifices of the Levitical law. The victim must not be a woman, nor a child, nor an aged man, nor a sick, maimed or blind person, nor one who is desperately wicked. Nor may a prince, or a Brahmin, or one of the military caste who has conquered in battle, be slain for a sacrifice, according to the "Kalika Purana," which minutely describes the ceremonial rites of slaughter.

It may be hoped that, by God's blessing on

the labors of the Christian missionaries, these people may soon learn that "it is not possible for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin" (Heb. 10:4) and, what is still more important from a humane standpoint, we may hope that God will show them, as He showed Abraham on the mount, that He does not require a human sacrifice (Gen. 22:12); the blood of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 13:8) having sufficed for the salvation of all who believe on Him.

DR. VINCY'S PATIENT.

(See Illustration on Page 669.)

It was a surprise to all Mrs. Bentham's friends that she should confide her case to so young a man as Dr. Vincy. True, there were cases in which he was called in by other families, but they were generally little ailments of the children or some slight trouble easily cured. Mrs. Bentham, however, was a chronic invalid, and all Gordonsville believed her to be so near the grave that only a physician of long experience was able to keep her above ground. But Mrs. Bentham was satisfied, and continued to rely implicitly on the young man whom she had first known in his student days as the intimate friend of her only son.

Dr. Vincy laughed when he heard that two or three of Mrs. Bentham's friends had expostulated with her, and urged her to consult Dr. Harris, his chief rival in Gordonsville. He talked freely about it with his patient, and asked her if she would like to see Dr. Harris. He was a bright, stalwart young fellow, under thirty years of age, with good natural abilities and a profound love of his profession. He had studied hard at college, done his share in the boating and base ball clubs, and was regarded by his tutors and fellow-students as certain to make his mark in the world. Progress, however, was very slow at Gordonsville. It was a healthy neighborhood, and the people who were sick generally preferred to consult Dr. Harris. His predecessor in the practice was an elderly man, whose patients Dr. Vincy had been unable to retain, nor had he been able to secure many new ones. It seemed to him, at times, that he would never be able to build up a practice that would maintain him, before his black curly hair turned white.

Another objection besides that of his youth was made by the Gordonsville people. Dr. Vincy never went to church. Dr. Harris attended as

frequently as his practice would allow, but "Dr. Vincy has never darkened the church doors since here he has been," said his critics. "Comes of a pious family, too, by all accounts," they said, "and it is not his patients that keep him away, for he has scarcely any. He's no better than an infidel." Mrs. Bentham spoke to him of this frequently. Not so much about the mere attendance on church, which would have satisfied the others, but of his personal need of a Saviour, which his absence from church proved that he did not realize. Dora, also, Mrs. Bentham's daughter, took a deep interest in his spiritual welfare, and though usually a shy, timid girl, had ventured on one occasion to give him a copy of the tract so much blessed of God, "How to become a Christian."

Dr. Vincy, however, was unmoved, and neither Mrs. Bentham's appeals nor Dora's tract did him any good. "I am not cut out for a religious man, Mrs. Bentham," he said once; "truth to tell, Christianity

does not satisfy me; I saw much of it at home, and I was not enamored with it. If I do my best and live a good life I think God will not send me to the orthodox hell at the last."

"If I were to give attention to my diet, take exercise and live a carefully arranged life, Dr. Vincy," Mrs. Bentham answered, "should I live long?"

"No, madam, your system is wrong. If we could eradicate the disease or give you new lungs, a well regulated life might keep you in moderate health, but the disease must be eliminated first."

"Did it never occur to you to make the same diagnosis of your own spiritual condition? While you have a sinful nature, well-doing can never make you acceptable to God. He offers you a new heart and a right spirit and forgiveness through Christ for all your past sins. If you reject that offer, how can you be saved?"

Mrs. Bentham was going away to the mountains for change of air, and this was the last time Dr. Vincy would see her before her departure; so, knowing that it was possible she might never have another opportunity of urging him to seek salvation, she was more earnest than usual. Dora, who was packing up for the journey, listened intently, and, as she knelt beside the trunk putting in the books for perusal on the visit, she ceased her work, and offered a silent prayer that God would send her mother's words home to the young man's heart.

"It is very good of you, Mrs. Bentham," he said, "to take so much interest in my welfare. I know you think I am in a bad way, but really I do not feel that I am so myself."

"I suppose you have had patients in that state of mind, have you not? I have known cases in which the physician was more apprehensive than the patient."

"Yes, I have known such cases, and I am willing to admit that the physician was generally right."

"Then, will you not ask God to reveal your true condition to you, Dr. Vincy? Believe me, you are in peril, and God only can save you."

"I will think of it, madam," said the young physician, rising. "Now I must say good bye, and I sincerely hope the journey and the mountain air will give you new life."



Dr. Vincy Hesitates About the Promise.

Mrs. Bentham retained his hand for a moment and said: "I know my life is precarious, doctor; I am not deceiving myself. I may not live to return; will you not give me your promise that you will seek the Saviour? I assure you that I could not be so calm in the prospect of death if I had not His strength to support me, and He is just as good a friend in health and strength. Let me have your promise, Dr. Vincy."

The young man hesitated. The promise, if given, must be kept, and he had no mind to become a religious man. Mrs. Bentham and Dora waited anxiously his next words.

"You are very good, Mrs. Bentham," he said. "I am sure you are sincere, and I will give you my promise."

"He is always found of them that seek Him," Mrs. Bentham said, solemnly.

Several months passed before Mrs. Bentham and her daughter returned to Gordonsville. Letters had passed between them and Dr. Vincy, but no word had been said of his promise. When he visited them, however, on their return, he spoke of it with heartfelt gratitude. "I had a bad time after you left, Mrs. Bentham," he said. "I did not know that I was so great a sinner till God opened my eyes. He has been marvelously good to me. I was near despair for a long time, but now I have entered into light. I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never repay."

"Thank God" was the only response Mrs. Bentham could make, and it was said with reverence and sincerity.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 655.)

Sorrow and Separation.

It was with a haggard face that Leroy appeared at the breakfast-table on the morning after the crushing blow fell, which seemed to paralyze his energies for all his future life. He looked the image of blank despair and answered abstractedly the courteous questions addressed

to him by the family. He maintained a gloomy silence during the greater part of the meal, ate little and sighed heavily. He appeared to have no care whether the family thought him morose or not. What any man thought of him, or however they might treat him henceforward, was a matter of indifference. The one disappointment made him reckless and he believed he would never recover from its effects.

After the meal he had an interview with Carrie, alone. His object was to discover her reason for rejecting his suit. True to her resolution, she firmly declined imparting it. In fact the violence of his agitation, and the intense distress his rejection evidently caused him, confirmed her in her conviction that it would be dangerous to tell him that his infidelity was the sole obstacle to their union. A man suffering as he suffered was capable of sacrificing principle and conviction to his desire for marriage. Therefore the very vehemence of his anxiety to surprise Carrie into revealing her secret

defeated its purpose and kept her lips sealed.

"You must believe me, Leroy," she said: "I am acting conscientiously. I can give you no promise, I can hold out no encouragement, I can give no explanation. I can only tell you that union is impossible for us. I am suffering poignantly, but I am doing my duty, and my resolve is unalterable."

"Then I will go away," said Leroy in a tone of profound melancholy. "I cannot bear to be under the same roof and know that my hopes are vain. It is only adding to my burden. I will leave to-day. I can bear it better among strangers."

Carrie saw that it was so, and would not dissuade him. So he bade a brief farewell to the family and set out for the railroad station. Carrie accompanied him, and, finding it impossible to cheer him, walked by his side in silence.

"I will not ask you to write me," said Leroy: "if, as you say, your decision is irrevocable, there is nothing to be gained by writing. To forget you is impossible, but it would be folly to stimulate memory by correspondence."

"I too, think it would be best that we should not correspond," said Carrie: "But I shall always feel a deep interest in your welfare. And I will ask you this: if you ever meet with some great happiness, let me know."

"I promise," said Leroy. It will entail no trouble. The road I travel is one in which I am little likely to meet happiness. Nevertheless, if so strange a thing should happen, you shall hear of it. That is a small thing to promise to you. I would lay down my life for you if you asked it."

The train entered the station. One respectful, lingering kiss, the two pair of eyes full of tears gave one farewell look of love, and Leroy sprang on board. Carrie stood there until the last car was out of sight, and then walked sadly homeward. To her, too, life seemed very melancholy that day. She really and truly loved him, and it was hard that the union could not be. But she knew she was right, and looked to God for help and comfort. The burden was not removed from her even when she was again at the old college. Much of her vivacity had disappeared. There was a dull pain at her heart. Her affections had been violently disturbed. She

* Copyright reserved by the Author.

often sat at the evening fire and mused over the past few months, fraught with events which seemed so much like a dream, and yet had left such a real pang in her heart. Every familiar spot—the hall where Leroy had so often spoken, the church where they so frequently sat together, the grove, the street—every thing brought back some reminiscence associated with by-gone pleasures. Yes, those delightful days were gone. Would such days ever return to her again? Her aching heart gave conflicting responses. Yet she waited and tried to trust.

As if to increase her vexation, Pendleton Sanderson renewed his attentions to her. While she endeavored to treat him courteously and kindly, yet she could not conceal the fact that he was more disagreeable to her than ever. He persisted in calling upon her, much to her annoyance; for she could see that he was becoming more and more ardent in his attentions and expressions. Yet she could not rudely tell him to remain away, as long as she had not a sufficient reason for doing so.

One evening he was more than usually demonstrative, and endeavored to draw the conversation into such a channel that he might have some excuse to make an open avowal of his love. She adroitly evaded the questions he asked as long as she could; but the very fencing of words seemed to pique him, and impel him to more direct speech. She glanced at her watch at last, as a hint to him that her time was precious.

"Am I detaining you, Miss West?" he asked. "Have you an engagement for to-night?"

"Oh, no," she said, "but I meant to have an hour's study, and I wondered if I should get it."

"But no engagement?" he asked, with some emphasis on the word.

"No, except so far as I have said. Why do you ask?"

"My thoughts were occupied with another sense of the word. Miss West, do not think me impertinent; I should much like to know if you are engaged in the sense in which young people commonly use the word."

"I think the question is somewhat impertinent, Mr. Sanderson; but I will answer it. There is no reason why there should be any secrecy about it, though it cannot concern you. No, I am not engaged."

She knew what his motive was in persisting in asking her that question; but, she thought, since he was determined to make a declaration, it might as well come now as later.

"And—and—you don't wish to be?" he asked, in a tremulous voice, bending his eyes intently upon her.

"Now you are impertinent, Mr. Sanderson," she said, rising, with some indignation.

"I beg your pardon," he rejoined quickly, rising to his feet. "I did not mean to offend you. It was my intense concern and earnestness that led me into it. But you must let me speak; you must hear me." His tones became almost husky with excitement. "You must have known that—that my heart is not my own."

"How should I have known that, since I have never seen that vagrant organ?" she answered, lightly; but the moment she said it she was sorry that she had spoken so flippantly, when the poor fellow was so intent and serious.

"For pity's sake, Miss West, do not trifle any more! It is almost a matter of life and death with me. I thought you might have inferred the fact from my conduct, that I am deeply, sincerely attached to you—that you are the possessor of my affections. Oh, Carrie, I must tell you of my love. It will consume me if it remains unexpressed any longer. Can you—can you return my love?"

He tried to grasp her hand, but she quickly withdrew it, saying, kindly but firmly:

"I am sorry to say I cannot. I say sorry, because it grieves me to give pain to any one. But you are aware, Mr. Sanderson, that I never gave you any encouragement."

"No, I confess you did not; but still I hoped

that—that your heart might turn toward me. Do you think you could ever—"

"No, no; do not ask me."

Then a look of anger passed like a black shadow over his face. Jealousy, vindictiveness, hatred, were all blent in it, and Carrie read them with as much distinctness as if they had been written in words. Had there been any hesitation before, it would have ended with that look.

"I believe your mind has been poisoned against me," he said. "You saw a great deal of that infidel, Ransom, last year, and he must have prejudiced you against me. Confess; is it not so?"

"I reject you, Mr. Sanderson, on sufficient grounds of my own. I am not influenced by any one. In plain words, I do not love you, and knowing my own heart, I am sure that I never should love you. Is not that enough?"

"You might have loved me if you had never talked with Ransom. I am sure it is he who has influenced you. Let him beware. I am not a man to be injured with impunity."

"Do not utter threats here, Mr. Sanderson, against Mr. Ransom or any one else. It is unmanly. I assure you that under no circumstances could I accept you as a lover."

"Will you say that Mr. Ransom has nothing at all to do with your rejection?"

"No, I will not. I will say nothing about it further. You have asked me a plain question, and I have given you a direct answer. With that, you must be content."

"I am not content, Miss West, because I feel sure that Mr. Ransom has prejudiced my case, and he will have to answer for it."

He took up his hat and quitted the room, looking back at the door to say: "He has purchased his happiness at my cost, and he shall be made to feel as I feel now, if that is possible."

Could the vindictive, rejected lover have seen, that night, the man whom he threatened, he would not have thought that he had purchased happiness. No one would have looked at Leroy, and associated the word "happiness" with him. A gloomy, taciturn, moody man, he went about his duties in that Western town, whither he had gone, with an aching heart. It was only his innate desire for intellectual advancement in himself and others that saved his reputation as an instructor of youth. While engaged in the solution of some mathematical problem, or tracing the evidence of an historical event, or studying some fact of special interest in literature or science, he, for a time, almost forgot his sorrow. And then it would come back again with redoubled power. Frequently his pupils noticed his lowering brow in the morning, and oftentimes the clouds were not dissipated during the entire day.

One thing, more than all others, crippled every effort he made—he could believe in nothing. It was all doubt, doubt—continual groping in moral darkness. Once he had advocated, with much zest, the cause of intellectual culture. Educate the minds of the people—that was the panacea for every individual and social ill. But when he reflected that, since he had attained some measure of culture himself, he was in greater doubt and infelicity than when he had been an ignorant school boy, he lost confidence in his former idea of the efficacy of education. What strong stimulus had he, therefore, to advocate the cause of education? Little good had education done for him. He had fallen almost into the pessimistic despair of some of the German sceptics, who cry that culture only enhances our miseries—only brings us to a knowledge of our woes.

Then he cast about him for some theory for reforming the world; but what could he devise that had not already been tried? The principles of honesty, courage, and all the catalogue of virtues, had been advocated by brilliant-tongued orators all over the world, and yet there was misery and sin. The churches had also been propagating these principles for many centuries. What virtue could he discover

that the Bible did not inculcate? "The heart and the intellect must both be cultured!" he said aloud as he meditated in his room. But the thought struck him that he had said that before a hundred times, and yet what was the result upon himself of his attempt in the direction of such symmetrical culture? Deeper doubt, profounder darkness!

Strange, that in all his speculations about ameliorating the condition of mankind, he never thought of making an effort, as Christian workers do, to reform individuals, thus making a few persons around him, who came under his influence, better and happier, and in this way adding his efforts to the numberless efforts put forth all over the world for the elevation of moral character among the people. But that is too small and humble a work for an unbeliever. There is no fame in it. Nothing in the toilsome work of helping this man and that, to gratify ambition. To raise the masses, to found a great philosophical school—that is something to achieve. A man who could do that would be revered and honored in his life and would be lauded by posterity. But what was the reformation of one or two isolated individuals to labor for? Again he missed the stimulus of the Christian worker, who knows the inestimable value of a single soul.

And so Leroy came to doubt the utility of effort and became a cynic, doubting everything that was worth believing. Most of all, he began to question the validity of all moral distinctions; there really was no such a thing as sin; it was a mere misnomer for accident, or for a necessary transition point in the development of the world; we could not, *de facto*, call one thing right and another wrong; and from this he went to the conclusion that man is not a responsible being. These conclusions were logical deductions from the theory of a blind, unbending and irresistible evolution of the universe, which he had, at least in part, accepted. Everything had to be just as this great law of development formed and impelled it. In such a theory there was no place for the freedom of the will. Where, then, had Leroy any incentive for helping in the work of reformation? Men do not often rise above their theories.

He could not close his eyes to the moral effects his materialistic theories would have upon society, if universally accepted. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Neither can they gather the precious fruit of moral excellence from the thorn-tree of materialistic evolution. Get all men to believe thoroughly that mind is only the result of material organism or molecular motion, and what a riotous mob of brutes you will let loose upon the earth. Destroy men's belief in their own personal moral responsibility, and you will open the flood-gates of lust, passion and vice. It is because men have a higher nature, made in the image of God, that they still have aspirations after the true, the beautiful and the good. Leroy felt all this keenly. How could he then advocate these morally emasculating doctrines any longer? He knew too well their pernicious effect upon his own moral nature. They had robbed him of all enthusiasm and hope, and had destroyed his sensitiveness to that which is wrong.

Did his theory of evolution give him any peace of mind? No; the higher interrogations of his soul still remained unanswered. Neither could he resign himself to the blind, iron-clad laws of nature, as he thought them. The everlasting *why* was continually in his heart. "Why is life so full of suffering? Why are we environed with difficulties and made to chafe after greater freedom? Is our aspiration a sign that there is another existence after death in which we shall enjoy more power, and be free of these restrictions? Who could tell?"

So, in ceaseless interrogation his musings always ended. Thought was only another name for pain, and he persistently sought the light while rejecting the kindly guidance which God gives to all who seek it.

(To be continued.)

JESUS RISEN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson, for October 31. John 20: 1-16. Golden Text: 1 Cor., 15: 20.

Christ the First Fruits—An Answer to Satan—Resurrection Power—Prophecies Accurately Fulfilled—Courage Imparted by His Death—Joseph's Petition—The Enemies Dreading Resurrection—Mary's Vigil—John the First Believer—Mary Clinging to the Spot—The Awakening—Recognition—The New Light.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept" (1 Cor., 15: 20). He was the first man who rose from the dead by His own inherent life power—the first who rose and never died again. He was the only Man whose death destroyed the sting of death to them that believe, who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the Gospel (II. Tim., 1: 10)—therefore is He the first fruits of them that slept, the Pentecost of God's harvest, the sample, the best and ripest, God's foretaste of what His bride shall be when she is gathered out from the nations and presented to His Father without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. God's first fruits of man more perfect by far than Adam, when God saw him that he was "very good." What

AN ANSWER TO SATAN,

what a power against besetting sin, what a strength in work for men lies in this glorious truth! "Now, is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." Death till now had spoken only God's curse upon sin. Now precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints (Psalm 116: 15). "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. 14: 13). For, since by man came death, by man also came the resurrection of the dead, for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Born into the death of Adam, and just as much, born again by faith into the life of Jesus Christ! Oh how we need to pray in faith the prayer of Paul, "That I may know Him, and

THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION!

But this can only be, as we know, the fellowship of His sufferings and conformity to His death (Phil. 3: 10). Only as we are really given up to Him and take just the place He would take; the meek, lowly, despised, misunderstood place which men give us, do we practically come into the risen life, which is above being vexed or troubled or oppressed by these things.

When our beloved Lord had given up the ghost, the same Jews who had feared to enter the judgment hall lest they should be defiled, required that the body of Jesus, as well as those of the thieves, should not remain on the cross on the Sabbath day. Strange how sinners should fear defilement from Him who alone cleanseth from sin! Perverted human nature calls "evil good and good evil"! (Isa. 5: 20). Pilate gave orders that their legs should be broken, to hasten the lingering death of crucifixion. But it had been foretold of Jesus, "A bone of Him shall not be broken," for He is the very Passover Lamb (Ex. 12: 46; Num. 9: 12). He is the Righteous One (Psa. 34: 20). Jesus was dead already, and "they brake not His legs." They pierced His side, for yet another Scripture had to be fulfilled, "They shall look on Him whom they have pierced." But that body of Jesus which was so despised and loathed by the Jews, was dear, infinitely dear, to His disciples. No sooner had He breathed His last breath than a reaction took place among these timid and faithless ones. One who was only a secret disciple, up to this time, Joseph of Arimathea, the only member of the council who had not consented to Jesus' death (Luke 23: 51), hesitated no longer to declare himself, but went boldly to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. His suit was not in vain. Pilate would have saved Jesus if he had not feared for his own interests, and was nothing loath to favor His disciples now. Nicodemus, too, who had once spoken for Jesus (John 7: 51), now brought a costly and lavish compound of myrrh and aloes

to prevent the decomposition of that sacred body. But God was beforehand with him. Of Jesus it was written, "In Him was life,"

HE COULD NOT SEE CORRUPTION.

Egyptian mummies have been preserved over three thousand years, the features as perfect as the day when they were embalmed, but when they are exposed to the air the dust returns to earth as it was, and they crumble into a shapeless mass. But Jesus is the "Life of men." He is "that Life Eternal which was with the Father and was manifested unto us" (1 John 1: 2). He needed no spices to conserve His body from corruption, for there was life power in Jesus to quicken the dead. They laid Him in a new tomb with the spices, the chief priests only interfering to seal the stone and set a watch. Strange that His enemies, who did not believe on Him, took measures to prevent His resurrection, while His disciples, to whom He declared repeatedly that He should rise again, prepared His body for a long sleep in the grave! The chief priests and Pharisees were those who noted His words, "After three days I will rise again" (Matt. 27: 63). Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, probably the mother of Jesus, sat without the sepulchre until the Sabbath, when they rested, according to the commandment" (Luke 23: 56).

But one of them could not rest apart from Jesus. Mary Magdalene (if, as some suppose, she was the same as Mary of Bethany) had understood that Jesus should die, had anointed His body for the burying, and, no doubt, had more comprehension of the resurrection than had the rest of the disciples. No sooner was the Sabbath past, than, long before the day dawned, she was at the sepulchre while it was yet dark. She was the first to discover that the stone was rolled away, that the precautions of the chief priests had, some way, been in vain; "the watch" of Roman soldiers were there on guard no longer; something, she knew not what, had happened. When God leads on His believing children to know something of the power of Christ's resurrection, they find themselves out in all their experiences and all their expectations.

It is glorious to know Jesus as a Saviour who died for us in the past, and who reveals to us the forgiving love of our Heavenly Father, and who opens to us the door into everlasting blessedness. But to know the power of His resurrection is to know Him in His Almighty power over sin, death, circumstances, past, present, everything. To know Him as now, above principalities and power and every name that is named, and to know that He has made us to sit with Him in heavenly places, not in a dreamy kind of vision, but in an actual, present, glorious experience, by which, without effort on our part, He makes us see things in His light, and discern God in everything around us. Jesus risen, Jesus conqueror, changes all things—circumstances, like the stone upon His grave, are changed from God's side—men, like the keepers of the sepulchre, are made to tremble and to flee, when our faith claims Jesus as above them.

Mary ran to Peter and John:

HER FIRST CONCEPTIONS WERE EARTHLY.

"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and I know not where they have laid Him." Did she suspect the soldiers of stealing His body? O why did she not believe His own words? Peter and John came to the sepulchre: John looked in, Peter went into the sepulchre, they saw His empty grave-clothes, which the soldiers would not have left if they had taken the body away. Then John went in, and "he saw and believed; for as yet they knew not the Scripture that He must rise from the dead." Four distinct times He had taught them this precious truth (Mark 8: 31; 9-9, 31; 10-34), yet "they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken" (Luke 18-34). Then the two disciples went away; even John who had "believed," even Peter to whom it had been revealed that Jesus was the Christ,

the Son of the living God! But Mary did not go away. He whose body had lain in that sepulchre had been too much to the saved sinner out of whom He had cast seven devils, and His works and teaching had thrown the world into the shade for her too much to find any other point of interest. If Jesus were lost, then all was lost; what certainty had she that the demons who once possessed her, should not return? If she could not find Jesus living, she would not at least leave the spot where she had last seen Him. This is how Jesus risen is found by His disciples. Cling to all you know of Jesus and you shall yet know more.

Mary looked into the sepulchre and she saw life there, not death, not emptiness, but life. True, it was not the life of Jesus, but it was heavenly life: two angels sitting there, and the grave of Jesus spoke to her in those angel voices, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" It was the same story; she had no other. "Behold they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." But Another was on the scene whom she had not perceived, though He saw her. His voice repeated the angel's question, yet she was so unprepared to see Him living that she recognized neither voice nor form. Her conceptions were still earthly, she was still accounting for things on human lines. She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou has laid Him, and I will take Him away." She still hankered after the dead Christ, the experience of Him which she had had in the past.

ONE WORD AWOKE HER,

"Mary." It was the old voice, and spoke her name. On an instant the whole truth flashed across mind and heart. She turned herself and said unto him, Rabboni, which is to say "Master." Yes, she yielded herself to the risen Christ to be, to do, to suffer, as He would. When God has led His children to turn their backs once and forever on a life of sin and worldliness, when, as far as they know, they are wholly yielded up to Him, and yet in their nearest approaches to Jesus they find their experience only what Mary found, an empty, unoccupied grave, and yet there is nowhere else to seek Jesus, what shall they do? Go away like Peter and John, or abide by the last traces of Jesus? Surely the latter. The empty grave is the token to faith that Jesus Christ is risen. The conscious emptiness of our own hearts so long as, like Mary, we seek to be satisfied with nothing else, only shows us that Christ is going to reveal Himself in power and glory, as never heretofore. But are we abiding by the empty tomb like Mary, with thoughts and words full of "my Lord" even when He seems to be taken away from us? Are we in the place of blessing?

"Jesus saith unto her,

TOUCH ME NOT,

for I am not yet ascended to my Father." He allowed the women who returned shortly after with Mary to the sepulchre, to hold Him by the feet and worship Him (Matt. 28: 9). Why should this privilege be denied to Mary? Jesus gives us His reason: "For I am not yet ascended unto my Father: but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God." It was as though He had said, Mary, thou shalt have a privilege of love far greater than to embrace my feet; be thou the apostle of the resurrection, and tell those whom I, the risen and soon the ascended Son of God, am not ashamed to call brethren, that I am going to resume my place of power in Heaven with my Father.

He had another message to send by the other women: they should tell His brethren to go before Him into Galilee (Matt. 28: 10). But Mary learned more of the heavenly glory of Jesus than was given to the others to know; to her Heaven and earth, God and man, were bound together as never before; a new world was open to her; Jesus risen, was God, the Lord of Heaven manifest in the flesh, yet her Saviour, her Lord, her Friend!

BY CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

"When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed of devils; and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, 'Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.'" (Matt. 8, 16, 17).

He healed them all—the blind the lame, the palsied, The sick in body and the weak in mind; Whoever came, no matter how afflicted, Were sure a sovereign remedy to find.

His word gave health, his touch restored the vigor To every weary, pain exhausted frame, And all He asked before He gave the blessing, Was simple faith in Him from those who came.

And is our Lord, the kind, the good, the tender, Less loving now than in those days of old? Or is it that our faith is growing feeble, And Christian energy is waxing cold?

Why do we not, with equal expectation, Now bring our sick ones to the Lord in prayer, Right through the throng of unbelieving scruples, Up to His very side and leave them there.

He never health refused in bygone ages, Nor feared to take the "chastisement" away; Then why not ask it now, instead of praying For "patience to endure from day to day?"

Yes, ask it for *ourselves*, if we need healing, Pleading those instances of olden cure; But if He then refuse, we still will trust Him, And He will make it happier to endure.

Ay, happier to bear with Him the suffering, Or even death itself, with Him close by; For in His presence there is joy forever, And with Him near "it is not death to die."

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AT HAND.—We live in those days wherein the Lord will gather His Israel out of both Jew and Christian Churches, that their spirit, soul and body may be preserved blameless to receive the Lord at His coming. Rom. ix, 4; 1 Thess. v, 20, 21, 23; 1 Cor. xv, 52, 53; Phi. iii, 21; Mark xiii, 20, Math. xxiv, 14; Rom. viii, 11, 22, 23; Rev. xxi, 1, 4, 5; John xiv, 16, 17, 26. Further information can be obtained in two different books at 12c. each. Mention this paper. Address: J. WIELE, 143 N. Sixth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only and be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, at 10 cents per line, per week, per insertion. (Reading notices, 50 cents per counted line, nonpareil. No ad. taken for less than \$1.00 net, each insertion. No discount on large ads or repeated insertions. No advertisements of Medicines or Humbugs inserted. Advertising space limited to last (outside) page. Advertisements should reach this office by Saturday noon to ensure insertion in the issue of following week. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



"This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than any other family flour and cannot be sold in competition with the hundreds of low test, short weight, adulterated products that are so common."—*Food and Drink*, N. Y.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.
An imperial photograph taken at a sitting especially given by him. It is the latest and best. Dr. Talmage says "It is excellent." To every picture is added a recent autograph. Mailed postpaid, in stamps, with a sample copy of **BOOK RECORD**. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults. It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Castors as Premiums with \$5, \$1 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$3. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

SURE TO PLEASE.

Sterling Anthems.

A new collection of more than 100 choice Anthems selected from the most popular compositions of over 50 different authors.

Anthems for Every Occasion of Public Worship. Beautiful Type, Convenient Shape, Well Gotten Up.

Ought to be in Every Choir in the Land. Only 60 cts. per Copy by Mail. Sent by Express for \$6.00 per Dozen.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth Street, NEW YORK. Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

TALMAGE'S NEW TABERNACLE SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it. This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light, and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame "has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish

MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN, duction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated. Pleases everybody. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000. with key.) Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 5th thousand, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Brim full of pure and good, full of laughter and tears. "It sells itself to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough." Rev. LYMAN A. B. 100TT, 1000 Agents Wanted. Men and Women. \$1.00 a month made. No experience necessary. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.



IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,

It makes no difference where you see them advertised, or by whom or where they are published or sold, send your order to me and I will attend to them promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guarantee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps received for fractional parts of a dollar. J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

A NEW STORY, "Relations-in-Law" BY MARION HARLAND, In The Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal AND Practical Housekeeper.



"Madam stood on a venerable and precious rug; the twins supported her on the right, Wilhelmina on the left. 'As My Son's wife you are welcome to his mother's house,' said the chest voice, rumbling more deeply than usual by reason of the bronchial affection. 'My daughters! kiss your sister.' 'Nellie, like the educated children of most 'new people,' had a profound veneration for old blood, and thorough breeding. Her ideals of the perfect case and fine courtesy that obtains in 'our best circles' broke and fell under the experiences of the next few hours."

A story of particular interest to young married people, or those contemplating matrimony, commences in November.

"The Charity of the Jonesvillians," by Josiah Allen's Wife, full of humor and pathos—a rich story.

"An Old-Fashioned Mother," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, a splendid story for girls.

"Mother's Corner," "Artistic Needle Work," "Home Cooking," "Etiquette," and "Flower" Departments are all special features. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is elegantly illustrated, employs the best writers, and has nearly 400,000 paid subscribers.

Mailed to any address, 3 months on trial, on receipt of only 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

Address: CURTIS PUB. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKS HELPFUL IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS AND HOW TO CONDUCT THEM, by Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman, with contributions of plans, methods and outline talks to children by nearly forty others, including the best-known and most successful workers among children in this country. 208 pages, fine cloth, \$1.00.

THE PRAYER MEETING AND ITS IMPROVEMENT, by Rev. L. O. Thompson. 12mo, 256 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

"This is so good a book that we wish we could give a copy to every young minister."—C. H. Spurgeon. "A very suggestive book."—Sunday-School Times.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, by Major D. W. Whitfield. A handbook for Christian workers. 134 pages, flexible cloth, 50 cts.

"A manual of Scripture texts arranged to present the leading subjects met with in dealing with enquirers."

SECRET POWER; or, the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work, by D. L. Moody. 116 pages, 12mo, cloth, 60 cts.; paper, 30 cts. "Every page is full of stimulating thought."—Christian Commonwealth.

*** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, - - New York.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.—They Lead the World.—\$65 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Solid Walnut-5 Octaves-Double Couplers. Guaranteed for Six Years and sent, with Stool and Book, for TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED 1859. MARCHAL & SMITH, 255 East 21st Street, New York.

GOOD BOOKS.

How to Build Houses, paper cover, 25c.
1,500 Conundrums, " 15c.
700 Arabian Verses, " 15c.
How to Entertain a Social Party, paper cover, 15c.
Ninety-nine Recitations, " 12c.
One Hundred Popular Songs, words and music, 25c.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York

VELVETS AND PLUSHES.

The magnitude and select character of the Stock now shown by James McCreery & Co. surpass anything that has ever been shown in this country.

Special and exclusive designs for Cloaks and Wraps in Figured, Beaded and Striped effects.

A visit of inspection, which is cordially invited, is necessary to form a just appreciation of the great advantages which they offer.

Orders by mail promptly filled.

James McCreery & Co.
Broadway, cor. Eleventh St., NEW YORK.



Estey organ. Solidly made. Tone unrivalled. Elegant finish. Years' popularity. Illustrated catalogues sent free.

ESTEV ORGAN CO., Brattleboro, Vt.



YOU CAN HAVE MORE FUN FOR FIFTEEN cents than you would if you attended all the Minstrel Shows and Fairs. Get a Chestnut Bell and Ring 'em up. Sample by mail 15 cts. Five by mail for Fifty cts. Twelve by mail \$1.00. 12 dozen by express \$3.00. Agents are selling the best of these at a good profit. It is the fastest-selling article now in the market. Send Reg. Letter or P. O. Order. P. C. Stamps taken. Catalogue of Rare Books, Curious Novelties, Guns, Revolvers, Watches, Magic Lanterns, Photo Outfits, Organettes, Violins, Organ Accordeons, Musical Instruments, &c. Free. \$1.00 easily made every week by agents. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

I START MEN

OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY." By the recent great discovery of substituting a Dry Gelatin film for Wet Collodion, the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice; costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for \$2 to \$4 at home, or from house to house. The novel surprise of man with complete apparatus, appearing at the door ready to photo. anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, or Animals. Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit. To EARNER applicants (one copy of Price Illustrate FREE. Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN PUTNAM Mfr & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483, 485 Canal St. N. Y. Mention this paper.

A Remarkable Book!

MILLENNIAL DAWN THE PLAN OF THE AGES.

Just Published. A Book for the Times.

"It is emphatically a helping hand for Bible Students. In these latter days when Christians are so eagerly seeking the light of God's Word, to interpret passions, events, and to forecast the dawning future so pregnant with tremendous import to all mankind, this book comes as a soothing, satisfying draught from the fount of all truth, knowledge and wisdom."

"Every earnest seeker after truth, every sincere student of the Bible, will do well to secure a copy of this remarkable book at once, and enjoy the feast of things which it contains." Handsome cloth binding, embossed, 351 pages, price \$1.00.

*** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. J. E. JEWETT, Publisher, 77 Bible House, New York

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886 in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

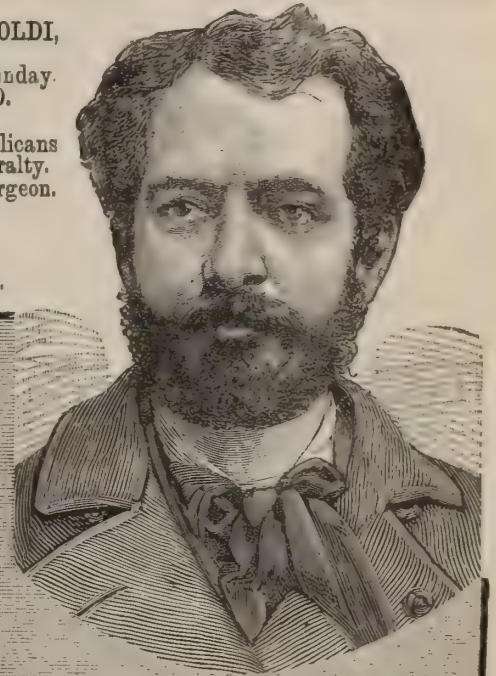
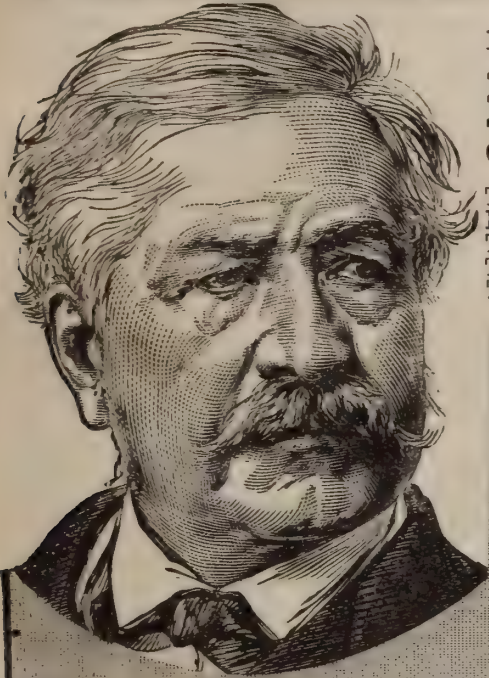
Vol. IX. No. 43.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS OF M. DE LESSEPS AND M. BARTHOLDI,
AND PICTURE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.
THE FINISHED WORK. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday.
THE VATICAN ARMING. By Rev. J. P. Wylie, LL. D.
THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL. By Rev. Sam Jones.
CURRENT EVENTS: Manifesto of the Anti-Saloon Republicans
 —Re-Election of Senator Edmunds—The New York Mayoralty.
THE ANNUAL ATONEMENT. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
PICTURE OF SIGNOR SUCCI and his Physicians,
THE TRAMP'S REQUEST. (With Illustration.)
THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)
THOMAS CONVINCED. S. S. Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.



M. DE LESSEPS—M. BARTHOLDI—The Gigantic Statue of LIBERTY in New York Bay, Dedicated this Day.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

ON the first page of this number we print a picture of the mammoth Statue of Liberty, as it appeared last week when approaching completion. As our readers are aware, the statue is the gift of the French people to the citizens of the United States. It is arranged that the dedication shall take place this day (October 28). A number of illustrious French citizens are expected to arrive in time to participate in the ceremonies, and among them the famous M. de Lesseps, whose portrait accompanies that of M. Bartholdi, and the picture of his magnificent work. Our sister Republic across the Atlantic could have selected no man from among her citizens better fitted than this wonderful man to represent her on such an occasion. In sending the Statue of Liberty as a token of national good-will and friendship, France has displayed a spirit worthy of the time when nations shall learn war no more. It is therefore appropriate that the French citizen who has won his fame, not in the field of battle, but by triumphing over natural difficulties, and providing facilities of travel for the benefit of the whole world, should be chosen to take part in the ceremonies of a day consecrated to international amity.

The Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles, in France, in 1805, and is therefore now in the eighty-first year of his age. He chose diplomacy as his profession, and occupied several important positions in the diplomatic service of his country. During the time of Mehemet Ali's supremacy, from 1836 to 1840, he was employed in the French Consular service in Egypt. He was subsequently appointed consul at Barcelona, and afterwards became French Minister at Madrid. In 1849 he went as special envoy to Rome, when the French military intervention took place for the restoration of the Papal Government. In the year 1854, when Said Pasha became Viceroy of Egypt, M. de Lesseps, who knew him intimately, was invited to pay a visit to Cairo. There, living as an honored guest in the Viceroy's palace, he matured the project of the Suez Canal, which he had been considering ever since 1840.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The difficulties in the way of the enterprise were formidable. They were not physical only, nor, indeed, were the physical the most formidable. England interposed obstacles, and opposed the construction of the canal by every means at her command. She feared that the safety of her Indian Empire would be imperilled if the necessity of reaching India by the long journey around the Cape of Good Hope was removed. Besides, so long as Gibraltar formed the only outlet from the Mediterranean, and remained in the possession of England, she held control of that sea, which control would be lost if a new outlet should be cut at Suez. The canal, however, was cut in spite of her, and then, with the adroitness which she has displayed in so many crises of her history, she succeeded, by purchasing the rights of the Khedive of Egypt, in gaining control of the new waterway.

It was in November, 1869 that M. de Lesseps saw the great achievement of his life completed. After years of anxiety, labor and ceaseless vigilance, the day of triumph came to the indomitable old man. The canal was formally opened in the presence of the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and other illustrious personages. His confidence has been justified by the result. The canal is now a necessity to commerce, and is so much used that travelers would deem any event which closed it, even temporarily, a public misfortune.

POPULARITY IN FRANCE.

A Paris correspondent of a London daily journal observes that "the feeling with which his countrymen regard M. de Lesseps is something more intense than admiration. So implicit is their confidence in him that when he holds a meeting of shareholders, his report is ac-

cepted, all is unanimity, the only interruptions being the *malapropos* of gushing, gray-haired shareholders rising to propose medals for him and votes of thanks. His call for ayes and noes seems a mere matter of form; his meetings are models of despatch.

HOME LIFE.

"Apart from his power, the French love in him his human nature. He recently hurried back from London, in the very crisis of negotiations, to watch a *sick baby*, and he may be seen any day in the Park, riding at the head of a whole detachment of healthy children. It is really one of the sights of the Paris Row; people look for it as they used to look for the carriage of the Queen of Spain. The cortège goes in a quaint *diminuendo*, from the rather big father on a big horse down to the tiniest daughter on a pony not much larger than a mastiff. If any one goes to see him, unless on business, and sometimes not even with that exception, he will talk about his family all the time, and on the slightest excuse will lead his visitor out of his study into the large bedroom where they lie, as in the dormitory of a boarding-school, with their beds all in a row. M. de Lesseps often goes to look at them, forgetful entirely of Suez and Panama."

M. FREDERIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.

Birth and Early Studies—In the Studio of Ary Scheffer—Engaged in the Franco-German War—Mission to America—A Farewell Conference of Artists—A Friendly Project—Conception of the Statue—Sojourn in America—The Project Launched—Progress of the Work—Its Arrival and Reception.

THE eminent sculptor whose name has become a household word in America, and whose portrait appears on the first page of this number, was born in Colmar in 1835. He is, therefore, now fifty-one years of age. Colmar is a manufacturing town of Alsace-Lorraine, the province which France was compelled to cede to Germany after the war of 1870. Though the native place of M. Bartholdi is now a German town, he prides himself on his French nationality, and was one of those who felt most acutely the humiliation of the conditions of peace imposed by Germany upon France.

Having resolved to devote himself to art as his profession, he placed himself under the tuition of the celebrated French painter, Ary Scheffer, whose striking pictures "Christ in the Garden," and "Christ Bearing the Cross," are known through engravings all over the world. Scheffer died in 1858, at the age of sixty-three. Under Ary Scheffer, and other famous masters, the genius of M. Bartholdi developed, and he was winning renown in his profession when the outbreak of war called him away from peaceful pursuits.

DEATH OF IMPERIALISM.

In common with other enlightened Frenchmen, M. Bartholdi was realizing then in the stern school of adversity what Imperialism really meant. The adventurer who, for twenty years, had ruled France, was responsible for that war. It was a war undertaken with no high or noble purpose, but, as it appeared at a later day, with no other object than that of strengthening his own throne. France was slipping out of the Emperor's fingers, and there was no surer way of tightening the grip than a successful war. The man who could bring glory to the flag of France was the man who would command the loyalty of the French people; and caring not for the misery involved by war, thinking lightly of the lives that must inevitably be sacrificed, Napoleon had tried to purchase a renewed lease of power for himself by a payment in blood. That was Imperialism! That was the selfish motive which animated the man who sat on the French throne! M. Bartholdi, like many other Frenchmen, began to think it might be better if that throne were empty, and that it would be better if the people governed themselves. They, at any rate, if they made war, would know by experience the cost of it, and could have none but

patriotic motives in quarreling with other governments. Naturally, the eyes of these newly converted republicans were turned to America, the most successful instance, on a large scale, of the ability of the people to govern without king or emperor, or any hereditary ruler. M. Bartholdi determined to pay

A VISIT TO AMERICA.

that he might see with his own eyes government by the people, and for the people, in practical operation. Before sailing, he paid a brief visit to his Parisian friends, whom he had not seen since he left Paris with the army. They were gathered at Versailles, the capital being then in the hands of the Commune, its flaming buildings and blood-stained streets crying aloud the lesson that a country must not look to its law-breakers for just government. He saw MM. Laboulaye, Lafayette, Henri Martin, Remusat, and other ardent Frenchmen, and told them of his contemplated voyage across the Atlantic. The project was warmly applauded, for the cordial friendship of young Frenchmen for America was newly stimulated by the resolve to adopt Republican institutions in France. America was a sister Republic, and as the group of enthusiastic Frenchmen sat and talked, the desire was born that in some way the two great nations might be drawn more closely into the bonds of friendship. Could not some gift, some striking token of regard, be devised, that would show to the whole world that nations could love one another as individuals may do? That was the mustard-seed of an idea, out of which grew the magnificent gift that has since been landed on our shores.

THE CONCEPTION.

M. Bartholdi sailed for America, charged with the mission of finding some way in which the French people could testify their regard for the sister Republic, so that all the world might understand and appreciate it. The mission was discharged before he set foot on American soil. No sooner did the vessel on which he sailed enter the unrivalled bay of New York, than there entered his mind the conception that has now been moulded into enduring metal. To the artistic mind, there could be no grander or more appropriate gift than a colossal statue, which should stand at the portals of the New World to tell to every traveler from the monarchy-ridden countries of Europe, that he was entering a land of liberty and self-government, so strong and so stable that a sister nation rendered it spontaneous homage.

The visit of the French artist was an extensive one. He traveled from New York to California, and from Maine to Florida, not confining his attention to the great cities, but visiting small towns and wild Western settlements. He studied the people and the Government, enjoyed himself thoroughly, as a Frenchman will, if enjoyment can be had by any means, and as an artist is sure to do, in the most magnificent scenery in the world. He painted and sketched, made friends everywhere, and when his visit approached a termination, it seemed as if he had made for himself a new home.

THE PROJECT LAUNCHED.

Soon after the traveler's return, a meeting of the same circle of artistic comrades that had bade him good-by so many months before, was held at the house of M. Laboulaye, to consider the project started at their former meeting. M. Bartholdi explained his ideas more fully than he had been able to do by mail, and showed a sketch in water-colors of the bay of New York, and the site on Bedloe's Island, where he proposed that the colossal statue should stand. The idea was received with enthusiasm, and the French-American Union was organized, to receive subscriptions and to arrange details. Subscription lists were prepared, and circulated throughout France. They bore at their head the following introduction of the project to the French people, which M. Bartholdi quotes in his narrative, published in the New York *Tribune*: "The Monument of Independence will be executed in common by the two peoples associated in this fraternal work, as they were of

old in establishing Independence. In this way we declare by an imperishable memorial the friendship that the blood spilled by our fathers of old sealed between the two nations. It is a treaty of friendship which should be signed by all hearts which feel the love of their country."

COMPLETION.

Six years were occupied in preliminary work, and in October, 1881, the various pieces were completed, and the work of putting them together was commenced. Two years later the statue was declared finished, and stood in the suburbs of Paris a conspicuous object, towering high above surrounding buildings, and eagerly visited by the Parisian public. It remained on exhibition for a few months, and then on July 4th, 1885, it was formally presented to Mr. Morton, the United States Minister to France at that time.

French munificence had not even then been exhausted. At a dinner given by Mr. Morton to the members of the French-American Union, on July 11th, M. Ferry, the Prime Minister of France, speaking on behalf of the French Government, announced that he and his colleagues desired to share in the substantial message of good-will. They had decided to place a Government steamer at the service of the Union, and to carry the statue to its destination in a vessel bearing the national flag of France. It arrived here on June 17, 1885, and was formally accepted on behalf of the Government. Sixteen months have been occupied in its erection, and now the work is finished and in position on Bedloe's Island.

Appropriate as is the statue as a gift from the people of France to the people of the United States, and thoroughly in character as it is with French thought and genius, the Christian spectator who in years to come looks at the colossal figure, holding aloft its torch at our gates, will wish that both the people who gave and the people who received the magnificent emblem might better understand what true liberty is, and how to attain the liberty that alone can "enlighten the world." The liberty which is only another name for license, the freedom from control and from the fear of God, is a darkening influence leading to misery and death. That liberty which gives light and life to the world, is that which is enjoyed by the individual soul that has realized the truth of Christ's words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8: 32).

THE GIGANTIC STATUE.

(See Illustration on first Page.)

Details of its Proportions and Method of Construction

M. BARTHOLDI has communicated to the Philadelphia Press an elaborate and exhaustive article describing in detail his extraordinary work of art. From that article we extract the following particulars:

"The total height of the first model was four feet. This was the study model, which was long sought and often recast. After this first study I made the statue, which measures, from the head to the feet, nine feet four inches. This statue, executed with rigid precision, was reproduced four times as large by the ordinary processes. The model, which was the result of this work, measured about thirty-six feet in total height. Placed in a large space, it could be taken in by the eye in its entirety, and the corrections to be made could still be noted. This statue was divided into a large number of sections, destined to be produced separately at four times their size. After this last enlargement, changes were no longer possible. Now, the sculptor could only aim at very great precision, and at great care in the modelling of the surfaces, which were becoming enormous.

"In an immense workshop, specially constructed for the work, were to be seen four plane surfaces on which the work was carried on. They were encompassed with frames, laid out

in numbered divisions. Another similar frame, corresponding exactly to the one below, was fastened beneath the ceiling of the workshop. Lead wires and rulers hung all around the frames. On these frames thus geometrically laid out, the sculptors executed in wood and in plaster enormous fragments of the statue. The sculptors executed the enlargement by measurements taken with the compass on the lead wires and the rulers. They first laid out the general form with wooden beams covered with lathwork. The wood was then covered with a coating of plaster. They verified the large measurements already established, and then executed the reproduction, point by point, and finished the modelling of the surfaces.

"On these wooden moulds or gabarits, the hammerers pressed the sheets of copper by pressure with levers and by hammering with mallets. The pieces of copper were finished by beating them with little hammers and with rammers. The profile of the forms was again taken in detail with sheets of lead pressed upon the model, again working the copper according to the profiles. The pieces of copper were furnished from point to point with iron braces, intended to give them rigidity. Thus furnished, the pieces were mounted, brought together, and fastened on a powerful trusswork of iron beams, which serves as support for the whole envelope of the statue. The trusswork was designed and executed by the eminent constructing engineer, M. Eiffel. The copper plates, kept in shape by iron bands, are supported by iron braces, which are clamped on to the central core. They do not bear in the least upon the lower plates, and their weight is always independent of all that is above and below. The statue is constructed of copper sheets, two-and-a-half millimetres in thickness. It measures one hundred and fifty feet from the base to the top of the torch, and one hundred and eleven feet from the heel to the top of the head. This will make the top of the torch three hundred and five feet above the water of the bay. That is, twenty-one feet higher than the spire of Trinity Church, and twenty-three feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge.

"The forefinger is seven feet eleven inches in length, and four feet eight inches in circumference at the second joint. The head is thirteen feet six inches in height. The eye is *over two feet* in width. The nose is *three feet seven inches* in length. About forty persons were accommodated in the head at the Universal Exposition of 1878. It is possible to ascend into the torch above the hand. It will easily hold twelve persons. It represents an outlay of more than \$200,000.

"The Liberty is the largest work of its kind that has ever been completed. The famous Colossus of Rhodes, according to the proportions which the legends attribute to it, was but a miniature in comparison. The Column Vendome is not so high by seven feet.

"Yet we must not expect its appearance to be colossal when it is in its place. In the immense picture which will surround it, it will appear simply in harmony with the whole, and have the normal aspect of a statue in a public place. It should be thus, because its part is not to appear extraordinary in itself, but to connect itself intimately with an extraordinary whole."

LIGHTING THE STATUE.

has been a difficult problem to solve. It was at first intended to cut a strip out of the bronze torch which the statue holds in its uplifted hand, and put inside ten lamps of eight thousand candle power. It was found, however, that the heat radiating from the lamps would injure the statue. Thirty holes have been cut in the torch and the apertures filled with circular pieces of glass through which the light will shine. At the base of the pedestal there will be placed several 8,000-candle-power lamps for the purpose of lighting the outside of the statue. These lights will be put at the angles of the parapets and provided with parabolic reflectors to throw the light upon the statue. Incandescent lamps will

also shine from the diadem, giving the appearance of jewels.

The Mayor of New York has asked that the day of dedication be kept as a holiday. The ceremonies at the statue will last during the afternoon, after which the fleet of French and American war vessels will salute each other and go through evolutions. The huge torch of the statue will then be lighted and then the flotilla will return to the city and the French visitors will be entertained at a banquet.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

"Not Right Over the Border-Land."—Mr. Campbell White related at a recent meeting: "A young person came to me one evening, and said, 'Will you speak a word of warning to my friend?' 'Have you ever spoken to him yourself?' I asked. 'No,' she replied; 'as it is a very delicate subject to speak upon, I think it would come better from a stranger, and it would scarcely do for me to speak to her.' 'You are just the one to speak to her,' I said. 'Do you know the reason why you shrink from doing so? It is because you are not out-and-out for Christ yourself.' It is very true that people who shrink from telling what the Lord has done for them, or pointing others to Christ, have not got right over the border-land of Egypt themselves."

"Don't Mind What That Fellow Says."—At a Gospel meeting, George Clark related the following: "The other day I was trying to persuade a young man to become a follower of the Lord, when a companion, who was near, said, 'Come away, don't mind what that fellow says.' Turning to him I said, 'Look here, if your friend goes to hell you will be to blame, and you will have to answer for it.' 'In what way shall I be to blame?' he asked, with a sneer. 'Because if it had not been for you he would probably have closed with Christ.' 'Don't try that game on with me,' he said; 'I had nothing to do with it.' I turned away, praying God to have mercy upon him. Before I had gone many yards he was by my side, apologising for the way in which he had spoken, 'Do not apologise to me, my dear fellow,' I said; 'it is God from whom you have to ask pardon.' I saw I had touched a tender chord in his heart. He walked on by my side until we reached the railway station, where I got into a carriage, and there by that carriage window I sincerely believe that young man closed with Christ."

A Message the Sea Breeze Brought.—Mr. Calder says: "I knew a man who was sometimes on the side of religion, and other times would speak against it. A few Christian friends and myself set apart a certain time of each day to pray for this man, being fully persuaded that the Lord would bend a listening ear to our cry for our brother, who was doing so much harm in His cause. About this time Mr. Moody visited Aberdeen; he was one day preaching in the open air at a place called the Broad Hill, beside the sea. This man, on this particular day, was among the many hundreds who thronged to hear Mr. Moody. When he began to address the people this man was heard to mutter something against the preacher, and then move away from the crowd. A little girl overheard him, and, running after him, she touched him on the arm and said, 'Do you think anybody sees you?' 'Get away, child,' he said, angrily; 'no, I do not believe it.' The child turned sorrowfully away at being so rudely rebuffed in her efforts to do good, but her words were not lost; they had accomplished the work which God meant they should. The man seated himself on the brow of the hill and looked down on the throng below. The child's words kept ringing in his ears. While he tried to persuade himself that they were not true, a breeze from the sea wafted a sentence from the speaker's lips up to where he sat: 'O man, God sees you.' This confirmed the child's question. He came down from his seat and was found at the close of the service among anxious inquirers. He is now an active worker in the cause of Christ in Aberdeen."

THE FINISHED WORK.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday,
Oct. 24, 1886.

"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John 17:4.

Joy in Successful Achievement—Alexander's Life Saved by a Dream—The Ghastliest of all Wounds—The Balm Bearer—Christ's Undertaking—His Triumph Over Embarrassments—His Occupation—Producing Fatigue—Dress and Diet—His Poverty—Lack of Education—A Short Life—Unpopular Principles—No Organization—Victorious Over Nature—Over Disease—Over the Grave—Theodosius and the Bishop—The Test of the Crosses.

THERE is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came

TO THROW UP A HIGHWAY

on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The foul-mouthed crew who attempted to tread on him, could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when he said: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Alexander the Great was wounded and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound, and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the ghastliest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue, the difficulties were stupendous.

In many of our plans we have our friends to help us; some to draw a sketch of the plan, others to help us in the execution. But Christ fought every inch of His way against bitter hostility and amid circumstances all calculated to depress and defeat.

In the first place, His worldly

OCCUPATION WAS AGAINST HIM.

I find that He earned His livelihood by the carpenter's trade—an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know, as well as I do, that in order to succeed in any employment one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through high, hard, dry, husky, insensate Judaism to hew a way for a new and glorious dispensation, was a stupendous undertaking that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ.

We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments, but you know that after a man has been toiling all day with adze and saw and hammer, plane and axe, about all he can do is to rest.

A WEARY BODY

is an unfavorable adjunct to a toiling mind. You, whose life is purely mechanical, if you were called to the upbuilding of a kingdom, or the proclamation of a new code of morals, or the starting of a revolution which should upturn all nations, could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with His heavenly mission.

In His father's shop, no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do; yet Christ, with hands hard from touch of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some wept, and some shook their fists, and some gnashed upon Him with their teeth, and many wanted Him out of the way. To address orderly

and respectful assemblages is not so easy as it may seem, but it requires more energy, and more force, and more concentration to address an exasperated mob. The villagers of Nazareth heard the pounding of His hammer, but all the wide reaches of eternity were to hear the stroke of His spiritual upbuilding.

So also His habits of

DRESS AND DIET

were against Him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in apparel without trinkets and adornments. None of the Cæsars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a pretended king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed it was far from shabby, for after he had worn it a long while, the gamblers thought it worth raffling about; but still it was far from being an imperial robe. It was a coat that any ordinary man might have worn on an ordinary occasion.

Neither was there any pretension in His diet. No cupbearer with golden chalice brought Him wine to drink. On the seashore He ate fish, first having broiled it Himself. No one fetched Him water to drink, but bending over the well in Samaria He begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all sumptuous, for, to relieve the awkwardness of the host, one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Other kings ride in a chariot; He walked. Other kings, as they advance, have heralds ahead, and applauding subjects behind; Christ's retinue was made up of sunburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterless hill. Riding but once, as far as I now remember—on a colt, and that borrowed,

HIS POVERTY

was against Him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector, lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ. "Why," they said, "who is to pay for this new religion? Who is to charter the ships to carry the missionaries? Who is to pay the salaries of the teachers? Shall wealthy Judaism be discomfited by a penniless Christ?" The consequence was that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to lose. Wealthy Joseph of Arimathea buried Christ, but he risked no social position in doing that. It is always safe to bury a dead man. Zaccheus risked no wealth or social position in following Christ, but took a position in a tree to look down as He passed. Nicodemus, wealthy Nicodemus, risked nothing of social position in following Christ, for he skulked by night to find Him.

All this was against Christ. So the fact that he was

NOT REGULARLY GRADUATED

was against Him. If a man comes with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. There was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marvelled, saying, how hath this man letters, having never learned?"

We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one, and that a college cannot transform a sluggard into a philosopher, or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head after the laying on of hands of the presbytery is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those olden times for a man with no scholastic pretensions and no graduation from a learned institution to set Himself up for a teacher. It was against Him.

So also

THE BREVITY OF HIS LIFE

was against Him. He had not come to what we call mid-life. But very few men do anything before thirty-three years of age, and yet that

was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first fifteen you take in nursery and school. Then it will take you at least six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to twenty-one years. Then it will take you ten years, at least, to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man, at thirty-three years of age, gets fully established in his life work, he is the exception. Yet, that is the point at which Christ's life terminated.

Men in military life have done their most wonderful deeds before thirty-three years of age. There may be exceptions to it, but the most wonderful exploits in military prowess have occurred before thirty-three years of age. But as a legislator—no man becomes eminent as a legislator until he has had long years of experience. And yet the gray-bearded scribes were expected to bow down in silence before this young legislator, who arraigned sanhedrims and accused governments.

Aristotle was old; Lycurgus was old; Seneca was old. The great legislators of the world have been old. Christ was young. All this was against Him. If a child, twelve years of age, should get up in your presence to discuss great questions of metaphysics, or ethics, or politics, or government, you would not be more contemptuous than these gray-bearded scribes in the presence of this young Christ.

POPULAR OPINION

declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary, and fountains, and gardens, and congratulations, and all kinds of festivity." This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Public opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wing startles nations, and the plunge of whose iron beak inflicts cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out, knock his out. If a man breaks your tooth, break his. Retort for retort; sarcasm for sarcasm; irony for irony; persecution for persecution; wound for wound. Christ said, "Pray for them that despitefully use you."

They looked at his eye. It was like any other man's eye, except, perhaps, more speaking. They felt his hand, made of bone and muscle, and nerves and flesh, just like any other hand. Yet what bold treatment of subjects, what supernatural demands, what

STRANGE DOCTRINE!

They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said, "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against him.

After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzaed. As Napoleon returned from his captivity, his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and two hundred and fifty thousand men flocked to his standard. It took three thousand troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill which has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Jena; but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who brandished no sword. He had, probably, never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that, in the most

delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul, she was obliged to lie down, among drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside Him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers: "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ: "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such

AN UNHERALDED YOUNG MAN attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet, no sooner does He set His foot in the towns or cities of Judea, than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow Him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before Him, and says; "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd, and says: "I must touch the hem of His garment." Children who love their mother better than anyone else, struggle to get into His arms, and to kiss His cheek, and to run their fingers through His hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones, that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which He does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in heaven, I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea, they were not ashamed of me; and now that I have come to a throne, I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh weeping mother! lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Again, I remark, there was

NO ORGANIZATION

in His behalf, and that was against Him. When men propose any great work, they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty; and the more and complete the organization, the more and complete the success. Here was One who went forth without any organization and alone. If men had a mind to join in His company, all right; if they had a mind not to join in His company, all well. If they came, they were greeted with no loud salutation; if they went away, they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him; that was all.

All this was against Him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amidst such

INFINITE EMBARRASMENTS

and by such modes? And yet, I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding His worldly occupation, His poverty, His plain face, His unpretending garb—the fact that He was schoolless, the fact that He had a brief life, the fact that He was not accompanied by any visible organization—notwithstanding all that, in an exhilaration which shall be prolonged in everlasting chorals: "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do."

SEE HIM VICTORIOUS

over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Central America, the President and the Spanish Armada, as easy as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Recent travelers tell us that Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming; and yet that sea crouched in His presence, and licked His feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When He beckoned, they came. When He frowned, they fled. The heel of His foot made no indentation on the solidifical water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore

them, and when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth.

In the eye infirmity, how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an axe may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word. Chemistry may do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the wine gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine?

What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until, in a place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and began to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net broke. Nature is His servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds,—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the Parables; the Star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death. Behold his

VICTORY OVER THE GRAVE!

The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulchre, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death, and hung them to his girdle, and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him, "O Death! I will be thy plague; O Grave! I will be thy destruction!"

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having

A NATURE SUPERNATURAL.

That arm—amid its muscles, and nerves, and bones were intertwined the energies of Omnipotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Gennesaret shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demolation. This poverty-struck Christ owned Augustus, owned the Sanhedrim, owned Tiberias, owned all the castles on its beach, and all the skies that looked down into its water; owned all the earth and all the heavens. To Him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmaus, the lightnings were the fire-shod steeds of His chariot.

Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say, sleight of hand. And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say: Easily explained; not really dead; playing dead. And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say: Clairvoyant doctor. Oh! what shall they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment, and the hills shall rock, and the trumpets shall call, peal on peal?

In the time of *Theodosius the Great*, there was a great assault made upon the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and during that time Theodosius the Great called his own son to sit on the throne with him, and be a co-partner in the government of the empire; and one day the old bishop came and bowed down before Theodosius the emperor, and passed out of the room, and the emperor was offended, saying to the old bishop: "Why didn't you pay the same honor to my son, who shares with me in the government?" Then the old bishop turned to the young man and said: "The Lord bless thee, my young man," but still paid him no such honor as he had paid to the emperor. And the emperor was still offended and displeased, when the old bishop turned to Theodosius the Great and said to him: "You are offended with me because I don't pay the same honor to your son whom you have

made co-partner in the government of this empire, the same honor I pay to you, and yet you encourage multitudes of people in your realm to deny the Son of God equal authority, equal power, with God the Father."

My subject also reassures us of the fact that in all our struggles

WE HAVE A SYMPATHIZER.

You cannot tell Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side, and his lacerated temples, and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that burden Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than He endured, when with tongue hot, and cracked, and inflamed and swollen, He moaned: "I thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers, and snuffing up the smell of blood. Oh! ye fainthearted, oh! ye troubled, oh! ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

Again, and lastly, I learn from all that has been said this morning, that Christ was awfully in earnest. If it had not been

A MOMENTOUS MISSION,

He would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which He was resolved to extricate you, though it cost Him all sweat, all tears, all blood. He came a great way to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one being who would do as much for you. I lay His crushed heart at your feet to-day.

Let it not be told in heaven that you deliberately put your foot on it. While it will take all the ages of eternity to celebrate Christ's triumph, I am here to make the startling announcement, that because of the rejection of this mission on the part of some of you, all that magnificent work of garden, and cross, and grave is, so far as you are concerned, a failure,

HELENA, THE EMPRESS,

went to the Holy Land to find the cross of Christ. Getting to the Holy Land there were three crosses excavated, and the question was, which of the three crosses was Christ's cross. They took a dead body, tradition says, and put it upon one of the crosses, and there was no life; and they took the dead body and put it upon another cross, and there was no life. But, tradition says, when the dead body was put up against the third cross, it sprang into life. The dead man lived again. Oh, that the life-giving power of the Son of God might dart your dead soul into an eternal life, beginning this day! "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!"

A Decided Stand Against Worldly Amusements is, we are glad to observe, being taken by a prominent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Lindsay Parker, who is well known and esteemed among all denominations in New York, has emphatically expressed his conviction that worldly methods and amusements in connection with church work are inconsistent. He has especially indicated dancing as one of those amusements, and it is expected that, during the coming winter, the young people connected with his church will be conspicuous by their abstention from the amusement. It may be hoped that other ministers will follow his example. There are cases personally known to us, of young persons who acquired a love for dancing at parties which their clergymen attended, and who, failing to get sufficient dancing at those church parties, have gone into the world to get it, and have now abandoned their church connection. Every clergyman organizing a dancing party, or encouraging it by his presence, assumes a responsibility which may involve him in remorse.

A TRAIN OF INCIDENTS.

The following suggestive narrative is sent by Mr. T. F. Judd to the Chicago *Watchman*:

Soon after opening our Young Men's Christian Association last year a brakeman on the C. M. & St. P. Ry., came in one evening, and, in the course of conversation, confessed that he had neglected his Bible and become cold in his life, but was determined to do differently. One Sunday, shortly after, this brakeman brought into the gospel meeting a friend, a fireman, who was not a Christian. This young man was impressed by the truth, and a day or two after came into the rooms, and, being dealt with personally and the "Way," made plain by the use of God's Word, he accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and soon united with one of the city churches, and has been an active Christian ever since.

Soon after his conversion, while spending the Sunday at La Crosse, at the other end of the run, he made the acquaintance of a young man, a fireman from another road, and in the course of conversation told him of his own conversion and urged upon him an acceptance of Christ. About the middle of that week these two men met on the streets of this city, and while walking together came upon an open air service being conducted by the City Mission. They stopped to listen and the Christian fireman gave his testimony for Christ.

At the close of the service some of the workers asked the unsaved man if he was a Christian, and upon his replying in the negative they inquired if he did not want to be a Christian, and he admitted that he did desire that very thing. So with his friend he went to the Mission rooms, and had the "way" unfolded and there accepted of Christ. It was only the other day that I learned of these facts from the lips of this man who was last converted, and who is working at quite a distance from the city. The incidents teach us the power of *personal testimony*, and how God will honor His *Word*.

A WORTHLESS REPENTANCE.

A CLERGYMAN writing in one of Mr. Spurgeon's publications relates an incident of his pastorate, which has led him to distrust the value of death-bed repentance. Not that genuine repentance, even at the eleventh hour, is unacceptable to God, but that repentance arising from fear of impending dissolution is often a mere panic which lacks the elements of true change of mind and heart. He says:

I remember when I was a village pastor, very late one Saturday night, while I was in a sound sleep, I was suddenly startled by a loud knocking at the street door. When I went out, I looked down upon the pale face of a young woman, who exclaimed, "Please, sir, will you come and see mother? Her's cruel bad, in a dying state." As soon as possible I was ready, and we made our way to one of a row of poor, broken-down cottages, which had the repute of being haunted, or "ill-wished." My guide led me up the broken stairs into the upper room, a sort of loft under the roof, and there, upon a miserable bed, lay the mother of the girl who had called me, surrounded by her sons and daughters who had come from far to "see mother die."

The moment I entered, the poor creature sprang up in her bed, and seizing my hand, cried in agony, "Oh, sir, do pray for me, do pray for me! I'm dying, I'm a poor lost soul, pray, pray!" Just then the day began to dawn, and the rays of light fell upon her pale face. In that solemn moment we all knelt by the bedside, she held my arm, and in a hoarse whisper kept crying: "Pray for me, do pray for me!"

Those were awful moments, for she had to look back upon a bad life; and a bad life and a death-bed are sorry company. I prayed, I read the passage, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost," and I preached from that text to the poor creature; and still she held my arm, and still she cried, "Oh, sir, pray for me; I'm dying!" We prayed on

through the early morning; the sun rose, the Sabbath day began, and still she cried, "Pray for me!"

As the service-time was approaching, I sent a hurried request to a friend to preach for me, and continued in prayer with the poor woman, pointing her to Christ as her only hope of salvation. About midday the light began to dawn upon her dark mind, the burden of sin seemed to roll away, and joy lit up the pale face of the sufferer. Suddenly starting up, she clapped her hands and called out, "Jesus loves me, I am so glad. Jesus loves even me." We joined in singing, and praised God for His love and His grace through Jesus Christ. It seemed as if heaven had begun in that poor chamber.

I wish I could stop here, but I must tell the rest. The excitement and strain of singing caused a gathering in her throat to break, and ultimately she recovered. What did she do? How did she live? Did she show her gratitude to God, who had saved her? No; she rose from her bed to seek again the liquor-shop, and to return to the mire and filth of a sinful and unholy life; her hatred to God's people was intense, and her bitterness of spirit was terrible to behold.

AN INCENDIARY'S CONFESSION.

IN a letter from Mexico City, dated August 18th, to the *Foreign Missionary*, Rev. Hubert W. Brown writes: About a year and a half ago our church in Tuxpan, Guerrero, was burned, but all trace was soon lost of the perpetrators of the outrage. A short time back, however, a man arrested for robbery, in attempting to establish his innocence and win favor with the judge, exclaimed: "The only thing I ever did was to burn the Protestant Church." The magistrate, as it happened, was a friend of Mr. Zavaleta, and at once proceeded to cross-examine the culprit, thus obtaining the names of several others implicated in the same crime. It is hoped the case will be pushed to a conviction, as punishment would afford a most salutary deterrent to other would-be offenders.

AN ENGINEER'S ANSWER.

THE following is related by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon: A young engineer was being examined, and this question was put to him: "Suppose you have a steam-pump constructed for a ship under your own supervision, and know that everything is in perfect order, yet, when you throw out the hose, it will not draw; what should you think?" "I should think, sir, there must be a defect somewhere." "But such a conclusion is not admissible; for the supposition is that everything is perfect, and yet that the pump will not work." "Then, sir," replied the student, "I should look over the side of the ship to see if the river had run dry."

Even so it would appear that if true prayer is not answered the nature of God must have changed.

A WHEELBARROW EXCURSION.

THE following description of a curious Sunday-school excursion is given in a letter to the *Missionary Link*, by Miss Bennett, who is laboring at Shanghai, China:

"We have a boarding-school of forty-three girls, and four day schools. To-day is Saturday, and the girls, having a half-holiday, are starting for a wheelbarrow excursion a few miles in the country. *Forty pupils were accommodated in fourteen wheelbarrows*, and all were as excited as children are the world over. The Chinese do not have picnics as foreigners enjoy, nor are there any woods here to hold them in. I have not seen any woods since I left dear America, and one may travel miles in this part of China and only find a small tree scattered here and there or a cluster of bamboo. The Chinese have special feast days, when they go in great droves, mostly in wheelbarrows, to some temple for worship, and I think this takes the place of our excursions.

Lately on Sabbath our little chapel was full to overflowing, one hundred and seventy Chinese being present. Over one hundred were our pupils, but the rest were strangers who came from the city and country. The bright, inquisitive faces of these people would delight you.

THE VATICAN ARMING.

By the Rev. J. P. Wylie, LL. D. Author of "The History of the Reformation," etc.

Conscious of an Approaching Opportunity—Preparing to Aid Antichrist—The Plan of the Campaign in the Syllabus—Securing the Schools—The Power of the Confessional—Revival of Pilgrimages—A Preparation for Crusades—Organization of Fraternities—The Weapon of Infallibility.

[Students of prophecy have long seen that the Pope will play a very important part in the closing scenes of this dispensation. His alliance with the Napoleonic Antichrist will be close and cordial. It will be of mutual service, the Pope being able to furnish to Antichrist the appearance and odor of sanctity which he will so sorely need to disguise his sulphurous origin and relations, and Antichrist being able to supply the Pope with the power of the secular arm which Rome always welcomes as an engine of persecution. The following article by Dr. Wylie shows that the Pope is preparing to render himself a valuable ally.]

THE faint image of a world governed by a Pope was exhibited in the thirteenth century during the reign of Innocent III. That image will revive and be seen in the greater splendor and completeness of that kingdom over which the Popes of the future will sway their sceptre. But how is this grand project to be realized? What are the instrumentalities which are to be put in operation for quelling the great revolt against the Papacy in the form of constitutionalism, toleration, and liberty of conscience.

In the *Syllabus* we see the programme of the future, we see there the foundations traced out of that great Babel which the builders of the Vatican are about to erect. But how, you ask, are the ideas and principles of the *Syllabus* to be rendered into facts? In order to this a great and various mechanism has been constructed, and is being put at this hour into busy operation.

THE SCHOOL.

There is, first the School. Wise for her own interests, the Church of Rome has taken into her own hands the education of youth, in some countries partially, in others entirely; she is training young Europe in the principles of the *Syllabus*. In France she has a staff of not less than 70,000 persons, male and female, engaged in the work of teaching youth. What are these 70,000 doing but binding down France in the chains of the *Syllabus*? In Italy and Spain the schools are worked mostly by priests and monks. In Belgium "Christian brothers" teach the boys, and nuns the girls. In Southern Germany the teachers in the schools are mostly clerical; it is the same in Austria. Here are millions and millions being reared in the *Syllabus*—being taught as the truth of God that all merely civil laws and civil rulers, so far as they are not in consonance with Popish Canon law, are moral nullities, and that the Pope is the one God-appointed and Divine governor of the earth.

The generation now being so trained will soon have the affairs of Europe in their hands. They will be the cabinet ministers of monarchs, the legislators of kingdoms; the editors of newspapers; teachers in colleges and schools; generals in the army; and, especially, they will form the rank and file of the soldiery which will fight the future campaigns.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

The Confessional is an ancient institution, suffered to languish in the last century, but which is again starting into new life, working with greater intensity and daily widening its range. Think of that tribunal, set up in every city, in every family, high and low, and in every bosom, and you will see what a power there is here to mould society, to write on the con-

science of Europe the doctrines of the Syllabus. And think of the moral weakness of the men and women of Popish countries, their manliness and virtue sapped by the teachings of their Church, and their patriotism and loyalty undermined by the pretended Divine supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power. Such a population is powerless to resist the organization and wiles of Rome. As clay in the hands of the potter, so are such men and women in the hands of the confessor.

THE REVIVAL OF PILGRIMAGES

is another sign of our times, prognosticating trouble. Nothing is better fitted to fan into a flame the fanaticism of the masses of Popish Europe than these pilgrimages. Lines of pilgrims on the roads of Europe have, in former times, been the sure prelude of the march of armies for the extirpation of heresy. Nothing is easier than to transform a band of devotees, with rosary and palm-staff, into a host of crusaders, who recite their breviary, or sing their aves, clad in shirt of mail and begirt with consecrated sword, for the rooting out of heresy. A signal from the Vatican, and lo! where pilgrims are now seen wending their way in peaceful guise to some favorite shrine, armed warriors would be seen marching to fight the battles of the Church.

ORDERS AND FRATERNITIES.

We see another yet more unmistakable sign that Rome, like Job's war-horse, scents the coming battle, in the revival of orders and confraternities. *Numerous religious orders have been resuscitated of late*, and almost all of them partake of a military character. Among these may be mentioned in particular the Order of St. Dominic. To the Order of St. Dominic was committed in an especial manner the task of rooting out heresy and heretics, their chief weapon being the sword, in other words, the Inquisition. It was the hordes of St. Dominic that overran the south of France, and swept away the young Protestantism of the thirteenth century in a tempest of fire and blood; and when we see that Order again called out, we take it that it is for service, and that the possibility is not unthought of, of sweeping away the Protestant liberties of the nineteenth century by a similar stroke, and of re-enacting in modern Christendom the scenes of slaughter and rapine which were witnessed in Provence and Languedoc in the Middle Ages.

THE DOGMA OF THE INFALLIBILITY.

There is another weapon for the coming conflict to which I can refer in only a single sentence—a space altogether disproportioned to its transcendent importance: I refer to *the Infallibility*. The Infallibility of the Pope it is that gathers up all the instrumentalities I have just enumerated, and combines them into one tremendous mechanism, and makes the working of that mechanism so swift and crushing. It strikes with the promptitude and power of omnipotence. Take a moment's survey of it. At the summit sits the Pope, infallible. From the Mount of Infallibility goes forth the fiat. It descends to the rank below, these send it on to the more numerous rank below them, and these to the yet more numerous rank below them; and thus it goes on, widening and widening, till it sets the world in motion. Of all these millions the Pope is the master.

THE JESUITS.

But has the Pope himself no master? Yes, he has a Master, and that Master is the Society of Jesus. Behind his throne stand in shadow the followers of Loyola. The Pope is simply the mouth through which the Jesuits speak, the hand by which they execute their deeds; and be the crime to which they prompt ever so enormous, he must issue the order for its perpetration, or prepare the robe and ring which are used at the funeral of popes. The Pope cannot abdicate. The man who once sits down in the fatal chair of St. Peter can never again leave it, for should he descend from his throne he would find a Jesuit waiting for him with a cup of poison at the foot of the steps.

The situation is farther complicated by another and very formidable fact. A new foe to liberty has suddenly sprung up in the leading countries of Europe. I refer to that Atheistic Socialism which has had so rapid and portentous a development of late, in France, in Italy, and more specially in Germany, and even in Russia.

This vastly enhances the dangers of the situation. We behold the European world falling asunder, dividing into two great camps. On the one side we have the governments and their friends; on the other, Communism and its adherents. The Ultramontanes are sure to come in between the two, and to play the same game they have been playing of late years in diplomacy. It will go to the kings, and it will say to them, "These men will uproot everything. Neither order, nor property, nor religion will they leave standing. I alone can save you from their fury. But in order that I may be able to save you, you must renew your former concordats with me. You must give free scope to my Canon law in your kingdoms; you must give all liberty to my bishops and priests in dealing with your subjects. If you do that I will tame these wild spirits, I will speedily quell these revolted masses, and lay them bound in chains at the foot of your thrones. But if you decline my bargain I shall retire, and then the deluge will inevitably roll in and overwhelm you."

The governments will find themselves between two formidable enemies. They will have the commune beneath them and Rome above them, and between these upper and nether millstones it may yet happen that they will be ground to powder.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL.

From an Address by Rev. Sam Jones, at Toronto, on Oct. 7.

My Christian brethren and ladies and gentlemen of Toronto, it gives me great pleasure in the Lord to meet you and greet you in Christ Jesus my Lord. I come to you with a heart full of love of God and full of sympathy with my fellow-men. I come to you to-night with the conscience that I bring the prayers of twenty different States of the United States to this work. Thousands of persons have said to me, "We will pray for you every day, that God may make you a power in the Gospel of Christ." Brethren, can any man preach, not only with the consciousness that a hundred thousand people pray for him daily, but with this as a fact; can any man thus preach without power? There is a God, and that God hears and answers prayer; blessed be His holy name.

Let us try to get along friendly and kindly with each other. I promise you this much: nothing you say or do shall hurt my feelings. Really, I never carry my feelings round with me. When I leave home I leave my feelings there. I'm afraid somebody will hurt them, and I don't want them hurt.

LEAVE YOUR FEELINGS AT HOME.

Come to the house of God to be benefited, and take what will benefit you and leave the other for somebody else, because, I assure you, the thing you don't like is the very thing some other fellow does like, and when you have to speak to a crowd like this you have to have a great deal of variety to suit every fellow. Let us work in harmony. Above all things, you Christian people who have the ear of God, pray and pray, and I promise you this much: things will look bright and happy from the other end of the meeting.

Come in the name of Jesus. I come in the name of our Father in Heaven. I believe He will help me. If I didn't, I would shut this book and shut my mouth and take the first train that leaves this city for home. Trusting in God and believing you will co-operate with me in God, I shall begin the work; and remember this if you remember nothing else, that I said, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive all honour, and riches, and power and dominion forever and ever."

Religion is the setting of the Ten Commandments to music in your soul. Oh, we hear of Christian people taking up crosses. Brethren, do you know what a cross is? There is a cross where God's will is one way and yours another—right across—what a cross! But if your will is on a right line parallel with the will of God, the cross is all gone. And, brethren, let me say right at this point, no man can be religious in anything unless he is religious in everything. Religion is loyalty to God and the right. It is not doing right ninety-nine times out of a hundred; but it is doing right a hundred times in a hundred, and a thousand times in a thousand, and a million times in a million.

This term, holy holiness, if you will put a "w" before it, you will get the best idea of believers you ever had. It is a hundred cents on the dollar—it is doing the square thing every time you do anything. Now, you hear a man say, "Business is

BUSINESS, AND RELIGION

is religion." Yes, that's true, and I hope when you get through doing business, I hope you will set in and be religious some of these days. Some people can't run two things at once, especially when they are so diametrically opposite as the way you run business and the way God wants you to run religion. A man ought to be just as devout and religious selling calico or sugar, as he is at home in his family devotions. This world will never proceed on the lines of peace, happiness, and prosperity until every man trades and talks and lives on Gospel principles. Who trades on Gospel principles? Well, I would make the merchant trade in the interest of the customer, and the customer in the interest of the merchant. Suppose you had that sort of tradesmen in this country, do you reckon there would be anybody that would not pay their debts? Do you reckon there would be anybody swindled in a trade? This is simply doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. These are Gospel principles. I wish we would run this world on Gospel principles. We would have a grand world. Why, if we are not going to get to heaven at all, the next best thing is to get up as much of a heaven down here as it is possible for us to have. Ain't that a good idea? We have been singing to-day "Sweet By-and-bye." We are ringing the changes on this all over the land. I wish that we would hush that for twelve months and sing "The Sweet Now and Now."

God will only incorporate

A TOWN IN NEW JERUSALEM

when it is like the New Jerusalem—free from sin. A devout man has religion through and through him every day in the week and all the time, everywhere he goes. You have not got many of that sort of men. When you meet such a member of a church as that, you know him. He is worth his weight in gold in any of your churches. You know what to expect of him. If you have a prayer-meeting, you know he will be there if he is alive; when you have work to be done in your Church, you know he will lend a hand. I wish we had them all of that sort. I will tell you another thing. That is just what is the matter in all this broad land of ours. We have so few in the Church who are what they profess to be. It is true to-night, and it was true 1800 years ago. Jesus never received a wound or a blow from anyone but

A PROFESSED FRIEND.

Did any of you ever think of that? Do you know who it was that denied him? A professed friend. Do you know who sold him for thirty pieces of silver? A professed friend. Who signed his death-warrant? A professed friend. Never from anybody but professed friends were these wrongs received by Jesus Christ. There are three classes of men whom God has never been able to do much with—the tool, the stingy man and the lazy man. I have seen the Lord do His best with them, and fail utterly. I speak that reverently, too. God help us to be noble, to be pious, to be gentle and loving and true.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Both Houses of the Vermont Legislature voted, by a large majority, on Oct. 19, to elect Mr. George F. Edmunds for another term in the United States Senate. The event has more significance than usual, because threats were freely uttered that Mr. Edmunds would be disciplined for his lack of enthusiasm for the Presidential ticket in 1884. It appears that his conduct then has not cost him his seat, nor has the Senator repented, and promised to be more faithful in future. To a Vermont representative who wrote him on behalf of himself and others, before voting, asking if he would give some assurance of supporting the Presidential nominee in 1888, Mr. Edmunds replied that if any Republican had doubts of his fidelity to the principles of the party in the past or future, that Republican had better not vote for him. Mr. Edmunds seems rather to have evaded the question, which referred to persons, not principles.

An Address to the Republicans of the Nation has been forwarded to us for publication by the National Executive Committee of Anti-Saloon Republicans. It presents in vivid colors the history of the rise and progress of the saloon power in politics and shows how it is breeding criminals, defying the law, corrupting the legislature, and adding to the financial burdens of the people. It also declares that "the prestige, resources and championship of a great historic party are needed on the side of the home and the public welfare. The Republican party is called to this place and work, and called by a cause as genuine and majestic as that which summoned it into existence." All this manifesto we steadfastly believe. The difficulty is as to whether the Republican party will respond to the call. The Democratic party is also called, and both parties contain many good men who would like nothing better than to grapple vigorously with the monster evil. But both parties recognize the fact that though it is safe to denounce the liquor traffic in platforms, they cannot take practical steps for its suppression without losing millions of votes, and hitherto both parties have shown a disposition to sacrifice principle to expediency in this matter. We heartily wish success to the Anti-Saloon Republicans in their effort to gain control of their party and set it right on this issue. If they succeed, thousands of Prohibitionists will gladly

return to the party, which they were reluctant to leave; but until their prospects of success are more hopeful than they now are, earnest temperance men will not pledge themselves beforehand to support the candidates who may be nominated by a national convention.

The Contest for the Mayoralty of New York shows clearly that the power of the workingman in politics is being recognized by the millionnaire class. Mr. Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, devoted his chief speech last week to the task of convincing his hearers that he had been a workingman from his youth, and had even paid for his education himself, by his earnings. Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican candidate also presented his claims. Being charged with belonging to "the employing and landlord class," he replied: "On the contrary, I own no land at all except that on which I live," and adds, "the only place where I employ many 'wage workers' is on my ranch in the West, and there almost every one of the men has some interest in the profits, either because he is partly paid by a share out of them, or because he has invested a portion of his surplus earnings in the business with me." Evidently the workingman has more friends than he thought he had, and we may hope that the friendship will be as considerate and cordial after the first week in November has gone by.

The Arrest of Jacob Sharp and Three Other prominent railroad officials in New York on October 19 is a gratifying sign of the times. There is no vindictiveness in the statement, for we bear no ill-will to Mr. Sharp and his friends; but it is well in the interest of public morality that when a crime is committed, all the guilty parties should be punished. The result of the previous trials showed that the New York Aldermen had been purchased, and as the bargain was a crime, it would appear that the buyer was as culpable as the seller. It will be a good thing for New York and other cities if it becomes known that the giving and taking of bribes is not only a moral wrong, but is liable to involve a long term in the penitentiary for both him who gives and him who takes. Men, who are not deterred from doing anything by the knowledge that it is wicked, will often hesitate when they become aware that it is dangerous.

An Extension of the Free Delivery System may be expected as a result of last year's post-office business. The annual report of Superintendent Bates, submitted last week, shows that the cost of the free delivery service of the Post-office Department in the last fiscal year was \$4,312,306, while the revenue derived from local matter collected and delivered by this service was \$5,839,242. The number of pieces handled was greater than the number of the preceding year by one-tenth. As the twenty-seven cities in which the system is in operation yielded a profit to the government of a million and a half, there is clear encouragement to the department to extend it to cities of the next grade.

Earthquake Shocks More Violent Than Any felt since the terrible convulsion of August 31st, were noticed on Friday afternoon in the Southern States. The disturbance affected an area of one hundred thousand miles, and was most severe in South Carolina and Georgia. It was also felt in parts of Virginia and Ohio. In Washington, D. C., it shook the higher buildings perceptibly, and in the *Star* office a quantity of type was thrown down. No injuries to life or property are reported. Scientists on both sides the Atlantic are earnestly studying the phenomena. The majority of them agree in believing that earthquakes are due to the cooling of the earth's crust, while the interior is a mass of liquid fire generating gases and steam. Dr. Archibald Geikie, writing in an English periodical, says: "Never within recorded human experience has there been more terrestrial disturbance than during the last few years," and adds that, if the theory above mentioned is correct, "the gradual increase in the thickness of the cool outer crust will offer continually aug-

menting resistance to the movements of the hot interior, and, hence, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ought now to be less constant, but more violent, than in the older time." This, prophecy leads us to expect. It is also worthy of notice that one result of the recent earthquake prefigures a characteristic of the great future earthquake. A high hill in Tazewell County, Virginia, known as Flat-Top Mountain, was rent asunder. The crack remains, and large trees and rocks have been flung in to render a passage over it possible (See Zech. 14: 4).

Preparations for War Continued to be the burden of the communications which the European correspondents of the American press cabled to their respective journals last week. They were based apparently, not on definite international complications, but on the general uneasiness and mutual antagonism which is regarded by careful observers as a sure precursor of war. In every country in Europe the gunsmiths are busy, and the governments are actively engaged in bringing their military and naval forces to the highest point of efficiency. A significant feature of the situation is the antagonism manifested by the French press toward England. Since France has entered into cordial relations with Russia this antagonism has been more marked and more violent than that displayed toward Germany before the war. The French premier is being urged to demand the immediate evacuation of Egypt, and is assured that France will support him enthusiastically in menacing England with war in the event of non-compliance. Meanwhile, the meeting of the Bulgarian Sobranje is anticipated with some anxiety. In the present state of mutual jealousy and hostility the Bulgarian spark may ignite the powder magazine, the explosion of which will shake the continent. There has never been a period in history so full of awful interest to the observer of current events, who is also a student of prophecy, as that on which we are now entering.

An Effort to Reconcile the Two Factions into which the British Liberal party is now split has been made by Lord Monck. It is an ingenious attempt to combine the principles of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington. Like all compromises, it has few friends, but all recognize that it presents the only available ground for united action. Lord Monck proposes that the Imperial Parliament should delegate its functions in certain clearly defined provinces of Irish affairs to a council or councils sitting in Ireland, retaining the right of veto in its own hands, but with no power to amend. Thus, an Irish bill, debated and passed in Ireland, could not become law without the consent of the British Parliament, which would vote directly, yea or nay, on the question of its enactment. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone is willing to accept the scheme, though not entirely approving it, and that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington would accept it with modifications. The prospects of reconciliation are, however, clouded by the advanced programme of Lord Randolph Churchill. The Liberal deserters appear to be more inclined to assist Lord Randolph than to meet Mr. Gladstone on Lord Monck's platform.

The Jubilee of Queen Victoria's Accession to the British throne will be celebrated on June 30, 1887. A large assemblage of loyal persons of prominence took place on October 18 to decide on an appropriate method of showing the national gratification on the occasion. The meeting was held at Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The meeting did not decide to present the Queen with a testimonial in money, which would doubtless have been misconstrued by the public, even if it would have been approved by the Queen. A proposition advocated by the Archbishop and other prelates was eventually adopted, to erect a memorial church, and a committee was appointed to collect funds and select a site. Mr. Gladstone declined to allow his name to be associated with the project.

The Bible and Prophetic Conference to be held at Chicago on Nov. 16-21, promises to be a gathering deeply significant of the progress of prophetic study in America. The correspondence of the indefatigable secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, shows that the interest in all denominations throughout the United States, Canada and England increases as the time appointed for the assembling of the Conference approaches. In addition to the list of subjects and speakers published in these columns on Sept. 30 (page 615), Mr. Needham has received promises of the following papers: The Sure Word of Prophecy, by Bishop Baldwin, of Canada; Palestine Restored and Re-Peopled, by Dr. J. R. Graves, of Memphis, Tenn., author of "The Seven Dispensations"; Interpretation and Fulfillment of Prophecy, by Prof. E. G. Reaser, of Fulton, Mo. Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Chicago, will also deliver an address. Contributions to the fund for defraying the expenses of hiring a hall, printing, and correspondence are needed. They should be sent to Rev. George C. Needham, 148 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

The Annual Week of Prayer for Young men begins Sunday, Nov. 14. This appointment is made by the World's Conference and the American International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations. It will be the twenty-first observance of this season, and the indications are that it will be more widely observed by the Associations, in this country particularly, than in any previous year. According to the latest gathered statistics, there are in the world 3,372 associations. In America there are 1,071, with an aggregate membership of 140,000; 148 boys' departments, 66 railroad branches, 13 German branches, 226 college, and 27 colored Associations. The early establishment of the International Organization in America, with an efficient managing committee and visiting secretaries, the subsequent establishment, through this parent agency, of strong State organization, with effective executive committees and travelling secretaries, together with the large increase in the number of local secretaries, are among the principal causes of the marvellous growth of the American Association.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison's Health is now steadily improving. His many friends in New York and other States, who were deeply concerned by the announcement made a month ago, that he was suffering from paralysis and his recovery was despaired of, will be glad to learn on the authority of the *Christian Advocate*, that he has at no time been so ill as was reported, and is now so far on the way to recovery that he is hoping to resume work at no distant day.

At the Annual Meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York, held recently at Albany, Mrs. Mary T. Burt was re-elected President. The report showed that in thirty-nine counties there are 383 auxiliary branches, with a membership of 9,459. In the 179 temperance schools, there is an enrollment of 10,595 scholars. During the year 2,357 meetings were held, and \$18,295.49 was collected. There are 25 auxiliaries in the 14 unorganized counties. The total membership is 10,045, an increase of 1,462. The total collections were \$20,111.56. Including juveniles, 125 new unions have been organized, with a membership of 1,000.

The Executive Committee of the Temperance Association of Friends of which Mr. Jabez Wood is chairman, has issued an earnest and timely appeal to voters in the present electoral crisis. The committee calls attention to the danger threatening society from the enormous increase of the liquor traffic in our great cities, and reminds all voters, and the mothers, wives, sisters, and all ladies who have influence over voters, of the individual responsibility resting upon every person holding the right of elective franchise, and the importance of his vote in the coming elections; and it makes the appeal to these, that in no case may they give encouragement to, or cast their vote for, any candidate for official position—more especially for a place in any

legislative assembly—who is not known to be in favor of legislation for the suppression of this great evil, and who will not use, conscientiously all proper means to have it eradicated.

The Basement of a House was Swallowed up by a colliery at Shenandoah, Penn., on Oct. 13. Early in the morning of that day a girl, residing with her parents on West Coal street of that town, went into the basement, and seeing at the foot of the stairway what appeared to be a bar of iron, she attempted to pick it up. The bar turned out to be a lead pipe, which conveyed the supply from the water main to the rear of the house. She then opened a door, and when the light shone in, she found herself standing on the brink of a cave-in about eighteen feet in diameter and perhaps one hundred feet deep. The whole bottom of the basement had fallen into the workings of Oakdale colliery. The house is still standing, but fears are entertained not only for its safety, but for the safety of other houses in the neighborhood. The girl felt amazement and terror at seeing that yawning chasm instead of the solid floor on which she was accustomed to set her foot. Happily for her, she saw her danger in time. Her experience was something like that of an awakened sinner, when, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, he sees himself standing on the brink of perdition. (Acts, 16: 30).

A Pre-occupied Mother Received a Shock the other day in a Boston street. The *Record* says that a woman came into the city from the near suburbs trundling her baby, a year and a half old, in a baby carriage, and looking into the shop windows as she went along. There was a milliner's window that was particularly resplendent and the suburban mother stood looking at the bonnets for a long time. Then she started on her way across the street trundling the carriage before her. On the other corner a grocery man, who stood in front of his store, said to her: "Ain't you dropped something, ma'am?" "Why, no, I guess not," she replied. "What makes you ask?" "Nothing; only you seemed to be shoving that baby carriage kind o' careful like, as if there was something in it, and there ain't nary a baby there." "Oh, mercy!" screamed the mother. She looked into the carriage and it was empty. There was no telling how soon she would have fainted if she had not heard a faint cry, from the other side of the street. Her offspring had amused himself while she was looking at the bonnets by climbing down out of the carriage and moving along to the next store. There is reason to fear that the time is coming when many mothers will discover that while their attention was engrossed in dress, gaiety and the affairs of the world their children were lost for the next world if not for this (Prov. 23: 13, 14).

A Marriage Engagement Broken by a Church collection, is an item of news published by a Georgia journal. It states that a Macon young man, somewhat given to display, succeeded in winning the affections of a Christian girl residing at Griffin, Ga. He concluded that there was no better way of raising himself in her esteem than by professing an ardent devotion to religion, and he professed more than he felt. On a recent Sunday while visiting her at Griffin they went to church together. When the contribution box started out on its rounds the young man took a five-dollar gold piece out of his vest pocket and displayed it in such a way that the young lady saw it. She mildly rebuked his extravagance, but he said he often contributed that much, especially when in strange churches. Watching his chance he slipped the gold coin into his pocket and slyly took out a silver quarter, which he as slyly slipped into the box when it reached him. This fixed the impression on the young lady that her lover was generous, and desirous of aiding the cause of Christ. At the close of the services, as was the custom of the church, the amount in the box was announced. The total was \$3.75. The humiliating disclosure frustrated the young man's hopes of winning the lady as his wife. She rightly con-

cluded that a deception of that kind was an evidence of a contemptible mind, and her loss of respect was a death-blow to her love. It may be hoped that his loss of a wife will be a lesson that will lead to a reformation in the young man's character. An opportunity for repentance is given to him as it was not given to Ananias and Sapphira, who sinned in the same way (Acts 5: 2).

A Million Dollars a Word is said to have been the value of a sentence spoken by the presiding judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on October 18. The question before the court was whether it should reverse the decision of the court below, forbidding the transfer of a large block of stock in the Beach Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern Railroad Company from one holder to another. Having listened to long and elaborate arguments by counsel on both sides, the Court decided to confirm the decision of the lower court. The judge pronounced the decision in eleven words. He said: "Decree affirmed and appeal dismissed at the cost of the appellants." The ownership of more than eleven million dollars was determined by those few momentous words. The parties concerned must have listened to them with breathless attention. It would be so with the words in which God's message offering eternal life to the world is conveyed if men realized their full import as they do the words involving the possession of money (John 5: 39).

A Life of Subjection to Money-Lenders ended recently in New York. The man, who was well-known in the city, was seized with pneumonia and died. An acquaintance who had heard of his death inquired of one of his friends whether it was true that the man had died of pneumonia. The answer was: "No, sir! he did not die of pneumonia; he died of bill-brokers, sir. He incurred a street debt of \$2,000, which rapidly rolled up to \$8,000, and crushed the life out of him. He borrowed money on call, got paper discounted, and he worked, lived and died for the bill-brokers. Yes, sir, he died of a street debt, upon which he expended his strength every week, throwing it ahead from one day to seven." It was a melancholy picture. The man must have led a harassed life in borrowing money daily to repay loans and interest contracted but a short time before, repeating the process as each new loan fell due. It was like the fabled punishment of Sisyphus—a weary, hopeless labor. It is such an occupation that the dupes of Satan are engaged in when they try to win salvation for themselves, instead of accepting Christ's work. (Rom. 10: 3).

The Witty Retort of a Maine Lawyer is reported in the *Lewiston Journal*. It states that Mr. Curran, a noted lawyer of Washington County, Maine, recently attended a banquet given in St. Stephens, N. B., and listened somewhat restlessly to the invidious remarks made by the gentleman who responded to the toast of Great Britain, and who appeared to think that no other nation enjoyed the favor of God to a similar extent. The Englishman made frequent use in his speech of the well-worn phrase: "The empire on which the sun never sets," and reminded his hearers that it could be applied to no empire but the British. To Mr. Curran was committed the duty of responding to the next toast, which was that of the United States. He said that although he could not say of his country what the preceding speaker had said of his, that the sun never set upon it, he was grateful to God that *He was not afraid of leaving it in the dark*. However it may be with the country, the individual Christian has reason to be thankful when he enjoys so completely the keeping power of God, that he is in privacy and obscurity as blameless as in the light of publicity (Micah, 7: 8).

Earnest Christian Men and Women, who can raise hymn tunes and give short gospel exhortations, are wanted to be permanently stationed as evangelists at mission stations of the Gospel Union; salary ranging from five to ten dollars a week. Address Rev. M. Baxter, President Gospel Union, 63 Bible House, New York.

THE ANNUAL ATONEMENT.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"For on that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord." Lev. 16:30.

The Way of Access to God—By Atonement Only—God's Own Way—The Institution of the Day of Atonement—I. What was Done on that Day—The Persons Cleansed—Purged of Sin—Impurity of Holy Things—II. How it was Done—III. Who Did It—The Solitary Worker—IV. What the People were to Do—Afflict their Souls—Cease from Work.

BEFORE Adam transgressed he lived in communion with God; but after he had broken the covenant, and grieved God's Spirit, he could have no more familiar fellowship with God. Under the Mosaic dispensation, in which God was pleased in His grace to dwell among His people and walk with them in the wilderness, it was still under a reserve: there was a holy place wherein the symbol of God's presence was hidden away from mortal gaze. No man might come near to it except in one only way, and then only once in the year, "The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing." Our subject to-day illustrates the appointed way of access to God. This chapter shows that

THE WAY OF ACCESS

to God is by atonement, and by no other method. We cannot draw near unto the Most High except along the blood-besprinkled way of sacrifice. Our Lord Jesus said: "No man cometh unto the Father, but by Me;" and this is true in many senses, and in this among them, that our way to God lies only through the sacrifice of His Son.

The reason of this is that sin lieth at the door. Brethren, a pure and holy God cannot endure sin: He cannot have fellowship with it, or with those who are rendered unclean by it, for it would be inconsistent with His nature so to do. On the other hand, sinful men cannot have fellowship with God: their evil nature could not endure the fire of His holiness. Hence the difficulty of access, a difficulty which only a Divine method can remove. God cannot commune with sinful men, for He is holy. Sinful men cannot commune with a holy God, because He must destroy them, even as He destroyed Nadab and Abihu, when they intruded into His holy place.

How, then, shall men come to God? Only in GOD'S OWN WAY.

He Himself devised the way, and He has taught it to us by a parable in this chapter. It would be very wrong to prefer any one passage of Scripture beyond another, for all Scripture is given by inspiration; but if we might do so, we should set this chapter in a very eminent and prominent place for its fulness of instruction, and its clear yet deep doctrinal teaching. It treats upon a matter which is of the very highest importance to all of us. We are here taught the way by which the sin that blocks the door may be taken away, so that a seeking soul may be introduced into the presence of God and stand in His holy place, and yet live.

Before I proceed to enlarge upon this chapter, I want to notice that, of course, this was only a type. This great day of atonement did not see an actual atonement made, nor sin really put away; but it was the figure of heavenly things the shadow of good things to come. The substance is of Christ. If this day of atonement had been real and satisfactory, as touching God and the conscience of men, there would never have been another; for the worshippers once purged would have had no more conscience of sin. If they had lived fifty or a hundred years, they would never have needed another day of atonement; but because this was, in its nature, imperfect and shadowy, being only typical, therefore every year, on the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month, a fast was proclaimed, sin was confessed, victims were slain, and atonement was again presented. This Israel

had to do constantly until Jesus, the true High Priest appeared, and now they have no sacrificing priest, nor altar, nor holy of holies. By Jesus Christ's one offering of Himself, sin was put away, once for all, effectually and finally, so that believers are really clean before God.

I. Now, then, let us come to the text, and note, first,

WHAT WAS DONE

on that particular day. The text tells us what was done symbolically—"On that day shall the priest make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord." The persons themselves were cleansed. If any of them had become unclean so as to be denied communion with God and His people, they were made clean, so that they might go up to the tabernacle, and mingle with the congregation. All the host were that morning regarded as unclean, and all had to bow their heads in penitent sorrow because of their uncleanness.

It is a far simpler thing to remove outward stains than it is to purge the very substance and nature of man; yet this is what was done on the day of atonement typically, and this is what our redeeming Lord actually does for us. We are outlaws, and His atonement purges us of outlawry, and makes us citizens; we are lepers, and by His stripes we are so healed as to be received among the clean.

Their persons being made clean, they were also purged of all the sins confessed. I called attention, in the reading of the chapter, to its many "alls." I think there are seven or eight of them. The work which was done on that day was comprehensive: a clean sweep was made of sin. Certain grievous sins are comparable to cauldrons of foaming filth: no man will willingly own to them, however clearly they may be his; but when he does own to them before God, let him recollect that it is this real sin, this foul and essentially abominable transgression, which is put away by the atonement of Christ. Sin confessed with tears, sin which causes the very heart to bleed—killing sin, damning sin—this is the kind of sin for which Jesus died. Sham sinners may be content with a sham Saviour; but our Lord Jesus is the real Saviour, who did really die, and died for real sin. Oh, how this ought to comfort you, you that are sadly bearing the pressing burden of an execrable life; you, too, who are crushed into the mire of despondency beneath the load of your guilt!

It appears from this chapter, too, that another thing was done. Not only were all the sins that they had committed put away, but also all their

HOLY THINGS WERE PURGED.

There stood the altar upon which only holy things were offered; but, because imperfect men ministered there, it needed to be sprinkled with blood before it could be clean. Even the mercy-seat and the ground whereon it rested, was sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice seven times. O, brothers and sisters, I do feel so glad that our Lord has atoned for the sins of our holy things. I rejoice that Jesus forgives the sins of my sermons. I have preached my very soul out among you with purity of motive, seeking to win men for Christ; but I dare not hope to have them accepted in and of themselves, for I perceive that they are defiled with sin. Blessed be God, atonement is made for all our faults, excesses and shortcomings. Jesus puts away, not only our unholy things, but the sins of our holy things also.

It is written, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." I have often heard the text quoted with the "us" left out; permit me to put it in at this moment—"cleanseth *us* from all sin." Now, put yourself into the "us." Dare to believe that grace admits you there. By an act of faith, let all of us all round the galleries and in this great area say, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth *us*." If you pull "us" to pieces, it is made up of a great many "*me's*." A thousand thousand times "*me*" will all pack

away into a single "*us*." Let each one say: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth *me*, and cleanseth *me* from *all* sin." Be glad and rejoice forever because of this gracious truth. This was done on the day of atonement in the symbol, and it has been really done by the Lord Jesus through His atoning sacrifice.

II. Now we notice, in the second place, HOW IT WAS DONE.

We have seen what was done, and this is most cheering; but now we will see how it was done. I shall have to be brief in this description. The atonement was made, first of all, by sacrifice. I see a bullock for a sin-offering, a ram for a burnt-offering, and, again, a goat for a sin-offering. Many victims were offered that day, and thus the people were reminded of the instrumental cause of atonement, namely, the blood of sacrifice. We know that the blood of bulls and of goats could never take away sin; but very distinctly do these point to the sufferings of our dear Redeemer. The woes he bore are the expiation for our guilt. Atonement was made for your sins and mine by the shedding of blood—that is to say, by our Lord's suffering, and specially by His laying down His life on our behalf.

Notice, next, that the

ATONEMENT WAS MADE

not only by the blood of sacrifice, but by the presentation of the blood within the veil. With the smoke of incense and a bowl filled with blood Aaron passed into the most holy place. Let us never forget that our Lord has gone into the heavenly places with better sacrifices than Aaron could present. The presenting of the blood before God effects the atonement. The material of the atonement is in the blood and merits of Jesus, but a main part of the atoning act lies in the presentation of these in the heavenly places by Jesus Christ himself. Furthermore, atonement was made effectual by its application to the thing or person cleansed. The atonement was made for the holy place; it was sprinkled seven times with blood. The same was done to the altar; the horns thereof were smeared seven times. So, to make the atonement effectual between you and God, the blood of Jesus must be sprinkled upon you by a lively faith.

Further, my dear brethren and sisters, inasmuch as no one type was sufficient, the Lord set forth the method of the removal of sin, as far as we are concerned, by

THE SCAPEGOAT.

One of two goats was chosen to live. It stood before the Lord, and Aaron confessed all the sins of Israel upon its head. A fit man, selected for the purpose, led this goat away into a land not inhabited. What became of it? Why do you ask the question? It is not to edification. You may have seen the famous picture of the scapegoat, representing it as expiring in misery in a desert place. That is all very pretty, and I do not wonder that imagination should picture the poor devoted scapegoat as a sort of cursed thing, left to perish amid accumulated horrors. But please observe that this is all fancy—mere groundless fancy. The Scripture is entirely silent as to anything of the kind, and purposely so. All that the type teaches is this: In symbol the scapegoat has all the sin of the people laid upon it, and, when it is led away into the solitary wilderness, it has gone, and the sin with it. Sin is carried away into the silent land, the unknown wilderness. By nature sin is everywhere, but to believers in the sacrifice of Christ sin is nowhere. The sins of God's people have gone beyond recall. Where to? Do not ask anything about that. If they were sought for, they could not be found; they are so gone that they are blotted out.

Yet, dear friends, the ceremony was not quite finished; for now everybody who had had a hand in it must needs be washed, so that everybody might be clean. There is Aaron: he takes off his garments and washes himself scrupulously clean; yea, he does it a second time. Here is the man who took the scapegoat away, and

he washes himself. Here is a third person, who carried away the skin and the flesh of the sin-offering, and burnt them without the camp; he also washes himself. Everybody becomes purged; the whole camp is clean right through. So, when Jesus completes His sacrifice, no sin remains upon him on whom the Lord once laid the iniquities of us all. The great atonement is made, and everything is cleansed, from beginning to end. Christ hath put it all away forever by the water and the blood which flowed from His riven side. All is purified, and the Lord looks down on a clean camp; and soon He will have them rejoicing before Him, each man in His tabernacle feasting to the full. I am so glad; my joy overflows. O Lord, who is a pardoning God like Thee? Where can such forgiveness be found as Thou dost freely give to sinners through Jesus, Thy Son?

III. In the third place, I ask your attention for a brief interval to this special point,
WHO DID IT?

The answer is, Aaron did it all. Aaron was quite alone in the work of that day. It was heavy, and even exhausting work, but he had no assistant. Aaron performed the work of priest and Levite that day, and no one helped him; for it is written, "There shall be no man in the tabernacle of the congregation when he goeth in to make an atonement in the holy place, until he come out, and have made an atonement for himself, and for his household, and for all the congregation of Israel." The tabernacle seemed lonely that day. Methinks I see him looking around in the solitude. He says, "I looked, and there was no man." Of the people, there was none with him. In the holy place there stood no priest to minister before the Lord save himself alone. It must have been with trembling that he lifted up the curtain and passed into the secret place of the Most High with the censer smoking in his hand. The tension of mind and heart which he endured alone that day must have been trying indeed. All that livelong day he must have been conscious of a burden of responsibility and a weight of reverence enough to bow him to the dust, and yet no one was present to cheer him.

Now fix your eye on the Great antitype of Aaron. There was none with our Lord: he trod the winepress alone. He his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree. He alone went in where the thick darkness covered the throne of God, and none stood by to comfort him. "All the disciples forsook him and fled." Worship our Lord as working salvation by his own single arm. Do not tolerate those who would share his work. Do not believe in priests of any church who pretend to offer sacrifice for the quick and the dead. They cannot help you, and you do not need their help. Do not put your own merits, works, prayers, or anything else side by side with your one lone High Priest, who in his white garments of holy service performed the holy work of expiation, and then came forth in his garments of glory and of beauty to gladden the eyes of his chosen.

IV. Lastly,

WHAT WERE THE PEOPLE TO DO

for whom this atonement was made? There were two things they had to do that day, only I must add that one of them was doing nothing. For the first thing, they had to afflict their souls that day. Brethren, does it seem to you a strangeness that on a day of rest they were to afflict their souls? Think of it a little, and you will see that there was cause for it. It was a day of confession of sin. And should not confession be made with sorrowful repentance? A dry-eyed confession is a hypocritical confession. To acknowledge sin without grieving over it, is to aggravate sin. We cannot think of our sin without grieving, and the more sure we are that it is forgiven, the more sorry we are that ever it was committed. Sin seems all the greater because it was committed against a sin-forgiving God. If you do wrong to a person, and he grows angry, you may be wicked enough to persist in the wrong; but if, instead of growing angry, he

forgives, and does you good in return, then you will deeply regret that ever you had an unkind thought towards him. The Lord's pardoning love makes us feel truly sorry to have offended him.

Not only was it a day of confession, but it was a day of sacrifice. No tender-hearted Israelite could think of that bullock, and ram, and goat dying for him, without saying, "That is what I deserve." If he heard the moans of the dying creature he would say, "My own heart groans and bleeds." When we think of our dying Lord our emotions are mingled: we feel a pleasing grief and a mournful joy as we stand at Calvary. It was a day of sacrifice, and hence a day of affliction of their souls, and herein we are in sympathy with them.

Once more, it was a day of

PERFECT CLEANSING,

and hence, by a strange logic, a day of the affliction of the soul; for, oh! when sin is forgiven, when we know it is forgiven, when by divine assurance we know that God has blotted out our sins like a cloud, then it is we mourn over our iniquities. "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced"—that look gives life; "and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn"—this bitterness is one of the truest signs of life. They were to afflict their souls. Brethren, we cannot talk of the cross of Christ except in subdued tones. If you think you can laugh and sport yourself because your sin is forgiven, you know nothing of the matter.

Sin has been pardoned at such a price that we cannot henceforth trifle with it. The sacrifice was so august that we must ever speak of it with holy trembling. I always feel a suspicion of those converts who get up and glibly boast that once they were drunkards, thieves, blasphemers and so forth. Brother, if you do tell the story of your sin, blush scarlet to think it should be true. I am ashamed to hear a man talk of his sins as an old Greenwich pensioner might talk of his sea-fights. I hate to hear a man exhibiting his old lusts as if they were scars of honor. Friend, these things are disgraceful to you, however much the putting of them away may be to the honor and glory of God; and they are to be spoken of by you with shame and confusion of face. Afflict your soul when you remember what you once were.

On the day of atonement they were to afflict their souls, and yet

THEY WERE TO REST.

Can these things come together—mourning and resting? Oh yes, you and I know how they meet in one bosom. I never am so truly happy as when a sober sadness tinges my joy. The purified people were to rest; they were to rest from all servile work. I will never do a hand's turn to save myself by my own merits, works or feelings. I have done forever with all interference with my Lord's sole work. But you say to me—"Have we not to work out our own salvation?" Certainly we have. We are to work out our own salvation because God works it in us. It is our own salvation, and we show it forth in our lives: we work it out from within; we develop it from day to day, and let men see what the Lord has done for us. It must first be worked for us, and then in us, or we can never work it out.

They were assuredly to cease from all *sinful* work. How can the pardoned man continue in sin? We have done with toiling for the devil now. We will no more waste our lives in his service. Many men are worn to rottenness in the service of their lusts, but the servant of God has been set free from that yoke of bondage. We are slaves no longer: we quit the hard bondage of Egypt and rest in the Lord.

We have also done with *selfish* work; we now seek first the kingdom of heaven, and look that all other things shall be added unto us by the goodness of our heavenly Father. Henceforth we find rest by bearing the easy yoke of Christ. We joy to spend and to be spent in his be-

loved service. He hath made us free, and therefore we are under bonds to His love for ever. O Lord, I am thy servant, I am thy servant, thou hast loosed my bonds; henceforth I am bound to thee. God grant that this may be a high day to you, because you gladly realize the grand truths which are shadowed forth in these delightful types. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.*

AN UNWELCOME COMMISSION.

"I HAVE a story to tell you, boys," said the old Doctor.

"One day, when I was a boy, I met my father on the road to town. 'Jim,' he said, in a hesitating way, 'I wish you would take this package into the village for me.'

"I was then about twelve years old, and not very fond of work. I had just come from the hayfield, where I had been hard at work since daybreak. I was tired and dusty and hungry. It was a two miles' walk into town. I wanted to go home and get my supper, and then wash and dress myself and go to the evening singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse to go, for I was vexed to be asked to do this after my hard day's work. If I had refused he would have gone himself. He was a gentle, loving, kind, old man. Something stopped me from doing what I was just on the point of doing. I think it must have been one of God's good angels.

"'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package, saying as he did so, 'Thank you, Jim; I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.' He walked with me to the road that turns off toward the town, and as I left him he laid his hand on my shoulder, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You have always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried to town and back home again. As I came near the house I saw a great crowd of farm hands about the door. One of them came to me, and, with the tears rolling down his face, said, 'Your father fell down dead just as he reached the door of his home. The last words he said were those he spoke to you in parting.'

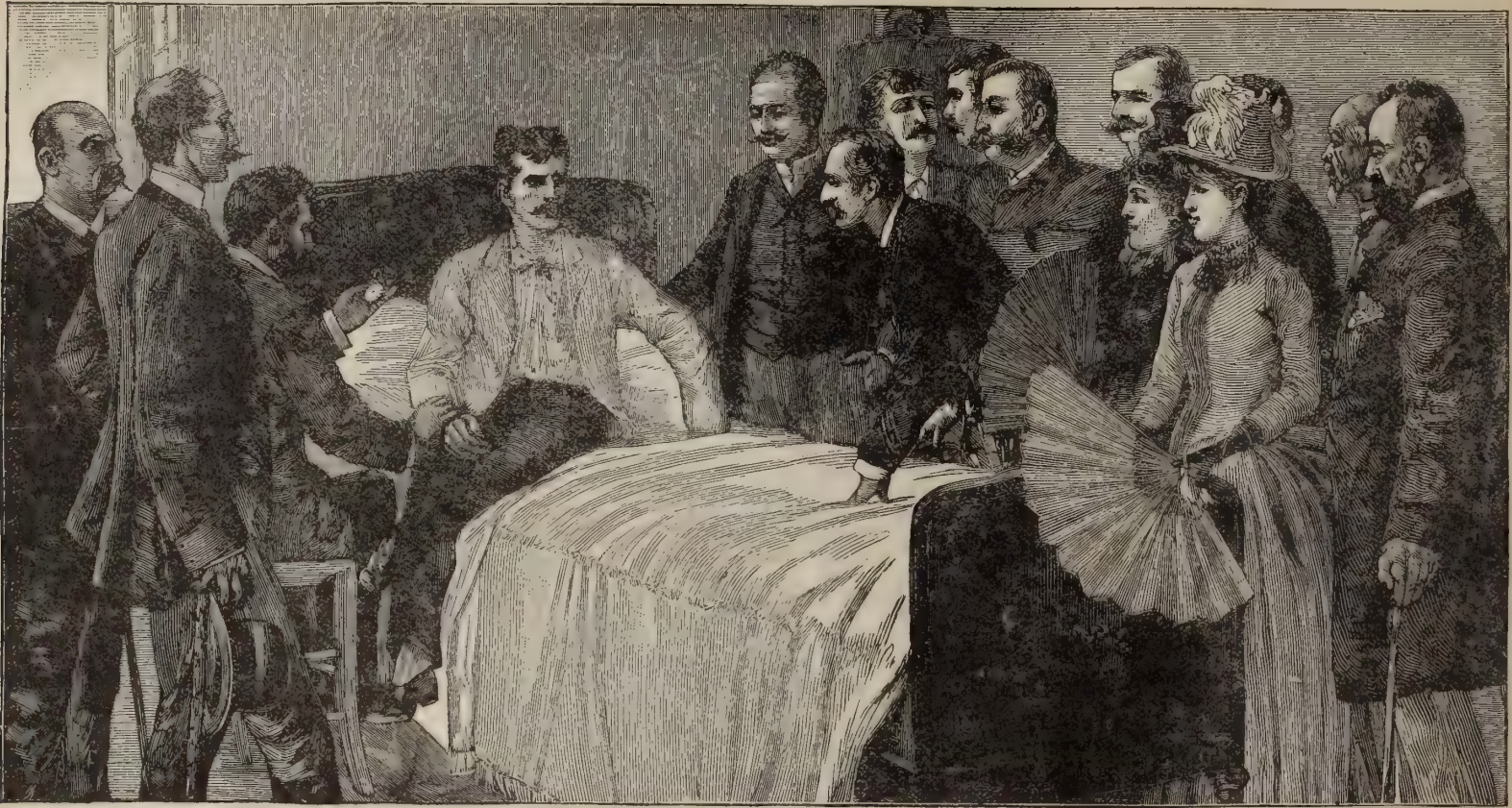
"I am an old man now," said the doctor as he told the story, "but I thank God now, as I have over and over again, for the help he gave me in honoring and obeying my father upon that occasion."

WILLING TO SHOVEL.

Some years ago a young man came to this country from England to take a position as clerk in a new business enterprise, which had been started in the Southwest. He had been well educated at home, and had learned the warning against slothfulness; but, when he reached the place which he expected to make his home, he found to his surprise and sorrow that some unlooked-for change had occurred, and the business had failed. There he was, without friends, without money, and without a home in a strange land. He managed to work his way back to New York. He found himself an unknown stranger in the midst of that great, busy city. It was midnight; and the first morning after his arrival he set out to find work. He was accustomed to the use of the pen, but made up his mind to take any work he could get.

It was a snowy morning, and as he passed down Fourth Avenue he saw a lot of men shovelling snow from the sidewalks. He asked permission to join them in their labor. This was granted him, and he went to work as heartily as if shovelling had been his regular employment. While they were at work, the owner of the store from the front of which the snow was being shovelled, came out. He noticed the intelligent look of the young stranger's face, and wondered how it was that such a smart young man was working at such an occupation. He spoke to him, receiving a cheerful and respectful answer. Then he asked him some questions, draw-

*From "Bible Warnings," a Series of Sermons to Children, by Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Pp. 384; Price, \$1.25; Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York.



Signor Succi of Milan, "the Italian Dr. Tanner," being examined by Physicians on the Thirtieth day of his fast.

ing from him the story of his disappointment and present position. He was so much pleased with the young man's manner, that he invited him to call upon him at his office the next day. That night the young man laid aside his shovel, which he had no occasion to use any more.

The next morning he called on the merchant, and was offered a small place, at a low salary. He filled it so well, that in a few months he was raised to a higher position, and at the end of three years he was chief clerk in that great establishment, with the prospect of an interest in the business.

SIGNOR SUCCI, THE ITALIAN FASTER.

(See Illustration.)

SIGNOR GIOVANNI SUCCI, who has just carried out a thirty days' fast under rigid medical supervision, is thirty-six years of age, and was a bank clerk in Rome until about ten years ago, when he commenced travelling, and visited Arabia, North and South Africa, and South America. While in the East he said he had discovered a certain liquid, distilled from herbs, which would sustain life for a lengthened period.

On his release he gave a proof of the potency of his elixir by fasting fourteen days at Forli, after drinking it, and then consented to submit himself to a vigilance committee at Milan, under whose watchful care he would fast thirty days and thirty nights. At midnight, on Aug. 18th, he began his task, having fortified himself for the ordeal by taking sixty grammes of his elixir. For the first two or three days, which he asserted were the most trying, he remained in bed, only rising to wash and have his hair and beard trimmed. On the fourth day he got up and spent a hour in fencing and single-stick, and on the eighth went out on horseback for an hour and a half. On the twelfth day he went for a swim at the Ticino Baths, and returned to his house on foot. One of the most remarkable features of the case was, that Succi's muscular force did not appear to decrease, but rather to increase, during his fast.

Five physicians of position watched him through the month, and aver that it is certain that he has swallowed nothing but pure water, a portion of which was hot and some of it was

heated to 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Small quantities of Vichy and Hunyadi Janos water completed his menu for the thirty days. In all, he drank two gallons of pure water and five gallons of medicinal water—which made about a quart of liquid a day.

When the month was at an end, the physicians and other witnesses signed a declaration that Signor Succi had faithfully observed the conditions laid down.

Signor Succi evidently suffered less than did Dr. Tanner, who fasted forty days. It may be that the other ten days would have been a more severe trial, but Succi contends that his immunity from pain was due to the sustaining virtue of his elixir, which continued to support him thirty days after being taken into his system.

The search for the elixir of life which would enable men to live for centuries, has been prosecuted by fanatics in all ages, especially in the East, where Signor Succi traveled. No man has discovered it yet, and better evidence is needed before we can believe in the claims of Signor Succi. Those who so eagerly seek long life on earth would do better if they spent their time in telling men how they may attain an immortality, not in this world of sin and sorrow, but in the land of holiness and bliss, through Him who said, "I am the living bread: if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever" (John 6: 51).

THE TRAMP'S REQUEST.

(See Illustration.)

ONE Sunday evening a few years ago, a lady remained home alone with her little daughter, while the other members of the family and the hired girls went to church. She had undressed her little one and was hearing the child say her evening prayer, when she was startled by a ring at the door-bell. The house was a lonely one and so few visitors came, especially on a Sunday evening, that the lady could not imagine who it was that sought admission. With a promise to the child that mamma would return soon, she ran down to the front door.

The man who stood there was too well dressed for the ordinary tramp, but though he claimed to be a workingman, there was about him the

characteristics that indicated that whatever else he might be, it was not by his *work* that he lived. He looked strong and active, and his clothing was little worn, but the air of honest independence that the genuine workingman has about him, wherever he goes, and whatever his misfortunes, was conspicuously absent. Yet, he told a plain story. A sick wife, an aged mother, a family of children, hard times and no work at home, and a long journey to another State to seek employment.

The kind heart of the lady was touched by the story. She had her doubts about its truth, but it was better to err on the right side, she thought, and as the man asked only for something to eat, she yielded. "Come in," she said, and she took him into the kitchen and with her own hands found and set before him a substantial meal. The man did full justice to it, but all the time he was eating his eyes were peering suspiciously about the room. The lady tried to induce him to tell her more about his family, but failed. He was evidently thinking of something else, and his manner was so suspicious that the lady felt she would be glad when his appetite was satisfied and he was safe on the other side of the door.

The man ate until even he appeared to be unable to eat more, and pushed his plate from him. As he did so the door of the kitchen was quietly opened and the little girl, tired of waiting for mamma, glided in, dressed in her night-clothes. The man pushed his chair back, and started as if he had seen an apparition.

"Lucy," he said, "why Lucy, what are you doing here?"

"Come to fetch mamma," said little Lucy.

"Beg pardon," said the man in clumsy apology, "your little girl, marm?"

"Yes," said the lady, "I was taking her to bed when you came. How did you know her name?"

"Didn't know it, marm, but I've got a little girl at home of that name, just her size, and I thought it was her." He sighed heavily. "She's fond of her father, she is, and she's all the world to me. I ha'n't seen her for months, but I can feel the kiss she gin me now, the last time I seen her. She's an angel, that's what she is.

I guess this little un's a good child. Might I just shake hands with her?"

"Why, certainly. Come in, Lucy."

The little girl was standing shyly by the door with her finger in her mouth, just as she had halted when she saw the stranger. She came forward now, and placed her little hand in the broad palm held out to her. The man drew her toward him lovingly, and then little Lucy put up her mouth and kissed the dark, heavy face.

"The good Lord bless you, little girl," said the surprised man, huskily. "You've got a loving heart. There ain't many as 'ud kiss a rough chap like me. I was a very different man once, marm," he said, turning to the mother, but still keeping his arm around the child. "I'm a bad 'un now, but this little innercent seems to think there's summat good left in me. Pretty dear, she kinder makes me wish I had a chance again."

"Of course there is good in you," said the lady. "You cannot have sunk so low but that God would receive you and make you a good man, if you ask Him. Jesus came to save the lost, you know."

"Oh! I heerd o' Him when I was a little lad at school, but such as me soon forgets that. You don't know, marm, how hard it is to get straight when you've once took up wi' crooked ways. I'm afraid it's gone too far now ever to get back."

"That is what the Devil will tell you, I dare say, but it is not true. God can save you yet. I know you cannot get right yourself, but if you ask Him, He will surely help you."

"Think so, marm? Maybe you'd ask Him. I'm a pretty bad un. It ai'n't likely as he'd listen to the likes o' me. Does the little girl ever say a prayer?"

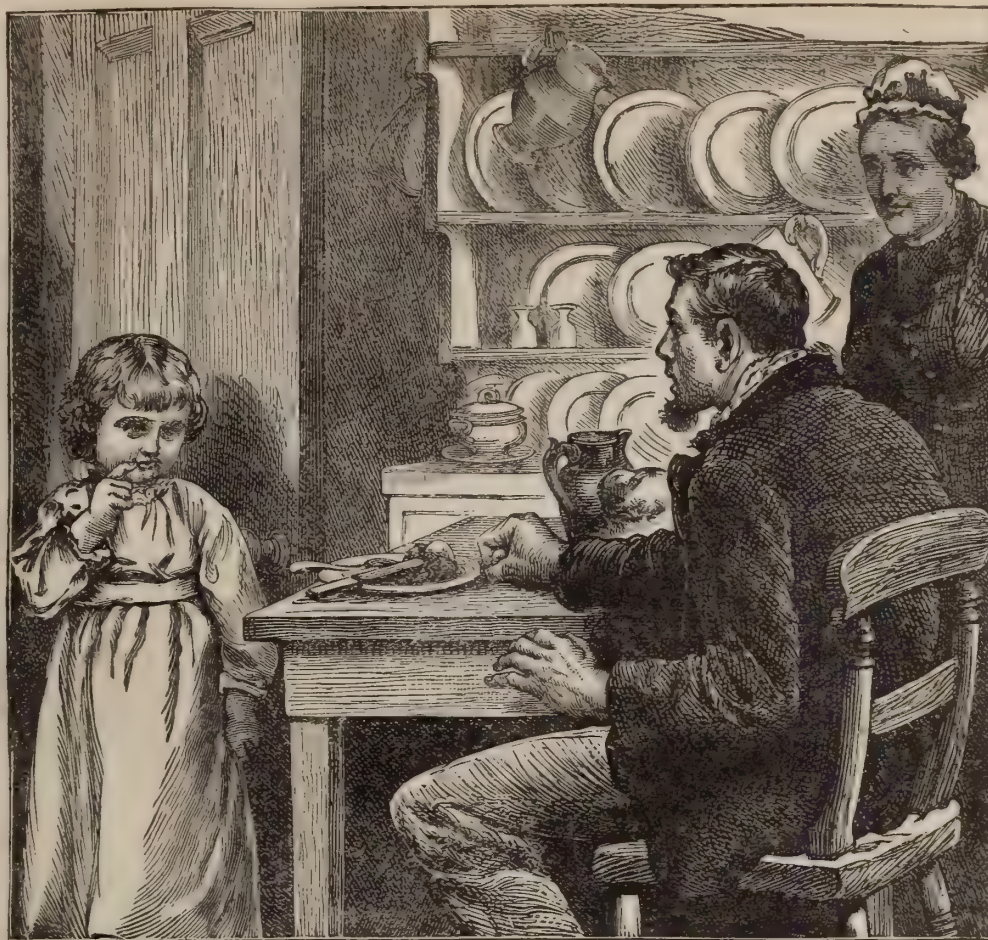
"Yes, I always say my prayers when I go to bed," said little Lucy.

"Well, my little girl, think you could say a prayer for a poor chap wot's gone wrong, and can't help hisself? You needn't mention no names; say the chap as you gin a kiss to. Ask if he could be helped to be a good fellow, if he ai'n't got too low down. I'm hanged if I don't try, marm, if the little girl 'ud ask for me. I'm about sick o' the life."

"She will pray for you every night, and I hope you will let me know if we can help you in any way."

The man thanked her, and went his way, saying, "It's a bargain."

Nothing more was heard of him for nearly six months, but little Lucy regularly prayed for the man she had kissed. One day a soiled, ill-spelt letter, which had evidently cost the writer no little trouble, came to hand. "I wanted to tell you marm," it said, "as how I think the good Lord is a hearkening to the little gel's prayers, and as how I hope she won't quit on no account. I've got work and I'm keeping straight so fur, but it's hard lines, and sometimes I feels like goin' back, but I aint yet. I'd like to say, too, as that night when I come to your house and you fed me, and the little gel kissed me, I'd come to look around cause me and another had settled to crack the house that night, and we



"The Man Pushed His Chair Back and Started as if he had Seen an Apparition."

weren't jest sure o' the right track. It was the little gel as stopped it. That's all, marm, only don't forget to tell her to keep on. Don't tell her about the robbery, but it'll kinder encourage her to keep on if she hears as the Lord is alisten'ing and attending to her. I prays myself as well."

Little Lucy's prayers were not discontinued, and with them ascended the prayer of her mother that this brand might be plucked from the burning.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 671.)

A Practical Test.

FIRM and unmistakable as Carrie's words had been, Leroy cherished the hope that some day in the future he would yet have the supreme joy of calling her his own. True, she had given him no ground for hope; she had told him clearly and solemnly that she could not marry him; but still she had admitted that she loved him, and was not that a reason for hope?

One day—it was just before the holidays—a letter arrived from his brother Allan. It was full of kindness and sympathy, as Allan's letters always were. There was a message from his mother to her dear boy, and there were items of interest from the neighbors and expressions of love and esteem from Allan himself. It was all very pleasant and cheering to the young man, isolated by his disappointment and his grief, living among strangers. But what was this? A postscript, written apparently at a later date, probably when Allan carried the letter over to the Post Office. "I have just met an acquaintance of yours," Allan wrote, "formerly a student of N. S. College. He heard some one call me by name in the store, and asked if I was a relative of yours. I told him we were brothers, and he spoke kindly of you. He had been there on a visit, and while there heard, among other things, that a friend of yours was about

to be married—Miss Carrie West. I could not believe it, and asked him if he was sure. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'quite sure. I had the news from the bridegroom-elect.' I asked his name, but he only laughed and said we should hear in good time. Now, brother," Allan added, "I know this will give you pain, but it is best you should know, lest you should be indulging futile hopes."

A few days later the rumor received unexpected confirmation. A newspaper came for him through the mail, and opening it he found it was a journal printed in the little city where Carrie lived. Glancing over its pages a paragraph encircled by a blue pencil mark caught his eye. It ran as follows:

"It is currently reported that an intelligent and charming young lady, whose home is in the northern part of town, but who is now at the N. S. College, will soon be married to a former student of that institution. Our congratulations and best wishes go with them."

The reference to Carrie was unmistakable.

He knew of no other young lady at the college from Carrie's town; and it was a fact that her home was in the part of the city indicated in the paragraph. A "former" student! This must be the explanation of the mystery which had puzzled him so much—this was the reason of his own rejection. Another suitor had secured a prior claim on her hand. There must have been circumstances, perhaps, in Carrie's former life which she did not feel at liberty to make known to him. She must certainly have had some adequate reason for her conduct.

The next question was, Who had sent him the paper with the marked paragraph? The marking had been done with blue pencil. Strangely enough, he remembered that Carrie had frequently carried such a pencil when at college, and he had often seen her use it when they were reading together; and he naturally remembered it now. For a few minutes his face flushed with anger as he thought of it.

"She hadn't the courage to write to me in a straightforward way about her prospective marriage; but took this indirect plan to give me the information."

But the next moment he exonerated her from the suspicion. It was so unlike Carrie, who had always despised subterfuges of every kind. Perhaps some friend had thought he would be interested in the information which the paragraph afforded, and, of course, other persons besides Carrie used blue pencils.

Whoever might have sent the newspaper, however, the paragraph clearly showed that there must be some basis for the report that had reached Allan's ears, and it must be pretty far advanced to have become matter for public comment. His confidence was shaken, and all his effort in regard to Carrie, now, must be to exclude her image from his thoughts.

He went on with his duties steadily, but almost mechanically. Gloomy, dull, and with a gravity far beyond his years and alien to his natural disposition. His mental and spiritual life was dark and miserable. The authors who had supplied him with mental food before, were

now sterile. He could obtain from them nothing that would satisfy him. There was no system of philosophy that seemed to him trustworthy. His own experience contradicted the doctrines enunciated by the men whom he called his teachers. He wavered between the ideal pantheism of Von Hartman and the materialism of Haeckel. However, as he had so assiduously applied himself to the study of the natural sciences, and as idealism is so abstract and difficult of apprehension by the practical mind, he inclined most strongly to the materialistic hypothesis. Whatever the doctrines were which he accepted, they led him into hopelessness and despair. Von Hartman's *unconscious intelligence* was as good as no God at all, as far as making any practical use of it (it! what else could it be called?) in life, or gaining any help from it in moral endeavors, were concerned. When we call him a materialist, it is to be understood that he was affected in his thinking most powerfully by the naturalistic philosophy, and not that he was uninfluenced by other systems. How could a man of refined sensibilities ever fall into such a gross philosophy? Ask those men who are advocating this system to-day, for some of them are men of marked culture and refinement.

While conscious that the only theory of life which he could be said to hold was far inferior, in its power to comfort, to the doctrines of Christianity, he did not realize how barren it was until it was tested by a painful experience which came to him soon after the news of Carrie's defection.

The young people with whom he boarded were persons of earnest Christian character. They were the parents of a lovely little girl about eight years of age, who was the light of the household, and who was a special favorite with Leroy. One evening the child fell suddenly ill. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but the physician shook his head ominously, and gave little hope. As soon as Leroy was informed of his little favorite's sickness, he offered his assistance in ministering to her needs.

"Oh, Mr. Ransom, do stay with us in the room," the grief-stricken mother said, bursting into tears; "how can we bear to see our child suffering so, without help and sympathy?"

"Certainly I will stay, Mrs. Wallace," Leroy said. "Anything I can do for the dear girl I will do gladly. Poor little Lucy! It is very sad, but we will hope she will pull through."

During the earlier part of the night the little one tossed from side to side on her couch, consumed by the raging fever. Leroy watched most of the time by the bedside, fanning the livid face, and, at intervals, applying a little cold water to the parched lips; and as the parents were almost distracted with grief, so that they scarcely noted the passage of time, Leroy administered the medicines left in his care by the physician and did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the child.

But his heart was rent by many conflicting emotions, as he stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. Tears of sympathy would sometimes start to his eyes, as he saw her pain, and then indignant words would almost break from his lips, as he asked: Why should the child suffer so? What power controlled a world in which gentleness and innocence must bear such agony? Could that power be benevolent? Was it not, rather, blind caprice?

Toward midnight the child became more quiet, and for an hour slept peacefully. Hope began to revive in the hearts of those who kept vigil. But it was only the calm that precedes the storm. As morning approached, the fever rose again, and the child moaned with an agony of pain. In a few hours the anxious watchers saw, from the white lips, the pallid brow, and the fixed stare of the eye, that death had seized upon its victim. Leroy could scarcely bear to see the poor, struggling child. With pale, set lips he bent over the sufferer, and soothed her as best he could.

At length, after a brief interval of compara-

tive quiet, the little girl, as so often happens just before the final crisis arrives, recovered consciousness, and looking up into her mother's tear-stained face, she spoke in a feeble, faltering tone, catching her breath between the words:

"Why do—you cry—so—mamma? You often said—Jesus—loves—little children, and puts his hands on—them and blesses them. And if—I—die, won't I go to Jesus, mamma?"

In her distress the mother fell upon her knees before the bed and tried to pray. But her heart was closed, and the words she tried to speak would not come. God seemed to be hidden behind a cloud. Her husband, though his own grief was almost more than he could bear, tried to soothe her, but his own heart was too full, and he could only mingle his tears with hers.

Leroy looked on and was speechless. The mental suffering of the parents and the physical suffering of the child were a spectacle very painful to a sympathetic heart. Tears sprang to his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He bent over the dying child and laid his hand on her brow. She looked up at him lovingly.

"Don't you cry, Mr. Ransom," she said, feebly. "I am going—to Jesus—He loves me—and He loves you, too, Mr. Ransom—He will take me to the happy land." Her eyes closed again, and she sank into a stupor, breathing in short, fluttering gasps.

"Oh! Mr. Ransom," said the mother, "she is surely dying. Can nothing be done? My heart will break."

It was terrible to hear that agonizing appeal and have no words of consolation to give. Nothing could touch that mother's woe, but the assurance that she would meet her child again in the world beyond the grave. But that he could not give. He could hold out no hope, could offer no consolation. The mother's suffering was a pain for which his philosophy provided no alleviation.

"Believe me," he said at last, "I sympathize with you most deeply. It is heart-rending to see the poor little creature suffer and have no power to help her. We can do nothing more. I am afraid she is dying."

"O, Mr. Ransom, will you not pray? Even now God can save her. Do pray; I cannot pray while I am so agitated."

Pray! What a request to him. To whom could he pray? And yet he saw that prayer would soothe that agonized mother as nothing else could. In the presence of this crushing blow, faith only could give her fortitude. The feeblest, poorest, most illiterate Christian would have been more useful in that chamber of sorrow than he. Someone without any knowledge of philosophy, if he could only remind that mother that she and her child were in the hands of a loving Father, that the little plant she had reared so tenderly was only being transplanted into the Lord's garden, could have calmed that mental agony. But he, Leroy said to himself, he was of no use there. He looked at the mother in blank despair. He found his voice at last. "I cannot pray, my dear friend," he said. "I am not a Christian; but I will run for a minister, if you wish."

"Do, do, Mr. Ransom. Fetch our own minister, Mr. Philliput. I am sure he will come."

Leroy snatched up his hat and hurried off, and the first rays of the gray dawn saw the infidel running eagerly to summon a member of the profession he despised and ridiculed, to undertake a task which had proved too difficult for himself.

The minister was soon found, and Leroy told his errand. It pleased him to see the promptitude of the good old man in rising from his bed and dressing to go on this mission of consolation. Leroy had never thought that any circumstances could combine to make him glad to have a minister as his companion. Yet here was he rejoicing that he was taking back with him to that scene of suffering one of the despised profession and actually expecting benefit to come from the visit.

Mr. Philliput grasped the hands of both par-

ents as he stood and looked at the child now almost gone. "Let not your hearts be troubled," he said, softly. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Your little one is only going on before, my friends: her place is prepared for her. You will find her there when your time comes. You can trust Him with your child?"

The words came like a balm upon a painful wound. Leroy at once saw the soothing power of the words upon the parents. They were becoming calm and trustful under the pious man's tender ministrations. He even felt the tranquilizing influence himself. And he was compelled to admit that the preacher's philosophy—for what else can you call the grand system of Christian truth?—was of more practical utility than his own.

"And now," said the clergyman, "we will all stand by the bedside, and while you watch, we will pray."

Leroy never had heard a prayer of such tenderness, such pathos, and such congruity with the occasion. While a solemn stillness pervaded the room, broken only by an occasional sob from the parents, and the quick breathing of the child, the old clergyman lifted up his voice in devout supplication.

He prayed for the child's life, if it were possible for God, in His wisdom, to spare it. If this were not consistent with His will, the petition ascended in behalf of the stricken parents, that they might be submissive to a higher and better wisdom than their own; God, who had made all things, and knew all things, certainly understood what was for the good of the child and its parents better than they. He prayed that they might be helped to realize in their hearts that, if the child should be taken from its earthly home, she would be afforded a better shelter above; that she would be the gainer for exchanging worlds; would go from this sinful sphere to a painless and a tearless world. How well she would be cared for there, since Christ, the Good Shepherd, would gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

The minister ceased, and as he rose from his knees and stood with the others looking down on the little sufferer, a holier feeling filled all hearts. Even Leroy involuntarily became calmer, and the suffering he witnessed seemed to take a new phase. Whether the clergyman was right or not, it was less painful to think of that agony as the partition pang by which the child was passing from a lower to a higher life. It really seemed so, for when they were all listening intently at a pause in the fluttering breath, her eyes opened, a bright smile came upon her face, her lips formed the word "Jesus," and she was gone. They closed her eyes reverently, and as Leroy, with the others, kissed the unconscious lips, he saw that the smile still lingered there.

"The Lord comfort you, my bereaved friends," said the clergyman, in solemn benediction. "You can trust Him even when you cannot understand His ways. He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

"That is my only comfort now," said the weeping father.

And the mother, in the midst of her tears, with a smile that seemed to Leroy almost heavenly, added: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" And the words fell into Leroy's heart with a new meaning, though he had often heard them before, and thought them devoid of significance.

When, a few days later, he helped to lower the little casket into the grave, and heard the solemn words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he could not hush the interrogation in his soul: "Which is better, here and now, Atheism or Christianity?" He saw now, as he had never seen before, that his system of belief, or rather non-belief, was inadequate for the great emergencies of life; and could such a philosophy be true? Was it not incomplete, to say the least? What would he do with a scientific hypothesis which did not account for the

most important phenomena of nature? His philosophy, as a matter of fact, had been weighed in the balance and found wanting; but he was still not prepared to part with it.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CONVINCED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 7. John 20: 19-31. Golden Text: Verse 29.

Doors Closed through Fear—The Divine Salutation—The Sight of the Risen Lord—The Impartation of the Holy Ghost—The Disciples Commissioned Representatives of Christ—The Power of Absolution—The Character of Thomas—The Will as a Foundation of Unbelief—Thomas Reproved—Difference Between Faith and Superstition—Where Faith Looks.

It was the evening of the resurrection day. Although Mary Magdalene, Peter, John and some of the women had seen Jesus risen, although some of them had held Him by the feet and worshipped Him, yet fear so prevailed in their midst that the company of about one hundred and twenty (Luke 24: 33—Acts 1: 15) had closed doors for fear of the Jews. But such doors did not keep Jesus out; He came and stood in the midst—as near to Peter who had denied Him, as to John who lay on His heart at supper, and to one and all of them He said

"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

It was the ordinary salutation; but from such lips to such ears, how much it meant! It was the Prince of peace; it was He who had made peace through the blood of His cross, speaking as the Victor over death and sin—the very sin which then pressed upon their consciences—He spoke with Divine authority, "Peace, which I have purchased, peace which is Mine by right, I give unto you." And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side. Surely the prophet's words must have shone in vivid light into their minds and hearts, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53: 5).

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord;" they saw Him the Saviour, the Propitiation, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." O! what joy is like that joy when we first know Jesus as our own personal Saviour. Then Jesus repeated the words, but fraught with a new significance, "Peace be unto you; as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." He had said so much about them to His Father, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John 17: 18). But now, under the banner and the authority of His peace: allied with Him, one with Him, He gives them the commission, "As My Father hath sent me," as the express image of His Person (Heb. 1: 3) as His Message and Messenger, in His Name, so I send you as My image, as My message, as My messengers, to be instead of Me to a lost world; to do the works which I do (John 14: 12) to speak the words which I speak."

"And when He had said this, He breathed on them and said,

RECEIVE YE THE HOLY GHOST:

whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." By comparing Luke 24: 33-40, it is evident that the Apostles Luke and John are writing of one and the same occasion, it was the resurrection evening; there is the same salutation, "He showed unto them His hands and His feet (or side)." St. Luke mentions that the eleven were together and they that were with them;" St. John says, "the disciples," without mentioning names. From this we gather that these words just quoted, were spoken to the assembled company of the hundred and twenty disciples. Thus the gift of the Holy Ghost is to all who will believe and receive Him. Our Lord Himself says how much more is our heavenly Father ready to give the Holy Spirit

to them that ask Him than an earthly father to follow His parental instinct in giving good gifts unto his children (Luke 11: 13). Paul writes by inspiration to the Ephesians, "Be filled with the Spirit." By no other power can such a commission be carried out. Only God can do divine things, only Christ dwelling in us by the Holy Ghost can execute such a commission as is here given to His disciples. But O, how transcendently glorious is such a calling! No angel in heaven is honored thus. The aged apostle John takes up almost the very words when he says, "As He is, so are we in this world" (1 John 4: 17). As recipients of the Holy Ghost, we are God's witnesses and God's commissioners in the world to proclaim remission of sins through a crucified Redeemer. This is the commission given as we have seen, on the same occasion, by Christ to His disciples.

He opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem;" and then follows the promise of the Spirit. He had breathed on them, they had received the "earnest of the Spirit" (2 Cor. 1: 22) in their hearts, but the fullness of the Spirit was to be the gift of the ascended and glorified Jesus. But what means, then, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them"? Surely just as much, just as little, as that commission given first to Peter (Matt. 16: 19) and then to all the disciples (Matt. 18: 18), "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be

LOOSED IN HEAVEN,

followed immediately by the words, "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." It was as much as to say, With My Spirit and My presence you can declare as absolutely to a soul that his sins are forgiven, when you see he believes in Me, as though I were there visibly speaking in My own Person. The sins of the man who believes, and to whom you take the message of pardon in My name, are remitted unto him—he is loosed on earth and loose in heaven.

One of the disciples, Thomas, the man who always looked on the dark side, the man who said of Lazarus, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him" (John 11: 16), was not with the disciples when Jesus came; that breath of Jesus which had breathed the Holy Spirit into the other disciples had not been inhaled by Thomas; he was still breathing in and breathing out the world's atmosphere of rationalism and unbelief. The first impulse of the little company of believers, when he returned to them, was to tell him on all sides the wondrous glad tidings, "We have seen the Lord." A man who is unbelieving is generally a captious, contradictory kind of man. He was rejecting the testimony of nearly a hundred and twenty witnesses who had staked their all upon Jesus, and had left them all for Him. What motive could they have for deceiving him, and how could they, whose lives were in danger from their adherence to Him, be themselves easily deceived? He answered, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe—

"I WILL NOT."

This is at the bottom of very much unbelief, there is an unwillingness to be convinced. Perhaps Thomas was vexed with himself, that he, of all the disciples, should have been absent just at that critical moment. Faith springs from a true appreciation of God: unbelief comes from measuring God by ourselves, or by our most imperfect conceptions of Him, instead of by His own gracious revelation of Himself.

But O, how long-suffering is our Lord. If Thomas would not make the first advance, then the Lord he had injured would make it. After eight days the disciples were again within, and Thomas with them; the doors were shut, as before, but no door but that of unbelief can shut Jesus out. He came and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." "Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." Thomas was conquered. Abashed, ashamed, humbled, confused, he cried, "My Lord and my God." He had been untrue to Jesus, but Jesus was unchanged to him. But He uttered His rebuke, "Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou has believed, blessed are they that have not seen, and

YET HAVE BELIEVED."

Faith and superstition are diametrically opposed to one another. Faith ennobles a man, because it unites him to One who is so far greater than himself. Superstition, the blind credulity which believes what is against and opposed to reason, because some fellow-man influences him, degrades a man. Faith sets free, superstition enslaves. Thomas would not believe the testimony of his brethren, although it was in exact accord with the words which Jesus had again and again spoken: virtually he said, "The evidence of my senses is more to me than either your experience or the words of Christ." A man who lives a life of faith is one who counts on God's fulfilling His word in everything, however contrary it may be to his own past experience, or to the doctrine or experience of other men. Thus Abraham, when God promised him a son, when he was a hundred years old, "considered not his own body," "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Thus was Joseph in his bondage and imprisonment, ever lifted above the circumstances of trial in which he was placed; that which made him so unlike others, was that he and God were so at one that his heathen master and the keeper of his prison saw that "the Lord was with Joseph." Neither Abraham nor Joseph saw the fulfillment of the promise, while they still glorified God in the quiet, steady certainty that He could not fail them; they were blessed, for while they did not see, they yet did believe.

O, how many pray for the conversion of friends, and then watch them to see if it is coming about, instead of watching God to see how faithful He is. Unless they see, they will not believe He has undertaken it. Others pray God to fill them with the Holy Ghost, and then keep their eye on themselves to see whether they perceive any difference in themselves, and then get disheartened because they think God has failed them, while the very look within is hindering God from doing what they desire. We look out to receive a gift. O, how poor are our conceptions of our God, when we cannot trust Him out of our sight. John saw the world full of God. He says: "And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of His disciples, which are not written in this book, but these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through His name."

The Prophetic News and Israel's Watchman (London), edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, may be had from the office of this journal, 63 Bible House, New York, price, six cents, including postage. Annual subscription, seventy cents. The following articles among others are contained in the number for October:

Earthquakes in Divers Places.
The Bulgarian Crisis: A Sign of the Coming Great European War in 1887-88. By Rev. M. Baxter.
Russia's Predicted Invasion of Turkey. A Prophetic Exposition by Rev. Samuel Valentine Edwards.
An Outline of the Destiny of the Empire of Russia. By W. J. Ross, Esq.
Prophecy and the Balkans.
The Jews: their Past, Present and Future.—Part II. By the late Professor Gausson, Geneva.
Restoration of the Animal Creation. By the Rev. E. J. Hytche.
Condition of Believers at the Coming of the Lord. By H. Mey-mott.
Signs of the Coming Age. By J. P. Weethe.
Passing Events Viewed from a Prophetic Standpoint.
Bound volumes, containing the monthly numbers for 1884 and 1885 may be had, price \$1.



LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES
By F. F. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 44.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF REV. EDWARD WHITE AND MR. J. J. COLMAN, AND PICTURES OF NORWICH, ENGLAND.

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOOKS. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

RUSSIA'S PREDICTED INVASION OF TURKEY.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Revoked Proclamation—The Proposed Reform of Indian Administration—The Foreign Mails—Mormon Immigrants at Philadelphia—Dedication of the Gigantic Statue—A Railroad Holocaust—European Notes—A House Besieged—An Unexpected Legacy—A Disappointed Bridegroom—A Grave Expressed to California, etc. PICTURE OF AN ARAB CHIEF PROCLAIMING A JEHAH.

AN INCIDENT AT BETHABARA. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

An Indian Child-Bride—A Fountain in a Dungeon—A Christ-like Life—Street Preaching in India.

THE DESIRE OF THE HEART. By Rev. Sam Jones—Gems from New Books.

JIM OLARK'S WIDOW. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

PETER RESTORED. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Mr. J. J. COLMAN—Rev. E. WHITE, Chairman of Congregational Union—Pictures of Norwich, Eng.

THE REV. EDWARD WHITE,
Chairman of the British Congregational Union.
Parentage and Conversion—Begins his Ministry in Hereford—Removal to London—Growing Influence—His Reverence for the Word of God—Address as Chairman of the Congregational Union—His Sister, the Late Mrs. Ranyard.

THAT the highest honor at the disposal of the Congregationalists—the chairmanship of the Union—should have been bestowed on the Rev. Edward White caused much surprise in that and other denominations. Mr. White is known in London as a preacher of great ability, an earnest worker, and a man of profound learning and eloquence; but outside London he is chiefly known as the pronounced and unflinching advocate of what is known as the doctrine of conditional immortality. That is the doctrine that man is not immortal by nature, but that to those who, through Christ are saved, and made new creatures in Him, immortality is given, and only they will live throughout eternity. He believes and preaches that immortality is brought to light through the Gospel (II Tim. i : 10); that those who desire to live after death must seek for immortality, eternal life by patient continuance in well-doing (Rom. 2 : 7), and that the doom of the wicked and impenitent will be the second death, or annihilation. It need not be said that this is not the creed of the majority of Congregationalists here or in Great Britain, and the Congregational press was very explicit last year, when Mr. White was elected, in defining the attitude of the denomination, and in stating with much emphasis that the chairmanship was a tribute to Mr. White's abilities, earnestness in preaching Christ, and his commanding

POSITION IN THE DENOMINATION.

It was not a sign of acceptance of his views. It was a mark of the universal respect in which he is held by his brethren on account alike of his signal abilities, his unimpeachable moral character, his life-long sacrifice to conscience, and his abandonment of gain, repute, and good fellowship, for what has seemed to him truth and duty.

The Rev. Edward White is the pastor of the church assembling in Hawley Road, London. He is sixty-seven years of age, having been born at Lambeth, in the year 1819. He received his collegiate training at Glasgow University. He first commenced his pulpit services at Cardiff, and settled as minister of the old Congregational Church at Hereford, where he remained for ten years. His next and only other charge was at Hawley Road Chapel, and there Mr. White settled in 1852. Some years before this change—viz., about 1845—he first gave publicity to his views on conditional immortality, in connection with which he had to endure no little obloquy and ostracism, which he had strength of mind to submit to without great discouragement.

LITERARY WORK.

With immense labor and erudition Mr. White matured his views on the subject, and they were eventually given to the world in 1875, in a complete volume, entitled "Life in Christ," which went through three editions.

In 1868 Mr. White published "The Mystery of Growth," a volume of discourses, of which a second edition was brought out by Dickenson. In 1868 appeared "The Minor Moralities of Life," being the lighter papers written for the *Christian Spectator*, of which Mr. White was editor from 1859 to 1864. Three series of his lectures have also been published, one on "Certainty in Religion," a second on "Genesis the Third: History not Fable," and the third on "The Laws and Limits of Responsibility." There is in most of Mr. White's writings, combined with great originality of thought, a quaintness and raciness of style and a flavor of humor which make them very attractive and acceptable reading.

Mr. White was in 1884 appointed Professor of Homiletics at New College for three years, in succession to Rev. J. C. Harrison. The church of which he is pastor is in reality, if not nominally, a union church—that is, its members con-

sist of both Independents and Baptists, though, as a matter of fact, it has been identified with the Congregational Union, of which its pastor is this year the chairman.

One of the foremost aims of Mr. White in his ministerial sphere has been to lay hold of THE ARTISAN CLASS.

This is not a new aspiration on the part of the esteemed pastor of Hawley Road Chapel. Again and again during his ministerial career in London he has urged the question on public attention. Twenty years ago or more he was the means of bringing about a conference of ministers of religion and artisans at the London Coffee House, at which Dean Stanley and other eminent clergymen, as well as workmen leaders, were speakers. This, the first movement of the kind, was supported by the Rev. F. Denison Maurice and many eminent church laymen, and commanded much public attention at the time.

Mr. White has never lost sight of this great object in his ministrations. The Kentish-town district, in which his chapel is situated, is by no means genteel, and abounds in craftsmen engaged in piano and other important factories. They are particularly well looked after by the Secularists, who provide entertainments and lectures at their so-called workmen's clubs. Mr. White organized a

"HOME" FOR WORKINGMEN

soon after Moody and Sankey's recent visit. "The Alliance Club," which now numbers about one hundred and fifty members, has a dozen rooms suitably furnished, and an assembly-hall, which will accommodate about half as many more. Here are held mission services on Sunday evenings, and it is utilized for entertainments, lectures, instruction-classes, a penny bank, and by friendly societies during the week. At this club there is also a strong staff of Christian workers, who do their best, and with some success, to counteract the infidel teaching which is so rife in the neighborhood.

PRINCIPLES OF PREACHING.

From his first settlement in London as before in Hereford, Mr. White made the unfolding and exposition of the Bible the one prominent feature of his preaching, having a strong dislike to the practice of mere textual preaching—the practice of choosing a subject and preparing a sermon upon it, and then looking for a text in any part of the Bible that would suit it. That was not his idea of a minister's duty. He desired that his hearers should view the Bible as a whole, and give it at least as fair a treatment as they would another book. He urged on his brethren in the ministry and set them the example of simply preaching Christ in all the fulness and efficiency of His atoning sacrifice for man's redemption, and contended that the honest unfolding of the truths of Holy Scripture formed the best answer to any and all the forms of modern infidelity. That his early opinion of the value and preciousness of God's Word remains unmodified and unimpaired, his latest official utterances give ample and gratifying proof.

The handling of the Scriptures in the pulpit was the subject taken by Mr. White for HIS ADDRESS FROM THE CHAIR

of the Union, on October 20th, and in introducing it he invited the attention of his ministerial brethren especially to the organic unity of the Bible, and said: "Consisting of books, some of them the most ancient in the world, the rest due to an authorship extending over fourteen centuries, and written in several languages—each book when first written, whether historical, devotional, prophetic or doctrinal, as distinct in date and execution, and as independent a work as the histories of Thucydides, or the poems of Homer or Sophocles, and by no means composed as an assigned portion of a collection to be subsequently organized into a canon, or printed in a single convenient volume for the modern world—these writings, originating thus in widely distant ages and in so many and different authorships, do, nevertheless, when brought together, reveal a spiritual unity;

constitute a progressive but organic whole; agree during all these ages in setting forth One Living and Holy God, who is the same Almighty Lover of mankind and Lover of righteousness, the same inexorable foe of obstinate vice, crime, and sin alike under every dispensation; and manifestly record the slow development of one far-reaching purpose for reconciling men to God—for setting forth, throughout, one way to everlasting life, in the Christ of prophecy, the Christ of history, and the immortal ascended Christ of the Epistles and the Apocalypse." This unique phenomenon is only explained on the theory of a revelation inspired by one Infinite Spirit.

It may interest many of our readers to know that the late Mrs. Ranyard, better known as L. N. R., the founder of the Bible Women's Mission and originator of the *Missing Link* magazine, was the sister of Mr. White. She ceased from her labors on February 11th, 1879, and on January 8th, 1880, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published her portrait and the history of her life and labors for Christ.

JEREMIAH J. COLMAN, M.P.

AT several of the great meetings of the Congregational Union, held last month in the ancient city of Norwich, Mr. Colman, the Member of Parliament for that borough, presided. His portrait accompanies that of Mr. White on the first page. He is the son of James Colman, of Stoke Holy Cross, Norfolk.

Mr. Colman was born June 14th, 1830, and is therefore now fifty-six years old. Having received a first-class private education, he entered into business, and by his intelligence and perseverance laid, very early in life, the foundation of the *world-famed firm*, in which his brother and others are now partners, for the manufacture of starch and mustard; in fact, the firm seem to have nearly appropriated to themselves the mustard industry.

From his earliest youth he had the advantage of the watchful training and superintendence of his father, who, though not a member of the Society of Friends, was always in deep sympathy with them, and was a prominent member of the Peace Society, of which Norwich is a conspicuous centre. Local and national efforts for the suppression of the liquor traffic, or for the repeal of the taxes upon the food of the people, had always the help and countenance of the elder Colman.

It is, therefore, no wonder that his son, the subject of this sketch, should be one of the best-balanced minds in the House of Commons. The motto upon his crest, *Soon enough, if well enough*, would indicate that the wearer was a Conservative, but he is an ardent though independent Liberal, and a member of the Nonconformist community, having formerly been officially identified with St. Mary's Chapel, Norwich.

He first sat as Member of Parliament for Norwich in the year 1871, has represented that ancient constituency ever since, and at the recent election he was returned at the head of the poll. While the exercise of his philanthropy is judicious, his benefactions are universal. Cases of real need always secure his sagacious consideration and ample aid. His practical sympathy with evangelistic work in the Norfolk villages is proverbial.

THE SCENE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MEETINGS.

THE proceedings were inaugurated on Monday evening, October 11th, by a reception of delegates and friends in St. Andrew's Hall, nominally by the Mayor and Mrs. Gurney; but in consequence of ill-health the chief magistrate was unable to be present, and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., acted as host.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL

(an illustration of which is seen on our frontispiece) is the remains of what was once a vast Catholic cathedral, whose spacious and pillared

nave has been metamorphosed into a hall for civic entertainments and musical festivals, and whose chancel—separated now by an organ and a corridor from the nave, known as Blackfriars Hall, and forming a building itself larger than many an ordinary church—after serving long as a Dutch church, and then as a church for the Primitive Methodists, has this year been acquired by some gentlemen, and presented by them to the city for public uses. Associated with some famous scenes, and once the place of some of Jenny Lind's vocal triumphs, its walls are adorned with portraits of ex-mayors, and one of Admiral Lord Nelson—who was a Norwich man—and with other pictures, the value of some of which is fabulous. Among the notable guests were Rev. Dr. Noah Porter, the President of Yale College, the Recorder of Norwich, and several of the local clergy, including the Rev. Canons Ripley and Heaviside.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF NORWICH

were given by Mr. White in a vote of thanks to the Mayor for the kindness he had extended to his visitors. He said that the very name of the city of Norwich spoke of Saxon times, and the cathedral of the Norman conquest; while all around were memorials of the Roman Catholics, and of their persecutions. The Lollards' pit recalled those persecutions, and one of Mr. White's own ancestors, four hundred years ago, had been among the sufferers. He trusted there would be no more of the Inquisition in any form—an expression to which many responded with a fervent "Hear, hear." Looking still forward to the time of the Puritans, they found that Norwich has many noble recollections of their party, and many noble memorials of Nonconformity. Dr. Collinge worked there for many years, and in more recent times they met with names that will never die. There they met also with examples of Catholic Christians, among whom must be named Bishop Stanley, whose son, the late Dean Stanley, was an example to men of all types, and exerted an influence on the country that could never be forgotten. Such thoughts led Mr. White to the reflection that all good men are "exceedingly alike inside." He concluded with a respectful acknowledgment of the kindness shown by the Mayor to the visitors, and by invoking the blessing of God on the city.

LONDON STREET AND THE GUILDHALL form the subject of the larger picture in the lower portion of our front page. The Guildhall of Norwich is a very ancient building, and is now used as an Assize and Sessions Court, for Town Council and School Board meetings, and as a Police Station. Its outer walls are almost entirely of flint stone, and there are curious relics inside the structure, among which may be mentioned some furniture which was placed there in the reign of King Henry VIII.

A Dangerous Plaything was Found in the possession of a child in Chicago on August 23d. The coachman of a millionaire noticed that his employer's daughter, a child seven years old, was rolling something about on the grass, and he went to see what it was. To his horror he found it was a dynamite bomb. It was the ordinary gas-pipe arrangement of which so many specimens have been found of late. It was apparently of exceptional strength, and intended to accomplish no small work of destruction when used. It was fully two feet in length, and nearly or quite two inches in diameter. One end was securely sealed, while protruding from the other was a slow fuse, in which, secured close to the mouth of the tube, were three common lucifer matches. The gas-pipe was heavy, and was evidently well filled with explosives. Some miscreant had placed it near the house, and the child had found it, and not knowing its dangerous character, was using it as a toy. It was, of course, promptly taken from her, much to her vexation. Some of our losses may have arisen from a similar cause. God mercifully deprives His children of treasured possessions which imperil their safety (Ps. 119 : 75).

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Blotted Out with Blood.—Mr. Wilson observed at a recent meeting: "A little boy was asked what he meant by his sin being blotted out by the blood of Christ. 'Well,' he said, 'it just appears like this to me. God has a great big book, and in it He had written all the sins I had ever committed, and when I gave myself to Christ to keep forever, He walked up to that book and put His hand all flowing with blood right on the page where my sins were written, and drew it along, and when He took His hand off all my sins were covered, entirely blotted out, and hidden from every one by Jesus' blood.'"

In the Head and in the Heart.—"At the time of the Reformation, a minister of the Gospel was trying to impress upon the mind of a young student a certain doctrine in which he believed. On the following day, after a careful study of the Bible, the student came to the minister, and said: 'I have found that doctrine which you taught me here in the Bible.' 'I am glad of that, but have you received it here?' said the minister, placing his hand upon his heart. That question was the means of the student's awakening. He was not content with mere head-knowledge, but he searched deeper, until his heart was made right with God."

An Unfortunate Marriage.—Mr. McFarlane said: "At a 'free breakfast' one Sunday morning a wretched-looking woman was asked what painful circumstances had led her there to seek charity, and her answer was: 'Well, sir, I was just unfortunate in my marriage. I married a man who was given to drink, and now I am glad to come here to get a morsel of bread for my child and myself.' Instead of that woman saying that she was 'just unfortunate,' if she had been honest she would have said that her present misery was the result of her own sin, for she had kept company with and married an ungodly man, and now this is what she might have expected, for sin and sorrow go together. If such infatuated wrong-doers will only forsake their evil ways and turn to Jesus, they will save mistake and misery."

A French Lady's Blunder.—An Evangelist, speaking lately of God being no respecter of persons, tells the following: "A French lady of high rank was talking to a friend about a nephew, a duke in the court of Louis the Great. This noble led a very wicked and licentious life, and his aunt, after hearing of a number of misdeeds, or 'irregularities,' as they were then politely called, said: 'Yes, that is true; and if he were a common man he would have very little chance of heaven; but, depend upon it, God will think twice before He damns a man of his quality.' And, on another occasion, after having heard of a more than usual piece of wickedness, the same person said: 'That is very bad and totally unjustifiable, and deserves punishment both in this world and that which is to come; but,' and she comforted herself with this: 'God will surely never damn a duke and a peer of France.' The lady was mistaken, as many are in the present day who are so accustomed to deference on account of their wealth or rank that they expect that God will show similar regard to them" (Acts 10 : 34).

A Young Lady Abandons Dancing.—Mr. Campbell observed: "Not long ago I was living with a gentleman, and the young lady of the house asked me about the harm of worldly amusements. After we had discussed that matter for some time, she asked me if there was any great harm in dancing. I asked her if before going to a dance she could kneel and ask God's blessing on what she was about to do. She had not as yet fully come out for Christ, and these pleasures of the world were very dear to her. So I brought her face to face with the Master Himself, for I think it right to leave such inquirers to work out the details for themselves. I had given her a system on which to work, and that was all that was needed. The next morning when she came down to breakfast,

I saw by her appearance that she had not had much sleep, and when I was about to leave the room she followed me and said: 'Mr. Campbell, I have resolved to give up dancing; I thought I would just like to do so for Jesus.' 'Just a little love-gift for Him,' I said. 'Yes, just that,' she replied. She had taken her difficulty right to the Lord, and she had conquered."

Tidings of a Fortune.—Mr. Knox said: "A few days ago I was speaking to a man about his soul, and as I was urging him just to have faith in Christ, he interrupted me by saying: 'But how have I to know if I have the right kind of faith?' I said to him: 'If you met a man whom you knew very well, knew to be an honorable man, and one on whose word you could rely, and if he told you of a fortune which had been left you, or something else to your advantage, and told where you could go at once and get it, what would you do?' 'Go immediately and look after it.' 'Just because he told you?' 'Yes.' 'And you have no doubt of the truth?' 'No, because I knew the man and could believe him.' Then I said: 'You would believe and have faith in the message because of the speaker. You looked beyond the message to the sender and trusted him. Just do the same with Christ and His message; if you have doubts about the message—the invitation—you can have no doubt about the inviter, the Lord Jesus Himself.' Faith is not an end, but only a means to an end. Faith is the road, Christ Jesus the goal."

A Terrified Band of Thieves.—Mr. Calder said: "A few days ago a young friend of mine told me a little incident which proved to be the means of his conversion; for, he said, it gave him a strong faith in God which he previously lacked. A friend of his, a widow lady in Ireland, lived in a large mansion house alone. A band of thieves who had learned this resolved to find access to the house by night, and rob the lady of her possessions. They gained an entrance, and found their way to the kitchen first to get some food. There they took off their shoes that they might move about more quietly, but she heard them, and guessing at once what their intention was, and knowing that her only help was in God, she quietly crept to the kitchen and knelt, and being a Methodist, she cried aloud to God for help, so loud that she was overheard by the men. They looked at each other in blank astonishment, and thinking there must be a number of people in the house, they escaped as quickly as possible, and the lady was left in safety to return thanks to God for her speedy deliverance."

A Puzzle Made Plain.—Mr. J. Gilbert Forbes said: "A number of ministers met at the house of an aged pastor to discuss how they could obey the Lord's command, when He says: 'Pray without ceasing.' This verse was a perfect puzzle to them. They could not see how it was possible to pray forever, never stopping; and, at last, after much consultation and discussion, they were obliged to go away as perplexed as when they had come. This aged minister at whose house they had met had a servant who had been with him for many years, a most sincere Christian, who lived very near to God. She had overheard the debate, and after the ministers were gone asked her employer what conclusion they had reached. 'No conclusion, Mary,' said the clergyman; 'it is not possible to pray literally without ceasing.' 'That is strange,' said the domestic, 'when I do it every day.' 'How?' asked the minister. 'When I awake in the morning,' answered the servant, 'my first thought is of Jesus and His love to me, and I ask Him to awake in me a new and purer love for Him. When I go down to the kitchen to kindle the fire I pray God to kindle in my heart a new love for my fellow-creatures, that I may be able to love them even as I love myself. When I sweep the floor I ask the Lord to sweep my heart clear of all uncleanness, to wash it and make it whiter than snow; and so while doing my work I pray to the Lord, and it does not keep me from my work, but makes me do it the better.'"

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Oct. 31, 1886.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—ROM. 12: 11.

Religion an Aid to Industry—Three Groups of Workers—Business as a Discipline—I. In Energy—The Effect of the Training—God's Object in it—The Unemployed Talent in the Church—A Consecrated Welshman—II. A School of Patience—Trials that Test the Mettle—Breaking or Toughening—III. A School of Knowledge—The Sapsea System—IV. A School of Integrity—The Tested Christian Trader—A Message on a Bank Bill—Business Men Entitled to Sympathy—Quit Fretting—A Testimony at a Prayer-Meeting.

INDUSTRY, devotedness, Christian service are all recommended in this one short text. What, is it possible to conjoin them? Oh, yes! There is no war between religion and business, between Bibles and ledgers, between churches and counting houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into all the wheels of hard work. To the judgment it gives more skilful balancing; to the will more strength; to industry more muscle; to enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You cannot show me a man whose business prospects have in any wise been despoiled by his religion.

GROUPS OF WORKERS.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as take the corn and change it into food, or the wool and flax and change them into apparel. Traders, who make a profit out of the transfer and exchange of that which is produced or manufactured. Now, a business man may belong to one of these classes, or he may belong to all of them. Whatever be your avocation, if you plan, calculate, bargain; if into your life there come annoyances, vexations, and disappointments as well as gains, dividends, and percentages; if you are harassed with a multiplicity of engagements; in a word, if you are driven from Monday morning to Saturday night, and from January to January, with relentless obligation and duty, then you are a business man or a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are apt to speak of the moil and tug of business life as though it were an inquisition or a prison into which a man is thrown, or an unequal strife where, half armed, he goes to contend. Hear me this morning, while I try to show you that God intended business life to be a glorious

EDUCATION AND DISCIPLINE;

and if I shall be successful in what I want to say, I shall rub the wrinkles out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

I. I have first to remark, that God intended business life to be to you a *school of Christian energy*. God started us in the world, giving us a certain amount of raw material out of which we were to hew our own character. Every faculty needs to be reset, rounded, sharpened up. After our young people have graduated from the schools, and colleges, and universities, they need a higher education, that which the collision and rasping of every-day life alone can effect. Energy of soul is wrought out only in the fire. And when a man for ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years has been going through business activities, his energy can no longer be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. It can scale any height. It can plummet any depth. It can thrash any obstacle.

Now, do you suppose that God has spent all this education on you for the purpose of making you a more successful worldling, of enabling you to more rapidly accumulate dollars, making you sharp in a trade? Did God make you merely to be a yard-stick to measure cloths, or a steel-yard to weigh flour? And did He intend you to

spend your life in doing nothing but to chaffer and higgler? My friend, He has put you in this school to develop your energy for His cause and kingdom. There is enough

UNEMPLOYED TALENT

in the churches and in the world to-day to reform all empires, and all kingdoms and people, in three weeks. Oh, how much idleness amid strong muscles and stout hearts! How many deep streams that turn no mill-wheels and haul on the bands of no factory! God demands that He have the best lamb out of every flock, the richest sheaf in every harvest, the best men of every generation; and in a cause where the Newtons, and the Lockes, and the Mansfields of the earth were proud to enlist, you and I need not be ashamed to toil. Oh, for fewer idlers and for more consecrated Christian workers!

Dr. Duff visited a man in South Wales, who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself: 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

II. Again, God intended business life to be to you

A SCHOOL OF PATIENCE.

How many little things there are in one day's engagements to perturb, and annoy, and disquiet you! Bargains will rub, and men will break their engagements. Collecting agents will come back empty handed. Tricksters in business will play upon what they call the "hard times," when in any times they never pay. Goods placed on the wrong shelf. Cash books and money drawer in a quarrel. Goods ordered for an especial emergency failing to come, or, if coming, damaged in the transportation. People who intend no harm going about shopping, unrolling goods they do not mean to buy, and trying to break the dozen. Men obliged to take up other people's notes. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More bad debts. Another ridiculous panic. Under all this friction men break down, or they are scoured up into additional brightness. How many you and I have known who, in the past few years, have gone down under the pressure, and have become petulant, and choleric, and crabbed, and sour, and pugnacious, until customers forsook their stores, and these merchants have become insolvent, and their names were pronounced with detestation!

But other men have found in this a school for patience. They toughened under the exposure. They were like rocks, more serviceable for the blasting. There was a time when they had to choke down their wrath. There was a time when they had to bite their lip. There was a time when they thought of a stinging retort they would like to utter. But now they have conquered their impatience. They have kind words for sarcastic flings. They have a polite behavior for discourteous customers. They have forbearance for unfortunate debtors. They have moral reflections for the sudden reverses of fortune. How are you going to get that grace of patience? Not through hearing ministers preach about it. Oh, no! If you get it at all, you will get it in the world, where you sell hats, and plead causes, and tin roofs, and make shoes, and turn banisters, and plough corn. I pray

God that through the turmoil, and sweat, and exasperation of your every-day life, you may hear the voice of Christ saying to you: "If patience possess your soul, let patience have a perfect work."

III. Again, God intended business life to be to you

A SCHOOL OF KNOWLEDGE.

Merchants do not read many books, nor study many lexicons, nor dive into great profounds, yet through the force of circumstances they get intelligent on questions of politics, and finance, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a hard schoolmistress. If her pupils will not learn in any other way, with unmerciful hand she smites them on the head and on the heart with inexorable loss. You went into some business enterprise, and five thousand dollars got out of your grasp. You say the five thousand dollars were wasted. Oh, no! that was only tuition. Expensive schooling, but it was worth it. Misfortune, with hard hand, comes upon a man and wakes him up, and by the very force of circumstances business men get to be intelligent.

Traders in grains must know about foreign harvests. Traders in fruit must know about the prospects of tropical production. Manufacturers of American goods must know about the tariff on imported articles. Publishers of books must know the new law of copyright. Owners of ships come to understand winds, and shoals, and navigation. And so every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas becomes literature to our business men. Now, what is the use of all this intelligence unless you

GIVE IT TO CHRIST?

Do you suppose God gives you these opportunities of brightening up your intellect and of increasing your knowledge merely to get larger treasures and grander business? Oh, no! Can it be that you have been learning about foreign lands and people that dwell under other skies, and yet have no missionary spirit? Can it be that you have been learning the follies, and trickeries, and hollowness of the business world, and yet you are not trying to bring to bear upon them this gospel which is to correct all abuses, and abolish all ignorance, and correct all mistakes, and arrest all crime, and irradiate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness? Can it be that, notwithstanding your acquaintance with the intricacies of business, you are ignorant of those things which will last the soul long after bills of exchange, and commissions, and invoices, and consignments, and rent-rolls have crumpled up and consumed in the fires of a judgment day?

IV. Again, God intended business life to be to you

A SCHOOL OF INTEGRITY.

No age of the world ever offered so many inducements for scoundrelism as are offered now. There is hardly a statute on the law books that has not some back door through which miscreants can escape. How many deceptions in the fabric of goods! Commercial life plies the land with trickeries innumerable, and there are so many people in Brooklyn and New York who live a life of plunder, that when a man proposes a straightforward, honest business, it is almost charged to greenness and want of tact. Ah! my brethren, this ought not to be. But I have to tell you that it requires more grace to be honest now than it did in the days of our fathers, when business was plain, and there were no stock-gamblers, and woollen was woollen, and silk was silk, and men were men.

How rare it is that you find a man who can from his heart say: "I

NEVER CHEATED IN TRADE.

I never overestimated the value of goods when I was selling them. I never covered up a defect in a fabric. I never played upon the ignorance of a customer, and in all my estate there is not one dishonest farthing." There are those who can say it. They never let their integrity bow or cringe to present advantage.

They are as pure and Christian to-day as on the day when they sold their first tierce of rice or their first firkin of butter. There were times when they could have robbed a partner, when they could have absconded with the funds of a bank, when they could have sprung a snap judgment, when they could have borrowed illicitly, when they could have made a false assignment, when they could have ruined a neighbor for the purpose of picking up some of the fragments; but they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire.

Now they can pray without being haunted with the chink of dishonest gold. Now they can read the Bible without thinking of the day when, with a lie on their soul, they kissed the book in a custom-house. Now they can look into the laughing faces of their children without thinking of orphans left by them penniless and houseless. Now they can think of death without having their knees knock together, and their hearts sink, and their teeth chatter, because there is a judgment where all defrauders, and jockeys, and tricksters, and charlatans shall be doubly damned. Now they can read in the Bible without flinching: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool."

Alas! if any of you, for the purpose of getting out of temporary embarrassment,

DARE TO SELL YOUR SOUL,

or any portion of it. You may wake up in the midst of embarrassment, and say: "No one is looking. This transaction may be a little out of the way, but it is only once, only once." On that one occasion you not only wreck your spiritual nature but you despoil your business prospects. You put one dishonest dollar in an estate, but it will not stand. You may take a dishonest dollar and put it down in the very depths of the earth, and you may roll on the top of it rocks and mountains, and on the top of those rocks and mountains you may put all the banks and moneyed institutions, piling them up heaven high; but that one dishonest dollar down in the depths of the earth will begin to rock, and heave, and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. You cannot hide a dishonest dollar.

A MESSAGE ON A BANK-NOTE.

A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank of England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After a while the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

In the review of this subject there are two or three things I want to say, and the first is, let us have a larger

SYMPATHY FOR BUSINESS MEN.

I think it is a shame that in our pulpits we do not oftener preach on this subject, and show that we appreciate the sorrows, and struggles, and temptations, and trials of every-day life. Men who toil with the hand are very apt to be suspicious of those who move in the world of traffic, and think that they get their money idly, and that they give no equivalent. Men who raise the corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats are very apt to think that grain merchants get easy profits. The hand is very apt to be jealous of the brain. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to

all kinds of merchandise, that they said commerce was the curse of the earth, and they recommended that cities should never be built any nearer the sea-coast than ten miles. But we have become wiser than that, and you know that there are no harder workers than those who plan and calculate in stores, and banks, and counting-houses. What though their apparel be neat, what though their manners be refined, do not put them down as idlers. They carry loads heavier than a hod of bricks, they go into exposures keener than the cutting of the east wind, they scale mountains higher than the Alps and Himalayas, and maintaining their Christian integrity, Christ will at the last accost them, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I also enjoin you to

QUIT ALL FRETFULNESS

about business matters. Is there not something in your own household that you would not give up for the worldly success other men have? Besides that, if these trials lifted you up you ought to bless God for the whip of discipline. The larger the note you have to pay, the greater the uncertainty of business life, the better for your soul, if Jesus Christ leads you triumphantly through. How do I know? I know it by this principle—that the hotter the furnace, the better the refining. There have been thousands of men who have gone through the same path you are now going through with an aching heart. There are multitudes before the throne of God who were lashed with cares and anxieties innumerable, and were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were ejected, they were imprisoned for debt, they were maltreated, they were throttled by constables with whole packs of writs, they were sold out by sheriffs, they had to confess judgments, they had to compromise with creditors, and their last hour on earth was disturbed by the fact that their door-bell was rung loudly and angrily by the hand of some impetuous creditor, who was surprised that that sick man should be so impertinent and outrageous as to die before he had paid him the last three shillings and sixpence. Oh, how men are tossed and driven!

I had a friend who went from one anxiety to another; a good and great heart he had, but everything he put his hand to seemed to fail. Misfortunes clustered around, and after awhile I heard he was dead; and the first word I said was: "Good, he has got rid of the sheriffs!" There is a great multitude of business men who on earth had it hard, but, by the grace of God, they stand triumphant in heaven; and when the question is asked of them: "Who are they?" the angels of God, standing on seas of glass, will cry out: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." A man arose in Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was

IN BUSINESS TROUBLE.

I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me: 'Why, I am so glad to see you; walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore, not having your address, we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.' And the man standing in Fulton Street prayer-meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are an infidel. God answered that man's prayer.

Once more, I want you to

SEEK BUSINESS GRACE.

Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, may do very well for awhile; but there will come a time when the ground will slip from

under your feet, and the world will frown, and the devils will set after your soul, and you will want more than this world can give you. You will want the eternal rock to stand on. For the lack of that grace, you have known men to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and you have seen their names bulletined among scoundrels, and spit upon, and blistered by scorn, and ground to powder. They not only lost their property, but their souls were mauled, and putrefied, and blasted for eternity. You could count up scores of such persons, while there are others who, tossed on the same sea, sustained by the grace of God, have all the time kept their eye on the light-house. Men coming out of that man's store say: "If there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Stern integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the future world flashed through the show-windows. Wrath never stamped that floor, nor did sly dishonesty cover up imperfections in goods. Love to God and love to men were the principles that ruled in the store of that Christian trader.

Some day the shutters are not let down from the store window, and the bars are not taken from the door. Men pass along, and stop, and stare, and go up to read a card on the door which announces: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day it is told in commercial circles how that good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain. He has suffered his last loss. He has ached with his last fatigue. The results of his Christian industry will bless his children after he is dead, and bequests to the kingdom of God will gather many sons into glory. Everlasting rewards in place of business discipline. There, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A PARISIAN SUICIDE ARRESTED.

REV. R. W. MCALL, the director of the Paris missions, writes in the current number of the *American McAll Record*:

The minister in charge of one of the missions in Paris recently received the following letter: "You asked last night: 'Are there not some here who wish to return thanks to God for mercies received?' Dear minister of the Gospel, out of gratitude for the grace God has given me, thanks to your earnest words in the mission-room, I make this acknowledgment." The writer goes on to describe her past careless and unhappy life. So far had she gone in neglect of all religion that she had become a solitary being without hope in the world. At last, wearied of existence, she left her poor lodging resolved to put an end to her own life. It was a bleak evening, the rain fell in torrents, and she was driven to seek shelter. Observing a large doorway open, with light gleaming from within, she entered. The place was wholly strange to her, and all she heard spoken there came to her as a new discovery. The text was: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As the result of the simple presentation of the Saviour's love, she abandoned her dark purpose, became a regular attendant of the meeting, entered into conversation with our colleague, and in the end obtained peace in believing. These are her own expressions translated from her letter: "Can I ever forget your words, 'God is infinitely good, always ready to forgive the sinner, however great and numerous the sins may be!' I prayed when you prayed at the close of the meeting—I who had never prayed before. Returned to my lodging, I fell on my knees, and asked and received God's pardoning mercy."

Thy Healer: God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

AN INDIAN CHILD BRIDE.

In a letter to the *Missionary Link* from Miss Lathrop, who is laboring for Christ in Allahabad, India, she says:

Now I must tell you of a very sad thing among the very highest "Kulin Brahmins." We are teaching a family of lovely girls in the zenana of one of them. The father was the terror of his children always, and especially so since the death of his much-suffering wife a year ago. Within the past few months there has been talk of marrying the eldest girl, and she, in common with her sisters and other female relatives, hoped the bridegroom was to be a youth whom her mother had said she would like her to marry. Before the holidays no one knew that arrangements were actually being made, and so imagine the surprise and sorrow of our teacher when she went to the zenana this week and was met with the announcement that the girl was married and had gone away.

With grief and indignation they told her that nothing was said to them until one morning early they were all roused by the father and told to perform a ceremony which takes place three days before marriage. In vain they protested, and at last had to carry out his orders. By that morning's train the bridegroom came, a man nearly fifty years old, of whom not one of them knew anything. The father had heard of him through a friend. Three days later this bright, pretty child of twelve years was married, and the fourth day taken to his home beyond Calcutta, where he already had one wife, for Kulin Brahmins often have many wives. What can one think of such a parent? I am indignant all the time over it.

There are so many abuses in this land that one is powerless to remedy, and most of them practised on *women*, that I feel sometimes that I cannot endure it. I am thankful still to be here and do what I can to bring a ray of brightness into dark lives.

THE PERILS OF STREET PREACHING IN INDIA.

THE heroism demanded of earnest men in India, in spite of British rule in that country, is graphically described in a letter published in the *Indian Witness*, by Mr. B. Peters, an Hindoo gentleman who has been converted to Christianity, and is now zealously laboring for the Saviour in Bangalore. He says:

As usual, I and other brethren, in company with a Mohammedan convert who has been recently baptized by me, finished our evening open-air preaching, two weeks ago, and were returning home, when a mob of between two and three hundred Mohammedans shouted "Kaffir! Kaffir!" and followed hard upon us, pelting us with cowdung, stones, pieces of sugar-cane, bricks, and slippers, for a short distance. Then they took to striking us with sticks, the new convert receiving the severest strokes. One of our company, Brother Paul Davarajloo, was hit hard under the ear with a man's fist. Meanwhile the thought occurred to some of our assailants to send a party round by a lane, to meet us in front, thus surprising us by a side attack and stopping our advance. A native Christian official heard them advising this, and at once, with his sons and a son-in-law, ran to where we were and conducted us to the house of an East Indian gentleman, Mr. David, and in doing so they suffered the violence of the mob with us. When we had taken shelter, the house was mobbed and would certainly have been broken into had it not been for a few bold Christians who guarded the door at the risk of their lives.

We could not obtain any relief or protection from the police, although there were eight Mohammedan constables at a few yards' distance, quite indifferent to what was taking place. The Christian gentleman above referred to, finding the mob becoming more furious, greater in number, and bent on mischief, wrote to the police inspector and obtained relief consisting of a few police constables, who with difficulty escorted us safely home. When we lodged a complaint with the police, all the satis-

faction we obtained was simply to be told not to preach in our usual place, but to choose another spot.

Thank God, we are not dismayed nor frightened; but by the help of God we still continue to preach the Gospel, and we mean to fight the devil and storm the fort, and win souls for Christ until we are summoned to lay down our arms, and enter on our glorious reward, and enjoy our pension, in our King Immanuel's land.

A FOUNTAIN IN A DUNGEON.

IN the course of an exposition Mr. C. H. Spurgeon uses the following illustration: The dungeon of the Mamertine, where a probable tradition declares that Paul was for a while confined, is entered through a round hole in the floor of another dungeon above. The uppermost apartment is dark enough, but the lower one is darkness itself, so that the apostle's imprisonment was of the severest kind. We noticed, however, a strange fact: in the hard floor there is a beautiful fountain of clear crystal water, which doubtless was as fresh in Paul's day as it is now; of course the Papists believe the fountain to be miraculous; we, who are not so credulous of traditions, rather see in it a symbol full of instruction: there never was a dungeon for God's servants which was without its well of consolation.

A CHRIST-LIKE LIFE.

THE following testimony to the beneficent life of Dr. Grant, the first medical missionary to labor in Persia, is given by one of his associates to Dr. Dowkontt's *Medical Missionary Record*:

One of the most noted men in Asia Minor has passed away. He pursued his course in the medical department with such quiet zeal, exhaustless patience, and consummate skill, that he attained an eminence reached by comparatively few in his profession. The almost unprecedented number of surgical operations have given him celebrity, not only in the East, but also in Europe and America. The blind eyes he has opened are past counting; the crippled, the deformed, the sick from various diseases, who have been relieved by him, if all assembled, would make a great host. Much the larger portion of these cases were attended without pay, and all his earnings from patients able to pay were turned over to the treasury of the American Board. He received personally nothing but his regular salary; yet many a case which he has attended would, in America, have brought him hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars. Wherever he went, the diseased, the lame, the halt, the blind thronged him. It reminded one of the multitude following our Saviour; and the natives remarked: "*He is like Jesus!*" Pashas and great men would humble themselves to secure the help of this plain, unpretending physician.

Dr. Grant found that his medical practice gave him *twenty times as much intercourse* with the Mohammedans as the clerical missionary sent out expressly to them. Having prescribed for the Governor of Tabriz, the way was prepared for his favorable reception when the mission was established at Oroomiah; and on another occasion his medical aid to a powerful Kurdish chief no doubt *saved his own life*. And the fact is notable that the two missionary stations in Western Asia, where the foundations were laid by missionary physicians, Aintab and Oroomiah, have been among the most successful.

SPLIT GREENBACKS.

A DEXTEROUS swindler is engaged in a fraudulent operation requiring remarkable skill and ingenuity. The *Baltimore Sun* states that last week a somewhat worn ten-dollar bill was presented at the sub-treasury in that city with a request for change, which was given. When the note was examined afterward it was discovered that while one side of it was good, the other was a well-executed counterfeit of the original. It was found that a genuine ten-dollar

bill had been split, the face being separated from the back, a seemingly impossible undertaking. The original face, with a counterfeit back, had been used, and it is quite likely that the genuine back with a counterfeit face had been passed in some other quarter. As an official of the treasury points out, this system of manipulating paper money is one of the most dangerous forms of swindling ever attempted. One or more genuine "fronts" mixed with several whole notes would be liable to deceive expert bank tellers. The face bearing undoubted proof of genuineness, very few would be apt to examine the backs of all the notes, unless something in the feel of the paper might arouse suspicion. Then, should any one, especially if not so expert as a bank teller, happen to strike the counterfeit side and have his doubts about the note, a glance at the other side would possibly set at rest all questions. Latterly society has been afflicted with a class of men whose character resembles these notes; they have two sides, one of which is shown to the Church, and the other to the world. With them, however, it is always the Church side that is counterfeit; and though it often imposes upon the Church, the day is coming when the fraud will be exposed (Ezek. 33:31).

THE DESIRE OF THE HEART.

By Rev. Sam Jones.

(From a Sermon preached at Toronto.)

The Mother's Wish—The Pastor's Wish—When a Mean Man is Miserable—Non-Sectarian People—Losing the Church—Obedient Horses—Mr. Beecher's Hired Horse—A Horse that will not Pull a Plough—How to Tell a Dog's Owner.

I AM going to speak to you about a very broad promise which you will find in the thirty-seventh Psalm, fifth verse: "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." I suppose every person here, every earnest, true Christian, certainly has

SOME SUPREME WISH,

some supreme desire. I suppose that some good Christian mother here would say: "My supreme desire is to see my children safe in the arms of Jesus." Well, now, sister, listen: "He will bring it to pass." That is, all your loved ones shall be brought into the fold of Christ. Another says: "My supreme desire is to get more religion myself; the Lord knows I never had enough. O God, make my life more like the best of Thy servants, and more like Christ." Haven't you said it? God says if this is your supreme desire He will bring it to pass. Another says: "My desire is to see my church"—the pastor says: this—"made better." And, brethren, I believe it is laudable and scriptural for a pastor to be careful about his own church. I love to see a pastor stand by his people. It is right to want a good revival in your own church. It is right for you to want your own people to be the best in town. But I'll tell you what I dislike. I dislike to see a preacher happy when he has a big meeting and miserable when the brother round the corner is having a good time. You don't see that in Toronto, but if you were over in the States I'd show it to you occasionally. It takes more religion right on that point than at almost any other point in the pastor's life. I believe it takes more religion to sit still and see another fellow do a thing you wanted to do and couldn't, than to do anything else under the sun. I believe that.

A man who has got no religion at all,

HE IS NOT SECTARIAN.

If he's got a great deal he's not sectarian; but if he's just got enough religion to make him sectarian he's the most despicable man I ever saw on earth. I despise a man that's clever (used in the American sense of liberal, generous) in everything but religion, and he's as mean as a dog in that. It's meet and right for pastors to want their churches to do well. If I was colonel in a regiment in the army I would want my soldiers to do as much as any regiment in the army for my country. So, as a pastor, the captain of one of God's regiments, I want my

church to get in the front of the battle. I want them to die with their faces to the enemy. But there is a sense in which we can unite—

WE MAY LOSE OUR IDENTITY.

There were such thick, hard-fought battles during the last war between the United States that companies got scattered from their regiments, and regiments from their divisions, and the battle was getting hotter and stronger; and when the victory was won, every man was inquiring where his regiment was. Good Lord, make us so earnest in fighting the devil and sin that we will forget which our church is. And when the battle is over we will all be inquiring for our churches. If we want to see our churches built up, that is laudable, and God says He will bring it to pass.

"Commit thy way to the Lord." I walk down to a livery stable this afternoon and I say, I want a horse and buggy. The horse is hitched and driven to the front door, and the livery man places the lines in my hands. The moment he does so, he commits the horse to me. The horse don't want to go anywhere in particular, but he will go where I want him to go. I sit in the buggy. When I chink to him he starts. If I pull on the right line, he turns to the right; if I pull on the left line, he turns to the left; if I check him up straight, he goes ahead; when I clap him with the lines he strikes a trot, and when I say "whoa," he stops. Now, that horse does what I want him to do. He is committed to my hand. Commit yourself to God; give the lines of your life into His hands; when He pulls on the right line, turn to the right; when He pulls on the left line, turn to the left. If the Lord wants you to go faster and slaps you with the lines of His Providence,

STRIKE A TROT;

if He says, "Whoa," stop. That is exactly what "commit" means. One old woman got mad because I compared folks to horses. I thought the horses might get mad, but never thought the folks would. I didn't, as true as you live. You know once they brought a horse to Mr. Beecher to go out on dress parade. Mr. Beecher asked if he was steady. The man said: "He's afraid of nothing, and he'll do just whatever you want him to." Mr. Beecher said: "I wish I had one such member in my church, who was afraid of nothing and would do whatever work I gave him." How would you like to have a church full of that kind? You have got few of that kind of horses, perhaps, and that reminds me of another kind of horse. Have you seen a horse that would not work except to one of these light skeleton buggies? They go with that like the wind, as we sometimes say. He moves grandly, with his head up, a magnificent animal, muscular and well formed. Hitch him to a wagon or a plough, and he won't pull at all, just prances around. Now, haven't some of these Sunday morning,

ELEVEN O'CLOCK CHRISTIANS,

put you in mind of this skeleton buggy horse, as they come into service all dressed up so grand, got up for dress parade, and having a magnificent time? But if you want to hitch them up to prayer-meeting or family prayer, they wouldn't pull at it a bit, not to save your life. And some of you remind me of the typical Georgia mule that the darkey brings into town. I have often seen the darkey come into town with his buggy without a dashboard, the seat all torn to pieces, and he sitting up there in magnificent style. He starts out of town driving his mule, and when he gets to the forks of the road he wants to go and tell his kinspeople good-by, and the mule wants to go the other way, and the old darkey begins to pull him round and round. I have seen the mule's head turned the way his master wants him to go, but his body the other way.

I tell people sometimes that if I see a dog going along the street following two men riding on horseback, I can't

TELL WHOSE DOG IT IS

to save my life. But I go up here to the forks of the road, where one man takes one course

and another takes another. I can tell whose dog he is, because he will follow his master. Stand on some of these corners where one way leads to the theatre and one to the prayer-meeting. You can't tell where that man is going, but if you stand at the forks of the street you can tell. If you are going along and you take the road to the theatre you are the devil's dog, and you needn't say anything more about it. That is my candid judgment.

RUSSIA'S PREDICTED INVASION OF TURKEY.

By Rev. Samuel Valentine Edwards.

A Terrible War Impending—The Future Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy—The Progress of Antichrist—His Earlier Attitude toward Israel—God's Vengeance on the Great Northern Power—Perfect Deliverance Achieved for Israel.

It is clear, from a comparison of the present aspect of the world with the prophetic Scriptures, that Daniel's predicted "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time" (Dan. 12 : 1; Matt. 24 : 21), is now about to commence throughout the earth. Prophecy leads us to expect, not only a terrible war between Russia and Turkey, but also yet again between Germany and France, in which (however unlikely it may appear) France must triumph, and re-annex Alsace, Lorraine, and all the left bank of the Rhine to its territories. And this will lead to the formation of the Confederacy of ten kingdoms of the Roman Empire—five in the West, probably Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Austria; and five in the East, apparently Greece, Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and the north-eastern coast of Africa—as represented by the ten-horned wild beast of Daniel 7, and the ten-toed human image foreshown to Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. 2).

After the distinct and unmistakable appearance of these ten kingdoms with ten sovereigns reigning over them—the ten horns of Daniel 7—there will arise an eleventh little horn, or sovereign, who will be

A NAPOLEON,

and ultimately develop into the character of the last great Antichrist. He will, at the outset of his career, arise as the sovereign of an eleventh small kingdom, within the boundaries of the Roman world (probably in the neighborhood of Greece), and will presently overthrow three of the ten kingdoms, and, by degrees, rise to the attainment of "power over all nations and kindreds and tongues, and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him" during the final three and a half years of this dispensation (Rev. 13 : 5-7).

That this great Antichrist will be some Napoleon appears from the fact that the Napoleon dynasty, being the seventh dynastic headship of the Roman Empire, is predicted in Rev. 13 : 3 to have the deadly wound, inflicted upon it by the sword of war at Waterloo and again at Sedan, ultimately healed, so that "all the world shall wonder," when they shall behold the Napoleon empire, "that was, and is not, and yet is" (Rev. 17 : 8).

But before the great Antichrist commences his persecuting career for three and a half years in that character, Christ will come in the air (1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17) and raise His deceased saints, and remove them with His waiting people then living on the earth, to meet Him in the atmospheric heavens.

This personal Antichrist, the last secular head of the Roman Empire (Daniel's fourth kingdom), divided into ten kingdoms—the man of sin, the son of perdition—is the little horn who shall speak blasphemous words against God, and shall sit in the temple of God, and require all men to worship him and his image (II Thess. 2; Rev. 13). Though for the first half of the covenant week of seven years, he will be friendly to Israel, allowing

THE TEMPLE TO BE BUILT

at Jerusalem, and the Jewish sacrifices to be offered, and the Jewish ceremonial worship to be carried out; he will, nevertheless, turn

against them when the Jews refuse to worship his image, the idol of desolation set up by the false prophet in the holy place, he will break his seven years' covenant (Dan. 9 : 27) previously made with them, and become their persecutor for the last 1260 days of the present dispensation. He will then besiege and take their city Jerusalem, with his armies gathered from all nations, causing two thirds of the inhabitants to be slain or carried away captives (Zech. 13 : 8). But when the end of his predestined three and a half years of universal dominion and power is reached, he will be cast alive with the false prophet into the lake of fire, by Jesus Christ, the King of Israel. If by

GOG, MESHECH, AND TUBAL

(Ezek. 38) we are to understand Russia and the nations under her sway (the words chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, signifying literally, "prince of Russia, Muscovy, and Tobolski") it is probable that the fact of the restoration of Israel to the Holy Land—the revival of the Jewish sacrifices and feasts, and of the Levitical temple worship at Jerusalem—the great wealth of the Jews, flocking like doves to Palestine, from Russia, Poland, and the Eastern and Western nations, may influence the head of the Russian Empire, now spreading with gigantic strides eastward and southward, with the countless hordes of cavalry and various nationalities at his command, to endeavor to realize the dream of Peter the Great, the founder of the Russian Empire, and become the possessor of Constantinople, Turkey in Asia, and the Holy Land, the key to India and future conquests, and further to obtain exclusive possession, in Palestine, of the Holy Sepulchre and the other spots held sacred by the Greek Church, of which the Czar is the head.

There can be little doubt, in fact, that the nations signified by Ezekiel, in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters, as Gog, Magog, etc., are nations now existing upon the earth—namely, Russia and the Eastern nations who are more or less subject to the sway of

THE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

A careful examination of the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel clearly shows that there will be an invasion by Russia of Palestine (which at present forms part of Turkey), and, before reaching Palestine, the Russian army will invade the central portion of the Turkish Empire, which lies between Russia and Palestine.

But whatever success may attend Russia's earlier invasions of Turkey, the ultimate result is to be that, after the lapse of a few years, the hosts of the great Northern power are, in a great measure, to be destroyed by pestilence and blood, "an overflowing rain and great hailstones, fire and brimstone." Their weapons of war are then to be sufficient for fuel throughout the land of Israel for seven years, and the burial of the bodies of the slain is to occupy the house of Israel seven months; for "Gog, the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal, shall fall with all his bands, and the people with him, upon the mountains of Israel."

It is clear, from the account given of this invasion and its results, that Gog's hosts will be defeated and destroyed by the hand of the Lord, and not by the armies of Israel; that as Israel stood still, on the shore of the Red Sea, and beheld the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts, so that not one of the mighty host returned to tell Egypt the story, in like manner Israel, in the latter days, will behold the destruction, the plagues, the judgments, and the vials of Divine wrath poured out upon Gog, and all his bands, by the mighty God, the King of Israel, the true Joshua. For a fire from heaven will consume the enemies of Israel, and mighty hailstones will destroy them; while the pestilence shall decimate them, and a terrible panic shall constrain them to turn their swords against each other; so that the hosts of Gog, like the hosts of Pharaoh and of Sennacherib in former days, shall melt away before the fury of the Lord God of Israel.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morn-
ing.

An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and
Temperance Movements, etc.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance
sheets sent by special arrangement.

Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.

An instalment of a Serial Story.

An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by
Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques,
Post-office orders, or Express money-orders when-
ever possible. If currency is sent it should be in
a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should
be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making
them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time.
When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they
commence with the first number of the month in which
the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it
is best to cut the address label from the paper, and
attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If
there is a change of address always state past, as well
as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Proclamation in the Spanish
difficulty has produced the desired effect. It
was formally revoked on October 28th. As
soon as the proclamation terminating the one-
sided system was issued by President Cleveland,
the interference of Spain was invoked by the
colonies, and the Spanish minister had a con-
sultation with Secretary Bayard early last week.
They arrived at an agreement by which all that
the United States contended for, under the
agreement made in 1884, was accepted by the
Spanish Government. The Spanish minister
told the Secretary of State that his Government
would now readily accept the construction of
the agreement of 1884 put upon it by the United
States and evaded by the officials of Cuba and
Porto Rico. The new agreement removes all
discriminating duties upon vessels wholly be-
longing to citizens of the United States, or
upon the produce, manufactures, or merchan-
dise imported in the same from the United
States or from any foreign country. The agree-
ment is made so broad that all ground for quib-
bling about merchandise being transhipped
from foreign to American vessels in our ports
or whether carried by American bottoms direct
from foreign countries to Spanish American
ports has been, it is believed, entirely removed.
The proclamation was not revoked until this
agreement was formally ratified, though efforts
were made to have it done on the faith of verbal
promises.

An Interesting Report on Indian Affairs was
issued last week by Commissioner J. D. C. At-
kins. The commissioner severely arraigns ex-
isting laws and shows how in his opinion changes
might be made of mutual benefit to the Govern-
ment and the Indians. His principal recom-
mendation is that which has often been urged—
the allotment of land to the Indians in severalty
instead of in tribes. He contends that there is
no better way of keeping out white settlers, and
that an Indian who owns his own land would
take care of it without requiring an army to de-
fend it. He also insists that the present system
involves injustice and invidious distinctions
among the Indians themselves. He says: "At
present the rich Indians who cultivate tribal
lands pay no rent to the poorer members of
their tribe, although they are equal owners of
the soil. The rich men have too large home-
steads and control many times more than their

share of the land." The commissioner dwells
at length upon the surplus land in the Indian
Territory, and says were all the Indians of the
United States to be uprooted and transplanted
to this Territory there would then be, including
those now resident there, more than two hun-
dred and fifty acres for each living Indian. This
is estimating the whole Indian population of the
United States, excluding Alaska, at two hun-
dred and sixty thousand. He suggests that the
Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, Cheyennes, and
Arapahoes be removed to the unoccupied lands,
which, if divided equally, would give to each
Indian four hundred and ninety acres. The
commissioner asserts that the five civilized
tribes contain men fit to form a territorial gov-
ernment and of sufficient intelligence to legislate
and manage public business at least as well as it
is managed in the other Territories.

The Landing of Mormon Immigrants at Phil-
adelphia commenced last week. Elder Green-
wood was in charge of them, and his party com-
prised three hundred and seven recruits, chiefly
women and children. Three Mormon leaders
had cabin accommodation, but their dupes came
over in the steerage, where they were seen
huddled together like sheep and suffering much
from cold and damp. Of the party one hundred
and three are Scandinavians, three Swiss, ten
Germans, and the rest English, Scotch, and
Welsh. More than half of these converts are
English. They were inspected and passed as
ordinary emigrants by the commissioners, and
allowed to proceed to Baltimore, and thence to
Chicago, whence they will be taken to Utah,
Wyoming, Colorado, and Idaho to their fellow-
Mormons. The elder confirmed the report pre-
viously circulated that Philadelphia will be the
port used in future in preference to New York.
It may be hoped, however, that when the news
reaches Philadelphia of the obstacles to the im-
migration raised by New York, that the author-
ities there will also interfere to check the dis-
embarkation. This is the third cargo Green-
wood has brought this year.

The Extent to which International Corre-
spondence has grown may be inferred from the
report of Mr. Nicholas M. Bell, the Superin-
tendent of Foreign Mails, published last week.
From this it appears that the total weight of
letters despatched during the fiscal year just
closed to foreign countries by sea was 500,198
pounds, and of papers 2,367,583 pounds. The
estimated total number of letters sent to foreign
countries was 37,002,893, and 30,405,847 were
received; 47,049,064 newspapers were sent and
26,700,050 were received. A careful estimate of
the mail matter of all kinds exchanged through-
out the world in one day places the total at
11,640,000,000, or about five pieces for every
human being. Evidently the prophecy is ful-
filled that "many shall run to and fro, and
knowledge shall be increased."

The Dedication of the Statue of Liberty En-
lightening the World, which has been presented
to the United States by the people of the French
Republic, and has been erected in the harbor of
New York, took place on Thursday last. As
was stated in our last issue in connection with
the picture of the statue, there arrived from
France a number of distinguished French citi-
zens, among whom were M. de Lesseps and M.
Bartholdi, to take part in the inaugural cere-
monies. The weather was unpropitious, but
there was nevertheless a parade such as the city
has rarely seen for extent and magnificence.
President Cleveland, with Secretaries Bayard,
Whitney, Lamar, and Postmaster-General Vilas
and General Sheridan reviewed the procession
and assisted at the dedication. M. de Lesseps
spoke on behalf of the French guests. In the
course of his speech he said: "I come to bring
to you a tribute of fraternity with America. I
hastened to avail myself of the gracious invita-
tion which was given to me by the great Ameri-
can Republic. The idea of erecting the statue
of liberty was a generous one. It does honor to
those who conceived it, as it likewise does to
those who executed it. Liberty lighting the

world!" Senator Evarts made one of his char-
acteristic speeches in reply. The display of fire-
works and the lighting of the statue were post-
poned until a fair night.

A Socialist Demonstration in London is
threatened. Socialist clubs have proposed that
when the newly-elected Lord Mayor goes in
state procession through the streets on Novem-
ber 9th his procession should be followed by
two thousand starving workingmen in their rags,
that Londoners may see at a glance the contrast
in the two social extremes. The chief of the
police has forbidden this addition to the
mayoral pageant, but the workingmen have re-
plied that they have as much right to parade as
any other body of citizens, and strongly protest
against what they are advised is an illegal and
arbitrary attempt to interfere with their privi-
leges as English citizens. It is believed the
commissioner's orders will be disregarded.

The Utterances of Prominent British Con-
servatives during the past week indicate that
Lord Randolph Churchill is carrying with him
the whole of his party in his new career of Rad-
icalism. While the watchword of the party has
hitherto been the maintenance of the existing
order of things, the party under its new leader
is disposed to consider and adopt reforms which
even the Whigs of the Hartington type regard
as little short of revolutionary. Sir Edward
Clarke, the Solicitor-General, speaking last week,
declared that Lord Randolph's programme was
heartily indorsed by his colleagues, and inti-
mated that projects still more advanced might
be advocated. The new energy displayed by
the Conservatives astonishes politicians and
renders the prospect of a return to power of a
Liberal administration extremely gloomy. Mr.
W. H. Smith also hinted in a speech, delivered
on Friday last, that Ireland might get the es-
sence of self-government from the Conserva-
tives. This, it may be presumed, would be
effected by local legislatures, which would be in-
trusted with large powers, while avoiding the
difficulty of a central assembly at Dublin. It is
understood that the Ulster Protestants would
approve the plan and that the Nationalists
would accept it as a stepping-stone to indepen-
dence. The system, if adopted in Ireland, would
probably be extended to the entire empire, and
the conception of federal government realized.

The Meeting of the Bulgarian Sobranje,
which is charged with the task of choosing a
successor to Prince Alexander, took place on
Monday last. It is expected that the whole of
this week will be occupied in verifying the cre-
dentials of delegates. Outwardly the Bulgarian
statesmen display abject submission to Russia,
and have even given assurances to the Czar that
if he will name a candidate for the throne his
nominee shall be elected. On the other hand,
there are many indications of deep-seated hos-
tility to Russia. An edict issued last week
orders the teachers in the public schools to cease
teaching the Russian language and to substitute
German therefor. A Bulgarian colonel, who is
the commander at Rustchuk, memorialized the
Government at the suggestion of the Russian
minister, urging the release of the officers now
in prison on the charge of aiding in the deposi-
tion of Prince Alexander. The response of the
Government was to deprive the colonel of his
command and imprison him for a month. These
acts showing a similar spirit neutralize the
professions of submission tendered to Russia
and render the present crisis a serious one.
There appears to be little doubt that Bulgaria
would drop her mask and openly defy Russia if
she could be assured that England and Austria
would support her. England, however, is
shocked by the discovery of corruption and in-
efficiency in her army and navy as exposed by
Lord Beresford and the Duke of Cambridge, and
seems now to shrink from a conflict that would
be one of the most gigantic of modern times.
In this uncertainty Bulgaria is endeavoring to
conciliate the Czar while trying to maintain her
independence. A peaceful issue from the com-
plication is by no means probable.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$3. They are from New Brunswick, N. J., \$1; Cincinnati, O., \$1; Auburn, Ala., \$1. A large number of these subscriptions are now expiring, and much anxiety is felt by the recipients as to the future. We deeply sympathize with them, but as there are some hundreds, we cannot do more than promise that for every dollar received one name shall be renewed for a year. Those who write us describing the help they have received during the past year from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in expounding the Word of God and in their general ministrations, and reminding us that they have no libraries nor the means of buying books, and that one copy of the paper received every week is a means of blessing not only to them but to their people, may be assured that we fully realize their need and shall be as thankful as they will if God inclines the hearts of His people to support this fund. He will certainly do it if they pray to Him; for He knows their necessities.

The Annual Meeting of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, held at Minneapolis, Minn., was a most remarkable gathering. Delegations from nearly every State attended. Mrs. Lucas, the sister of the venerable British statesman, John Bright, Mrs. Youman, President of the Canadian W. C. T. U., Mrs. Parsons, from England, were also present, and took part in the proceedings. Miss Frances E. Willard, the president, in her annual address, made the following recommendations: A system of township organization; an address to the Knights of Labor, asking them to include total abstinence in their basis of membership; to send out circulars urging work in behalf of the White Cross movement; urging Congress to pass the Blair Educational bill; for the abolition of prison chain gangs; for the placing of women under women's care in all penal and philanthropic institutions; a petition to Congress for a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution; also one granting the ballot to women.

The White Cross Meeting to be Held on Saturday next at eight o'clock in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, promises to be one of deep interest. It is for men only. William Blaikie, Esq., Captain Jasper T. Goodwin, of Columbia College, Mornay Williams, Esq., and Cleveland H. Dodge, Esq., are among the speakers who will address the meeting. A very large attendance is expected, and prayers are being offered that God will bless the meeting to the young men of the city. During the past few weeks vice has been showing increased effrontery, and temptations which were suppressed some months ago have taken new life and vigor. There is therefore the more need for activity in warning young men and urging them to seek divine aid in living a pure life.

The Rev. W. F. Re Qua is Expecting to Remove to McAlister, in the Indian Territory, before the end of this month. Tidings have reached him that in a settlement not far from that place a missionary and his church have been praying for six months past that it would please God to send an earnest, zealous worker to McAlister, where there are indications that an abundant harvest might be gathered by a consecrated man. There is no church building there, but Mr. Re Qua believes that it is a call from God, and that, without the usual accessories of worship, much good may be done. Mrs. Re Qua, whose beautiful poems, "Stones for the Temple," many of our subscribers have read, goes with her husband and will assist him in his labors among the Indians. A poem which she has written expressly for this journal appears on page 704 of this issue. The remaining volumes of "Stones for the Temple" which are left of the edition Mrs. Re Qua proposes to sell and devote the proceeds to the mission work in the Territory. The price of each volume, postage

paid, is \$1.25. Mr. Re Qua's address for the present is 135 North Fourth Street, Aurora, Ill.

A House is Being Besieged by Officers of the law at Sandwich, Ont. Some weeks ago a well-known literary man who resides in that town committed a breach of the peace, but managed to escape and reached his house unmolested. He rapidly collected a stock of provisions and then bolted and barred every door and window. He had scarcely done so when an officer armed with a warrant arrived. Being unable to gain admittance he procured assistance, and though now there is quite a company surrounding the place, the warrant has not been executed. The house is well adapted to resist any sudden assault, and in vain the officers have made regular approaches to seize the garrison. Save the occasional fluttering of a curtain at an upper window, no sign of life denotes the activity of the besieged; but the moment an effort to gain admittance is detected on the part of the enemy, the defenders are instantly on the alert and the foe repulsed at all points. All sorts of stratagems have been resorted to to get the owner out, such as the cry of "Fire! Fire!" messages from alleged friends and other devices, but he is too wary to be duped. It is a pity that when Satan assaults the soul he does not meet with so stubborn a resistance. Some traitorous appetite or desire generally opens the gate to him. Yet victory is promised to those who will oppose him (James 4:7).

An Unexpected Legacy Has Been Received by a commercial traveller. While staying at St. Paul, Minn., on October 25th, he received a letter forwarded to him from New York announcing that five thousand dollars would be paid to him on application to a legal firm. The letter further stated that it was a bequest from a lady recently deceased. The legatee strove to remember where he could have met a person who would thus endow him. At last he recollected the name. Some years ago he spent a few days at Coney Island, and seeing a young lady, who was bathing, sink, he plunged into the water and rescued her only just in time to save her life. The young lady was profuse in her thanks when she had recovered, and a few days later he received a letter from her mother expressing her gratitude in warm terms, but not hinting at any reward. The incident passed from his mind until the notice of the legacy was received last week, when he recognized the name of his benefactor as that of the mother of the girl whose life he saved some years ago. The legacy was a genuine surprise, as he did not expect any reward for his service, especially after so long a time. We are told that there will be similar surprise manifested at the last great day when God distributes rewards to those who have succored and helped needy Christians for Jesus' sake (Matt. 25:37-40).

The Disclosure of a Secret After Twenty years appears to have turned the brain of a young Canadian. A few weeks ago a young gentleman in the best society of Montreal suddenly disappeared, and on October 21st news arrived in the city that he was lying in imminent danger of death at Omaha from a wound inflicted by his own hand. It appears that the day before his departure from Montreal some person had taunted him with being illegitimate. The high-spirited young man immediately went to the gentleman whom he had always regarded as his father, and asked him to tell him the truth. Seeing that the secret could no longer be kept, the gentleman admitted that he was not his father. Twenty years before he had found him in the street an abandoned infant only a few days old, and had taken him home and reared and educated him as his own son, and intended to make him his heir. The young man was almost crazed by the disclosure, and resolved to leave the country. A considerable sum of money was given to him, and he went to live among strangers. When he reached Omaha, however, two weeks ago, he shot himself, though, it is hoped, not fatally. It would appear that the young man had cherished family

pride too much, or the stain on his birth would not have affected him so disastrously. If he had been a Christian the consciousness of his adoption into God's family would have dwarfed every other consideration (Gal. 4:5).

A Grave was Sent to California from Chicago by express recently. It was sent to a former citizen of Chicago, who some years ago went to California to make his fortune. He was successful, and concluded to spend the rest of his days in that State. But there was one thing he had left behind that was very dear to him. Shortly before he left Chicago he had buried a beloved child, and now, being able to afford it, he desired to have the body removed to his new home. He was not content with having the casket containing the remains, but wanted the sods that he had watered with his tears. A box about five feet long and covered with glass was accordingly prepared, and the little mound covered with sods and flowers was transferred to it in bulk and shipped with the casket to California. This act, so significant of a father's love, suggests a thought which should comfort any to whom death and the grave are objects of horror. Even the dead bodies of His children are precious in God's sight, and will be raised in glory at Christ's coming (1 Cor. 15:52, 53).

A Disappointed Bridegroom is Returning from a futile journey of two thousand miles to fetch his bride. He is a soldier stationed with his command at Cœur d'Alene, I. T., but some time ago he obtained leave of absence to be married, and set out for Louisville, Ky., to meet the lady who had promised to be his wife. He arrived there on October 26th, but found that his long journey had been taken in vain. The lady had accepted the offer of another suitor, and though she was to be married on the next day, it was not to the young officer. He found her with her family and friends gathered around her preparing for the ceremony, and reminding her of the promise she had made to him two years before, he reproached her bitterly for her unfaithfulness. The young lady was surprised to see him, as she had telegraphed him not to come, and had written him also of the change in her affections; but the telegram and letter did not arrive until after he had started on his two thousand mile journey. His disappointment and chagrin may be imagined. Those who blame the fickle young lady must remember, if they form part of the Church, the bride of Christ, that there is a danger of their own unfaithfulness. Jesus Himself intimated very clearly that at His coming again He would find many unprepared to meet Him and a general lack of faith on the earth (Luke 18:8).

The Future Bride of a King is in Hanover County, Virginia. She is residing, according to the local correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader*, with an Episcopal clergyman who was formerly a missionary in Western Africa. While the clergyman and his wife were in the African field a strong attachment sprang up between them and a little child eight years old, a daughter of the king of the country in which they were laboring. When they returned to America the child was anxious to come with them, and the missionaries, as may be supposed, were still more desirous to bring her. The father's consent was obtained, and now for seven years the little African princess has been a member of the clergyman's family, being treated in every respect as his own child. She is described as gentle, affectionate, and intelligent. She is thoroughly well educated, and has given proof of the sincerity of her Christian profession. Communications with her family have been kept up through the missionary's successor, and now she is invited to go back to Africa to become the wife of a king. As her Christian character is formed, the missionary and his wife are not opposed to her accepting the offer, believing that she may do much to raise her people and lead them to Christianity. Though royal by birth, and becoming royal by marriage, the really important thing for her is the royalty she has attained by adoption into the family of the King of kings (Rev. 17:14).

AN INCIDENT AT BETHABARA.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Therefore they sought again to take Him: but He escaped out of their hand, and went away again beyond Jordan into the place where John at first baptized; and there He abode. And many resorted unto Him, and said, John did no miracle: but all things that John spake of this man were true. And many believed on Him there."—JOHN 10: 39-42.

The Divine Intimation to Remove—Preaching Continued—Success in the New Sphere—I. Pleasant to Know the Place of Conversion—A More Important Question—A Treasured Pulpit at the Orphanage—Characteristics of Bethabara—Where John the Baptist Preached—Where the First Disciples Lived—II. The Time—Just after Opposition—A Quiet Time—III. The Fact—What Jesus Lived for—IV. A Second Edition Needed—King George's Rejection of a Book.

BECAUSE our Saviour's reasoning was unanswerable, "therefore the Jews sought again to take Him." When men are convinced against their wills, when the heart struggles against the head, it usually happens that they turn persecutors. If they cannot answer holy arguments with fair reasonings, they can give hard

ANSWERS WITH STONES.

If you cannot destroy the reasoning, you may, perhaps, destroy the reasoner; and this naturally suggests itself to the heart which is rendered cruel by obstinate unbelief. He who hates truth soon hates its advocate. Yet it is a very wretched business when a man knows that he is wrong, and therefore attacks the person who has convinced him.

When our Saviour found that there was nothing to be done with the bigoted Jews, but that all He said and did only provoked more furious opposition, He escaped out of their hand, and went away. He knew when to speak, and when to refrain. Divinely guided, He neither fled as a coward, nor rashly pushed on where nothing could be gained.

But though our Lord left the obstinate, He never ceased to do good. He did not say: "It is of no further use to preach and plead; I am, therefore, driven away to Bethabara, by the lonely Jordan, and I will warn the people no more." Nay, rather, as many resorted to Him there, He went on with His teaching, and in that place many believed on Him. Though Jesus withdrew from the stones which filled the hands of angry Jews, He went to that place where John had said: "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

I. The first remark I shall make is, that when men believe in Jesus Christ it is very pleasant to know

THE PLACE WHERE THEY BELIEVED;

therefore is it recorded by inspiration that "many believed on Him there." I do not say it is essential for a man to know the place where he believed in Jesus; it is not at all essential. It is not necessary for a person's life for him to know where he was born; yet I am glad that I know my birthplace, and I am happy to remember the humble spot. If anybody were to say to you: "Do you know where you were born?" and you were forced to answer "No," would you expect him to say: "Then you are not alive"? If he did say so, it would be very bad argument, as you would be able to prove at once by letting him see that you were far from non-existent; and so, if you cannot state where you were converted, nor when you were converted, do not fret about it. A far more needful inquiry is: Are you converted? If so, it is by no means essential that thou shouldst know the place, or the means, or the hour.

Still, it is very interesting to be able to point out the place of our new birth. I am thankful to be able to do so; and many others of us are glad that they have an equally vivid memory of the spot whereon they stood when they passed from death unto life. "Yes," you can say, "I believed on Him there." Happy place! Holy place! Some of us know the spot to a yard where we looked unto Christ, and felt our bur-

den of sin loosed from our weary shoulders. Standing in one of the halls of the Orphanage is the *very pulpit* from which I savingly heard the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Though I have no reverence for relics of any sort, yet a flood of grateful memories flows before me as I look upon the platform whereon stood the unknown brother who pointed me to Jesus. Who he was I shall never know till the Day of Judgment; but the text: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," was the voice of God to my soul. It is an interesting thing to know where you were converted.

What was there particular about
THE RETIRED PLACE

in which our Lord Jesus, on this occasion, gathered so many disciples? What was there about the place beyond Jordan where John at first baptized?

It was a place where divine ordinances had been observed: "The place where John at first baptized; and many believed on Him there." Where the Lord is obeyed, we may hope to see Him revealed. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," was the word of the blessed Virgin concerning her Son; and it was a good word, worthy to be spoken in the ear of the entire Christian Church. If a church labors to keep the ordinances as they were delivered, and endeavors to follow in the track of Christ's teaching and example, it may hope to receive the divine blessing. In keeping His commandments there is great reward. Outward ordinances cannot secure a blessing; but the spirit of obedience which leads to a careful observance of them according to the divine command is a blessed fruit of the Spirit.

WHERE JOHN BAPTIZED,

and Jesus submitted thus to fulfil all righteousness, we find a spot which is suited for a divine revival. Secondly, remember, this Bethabara was the place where faithful preaching concerning Jesus had been heard. For this John who baptized also preached the Gospel of repentance. He laid great stress upon that part of the Gospel which prepares men for the coming kingdom. Where repentance has been thoroughly preached, I believe that many will come to believe in Jesus Christ. Jesus fitly followed John; and faith will follow readily where repentance has been thoroughly preached and explained. Herod had cut off John's head, but he had not silenced John's voice. From the wilderness there still came the cry: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." A hallowed influence lingers about the scenes of faithful labors; and I wonder not that our Lord sought retirement where every ripple of the river repeated the Baptist's testimony. From scenes like these the Church will be recruited with new disciples.

What fine preaching was that of John! No wonder that many believed on Jesus there, where the savor of such a ministry lingered in men's minds! Brethren, wherever there has been earnest preaching we may expect that many will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ before long. Let no faithful preacher's heart be faint within him; Christ is not preached in vain; you have not pointed to the Lamb of God for nothing. Even should you die without seeing it, there will come another after you who will reap a harvest from the seed which you have sowed. Hidden truth will break out on a sudden, and it shall be said: "Many believed on Him there."

As for the place wherein we stand, I can solemnly assert that I have with all my heart preached to you the Gospel of the grace of God. If a thousand persons were to believe in Jesus this morning I should not be in the least surprised; for this I surely can claim, that to the best of my knowledge and ability I have these many years preached nothing among you but the cross of Christ. I, too, have cried: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I have endeavored to point out to you Him whose shoe latches I am not worthy to unloose. I have prayed that He

might baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Many saints have joined me in that earnest prayer. If at Bethabara many believed on Him *there*, we may expect that many will believe on Him *here*.

The next remark about the place is this: it was a spot where God had borne witness to His Son Jesus. Jesus had come to be baptized of John, and when He was baptized He came up straightway out of the water; and the heavens were opened, and the Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, while a voice said: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The Holy Ghost is wont to go where He has gone before; and where the Father has borne witness to Christ once, we may expect Him to bear witness again.

Once more: not only was this

A VERY INTERESTING SPOT

to our Lord Jesus Christ; but Bethabara was also very interesting to the leaders of the little band who accompanied Him; it was the place where the Lord's first disciples had been won. They heard John speak, and followed Jesus. John and James and Andrew and Peter had been there brought to Jesus, and certain others also had joined the chosen band. To visit the place of their own spiritual birth would cause a renewal of their vows, and act as an encouragement to persevere in winning others. Eternity alone shall tell how many souls have been born to God in this house. We have actually registered nearly eleven thousand persons, who have come forward and confessed their faith, and joined this church; but these are only a small part of the whole; for great numbers come here and return to the country, and unite with other churches.

I suppose it was a lovely quiet spot by the banks of the Jordan, with only a little village or hamlet, named Bethany, close by. The word Bethany was altered by Origen into Bethabara, I suppose for distinction's sake. It really was Bethany, and so our Lord had two Bethanias. It was there, in a rural retreat, that many believed on His name. O hills of Piedmont, when the Vaudois preached the Christ amid your valleys, it may be said of you: "Many believed on Him there"! O mosses and hill-sides of Scotland, in the Covenanting times, many believed on Him there! Talk not so exceedingly proudly, O ye cathedrals or ye great tabernacles; for many have believed on Jesus by the highway side, out on the village green, or under the spreading oak. Go forth, ye heralds of the cross, and preach the Gospel everywhere beneath the arch of heaven. At the corners of the street or on the hill-side publish the proclamation of the Great King. In all ears proclaim the Gospel, till by river, sea, and plain it shall be said: "Many believed on Him there."

II. Secondly, it is very instructive to

NOTE THE TIME

when persons are led to faith. Many believed on Him there and then—when He was preaching at the place where John first baptized.

As I have said, some of you do not know when you believed, but you know that you *have* believed, and that knowledge is quite sufficient. Still, it is interesting to know when you believed. Let us see if there were not certain noteworthy circumstances about the season of the conversion of these many. When was it?

First, it was after a time of very great and obstinate opposition. The Saviour could make nothing of these cavilling Jews; they were so desperately prejudiced against Him, that He turned away from them to more hopeful spirits. No sooner does He cross the river than we read that "many believed on Him there." So great a difference may we find in a few miles and a few hours. Opposition is no sign of defeat, but the contrary. When the devil roars, it is because his kingdom is being shaken, or he is afraid that it will be shaken. It should not depress us when we see a bitter spirit aroused; it should grieve us to see men opposing the truth, but it should not lead us to abstain from spread-

ing it. In the face of intense opposition our eyes should sparkle

"With that stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Nothing is worse than stagnation. The stolid indifference of a thoughtless age is hard to deal with; but there is some little hope of a people who will resist you. Take courage from the blackening down of the darkness, and hope that very soon you will see the dawn of a better day.

The next point which is worthy of thought is that the time when these believed was a time of calm, unbroken quietude. I thank my God most heartily for giving us quiet worship. We are not dull and sleepy, but we are not excited and noisy. I am glad to hope that some men are converted to God amid war, and earthquakes, and pestilence; but I am inclined to be suspicious of that kind of conversion, for fear it should die with its cause. We had

AN EARTHQUAKE IN ESSEX

some time ago, and in the little towns everybody went to the place of worship that week. I asked one of the ministers of a certain village in Essex how they were getting on now that frisky Essex had once more settled down. "Oh," said he, "we are as dead as ever. We need an earthquake every week to wake us up." If that had not been true of Essex I am sure it is true of other places. That which is born with fear dies with fear; but our Saviour, in the calm of the hamlet by the river's bank, instilled the truth into thoughtful minds. If you are this day free from care, free from labor, free from fret, I beseech you, calmly judge of your condition as to the world to come whereof we speak.

What else shall I say as to this time when many believed in Jesus? I will say nothing else except that it was a time of which nothing else need be said. "Many believed on Him there." Blessed is that age which has no history; but more blessed is that age of which this is the history: "Many believed on Him there." Happiest of days in which many believed in Jesus! Brightest of spots of which it is said: "Many believed on Him there"! The most honorable record of any house of prayer will be this: "Many believed on Him there." I am praying that this may be the case here to-day. Why should it not be so? Why should it not be said to-day: "Many believed on Him there and then"?

III. We now make a third remark, which is this: It is cheering to observe

THE FACT ITSELF.

We have noticed the place and the time, but these are of secondary consequence; it is most charming to observe the fact—"Many believed on Him." This fact was a great refreshment to our dear Saviour's heart. I do not say that John tells us so; but I do think that from the style of his writing in this passage it looks so. There is an air of quietude about the passage. He writes, "and there He abode." He seemed at home there; He could rest at Bethabara, because many believed on Him there. This was to be an oasis of comfort for our Lord before He traversed the burning desert of His passion and death. Ere He was called by His last bitter agony to finish the work which the Father had given Him to do, He was to be refreshed by many true hearts putting their trust in Him.

The fact is very cheering, for you notice concerning

THE FAITH PRODUCED,

that it was decided. They did not say that they would try to believe, but they believed on Him there. They did not promise to think of it, but they believed on Him there. They did not say that they felt impressions, but they believed on Him there. They did not say that they hoped and trusted, and so on, but they believed on Him there. That is the consummation for which I pray at this time, that you should not talk about faith or feeling, nor resolve and promise; but that you should actually believe on Him straight away. Oh, that I might see in

you a sharp, clear, crisp faith in Jesus Christ—a faith about which there shall be no question! Remember, if you have a certain faith, you have a certain salvation. A doubtful faith will leave a doubt about your security; but those who believe out and out shall have joy and peace through believing.

This faith is said to have been widespread; for "many believed on Him there." I do not think we have anybody left in this congregation of that ancient

ORDER OF CLOSE FELLOWS

who glory in the fewness of the elect. I hope they are nearly all gone to heaven out of all the congregations, whom once they harassed. These brethren used to think that if one or two converts were brought in in a year, a great work was being done. If they heard of an evangelist holding revival services, and learned that two or three hundred were added to the Church, they said: "Ah, h'm! These excitements end in reaction. It is all very fine to hear of so many joining the Church. I hope they will all turn out right." This meant, being interpreted, that they did not think they would, and that they would be sorry if they did. Now we are not of that mind. We believe in many conversions; we look for them, and we have them.

"Many believed on Him." *This was what He lived for*; this is what He died for, that men might believe in Him. This is what we preach for; this is what you have come here for. God gives you to hear the Gospel that you may believe on Jesus. "If ye believe not, surely ye shall not be established." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." God save us from that, for Christ's sake!

IV. And now I close with the fourth head, which is this: it has been pleasant to know the place, instructive to note the time, and cheering to observe the fact, and now it is most important that we should have

A SECOND EDITION OF IT.

It is most important that many should believe on Christ here, in this very place, at this very hour.

For first, this morning *many are here*. From different motives and from different quarters of the globe you have come *hither* at this time. We have so far realized the text that "many resorted unto Him." This is a good beginning; we ought to be very thankful to see it. Next, the Lord Jesus Christ is here by His Spirit. He declares that where two or three are met together in His name there He is; we have many twos and threes here. He has promised to be with His people to the end of the world when they go forth to preach the Gospel. We have been crying to Him for a blessing this morning, and He comes to answer our prayers. So far all is hopeful. We have the Lord and the many resorting to Him.

Beside that, you have the testimony of His own Gospel. The Gospel is its own sufficient witness. Somebody wrote a book, and wished to present it to old George the Third. Farmer George said: "What's the book about, sir?" "Sire, it is an apology for the Bible." "What!" said George, "what! Apology for the Bible! Apology for the Bible! Never heard of such a thing. Don't want your book, sir. Apology for *the Bible* indeed!" Quite right, King George! Surely we do not want any apologies for the Gospel—it is its own witness. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Jesus Christ suffered, bled, and died, bearing human sin in Himself, and whosoever believeth in Him shall be immediately forgiven, immediately renewed in his heart by the Holy Spirit, and made a new creature in Christ. Why, this is evidently a divine message. "Look and live."

Let us now come to bayonet point. Friend, will you believe in Jesus Christ?—that is the point. You have heard about Him long enough—will you now believe on Him? Wagon-loads of sermons have been lost upon you—will you

now believe on Him? "I will think about it." I don't ask you to think about it, but to believe on Him. "I shall go home and try what I can do." Do not try to do anything; believe on Jesus, for the Gospel precept is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." May the sweet Spirit of God come upon you mightily now, and take you away from all things but the one thing needful! The Lord bless you! Amen and amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE FIRST STEAM-BOAT.*

PRIOR to the year 1800 many inventors of different nations had attempted to build boats that could be moved by steam, but so far all had been unsuccessful. Fulton set himself about finding where the faults lay, and after many trials and failures, at last made a model which he thought would answer. From this model he built a boat while still in France, and proposed making an experiment with her on the Seine. But just as the preparations were about complete word was brought to him that the boat had broken in pieces and gone to the bottom. Fulton found that the machinery had been too heavy for the frame of the boat; but not in the least discouraged by the accident, began building a larger vessel. The same engines were used, and the boat when completed was sixty-six feet long and eight feet wide. The trial trip was made in the presence of the members of the French National Institute and large numbers of Parisians, and was entirely satisfactory.

Fulton was now so confident that steam could be used for propelling boats that he immediately sent to England and ordered parts of a steam engine to be made and sent to America, intending that his next steam-boat should be built in that country. He reached the United States in 1806 and at once set about the work of building a larger vessel than he had yet attempted.

During all the time that the new boat was building Fulton and his friends were subject to the sneers and ridicule of those who had no faith in the project. As it was very expensive to undertake such a work, there was an attempt made to borrow money, giving the lender an interest in the vessel; but every attempt of this kind met with utter failure. Men would as soon thought of lending money to build a flying-machine to go to the moon. One of the chief objections to the scheme was that it would take so much wood to keep up the fires that the boat would break under the weight of the engines and fuel. But Fulton paid no heed to these objections, and kept on with the work.

The boat was finished in 1807, furnished with the engines from England, and in the same year made her first trip on the Hudson. On the day of launching the shores of the Hudson were lined with spectators, nearly all of whom had been drawn thither by the desire to ridicule the boat and its builder.

But the new vessel, which had been named the Clermont, soon proved that Fulton well knew how wisely he was building. She glided out from the wharf with the ease of a swan, and as each revolution of the wheels showed the success of the undertaking, loud shouts went up from the excited lookers-on, and the name of Fulton was cheered to the skies.

A short time after this the Clermont made her first trip to Albany, producing the most intense excitement all along the shores of the

* From "Children's Stories of American Progress." By Henrietta Christian Wright, author of "Children's Stories in American History," an illustrated work of 333 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



An Oran Chief Proclaiming the Jihad at Algiers.

Hudson; many of the people of that region had never even heard of a steam-engine, and when they saw this strange-looking object moving up the river in the face of wind and tide, their curiosity and surprise knew no bounds. Never before since the white sails of the Half-Moon had appeared beneath its wooded hills had the Hudson witnessed so strange a sight as this. The simple villagers looked out of their windows in dismay at this strange monster which was breaking the quiet of the night with such unearthly sounds and breathing out flames and smoke as he approached.

The fishermen in their little shallops and the crews of the small vessels drifting down the stream or lying at anchor were terror-stricken, and fled to the shore or took refuge in their cabins, only venturing to look out again when the dreadful noises had died away and the awful object had vanished in the darkness, leaving only a long train of light behind to show that the whole thing had not been a dream.

When the Clermont passed Poughkeepsie a group of villagers standing on a high bluff opposite were just as terrified, although it was day. They watched the strange visitant approaching without being able to imagine its nature. Some declared it was a sea-monster, while others said they believed it to be a sign of the approaching judgment. When it came nearer, and they saw it to be some kind of a vessel, their astonishment was still greater; for instead of gracefully tapering masts and swelling sails, they saw only straight black pipes rising high above the deck, and naked paddle-wheels, turning and splashing, while dense clouds of smoke filled the air and dimmed the vision of the wondering crowd.

The Clermont reached Albany safely, running at the rate of five miles an hour, and proving beyond a doubt that navigation by steam was as safe and practicable as sailing or rowing, while the advantage gained by being able to move against wind and tide was so great that it could not be calculated.

In 1812 two steam-boats were built by Fulton to be used as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson River, taking twenty minutes for the trip, and at the same time floating docks were built

at the wharves, so that the boats could come to shore without a shock.

After this the building of steam-boats went on rapidly, and in a few years the sound of the steam-whistle and the cloud of smoke and sparks from the huge black pipes became almost as familiar to the dwellers of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as had been the Indian canoes or the ugly and ungraceful flat-boat. Ocean travel by steam was delayed only a few years. In 1819 the steam-ship Savannah made a voyage across the Atlantic to Liverpool, going from there to St. Petersburg, stopping at Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE JEHAH.

(See Illustration.)

THE French Government appears to be threatened with a conflict in Algeria similar to that which the English have recently passed through in the Soudan. Their intrigues in Tunis and their armed intervention in its affairs have aroused the animosity of the people, who, believing that the Bey of Tunis has been bribed or coerced into alliance with the French, are scarcely less hostile to him than to the French. The extensive confederacy of North African Mohammedans have already declared their hostility, and a Jehad or holy war has been proclaimed by a chief of the Oran tribes with some little pomp and ceremony, as shown in the illustration on this page.

The "Jehad" of the Mussulman believers, sometimes resorted to as a military and political expedient in a national struggle against foreign enemies, rulers, or invaders of a Mohammedan population, is only proclaimed with the express sanction of their ecclesiastical authorities. But it may then be preached by any of the princes or chiefs of the nation; and the eloquence of such an Arab leader as he who figures in our illustration threatens a formidable resistance to the French dominion. Cable despatches recently received indicate that the French are aware of their danger and are preparing for a military advance in the country south of Tunis against the renowned sacred city of Kairouan, in hopes thereby to subdue the Mussulman tribes who have repudiated the Bey's authority. Al-

ready Arabs have destroyed a railway station near Tunis and massacred ten Europeans, including the station-master.

Christians must deplore this new outbreak of hostilities as being liable to embitter the Mohammedans still further against Christianity. Their relations with Christian nations hitherto have for the greater part been warlike, and very little has been done by the Church to show them that the Christian religion is a religion of love. Though there are seventeen million Mohammedans in Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, Tunis, and the Sahara, there are only thirty Christian missionaries laboring among them. Of those thirty few have been there long enough to acquire proficiency in the language or familiarity with the customs and habits of the people. It is only of late years that any organized effort has been made to send the Gospel to them.

JIM CLARK'S WIDOW.

(See Illustration on page 701.)

THERE was something wrong at Gaines's Mill. All the hands had left their work and were hurrying down to the basement to see why the machinery had stopped and what was the meaning of that fearful cry which had penetrated every room. It was soon explained. Jim Clark, the fireman, had slipped, missed his footing, and fallen against the big driving wheel of the engine, had been struck, carried round, and thrown on the floor crushed and dead.

"Where is Brown?" asked the superintendent. "Here, boy, go to the office and tell Brown I want him to go out. Bring him here first." The boy went to the office and soon returned with the book-keeper.

"Say, Brown, you are a sort of a preacher in your way; here is a job for you. Clark has been killed, and somebody ought to go and break the news to his wife. I think you will do it best."

Brown sighed heavily as he went away. It was a sad errand. He was not a clergyman, but he did a great deal of Christian work in the evenings after the mill closed, and sometimes, when there was no one else to be had, he read and prayed and gave a short address at a little mission hall which he had helped to establish.

He had comforted many a mourner and pointed many an anxious soul to Christ, but this business was a different matter, and he shrank from it. Still it had to be done, and who could do it so well as a follower of the sympathizing Saviour?

With all the care and delicacy he had, Brown told the dreadful news, but its effect on the bereaved woman could not be other than agonizing. It was no time to say much then in the way of consolation. Nature must have her way first. After the first shock and tears had brought relief to the crushed spirit an opportunity would come to pour in the oil of Gospel comfort.

Brown visited the poor widow each evening until the funeral, saying a few words, advising her to go to the God of the widow for consolation. On Sunday afternoon he went again, judging that it would be on that day that poor Jim would be most missed in the home. The widow had her new mourning on, and a clean white apron that was but little whiter than the poor sorrowful face.

"I thought you would be feeling lonely this afternoon, Mrs. Clark," said Brown, gently, "so I looked in to see if you would like me to read a chapter and pray. I am not a clergyman, only a clerk at the mill, but I know how good God is and how ready He is to comfort a poor sorrowing heart if we ask Him."

"It's good o' you to come," said the widow, "but it ain't o' no use. I'm past comforting. I ain't a Christian, and I guess God won't do nothing for me. Jim used to say I'd have need o' religion some day, but he little thought as it 'ud be through anything o' this kind. I wish I'd minded him some. He was always wanting me to go to church with him, and I went sometimes to please him, but I never cared for it myself. I'd ha' gone regular if I'd a known he was going to be took off so soon. I've no heart to go now."

"Jim was a Christian man, then?"

"Oh, yes! He's all right, he is. He's gone to heaven; there's no doubt o' that. I'll never see him again. His folks did not like him marrying me, but he would have his way. He used to say, 'Jennie'll come right some day, and be as good a Christian as any of you.' He was kinder disappointed I didn't take to it, but I never did, and now he's gone I never shall."

"But why not? Think how glad Jim would be to welcome you when your time comes."

"It won't never be; it's no use; I'm too bad. I'll never see him again," and poor Jennie covered her face with her hands and wept.

"You may see him again, if you will seek God. Let me read to you just one chapter, and tell you how you can get to heaven, where he is." Brown opened his Bible and read the fourteenth chapter of John, making simple comments as he went along. Then he knelt down and prayed that God would draw the bereaved heart to Himself and reveal Himself to her as the loving, tender Father, long-suffering and patient, not willing that any should perish.

Jennie appeared that night at the church where Jim was a member, and though she heard but little of the service and spent most of the time crying over her loss, she came away with a quieter, more submissive spirit than she had manifested since Jim died. Brown continued his visits and busied himself so earnestly in finding employ-



Brown Tries to Comfort the Widow.

ment for the widow and looking after her comfort that she was touched by his kindness and sympathy, which contrasted sharply with the indifference of her own worldly friends. The companions of her husband also came about her, helping her in many ways, and at least showing friendliness when they could do no more. Thus she was drawn into the Christian circle, and before long was brought to trust in Christ for salvation, and looked forward to joining her husband in "the better land."

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 687.)

Another Test.

OFTEN, by a succession of concurring events, God leads His wayward children to the point where they will at last voluntarily yield themselves to Him. During the latter part of the winter Mr. Philliput, the clergyman, whose acquaintance Leroy made on the morning of his little friend's death, held a series of special meetings in the church of which he was pastor. Leroy would not attend them. He had always despised such meetings as mechanical devices for producing spiritual excitement, drowning the voice of reason and judgment by the clamor of emotional panic. Although the meetings were conducted in an orderly and dignified manner, yet he spoke of them contemptuously as the forcing-house of excitement and fanaticism.

However, one of his oldest and brightest pupils in the school became very much impressed at the meetings. This youth was of a naturally wild disposition, and Leroy had often felt that if something did not arrest him in his course the bright boy would lay the foundation of ruinous habits, and might finally make shipwreck of himself. Yet he was not only talented, but also large-hearted and open-handed, ready at any time to assist his teacher or befriend a fellow-pupil in trouble; and on account of his many excellent qualities, Leroy was deeply concerned for his welfare. This youth had been reared in a Christian home, but, like many

others, had failed to heed the pious admonitions of his parents—a fact with which Leroy was acquainted.

The youth became seriously alarmed about his state before God while attending the services held by Mr. Philliput. Leroy had noticed the change in his conduct for a few days, but could not divine the cause. One evening after school hours Leroy heard a timid knock at the door of his room, and upon opening it he saw the boy standing there.

"Why, William, I am glad to see you. Step in and sit down," said the teacher, taking the other's hat. The boy sat down and remained silent, while a troubled expression passed over his face. This was something so unusual with the vivacious youth that it immediately attracted Leroy's attention. So he remarked, rather banteringly:

"Why, William, what is wrong? Your face is as long as an undertaker's. Have you found your proposition in geometry too much for you, eh?"

A faint attempt at a smile parted the boy's lips for a moment, but it was succeeded by a look of agitation, as he answered, "I have a worse kind of trouble than that, teacher—a more difficult problem to solve."

"Indeed! What is it?"

"Oh," cried William, in tones of distress, "I am so wretched! I feel that I am such a sinner; I have wronged God and you and my parents, and I am afraid God will never forgive me. I want to do better—indeed I do. My determination is to change my course of life. I want to leave all my sins and evil habits, and from now on live a straightforward, upright life; for I know that if I keep on in the course I have been pursuing for the last few years, I shall be ruined." He looked up at his teacher with an imploring expression.

"Well, I must say, William, that I am really glad that you have resolved to do better. Accept my congratulations, *in italics*. What put these good notions into your head?"

Now, Leroy had spoken several times personally to William about his conduct, and had also spoken to his pupils collectively about the elevating power of culture; and now he was just beginning to congratulate himself that his instructions were commencing to bear fruit, when the agitated youth cried:

"Oh, it was Mr. Philliput's preaching and my mother's prayers that opened my eyes to my condition!"

"Ah!—well—ahem!" faltered Leroy, completely taken by surprise; and he was actually piqued to think that the preacher had been able to exercise so much more influence than himself in shaping the moral character of this talented youth. Outdone by a preacher again! It was humiliating. He experienced a pang of jealousy.

"And I thought," continued the young religious inquirer, "that you could show me how to get rid of my burden of sin. When I pray, it seems that the way is so dark, and my convictions become more intense, I feel my need of some one to direct me. Can't you show me, teacher, how I may find peace with God? You have read so many books, and—and—" He looked imploringly into the face of his teacher.

He must have noticed the shadow that passed over Leroy's face, for he turned away with a sigh of disappointment.

Our sceptic was now in a deep quandary. He had again gotten beyond his depth. He knew nothing about directing a penitent, inquiring soul to the loving and forgiving God; and he did not dare to benumb the boy's aroused conscience by denouncing religion, and calling it only fanaticism, or sneering at the youth's convictions as the consequences of a disturbed and disordered fancy; nor did he dare to declaim against the meetings, for it was those very meetings that had produced this desire in the youth to lead a better life; and Leroy had great reason to fear that if these convictions were stifled in any way, his beloved pupil would go right back to his wicked and dissolute habits. And Leroy was not prepared to take the responsibility of such a tremendous risk, which might be so far-reaching in its consequences.

Neither could he offer him any help from his materialistic philosophy; for that did not make any provision for the forgiveness of sin or the removal of the feeling of guilt from the convicted conscience. Here again it failed to meet the most urgent demands of human experience. Nor would it afford any aid to weak human nature in its struggle against the allurements of sin and the forces of evil habit. It made man only a machine, destroying not only all hope of divine help, but also all power in man of self-determination; for materialism strikes at the very heart of human freedom. Again he was brought to realize that the theory he had adopted was not a good working hypothesis. It was utterly useless and helpless, and even ridiculous in the case of this youthful inquirer after moral renovation. He felt discouraged in making any more proselytes to scepticism. What great and vital question had it ever answered for him? or what satisfaction had it ever brought him? or what forces had it ever imparted to his nature which actuated him to the attainment of higher moral excellence? His unbelief had never put into his being the moral aspirations that religion had imparted to this youth. Oh, the shameful inadequacy of it, when brought to the test!

But what should he say to William? He was nonplussed. So long was he silent that William regarded him awhile with a puzzled look, and then said, "Can't you help me, teacher?"

"Had you not better go to Mr. Philliput with your perplexities, as he has aroused them? If it had been an educational difficulty I could have helped you, but this is a matter for a clergyman. Yes, go to Mr. Philliput. It is quite in his line. He makes a business, you know, of religious affairs."

"Yes, I know that; but that is why I did not go to him. I cannot understand him as I can you. I asked him what faith was, and he said it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. You would not have given me such an answer. When I ask you a question you help me to understand it; and oh, sir, I do so want to know this! Can I be forgiven? And how can I do right and be saved? I know I am wrong, and if I were to die I should be lost forever. O teacher, will you not pray with me and advise me?"

"I cannot advise you in such matters, my boy. I am no theologian. Believe me, Mr. Philliput is your proper adviser."

"But you will pray with me, will you not? You want me to be saved, I am sure. You know I was going wrong, for you warned me."

"Don't ask me, William. I cannot explain to you, but I cannot help you in this matter in any way. It is impossible. If you were sick, William, you would not go to a watchmaker, however skilful he might be; you would go to a physician. Well, your sickness is spiritual, and you must go to men who make a specialty of spiritual diseases. You are making as great a blunder in coming to me as if you went to a watchmaker to cure you of pneumonia. Go to Mr. Philliput; he is your man. If you are in a difficulty in algebra or geometry or a German idiom, come to me."

William looked earnestly at him, as if he

would like to have asked him whether he had not himself found peace in Christ, and so was able to direct others, but his teacher's face showed impatience and irritation, so the boy concluded to leave him. He went away with a downcast and disappointed face.

A few days afterward Leroy received another visit from his young friend. William entered his room quietly, and with a steady calmness and equanimity that contrasted sharply with the agitation which he had displayed on his former visit. Leroy looked at him irritably when he entered, but his annoyance vanished with the first sight of his face. The youth was completely changed. His distress and anxiety were gone, and in their place was peace and joy indescribable. His demeanor showed none of the boisterous excitement which is seen in shallow natures and weak minds, and which soon sinks, by sheer fatigue, into lassitude and indifference, but was pervaded by an intelligent tranquillity, the result of conscious deliverance from a great danger. Before he spoke Leroy saw that this was a veritable experience of conversion, whatever conversion might be. Emotional exhilaration he would have despised as childish, but this was the holy peace that comes to a great nature transformed and dominated by supernatural influence. Whatever the change was, however it might have been produced, it was beneficial, and Leroy involuntarily perceived that there was no longer any ground for the apprehensions he formerly entertained about the lad's future.

"I have come to you, Mr. Ransom," said William, simply, "to thank you for your advice. I went to Mr. Philliput again, as you suggested, and he gave me a little book called 'The Anxious Inquirer Directed,' by John A. James, and it has made the whole thing plain to me. I have found peace of mind, and there is such a change in my entire nature that the Bible expression, 'born again,' is not too strong to describe it. I am different in every way, and am quite conscious of a new life in me. It is a marvellous experience; I cannot describe it, but it brings happiness, peace, joy, and love for everybody. There is nothing like it. I am a new creature in Christ Jesus."

"How did you get it?" Leroy asked, curiously.

"I am not sure that I can explain it. When I saw you last I was in great terror and distress. I had just realized that I was in a perilous and shameful state. I had found that I had been sinning for years against God, while He had been patient, kind, and good to me. I felt mean, and I was frightened, too. God says plainly that sinners shall be turned into hell, and that meant me. The idea of spending eternity in misery appalled me. I saw no way out of it, and when I was here last I could not endure myself. Shame for the past and despair for the future filled me. I could not repent and I could not believe. I did not know what to do. Well, sir, after I had talked with Mr. Philliput and had read the little book, I concluded I could do nothing. So I just knelt down and told God so. And I said I believed Jesus could save me, and I just trusted Him to do it. I gave the thing up to Him, and said I could do nothing myself; but as Jesus came to save sinners, and as He had died to save them, I asked Him to do it for me as a helpless sinner unable to save himself. And then the peace came. It has been with me all the time since, and it grows stronger, and I have more confidence the more I think of it. I am sure now He will save me, and I feel so glad I would do anything to please Him. I don't care whether I die or live, but if I live I should like to work for Him every hour of my life."

"Yes," said Leroy, "it is a strange experience. I frankly own I do not understand it, but I am very glad you have had it, and I believe it will make you a better man. I should like to think it over, so I will say good-night now, William."

The boy obeyed, and Leroy, left alone, sat down to think. The story he had just heard was strangely like that told him by his brother

Allan. The two had held no communication, yet their experience was almost identical. Evidently this was the normal course of religion, and it operated on different minds in the same way. How to account for it was the problem. Might it be that religion first alarmed a votary and caused him to dread an imaginary danger, until the subject was almost demented with terror, and then relieved him of apprehension by a doctrinal nostrum efficacious only for imaginary maladies? Quack doctors had been known to use such devices, assuring a dupe that he was afflicted by a disease surely fatal, describing his symptoms, and warning him that he would suffer torture and die a horrible death. Then, when the man was sufficiently alarmed, selling him the quack pills and getting him to believe that they were the only infallible cure. It might be so; but then how to account for the permanent results? Well, he would watch this special case and see if the results were permanent. If the lad's disposition was radically changed he could not fail to see it in the school. He knew where William's faults lay and where he went astray; he would see whether temptation and old habits retained or lost their power. It would be a fascinating study, which, from a philosophical standpoint, would be worth following up.

As a commencement Leroy resolved to go and hear Mr. Philliput that night. There was just time to reach the church before the sermon commenced. The preacher announced his text as Leroy entered the building: "What think ye of Christ?" It was a plain, simple sermon, adapted to his audience, devoid of rhetorical effort, and free from oratorical display. Leaning over his reading-desk, his eye-glasses in his hand, the silver-haired preacher talked with his hearers as a friend.

"What think ye of Christ as a man?" he asked. With a few graphic touches he described the wondrous life—noble, blameless, lovable, gentle, sympathetic, kind to the fallen, indignant only to the pretentious and the hypocritical, patient under contumely, passive under personal injury, and with blessings instead of curses for those who murdered Him. "What think ye of Christ as a teacher?" Mr. Philliput asked again. The teaching was novel and original, but was it not magnificent? What a changed world it would be if every man was a learner in Christ's school! Injuries were not to be resented, the poor were to be cared for, the unhappy comforted, the penitent encouraged, selfishness was a crime, a clean life must be clean at the fountain. Truly a grand philosophy, that would transform society, making every man the brother of every other man. "What think ye of Christ as a Saviour?" was the next question, and on that the preacher grew enthusiastic and spent most of his time. But the former questions were those that most deeply moved his sceptical hearer. He had not yet realized that he needed a Saviour, but the picture of that noble character and the exalted philosophy of His teaching filled Leroy with admiration. He had never taken that view before, and as he walked homeward his mind was full of new thoughts.

In his present perturbed state of mind the issues between science and the Bible were insignificant. "What does it matter," he said, "whether these miracles ever occurred or not? What if these stories of Eden and the talking serpent and Jonah and the whale are the legends of a child age, and the Bible writers used the material ready to their hand in preaching sublime moral truth? Æsop's teaching is good, and I accept it without believing that animals could talk. Mr. Philliput would expect me to swallow the Bible intact, and believe that Balaam's ass spoke, before he would consider me a Christian. Well, I could never do that; but perhaps I may find, when all these incredible things are eliminated, that there are more valuable lessons and sound philosophy in the Bible than I imagined. It is worth the effort to find out. I don't think he misstated the case to-night, and certainly, whether Christ was God or mere man, there

never lived a nobler being or a wiser teacher. His teachings must be good for the race, and if they are good for the race, they must be good for the individual. I will examine them afresh. Who knows but new light may come?"

It was a more cheerful and a more hopeful man that entered the lonely room that night than he who had left it two hours before. It was as if the perplexed captain of a ship tossing in darkness and storm on an unknown sea had suddenly learned that the despised chart which he had flung away as obsolete and antiquated was actually true in the main, and that the errors which had disgusted him with it were unimportant and superficial only. Alone in his room Leroy sat and read far into the night, and before he went to bed he had read nearly the whole of Matthew's Gospel.

(To be continued.)

PETER RESTORED.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 14, John 21: 1-19. Golden Text, Ps. 23: 3.

Peter's Impulsive Decision—The Duty of Waiting—Jesus Unrecognized—His Provision—The Personal Message to Peter—The Lord's Question—The Triple Ordeal—The Graduated Intensity of the Words—Peter's Stronghold—Fully Commissioned—The Single Duty of Following Jesus.

AFTER these things Jesus shewed Himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. The angel in the sepulchre had said to the women: "He is risen from the dead; and, behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him" (Matt. 28: 7). A company of the disciples had gathered there, the once unbelieving Thomas among them. The impulsive, restless, energetic Peter said: "I go a fishing."

"I GO."

How much more easy it is to our carnal nature to do something or to go somewhere than to wait until God calls! When John the Baptist began to preach, it was as "a man sent from God" (John 1: 6); when Paul and Barnabas went forth as the first missionaries, neither of them said "I go" until they had been "sent forth by the Holy Ghost" (Acts 13: 4). Jesus had just been teaching His disciples: "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Yet the disciples seemed to think that in a common thing such as fishing, which was their business and ordinary trade, they could go forward independently. Oh, what pains our Lord takes to teach us His truth: "Without Me ye can do nothing" (John 15: 5)! "Oh, but that means nothing spiritual!" says one. Who thus charges Jesus with exaggeration? A dear old man of God in Cheltenham says: "Many Christians can tell you concerning the Word of God what it means, but very few really know what it says." And this is shamefully true. Oh, how long-suffering is our God!

Disciples are like sheep, ready to follow one another; the other disciples said to Peter: "We also go with thee." They went forth, and entered into a ship immediately; and that night they caught nothing." Once before this had happened to Peter. He and James and John had toiled all night and taken nothing, but when, at the word of Jesus, they let down the net, so great had been the draught of fishes that their net broke and their ships began to sink (Luke 5: 4-7). Yet neither this experience nor yet the word of Jesus had emptied them of their self-reliance; it needed the indwelling of Jesus by the Holy Ghost for this.

The morning came. Thank God, He does not leave His children. We may toil in vain, and in the darkness may gain nothing but a sense of our own nothingness and insufficiency; but "the Light of the world," "the Sun of Righteousness," comes to us shedding light into the darkness. Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. Mary Magdalene had not known Him, the two dis-

ciples at Emmaus had not known Him; but He had shown Himself to these disciples on the resurrection evening, yet now

THEY KNEW HIM NOT!

Perhaps they were preoccupied with their disappointment and failure, and so missed the personal presence of Jesus as He stood so near to them. We need to be at leisure from ourselves and all else in order to recognize Jesus as the risen One coming right into our life. "Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They answered Him, No. And He said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." The voice, the command, the result—all proclaimed to one among them, the loving John, who it was that spoke. "It is the Lord!" he cried. Peter was first to initiate the fishing; John was first to recognize his Lord. But Peter was not long after; he cast himself into the sea; nothing must come between him and Jesus. The other disciples followed, dragging the net with fishes. Peter seemed to have lost interest in his business for the time.

The first thing which met their view was a provision already made, "a fire of coals and fish laid thereon, and bread." Jesus did not need, and yet was ready to use the fish which they had caught through obedience to His word, and Peter drew the net to land full of great fishes, "and yet the net was not broken." Formerly when they let down the net at the word of Jesus the net had broken, but not now. At that time they had not left their nets to follow Jesus; now all they had and all they were was the Lord's, and He cares for all which is His. "Jesus said to them, Come and dine." There was a constraint about the disciples; they knew He was the Lord, yet not one of them called Him by name. But in His wonted way He took bread and gave them, and fish likewise, and set them at ease with Him.

But something remained to be done. Peter had denied Jesus, even with oaths and curses. True, the look of Jesus had recalled him; he had gone out and wept bitterly; the message of the resurrection and the invitation to meet Him in Galilee had been

SENT PERSONALLY TO PETER

(Mark 16: 7); he had been breathed upon by Jesus, and had received the Holy Ghost; he had seen the hands and side of Jesus when He had said: "Peace be unto you." But a definite wrong needs to be definitely set right. Peter had said: "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended" (Matt. 27: 33). Peter had valued himself as being the most faithful and most devoted among the disciples; now Jesus said to him: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" When Peter had acknowledged Him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God, Jesus had surnamed him Peter; but He calls him now by the old name, "Simon, son of Jonas." Peter had counted on himself, not on the grace of God, and so the Lord calls him by the name he had before he knew Him.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

Jesus uses the word for love which expresses the least intensity, "Dost thou care for Me more than these?" Peter had learned at last that to compare himself with the other disciples could not result in any blessing, and so does not answer that part of our Lord's question; He says: "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." And Jesus committed unto him the charge, "Feed my lambs." Once before Jesus had said: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you (all of you), that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke 22: 31, 32). Converted Peter was from the world to God, but he needed to be converted from self to God, from his self-dependence to nothingness in himself, that he might know the keeping power of Jesus. Now he does not venture so much as to say: "I am sure I love Thee," but "Thou

knowest." He has been disappointed in himself, and can count on Jesus only.

Three times had Peter denied Jesus, three times must he pass through the humbling ordeal of Jesus' questions in the presence of his brethren, who had all heard his strong assertions that he would die for Jesus and would not deny Him in any wise. A second time Jesus asked him: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" This time He did not say "more than these." Peter replied as he had done before, using the intense word for love, "Thou knowest that I love Thee with all my soul." Jesus repeated His charge and said: "Feed My sheep." But a third time He asked him the same question, now using the intense word Himself: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" Peter was grieved because He said unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me? and he said unto Him: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. Jesus said unto him, Feed My sheep." Peter was converted from himself, weaned from self-confidence at last.

All through this test he does not assert himself at all. "Thou knowest" is

HIS STRONGHOLD,

and thus he is deputed to strengthen his brethren. Usefulness is not a reward for superior faithfulness. Peter had no faithfulness to boast of. But he took the place of nothingness, and so could be an instrument ready to the hand of God. God never slurs over sin in His children, never treats it as though it had not been. He forgives freely, His blood cleanseth from all sin; but that He may fully restore our souls and lead us in the paths of righteousness, He must bring us to see the sin in His light, know His mind upon it, and see ourselves as He sees us. If in a reconciled, sanctified child of God a failure recurs again and again on the same line, it is because self has still some play, the lesson has not been fully learned that we cannot in anything reckon upon ourselves, and that without Jesus we can do nothing. There is no place from which we may not fall but the place of dependence on, and obedience to, Jesus.

When Peter was thus fully conquered, fully humbled and self-emptied, and yet by the wondrous grace of God at such a time

FULLY COMMISSIONED

for his work among the sheep, among believers, Jesus said to him: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God." The earnest, zealous, devoted impulse of Peter to lay down his life for the Master was accepted, but he must first be purified, that he might be an offering "without blemish." Then Jesus said: "Follow Me." Peter turned and saw John following without waiting to be told, and asked: "Lord, what shall this man do?" Jesus does not make His dealings with individual disciples to be common property. He replied: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me." He made no assertion that John should not die, but shewed Peter that his one vocation was to follow Jesus, leaving his Lord to deal with John. Let us learn to take our hands off fellow-Christians while we are occupied in following Jesus.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, Containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

For The Christian Herald.

THE LOST ONES.

HARRIET WANNER RE QUE.

MASTER, lead on, the desert sands outspread.
With the long reach of mountains wild and steep;
And sunken snares may line the path ahead;
But O, lead on, for we must find Thy sheep.

They lie bruised, fainting 'neath the burning skies,
They strangle amid briars; and they stand
Wrapped in the swirl of waters, with soft eyes
Waiting for pity, for some saving hand.

They drain out poisonous juices as they stray
Among noisome swamps that fleck the arid wilds,
And lambs, unmindful of their danger, play
Along the broken mountains' steep defiles.

Ah, in the shadowy silence we have heard,
And trembled hearing, "with uncounted cost
I purchased you, and healed you with my word;
Go 'tend my dying, and bring home my lost."

Let us be going—it is safe to go.
Behold His footprints on the rock before;
Haste, haste! O, Earth, farewell! if only so
We bring some lost one to His open door.

Aurora, Ill.

A HARD FATE

it is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

AN UNEQUALLED NUTRITIVE for infants and invalids is the celebrated Lactated Food. It is composed of pure sugar of milk, the principal element of mother's milk, and the nutritive principles of wheat and oats, rendered soluble by the action of genuine barley malt. It is thoroughly cooked, and easily assimilated by the weakest stomach. Physicians recommend it as the best. Sold by druggists everywhere. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. It gives more for less money than any other food.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

Advertising Rates.—Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 50 cents per line, single insertion; each insertion thereafter 25 cents. Special rates for long advertisements. No advertisement of more than 10 lines inserted. A discount of 10 per cent. on all advertisements inserted for three months or longer. A discount of 25 per cent. on all advertisements inserted for six months or longer. A discount of 50 per cent. on all advertisements inserted for one year or longer. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. All correspondence relating to advertising address to J. E. JEWETT, Advertising Department, 77 Bible House, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be beaten in comparison with any combination of ingredients. Short weight, inferior quality, and adulteration are impossible. Sold only in cans.

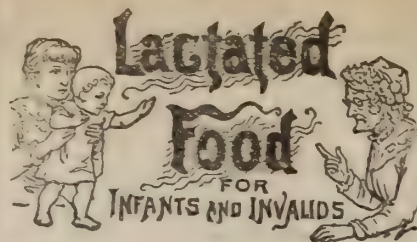
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., N.Y.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

An imperial photograph taken at a sitting, especially given by him. It is the latest and best. Dr. Talmage says "It is excellent." To every picture is affixed a fac-simile of a recent autograph. Mailed postpaid, for 25 cents in stamps, with a sample copy of BOOK RECORD.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Publisher, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

CHOICE LEAFLETS SAMPLE PACKS Postpaid. One each of fifty kinds, 25c. Sample dozen, 10c. H. H. B. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Dishes as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Silver-Band Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

Bible Dictionary.

REVISED and enlarged from our popular edition of which over 200,000 copies have been sold. It is printed from new type, with 360 wood-cuts illustrating the text, 16 being elegant full-page pictures.

It is printed in the best manner upon a fine paper, most strongly bound, intended for use rather than show.

The maps are 18 in number, from the latest authorities, mostly printed in colors, six being double-page maps.

720 pp. Large 8 vo. Cloth, \$2

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 Nassau Street, New York; 54 Bromfield St., Boston; 1512 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 53 State St., Rochester; 153 Wabash Av., Chicago.

\$6 Library, 50 cts, a month installments. Immense choice list to choose from. \$12, \$15, \$24, or larger Libraries at proportionate rates.

Provident Book Clubs organizing everywhere. The Literary Revolution makes a forward movement. Illustrated Catalogue, 132 pages, may be had for 4 cents, or complete Catalogue, and particulars, free. Address, JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 993 Pearl St., New York. Mention this paper.

BOOKS Sold at from 30 to 60 per cent discount and postage paid. Catalogue of 3,000 books and full particulars, mailed free. Address, The Literary Union, 29 Rose Street, New York.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.—They Lead the World—\$25 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Sold Walnut 50c. Boxes—Double Couplers GUARANTEED for Six Years and sent. With Stencil and Book, for TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED 1893. **MARTHA & SMITH,** 235 East 21st Street, New York.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

By Bishop JOHN F. HURST, D.D. Fifth thousand now ready. An able representation of the truth against opposing forces. Every reader should own a copy. Sent for 20 cents, in stamps.

WILLIAM B. KETCHAM, Pub'r, 71 Bible House, N. Y.

India Shawls.

Probably the last opportunity for procuring an India Shawl for a fraction of its cost.—There are few, if any, left in India; there are only a few (and those not the best) in London. Virtually all there are in existence to supply the present or any future want, are in the hands of a few merchants. The prices are so low that those who have made them all their lives have been driven to other kinds of labor, and in the natural course of events will not return to making shawls until the prices of ten years ago prevail again.

We have a surplus which we will sell at present as follows:

\$700 Shawls for	\$375
500 " "	275
300 " "	150
200 " "	100
175 " "	85

When these are gone there will be no more to be had at anything like these prices.

Lord & Taylor,

UP-TOWN STORE,
Broadway & Twentieth Street;
DOWN-TOWN STORE,
Grand & Chrystie Streets, New York.

New Music for Xmas.

Christmas Service No. 9. THE PROMISED ONE. A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture and Song by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. The Selections are admirable, and the Songs have all been written for the present season. 16 pp. Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

Christmas Annual No. 17.—Contains beautiful Carols by favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs for any Christmas Festival. Price, \$3 per 100; 4 cts. each by Mail.

"Santa Claus' Home." Our New Christmas Cantata By Dr. W. H. DOANE. Is first-class in every particular. Splendid effects; easily rendered. Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

A full Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 East Ninth St., New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.

TALMAGE'S

NEW TABERNACLE SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it. This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light, and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world. Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish **MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN.** Introduction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated. Pleases everybody. 160,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000.) Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th thousand, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher,
771 Broadway, New York.

Fall and Winter Dress Goods.

James M'Creery & Co.

OFFER AMONG THEIR LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL LINE: A LARGE STOCK OF WOOL SERGES INCHES WIDE, AT 65 CENTS PER YARD. TWO LINES OF STRIPE AND CHECK CLOTHS AT 80 CENTS PER YARD. ALSO, FULL ASSORTMENT OF FALL COLORING IN HEAVY WEIGHT CAMEL'S HAIR BE TRICE CLOTHS, AT \$1 PER YARD, WORTH \$1.50.

ORDERS BY MAIL FROM ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY WILL RECEIVE CAREFUL AND PROMPT ATTENTION.

JAMES M'CREEERY & CO.
BROADWAY Cor. 11th STREET, N.

NEW BOOKS

Along River and Road in Fuh-Kien.

Edwin J. Dukes. Graphic sketches of travel that strange and wonderful country whose destiny becoming so linked in with our own. 12mo. 352 pp. With map and 20 illustrations.

Scenes in Southern India.

Mrs. Murray Mitchell. Notes of a tour through region little known in America, picturing the people and their singular life and the changes wrought many years of missionary labor. 12mo. 322 pp. With map and 19 illustrations. \$1.50.

Jottings from the Pacific.

W. Wyatt Gill, B. A. Views of the South Sea Islands, their novel scenery and products, and a happy contrast between heathen and christian life. 12mo. 304 pp. With 15 illustrations. \$1.10.

Her Christmas and Her Easter.

A story of life in a New England seaport. Full incident, and helpful to our young people who are earnest. 12mo. 187 pp. 4 cuts. 90 cts.

Foxwood Boys at School.

A delightful story for boys and the friends of boys. As interesting as a novel, but true to life and wholesome. 12mo. 267 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.

"Concerning them which are Asleep."

By the late Dr. J. O. Means, of Boston. A most beautiful and comforting book for those who mourn. Square 24mo. 24 pp. In envelope, 25 cts.

Passion Flowers.

Rev. C. S. Hageman, D. D. A beautiful devotional manual, with designs in color, a text and a poetical tract on each page illustrating our Lord's atoning work. 24mo. 64 pp. Cloth gilt, 50 cts.

Voices.

Contains 64 pages (32 in colors), every alternate page being with poetical allusions to the preceding text. Size, 3-3/4 by 5-1/2 ins. Ribbon tied. 30 cts.

Choices.

Contains 64 pages (32 in colors), every alternate page being with poetical allusions to the preceding text. Size, 3-3/4 by 5-1/2 ins. Ribbon tied. 30 cts.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 Nassau St, New York; 54 Bromfield Street, Boston; 1512 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; State St., Rochester; 153 Wabash Av., Chicago.



Estey organ. Solidly made. Tone unrivaled. Elegant finish. Years' popularity. Illustrated catalogues sent free.

ESTEY ORGAN CO., Brattleboro', Vt.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. PLATFORM ECHO.

OF LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good. Full of laughter and tears. It sells at sight to all. To it is the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. No distance no hindrance. Give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circular. A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 45.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF SIX OF THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS OF THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO.

AOELDAMA. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

A Widow's Mountain Vigil—Russia Evangelized by Persecution—An Alligator's Fight in a Museum.

THE APPROACHING ORDEAL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. By Rev. M. Baxter.

CONSECRATED ENERGY. By Rev. Sam Jones.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Elections—Parties in the House—The Harvard Celebration—Strikes in Chicago—Liberal Conference at Leeds—The Bulgarian Difficulty—A Philanthropist Ill Used—A Released Prisoner's Promise, etc.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURE OF AN OPIUM-DEALER'S STORE IN CHINA.

Gems from New Books: The Edict of Nantes.

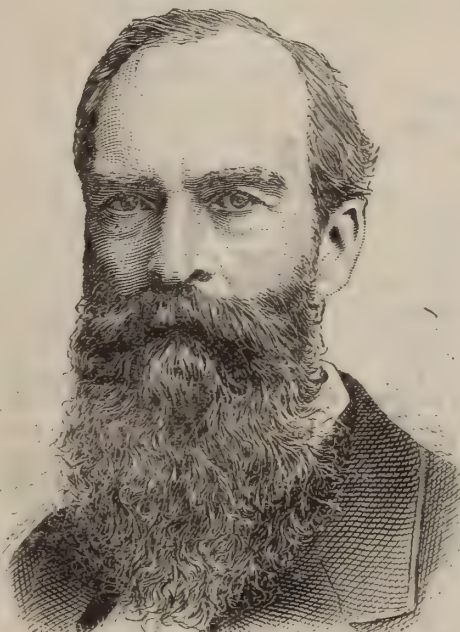
FOR LUCIE'S SAKE. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

WALKING IN THE LIGHT. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.



REV. W. R. NICHOLSON, D.D.



REV. E. P. GOODWIN, D.D.



REV. M. S. BALDWIN, D.D.



REV. J. D. HERR, D.D.



REV. P. S. HENSON, D.D.

SIX of the PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS at the BIBLE AND PROPHETIC CONFERENCE at CHICAGO.

THE BIBLE AND PROPHETIC CONFERENCE.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Conference which is to open its sessions next Tuesday in Farwell Hall, Chicago. The Church of Christ in these days needs, above all things, stimulating to a closer walk with Christ, a wider separation from the world, and a deeper consecration to the Master's service. These results cannot but ensue if ministers and churches come to the realization of the fact that the time is short, and that the Coming of the Lord to summon His waiting servants to meet Him in the air is near at hand. The Conference will show how God has revealed this by His Spirit to men of different sections of the Christian Church, and in coming together to consider their position and their duty in these perilous times, and to seek God's guidance and blessing, they will, we pray, be strengthened and invigorated for service.

In view of the importance of the Conference, we this week publish portraits of six of its prominent members, with the following sketches of their lives.

REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

PROMINENT among the clergymen who have signed the call for the Conference and engaged to assist in its deliberations is Dr. Gordon, the pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. He is well known through his works not only in his own denomination and country, but throughout the Christian Church on both sides the Atlantic.

He was born at New Hampton, N. H., on April 19th, 1836. He is therefore now a little over fifty years of age. His father was a worthy deacon eminent for his piety. The good deacon had been for many years an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missionary work and an ardent admirer of the devoted men who leave home and country to preach the Gospel of Christ to those who sit in darkness. One heroic man especially had won the good deacon's respect, the pioneer American missionary, Adoniram Judson. To that man the deacon tendered a tribute of homage by naming his infant child for him. The boy was named Adoniram Judson Gordon, and there is reason to believe that the pious father offered many prayers that he might prove worthy of the name given to him. It is certain that in many characteristics of his religious life and work, and notably in his interest in foreign missionary work, Dr. A. J. Gordon has been and is a living testimony of the power and influence of early training and of the results of parental prayers.

COLLEGE LIFE.

At the age of sixteen the young man was converted and united with the church in New Hampton. Almost immediately after uniting with the church a powerful influence began to make itself felt in the young convert's mind, moving him to preach the Gospel. It was not stifled by worldly cares or diverted by worldly ambition. It grew and strengthened with the years, until it became a settled purpose, and ended in a complete consecration of his life to the Lord's use and service. He entered a preparatory school with the distinct object of fitting himself for a theological training in college. Thence he went to Brown University, Providence, R. I., where he entered with zest, even while a student, into active Christian work, teaching in the Sabbath-school and helping in missions in the neighborhood around.

FIRST PASTORATE.

In 1860, at the age of twenty-four, Mr. Gordon graduated. He proceeded to Newton Theological Seminary for a more special course of training for ministerial work. Before the completion of his studies there he had already entered upon his life's labor, by accepting, at the earnest solicitation of the people of Jamaica Plain, the pastorate of their Baptist Church. His ordination took place in June, 1863, and until the year 1869 Dr. Gordon continued his work in the same church. It was a period of quiet, unob-

trusive usefulness. The preaching of the Gospel was accompanied by the blessing of God; the congregation largely increased, and many additions were made to the church.

REMOVAL TO BOSTON.

At the close of his seven years' labors at Jamaica Plain Dr. Gordon received a call from the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, of Boston. The prospect there was full of opportunities for arduous and effective labor. It was a "down-town church," which had once been prosperous, but had declined, owing to the movement, which has taken place in most of our cities, of the population from the business streets to the suburbs. Dr. Gordon, however, accepted the call, and went to his new sphere with the expectation of doing vigorous and energetic work. He was not disappointed in that expectation nor in the results. A new edifice was erected in the south end of the city, which was soon filled with worshippers. A deep, earnest spirituality pervaded the place, and the membership was doubled.

Dr. Gordon is an

EARNEST STUDENT OF PROPHECY,

and like most students of prophecy is a firm believer in the Premillennial Advent of Christ. In the fall of 1878 he took a prominent part in the Prophetic Conference held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York. There are few who were present at that conference who will ever forget the fervent address he delivered there on "The First Resurrection," or the rapt attention in which he held the vast audience which hung breathless on his lips.

AS AN AUTHOR

Dr. Gordon has become known to English-speaking Christians the world over. In 1872 he issued the volume entitled "In Christ," in which he dealt with one of the deepest and tenderest themes of the Gospel—the believer's union with his Lord. Dr. Gordon intended the book to be an aid to meditation, and very excellently it fulfils that purpose, being devout as well as suggestive. It is now in its fifth edition, and has been reprinted and largely circulated in England.

A volume of twenty sermons appeared in 1880 under the title "Grace and Glory." They cover a wide range of Christian life and thought, and are, withal, so simple that the child in Christ may understand and feed upon them. Among the most characteristic and impressive of these sermons is that on "The Virgins' Lamps," in which Dr. Gordon gives a very lucid and impressive exposition of his belief in the Premillennial Coming of the Lord.

"Congregational Worship" was the title of his next work. Dr. Gordon's design in writing it was to urge Christian congregations to take a more direct part in the worship of God's house.

In 1883 appeared

"THE MINISTRY OF HEALING."

This is the most argumentative and scholarly of all Dr. Gordon's works. In it he takes the position that there is no evidence of the age of miracles having ceased with the apostolic age. That in the present day there is existing and growing, not only in the world, but in the Church also, a dangerous tendency to explain away the supernatural, and to look askance on any declaration of direct answer to prayer for healing or deliverance. Yet, as he shows with logical force, we are daily witnessing in conversion a greater miracle than that of healing the body. Nevertheless, they who pray that God will cure the soul of sin shrink from praying that He would cure the body of disease, though the contact of the divine and the human is closer in the former case than in the latter.

Dr. Gordon's latest work is "The Twofold Life; or, Christ's Work for us and Christ's Work in us." While it is written for the benefit of all Christians who may read it, it is especially intended to enlighten those who are in danger of looking "upon the salvation of the soul as the goal rather than as the starting-point of faith"—for those who "have settled into a condition of confirmed infancy."

THE RIGHT REV. W. R. NICHOLSON, D.D., Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

ANOTHER of the speakers at the Conference whose utterances will be sure to command the closest attention of his hearers will be Bishop Nicholson, who is well known not only as an expositor of prophecy but for his power as a preacher and an administrator.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

William Rufus Nicholson, is one whom the South is proud to claim among her sons. He is now sixty-four years of age, having been born in Green County, Mississippi, on January 8th, 1822.

The future bishop's calling in life was not, as in the cases of some ministers, a matter of uncertainty in his youth. An event, the most momentous for any man, dwarfing into insignificance all other events in life, settled that question while he was still a boy. In 1835 he attended a Methodist camp-meeting, and at one of the services the Holy Spirit touched his heart. He was but a lad—he was only thirteen years old—but he realized then his need of salvation, and accepted the sacrifice of Christ as his one and only foundation of hope for eternity.

The young convert, full of youthful ardor, consecrated his life, while it was still all before him, to the Master's service. He was received into the Methodist Episcopal College at La Grange, Northern Alabama, and there gave himself vigorously to the work of preparation for the ministry.

HIS FIRST CHARGE

was at New Orleans, and his first sermon as a regular minister was preached at the little church in Poydras Street, where he labored for nearly four years.

At the conclusion of his term at New Orleans the young minister seriously considered his position. Four years' experience in the pulpit, visiting among his people, mixing with his brethren in the ministry, had started a train of thought which resulted in his severing his connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the sincere regret of many friends who remained in the communion, but who, respecting the conscientious motives which had prompted the step, maintained their friendship and cordial feeling toward him unimpaired.

He applied for admission to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was accepted. In 1847 he was

ORDAINED BY BISHOP POLK,

whose zeal in the cause of the Confederacy has rendered his name a notable one. Mr. Nicholson's first charge in the Protestant Episcopal Church was the Grace Church Mission in New Orleans, which he conducted until called to St. John's, in Cincinnati, O. Mr. Nicholson spent ten years in labor at St. John's, and they were ten years of continuous and increasing success. In 1859 Mr. Nicholson received a call to

ST. PAUL'S, IN BOSTON,

Mass. After prayerful consideration he deemed it his duty to accept the invitation as the circumstances were of a character to indicate that the Lord was directing his course thither.

In Boston Dr. Nicholson succeeded the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., and proved a worthy successor. During the thirteen years of his ministry there, the church grew and prospered; a steady, uninterrupted work of grace was maintained, and the agencies of the church as a missionary power in the city were multiplied. In 1872 Dr. Nicholson was invited to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., the oldest and most prominent church in the Diocese of New Jersey. He accepted the invitation, and labored there nearly three years.

The cause which determined Dr. Nicholson's resignation of the Newark charge was to him a very painful one. He had spent twenty-six years in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in that communion God had given him many souls as evidence of His acceptance of his labors. His brethren in the ministry were warmly attached to him, and had given proof of their respect by nominating him to a bishopric,

and though he felt it his duty to decline the high office, he could not but regard it as a very gratifying token of their confidence and esteem.

But in spite of these personal ties, Dr. Nicholson decided upon leaving the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH had recently been founded by Bishop Cummins, the Associate Bishop of Kentucky, whose motives in taking that step were precisely those which operated with Dr. Nicholson in retiring from the church. Bishop Cummins cordially welcomed Dr. Nicholson to the new church, and has since found him one of his most active, able, and zealous coadjutors.

Dr. Nicholson received an invitation to the pastorate of the Second Reformed Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, which he accepted. The church was then worshipping in a hall, but it grew so rapidly that a church edifice was begun which was completed in 1877. It is situated on Chestnut Street, above Twenty-first Street, and with its commodious chapel cost \$180,000.

Dr. Nicholson was, in May, 1875,

ELECTED TO THE BISHOPRIC

at the General Council held in Chicago, and was consecrated at his own church in Philadelphia on February 24th, 1876. The ceremony was conducted by Bishop Cummins, assisted by Bishop Cheney, and—to the general surprise—by Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who took part at his own request, and thus testified his regard for his former colleague in his own communion. The diocese thus committed to his charge comprised the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware. In 1879, however, he was chosen Presiding Bishop of the New York Synod, having jurisdiction in New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, and all New England.

REV. EDWARD P. GOODWIN, D.D.

THE name of Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, is familiar to Congregationalists in all parts of the world. In a denomination famous for the abilities and learning of its preachers, it is no slight distinction to occupy so high a position as that Dr. Goodwin rightly holds. It is gratifying to see such a man identifying himself with the Bible and Prophetic Conference, and notwithstanding his various and numerous engagements devoting his time to service on the committee having charge of its management.

Edward Payson Goodwin is now fifty-four years of age, having been born at Rome, N. Y., on July 31st, 1832. After acquiring an excellent education under private tuition, he entered Amherst College at the age of twenty, where he remained for the four years' course. When he left Amherst it was with the intention of consecrating his life to the service of Christ in the ministry, and already he had tested his capacities for usefulness by Sunday-school work and occasional services in mission-halls. Realizing the necessity of a sound, theological training, he entered himself as a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and studied there for three years.

Dr. Goodwin commenced his ministerial career at the age of twenty-seven at East Burke, Vt. It was, however, soon seen that a larger sphere than that of the little town would demand the services of such a preacher. He received many calls, and eventually accepted one from Columbus, O., where he labored for seven years with much success. In 1868 Dr. Goodwin was sought by the First Congregational Church of Chicago as its pastor. The separation from his attached friends at Columbus was painful on both sides, but there were many indications which could not be ignored that Dr. Goodwin's duty lay in the great metropolis of Illinois. He commenced his labors in the old church which stood at the corner of Washington and Green streets. Three years later the church acquired a new site on the corner of Ann Street, where it reared a handsome edifice. This was destroyed by the fire of 1873, and the present building was erected in the following year.

Dr. Goodwin has a natural aptitude for practical work. During his ministry three promising branch churches have been organized which are already partially self-supporting, and will probably in a short time be entirely independent of the mother church. Besides these, two mission churches and three industrial schools have been established.

THE RIGHT REV. M. S. BALDWIN, D.D.,
Bishop of Huron.

STUDENTS of prophecy in Canada, the United States, and England have long been accustomed to read with avidity any production bearing the name of Dr. Baldwin. Some new thought, some light on an obscure passage, some lucid interpretation would, they knew, surely be found in it to repay perusal. A laborious student and a vigorous and logical thinker, Dr. Baldwin has done much to elucidate the prophetic Scriptures, and to arouse men by his sermons and printed articles to a realization of the fact that the Lord's Coming is not the distant event that too many suppose it to be. The paper on "The Sure Word of Prophecy," which he has promised to read at the Conference, will be anticipated with much interest.

Maurice Scollard Baldwin is fifty years of age, having been born at Toronto in the year 1836. He is a first cousin of the Hon. Robert Baldwin so long and favorably known in connection with Canadian politics. His early education was acquired at Upper Canada College whence he proceeded to the University, graduating from Trinity College in 1859. He was ordained deacon in April, 1860, by the Bishop of Huron, and became curate to the Rev. Dr. Caulfield, at St. Thomas, Elgin County, Ontario. In 1862 he became incumbent of St. Luke's, Montreal, and subsequently was unanimously elected rector of the parish of Montreal. In 1871 he was appointed Canon of Christ Church Cathedral in that city. On the elevation of Dean Bond to the bishopric Canon Baldwin succeeded him in the deanery, and has now himself entered the Episcopate as Bishop of Huron.

Dr. Baldwin is remarkable for his oratorical powers. There are few men who possess the capacity he has for swaying an audience and moving his hearers at his will to action or to tears. He preaches extemporaneously, yet his sermons are remarkable for purity of diction and conciseness of expression. He is intensely evangelical in doctrine, and never preaches a sermon without impressing on his hearers the necessity of looking to Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. Beside a large number of short articles in religious journals, and many pamphlets Dr. Baldwin has written two works which have been widely circulated and much blessed. They were, "A Break in the Ocean Cable," published in 1877, which had a large sale in Canada and ten thousand copies in England; and "Life in a Look," published in 1880, which has also been reprinted in England.

Bishop Baldwin married in April, 1870, Sarah Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr. John J. Day, Q.C., of Montreal. They have one son and three daughters issue of the marriage.

REV. J. D. HERR, D.D.

THE subject which Dr. Herr has promised to introduce to the conference is "The Importance of Prophetic Study." There is no one better fitted to impress this fact on the minds of an audience.

Joseph Daniel Herr was born at Sharpsburg, Penn., on February 23d, 1837. He is therefore now in his fiftieth year. It was at the age of seventeen that he was led to give his heart to the Saviour and consecrate himself to His service. He united with the Methodist Protestant Church, and four years later after a course of study at Madison College, Pennsylvania, he was ordained. Though only twenty-one years of age he was judged worthy to have charge of an important church in Pittsburg, Pa., and subsequently in Cincinnati, O. He also undertook

the onerous duties of Secretary to the Board of Trustees of Adrian College, Michigan, and was also Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Protestant Church.

In 1870 a conviction which had been slowly forming in Dr. Herr's mind finally culminated in his severing his connection with the church with which he had been identified for twelve years, and entering the Baptist communion. He was at that time pastor of the Second Methodist Protestant Church at Pittsburg, Pa., and his friends in that city being desirous of retaining him among them, he was invited to become pastor of the Union Baptist Church there. After laboring in that sphere for a short time he succeeded in forming the Penn Avenue Baptist Church and became its first pastor. A marked success attended his ministry in that church and his fame spread through the denomination. The Central Baptist Church, of New York City, then seeking a pastor, heard of his earnestness and eloquence and sent him an invitation. He gave it his prayerful consideration and finally was led to accept it. He removed to New York in 1875 and commenced a ministry which was fruitful in the conversion of many souls. Subsequently he was called to Norwich, Conn., and quite recently he has accepted a call to Milwaukee, Wis.

REV. P. S. HENSON, D.D.

AMONG the famous preachers of the Baptist denomination, Dr. Henson, of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, is entitled to a place of honor. He is a born orator and has the happy gift of speaking pointedly and vigorously on almost any subject connected with his work at a moment's notice. He is a Southerner by birth and is fifty-five years of age. He was born in Fluvanna County, Va., on December 7th, 1831. His talents developed at a very early age, and while a mere boy shrewd observers predicted for him a brilliant career. He was only twelve years of age when he matriculated at Richmond College, and only seventeen when he graduated. Three years later he graduated from the University of Virginia.

Dr. Henson received a flattering mark of public confidence in the appointment, soon after leaving college, of Principal of the Milton Classical Institute of North Carolina. He held that position for two years, combining with the efficient discharge of its duties the study of law and the editorship of a weekly journal. He resigned in 1853 to become Professor of Natural Science in Chowan College, Murfreesborough, N. C. He still intended, however, to follow the legal profession and had he adhered to his resolution there is no doubt that he would have won in it fame and fortune. But God called him to a higher duty, and, obeying the call, Dr. Henson abandoned law and entered the ministry. He was ordained in February, 1856, and became past of Fluvanna Baptist Church. He had labored there four years when a call came from the Broad Street Church in Philadelphia which he accepted, and commenced his pastorate there in December, 1860. During his ministry the church grew with great rapidity, and in 1867 it was divided, the pastor and about two hundred members removing to a new location at Broad and Master streets, where a beautiful church was erected at a cost of \$200,000, all of which was raised in five years.

In 1882 came the call from the First Baptist Church of Chicago, then in a crisis of its existence, owing to the separation of a large portion of its membership under Dr. Lorimer's charge. Dr. Henson's arrival gave new life to the connection. The church and pastor worked together with indefatigable energy, and in a short time the church was cleared of debt and a solid and harmonious body of over one thousand members was built up. It is now one of the most active and aggressive churches in Chicago.

For Dr. Henson's portrait and for that of Dr. Goodwin, we are indebted to the kindness of our friend, Mr. E. B. Treat, the publisher of the *Pulpit Treasury*.

ACELDAMA.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 7, 1886.

"Aceldama, that is to say, The field of blood."—ACTS 1: 19.

The Gambling Epidemic—Merchants Unconsciously Interested—What Gambling is—A Hoary Transgression—Generally Denounced—Its Prevalence—How it Ruins Men—An Unhealthy Stimulant—A Foe to Industry—The Career of John Borack—No Consolation for Gambling Losses—Promotes Dishonesty—A Foe to Domestic Happiness—An Only Son's Letter to his Parents—Gift Stores—Church Fairs—Gambling for Graves—The Gambler's History—His Death-bed.

THE money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood-money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue, Aceldama, meaning "The field of blood." Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race-course where wagers are staked, and every pool-room, and every gambling saloon, and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnadined with the life of innumerable victims—Aceldama.

THE GAMBLING SPIRIT,

which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns and cities are now suffering. The farces recently enacted in our Brooklyn court-room by which it was proved that in the City of Churches there is not enough moral force to put into the penitentiary the gambling jockeys who belong there, is only a specimen of the power gained by this abomination, which is brazen, sanguinary, transcontinental and hemispheric.

While among my hearers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life, and the shadows are lengthening, and the sky crimson with the glow of the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life, and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, gleaming and glancing, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns, as clerks and book-keepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the fiery war-horse. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you; nay, some of you already have buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age or calling, the subject of gambling about which I speak to-day, is pertinent.

A COMMON ENEMY.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in "Herne's" famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first book-keeper, though receiving a salary of only four thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying: "That society is good for the defence of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than

you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or billiards or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles, the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler.

Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuels," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

This crime is no newborn sprite, but

A HAGGARD TRANSGRESSION

that comes staggering down under a mantle of curses through many centuries. All nations, barbarous and civilized, have been addicted to it. Before 1838 the French Government received revenue from gaming houses. In 1567 England for the improvement of her harbors instituted a lottery to be held at the front door of St. Paul's Cathedral. Four hundred thousand tickets were sold at ten shillings each. The British Museum and Westminster Bridge were partially built by similar procedures. The ancient Germans would sometimes put up themselves and families as prizes, and suffer themselves to be bound, though stronger than the persons who won them.

But now the laws of the whole civilized world denounce the system. Enactments have been passed, but only partially enforced, and at times not enforced at all. The men interested in gaming houses, and in jockey clubs, wield such influence by their numbers and affluence, that the judge, the jury, and the police officer must be bold indeed who would array themselves against these infamous establishments. The House of Commons of England actually adjourns on Derby Day to go out and bet on the races; and in the best circles of society in this country to-day are many hundreds of professedly, respectable men who are acknowledged gamblers.

PERMEATING SOCIETY.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars in this land are every day being won and lost through sheer gambling. Says a traveller through the West: "I have travelled a thousand miles at a time upon the Western waters, and seen gambling at every waking moment from the commencement to the termination of the journey." The Southwest of this country reeks with this sin. In some of those cities every third or fourth house in many of the streets is a gaming place, and it may be truthfully averred that each of our cities is cursed with this evil.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster-cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveller—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

THIS SIN WORKS RUIN,

first, by providing an unhealthy stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. The Chinaman gets it by smoking his opium; the Persian by chewing hashish; the trapper in a

buffalo hunt; the sailor in a squall; the inebriate in the bottle, and the avaricious at the gaming table. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back in a terrific reaction, is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument! God never made man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitement.

AN ESTATE IN A DICE-BOX.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables, and takes up in a dice-box the estate won by a father's lifetime's sweat, and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slaving fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat, and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within; and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times round with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven-high Bibles, tracts, and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition. "Aceldama, the field of blood!"

Again, this sin works ruin

BY KILLING INDUSTRY.

A man used to reaping scores or hundreds of dollars from the gaming-table will not be content with slow work. He will say: "What is the use of trying to make these fifty dollars in my store, when I can get five times that in half an hour down at Billy's?" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively employed in the game, in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw, and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow, and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society.

Any trade or occupation that is of use is ennobling. The street sweeper advances the interests of society by the cleanliness effected. The cat pays for the fragments it eats by clearing the house of vermin. The fly that takes the sweetness from the dregs of the cup, compensates by purifying the air and keeping back the pestilence. But the gambler gives not anything for that which he takes. I recall that sentence. He does make a return; but it is disgrace to the man that he fleeces, despair to his heart, ruin to his business, anguish to his wife, shame to his children, and eternal wasting away to his soul. He pays in tears and blood and agony and darkness and woe.

ONE VICTIM.

What dull work is ploughing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell tapes and measure nankeen and cut garments and weigh sugar, when in a night's game he makes and loses, and makes again and loses again the profits of a season? John Borack was sent as mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for eighty-seven thousand dollars. It was found that he had lost in

Lombard Street, London, twenty-nine thousand dollars; in Fulton Street, New York, ten thousand dollars, and in New Orleans, three thousand dollars. He was imprisoned but afterward escaped, and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs.

Furthermore, this sin is

THE SOURCE OF DISHONESTY.

The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftentimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamblers have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, haggard wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned.

In a gaming-house in San Francisco, a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace, and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced, and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

AN ENEMY TO THE HOME.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless ploughshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearily the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win, and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster, fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gambler. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are consumed in the fire of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes; one more game, my boys. On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven."

MORE VICTIMS.

A young man in London, on coming of age, received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and through gambling, in three years, was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to New Orleans. He was rich, intellectual, and elegant in manners. His parents gave him, on his departure from home, their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming-table and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said: "First-rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all, he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home, and of his old father and mother, and wrote thus:

"My beloved parents, you will doubtless feel

a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts, when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected, I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but, oh, may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the unwary, in a way that shall best please Him! This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you will have received this from me, the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

The old father came to the post-office, got the letter, and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first, but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? "Aceldama, The field of blood!"

When things go wrong at a gaming-table they shout:

"FOUL! FOUL!"

Over all the gaming-tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul!"

"Gift stores" are abundant throughout the country. With a book or knife, or sewing-machine, or coat, or carriage, there goes a prize. At these stores people get something thrown in with their purchase. It may be a gold watch, or a set of silver, a ring, or a farm. Sharp way to get off unsalable goods. It has filled the land with fictitious articles, and covered up our population with brass finger-rings, and despoiled the moral sense of the community, and is fast making us a nation of gamblers.

The Church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance.

A CHURCH FAIR

opens, and toward the close it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsalable. Forthwith, the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will raffie for some of the valuable articles, and, under pretence of anxiety to make their minister a present or please some popular member of the church, fascinating persons are dispatched through the room, pencil in hand, to "solicit shares," or perhaps each draws for his own advantage, and scores of people go home with their trophies, thinking that it is all right, for Christian ladies did the embroidery and Christian men did the raffling, and the proceeds went toward a new communion set. But you may depend on it, that as far as morality is concerned, you might as well have won by the crack of the billiard-ball or the turn of the dice-box. Do you wonder that churches built, lighted, or upholstered by such processes as that come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? The devil says: "I helped to build that house of worship, and I have as much right there as you have;" and for once the devil is right. We do not read that they had a lottery for building the church at Corinth, or at Antioch, or for getting up an embroidered surplice for St. Paul. All this I style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

The gambling spirit has not stopped for any indecency. There transpired in Maryland a lottery in which people drew for lots in a burying-ground! The modern habit of writing about everything is productive of immense mischief. The most healthful and innocent amusements of yachting and base-ball playing have been the occasion of putting up excited and extravagant wagers. That which to many has been advantageous to body and mind, has been to others the means of financial and moral loss. The cus-

tom is pernicious in the extreme, where scores of men in respectable life give themselves up to betting, now on this boat, now on that; now on this ball club, now on that.

BETTING.

that once was chiefly the accompaniment of the race-course, is fast becoming a national habit, and in some circles any opinion advanced on finance or politics is accosted with the interrogation: "How much will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal to slow, lethargic temperaments, but there are in the country tens of thousands of quick, nervous, sanguine, excitable temperaments, ready to be acted upon, and their feet will soon take hold on death. For some months, and perhaps for years, they will linger in the more polite and elegant circle of gamblers, but, after a while their pathway will come to the fatal plunge.

Shall I sketch

THE HISTORY OF THE GAMBLER?

Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up, just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower, and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clenched fists, and eyes like fireballs that seem starting from their sockets to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red-hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha, ha! I have it!"

A few years have passed, and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game, ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife—the marriage-ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams, fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flames circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting: "Hail, brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom, and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings!

THIS ROAD IS A DOWN-GRADE,

and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Splint hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Hell-gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. To

A GAMBLER'S DEATH-BED

there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes, his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last;" but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long deep eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out, and the spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.

A WIDOW'S MOUNTAIN VIGIL.

AN incident related by the Colorado correspondent of the New York *Sun* shows the courage and fortitude a mother will display under trying circumstances. It also is an illustration of the course a Christian should take when, during a season of fierce trial and spiritual darkness, prayer seems impossible and they are tempted to abjure their faith. Those who cling to the way of the Lord will surely be delivered (Ps. 40 : 1-3).

The *Sun's* correspondent states that a young widow, whose husband died out in the mining camps of Colorado, supported herself and her dearly loved little girl by peddling handkerchiefs, buttons, threads, etc., to the women around Leadville. When trade was bad she would go out to the camps, trudging long distances in the hope of getting money enough to keep her little home together. Early last spring she went to Aspen, and being disappointed there determined to travel on forty miles farther to Crested Butte. She had to cross the bleak range over which there was only a dim trail which none but the hardest mountaineers had trodden. This trail lay over what is known as Pearl Pass, one of the most difficult and dangerous passes in the Rocky Mountains. It lies at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. When she reached Pearl Pass the snow began to fall, and to her horror she saw the trail becoming covered. The frightened woman paused to think. To proceed was certain destruction, and to remain would be equally fatal. She could not retrace her steps, for the snow had hid from view the serpentine trail so completely that the most experienced prospector could not follow it. She did not dare to go forward for fear of losing her way, and she could not lie down, as she would freeze to death. She decided to walk backward and forward along a certain beat for a distance of about thirty feet, where she knew the trail lay, and by this means keep up the circulation, and at the same time not wander from the trail. Through the hours of darkness she continued to walk to and fro, nerved, whenever the temptation to lie down came upon her by the thought of her orphan child. Dawn found her still pacing the beaten path footsore and exhausted. At last a mail carrier came in sight. He placed on her his long Norwegian snow-shoes and conducted her safely to a cabin on the west side of the mountain, where she could rest and recover from her exhaustion.

RUSSIA EVANGELIZED BY PERSECUTION.

A REMARKABLE example of God's overruling providence in using the acts of wicked men to spread the knowledge of His Word, as He did in apostolic days (Acts 8 : 4), was related by the Russian evangelist, Colonel Pashkoff, at a Christian Conference recently. He said :

The work in Russia is extending rapidly. It is not by might nor power that the work is going on, but it is going on in spite of all that man and authority can do to stop it. There are but few of us who can speak, and of these many have been put in prison or forced to leave the country ; yet the work goes on.

How does it go on ? After the Crimean War a copy of the New Testament (which did not then exist in Russia) was put into the hand of a prisoner ; somehow or other it reached Russia ; how it passed the Custom House I do not know. In Russia it fell into the hands of a peasant, and led to his conversion, and that of others. His mouth was unstopped, and he began to speak to those who lived in his vicinity. Soon the Government laid hold of these men, and in order to stop the work removed them to another part of the land. What was the consequence ? Why, that the work broke out there. And thus began through a single copy of the Word of God a work that is spreading all over Russia.

Another work in South-east Russia began through a weak man, who was led to offer himself as a colporteur to the British and Foreign

Bible Society. He was accepted, and now wherever he goes God is pleased to work, and a revival begins.

These are but illustrations of the whole work of God in Russia. For example, in the north of Russia an English Christian was used to raise up a few noble families to accept the Gospel, and ten men of the upper classes then began to tell the good news to the prisoners and the poor, and God poured out His Spirit, and many joyfully accepted Christ. And so the work began and spread and went on, so that hundreds, I believe thousands, heard the Word of God, and many were led to the Saviour. But a great part of their work was hospitals and prisons ; and hundreds of the convicts who were going to Siberia heard the Word, and many believed, and are now scattered over Siberia in all parts, from the Ural Mountains to the borders of China, and everywhere preaching the Word.

So it is that in Russia God is working by poor and feeble instruments. For example, a tract, *Come to Jesus*, was translated into Russian, and one copy went into a distant part of Russia, and there it awakened a desire to know the Gospel. And by and by a colporteur came that way, and to his surprise found the people longing to buy copies of the Word, and to hear what he had to say, and many believed. All this coming from a single little tract. So the story of the Gospel in Russia abounds in such little incidents, in which small, unnoticed things have been the means in God's hand of doing a great work. Every one who comes to the knowledge of the Lord seems at once to become in a quiet way a worker, spreading, as he finds opportunity, the fire over the country. Everything man's power can do to stop the work is done, and yet it grows and goes on. God seems using the hindrances to forward His own work. In Siberia the Russian Bible Society, helped by funds from America, is doing a great work. Thus quietly the whole vast empire of Russia is being permeated by God's Word.

A FIGHT IN A MUSEUM.

AN extraordinary combat between an alligator and a lizard occurred on Oct. 28th in the Government building occupied by the Fish Commission at Washington, D. C. The alligator is a two-year-old reptile brought from Florida, while the lizard hails from the Gila River, in Arizona, and is only fourteen inches long. Both reptiles ceased eating two weeks ago and sank into a torpid condition, in which it was expected that they would remain for several weeks. They were removed from the glass cases to the floor, where, it was thought, they would do no harm to each other nor any one else. An attendant inadvertently touched the alligator's tail and caused him to move sluggishly onward a few inches, where he came in contact with the blunt nose of the monster. The snaky eyes of the latter lighted up with a gleam of Satanic malevolence, its black lips opened wide, and its jaws closed with a snap upon the fore paw of the alligator. The prisoner, though taken at a disadvantage, made for a time a gallant fight for its liberty and its life. Its movements were marvellously quick, and its jaws closed a dozen times in succession upon the mailed head of the assailant. It soon, however, became exhausted, and, moaning like a suffering child, it relapsed into quietude. The attendants sought by a variety of means to release the wretched alligator. His assailant was seized by the tail and held up in the air, taken by the bloated neck and choked severely, and plunged under water, but to no purpose. Then a large trowel was forced into his mouth, but such was the force of his grip that the steel blade, though considerably bent in the effort, failed to release the imprisoned paw. It was not until a stronger implement was used that the jaws were opened and the alligator released. It is expected that the latter will die. The attendants did not know that the apparently unconscious creatures retained so much vigor, or

they would not have allowed them so much liberty. The same mistake is sometimes made by men who have once been under the power of evil habit. Their enemy's quiescence is mistaken for extinction until temptation, in an unguarded moment, brings it into redoubled activity (1 Cor. 10 : 12).

THE APPROACHING ORDEAL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

By Rev. M. Baxter.

The Rupture of the Judæo-Antichristian League—England Involved—Its Place in the Revived Roman World—The Four and a Half Years of Trouble—The Gathering Clouds—America to Share in the Persecution.

SEVEN years before the close of this dispensation, the inspired writers clearly intimate that, there will be an alliance effected between Antichrist and the Jews, to continue in force for seven years ; but it will be violently broken when it has run half its course. Antichrist will show himself in his true colors, demanding worship and in other ways exposing his Satanic character. The Jews will then repudiate his patronage, discard his alliance, and will become his enemies. Then his wrath will be furious and the whole Roman world will feel its effects. Then it will enter upon that awful period known to prophetic students as

"THE GREAT TRIBULATION."

This great tribulation, or time of trouble, is to be of such universal prevalence, that "except it were shortened, no flesh should be saved ;" and of such severity, "as never was since there was a nation, even unto that same time ;" so that these circumstances alone would indicate the approaching ordeal of England, in common with the other nations of Christendom, to be of the most afflictive character. And besides this, it necessarily will suffer grievously from the earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and wars that will be of such general occurrence at that epoch.

But the worst element of the tribulation will be religious persecution, for we are told that the wild beast, denoting the Roman Empire controlled by the great Antichrist, is to make war with the saints, and to overcome them, for forty two months, or three and a half years !* All standard literal interpreters of the prophecies agree that this three and a half years' persecution of Christians is yet to come, and is to prevail.

THROUGHOUT ALL THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which in its fullest extent included England.

This conclusion may appear startling to superficial thinkers, who have no adequate idea of the united strength of the Continental powers, as compared with that of England alone. But it is clear from prophecy that Britain although naturally anxious to stand isolated and aloof from entangling alliances with Continental powers, will be compelled by the force of circumstances to ally herself with some of them, and will thus be gradually drawn into the predicted confederacy of the ten Roman nations.

Britain seems indicated to be exempt from religious persecution or tyranny until nearly two and a half years after the covenant, when Christ's waiting people will be translated to heaven and the ensuing great religious revival and preaching of the Gospel shall be accomplished ; and then ensues

A CALAMITOUS PERIOD

of about one year of the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy becoming infidel and anarchic and carrying aloft the then Communistic Church of Rome, drunk with the blood of saints and seated triumphantly as ecclesiastical mistress over the nations. And afterward follow the three and a half years of Antichrist's reign as the world's monarch and god. Hence there will be considerable persecution and slaughter of Christians during that season of the Scarlet Woman's supremacy and copious libation of the blood of saints, previous to the exterminating persecution by the Imperial Antichrist himself during the final three and a half years.

* Rev. 13 : 5, 7 ; 12 : 6, 14 ; 11 : 2, 3 ; Dan. 7 : 25 ; 12 : 7.

Socialism is arising, like a lion from its lair, and in rekindled Radical demagogue agitations will soon make its roar heard in various parts of the British Empire. Its present appearance may be no bigger than a cloud the size of a man's hand, but the political horizon will in due time be overcast with a dark tempest, in which the time-honored aristocratic institutions of England will be subverted by the triumph of the mobocracy. A great revolution, as violent and overwhelming as that in France in 1793, will commence in Britain in two or three years after the Covenant. But until Christ's waiting people shall have at that time been removed from the earth, there is much ground for hoping that any very ruinous revolution in England will be averted and postponed.

Britain was for four centuries an integral part of Cæsar's Roman Empire, and will unquestionably be one of the ten kingdoms into which the whole extent of that Roman Empire is to be divided during the final seven years, as signified by the ten horns of Daniel's wild beast and the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic image (Dan. 7:24; 2:31-45). All the ten toes are composed of intermingled *clay* and *iron*—denoting the mixture of *Communism* and *Monarchy* that is to characterize the government of each of them. This *clay-iron* or democratic-monarchic governmental principle will, by the beginning of the final *three and a half* years, although perhaps not so soon as by the beginning of the final *seven years*, be completely established in all

THE TEN KINGDOMS

—namely, Britain, France, Spain with Portugal, Italy, Sub-Danubian Austria, and Greece, Egypt, Syria, Central Turkey and Bulgaria. This ultimate lodgment of the sovereign power in the hands of the people in the form of *universal suffrage*, just before the final *three and a half* years, is also denoted by the entire body of the wild beast being eventually scarlet-colored. Prophecy informs us that these ten kingdoms are then at last to "give their power and strength" to Napoleon, the seventh-eighth head of the wild beast, or Roman Empire, with which he, as its controlling head, will be practically identical. (Rev. 17.)

In addition to the rising prevalence of *democracy*, another noticeable sign is the agitation, originated for the avowed object of effecting the separation of Ireland from England, which is the very event that prophecy foreshows to be impending; for, as England is *inside*, but Ireland is *outside*, the Roman Empire, therefore the governmental union between them must be dissolved, before the final seven years commence with the precise tenfold division or decemregal partition of the Roman-Imperial world.

Another vulnerable spot in the armor of England is the immense extent of its commerce, exposing it to the most ruinous financial embarrassments, in event of its commercial trade with other nations being interrupted by a foreign war; and in such a case, British merchant vessels would everywhere fall a prey to swift privateers. Britain depends for one third of its supply of bread upon its annual importation of nearly six million quarters of wheat from Russia, Prussia, and America, and is therefore at the mercy of those nations, which might at any time endeavor to starve it into submission by withholding such indispensable supplies.

Anglo-Saxon

AMERICA CANNOT ESCAPE

from falling under the despotic dominion of the final great Democratic-despotic Papal-Mohammedan-Infidel, Spiritualistic Napoleonic Antichrist, seeing that "power is to be given him over all kindreds and tongues and nations," a comprehensive expression, which must surely include so important a part of the world as the western hemisphere. (Rev. 13:7.)

And, again, in the same part of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation it is stated that that revived Napoleonic head of the Roman Empire is also to "make war with the saints"—that is, Christians—and to overcome them for forty-two

months, or three and a half years. Nor are these saints defined to be merely such as shall be found within the ten kingdoms, although the ten kingdoms are to be the chief persecuting powers, but they will be saints generally throughout all Christendom; and probably Anglo-Saxon America contains nearly half of the entire number of true saints upon the earth at the present time.

And as the Romanists, who are principally to compose the persecuting body of which the Napoleonic Antichrist is to be the Head, are very numerous in Canada and the United States, such a fact is of itself a sufficient indication of the prospect, apart from other grounds, of matters being in such a train as to render a

PERSECUTION OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTS

no improbability. The destiny of a country in times of revolution usually depends upon the issue of the popular disturbances in its central towns, and it is particularly in the leading cities of the United States and Canada that the Irish and other Romanists are proportionately very numerous, and constitute a compact and systematically organized body, so as to render their influence extremely formidable.

The impossibility of Protestant America escaping the predicted persecution is further shown by the fact that "that hour of temptation is to come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth;" and the great tribulation is to be so universal, that except it were shortened, "no flesh (not a single human being) should be saved"—plainly implying, as Daniel has foretold,† a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time.

CONSECRATED ENERGY.

From a Sermon Preached at Toronto, by Rev. Sam Jones.

BRETHREN, if you think you are pleasing God by whining round Him, you never made a greater mistake in your life. Some people have no sense, but think the more they are "nothing" the more they please God. God is my father. I am His son. God wants to see me be somebody and do some work. In Atlanta, Georgia, we have one little man; he is small in stature and young in years, but he is

THE BIGGEST MAN I EVER SAW.

There is one trouble about him and that is his stinginess. He is worth \$20,000, and we can't get but \$1500 a year out of him for the cause of religion. That will give you some idea! Last year when they held the meeting for Foreign Missions, little George got up and said, "Mr. Preacher, last winter I gave the best sister a boy ever had to the cause of Foreign Missions, and this year I give \$500." I would like to bring him to Toronto, only that he might set a bad example to you in stinginess. How many men have you in any church in Toronto who are worth \$20,000 and will plank down \$1500 a year for the cause of Christ and religion. Hey?

The crowd that was to save the city was ten, and if you haven't got that many you need more religion here, that is all there is about it, and the more religion a man has got the looser his purse-strings get. Did you ever notice that?

When God wants to reach a man He puts His augur right into his head, runs down through his heart, and so on down into his pocket-book, and it springs up like an artesian well. God doesn't commence at the heart and bore up to the head. *What would He do with the dirt?* You have mistaken ideas about this whole business. I have no patience with this everlasting talk about heart religion. I want religion all over me. If I am to have it only in one place, I want it in my right hand, so that I can go on and do something for God and Christianity.

I was going on to tell you about this grand man in Atlanta. We had

A TALKING MEETING,

where all the members get up and talk one with

another about their own experience, and we were talking about the locomotive. I said a locomotive was an organized pile of iron, and a church was an organized lot of Christians, and we got talking about the Church being like a locomotive, and one thought he would like to be this part and another thought he would like to be that. One would like to be the driving wheels, another the cow-catcher, and another the headlight. Another said he would

LIKE TO BE THE WHISTLE

and sound the praises of God all over this country. We have got more whistles now than anything else, and some of you are like the whistle on a little steamboat on a river down in Georgia. It is a little steamer and has got the smallest boiler and engine you ever saw, and a big, old-fashioned whistle, and when it blows the whistle the boat stops. It can't go and whistle at the same time. *When she runs she can't blow, and when she blows she can't run.* I have seen many a Christian take it out in blowing. They can't both blow and run in the good work. George, my brother, got up and said, "I will tell you—I am perfectly willing to be the black coal they put into the furnace to burn up and make steam and carry the engine along." That was the grandest Christian sentiment I ever heard escape from human lips. O Lord, let us be the black coal to be burned up in Thy service, and if there is anything left take it and use it. That is the kind of Christians we want.

I was preaching at High Bridge, Kentucky, for three or four days, and the pastor of one of the churches said: "Brethren, I have been thinking and repenting. Twenty years ago I

ENLISTED IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY,

and left my home and never set eyes on my friends for four years, and all for love of the Southern Confederacy; from a mere sentiment of patriotism I went to the front, slept out in the cold and in the snow. I have gone twenty-four hours, many a time, without a bite to eat. I have marched with blood spurting from my feet at every step. I have bared my bosom to a thousand bullets. But shame upon me, I have been a soldier of the cross for thirteen years and have never missed a meal for God, never slept out in the cold a night for God, never denied myself a single pleasure for God, and never bared my bosom to a single bullet for the sake of Christ, and I am ashamed of myself to-day in the sight of God."

I want to tell you

AN INCIDENT IN A BATTLE

which took place near the close of the war. The general in command on one side noticed that from a certain fort in a locust grove a deadly fire was pouring in upon his troops. He sent his adjutant to one of his generals with this message, "Give General Cheltham my compliments, and tell him that I ask at his hands that fort in the locust grove." General Cheltham had been missing for two hours and was thought to be dead; so had a second general, to whom the same message was sent. Then a message was sent to a third general: "Give him my love (no compliments this time), and tell him I ask at his hands the fort in the locust grove." The general who got the message straightened up in his saddle and said, "First Missouri Brigade, forward," and they charged through shell and death, and with the loss of many a man they captured the fort and the guns and the men that manned them; and the officer sent back to his commander this message, "Give him my love, and tell him I present him the fort in the locust grove." I tell you, brethren, I say it this afternoon as an humble adjutant of Jesus Christ—I come over to Toronto and present you the love of Jesus Christ, and tell you He asks at your hands—at your hands—this city to be redeemed by His precious blood, and I trust before one month from to-day I may be looking up to heaven and saying, "We send our love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and present Him Toronto delivered from sin." Be true soldiers, do your part, and God will bless you.

* Matt. 24:21.

† Dan. 12:1.



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Elections Have Changed the Character of the House of Representatives. In the Forty-ninth Congress the Democrats have a majority of forty-three; in the Fiftieth Congress the Democratic majority will not exceed fifteen, and Republican journals estimate it at not more than ten. The latest figures classifying members more or less independent with the party to which they are more closely identified indicate that the House will consist of 168 Democrats, 154 Republicans, and 3 representatives of labor. One of the most remarkable changes is the defeat of Colonel Morrison, in Illinois, by his Republican opponent, Judge Baker. Colonel Morrison was elected two years ago by a majority of 2592. It is stated by persons who should know in his district that his defeat this year was due to personal and private reasons, and not to his attitude on the tariff. Another surprise was the narrow escape of Speaker Carlisle from defeat in Kentucky. It was at first thought that his opponent was elected, but the official returns give Mr. Carlisle the seat by a small majority. The Republicans did not oppose him, and he had no rival but a labor candidate. His friends, therefore, concluding that his election was safe, neglected to vote. That is the explanation given on both sides. The Prohibition vote showed a steady increase in almost every State. In New Jersey it was more than double the figures ever recorded before.

The Result of the Election in New York City has more than a local significance. The triangular contest for the mayoralty was watched with interest, not only through the United States, but in England, where the labor problem presses as it does here. Its issue depended entirely on the fidelity of the voters. If no deals were made, Mr. Hewitt, having the support of Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, would necessarily be elected. Many of his friends predicted that he would have an absolute majority of all the votes cast. That prediction was not fulfilled, but Mr. Hewitt had a plurality of over 22,000 votes. The total number of ballots cast was 219,436. Of these Mr. Hewitt received 90,456, Mr. George 67,930, and Mr. Roosevelt 60,474. The remarkable feature of the election was the large vote polled by Mr. George. Though a poor man without money to distribute and without the aid of an organization such as the old parties possess, he was placed second

at the poll. This is a fact which the managers of both parties are now anxiously considering. What it means, and to what it will grow, are questions that are well worth their consideration. It means that the workingmen are a factor in local politics which cannot be safely ignored; that they know their power and how to wield it with effect; and that they have lost confidence in the old parties. These lessons are taught by the solid vote of 67,000 cast for the labor candidate in an election in which the representatives of the old parties were men above the standard of character and ability usually fixed for municipal candidates. To what extent it will grow will largely depend on the conduct of the dominant party. Corruption or blundering in office would develop the movement rapidly. It will no longer be safe to deliberately arrange for the plunder of the city treasury, and it will no longer be safe to nominate men who will steal themselves or permit their subordinates to steal. Thus the election, if the party managers are sagacious, may tend to the purification of city politics and greater efficiency in all the departments.

The Harvard Celebration which Commenced on Friday last has engaged general interest through the country. It was the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. It was on the 7th of November, 1636, that the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay voted to give four hundred pounds "toward a school or college, whereof two hundred pounds shall be paid the next year and two hundred pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." It was two years later that John Harvard, a young clergyman then lately settled in Charlestown, died, leaving his library of about 300 volumes and one half his estate to the new college. This endowment was more than double the amount given by the colony, and the institution was named for its first benefactor. The name of Newtown was changed to Cambridge on account of the locating there of the first American college. The charter of government for the college first framed in 1640, and somewhat extended in the next ten years, still exists, with little change. The celebration covered four days, and among its prominent features were an address by Hon. James Russell Lowell, a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and a sermon by Dr. Phillips Brooks. President Cleveland, accompanied by several members of his Cabinet, attended the exercises, but declined the degree of LL.D., which in past years the university has been accustomed to bestow on public men who visited it.

Renewed Labor Troubles are Reported from the Chicago packing houses. On November 6th the Master Workman of the Local District Assembly of the Knights of Labor issued an order directing that every Knight of Labor employed in or about the packing houses quit work at once. About 6000 of the 13,000 men who had gone to work left at once, and the others are expected to follow the example. Fully 16,000 beef and pork packers will then be idle. The Knights have issued a circular, in which they say that the strike is the result of dissatisfaction at the loss of the eight-hour day. In returning to work a few weeks ago they were led to believe that in accepting the ten-hour day they were doing so temporarily, with the understanding that in a short time their demand for eight hours would be conceded. Finding that there was no prospect of the concession, the strike was ordered. It is intimated that Master Workman Powderly disapproves of the action of the District Assembly, and will endeavor to mediate. In the mean time the chief packers are preparing to carry on their business with outside assistance and to board the new men on the premises. That danger of riots is apprehended appears from an order issued on Sunday by Governor Oglesby calling out the militia.

The Liberal Demonstration at Leeds Last week appears to have widened the breach between the two sections of the party. It was

hoped that declarations would have been made of concessions which, without sacrificing principle, would have opened the way for the return of Hartington, Chamberlain, and their followers to Mr. Gladstone's camp. The speech of Mr. Morley, who was Mr. Gladstone's Irish secretary in the late Cabinet, destroyed that hope. He declared that if a union of the sections of the Liberals could not be obtained without the surrender of the principles of an enormous majority to a small minority, the only recourse was to fight out the battle. The majority, he said, did not wish to proscribe individuals or excommunicate sections. But it would be most contemptible if the men who had launched a protest in favor of Ireland of such magnitude and moment were to agree that all be forgotten. They would pursue the old course. Still Mr. Gladstone and other members of the late government were ready to receive a modified policy if it were supported by solid reasons. Despite recent defeats, the speaker said, he believed Mr. Gladstone was on the eve of a triumph, and that the Liberal policy was now rooted in the minds and consciences of Liberals throughout the country. This sentiment was received with enthusiastic cheers. It has had the effect of drawing the Hartington section into closer relations with the Conservatives, and rendering Mr. Gladstone's return to power extremely improbable.

The Bulgarian Difficulty is Expected to Assume definite shape during this week, and opinions vary as to the probabilities of its being pacific or bellicose. The Emperor of Austria is to make a speech to the Hungarian deputations who are anxious for war, and Lord Salisbury is to deliver a speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London. Both utterances are anxiously awaited, under the impression that Austria and England have arrived at an understanding which may be outlined in the speeches. Russia maintains her arrogant attitude in Bulgaria, apparently desirous of goading the people into an outbreak that may be made the pretext for an occupation of the country. A statement made by a Russian statesman, and reported by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Herald, shows how near this is. He said: "Bulgaria is now on the verge of anarchy, and affords no security or protection to Russian subjects and Russian property. England, under similar circumstances, bombarded Alexandria and occupied Egypt, thus affording a valuable precedent for our action in Bulgaria." The Bulgarian Regency at present maintains a firm front toward Russia, but there are indications that unless definite encouragement is given speedily by Austria and England, the Czar's mandates will be obeyed as implicitly in Bulgaria as they are in Russia.

The Rough Usage of a Philanthropist in London is reported in a cable dispatch to the New York Times. It states that Mr. F. N. Charrington, the young man who abandoned the brewing business to take up evangelistic work, and whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on August 5th, was summarily ejected from a meeting in the London Mansion House on November 5th. The meeting was called to arrange for the raising of the funds for the completion of "the People's Palace." Mr. Charrington attended, and made an earnest appeal to the Lord Mayor in favor of the closing of the Palace on Sundays, and to give an assurance that strong drink would never be sold there. Strong opposition to Mr. Charrington's demand was manifested, and as he persisted in urging it, the Lord Mayor ordered a constable to eject him from the meeting.

Earnest Christian Men and Women who can raise hymn tunes and give short gospel exhortations are wanted to be permanently stationed as evangelists at mission stations of the Gospel Union; salary ranging from five dollars and upward a week. Address Rev. M. Baxter, President Gospel Union, 63 Bible House, New York.

Rev. M. Baxter Addressed Large Meetings at Toronto last Sunday in Shaftesbury Hall. There appears to be a marked increase in the desire of the people to gain an understanding of prophecy. The call for Mr. Baxter's well-known work, "Forty Coming Wonders," a new edition of which has just been issued, and the anxiety of people, in the cities he has visited to hear his lectures show that an unprecedented interest in unfulfilled prophecy exists.

The Bible and Prophetic Conference to be held on Tuesday next and following days in Chicago will doubtless be attended by a large number of our readers. The Secretary, Rev. George C. Needham, writes us that they may effect a *saving of expense* through an arrangement made with the railroad company. He says; "Railroads will give reduced rates to persons attending the Prophetic Conference at Chicago from points within five hundred miles of that city. Passengers must purchase first-class tickets to Chicago, and *secure certificate or receipt of same from ticket agents*. Said certificate must be countersigned by clerk of Conference, so as to secure the benefit of reduced return fare, which will be *one third* of full fare. (The double journey will cost one and one third fare.) Hotels, boarding-houses, and restaurants are abundant in neighborhood of FARWELL HALL, where the meetings will be held. A list will be furnished on application. Persons arriving in Chicago may go directly to Young Men's Christian Association, Farwell Hall, 148, Madison Street, where all information regarding board and lodgings can be had. Will every reader kindly inform all friends about terms of railroads and hotels? Railroad tickets will be good from three days prior to Conference to three days after (November 11th to 24th)."

The Rev. F. G. Bingley, whose Work in South America is well known, is about to return to that neglected sphere. He expects to sail on December 22d for Venezuela, where he will ~~commence~~ *work* immediately on his arrival. Mr. Bingley follows Bishop Taylor's plan of self-supporting mission work. He is not commissioned by any society, but goes out trusting in God for support. He asks us to state that any one desiring to aid him in defraying the cost of his passage and preliminary expenses may send a contribution to Rev. John Dooley, Broome Street Tabernacle, New York, who will forward it to him.

The Work Among the Hebrews of New York, conducted by Rev. Jacob Freshman, is making remarkable progress. On Sunday last he had the great joy of receiving into the church three Hebrews, one of them a medical gentleman. Mr. Freshman read the Baptismal Service in German, the mother-tongue of the candidates. The Rev. Mr. Edwards, of London, England, the Secretary of the British Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, was present, and preached an excellent sermon from Rom. 1:16. The Rev. Dr. Goodsell, of this city, also assisted in the services. This Hebrew-Christian Church is rapidly increasing in spiritual interest and power, but the work is sadly in need of financial assistance.

Sunday Evening Services in Cooper Union, New York, were resumed on November 7th. They are under the auspices of the Presbytery of New York. Rev. R. M. Offord, who has the direction of the services, writes that they "will be made as attractive as possible, while carefully bearing in mind the apostolic injunction to let everything be done decently and in order. A service of song, aided by a large choir and directed by a gentleman of much experience, will be held from half-past seven to eight, to be followed by a gospel service strictly within the limits of one hour. During this hour there will be more congregational singing, as well as solos, and, of course, prayer, reading of Scripture, and short gospel addresses. A corps of recognized Christian workers will be on hand and on the alert to seek conversation with individuals, in the hope of discovering those who desire to be pointed to the Saviour." The services formerly

held in that building were much blessed, and prayer is desired that their resumption may similarly be useful to the thousands of non-churchgoers in that section.

The Superiority of Frame Houses Over those built of brick or stone as to safety in an earthquake, was proved during the recent convulsion at Charleston, S. C. The *News and Courier* of that city called attention in an article published on November 3d, to the fact that very few of the frame houses in the city had required repair or rebuilding since the earthquake, while the brick and stone buildings had all suffered more or less serious injuries. "The explanation of this," says the journal, "is that an earthquake lacks the propulsive horizontal power of a tornado, while the upheaval force is so irresistible that weight counts for nothing in securing the safety of a building." In fact, the more substantial the building seemed the more likely it was to collapse. There is reason to believe that this principle has a wider application. There are many persons living in fancied security trusting in their good moral character, who, as Christ warned them, will not be able to stand in the day of the Lord, while others less respected of men are saved (Matt. 21:31).

How to Detect the Presence of the Fatal Fire-damp in mines in time to prevent an explosion has been a problem on which much ingenuity has been exercised. Many plans have been devised, but they have been generally so complicated that they have been little used. The latest, however, which has just been made public is remarkably simple. A child's India-rubber ball with a hole in it is squeezed flat in the hand, and held in the place suspected of fire-damp while released, and allowed to suck in the sample of the air; the ball is then directed toward a safety-lamp and again squeezed, when, if it contains any inflammable vapor, it will show the tell-tale blue flame. This is a test any miner can apply for himself, and it may be supposed that it would satisfy him. He would be a very reckless man, who, after seeing the blue flame, continued in the place until an explosion occurred. Men do not show such recklessness where life is concerned, though when the soul is at stake it is not enough to show them their danger; they generally need urging before they seek safety in Christ (11 Cor. 5:20).

The Reception of an Insane Immigrant was under the consideration of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration at their meeting last week. A formidable looking document was presented for their signature accompanied by an urgent petition from a citizen of Providence, R. I. The citizen has a son in an asylum for the insane in Europe, and he wants to bring him to this country for treatment by American specialists. But the President of the Board of Commissioners is authorized by the Secretary of the Treasury to prevent any sick or insane immigrant from landing in an American port, and the father, therefore, prudently sought permission beforehand to bring his son here. The Commissioners acceded to his request on condition that he gave bonds securing the people from liability to become chargeable with his son's support. Public opinion approves the observance of these precautions, as our hospitality has been abused in the past by European governments desirous of getting rid of incurable sufferers. Happily, there is no such restriction on entrance into the kingdom of God. Christ gave a special invitation to such as an earthly government would regard as undesirable citizens (Luke 14:21-23).

A Released Prisoner's Promise was mentioned last week by Warden Pilsbury, of the New York Penitentiary, as an illustration of the difficulties encountered by prison philanthropists in their efforts for the reclamation of habitual criminals. The warden himself made such an effort recently. He had a prisoner under his care who was the son of dishonest parents, and his own name was down on the register of the Blackwell Island retreat as a frequent guest. But the warden noticed that the man was tractable, kind, and generous, and believed that he might be re-

claimed. He had a bad illness during his latest term, and his life was saved only by the careful nursing he received in the infirmary. The prisoner was deeply touched by the kindness shown him, and when he was discharged he waited on the warden to express his gratitude. Mr. Pilsbury thought it a good opportunity to expostulate with him and try to get him to reform and lead an honest life. He made a long and earnest appeal to him, and the prisoner listened attentively. But the warden was stricken with despair when the prisoner said on leaving, with tears in his eyes: "Yes, warden, you've been very kind to me; I'll not forget you. *The first good gold watch I can steal in New York I'll send you by express.*" The warden is convinced that heredity and long habit had so blunted the man's conscience that he was incapable of realizing that stealing was wrong. Whether that was so or not, it is certain that in a less degree the principle has been found true by every converted man. After the conscience has been enlightened by the Holy Spirit, it condemns as sinful many acts which before it approved (Rom. 7:13).

A Clergyman was Mistaken for a Pickpocket on a railroad car recently. Several ladies were in one of the cars of a train on the way from Philadelphia to New Haven, Conn., and one of them missed her pocket-book, in which there were twenty-five dollars. She reported her loss, and at the next station an officer was called in to investigate. Directly back of the lady sat a suspicious, seedy-looking character. With the instinct of a professional thief-catcher it required but a moment for the officer to jump to the conclusion that he had located the culprit. The suspected man good-naturedly submitted to the search which the officer made, but the missing pocket-book was not found. After the search was over the suspicious-looking man remarked: "Well, officer, I know I look rather seedy, but I never supposed any one would take me for a thief. I am the Rev. Mr. —, of New Haven." Turning to the lady who had lost her pocket-book, he presented her with three dollars to help pay her fare home. His magnanimity must have been like coals of fire on her head, and she must have regretted entertaining the suspicion. Unhappily, she is not the only person who has wronged a servant of God by an unjust accusation. In our day the apostolic injunction as to preachers is too much forgotten (1 Thess. 5:12, 13).

A Bride's Certificate of Birth is Being eagerly sought for in Wisconsin. About fifteen years ago a wealthy lady in Milwaukee, Wis., noticed a bright little girl, who was in danger of becoming an outcast, as her father had been shot in a prison scuffle, and her mother was in extreme poverty. The child's beautiful face and musical voice made a deep impression on the lady, who at length made arrangements with the mother to adopt her. The girl was educated and reared as far as possible away from the scenes of her early years, which the lady was anxious should be forgotten. During a tour in Europe this summer a distinguished Italian physician fell in love with the whilom street waif, who has now become a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Arrangements for their marriage were made, but on the eve of the ceremony it was found that under the Italian law no marriage can take place without certificates of the births of the parties being filed. No one knows where the girl was born, nor whether her mother is living, and there is therefore no clue to the register of her birth. The marriage is therefore postponed until search is made through the registers of Wisconsin cities. It may be hoped that the young lady will soon be relieved of her embarrassment by the discovery of the missing document, as its absence appears to be an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. We have reason to be thankful that no such obstacle can arise for those who seek union with Christ. Nothing in the past can preclude that union. All who come to Him in faith are accepted (Gal. 6:15).

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 13-16.

The Sin of Hindering Souls—By Bad Example—By Discouraging Speeches—I. Characteristics of the Sin—Very Common—Caused by Zeal—Based on Doubts as to their Capacity—The Worth of a Child—II. The Sin in Action—Children Forgotten in the Service—Neglected by Parents—Too much Gravity Expected of them—III. How Jesus Condemned the Sin—As Contrary to His Spirit—To His Teaching—To His Practice—IV. The Hint Given to All who Come.

It must be a very great sin indeed to hinder anybody from coming to Christ. He is the only way of salvation from the wrath of God, salvation from the terrible judgment that is due to sin—who would dare to keep the perishing from that way? To alter the sign-posts on the way to the city of refuge, or to dig a trench across the road, would have been

AN INHUMAN ACT,

deserving the sternest condemnation. He who holds back a soul from Jesus is the servant of Satan, and is doing the most diabolical of all the devil's work. We are all agreed about this. I wonder, my dear friends, whether any of us are quite innocent in this respect. May we not have hindered others from repentance and faith? It is a sad suspicion; but I am afraid that many of us have done so.

Certainly you who have never believed in Jesus yourselves have done sadly much to prevent others believing. The force of example, whether for good or bad, is very powerful, and especially is it so with parents upon their children, superiors upon their underlings, and teachers upon their pupils. Peradventure, father, if you had been an earnest Christian, your son would not have been ungodly; possibly, dear mother, if you had been decided for the Saviour, the girls would have been Christians too. We have to speak and judge after the manner of men; but, assuredly, example is a great fashioner of character. We can none of us tell if we go down to hell how many we shall draw with us; for we are bound to thousands by invisible bands. Over the tomb of each sinner may be read this epitaph: "This man perished not alone in his iniquity." "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." These are solemn reflections for those who mean no harm, and yet are doing it.

Do not some persons go further than their example, and hinder others from coming to Christ by

DISCOURAGING SPEECHES?

They dishearten those who are hoping for better things. Workingmen are to be found who never see any tenderness toward holy things in a work-mate but what they hasten at once to wound his heart. If they suspect a comrade of endeavoring to escape from drunkenness, they ridicule him; and if he goes further, and exhibits faith toward God, they make him the football of their contempt.

God save us from hindering a single soul from coming to Christ and heaven. I cannot help trembling sometimes lest a cold and chilly sermon of mine should wither young buds of promise; lest in the prayer-meeting a wandering, rambling prayer from a heartless professor should damp the rising earnestness of a tearful seeker. I tremble for you, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, lest levity of conversation, worldliness of conduct, inconsistency of behavior, or callousness of demeanor, should in any one of you, at any time, turn the lame out of the way, or give cause of stumbling to one of the Lord's little ones.

I. Let us describe this sin of hindering young children from coming to Christ. First, I may say of it that

IT IS VERY COMMON;

it must be common, or else it would not have been found among the twelve apostles. The immediate disciples of our Lord were a highly honorable band of men; despite their mistakes and shortcomings, they must have been greatly sweetened by living near to one so perfect and so full of love. I gather, therefore, that if these men, who were the cream of the cream, rebuked the mothers who brought their young children to Christ, it must be a pretty common offence in the Church of God. I fear that the chilling frost of this mistake is felt almost everywhere. Have we laid ourselves out for the conversion of children, as much as we have done for the conversion of grown-up folks? What? Do you think me sarcastic? Do you not lay yourselves out for anybody's conversion? What must I say to you? It is dreadful that the Cainite spirit should enter a believer's heart and make him say: "Am I my brother's keeper?" But tell me now, if you did care for the salvation of souls, would you not think it rather too commonplace a matter to begin with boys and girls? Yes; and your feeling is shared by many. The fault is common.

I believe, however, that this feeling, in the case of the apostles, was caused by zeal for Jesus. These good men thought that the bringing of children to the Saviour would cause an interruption: He was engaged in much better work; He had been confounding the Pharisees, instructing the masses, and healing the sick. Could it be right to pester Him with children? The little ones would not understand His teaching, and they did not need His miracles; why should they be brought in to disturb His great doings? Thus in these days certain brethren would hardly like to receive many children into the Church, lest it should become a society of boys and girls. Surely, if these come into the Church in any great numbers, the Church may be spoken of in terms of reproach! The outside world will call it a mere Sunday-school. I remember that when a fallen woman had been converted in one of our county towns, there was an objection among certain professors to her being received into the Church, and certain lewd fellows of the baser sort even went the length of advertising upon the walls the fact that the Baptist minister had baptized a harlot. I told my friend to regard it as an honor. Even so, if any reproach us with receiving young children into the Church, we will wear the reproach as a badge of honor.

The apostles' rebuke of the children arose in a measure from ignorance of

THE CHILDREN'S NEED.

If any mother in that throng had said: "I must bring my child to the Master, for he is sore afflicted with a devil," neither Peter, nor James, nor John would have demurred for a moment, but would have assisted in bringing the possessed child to the Saviour. Or suppose another mother had said: "My child has a pining sickness upon it, it is wasted to skin and bone; permit me to bring my darling, that Jesus may lay His hands upon her"—the disciples would all have said: "Make way for this woman and her sorrowful burden." But these little ones with bright eyes and prattling tongues and leaping limbs, why should they come to Jesus? Ah, friends! they forgot that in those children, with all their joy, their health, and their apparent innocence, there was a great and grievous need for the blessing of a Saviour's grace. If you indulge in the novel idea that *your* children do not need conversion, that children born of Christian parents are somewhat superior to others, and have good within them which only needs development, one great motive for your devout earnestness will be gone. Believe me, brethren, your children need the Spirit of God to give them new hearts and right spirits, or else they will go astray as other children do.

Also, no doubt, this feeling that children may

not come to Christ may be derived from a doubt about

THEIR CAPACITY

to receive the blessing which Jesus is able to give. Upon this subject, if I were at this moment to deal with facts alone, and not with mere opinion, I could spend the whole morning in giving details of young children whom I have personally conversed with, some of them very young children indeed. I will say broadly that I have more confidence in the spiritual life of the children that I have received into this church than I have in the spiritual condition of the adults thus received. I will even go further than that, and say that I have usually found a clearer knowledge of the Gospel and a warmer love to Christ in the child-converts than in the man-converts. I will even astonish you still more by saying that I have sometimes met with a deeper spiritual experience in children of ten and twelve than I have in certain persons of fifty and sixty.

Capacity for believing lies more in the child than in the man. We grow less rather than more capable of faith; every year brings the unregenerate mind farther away from God, and makes it less capable of receiving the things of God. No ground is more prepared for the good seed than that which as yet has not been trodden down as the highway, nor has been as yet overgrown with thorns. Not yet has the child learned the deceits of pride, the falsehoods of ambition, the delusions of worldliness, the tricks of trade, the sophistries of philosophy; and so far it has an advantage over the adult. In any case the new birth is the work of the Holy Ghost, and He can as easily work upon youth as upon age.

Some, too, have hindered the children because they have been forgetful of

THE CHILD'S VALUE.

The soul's price does not depend upon its years. "Oh, it is only a child!" "Children are a nuisance." "Children are always getting in the way." This talk is common. God forgive those who despise the little ones. Will you be very angry if I say that a boy is more worth saving than a man? It is infinite mercy on God's part to save those who are seventy; for what good can they now do with the fag end of their lives? When we get to be fifty or sixty, we are almost worn out; and if we have spent all our early days with the devil, what remains for God? But these dear boys and girls—there is something to be made out of them. If now they yield themselves to Christ they may have a long, happy, and holy day before them in which they may serve God with all their hearts. Who knows what glory God may have of them? Heathen lands may call them blessed. Whole nations may be enlightened by them. Oh, brethren and sisters, let us estimate children at their true valuation, and we shall not keep them back, but we shall be eager to lead them to Jesus at once.

II. Secondly, concerning this hindering of children, let us watch

ITS ACTION.

I think the results of this sad feeling about children coming to the Saviour is to be seen, first, in the fact that often there is nothing in the service for the children. The sermon is over their heads, and the preacher does not think that this is any fault; in fact, he rather rejoices that it is so. Some time ago a person who wanted, I suppose, to make me feel my own insignificance, wrote to say that he had met with a number of negroes who had read my sermons with evident pleasure; and he wrote that he believed they were very suitable for what he was pleased to call "niggers." Yes, my preaching was just the sort of stuff for niggers. The gentleman did not dream what sincere pleasure he caused me; for if I am understood by poor people, by servant-girls, by children, I am sure I can be understood by others.

Parents sin in the same way when they omit religion from the education of their children. Perhaps the thought is that their children can-

not be converted while they are children, and so they think it of small consequence where they go to school in their tender years. But it is not so. Many parents even forget this when their girls and boys are closing their school-days. They send them away to the Continent, to places foul with every moral and spiritual danger, with the idea that there they can complete an elegant education. In how many cases I have seen that education completed, and it has produced young men who are thorough-paced profligates, and young women who are mere flirts. As we sow we reap. Let us expect our children to know the Lord. Let them read their first lessons from the Bible. It is a remarkable thing that there is no book from which children learn to read so quickly as from the New Testament; there is a charm about that book which draws forth the infant mind.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

Another ill-result is that the conversion of children is not believed in. Certain suspicious people always file their teeth a bit when they hear of a newly-converted child; they will have a bite at him if they can. They very rightly insist upon it that these children should be carefully examined before they are baptized and admitted into the Church; but they are wrong in insisting that only in exceptional instances are they to be received. We quite agree with them as to the care to be exercised; but it should be the same in all cases, and neither more nor less in the cases of children. I thank God that the most of those dear children who have been added to this church could stand a rigid examination in doctrinal matters, and would bear favorable comparison with the older folks; but still it seems to me a very hard thing that a high degree of knowledge should be expected of them.

A very solemn person once called me from the play-ground after I had joined the Church and warned me of the *impropriety of playing* at trap, bat, and ball with the boys. He said: "How can you play like others if you are a child of God?" I answered that I was employed as an usher, and it was part of my duty to join in the amusements of the boys. My venerable critic thought that this altered the matter very materially; but it was clearly his view that a converted boy, as such, ought never to play! What foolery, brethren! I will say no more.

Do not others expect from children more perfect conduct than they themselves exhibit? If a gracious child should lose his temper, or act wrongly in some trifling thing through forgetfulness, straightway he is condemned as a little hypocrite by those who are a long way from being perfect themselves. Jesus says: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

III. And now let us notice, thirdly, how

JESUS CONDEMNED THIS FAULT.

First, He condemned it as contrary to His own Spirit. "They brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased." He was not often displeased; certainly He was not often "much displeased," and when He was much displeased we may be sure that the cause was serious. He was displeased at these children being pushed away from Him, for it was so contrary to His mind about them. The disciples did wrong to the mothers; they rebuked the parents for doing a motherly act—for doing, in fact, that which Jesus loved them to do. There was also wrong done to the children. Sweet little ones! what had they done that they should be chided for coming to Jesus? Besides, there was wrong done to Himself. It might have made men think that Jesus was stiff, reserved, and self-exalted, like the Rabbins.

Anything we do to hinder a dear child from coming to Jesus greatly displeases our dear Lord. He cries to us: "Stand off. Let them alone. Let them come to Me, and forbid them not." Dear gray-headed friend, who art so strict and good, I must get you to stand back a

bit, and suffer that child to come to Jesus; for I do not wish the Lord to be displeased with you. And you, good Christian sister, who have curdled a little in your temper, I must beg you be quiet, lest the Lord should be displeased with you, as He will be if you forbid the children to come to Him. So, you see, it was contrary to His spirit.

Next, it was

CONTRARY TO HIS TEACHING;

for He went on to say: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Christ's teaching was not that there is something in us to fit us for the kingdom, and that a certain number of years may make us capable of receiving grace. His teaching all went the other way—namely, that we are to be nothing, and that the less we are and the weaker we are, the better; for the less we have of self the more room there is for His divine grace. Do you think to come to Jesus up the ladder of knowledge? Come down, sir, you will meet Him at the foot. Do you think to reach Jesus up the steep hill of experience? Come down, dear climber; He stands in the plain. "Oh, but when I am old, I shall then be prepared for Christ!" Stay where thou art, young man; Jesus meets thee at the door of life; you were never more fit to meet Him than just now.

Once more, it was quite contrary to Jesus Christ's practice. He made them see this; for "He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." All His life long there is nothing in Him like rejection and refusing. He saith truly: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

IV. Let us take

THE HINT WHICH JESUS GIVES

to those who would come to Him. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." How I wish that all my congregation would come and receive Christ as a little child receives Him! The little child has no prejudices, no preconceived theories nor opinions it cannot give up; it believes what Jesus says. You must come in the same way to learn of Christ. I fear you know a great deal—throw it out of the window. You have made up your mind about a great many things—unmake your mind, and be as wax to the seal before Him.

A child believes with an unquestioning faith which makes everything vivid and real. Believe just so! The child believes in all humility, looking up to its teacher, and receiving its teacher's word as decisive. Believe in Jesus just so! Say: "Lord, I am a know-nothing; I come to Thee to be taught. I am nothing, be Thou mine all in all." When a child believes in Jesus it cares nothing for critical points. That is the way you must come to Christ. You that have always been inventing religious conundrums; you that for many years have been readers of the last new novels in modern theology—for they are mere novels, and nothing better; you that have added your brains with the vain thoughts of vain men, come to Jesus as you are, and believe what Jesus says because Jesus says it. Take Christ at His word, and trust Him; that is the way to be saved.

"But I have no merit," said one, "I have no preparation." Neither has a child. I never find children troubled about being prepared for Christ, I never hear of such a thing as a child worried about qualifications for grace. A child is a sinner and knows it. That is the way to come to Christ. Come as a sinner, knowing that you are such. Say, "Jesus calls me, and I come; Jesus died for me, and I trust Him." That is the true way to come to Jesus. Oh, friends, instead of thinking yourselves fitter for Christ by growing bigger, grow smaller! Instead of getting greater, get less. Instead of being more wise, be more completely bereft of all wisdom, and come to Jesus for wisdom, righteousness, and all things. Those of you who have never looked to Christ and lived, do unto Christ, I pray you, just what these dear

children did; He called them, and they came, and were folded in His arms. Come along with you! Do you half wish you could be a child again? You can be. He can give you a child's heart, and you can be in His kingdom newly-born. May it be so, for His name's sake! Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE EDICT OF NANTES.*

HENRY was determined that the Protestants, whom he accused of a desire to dictate terms to him, should appear to have accepted only what he was pleased to grant. He insisted that the Assembly of Châtelleraut should send deputies of its own to court, there to lay before him what difficulties might still remain, and receive his ultimate decision. It was with this Commission, appointed on the 24th of February, 1598, and consisting of four Protestant members, and with the Duke of Bouillon, whom the Assembly requested to assist them, that the final arrangements were made which were promulgated two months later, in the Edict of Nantes. The Commission, like the Assembly of which it was an emanation, stood its ground firmly. The four Huguenots were shrewd negotiators, who, much to the disgust of those with whom they treated, would not abate a jot of their demands.

The king must be credited with an honest desire that the Protestants of France should obtain such a standing in the sight of the law as would enable them to live in peace and comfort. He was doubtless sincere in the declaration that he would deeply regret any disturbance of amicable relations with old associates in creed and in arms, whom he averred that he loved even more than they loved themselves. Nor is it unlikely that, in the course of the many years during which he had been forced to contemplate the subject, first as a subject and a Protestant, later as a monarch and a professed Roman Catholic, Henry had matured a scheme according to which the adherents of the two prevalent religions might live together in France with mutual forbearance and toleration. But whatever that scheme may have been, it is equally undeniable that the plan actually adopted and incorporated in the famous edict, so far as it differed from the methods of previous edicts and was not a mere indorsement of their provisions, emanated not from the sovereign, but from the resolute band of men who, month after month, and year after year stood together without flinching, without for a moment harboring the thought of the surrender of a single one of the interests for whose defence they had been convened. The brilliant king, with his sparkling wit and his affable manners, may make a more conspicuous figure on the stage of history, but the quiet and tireless Assembly which sat at Loudun, at Vendôme, at Saumur, at Châtelleraut, and would have gone to the ends of the earth if only it might secure the rights of its constituents, is better entitled to the rank of protagonist, since it was the true author of the system under whose successful operation the kingdom enjoyed for long years a peace founded upon justice and equity.

It was upon the 13th of April, 1598, that Henry signed the edict which has come to be known as the Edict of Nantes. It was a remarkable circumstance, noticed even at the time as a singular coincidence, that the great law establishing the civil rights of the Huguenots

* From "The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre." By Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of the City of New York; Author of "The History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France." A valuable historical work, deeply interesting to every lover of civil and religious liberty. Two vols., with maps. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



An Opium-Seller's Store in China.

was issued at the very place where, thirty-eight years earlier, on the 1st of February, 1560, in the reign of Francis the Second, and in the midst of the most violent persecution, the first Assembly of the Malcontents, soon to be known as Huguenots, was brought together by the incredible diligence of Godefroy de la Reynaudie. By one of the strange revenges of history, the same Breton port that witnessed the stealthy convocation of a few patriots resolved to attempt against great odds the overthrow of a tyrannical usurpation of power, was destined to behold the promulgation of one of the most illustrious of laws ever enacted in behalf of religious liberty.

The Edict of Nantes is a long and somewhat complicated document. Beside the edict proper contained in ninety-five public articles, there is a further series of thirty-six secret articles, and a brevet, or patent of the king, all of which were signed on the 13th of April; and these documents are supplemented by a second set of twenty-three secret articles, dated on the last day of the same month.

For the benefit of the Protestants the cardinal concession was liberty to dwell anywhere in the royal dominions without being subjected to inquiry, vexed, molested or constrained to do anything contrary to their conscience. As respects public worship, while perfect equality was not established, the dispositions were such as to bring it within the power of a Protestant in any part of the kingdom to meet his fellow-believers for the holiest of acts, at least from time to time. The civil equality of the Protestants was assured by an article which declared them to be admissible to all public positions, dignities, offices, and charges, and forbade any other examination into their qualifications, conduct, and morals than those to which their Roman Catholic brethren were subjected. Such are the main features of a law whose enactment marks an important epoch in the history of jurisprudence.

IN A CHINESE OPIUM-STORE.

(See Illustration.)

WHAT the liquor traffic is to America, the opium traffic is to China. It is the foe that is slowly, but surely, eating away the energies of the people; it is ruining families, and taking as its victims some of the best and brightest intellects

of the nation. It is often used secretly at first, but after a time the victim resorts openly to the store and buys his supply with a crowd of other purchasers, and still later is seen in the low dens where smoking is done in company. In his excellent work on the habits of the Chinese, published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the Rev. B. C. Henry, formerly a missionary in Canton, says: "Opium-smoking is the great vice of the people, and its evils can scarcely be exaggerated. Much has been said and written on the subject. It has been contended that the habit itself is comparatively harmless, and that most, if not all the evils that have been attributed to it, are due to other causes. The opinion, however, of competent physicians, whose long experience and observation in the midst of the people give them a right to speak with authority, is that its physical effects are deleterious in the extreme. Practical observation in almost every part of the province, and among nearly every class of the people, has shown me that it is an unmitigated curse. It is fearfully prevalent, but is confined almost exclusively to the men, the cases being exceedingly rare when women are found addicted to the habit.

"They, the women, use it as a final remedy, as they believe, for all their woes, the most common method of committing suicide being to swallow opium. In some places four fifths of the men smoke, and I suppose it would not be an exaggeration to say of the whole province that one fifth of all the men are slaves to the habit. The habit is very insidious in its growth, but when once it gets control of a man it binds him by the chains of an appetite stronger even than the craving of the drunkard for drink. It saps a man's physical vitality, it stupefies his intellect, destroys his moral sensibilities, and ruins his manhood entirely. It blots out his natural affections, so that under the lash of an insatiable craving he will sell his wife and children to gratify his appetite for the drug. It renders him unfit for work or business, and being an expensive habit soon brings its victim to abject poverty. The confirmed opium-smoker is one of the most pitiable objects that can be imagined; an emaciated frame, dishevelled hair, and careless dress, dark, ashen face, teeth hideously discolored, eyes whose white has turned to yellow, and which shine with an unnatural glitter—a living skeleton,

"The pernicious practice threatens the manhood of the whole nation, and brings untold suffering and hardship upon the families whose fathers or sons are enslaved by it. Opium dens are almost as plentiful in Canton as beer saloons in New York."

FOR LUCIE'S SAKE.

(See Illustration on page 717.)

"YOUR city is an awful place," said a French clergyman, who was visiting New York, and was sitting up late one night talking with an old school-fellow, a native of the same town in Alsace, who had come to New York when a young man, and lived there for nearly thirty years. "The place is full of man-traps," the clergyman continued, "I wonder that coming here as you did among total strangers that you did not go utterly to the bad, instead of becoming a respectable member of society with a fortune. How did it happen that you escaped? You were not pious, I think, when you came out?"

"Oh, no! I am sorry to say that it was not until I had been here ten or twelve years that I was converted."

"And before that, did you not have a desperate struggle to resist temptation? It seems to me that a young stranger fond of music and the theatre and loving a glass of wine, as I remember you did, must surely be ruined in such a city, though perhaps it was not so dangerous then?"

"Oh, yes, it was. In some respects it was worse. But I had a talisman with me."

"A talisman! Surely you do not believe in magic?"

"No, but my talisman saved me. I will tell you how it was. From my boyhood I cherished the hope that Lucie would be my wife. But when my father died, and I saw that I should never have any money but such as I earned, I realized that there was small prospect of my ever winning her unless I changed my course of life, and put out more energy. My salary at the bank did little more than cover my personal expenses, and it increased very slowly. So I resolved to come to America and push my way. I could not bear to leave Lucie without some definite arrangement. She and I understood each other, but we decided that the time had come to take her father into our confidence. So I went to him and told him of our love and

our hope that in America I should prosper sufficiently to come back and marry Lucie. He was very indignant, and used some very hard words. Eventually, he relented so far as to promise that if I went away without speaking to Lucie again, or writing to her after I left—leaving her free, in fact—and came back in three or four years with a moderate prospect of being able to support a wife, that he would consent to our union. It was a hard bargain, but I agreed on condition that he would tell Lucie of the terms he had made, so that she would not misunderstand my leaving without saying good-by and my not writing to her.

"So it was settled, but I could not go without one more sight of her, and I crept down to a place from which I could see into the garden, and waited there to see Lucie come out. I took care, of course, to conceal myself so that she should not see me; for I was very careful of observing my promise to her father. Presently, I heard voices, and soon she came into full view. She had her brother and two little sisters with her, and they stopped under a tree, and Lucie standing on tip-toe reached down a quantity of ripe fruit, and gave it to the young ones, laughing and joking with them all the time. I waited until they were out of sight, and then I hurried away. That picture fixed itself in my memory, and was my talisman for years.

"When I reached New York and obtained employment, I never felt temptation. 'For Lucie's sake' was always a sufficient protection. I never entered a theatre, never attended a concert, never drank a glass of wine. It was a dull life, but it was for Lucie's sake, and that was enough. Many times, of course, temptation crossed my path, but I thought of Lucie as I saw her standing that day in the garden, kind and good and lovable, and I was preserved by my love for her. I went through those critical years without falling into any of the vices peculiar to that period of life, and I felt no desire for them, for the thought that they would render me unworthy of Lucie preserved me even from desire.

"Well, since then, and since we have been married, God has kept me. Many who lead comparatively blameless lives up to marriage fall afterward, but soon after we were married and settled here we were both converted. It happened at the same time with both of us. We passed through a season of deep anxiety, but we helped each other, praying together and reading the Bible together. We came into the light after a time—Lucie first, and she led me afterward. Since then, I have been able to say the love of Christ constraineth, and that has kept me. It was the same as in the earlier years only in a better and holier sense. As love for Lucie protected me then, so now the higher and greater love for the Saviour has held me, and



The Last Glimpse of Lucie.

His power has been with me to this day.' So that ever since I set foot in the city its temptations have never troubled me personally, and I have been mercifully kept from falling."

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 703.)

A Crisis.

At last spring came with its glorious revival of natural life. The dull earth, released from the icy fetters of winter, put on its glorious garb of living green; the trees that a month ago looked mere dead logs, gave birth to delicate shoots that were unfolding into broad leaves. All nature was rejoicing, and as Leroy looked from his window he noticed it with a sigh. There was no spring in his heart. Dull and cold and spiritless the sunlight did not touch it. Restless, gloomy, dissatisfied with himself and the world around him, the joy and gladness without seemed to mock him, as one whose heart is heavy with bereavement yet brought by the force of circumstances to a wedding feast.

He felt less bitterness now toward Christians and the Christian religion. He could not accept Christianity; against that step his intellect rebelled. But he recognized the fact that it met a want that his philosophy failed to satisfy. The world, as he saw, would be more miserable than it was if religion was eliminated. True or

false its effects were beneficent in calming, comforting, stimulating and fortifying the soul. Why should he attack and denounce it when he had nothing to give the world that would serve its purpose. Twice during the winter, once at the bedside of the sick child, and once with his dear pupil, the work he wanted to do, and yet had failed to accomplish, had been lifted out of his hands and done for him simply and effectually by a man who had no appliances but those of religion. It seemed that he would be of little use in the world after all. The success and the helpfulness would be with the religious men. He had reached the point when he even wished he could believe. But that he felt to be impossible.

The problems of life and nature perplexed him. He could find no solution for them that satisfied him. The Christian was in better case; he was satisfied with the biblical solution, but Leroy regarded that solution as a mere begging of the question at issue. Earnestly as he studied, deeply as he cogitated, there was no system of philosophy that could disperse the mist that enveloped the whole realm of being. Again and again he had been, as he thought, on the verge of discovery only to find the land of certainty a mirage of the desert.

"We have had authors," he said, "who have given us 'The New Abelard,' 'The New Magdalen,' and 'The New Timothy,' I fancy I could furnish them with an experience that they might call 'The New Tantalus,' for I feel as if I were already in Pluto's realms, standing up to my lips in the fountain of truth, but whenever I attempt to drink the waters recede. Branches laden with lucious fruits seem to be hanging over my head, but whenever I attempt to pluck them a sudden gust carries them beyond my reach."

In addition to these troubles his thoughts had gone back to Carrie with a vividness that multiplied his woes many times. Life seemed very hard to him. His ambition was foiled and love had been denied him. What was there left to hope for or to enjoy?

It was on a bright, beautiful Sunday morning that these thoughts presented themselves with irresistible force. They were always with him in latent condition, but they became acute this morning as he felt himself so utterly out of harmony with nature and with the sentient world. Oh for quiet, for rest from this ceaseless, persistent doubt and questioning. Might he not get a brief season of peace in the atmosphere of religion. Why not go to church and hear Mr. Philliput? There was a yearning in his soul for something definite and positive and tangible. For once he was tired of speculation and uncertainty. He wanted to hear a man talk who believed something; perhaps Mr. Philliput might say a helpful word to-day.

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether

* Copyright reserved by the author.

I speak of myself," were the words the preacher announced as his text.

Leroy started. Was that in the Bible? Familiar as the passage is to students of the Scripture, he could not remember that he had ever noticed it before.

Then Mr. Philliput proceeded to unfold the thought of the text. Leroy, with thrilled heart and spellbound attention, listened to the preacher, following every line of thought, and even admitting the cogency of the reasoning.

"Here is a fundamental principle of our Christianity," said the preacher. "If you are willing to do God's will, that is, to put yourself in harmony with the God of revelation, He will reveal Himself to you; He will give you an experience of the divine touch, and an inner certitude of His truth. The same law obtains everywhere. Put yourself in harmony with nature and how many secrets she will whisper in your ear! If a pupil refuses to submit his mind to the rules of mathematical science, he will never be able to comprehend its principles. So if you would hear in your soul the whisperings of divine knowledge and love, you must put yourself in consonance with God and the laws of the spiritual world. Do you suppose God will force His revelation upon you while you are fighting against Him? No; God is a moral being, and we are moral beings, and God cannot be true to His own character or act consistently in coercing man's will. He has respect to our free moral agency—to our power of choice. You must therefore throw aside preconceived notions and prejudices, and open your being to the God who knocks, and then He will come in.

"It is God's will that you should search the Scriptures, not with a cavilling and captious spirit, not merely in detached fragments, but honestly, candidly, thoroughly, throwing the mind open to the reception of all truth; and if you do this, you will find the Book of God a firmament glowing with a brilliant radiance. You will see in it many a star of truth of whose glory you had no conception.

"Further, it is God's will that you should pray. 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' If you will take your trouble, your unsatisfied longing, your doubtings, to God in Christ's name, and earnestly implore His help, He will send the regenerating, certifying, witness-bearing Spirit into your consciousness. And you will never have assurance of truth until you get that Spirit, and it will be given only in answer to prayer. Not one of those who have been recently converted received the truth except through prayer. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.'"

Leroy started as if shot by a familiar missile. That quotation from the Scripture—where had he heard it? Ah! those were the very words Carrie had quoted to him long ago. Why, the old man spoke just as Carrie had so often spoken! They used the same language. They each presented him with the same remedy for his difficulties. It was a singular coincidence. Yet how humiliating. It was as if he were a child instead of a man! Submission and prayer when what he wanted was logic and conviction. Yet he needed rest just then so urgently that it were well bought at the cost of humiliation.

His eyes were bent upon the pavement before him as he walked to his room; for he was startled by this new thought. Truth he must have or he would become demented. Could he gain it by entering at such a gate? If so, why should he not do it? It was hard to abandon the proud attitude he had maintained so long. It was unmanly; it was an unconditional surrender. His spirit rose against it. If he were satisfied he would yield to any religion. He protested that he was neither obstinate nor prejudiced, and that his position was reasonable. It was hard that he should be expected to humiliate himself at the outset, and he resolved that he would not do it.

Yet the yearning was strong upon him for peace and rest. He sat in his room on that quiet Sunday afternoon brooding in resentful mood until he could bear it no longer. The

recollection of a beautiful sequestered hollow on the other side of the hill, that stood like a sentinel over the town seemed to beckon him, and taking up his hat he was leaving the room when he turned back for a book. What should he take? A volume of George Eliot? No; the problems of actual life were too pressing for his mind to dwell on fictitious scenes and characters. A volume of poetry? He glanced along the shelf, but there was no poet in the collection who could speak the word he needed just now. What if he took the Bible and read that as Mr. Philliput had advised? He reached it out of his box and strolled out under the glorious blue sky.

He climbed the hill and descending on the opposite side he was soon seated on a moss-covered boulder in the sweet, shady retreat of which he had thought in his room. The place was so sheltered by the tall trees of the hillside that he was completely shut in. All sights and sounds associated with human life were excluded, nothing to be seen but nature in her new loveliness and the blue sky overhead. Yet there seemed a sacred presence there which he could almost fancy invited his confidence. As he looked around at the beautiful scene his eye was caught by a tiny morsel of color almost at his feet. It was a violet just peeping like some precious jewel out of the moss. He rose to pluck it but suddenly stopped. The delicate blossom seemed to mutely protest against its new life being ended so soon. The appeal touched him as if the flower had spoken.

"Little beauty," he said, addressing it as if it were a person, "I will not harm you. How modestly and unobtrusively you bloom out here in the forest alone. I am, perhaps, the only person who has ever looked upon your loveliness. And yet you do not bear yourself the less gracefully because no one sees and admires you. Ah! no one? Might there not be—" he spoke, almost with bated breath—"an all-seeing Eye for whose delight you smile so radiantly?"

At that moment, as if blending with his present mood, a little rock-wren leaped in sight and perched upon a rock a short distance away, and throwing back its head and distending its throat almost to bursting, it poured forth a fine, thread-like roundel, in fragmentary, ecstatic trills and quavers, which echoed through the surrounding woodland. After rehearsing its quickly repeated cluster of notes several times, it caught sight of its enchanted auditor, and then its song suddenly ceased, it looked about anxiously, flitted from stem to stem, and finally crept down among the rocks to its hiding-place. Leroy was always responsive to bird-melodies, and now he tried to interpret that song.

"You little seraph of the woods," he cried, enthusiastically. "Who hears your carols? You do not sing to delight human ears; for as soon as you saw me your lay ceased and you ran and hid yourself like a startled nymph. Yet I know you are as perfect in form as melodious of voice.

"It cannot be that so much beauty and perfect adaptation as I see around me has come from blind dead force. I must have erred; there must be a flaw somewhere in the reasoning that excludes a God from so glorious a universe. And if there be a God! Stay, let me try to form a conception on that hypothesis. What must be the characteristics of such a Being? Power, wisdom, beneficence; yes, and surely nature adds, love. Then what must I be? There is no humiliation if God is, in my asking Him humbly for light and instruction."

He picked up his Bible from the rock where he had laid it and turned over the leaves. As he did so a scrap of thin paper covered with writing caught his eye. Ah, yes, he remembered what it was! Carrie gave it to him one day as they were walking home from church and told him, in her quaint, whimsical way, that he was to put it in his Bible as a little commentary to use when he began to study it. He obeyed, thinking that time would never come. He remembered the incident perfectly. He examined

it now. Carrie had culled the following selections for his benefit:

"All things are full of God."—THALES.

"As our minds govern our bodies, so the mind of God governs the universe of things."—SOCRATES.

"A disposing mind is the cause of all things."—ANAXAGORAS.

"The rolling year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the flowery Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love."

—THOMSON.

Below these quotations she had written "Compare Rom. i : 20." He sought in his Bible the place indicated, and read: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse."

That was a terrible sentence! The conception of God which he had tried to form was short, as he easily understood, of the fact if the hypothesis was admitted. Recollecting his own life, his proud attitude, his denial of God, his open avowal of infidelity, the words "without excuse" thrilled through him as the words of condemnation thrill the prisoner at the bar when the judge utters them. Then the words Carrie had spoken to him solemnly came back to him as if she was there speaking to him in his solitude: "If ever you want peace of mind, you must pray."

And then this admonition was supplemented by a verse from Scripture which she had quoted, and which the preacher had repeated in his sermon that morning: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." And did he not lack wisdom? It came like a new revelation to him.

All the entreaties he had heard for years seemed to be concentrated into one volume and reverberated through his being. His mother had said pray. Carrie had repeated pray! pray! The boy, William, had received help in his trouble by prayer. And to-day the preacher had given the same testimony.

All the hollowness, the unsatisfactoriness of his life of unbelief crowded in upon his thoughts with accumulating force, and his heart turned sick within him at the retrospection. What good had all his cherished theories done him? Where had they ever afforded him a grain of comfort? In what respect had they ever ennobled and enlarged his manhood? Had they not failed him in the most trying ordeals? They had proved a wreath of thorns about his heart instead of what he needed—a garland of flowers. It had been all doubt, doubt, questioning, uncertainty, disappointment. His surge-tossed spirit longed for something that he might cling to as a finality. Could it be that men are placed here to grope forever in darkness? There must be, there ought to be a revelation such as Plato had longed for. Was Christianity the finality for which every voice within him was crying? Oh, for light!

And again the voices seemed to call to him, "Pray! pray!"

"I ought to—I must—no, I cannot."

For his doubts returned. He did not know whether there was a God; how could he pray to one whose existence he doubted? Just at that moment an illustration, suggested, perhaps, by the Spirit of guiding love, came to his mind. "If I were blind, and in trouble, and I even suspected that a friend were near, I certainly should call for help. I will call upon God; perhaps He will hear me. I ought to do it! I must! I will!"

He knew no formulated prayer. In his intense longing for truth he forgot all about the stereotyped phrases in which he had heard others pray. He could utter nothing but the spontaneous longings of his soul.

"O God, if Thou art, give me the truth," he cried, like a drowning man calling for help. "Thou knowest how my soul yearns for the truth. Have pity on my ignorance. Lead me aright. I grope; I stumble in the darkness. Pour light upon my way."

But the lashings of conscience became terrible

as he thought of all his rebellion, all his assaults upon God's Word. Oh, how arrogant, how defiant he had been!

"I have sinned, I have sinned. I denied Thee. But, great God, forgive me; I knew not what I did. I did it in my blindness."

Still there seemed to be no answer. Doubts returned. The darkness became denser. The grim giant of Despair held him in his grip. What right had he to expect an answer to his prayer? It was conceivable that a God so outraged, so defied as he had defied Him would refuse to hear him in his need. It was only just that he should be rejected and left to himself as a punishment for his pride and self-confidence. The thought was agony to him. There was no pride now; no stipulating for terms, the surrender was absolute and unconditional. Prostrate on the earth with great drops of perspiration standing on his forehead, he could not so much as raise his eyes to heaven but cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

(To be continued.)

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 21, 1 John 1: 5; 2: 1-6. Golden Text, Eph. 5: 8.

The Cause of Darkness—Light Existing, but Obscured—The Light to be Reflected—The Profession of an Untruth—Transparent Lives—The Self-Deceived Professors—The Cleansed and Pardoned Soul—The Educated Conscience—Unconscious Sins—God's Ideal—Obedience Essential.

"BLESSED is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." ("In the light of Thy face they walk habitually." Young's translation.) "In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For thou art the glory of their strength: and in Thy favor our horn shall be exalted" (Ps. 89: 15-17).

"GOD IS LIGHT,

and in Him is no darkness at all." Christ in us is Light, and in Him, dwelling in us, "is no darkness at all." Where is darkness? Wherever anything obscures the light. Night is only the result of our side of the earth being turned away from the sun. The darkness is not in the sun but in the earth. Thus sin and self cause darkness, because they obscure God; they come between God and us. "If we say we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth." If we walk in sin or in self, there is either darkness and depression upon our own souls, or there is something in us which hides God from others. Our precious vocation is to walk so in the light, so to take in the light of God, as to reflect, or throw off that light upon everybody and everything with which we come in contact. "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. 5: 14).

There is such a thing as having a lie in our testimony. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him," because we once had fellowship with Him, while we at the present time are walking in darkness, "we lie, and do not the truth." God keep us from a lying testimony. It is

A TERRIBLE THING

to profess an untruth, and to speak familiarly of oneness with God when our temper is making others suffer, when envy or jealousy, readiness to talk about the faults of others, self-seeking, or any other uncleanness of heart and life, hinders others from seeing Christ in us. It makes them, in perplexity, ask the question, "Is therefore Christ the minister of sin?" (Gal. 2: 17) "Does fellowship with God encourage His children in sin?" God forbid; His testimony is clear; "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another (i.e., we have fellowship with God and God has fellowship with us), and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us (is cleansing us) from all sin." Walking in the light and fellowship with God are inseparably connected, and

are diametrically opposed to darkness and sin. God and sin can no more exist together than can light and darkness.

What is it, then, to walk in the light as He is in the light? Surely it is to walk, moment by moment, without a cloud of any kind between God and us, not because of our righteousness, for we have none, but because of God's grace; the blood of Jesus Christ which is cleansing us all the time from all sin. Walking every moment with God between us and sin instead of with sin between us and God. Again, it is living in openness and transparency; "All things when they are reproofed are made manifest by the light; for everything that is made manifest is light" (Eph. 5: 13. R. V.). That which need not be hidden from God, need not be hidden from man. All parents know that when a child has some hidden thing upon his mind, it is sure to be something evil. That which is right and true and good comes out at once. And so with God's children; when they are in true fellowship with God, their life before man becomes very simple, very open; there is

NOTHING TO HIDE,

no man's face to fear. Again, walking is not standing still, but going on from place to place, from light to light; the conscience being educated by the Holy Ghost who guides into all truth, to understand God's view of things.

"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Like many other passages of Scripture, these words apply to the unsaved and unsanctified, and then possess a deeper meaning for those who are walking in the light. If a sinner ignores or denies his sin, instead of confessing it, and seeking pardon through faith in Jesus Christ, it is very evident he is self-deceived, and "the truth is not in him." When a believer, who is under the power of sin that dwelleth in him, claims that because he is a child of God, it is not sin in him, he is fearfully self-deceived. If a believer talks of his standing, his sitting with Christ in heavenly places, etc., while all the time his spirit is full of animosity, and unchristlike bitterness—he deceives himself and the truth is not in him. Christ did not come to patronize but "to take away our sins, and in Him is no sin" (1 John 3: 5). "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Thank God, the appeal of a sinner or of a believer who has sinned, is not to his own true repentance, but to the justice and faithfulness of God to forgive and cleanse for Christ's sake who died for him. And He is as just and faithful to cleanse as He is to pardon.

But there are those who have been conscious that they did not walk in fellowship with God,

THEY WERE IN DARKNESS,

sin did have dominion over them, but they have come to Him who once "forgave all that debt," for pardon and for cleansing too. They have come to God to ask that the very thoughts of their hearts may be cleansed by the inspiration of His Spirit; they have accepted Jesus to dwell in, and to keep them, and they have had the blessed joy of proving how His precious blood does cleanse; how the love of drink, of dress, of praise, of novels, etc., has been so cleansed that it has become a thing of the past, because Jesus has come in to take its place, and they can say, "Now it is no more I that live but Christ that dwelleth in me." Can then these words be applicable to such, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us?" We think so. The sins which are cleansed cannot be cleansed and dwelling in us at the same time, and thus whatever sins we have confessed and God has cleansed, are cleansed and taken away; they no longer have dominion over us, thank God. But as He

EDUCATES OUR CONSCIENCE,

He teaches us more of what He sees to be sin. There are, in the Word of God, four definitions of sin. "Sin is the transgression of the law" (1 John 3: 4). "All unrighteousness is sin" (1 John 5: 17). "To him that knoweth to do

good and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4: 17). "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14: 23). There are some who are convicted of actual transgressions of the law, the ten commandments. Others see sin, sometimes sins of ignorance, in all which is not righteous according to Christ's righteousness. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous" (1 John 3: 7). Others make sin to be confined to our personal consciousness of sin, on the ground that we cannot be condemned for that which we did not know to be sin. But under the law we see that such sin needed cleansing (Lev. 4: 2; 5: 15; Num. 15: 24, 27, 28, 29; 13: 22, 27). Those who live a life of faith see sin in everything which is not done by faith in God. A moment of anxiety, any leaning on man for money in the Lord's work, a prayer uttered without the belief that there and then the Lord gives His answer—all this is sin to a man or woman of faith. And since the Spirit reveals from time to time such sins of unbelief which have been lurking unconsciously in the heart, one cannot say absolutely, "I have no sin," although he can say "I have not been conscious of the sin." God reveals to us the lurking-places of these sins, that they may be exposed, brought to light, and cleansed; and oh how precious to know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin just as we believe for it.

"My little children," said the aged apostle, "these things write I unto you

THAT YE SIN NOT."

This is God's ideal for us, this is His glorious possibility. He, dwelling in us and possessing us, can keep us from sinning and just as far as we trust Him to keep us, and obey Him—just so far does He keep us. How many can testify with regard to some past habit of sin. "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped" (Ps. 124: 7). Yet only the grace of God can keep us. One moment our eye off Jesus, and down we go. But, thank God, "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the Propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only but also for the whole world" (R. V.). If this were not so how could one of us stand?

In order to walk in the light we need not only cleansing but also obedience.

"HEREBY WE KNOW

that we know Him, if we keep His commandments. He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Real knowledge of God brings with it an increasing love for His commandments. His will, when we know Him, becomes to us just what the Bible says it is, "good, and acceptable, and perfect" (Rom. 12: 2). We cannot want to explain it away or tone it down if we love Him. When it is beyond our reach, we will ask Him to raise us up to it, and not to bring it down to us. "Whoso keepeth His Word, in him verily is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in Him." There are just a few of the true saints of God so full of His Word that all their language is formed by it; and oh how their faces beam with His love! "He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as He walked," step by step in the traces which Jesus has left. He is our perfect Pattern; God has given no other. Are we thus in every relation of life living out, not our own life but the life of Jesus? We are saved, cleansed, filled for this and for this alone.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

WEAVING.

BY S. L. CUTHBERT.

Yes, I'm a weaver, and each day
The threads of life I spin,
And be the colors what they may,
I still must weave them in.

With morning light there comes the thought,
As I my task begin—
My Lord to me new threads has brought,
And bids me "weave them in."

Sometimes he gives me threads of gold,
To brighten up the day;
Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,
That change the gold to gray.

His love, alas! I oft forget
When these dark threads I spin,
That cause me grief and pain, but yet
He bids me "weave them in."

And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
With threads both gold and gray;
And on I toil till day-light dies,
And fades in night away.

Oh when my day of toil is o'er,
And I shall cease to spin;
He'll open wide my Father's door,
And bid me rest within.

There safe at home in heavenly light,
How clearly I shall see
That every thread, the dark, the bright,
Each one had need to be!

AN AWFUL DOOM

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upward per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday-School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

TALMAGE'S

NEW
TABERNACLE
SERMONS.

Pastors, Teachers and Agents wanted to introduce it.

This book contains the best specimens of the wonderful pulpit productions of their brilliant author. Every page beams with originality, flashes with light and sparkles with gems of oratory. His pulpit fame "has gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." Hence the demand for his sermons, met by this new volume, authorized by Dr. Talmage. 410 crown 8vo pages, \$1.50. We also publish

MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN, duction by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D., \$2.75. Elegantly illustrated. Pleases everybody. 180,000 sold.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. (10,000. Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 55th thousand, \$2.00. Agents Wanted.

E. B. TREAT, Publisher,
771 Broadway, New York.

LOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
PLATFORM ECHOES
or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN A. BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted, Men and Women. \$100 to \$200 a month made. No distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

SHOPPING in New York without charge. Circulars free Mrs. F. D. Morr, Box 188, B'klyn, N. Y.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ALONE WITH GOD. STUDIES AND MEDITATIONS OF A SICK-ROOM.

By Rev. JOSEPH CROSS, D. D., LL. D.
READ THIS REVIEW.

"In singularly sweet and chaste language he gives expression to the thoughts which one who has long walked with God finds refreshing in hours of solitude. A strange, soothing, solemnizing influence comes over the spirit almost unconsciously as one reads these meditations, as if one were in the very presence of God. They breathe a spirit of simple, trusting faith, full of intelligence, as of one who says, 'I know in whom I have believed.' The section on 'The Christian surrendering his will,' and that on 'The Christian drawing nearer to Christ,' are especially beautiful. We can imagine no book of modern time more fitted for the sick-room or one more adapted to the condition of the Christian sufferer nearing the grave. It speaks of peace, of resignation, of acquiescence in the divine will, a calm loving trustfulness which few in the heyday of health and strength ever attain."—The Christian Herald.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Copies of this popular book, containing 324 pages, bound in rich cloth, will be mailed, postpaid, for \$1, or copies with full gilt edges for \$1.25. Send early and secure a copy of this excellent book.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, Pub'r,
2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

Henry's Commentary for \$10.00.

* Henry's Commentary on the Bible.
3 vols., 4to, cloth..... \$10.00
* Another edition in large type, 5 vols. 4to, cloth..... \$15.00
* Still another edition, 9 vols. 8vo. cloth,..... \$20.00

Persons desiring to purchase this Commentary can have a circular sent them without charge giving a specimen page from each of these editions, by sending us their address.

"King of Bible explorers yet."—Cuyler.
"First among the mighty, for general usefulness we are bound to mention Matthew Henry."—Spurgeon.
"Sparkles with jewels of wisdom and incisive humour."—Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS.,
530 Broadway, New York.

TATTLING COLLARS. — A beautiful White Tatting Collar sent, postpaid, for 50 cts. to any one addressing Anna M. Libby, Spata, Hancock Co., Me.

WALKER -- THE BEST WASHER



Warranted 5 years, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The Best, most Efficient, and Durable Washer in the world. Has no rival, the only machine that will wash perfectly clean without rubbing. Can be used in any sized tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. So simple and easy to operate the most delicate lady or child can do the work. Made of Galvanized Iron, and the only Washer in the world that has the Rubber Bands on the Rollers, which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes. Exclusive territory. Retail price, \$8.00. Agents' sample, \$3.50. Also the celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at Manufacturers' lowest price. Circulars free. We refer to editor of this paper. Address ERLE WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

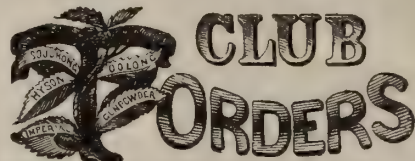
A Notable Offering of RICH NOVELTIES IN

SILK, VELVET, AND PLUSH EFFECTS AT ABOUT HALF THEIR ORIGINAL PRICE, WILL BE MADE DURING THE REMAINDER OF THIS MONTH. ALTHOUGH BEING LAST SEASON'S IMPORTATION, THE DESIGNS AND COMBINATIONS ARE EQUALLY AS SELECT AND DESIRABLE AS OTHER COLLECTIONS THAT ARE NOW OFFERED AT FULLY DOUBLE THE PRICE. APPROPRIATE SILK TEXTILES FOR FORMING COMBINATION TO MATCH.

A Personal Examination or by sample is invited.

ADDRESS

James McCreery & Co
Broadway, cor. Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

New Music for Xmas.

Christmas Service No. 9. PROMISED ONE
A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture and Song by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. The Selections are admirable, and the Songs have all been written for the present season. 16 pp.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5 cts. each by Mail.

Christmas Annual No. 17. — Contains beautiful Carols by favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs for any Christmas Festival.
Price, \$3 per 100; 4 cts. each by Mail.

"Santa Claus' Home." Our New Christmas Cantata
By Dr. W. H. DOANE. Is first-class in every particular. Splendid effects; easily rendered.
Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

A full Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 78 East Ninth St., New York
Chicago House, 81 Randolph St.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 1 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it—with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchal & Smith, 245 East 21st St., N. Y.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

As an experiment, to test the value of advertising in this paper, and to get it introduced into every family in the land, to offer the

PHILADELPHIA LADIES' Home Journal

AND
PRACTICAL
HOUSEKEEPER
3 MONTHS
ON TRIAL!

ON RECEIPT OF
ONLY 10 CTS.
Silver or Stamps.



It has the largest circulation of any newspaper or periodical published in the United States, having over 400,000 Paid Subscribers, of which over 300,000 are permanent YEARLY subscribers, all secured in 3 years, thus proving that where it is once read, for at least three months, it is indispensable ever afterward.

A Story that will make you laugh and make you cry:

"THE CHARITY OF THE JONESVILLIANS"

BY

Josiah Allen's Wife



Written for the JOURNAL, and will begin in December. It is rich—full of spice, keen wit, humor and pathos. While it is extremely humorous, full of irony, brilliant hits, and irresistibly funny, it is tender and pure, and comes from the depth of the author's heart, appealing as it does to charity for the unfortunate family of drunkard. The "Jonesvillians" can be found in all our towns and villages, as well as in the larger cities.



HOME COOKING. HOLIDAY DAINTIES & DESSERTS.

PRIZES GIVEN for best Recipes and Contributions. How to prepare delicacies suitable for afternoon teas, or small evening company that are not too expensive.

Instructive articles on "HOW TO PEAR WELL IN SOCIETY," "HOW TALK WELL AND IMPROVE YOUR GRAMMAR" by Mrs. EMMA C. HEWITT.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE, How to Entertain, &c., by Sophie Orne Johnson, (Do Eyebright).

"MOTHER'S CORNER," "ARTIST NEEDLEWORK," and "FLOWER" departments are all Special Features.

CURTIS PUB. CO., Philada., Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 46.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE REV. JAMES P. MURSELL, OF LEICESTER, ENG.
THE THREE CROSSES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
THE MILLENNIAL ERA. By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kansas.
IN THE BATTLE-FIELD. By Rev. Sam Jones.
A Blasphemer's Interrupted Prayer—An Israelitish Romance—The Gospel in the Torture-Room.
PICTURE OF A SCENE IN A POOR-HOUSE.

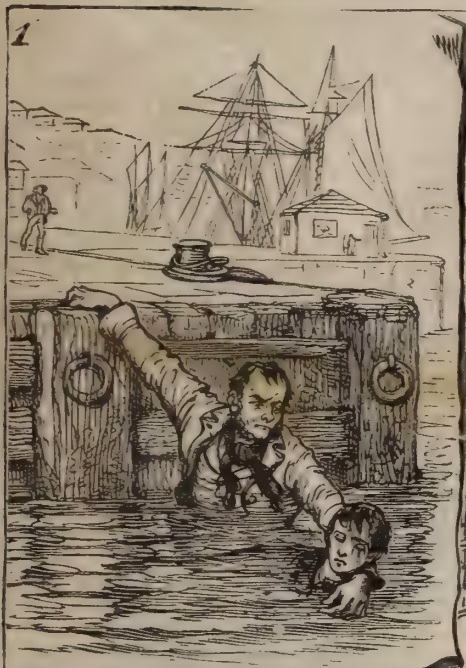
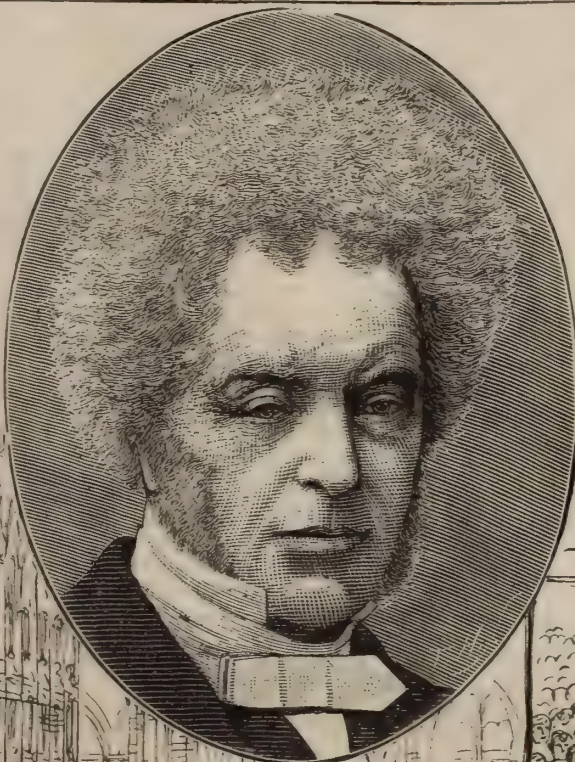
LOVE'S COMPLAINING. A New Sermon by O. H. Spurgeon.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Harvard Speech—A Civil Service Reform Testimony—The Great Telephone Suit—The Colossal Strike in Chicago—The Prohibition Vote—The British Premier on the Bulgarian Difficulty—A Defiance of France—Dispute over an Iron Mine, etc.

DODD'S MOTHERLESS CHILDREN. (With Illustration.)—Gems from New Books.

THE WAY OUT. A Serial Story. (Continued.)

JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Late Rev. JAMES PHILLIPPO MURSELL, of Leicester, Eng.—Scenes in his Life.

THE LATE REV. J. P. MURSELL.

Born in 1799—His Parents—A Mischievous Boy—Tormenting a Minister—Playing Ghost—Victim of a Blackmailer—Conversion—Lay Preaching—Preparing for the Ministry—Intimacy with Phillippo—Settles at Wells—Removes to Leicester—Political Agitation—A Stormy Meeting—Pastoral Work—Resignation and Death.

THE name of the eminent Baptist minister whose portrait appears on the first page is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. A sketch of his long and eventful career cannot fail to be interesting to all.

James Phillippo Mursell was born at Lymington, England, on September 7th, 1799, and died November 2d, 1885, having entered on his eighty-seventh year. In his boyhood he had the inestimable advantage of godly training. His parents were both sincerely pious and intensely desirous that their boy should grow up in the nurture of the Lord. His father was a tradesman of excellent local repute in business circles, and much esteemed in the villages around Lymington as a lay preacher of power and spirituality. The mother was a devoted woman, of sweet, gentle disposition, whose help was sought and readily given among a large circle of acquaintance in any case in which comfort, or counsel, or kindness of hand and heart were needed.

James Mursell, so far from becoming a model boy under these home influences, was

A TERROR TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD through his mischievous propensities. His ingenuity in devising schemes for annoying inoffensive people was extraordinary. It seemed as if his inventive genius was in constant exercise, planning and executing tricks which would combine the greatest amount of fun for himself with the greatest amount of vexation for his victims. One of his favorite amusements, which yielded him enjoyment because it involved pain and terror to an animal, and consternation to some quiet family, was to attach a cat, by a running noose around its tail, to the knocker of a house-door. The minister's door presented facilities for the operation which could not be overlooked, and besides, he being a humane and kindly man, whose servant was a demure, elderly female, somewhat nervous, and presumably a friend to the feline race, furnished the elements required for complete success. How much delight the mischievous lad experienced may be imagined, as he stood in a convenient post of observation watching the struggles of some big cat to free itself from the minister's knocker, and the horror of the domestic when, brought to the door by the agitation of the knocker, she would be attacked by the claws of the infuriated animal as she hurried to release it from its painful position.

Another trick caused more general alarm and affected the whole parish. The story was whispered at firesides, and discussed at the alehouse, that one of the villagers, in crossing Shirley Common late at night, had seen a ghost. Sceptics ridiculed the story, and the mothers reassured the children who heard of it and were afraid to go to bed in the dark. But the report was confirmed by one and another who had caught a glimpse of the gaunt figure, enveloped, according to the immemorial usage of ghosts, in its sheet, and then had run from the spectral pursuer with all speed to spread the story with additional details through the village. Shirley Common became a place of terror, lovers avoided the once-popular resort, boys would submit to any punishment rather than go near it after sundown, and even the men would make a long circuit in coming home from their work rather than cross it in the dark. The public uneasiness developed, and the clergyman tried to allay it by an elaborate sermon on the supernatural, which increased the panic instead of allaying it. The appearances went on until one of the old patrol who did police duty in those days detected young James in the act of donning his spectral costume, and administered a sum-

mary castigation which laid the ghost of Shirley Common forever.

A more serious affair, and one showing real moral depravity, gave a serious turn to the boy's life. James became

THE VICTIM OF A BLACKMAILER.

Mr. Mursell had in his employ a man named Dagnall, who, by plot and promise, so worked upon the boy's disposition as to persuade him to rob his good father. Dagnall represented to James that he might easily secure a sum of money out of the loose coin in the store and "lend" it to him for a time. James agreed, and the money was secured and handed over to Dagnall. Having entrapped the boy, instead of repaying the loan, he prevailed upon him to increase it from time to time. But, failing at length to extort a further advance by a pathetic appeal to the boy's feelings, he suddenly changed his mood, and threatened to expose the peculation to his father unless he gave him the money. This was a fatal mistake, as far as Dagnall's object was concerned. The threat was enough for the fiery lad, and his spirit, as well as his sense of honor, was aroused. He seized the man by the arm, and said: "Come along, then, and you shall hear me tell him all about it!" The mere challenge alarmed the fellow, and he absconded and was heard of no more.

The disappearance of his tempter and tormenter deterred James from at once revealing his fault. But his own conscience took the place of the departed Dagnall, and would not let him go. So miserable did the poor lad become that he made an attempt to drown himself in the river near by, which was only just frustrated by a sailor who was near. (See *Illustration on first page, No. 1.*) He lay in his bed for days, refusing food, till his mother was distressed beyond measure. She thought at first he was sulking when he refused to tell her what was on his mind.

On going to his room door upon the third morning, she found all very still, and, in the hope that he was sleeping, opened the door without noise, when she started on seeing him kneeling by the bed, sobbing convulsively, in passionate and earnest prayer. Without disturbing him, the mother darted to his father's room, and cried with the fervor and gratitude which the revelation had inspired:

"BEHOLD, HE REPENTETH!"

There was a little judicious severity on the father's part before condoning the offence; but it proved to be the turning incident of his life. The boy was effectually turned from his evil ways, and, finding forgiveness through faith in Christ, united with the church and gave evidence in his changed life of a new heart. He began to accompany his father on his missions to the villages around and to take an interest in all Christian work.

"James," said his parent to him one day, when he was not well enough to face his Sunday engagement, "I can't go to Sway to-day; you must go and take the service for me." "Oh, I can't preach, father!" said the startled youth. But the result of the parley was that James set out, with two young friends of his own age, and it was arranged that one of these should read the Bible and set the tunes, the other should engage in prayer, and that James should speak to the people. The two young men turned faint-hearted at the chapel-door, as patients lose their courage in the dentist's hall, and James conducted the entire service; and it was done with such effect, simplicity, and devoutness, that his father soon left him in sole charge of that little district. James Mursell went regularly for many Sundays to the small place, and initiated an evangelical crusade, the fruits of which are manifest round that country side to this day.

His work at Sway was fruitful in spiritual results, and beneficent in its influence on the social and private lives of the people, and he was frequently urged by Christian friends to make the preaching of the Gospel his life-work. But for a time he firmly resisted their persuasions. It

was, however, urged with so much persistency that at length he yielded, and went to Chipping-Norton to study under Rev. W. Gray, who was a minister of more than the average scholarship of the time. Here he became a fellow-student with the faithful and illustrious Jamaica missionary, James Phillippo. The intimacy between the two young men was very close and affectionate. As a memorial of it each assumed the other's name. Phillippo called himself thereafter James Mursell Phillippo, while Mursell always signed himself James Phillippo Mursell.

The preparatory tutelage of Mr. Gray was subsequently exchanged for the curriculum of the "Bristol Academy," of which Dr. John Ryland was at that time the erudite and accomplished principal. Here Mr. Mursell became a fellow-student with the genial Dr. Frederick Trestrail, who was for many years the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and who, in this year of grace, 1886, survives him in vigorous old age. The scene of his

FIRST PASTORATE

was at Wells, in Somersetshire. There he established a Mechanics' Institute, or debating-room, as a counter attraction to the saloon. It was while residing in Wells that Mr. Mursell formed the acquaintance of the illustrious Robert Hall, whose matchless eloquence and lofty attributes exercised a marked influence upon his mind and methods. Mr. Hall had been preaching for Mursell, and the next day they visited the cathedral (see *Illustration No. 2*), in which Mursell was much interested.

Mursell's fame as a preacher soon spread among the churches of the Baptist denomination. The pastorate of a church in Birmingham was offered him, and shortly afterward came an invitation to succeed his friend, Robert Hall, who had just resigned his charge at Leicester. Mr. Mursell accepted the latter, and in 1826 commenced his pastorate of

FIFTY YEARS IN LEICESTER,

which was a source of good to the town. Mr. Mursell's preaching attracted a large congregation to the church, and among those who came were the advanced politicians who are always to be found in that manufacturing town. Mr. Mursell had, while at Wells, taken a deep interest in the social condition of the people, and the class of men by whom he was now surrounded in Leicester tended to deepen that interest and give it a political direction. At that time there was abundant reason for agitation. The poor suffered terrible wrongs, and were in a state of squalid misery. Mr. Mursell soon became known as a champion of their cause, and was one of the most earnest among the leaders of the movement for obtaining for them representation in Parliament. It was a difficult and delicate position for a minister of the Gospel to occupy, and Mr. Mursell after a few years made the discovery for himself.

AS A POLITICAL AGITATOR

he was associated with other men who were working for the same object, but who were unrestrained by Christian principle. In the struggle against aristocratic oppression and the selfish exclusiveness of the rich, who had a monopoly of political power, every one who could lend a hand on the side of the weak was a welcome ally; but Mr. Mursell was pained when he heard those with whom he was working uttering language of which he could not approve, and breathing threats of violence. For a time he remained with the agitators, hoping that his influence as one of the leaders would restrain them from violent and suicidal measures. When, however, Thomas Cooper, then an infidel and a Chartist, took the lead, Mursell retired, and identified himself with Henry Vincent and the moderates who agreed with the advanced section as to the necessity of reform, but disagreed with them as to the measures to be taken for gaining the end.

In 1843 Mursell presided at a public meeting called to advocate constitutional agitation and to denounce the lawless proceedings of Cooper

and his friends, who were disgracing the movement by their violent and seditious proceedings. Vincent was to be the orator of the evening, but Cooper's followers packed the hall and refused to let him speak. Mursell declared that he would wait there all night, if necessary, for Vincent to obtain a hearing, and he did wait until midnight with the orator at his side. But as time passed and the audience became more violent, and every time that Vincent rose the clamor increased, the attempt was abandoned. Near the close of the meeting stones were thrown, and one of them smashed the glass containing water on the chairman's table. Mursell picked up the stone, and holding it up before the meeting (see *Illustration No. 3*), he said: "Gentlemen, it is not with missiles such as this that you will break the forehead of the Philistine, but the Goliath of your wrongs will fall before the stones from the brook which flows between the banks of sympathy and order."

Those were troublous times, and Mr. Mursell's mental distress was extreme as he saw the agitation he had helped to stimulate running into violent courses. There is a spot on the outskirts of Leicester still known as "Mursell's Walk," which was his retreat in those days. Too restless to remain in-doors, and too agitated to talk to callers, he would walk out to a sheltered, grass-covered place where was a rustic seat. He would sit there immersed in thought until his agitation made quiescence impossible; then he would start up and pace to and fro (see *Illustration No. 4*) as he meditated on the wrongs which were driving the sufferers to greater wrong.

AS A PASTOR

he was faithful and untiring in his labors. His sermons were carefully prepared, and were so simple that the most illiterate could understand them, and the most cultured admire them as models of Saxon purity, while to all the Gospel was presented with vigor and force. Out of his pulpit he was indefatigable in visiting his people. He was adviser-general to his flock, listening to their stories of trial and difficulty, and ever encouraging them to resist temptation and abstain from retaliation on those who wronged them. Wherever he heard of a case of sickness or death he knew no rest until he had been to the troubled family to point them to the great Source of consolation. On one occasion a friend who sought him on important business at his house, hearing that he had gone to call on a poor woman in distress who earned her livelihood by laundry work, followed him there, and found him in the wash-house on his knees at prayer (see *Illustration No. 5*).

The simplicity and tenderness of his character were manifested in his love for children. There was not a child in the families of his people that he did not know by name and who did not regard him as a friend. Nothing delighted him so much as on summer afternoons to meet the children as they came out of school, and after a preliminary visit to a candy-store, carry a number of them off to the fields to play and romp with them for an hour, entering into their sports and pleasures with all the enthusiasm of a boy. (See *Illustration No. 6*.)

DEATH.

In 1872, after having served the Leicester church for forty-six years, and being at that time seventy-three years of age, he intimated his wish to retire. The church, however, would not hear of losing him, and engaged another clergyman to assist him in the pastorate. Mr. Mursell continued to preach once every Sunday and to attend to other pastoral duties for three years afterward, but in 1875 he felt it his duty to seek absolute retirement. The step was precipitated by the loss of his eldest son, a preacher of great promise, who was suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness. Shortly afterward an attack of paralysis incapacitated him for a time for work of all kinds, and from this he only partially recovered. He lived until last year, maintaining his cheerfulness and kindness to the last.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

An Old Blasphemer's Testimony.—At a recent Gospel meeting a man said: "I well remember the first moment I entered the service of Christ. One night in a meeting my conscience was roused to a sense of my sin. I tried to smother the thoughts that worried me so much, but do what I would I could not drown the voice of conscience; and one day on the street I asked myself: 'What shall I do? I cannot bear this any longer.' Then I seemed to hear the reply: 'Give yourself to Christ.' Then Satan suggested all manner of impossibilities to me. I was a fearful swearer, and he told me that I never could give up that habit. But at that moment I got power to throw all these difficulties aside and accept Christ where I stood. Since then I have had a hard fight with Satan, but God has always given me the power to conquer sin, which He will also give to all who will trust Him."

Rubbing a Man with Snow.—Signor Cushi, speaking at a meeting recently, remarked: "When some of our Italian workmen, in order to find employment, require to cross the Alps, they generally do so in small companies of four or five, and it often happens that one or two, being weaker than their companions, and the cold having consequently more effect on them, will say, 'I am very sleepy, drowsy! give me five minutes' sleep—just five minutes, and then I will be quite refreshed and able to proceed all right.' But their companions know better; they know if they went to sleep for five minutes they would go to sleep forever; so they take off their hats, and, filling them with snow, rub the man until the blood is once more in full circulation, his pulse going all right, and all sense of weariness gone. Now this rubbing restores the man rubbed, and strengthens him; but it also warms and gives new life to the rubber, and many a man crossing the Alps owes his life to the fact that he so energetically assisted in the restoring of his friend. As in the natural life so in the Christian life, the helping of our neighbors is often the helping of ourselves."

Convinced by One's Own Words.—Mr. Smart said that "one night he attended a Gospel meeting where he heard the following testimony: 'Fourteen years ago I was a highly moral young man, and was looked upon by my friends as an exemplary fellow. But only quite recently I found that that was not all that was needed. I was asked by the superintendent of a Sunday-school to take a class. I consented, but was far from realizing the fearful responsibility I had in those young souls intrusted to my care. I was a conscientious teacher, but I had no enthusiasm for the glorious work I had undertaken. I did my duty by my class as far as I knew. One Sunday I spoke to the children of Christ's Divine compassion for our lost and miserable state, of His blameless childhood, of His glorious manhood, and then of His cruel death and suffering that we might live. I concluded with an urgent appeal to the children to make no delay, but come to Jesus while yet the gate of mercy stood open. The lesson which I had prepared for my class came home to myself. Here I was suddenly startled by the thought, Had I yet gone to Jesus myself? No, I never had. I was deeply convicted of sin, and I threw all my good deeds aside and went to Jesus, simply trusting in His promise, and accepted Him as my own Saviour.'"

The Devil and his Crows.—Mr. Lakin said: "I have a farm under the Marquis of Anglesea, and it is bounded on the one side by a thick wood, in the trees of which many crows and other birds have made their nests. It is just about this time that my wagoner, who looks after my farm, sows a large sixteen-acre field that is adjacent to this rookery; and I have always to say to him, 'Now, John, you must put an extra shake of seed there, for you know, no matter how much or how little seed we sow, the rooks are sure to get a good share of it.' To save as much seed as possible from going to our

good friends, the rooks, a man follows the sower and harrows the ground, first up and down, then across, and even after that the ground is rolled with a heavy iron roller, that the seed may be buried and not so easily got at. As soon as our backs are turned, however, the field becomes perfectly black with the crows in search of the seed; and, no matter with what care the ground has been harrowed and rolled, they always eat some, and of that I get no good—it does not help to pay the rent and taxes. Now, the Word of God shows that, just as the crows come to take away the seed sown on a farmer's land, so the devil and all his black crows from hell come to the hearts of those in whom the Word of God has been sown, and steal away the word, and then you get no good from it."

A Prodigal Daughter's Return.—Mr. G. Clarke remarked: "I heard of a young girl who left her home and wandered, like the prodigal, into the far country. A lady in Edinburgh came across her, and spoke to her of the life that she was leading. She put a bold face on it, and looked in a defiant way as the lady spoke to her, although down deep in her heart she was very miserable and wretched. The lady began to speak to her of her mother, and at the mention of the dear name tears started to the girl's eyes, and the lady asked her if she would not like to go back to that mother whom she had grieved so much. 'Ah! you do not know my mother,' she replied, 'she was such a good woman; she would never take me back.' 'I am sure she would gladly take you back,' replied the lady. 'Oh, could I again rest my head on mother's shoulder and get one kiss from her once more, I would like to go back, God knows I would,' sighed the poor girl. The lady at once sent off a telegram to her mother asking if she would take back her daughter, and an answer came at once, 'Send her immediately.' The girl was sent back to her home, and the mother, made worn and gray through the conduct of her daughter, was waiting with breathless anxiety for the arrival of her child, and when she did appear she was clasped tightly in her mother's arms. 'Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him'" (Isa. 55: 7).

An Aged Man's Visions of Long Ago.—A home missionary observed: "One bright spring day, after the worshippers had dispersed, an old man knelt in the great cathedral, and called up the visions of days long past. He himself sung there the words he had just heard: 'O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.' He thought of what had been his heart's desire at different periods of a long life. As a youth his first heart's desire was to be a great musician. To attain this he deemed no toil too hard if it but led him to such an end. Another picture rose before the old man's mind. Ten years had passed. With a smile, half scornful, the youth remembered his boyhood's aspirations. He knew better than to desire such a thing now. His heart's desire was now to attain to power and renown. Time passed; fifteen years had slipped away. With a sigh he recalled his former longings. He had not obtained them, nor did he now regret them. No; that desire, too, had been a mistake. He felt that he was alone in the world, and longed for some one to fill up the void in his life. Yes, that might well be his heart's desire. A pure, true love that might enter into his joys and sympathize with his griefs. Again, twenty years passed. And that last dream, that too was vain. Yet he seemed to perceive that the boon might have been withheld from him in mercy. Then, thought he, 'What I most need is true wisdom.' So the old man prayed, 'Gracious Master, Thou hast been showing how vain were my heart's desires. Be Thou my heart's desire.' This desire was fulfilled. For when the vergers came round to close the gates of the cathedral that night the silvery head was still bowed, but the soul had winged its flight to God."

THE THREE CROSSES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 14, 1886.

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."—LUKE 23 : 33.

The Crowd at the Execution—The Fruit on the Crosses—I. The Right-Hand Cross—The Victim Malignant—A Type of Modern Unbelief—Voltaire's Death—A Plunge into Darkness—A Cross on which Thousands have Perished—II. The Cross on the Left—Aloes Grow on It—A Repenting Cross—The Victim's Appeal—The Mightiest Felony of the Universe—The Cavern of the Heart—A Believing Cross—A Pardoning Cross—III. The Middle Cross—A Suffering Cross—A Vicarious Cross—A Swiss Patriot's Death—Trophies for Jesus.

JUST outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending; for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say, and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some slap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers with drawn swords drive back the mob, which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the German Legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line, and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you," is the cry. "Have you never seen a man die before?"

Three crosses in a row. An upright piece, and two transverse pieces—one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison, and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of love. Norway pine, and tropical orange, and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

I. Just look at

THE CROSS ON THE RIGHT.

Its victim dies scoffing. More tremendous than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This one on the right turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and He were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground, that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who, with their nails, have nailed him fast. Amid the settling darkness, and louder than the crash of the rocks, hear him jeer out these words: "Ah! ah! you poor wretch, I knew you were an impostor! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you." It was in some such hate that

VOLTAIRE, IN HIS DEATH HOUR,

because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow, and cried out: "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right-hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ, or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with Him! On this right-hand cross to-day, I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart, I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right-hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, thus the fight goes on. Oh, if, when that dying malefactor perished, the

faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world!

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer, and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. What

A PLUNGE INTO DARKNESS!

Standing high upon the cross on the top of the hill, so that all the world may look at him, he says: "Here I go out of a miserable life, into a wretched eternity!" One! Two! Three! Listen to the crash of the fall, all ye ages! So Hobbes, dying after he had seventy years in which to prepare for eternity, said: "Were I master of all the world, I would give it all to live one day longer." Sir Francis Newport, hovering over the brink, cried out: "Wretch that I am, whither shall I fly from this breast? What will become of me? Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and to be reconciled to Him again! O eternity! O eternity! Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words: 'Forever and forever'?" That right-hand cross—

THOUSANDS HAVE PERISHED ON IT,

in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse, at the last, that life has been wasted, and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God! let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right-hand cross. Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Read not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ has stood almost nineteen centuries, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him. That right-hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the Spirit of God shall, with its axe, hew down that right-hand cross, until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to the millions thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of heaven.

THE VENOMOUS "IF."

"If Thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bid thee be still. Tell me, ye dead, who got up to see Him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye! aye! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels raise up on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head before its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right-hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right-hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

THE LEFT-HAND CROSS.

II. Here, from the right-hand cross, I go to the left. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the centre cross—yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose; not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! between us is innocence, is agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather around this left-hand cross, oh, ye people! be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left-hand cross is

A REPENTING CROSS.

As men who have been nearly drowned tell us that in one moment, while they were under the water, their whole life passed before them, so I suppose in one moment the dying malefactor thought over all his past life: Of that night when he went into an unguarded door and took all the silver, the gold, the jewels, and as the sleeper stirred, he put a knife through his heart. Of that day when, in the lonely pass, he met the wayfarer, and regardless of the cries, and prayers, and tears, and struggles of his victim, he flung the mangled corpse into the dust of the highway or heaped upon it the stones. He says: "Oh, I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this! There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong; and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are outdone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing. The present a crucifixion. The future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding mid day sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that

HE CAN PARDON

the sinner. Surely, in all His wanderings up and down the earth, He never saw one more in need of His forgiveness. Blessed One! I turn to Thee! Wilt Thou look for the moment away from Thy own pang to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture. I can stand all this; but oh, my sins! my sins! my sins! they pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies; but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of heavenly welcome takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt Thou? Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. Only just remember me."

Likewise must we repent. You say: "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of

THE MIGHTIEST FELONY

of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed Him of our time, robbed Him of our talent, robbed Him of our services. Suppose you send a man West as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary; would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve Him. He has given us wages all the time. One half of us have been serving another master. When a man is convicted of treason, he is brought out; a regiment surround him, and the command is given: "Attention, company! Take aim! Fire!" And the man falls with a hundred bullets through his heart. There comes a time in a man's history when the Lord calls up the troop

of his iniquities, and at God's command they pour into him a concentrated volley of torture."

You say: "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at

THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE;

but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far, you see the flashing eye of a wild beast, or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the world seems in the sunlight of worldliness; but as I wave the torch of God's truth, and go down into the deep cavern of the heart—alas! for the bristling horrors and the rattling fangs. Have you ever noticed the climax in this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand-voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next to you, but to you. You are a sinner. All the transgressions of a lifetime have been gathered up into an avalanche. At any moment it may slip from the cliffs and crush you forever. May the Lord Almighty, by His grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left-hand cross was

A BELIEVING CROSS.

There was no guess-work in that prayer; no "if" in that supplication. The left-hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done, the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior with gauntleted fists beats at the castle gate, so, with all the aroused energies of our souls, let us pound at the gate of heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

This left-hand cross was

A PARDONING CROSS.

The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away and said: "How darest thou speak to Me? I am the Lord of heaven and earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward. Die in darkness—die forever." But Jesus said not so, but rather: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise;" as much as to say: "I see you there; don't worry. I will not only bear My cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith the left-hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a king's couch. When the body became still, and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another: "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression, and lathomed every depth, and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy! mercy!

"The dying thief rejoiced to see

That fountain in his day;

And there may I, though vile as he,

Wash all my sins away."

III. I have shown you the right-hand cross and the left-hand cross; now come to

THE MIDDLE CROSS.

We stood at the one, and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other, and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross, and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father, or mother, or companion, or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one way, and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way, and saw the left side of Christ's face. But from where you sit to-day, in the full blaze of Gospel light, you see Christ's full face. It was

A SUFFERING CROSS.

If the weapons of torture had gone only through the fatty portions of the body, the torture would not have been so great, but they went through the hands, and feet, and temples; the most sensitive portions. It was not only the spear that went into His side, but the sins of all the race—a thousand spears—plunge after plunge, deeper and deeper, until the silence and composure that before characterized Him gave way into a groan, through which rumbled the sorrows of time and the woes of eternity. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin, and devils had vented their hottest rage, when, with every nerve of His body in torture, and every fibre of his heart in excruciation, He cried out: "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" It was

A VICARIOUS CROSS

—the right-hand cross suffered for itself, the left-hand cross for itself; but the middle cross for you. When a king was dying a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins, that he die not." The veins of the young man were tapped, and the blood transferred; so that the king lived, but the young man died. Christ saw the race perishing. He cried: "Pour My blood into their veins, that they die not." My hand is free now, because Christ's was crushed. My brow is painless now, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ for me endured the horrors of hell.

When the Swiss were many years ago contending against their enemies, they saw these enemies arrayed in solid phalanx, and knew not how to break their ranks; but one of their heroes rushed out in front of his regiment and shouted: "Make way for liberty." The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him, of course their ranks were broken, and through that gap in the ranks the Swiss marched to victory. Christ saw all the powers of darkness assailing men. He cried out: "Make way for the redemption of the world." All the weapons of infernal wrath struck Him, but as they struck Him our race marched out free.

To this middle cross, my dying hearers, look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right-hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left-hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross that you may see

WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE

to save your soul. Poets have sung its praise, and sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble, and martyrs have clung to it in the fire, and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their heads against it. This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection. Lay hold of that cross, sinner! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip on that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though a world swing from beneath your feet.

Oh, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then that in your dream this coming night, you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles

—the right-hand cross showing unbelief, dying without Christ; the left hand, showing what it is to be pardoned, while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. Floods cannot drown it." And while you look, the right-hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone; nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change, until it becomes a throne; and the worn face of Calvary will become radiant with gladness; and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a multitude kneeling. And you and I will be among them.

But no! we will not wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down

AT THE FOOT OF THAT MIDDLE CROSS

sin, sorrow, life, death, everything. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says: "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on a sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying: "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says: "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the "balm of Gilead." We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave, as He cries: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—He carried it. The flames of hell—He suffered them. The shame—He endured it. The crown—He won it. Heights of heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry: "Glory! Glory!" Let us go forth and gather the

TROPHIES FOR JESUS.

From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the sceptres of the Cæsars, and the Alexanders, and the Czars, and the Sultans, and of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of sceptres and put it down at the feet of Jesus and say: "Thou art King of kings, and these Thou hast conquered." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. And the hosts of heaven bring crown, and palm, and sceptre, and here by these bleeding feet and this riven side, and by this wounded heart, cry: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation was issued last week. In designating Thursday, November 25th, as Thanksgiving Day, the President says: "On that day let all our people forego their accustomed employments, and assemble in their usual places of worship, to give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our continued enjoyment of the blessings of a free Government, for a renewal of business prosperity throughout our land, for the return which has rewarded the labor of those who till the soil, and for our progress as a people in all that makes a nation great. And while we contemplate the infinite power of God in earthquake, blood, and storm, let the grateful hearts of those who have been shielded from harm through His mercy be turned in sympathy and kindness toward those who have suffered through His visitations."

A BLASPHEMER'S INTERRUPTED PRAYER.

THE following incident is sent to us by a subscriber, who states that the facts are strictly true as described, and are vouched for by a relative of the youth who, to spare the feelings of the family, is here styled "James Jackson":

James Jackson, a youth of more than ordinary intelligence, returned after graduation to his father's home in Lincoln to spend the summer. While there he attended a series of special services, professed religion, and united with the church. Soon afterward he left home to commence the study of medicine. While attending lectures in a distant city he formed the acquaintance of some sceptical young men and imbibed their opinions, soon becoming an avowed unbeliever.

He returned to his father's home, where his change of principles occasioned much distress. While he had been absent, a Young Men's Christian Association had been organized in the town, and one of its members, meeting Jackson shortly after his return, and not knowing that he had abjured religion, invited him to a prayer-meeting there. Jackson in a scoffing mood agreed to go providing he might be allowed to pray. That was promised, and Jackson attended the meeting and was invited to pray. Kneeling down, he took from his pocket a paper and read: "O Thou unknown and unknowable God"—there was a pause. The meeting waited in silence for a time, and then one went to the young man, who was still kneeling, and found him unconscious. Medical assistance was summoned, but it was of no avail. Jackson was dead. The medical certificate mentioned heart disease as the cause of death. Whether it was really heart disease, or whether it was that disease of the heart which Satan plants there that occasioned the death, it was an awful thing to go into the presence of Him whom he had just addressed in contempt of His revelation as "the Unknown and Unknowable God."

AN ISRAELITISH ROMANCE.

IN a notice of a meeting held in Calcutta recently, the *Indian Witness* refers to a remarkable community of Jews living in Bombay. Mr. Justice Scott, who presided at the meeting, said that the story of the devoted little band of the children of Israel who, sixteen hundred years ago, preferred the faith of Jehovah to all things, and left home and friends and all their past behind them for the sake of their religion, is a grand story. They were, he continued, shipwrecked off Bombay, *only seven men and seven women* surviving, and their long struggle for existence through the dark centuries of Hindoo and Mohammedan rule, the retention among idolatrous millions of their grand, pure faith in Jehovah as the one and only God, and their survival to the present day with their monotheistic faith intact, and a prosperity of some thousands of souls, is *one of the romances of history* which is not as well known to the world as it deserves to be.

They are at present, as a rule, a well-to-do race, and they have increased in the Presidency considerably in the last ten or twelve years. The total number of Jews, nearly all of whom are Beni-Israels, was 5929 in 1871, and in 1881, 7952. In the Kolaba district alone there are considerably more than two thousand of them, belonging to two classes, the white or *gore*, and the black or *kale*. The white are supposed to be the descendants of the original immigrants, the seven men and seven women, and the black of converts. The customs of the two sections are identical; they eat and drink together, but do not intermarry. The men have a great reputation as artisans, and as soldiers are well known for their discipline and bravery. Here again, as elsewhere, there are no beggars in the community. They are chiefly soldiers, husbandmen, and oilmen, but some of them are schoolmasters, hospital assistants, shopkeepers, and cart-drivers.

They worship one God and use no images. In their synagogues they have manuscript copies

of the Old Testament which they regard as of divine authority. They kiss a wooden box as they enter, and in a cupboard-like frame, which they call the ark, they keep the manuscripts of the laws of Moses written on pieces of parchment. They are vigorous and hard-working, and, though somewhat addicted to strong liquors, they are, as a rule, comfortably off. Dr. Wilson, who almost discovered their existence in Bombay, took a great interest in the Beni-Israels, and is said to have done much to assist them to a proper comprehension of the faith of their forefathers.

A TESTIMONY.

IN a letter addressed to the editor of this journal, Mrs. Nora Lankford, of Mayview, Mo., says: "In reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago I noticed an account of a lady who had a wonderful cure effected through faith. I prayed that I might have such faith. I think my prayer has been answered. I believe through the mercies of the Lord alone I have been relieved of one of the worst of maladies—the asthma—and I think it but a poor return to acknowledge it."

THE GOSPEL IN THE TORTURE-ROOM.

IN the course of conversation with the Rev. W. C. Van Meter, who is now on a visit to this country in a brief interval of his mission work in Italy, he informed us that he has been enabled to print a large number of copies of the Gospel according to John in Italian for use in the Sunday-schools of Rome. The children there are following the International Course, the subjects of which just now are in that Gospel. *A singular coincidence*, which shows the changes which God has worked, is that the Gospel was actually printed in the room formerly used as the torture-chamber of the Inquisition. The printer who had undertaken the work was obliged to leave his former business premises and, looking around for a new location, selected rooms in an ancient edifice that appeared suitable. There he set up his presses and compositors' cases. A strange-looking iron ring in the ceiling arrested his attention, and on making inquiries about it he learned that he was actually in the old Inquisition, and that the room he occupied had served as a torture-chamber. There, within the walls that have resounded with the cries of men and women suffering for conscience' sake, he set up and printed the Gospel of John.

AN AWAKENING IN SYRIA.

AT a meeting of the American missionaries in Syria, a report of which is published in the *Foreign Missionary*, it was announced that welcome signs of a change of attitude toward Christianity is noted in the Druses of Mount Lebanon. "There is now a desire," says one of the missionaries, "for education, a turning toward the American missionaries with cordial feelings and friendly advances, earnest commendation of our work, and appeals for help in the education of their children. Some few Druse young men who have been educated by us, and until recently were maligned and persecuted by their sect for their Protestantism, are now accepted and honored by the whole Druse sect as young leaders among them, while their loyalty to our religious teachings is not regarded as a barrier to their influence and position in the Druse nation."

"It looks like a deliberate sinking of the religious test, while they are pushing for a national advance. Hitherto no compromise has been tolerated. A Druse who left his religion was no longer a Druse in his nationality. Now the point seems to be yielded that a change of religion does not necessarily involve a change of political and social ties. This may seem a minor concession to one trained in the school of religious liberty, but it is not so in the eyes of the Druses. It is a most significant advance in the direction of enlightenment and liberty, and indicates a profound conviction that their past course is a mistake, and that hope and prosperity for them as a people are to be found in

adopting the principles and following the lead of the Protestant missionaries.

"We commissioned one of our stations (Abeih) to give special attention to this matter, and meet their friendly overtures with all needed courtesy and cordiality. There was also an appeal from a large number of influential Druses to open a boys' boarding-school."

THE MILLENNIAL ERA.

By Rev. A. C. Tris.*

The Pacific Ocean of the Millennium—The New Jerusalem a Millennial City—Christ as the Second Adam—The Focal Nation—The Time of the New Heavens—Christ to Reign in the City—Kings to Enter it—The Coming of the Nations.

WHEN Vasco Nunez De Balboa, in 1513, stood on the mountain-land of the narrow neck of the Isthmus of Panama, he saw spread before him the boisterous Atlantic on the one hand, and for the first time the quiet Pacific on the other. It was a joyful and magnificent sight for the Spanish discoverer, and very little did he surmise that more than three centuries would elapse before that grand Pacific would be thoroughly examined and be known in its physical condition. To-day, we stand on another neck of mountain-land; we also have experienced the boisterous voyage on the Atlantic Ocean of the present dispensation, and are looking "with earnest expectation" (Rom. 8: 19) for the coming of the Pacific waves of the Millennium period; and, indeed, how very little do we as yet know of the depths and deep caverns "of the wisdom and knowledge of God" (Rom. 11: 33).

Depending on the help of the Holy Spirit, and acknowledging our own short-sightedness, we desire for the last time to contemplate the following

QUESTION:

Will the New Jerusalem descend in the Millennium on this earth, or, will it descend at a later period—the time of the end—"when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even to the Father"? (1 Cor. 15: 24).

After carefully weighing the arguments pro and con concerning this interesting question, we have come to the conclusion that the New Jerusalem will belong especially to the period called the millennial reign of Christ, and we adduce the following reasons for our conclusion:

CHRIST THE SECOND ADAM.

It is an undeniable fact that the Book of the Revelation is the centre and the echo, and also the end of all that has been spoken in time past by the fathers and by the prophets and apostles. It is, as it were, a point of concentration in which ends the history of a race commenced with the first Adam, whose prerogative it was to represent Elohim and to reign on the earth. Adam's greatest Son (Luke 3: 38; Ps. 8: 5, 6) will, as the God-man (John 1: 14), bring out the great design, and prove for what end man was created with such great and noble powers of mind, and that he is capable of serving his Creator on earth (Acts 2: 18), and that it is yet his prerogative "to reign with Christ, the Priest-King, upon His throne" (Zech. 6: 13). When the new song will be heard: "Thou hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign (as kings) on the earth" (Rev. 5: 10). In the reign of the Father: "The kingdom is delivered up" (1 Cor. 15: 24). The Lord of glory belongs, as a son of Adam, Abraham, and David, to the Adamic race, and as the Firstborn (Col. 1: 15; Heb. 1: 6) He has the primitive right to that dominion on earth (Ezek. 21: 27).

THE NATIONS.

It is another fact that the Book of the Revelation is pre-eminently Israelitish in all its visions and expressions. It has the tone of, and expresses the same ideas as are found in the proph-

* It is only fair to Mr. Tris that this article should be placed before our readers. In our issue of June 24th, we commented on an article from his pen advancing some reasons for the belief that the heavenly Jerusalem would be a city suspended in the air. The article now published is a reply to those comments with which, as will be seen, Mr. Tris does not agree.—Ed.

ecies, in the Psalms, and in the Song of Solomon. It speaks of the pre-eminence of Israel, and places the Gentile nations in the same position as the prophets have done. The nations will come to Jerusalem, which at that time will be called the throne of Jehovah (Jer. 3 : 17; Zech. 14 : 16; Isa. 66 : 22, 23). The nations and the kings of the earth come also in Rev. 21 : 24 (to the Jewish nation) to the holy or New Jerusalem. In the reign of the Father Israel as a nation will have not any pre-eminence more. At the very moment that Christ, the second Adam, "delivers up the kingdom to God, even the Father," the distinction of nations and their kings will have passed by; "all rule and all authority and power is put down" (I Cor. 15 : 24); and consequently the coming of nations and kings to the New Jerusalem must belong to the Messianic Millennial reign of Christ on earth.

THE NEW HEAVENS.

It is a fact that the Holy Scriptures only make mention in the following four places (Isa. 65 : 17; 66 : 22; II Peter 3 : 13; and in Rev. 21 : 1) "of the formation or creation of the new heavens and the new earth." It is without cavil that new heavens and a new earth belong, and must belong, to a new dispensation, and also that Isaiah speaks of an event which has the closest relation to the restoration of Israel in Canaan. The Apostles Peter and John, being by birth Israelites, must have had cognate ideas with the prophets of old, and speaking of the same fact could not have excluded their own nation and their glory (Luke 2 : 32); and, if so, the new heavens and the new earth must especially belong to the Millennial reign of Christ. The Spirit of Christ spoke the same and in the same manner by His apostles as He spoke by His prophets.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

The Holy Scriptures speak of the New Jerusalem in Rev. 3 : 12; 21 : 2, 10, and make reference to it in Gal. 4 : 26; Heb. 12 : 22; Isa. 2 : 2; Zech. 14 : 16; and, as far as we can see, in connection with the Millennial era. In Rev. 21 : 9, 10 is said: "Come hither; I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife . . . and he showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." This statement of the angel corroborates the prophecy of Isa. 54 : 5 to Israel restored: "For thy Maker is thine Husband. . . . The God of the whole earth shall He be called." Jehovah declares Himself to Israel: "To be betrothed to Him," and also that the house of Jacob "At that day shall call Him Tshi"—that is, *my husband*—(Hos. 2 : 16, 19, 20). In Jer. 31 : 3 is spoken of "a love, an everlasting love," and therefore Christ calls the Jews "His own" (John 1 : 11). Christ has a bride out of the Gentiles, and a wife called the Lamb's wife; and in Rev. 19 : 7 is said: "Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready." All those texts bring us in close contact with: "Israel restored and the regeneration (in the new age, or being), when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory, and the apostles also shall sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel" (Matt. 19 : 28); and that the New Jerusalem of John is fully mentioned in the writings of the prophets of old is without any reasonable doubt. We read in Rev. 22 : 6: "These sayings are faithful and true. The Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done."

The angel Gabriel sent from the throne of God has told us a truth for all the ages to come: "His name shall be Jesus . . . and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of his father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever (unto the ages), and of His kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke 1 : 32, 33). The king of Israel must rule in the city of David (II Sam. 5 : 7), and "the name of the city (Jerusalem) from that day shall be Jehovah-Shammah. The Lord is there" (Ezek. 48 : 35).

That there will be communication and inter-

course between the nations and the New Jerusalem is stated in Rev. 21 : 24, and that it will be *daily* is without doubt: "The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."

That this intercourse will be corporeal is plainly stated in Rev. 21 : 24, 25 and in Rev. 22 : 14. It is said that the nations and the kings of the earth not only will see the light of the New Jerusalem, but they shall enter its gates and walk on its "broad place," called street, and, being there, shall have an *optical view* of its wealth, and contemplate that "no temple is found therein" (Rev. 21 : 22, 23). They shall see the glory of God and be partakers of a light, joy, and glory as yet incomprehensible to us in this present dispensation of suffering.

The vision of Jacob (Gen. 28 : 13) cannot be a type of that great event to come (John 1 : 51). Jacob had only a divine intellectual sight, or vision of the triune Jehovah, and consequently not a corporeal intercourse and exercise, as is said, that nations and kings will experience. It must draw our close attention that the words: "Walk in the light of it" refer every Bible-reader to Ps. 89 : 15; Isa. 2 : 5; Isa. 60 : 1, 3, 19, 20; Zech. 14 : 16, 17.

Let us keep always before our minds that "nations" are bodies in the flesh. Gentile communities, as the word is used everywhere in the Old and New Testaments, in comparison with Israel; those nations and kings will have no distinction more in the reign of the Father, called "the end." Then "God shall be all in all," and consequently the communication spoken of above must belong to the period called in Zech. 14 : 16 "the feast of tabernacles."

(To be concluded next week.)

IN THE BATTLE-FIELD.

From a Sermon Preached at Toronto, by Rev. Sam Jones.

BRETHREN, in all the ages of this world sin was never more blatant, the powers of darkness never wore such an effrontery as to-day. The devil has mighty near got this country.

THE DEVIL'S GETTING IN HIS WORK every day in this town. And oh, my sister, if there is a being on earth that ought to fight the devil from year to year, it is you. The devil is trying to ruin your husband, to ruin your children. And I know if the devil ever puts his foot upon a woman once she never gets up any more. My good woman, do fight the devil with all your ransomed powers. When I fight the devil I feel that I am fighting in the interest of my precious mother and my precious daughters every stroke I make at the devil. I tell you it is not the ragged, dirty, scum sin of Toronto that is hurting it, but it is

THE GILDED SIN

that is doing the death-work. Your boy abhors that ragged drunkard and that filthy, lost woman. But I tell you the gilded sin of this town influences and attracts your boy, and the guns of every Christian father and mother ought to be turned upon the gilded sin in the highest quarters of this city. You can't reform a city from the bottom upward. You have got to begin at the top and work down.

A harness-maker in our town walked up to a Baptist minister and said: "Whiskey is cursing our town, and you preachers are to blame for it. You preachers have got more influence in this town than anybody else. All the voters in this town go to your churches. If you will come out square on this issue you can vote whiskey out any day you want to." That preacher went to the Methodist preacher and the Presbyterian preacher and the Episcopal preacher and the colored preacher, and they all agreed: "Next Sunday we will turn our guns straight upon the bar-rooms," and in less than six months whiskey was run out of that town forever. I say every preacher in Toronto is to blame for every bar-room in this town until he has done his best to put it out.

We have got some preachers in America that love "the creature" themselves. God save us from a debauched ministry. God save us from

the curse of being under the dominion of a ministry that is not delivered from this worst curse that ever blighted this world. There ain't enough money in Toronto to hire me to take a drink of whiskey, wine, brandy, lager beer, or anything else that a thousand gallons of it at once would make a fellow drunk. I know that these things are God's worst enemy and

THE DEVIL'S BEST FRIEND.

I was preaching in Baltimore, and I lammed in a few hard licks right along this line, and I put them to a vote, and two preachers didn't get up. I found out afterward those two preachers were taking a little wine for their often infirmities and for their stomachs' sake too. Brethren, the truth that we don't touch it at all is the proof that it is wrong, and let us fight it till we die. Speak out! Speak out! Courage! It takes more grit, and I speak from experience, to fight whiskey than to do anything else this side of perdition. I turned my guns loose on it in my own town. We had prohibition, but they were selling liquor clandestinely, and were causing trouble in our town, and I said to the liquor men: "I'll see every man of you go to the chain-gang, or I'll go there myself."

DYNAMITE

was placed under my buggy house and it was blown up. The next day on the street they were saying: "If he opens his mouth again we will put dynamite under his dwelling and blow his wife and children into eternity." That is like them. You may say what you like about bar-keepers being gentlemen, but if I wanted to muster an army of the lowest-down minions that ever disgraced the world I would beat the long roll in the bar-rooms of this country, and I could muster an army that the devil himself wouldn't let in hell unless they disorganized and came in one at a time. There was not enough dynamite put at Hell Gate out in the ocean there to blow my mouth shut. They may blow me into eternity, but I will die fighting, and denounce it till I'm dead. I will.

I went to my home and told my wife what they said. I saw my wife's color rise to her face. Her memory went back to thirteen years before, when

SHE WAS A DRUNKARD'S WIFE

and my home was desolate, and with a devotion born of her love she said: "Husband, speak out, speak out. If they blow us into eternity, I'd as soon go to heaven by the dynamite route as any other."

We have got one of these fellows in the penitentiary for ten years, and four more are in jail, so you see we are getting along. We are having some fun to-day, to say the least of it. When you see Toronto lay her hand on these bar-rooms, and say: "You shan't sell whiskey from Saturday night to Monday morning," she can lay her hand on them and wipe them out altogether.

TALK ABOUT HIGH LICENSE.

If you get a cur where you can cut its legs off, why don't you cut its head off and be done with it. Whenever your public officer signs a license, before God he puts the name of every voter to that license. If I was going to sell whiskey—I am not going to—I would come right here to this nicest town in the world and get these nice people to license me—Methodists and Baptists and so on. I would get their names to my license, and when I came to die I would say to my wife: "Put my license in the coffin with me," and, when the judgment day came, and I was accused of selling liquor, I would say: "I didn't know there was any harm in it. Here is my license, signed by the best people in Toronto." And God will put the whole shebang in hell together.

Liquor men don't understand me. They think my fight is against them. There is not a liquor man in Toronto I would not get down on my knees for and pray to God to give him as good a home in heaven as I would ask for my wife. Liquor men, I love you, but I am mad at whiskey.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques, Post-office orders, or Express money-orders whenever possible. If currency is sent it should be in a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making them payable to individuals often causes delay.

New subscriptions may commence at any time. When subscribers do not indicate their wish, they commence with the first number of the month in which the subscription is received.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it is best to cut the address label from the paper, and attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If there is a change of address always state past, as well as present, address.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President Appears More Desirous than do other prominent politicians that the more highly educated class of citizens should take an interest in politics. The leaders of his own party, equally with those of the Republican Party, have for many years spoken disparagingly of the men whom they have sneeringly described as "the silk-stocking element," and have represented them as unfit to guide the councils of the nation. President Cleveland, however, speaking at Harvard on November 8th, said: "Surely the splendid destiny which awaits a patriotic effort in behalf of our country will be sooner reached if the best of our thinkers and educated men shall deem it a solemn duty of citizenship to actively and practically engage in political affairs, and if the force and power of their thought and learning shall be, willingly or unwillingly, acknowledged in party management." The present condition of politics, we may add, is largely due to the fact that Christians have been deterred from taking a prominent part in political affairs by a very natural fear that their characters might be compromised by the doings of unscrupulous associates.

The Extraordinary Growth of the Prohibition Party was the most conspicuous feature of the recent elections. An estimate based partially on official figures was published in the *Voice* of last Thursday, which gives the total Prohibition vote cast in all the States on November 2d as 324,786. These figures, though not absolutely accurate, are given "in confidence that the official returns will show very slight changes in the figures." The vote cast for Mr. St. John in 1884 was 150,369; if, therefore, the number now estimated is near the truth, the vote has more than doubled in the two years. The gains are chiefly in the West and South. In Massachusetts there was a slight decrease. The largest increase was in Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Texas.

A Testimony in Favor of the Results of Civil service reform was published last week from an unexpected quarter. The second auditor, who has been noted as one of the most implacable opponents of the new system, in making his annual report to Secretary Manning, says: "I have had to recommend the removal of a number of clerks of the classified service, and have selected new men from among those certified for appointment under the civil service rules,

It is but just to say that the civil service appointees generally, appear to be men of intelligence and capacity, who will undoubtedly make excellent clerks as soon as they have acquired the technical knowledge and expertness which can be gained only by experience and practice. The clerks as a body are entitled to commendation for faithfulness and industry." The significance of this testimony will be understood by all who remember the gloomy predictions made respecting the character of the men who would be selected by the Civil Service Commission.

The Famous Telephone Suit has at the Out-set involved defeat for the Government. The United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati rendered a decision on Thursday last against the Government on every point raised. The decision was based on technical grounds, and the suit may therefore be renewed. The judges decided that they had no jurisdiction, as the Bell Telephone Company, whose patent the Government is trying to vacate, does business in Ohio by licensees and not by its agents. If the court is right the suit will have to be tried in Massachusetts. The decision arouses new antagonism to the Attorney-General, whose conduct of the case is now arraigned on legal as well as on moral grounds.

The Great Strike at Chicago Assumed a New phase last week through the action of Mr. Powderly, the chief of the Knights of Labor. It was hinted, soon after the strike commenced, that he was opposed to it, and would bring it to a speedy close. The local assembly appears to have managed the whole affair, and it is now stated that it assumed the responsibility of temporarily suppressing one of Mr. Powderly's orders. On Tuesday, November 9th, he directed the strikers to return to work, yet it was not until Saturday that the order was publicly known. Even then there was a disposition manifested to disobey. Both the Knights and those who do not belong to the order were averse to returning to work, but at the meetings held on Sunday a more tractable spirit was manifested, and hopes are entertained that the strike may be considered at an end. Fully twenty-five thousand men were out, and as the packers were filling their places at the rate of five hundred a day, every day rendered the difficulty more serious. Mr. Powderly's course is considered arbitrary and dictatorial, but there is reason to hope that eventually the men will not only obey it, but admit that it was right and wise.

The Speech Delivered by Lord Salisbury at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9th produced a marked sensation throughout Europe. It distinctly intimated that England was prepared to take her part in resisting Russian aggression in Bulgaria, and was an explicit condemnation of her past proceedings. The Premier said that Bulgaria's struggle for independence had aroused the sympathies of the English people, and that the language of diplomatic menace used toward Bulgaria by a European State had caused the deepest regret. A midnight conspiracy, led by men debauched by foreign gold, had hunted Prince Alexander from the throne of Bulgaria and outraged the conscience and sentiment of Europe. The injustice of this deed was aggravated by foreign diplomacy saving the conspirators, an act of interference which caused the most earnest reprobation throughout Europe. Bulgarian rights were assured by the Berlin Treaty, on which the salvation of Europe depended. English interest in that treaty was not an isolated interest. Other Powers also were interested in the vindication of the treaty. He was sure that if a majority of the signatory Powers recognized the fact that it was their duty to enforce the treaty England would not be found backward in co-operating with them. If England's individual interests only were affected England would ask no counsel and would seek no assistance, but would defend her interests with her own arm. But in this instance she would not accept the responsibility of isolated action. The Government's policy was shaped in harmony with that of

Austria. He trusted that the peace would not be disturbed, and that, under the influence of public opinion, the infant liberties of Bulgaria would not be impaired. Austria, Italy, Turkey, and England form a majority of the Powers to which Lord Salisbury alluded, Russia, France, and Germany being the other three. As at the time of the Crimean War, it would be possible for peace to be assured if Germany took a decisive attitude.

The Menaces of France on the Question of the occupation of Egypt do not appear to have scared the British Cabinet. On this subject Lord Salisbury in the course of his speech explicitly stated the intention of the Government to continue to hold possession not only till its task was accomplished but until Egypt was safe from foreign interference. As no government but that of France proposes to interfere there could be no question as to whom the words were designed to inform. Lord Salisbury said: "The stay of the English in Egypt had been upheld by politicians of all parties as one of limited duration. That limit was not a time limit, but a limit of work, which England was bound to accomplish by pledges so distinct and so often repeated that she could not retreat. The English could not leave Egypt until that country was secure from foreign oppression, and until order had been restored in domestic affairs. The Government was encouraged in this task by growing proofs of advancing prosperity in Egypt. Her finances were more promising than they had ever been, although they had not reached a point that would enable the Government to declare its task fulfilled. Further, England could not leave Egypt until the latter's independence of foreign interference had been secured."

The Threatened Demonstration of London Socialists on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's procession on November 9th passed off peaceably. Preparations were made all along the route for a riot. Tradesmen closed their iron shutters where they had them, and boarded up their windows and barricaded their premises where they had not, and a large force of cavalry was collected to repress any disturbance there might be. The procession, however, passed without molestation. At some points the Lord Mayor was hooted, but the crowd, as a rule, was orderly and peaceable. The Socialists held a meeting after the procession had passed in Trafalgar Square, the scene of the former riot. Red flags in profusion were flourished, and Williams and others of the recognized leaders delivered speeches. The police did not interfere with the meeting, but promptly checked a few ugly rushes of men supposed to be contemplating raids on the stores. The day which had been expected with dread closed tranquilly.

The Bulgarian Throne was Formally Offered by the Sobranje, on November 10th, to Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of the King of Denmark. The choice was not made with enthusiasm, but with an apparent desire to conciliate Russia. The Prince is the brother of the Czarina, and it was supposed that the Czar would not in honor object to his own brother-in-law. As he is also the brother of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece the choice was deemed one likely to be approved by all parties concerned, and it was also understood that at one time he was the Czar's own candidate for the throne. The Prince referred his decision to his father, the King of Denmark, who, in a courteous telegram, declined the offer on his son's behalf. There is little doubt that the refusal was prompted by Russia.

Rev. M. Baxter gave Three Second Advent discourses last Sunday in a church in Cleveland, Ohio, and during the preceding week in Oshawa and Toronto in Canada.

Earnest Christian Men and Women who can raise hymn tunes and give short Gospel exhortations are wanted to be permanently stationed as evangelists at mission stations of the Gospel Union; salary ranging from five dollars and upward a week. Address Rev. M. Baxter, President Gospel Union, 63 Bible House, New York.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with this journal have been made since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$8.50. They are from Allegheny, Pa., \$1; Rochelle, Ill., \$1; Lewes, Del., \$1; Geneseo, N. Y., \$2; Hamilton, Bermuda, \$2; Oakdale, Station, N. Y., 50 cents; Independence, Ia., \$1. We have great pleasure in acknowledging these remittances which will be the means of benefit to men who sorely need just the help this money will send them.

The Death of Professor A. A. Hodge, D.D., of Princeton, occurred on Thursday last. He occupied the Chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary, but was widely known and much respected far beyond the college walls. He was over sixty-three years of age, having been born at Princeton on July 18th, 1823. He spent three years soon after his ordination as a missionary in India. After his return he devoted himself to ministerial labor for a few years, but in 1864 he accepted a professorship in the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny City, Pa. He remained there until 1879, when he resigned to go to Princeton. Dr. Hodge's best-known literary works are "Outlines of Theology," "the Atonement," and "The Comment on the Confession of Faith"—all of which have had a large circulation.

The Chicago Avenue Church, better known as Mr. Moody's church, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Friday last. The fire began in the basement, and had already reached the lecture-room when the flames were discovered. There was a prompt response from the fire department, but the seats and cushions in the church had by that time become ignited and filled the place with smoke and flame. Before the fire was got under, the interior of the building was consumed, and the beautiful stained-glass windows destroyed. It is stated that the loss will be largely covered by the insurance.

The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home celebrated its sixth anniversary last week. Testimonies were given by men who have been saved through the influence of the mission. James Wilkie, the first case the mission ever had to deal with, and George H. Devine, now Superintendent of the Twenty-sixth Street Mission, told how they had been reclaimed and made useful and self-supporting members of society. The report for the year just closing shows that thirty thousand men attended the services, and that there had been two thousand inquirers. The mission is in the same building where Tom Hyer ran his gambling-house fifteen years ago. Services are held nightly, and a cheap lodging-house which is run in connection with the mission has proved a very efficient adjunct. Many men who desire to reform have no home in the city, and need to be removed from the reach of evil influences. The home provided for them by the mission is cleaner than others of the same type, and they appreciate its sanitary and moral advantages. The mission is undenominational, and it costs \$2500 annually to maintain it.

The Congregational Conference at Hartford, Conn., on November 11th, made a formal response to the overtures for union emanating from the recent convention of the Protestant-Episcopal Church. After a lengthy debate the Conference acknowledged the fraternal resolutions of the Episcopal Convention, and declared that on three of the four principles of unity set forth in the Episcopal message as the basis for a common union of churches, the Congregational Church is now in substantial agreement, and that only a difference in the fourth, which it is hoped some way may be found to overcome, prevents a complete restoration of unity. The three principles upon which the Congregational Church now announces that it is in unity with the Episcopal are: The Holy Scripture as the revealed Word of God; the Nicene Creed as a sufficient statement of faith; sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. The Congregational Church cannot agree with the Episcopal

on the fourth principle, the doctrine of the historic Episcopate, though it does not despair of sufficient reconciliation on this point. This report and acknowledgment will be sent to the bishops of the Episcopal Church.

The Ownership of a Share in a Valuable Iron mine has been for a long time the subject of litigation in Michigan, and a decision has now been reached, which will be submitted for final review to the United States Supreme Court. It appears that some years ago the defendant in this suit located the Colby Iron Mine, which has now become enormously valuable. For his services then and in organizing a company to work it, he was guaranteed one third of the profits, but it is alleged that before receiving any part of the profits he sold half his interest to a money-lender for two hundred and fifty dollars down. When the richness of the mine was proved, the money-lender pressed for completion of the contract, but failed to obtain it. He is now dead, but his heirs have pressed the suit, and the United States Circuit Court in Detroit has given judgment in their favor. If the higher court does not reverse the decision the defendant will have the chagrin of knowing that he sold away many thousand dollars for a pitiful sum. Stupendous as was the folly of making such a bargain, it was wisdom compared with that displayed by thousands of men in every land, who, for the sake of present gain, barter their hope of eternal riches (Matt. 16: 26).

How to Get Rid of Punched Coins has been a question with many persons since business men have declined to receive them. It appears that a solution of a discreditable character has been found by some church-goers. A gentleman travelling a few days ago from Connecticut to New York met a friend who was carrying a bag, the contents of which jingled as he moved it. On inquiring what he was carrying, his friend said: "This bag contains punched, clipped, and abased coins, and I am going to New York to sell the lot for what they will fetch. Oh, no, I didn't take them in my business, but in another way, in which I couldn't refuse them! You see I am treasurer of our church, and these dimes and nickels and other coin were put from time to time in the contribution-box. When clipped and punched coin began to be refused, they began to make their appearance in our boxes when the collections were taken up. I suppose we have taken in a hundred dollars' worth of this coin at its face value." The practice is not confined to Connecticut. Treasurers of churches in other States make similar complaints, and some have actually found among the coin buttons the size and color, but not the value of quarter dollars. These contributions are made by persons who are morally and spiritually the descendants of men of whom Christ spoke in solemn warning (Matt. 6: 1).

A Man Who Lived Ten Months with a broken neck died at Norfolk, Va., on November 2d. Two eminent physicians who attended him, say that the case is without precedent in medical annals. On December 15th, 1885, the man, who was a machinist, fell while at his work a distance of about six feet, striking his neck against a railing. He was carried home in a semi-unconscious state, where he remained confined until the latter part of January, when he got up and returned to his work. He continued to work until last March, when he came home complaining of feeling unwell. This attack resulted in a partial paralysis, which continued up to his death two weeks ago. The post-mortem examination was conducted by Professor W. T. Councilman, Professor of the College of Physicians. It showed that the third cervical vertebra was fractured with an oblique triangular fracture. The marvel is that the man did not die on the spot; but he lived, because, though the bone was broken, it did not press on the spinal cord. During all the ten months that followed, a sharp turn of the head or sudden movement of the shoulders would have caused death at any moment. Probably the man did not realize how slight a thing would kill him, or he would have

lived in constant apprehension, and, if a prudent man, in a state of readiness for the great change. No man can be sure that in his own case there is not as urgent a need of preparation. Ordinary diseases often make insidious progress of which the subject is unconscious, and men live carelessly, unaware that they have the sentence of death in themselves (II Cor. 1: 9, 10).

A Domestic Strike, in Consequence of One word, is reported by the Boston Herald, as having occurred in an aristocratic mansion of that city. It says: "A resident in one of the finest streets in town alluded, incidentally, at dinner the other night to her 'servants,' and was overwhelmed the next day to receive warning from the whole crowd! What did it mean? Weren't they in receipt of the highest wages? Didn't they have 'afternoons' and 'evenings' and 'privileges' without end? Yes, but they couldn't live with people who called them 'servants' to their faces! 'Help' was the proper word, and they wouldn't be servants to no lady in this country! They all departed." It may be hoped that the same spirit will not enter the Church. In Christ's household, servants are needed, and their title is honorable (Mark 10: 44).

A Key Attached to the Wrist of a Dead Man has been buried with him at Durham, Me. The Lewiston Journal says that the deceased was a very determined man, and very penurious. He died at an advanced age. On his death-bed he kept his right hand closely clutched. As he drew his last breath he tightened his hold. Everybody there knew what he held. It was the key to the chest in which he kept his gold. As his nerveless hands unclosed, the key dropped from them and clattered against the bedside. As if to hold it even after his soul had passed away, the miser had tied the key about his wrist by a strong cord, and had grasped it as long as life remained. He had wanted to take his gold with him. They buried him as he was, with the key to his money-chest dangling about his wrist, and the key is laid in his grave to turn to rust. "And what became of the gold?" "Oh, the heirs have taken care of that just the same! They split open the chest with an axe, and divided the gold, and let the miser keep the key about his wrist." There was grim irony in leaving the key to the broken chest on the body; it was a symbol of the vain passion of the dead man's life. The key is not more useless to him now than the treasure would be if he had it (Ezek. 7: 19).

A Lady's Reason for Leaving a Hotel in Philadelphia was typical of a common disposition. There is a law in that city compelling hotel proprietors to have some sort of fire escape in every upper-story room in their house. In one of the hotels the style of escape used consists of a rope, with hooks to grasp the window-ledge, and a sliding arrangement by which the guest may lower himself safely. One of these is placed in every apartment ready for use. The other day a lady who wished a room was shown to one of the most elegantly furnished in the hotel. As soon as her eye rested on the fire escape she turned to the clerk: "I will not have that thing here," she said; "it is hideous." "But it is required by law," he replied. "Well, then," concluded the lady, "I won't take the room. I'll go where they don't have fire escapes—where the law is evaded—rather than have that ugly thing there to remind me all the time that I may have to swing myself out of the window to save my life." And she departed in disgust. The time may come when that lady would give all she has in the world to have such an ugly thing in her room. The same aversion to being reminded of a painful subject often causes persons to turn from religion, which they regard as a gloomy, depressing thing associated with a death-bed; but there is less excuse for them, because, while a fire is but a possibility, death is a certainty, and religion, so far from being a gloomy thing, is a source of joy and happiness in life, as well as a preparation for death (1 Tim. 4: 8).

LOVE'S COMPLAINING.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."—REVELATION 2: 4, 5.

Christ's Work Among the Lamps—Constant—Careful—Tender—I. He Perceives—Beauties and Deformities—A Great Desideratum—A Grievous Fault—Love Declining—The First to Notice It—II. What He Prescribes—Recollection—Repentance—Return—Will Involve a Struggle—III. How He Persuades—With a Warning—The Removal of the Candlestick—The Persuasive Promise.

It was the work of the priest to go into the holy place and to trim the seven-branched lamp of gold; see how our Great High Priest walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; His work is not occasional, but constant. Wearing robes which are at once royal and priestly, He is seen lighting

THE HOLY LAMPS,

pouring in the sacred oil, and removing impurities which would dim the light.

Hence our Lord's fitness to deal with the churches, which are these golden lamp-stands, for no one knows so much about the lamps as the person whose *constant* work it is to watch them and trim them. We sometimes judge the condition of religion too leniently, or else we err on the other side, and judge too severely. Our eyes are dim with the world's smoke; but His eyes are as a flame of fire. He sees the churches through and through, and knows their true condition much better than they know themselves. The Lord Jesus Christ is a most careful observer of churches and of individuals; nothing is hid from His observant eye.

As He is the most *careful* observer, so He is the most candid. He is ever "the faithful and true Witness." He loves much, and therefore He never judges harshly. He loves much, and therefore He always judges jealously. Jealousy is the sure attendant of such love as His. He will neither speak smooth words nor bitter words; but He will speak the truth—the truth in love, the truth as He Himself perceives it, and as He would have us perceive it. Well may he say, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches," since His sayings are so true, so just, so weighty.

Certainly no observer can be so *tender* as the Son of God. Those lamps are very precious to Him; it cost Him His life to light them. "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." Every church is to our Lord a more sublime thing than a constellation in the heavens; as He is precious to His saints, so are they precious to Him. He has completed the redemption of His bride, but He continues her preservation. I therefore feel at this time that we may well join in a prayer to our Lord Jesus to come into our midst and

PUT OUR LIGHT IN ORDER.

Oh for a visit from Himself such as He paid in vision to the seven churches of Asia! Oh for His presence now, to search us and to sanctify us; to cause us to shine forth to His Father's praise! We would pray this morning, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do; and we delight to have it so. We invite thee, O great High Priest, to come into this Thy sanctuary, and look to this Thy lamp this morning.

In the text, as it is addressed to the Church at Ephesus and to us, we note three things. First, we note that *Christ perceives*: "I know thy works . . . nevertheless I have somewhat against thee." Secondly, *Christ prescribes*: "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent," and so forth. Thirdly, *Christ persuades*—persuades with a threatening; "I will remove thy candlestick out of His

place;" persuades, also, with a promise: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

I. First, then, we notice that

HE PERCEIVES.

Our Lord sorrowfully perceives the faults of His Church—"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee;" but He does not so perceive those faults as to be forgetful of that which He can admire and accept; for He begins His letter with commendations, "I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil." Do not think, my brethren, that our Beloved is blind to the beauties of His Church. On the contrary, He delights to observe them. He can see beauties where she herself cannot see them. Our Lord has a keen eye for all that is good. When he searches our hearts He never passes by the faintest longing, or desire, or faith, or love, of any of His people. He says to each and all, "I know thy works."

But this is our point at this time, that while Jesus can see all that is good, yet in very faithfulness He sees all that is evil. His love is not blind. He does not say, "As many as I love I commend;" but, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." It is more necessary for us that we should make a discovery of our faults than of our virtues. So notice in this text that Christ perceiveth the flaw in His Church, even in the midst of her earnest service. The Church at Ephesus was full of work. "I know thy works and thy labor, and for My name's sake thou hast labored, and hast not fainted." It was such a laborious Church that it pushed on and on with diligent perseverance, and never seemed to flag in its divine mission. Oh that we could say as much of all our churches! I have lived to see many brilliant projects lighted and left to die out in smoke. I have heard of schemes which were to illuminate the world; but not a spark remains. Holy perseverance is

A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

In these three and thirty years we thank God he has enabled us to labor and not to faint. There has been a continuance of everything attempted, and no drawing back from anything. "This is the work, this is the labor," to hold out even to the end. Oh how I have dreaded lest we should have to give up any hold enterprise or cut short any gracious effort! Hitherto the Lord has helped us. With men and means, liberality and zeal, He has supplied us. In this case the angel of the church has been very little of an angel from heaven, but very much of a human angel; for in the weakness of my flesh and in the heaviness of my spirit have I pursued my calling; but I have pursued it. By the help of God I continue to this day, and this church with equal footsteps is at my side; for which the whole praise is due to the Lord, who fainteth not, neither is weary. Having put my hand to the plough I have not looked back, but have steadily pressed forward, making straight furrows; but it has been by the grace of God alone. Alas! under all the laboring the Lord Jesus perceived that the Ephesians had left their first love; and this was

A GRIEVOUS FAULT.

So it may be in this church; every wheel may continue to revolve, and the whole machinery of ministry may be kept going at its normal rate, and yet there may be a great secret evil which Jesus perceives, and this may be marring all.

The Ephesian Church excelled in something else, namely, in its discipline, its soundness in the faith, and fidelity toward heretics; for the Lord says of it, "how thou canst not bear them which are evil." They would not have it; they would not tolerate false doctrine, they would not put up with unclean living. This Church was not honeycombed with doubt; it laid no claim to breadth of thought and liberality of view; it was honest to its Lord. For this her Lord commended her; and yet He says, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." When love dies orthodox doctrine

becomes a corpse, a powerless formalism. Adhesion to the truth sours into bigotry when the sweetness and light of love to Jesus depart. Love Jesus, and then it is well to hate the deeds of the Nicolaitanes; but mere hate of evil will tend to evil if love of Jesus be not there to sanctify it. I need not make a personal application; but that which is spoken to Ephesus may be spoken at this hour to ourselves.

So, next, this evil was a very serious one; it was

LOVE DECLINING:

"Thou hast left thy first love." "Is that serious?" saith one. It is the most serious ill of all; for the Church is the bride of Christ, and for a bride to fail in love is to fail in all things. It is idle for the wife to say that she is obedient, and so forth; if love to her husband has evaporated, her wifely duty cannot be fulfilled, she has lost the very life and soul of the marriage state. So, my brethren, this is a most important matter, our love to Christ, because it touches the very heart of that communion with Him which is the crown and essence of our spiritual life. As a church we must love Jesus, or else we have lost our reason for existence. Lose love; lose all. Leave our first love, we have left strength and peace and joy and holiness.

I call your attention, however, to this point, that it was He that found it out. "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Jesus Himself found it out! I do not know how it strikes you; but as I thought it over, this fact brought the tears to my eyes. When I begin to leave off loving Christ, or love Him less than I do, I would like to find it out myself; and if I did so, there would soon be a cure for it. But for Him to find it out, oh, it seems so hard, so sad a thing! That we should keep on growing cold, and cold, and cold, and never care about it till the Beloved points it out to us. Why, even the angel of the church did not find it out; the minister did not know it; but He saw it who loves us so well, that He delights in our love. How good of Him to care one jot about our love! This is no complaint of an enemy, but of a dear wounded friend.

The Saviour, having thus seen this with pain, now points it out. As I read this passage over to myself, I noticed that the Saviour had nothing to say about the sins of the heathen among whom the Ephesians dwelt; they are alluded to because it must have been the heathen who persecuted the Church, and caused it to endure, and exhibit patience. The Saviour, however, has nothing to say against the heathen; and He does not say much more than a word about those who were evil. He leaves the ungodly in their own condemnation. But what He has to say is against His own beloved: "I have somewhat against thee." It seems as if the Master might pass over sin in a thousand others, but He cannot wink at failure of love in His own espoused one.

The Master evidently counts this decline of love to be

A PERSONAL WRONG

done to Himself. "I have somewhat against thee." It is not an offence against the king, nor against the judge, but against the Lord Jesus as the husband of the Church; an offence against the very heart of Christ Himself. "I have somewhat against thee." He does not say, "Thy neighbor has somewhat against thee, thy child has somewhat against thee, thy God has somewhat against thee," but, "I, I thy hope, thy joy, thy delight, thy Saviour, I have this against thee." The word *somewhat* is an intruder here. Our translators put it in it, and well they might, for it is a bad word, since it seems to make a small thing of a very grave change. The Lord has *this* against us, and it is no mere "somewhat." Come, brothers and sisters, if we have not broken any law, nor offended in any way so as to grieve anybody else, this is sorrow enough, if our love has grown in the least degree chill toward Him; for we have done a terrible wrong to our best friend.

II. And now, secondly, let us note what THE SAVIOUR PRESCRIBES.

The Saviour's prescription is couched in these three words: "Remember," "Repent," "Return." The first word is *Remember*. "Thou hast left thy first love." Remember, then, what thy first love was, and compare thy present condition with it. At first nothing diverted thee from thy Lord. He was thy life, thy love, thy joy. Now thou lookest for recreation somewhere else, and other charms and other beauties win thy heart. Art thou not ashamed of this? Once thou wast never wearied with hearing of Him and serving Him. Thou wouldst have gone after thy Lord anywhere in those days; across the sea, or through the fire, thou wouldst have pursued Him; nothing would have been too hot or too heavy for thee then. Is it so now? Remember! Remember from whence thou art fallen. Remember the vows, the tears, the communings, the happy raptures of those days; remember and compare with them thy present state.

Remember and consider, that when thou wast in thy first love, that love was none too warm. Even then, when thou didst live to Him, and for Him, and with Him, thou wast none too holy, none too consecrated, none too zealous. If thou wast not too forward then,

WHAT ART THOU NOW—

now that thou hast come down even from that poor attainment? Remember the past with sad forebodings of the future.

The next word of the prescription is *Repent*. Repent as thou didst at first. The word so suitable to sinners is suitable to thee, for thou hast grievously sinned. Repent of the wrong thou hast done thy Lord by leaving thy first love of Him. Couldst thou have lived a seraphic life, only breathing His love, only existing for Him, thou hadst done little enough; but to quit thy first love, how grievously hast thou wronged Him! Repent of much good that thou hast left undone through want of love. Oh, if thou hadst always loved thy Lord at thy best, what mightest thou not have known of Him by this time! What good deeds thou mightest have done by force of His love! How many hearts mightest thou have won for thy Lord if thine own heart had been fuller of love, if thine own soul had been more on fire! Thou hast lived a poor beggarly life because thou hast allowed such poverty of love.

But then he says in effect, *Return*. The third word is this—"Repent, and do the first works." Notice, that He does not say, "Repent, and get back thy first love." This seems rather singular; but then love is

THE CHIEF OF THE FIRST WORKS,

and, moreover, the first works can only come of the first love. There must be in every declining Christian a *practical repentance*. Do not be satisfied with regrets and resolves. Do the first works; do not strain after the first emotions, but do the first works. No renewal is so valuable as the practical cleansing of our way. If the life be made right, it will prove that the love is so. In doing the first works you will prove that you have come back to your first love.

We are to get back to these first works at once. How sweet for the Lord to put us back again at once into the old place, back again in a moment! My prayer is that it may be so this morning with any declining one. May you so repent as not merely to feel the old feelings, but instantly to do the first works, and be once more as eager, as zealous, as generous, as prayerful, as you used to be! If we should again see you breaking the alabaster box, we should know that the old love had returned. May the good Master help us to do as well as ever, yea, much better than before!

Notice, however, that this will require much of effort and warfare; for the promise which is made is "to him that overcometh." Overcoming implies conflict. Depend upon it, if you conquer a wandering heart, you will have to fight for it. "To him that overcometh," saith He, "will I give to eat of the tree of life." You

must fight your way back to the garden of the Lord. You will have to fight against lethargy, against an evil heart of unbelief, against the benumbing influence of the world. In the name and power of Him who bids you repent, you must wrestle and struggle till you get the mastery over self, and yield your whole nature to your Lord.

III. Now, see, brethren,

HE PERSUADES.

This is the third point; the Lord Jesus persuades His erring one to repent. First, He persuades with a warning; "I will come unto thee;" "quickly" is not in the original; the Revised Version has left it out. Our Lord is generally very slow at the work of judgment: "I will come unto thee, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent."

Our Lord means, first, I will take away the comfort of the Word. He raises up certain ministers, and makes them burning and shining lights in the midst of His Church, and when the people gather together they are cheered and enlightened by their shining. A ministry blessed of the Lord is a singular comfort to the Church of God. The Lord can easily take away that light which has brought comfort to so many; He can remove the good man to another sphere, or He can call him home to his rest. The extinguisher of death can put out the candle which now gladdens the house.

But the candlestick also symbolizes usefulness; it is that by which a church shines.

THE USE OF A CHURCH

is to preserve the truth, wherewith to illuminate the neighborhood, to illuminate the world. God can soon cut short our usefulness, and He will do so if we cut short our love. If the Lord be withdrawn, we can go on with our work as we used to do, but nothing will come of it; we can go on with Sunday-schools, mission-stations, branch churches, and yet accomplish nothing. Brethren, we can go on with the Orphanage, the College, the Colportage, the Evangelistic Society, the Book Fund, and all else, and yet nothing will be effected if the arm of the Lord be not made bare.

He can, if He wills, even take away from the Church her very existence as a church. Ephesus is gone; nothing but ruins can be found. Rome once held a noble Church of Christ, but has not her name become the symbol of anti-christ? The Lord can soon take away candlesticks out of their places if the Church uses her light for her own glory, and is not filled with His love. God forbid that we should fall under this condemnation! How can I persuade you, then, better than with the warning words of my Master? My beloved, I persuade you from my very soul not to encounter these dangers, not to run these terrible risks; for as you would not wish to see either the Church or your own self left without the light of God, to pine in darkness, it is needful that you abide in Christ, and go on to love Him more and more.

The Saviour holds out a promise as

HIS OTHER PERSUASIVE.

Upon this I can only dwell for a minute. It seems a very wonderful promise to me: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Observe, those who lose their first love *fall*, but those who abide in love are made to stand. Life proved true by love shall be nourished on the best of food; it shall be sustained by fruit from the garden of the Lord Himself, gathered by the Saviour's own hand.

We shall know as we are known when we love as we are loved. We shall live the life of God when we are wholly taken up with the love of God. The love of Jesus answered by our love to Jesus makes the sweetest music the heart can know. No joy on earth is equal to the bliss of being all taken up with love to Christ. Heaven on earth is abounding love to Jesus. This is the first and last of true delight—to love Him who is the first and the last. To love Jesus is another name for paradise. Lord, let me know this by continual experience. See the heights, the glitter-

ing heights, the glorious heights, the everlasting hills to which the Lord of life will conduct all those who are faithful to Him through the power of His Holy Spirit. See, oh love, thine ultimate abode! I pray that what I have said may be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the bringing of us all nearer to the Bridegroom of our souls. Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

INCIDENTS OF RUSSIAN RULE.*

JUSTICE is administered under laws the issue of the sovereign will, and liable to be repealed at his pleasure. Trial by jury is of recent introduction, and may be considered as an experiment. In the court-room I inquired of an intelligent gentleman how it was working. He said: "Quite well," and then related the following incident to show how the royal will comes in, even to the smallest affairs of private citizens:

An officer under the Government promised to give a certain place of profit to a man, who was soon surprised to find that it was given to another. Such mishaps are not unknown under milder governments, I believe. But the disappointed office-seeker sought the man who had promised it to him, and slapped his face in open court, charging him with a breach of faith. He was arraigned and tried by jury for the assault and battery, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, or, more accurately—"served him right." The verdict was received with great applause. The emperor gave the office-seeker and the office-holder also, the striker and the struck, appointments in distant parts of the empire, where neither of them wanted to go or to stay, and thus he punished them both—one for breaking his word and the other for breaking the peace. There is a vein of humor in such administration of justice.

The book-keeper of a mercantile house in Thorn was arrested in the Russian town of Rieszawa by the burgomaster of that place on a perfectly unfounded charge of an intention to smuggle. Although the book-keeper succeeded in establishing his respectability, he was thrown into a dirty prison cell and kept there twenty-four hours. His principal, of course, complained of this most unjustifiable treatment, and has lately received an official communication that the burgomaster has also been imprisoned twenty-four hours, and in the same prison in which he had shut up the unhappy book-keeper.

M. Andreoli, a Russian writer, who was exiled some years ago to Siberia, is now contributing to the *Revue Moderne*, under the title of "Souvenirs de Siberie," his recollections not only of Siberian, but also of Russian life. In the last number of the review he tells a story, the end of which belongs to the reign of the Emperor Alexander II., the beginning to the reign of Paul, of whose period it is strikingly characteristic. The emperor's favorite was at that time a young French actress, of whom he was madly jealous. One evening at a ball he noticed that a young man named Labanoff was paying her a great deal of attention. He did not lose his temper, but at the end of the ball gave orders that Labanoff should be arrested and thrown into the citadel. He intended to keep him there only a few days, to "make him more serious," after which he proposed to reprimand him and to appoint him to an office which had been solicited for him. Labanoff, however, was forgotten. At the death of the

* From "The Alhambra and the Kremlin, the South and the North of Europe." A new edition of the late Dr. S. Irenæus Prime's famous work, describing his travels through Europe. With 58 illustrations. Pp. 482; Price, 3s. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



A Scene in an English Poor-House.

Emperor Nicholas, Alexander II., then full of magnanimity, liberated all the prisoners in the citadel, without exception. In a vaulted tomb in which it was impossible to stand upright, and which was not more than two yards long, an old man was found, bent almost double, and incapable of answering when he was spoken to. This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I., and afterward by the Emperor Nicholas, and now by the Emperor Alexander II., while Labanoff had remained in prison forgotten in his dungeon for more than fifty years. When he was taken out he could not bear the light, and, by a strange phenomenon, his movements had become automatic. He could hardly hold himself up, and he had become so accustomed to move about within the limits of his narrow cell that he could not take more than two steps forward without turning round, as though he had struck against a wall, and taking two steps backward, and so on alternately. He lived but one week after being liberated.

A SCENE IN AN ENGLISH POOR-HOUSE.

(See Illustration.)

How does a nation treat its paupers? Especially, how does it treat the aged and infirm whom the evening of life finds unprepared to maintain themselves? The answer in every case will be an infallible index to the spiritual state of the nation. In proportion to the desire manifested by Christian men to follow in the footsteps of their divine Lord, will the poor, the aged, and the helpless in their midst be cared for. Christ made them His representatives on earth, specifically appointing them to receive the gifts that gratitude and love to Him might call forth.

A century ago in England, and, indeed, at a later date the poor in the poor-houses were fed and clothed by contract. Bids were invited at the beginning of the year, and a contract was made with the lowest bidder to feed and clothe the poor of the county for a year. The contractor could only approximately estimate the number that he would have to provide for, and when competition was keen, he ran the risk of loss. In those cases he would endeavor to save

himself by curtailing the provisions, and often the experiment of finding on how small a support life could be maintained was carried to dangerous limits. Still later, when the contract system was abolished, the "guardians of the poor" in many localities were really guardians of the rate-payers, and directed their efforts rather to the object of reducing the cost of the poor-house than to guarding the inmates from starvation.

Happily, a marked change is now observed in these institutions. More kindness is manifested to the poor, they are better lodged and better fed than ever before, and now and again benevolent Christian persons have subscribed together and provided funds for giving them extra indulgences, which could not justly be paid for from the rates. In many an English poor-house now groups of elderly people may be seen spending their last days in peace and comfort, as happy and cheerful as it is possible for external circumstances to make them.

DODD'S MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

(See Illustration on page 733.)

It was baby's bed-time, and Hetty, aged twelve, and Mary, aged ten, baby's sisters, were engaged in preparing him for his night's rest. It was not altogether a new occupation to them, but there was a sense of responsibility upon them that was new. That was due to the fact that when they had put baby to bed before they could appeal to their mother if any difficulty arose, whereas now they would have to overcome it themselves; for mother was dead, and had that day been laid in the cemetery. The two children felt a terrible desolation in their hearts, but baby did not seem to mind. He crowed and kicked as usual, tugged at Mary's hair when she bent over him, and was as merry and bright as if the most crushing misfortune that could have befallen him had not occurred. He seemed to think it was a joke to have the children undress him and tuck him up in bed, and wanted to play instead of going to sleep; but he submitted at last, and slept peacefully.

"Hetty," said Mary, in a whisper, as the two stood watching him, "did you hear what Aunt Miriam said this morning?"

"I heard her talking, but I did not hear anything special."

"Well, I did. She said we should have to be taken care of separately. I heard her say she would have baby, and Aunt Jane might have me, and she asked Uncle Luke if he would not have you."

"What for? I'm not going to Uncle Luke's. I'd be miserable, and what would father do? Did he hear what Aunt Miriam said?"

"No; he wasn't there then. Aunt Miriam was going on about him, said he wasn't fit to take care of us, 'cause he drinks, and we must be took care of by them as was fit or else go to the poor-house."

"I think Aunt Miriam ought to mind her own business. She have baby, indeed! What's she know about a baby? She's an old maid; that's what she is. Father would never trust baby to her, I know."

"Aunt Miriam said he would. She said, 'You leave him to me; I know how to manage him. I'll talk him over.'"

"I don't believe she could talk him into that. Why, he thinks the world of baby, and he's good to us when he's sober. I believe he loves us, Mary. He kissed me last night like he used."

"And me, too," said Mary. "He ain't thought o' parting with us, and he wouldn't if Aunt Miriam didn't put it in his head. Don't you think we could manage for him, Hetty?"

"Of course we could manage; Mrs. Holt said she would come in every morning and show us how to wash baby and put things right. There's nothing else, and, if there was, why Mrs. Holt's next door, and we could ask her."

"Then let us speak to father before Aunt Miriam gets at him, and make him promise to let us try."

"It's the drink that'll be the trouble, Mary."

"Think he'll always be like that, Hetty? He hadn't used to be so."

"I'm afraid he will. He'll be more lonesome now, and very like go to the saloon oftener. But we'll ask him anyhow. I don't believe he'll hurt us, Mary, even when he is drunk. I'd sooner risk it than go away."

So it was settled that when the father

came home the conspiracy against the family should be revealed to him, and his promise to give the little aspirants to the place of housekeepers a trial should be obtained. That was, of course, on the supposition that he came sober, which, unhappily, in Dodd's case, was not by any means sure. The children hurried around, making everything tidy, put the lamp where it shone on baby's bed, and giving one last careful look to see that all was right, went down to await the critical interview. They talked together in whispers, listening to every footstep, until at last father's step was recognized, and the door was opened. One glance told the anxious little creatures that it was all right. Father's face was sad enough, but it had not the bleared, half-fierce look on it that they dreaded seeing. His supper was ready for him—Mrs. Holt had seen to that—and Hetty found his slippers, and put them ready by his chair.

"Won't you come up and look at baby, father?" said Hetty, after supper. "He looks so pretty to-night, and he's sound asleep."

Dodd sighed heavily as he thought of the motherless little fellow, but he went up to please the children. It was a pretty sight, and, in spite of his trouble, the father could not but be proud of the bright little face resting in peaceful slumber on the pillow. He bent over him, smoothed the scanty hair with his rough finger, and kissed the little forehead. The girls watched him approvingly; that was a good sign.

"You won't ever give baby away, will you, father?" Hetty asked.

"Give him away, my girl! What are you thinking of? Who ever put that in your head?"

"Aunt Miriam said she would have you give him to her, and Mary was to go to Aunt Jane, and I to Uncle Luke. You won't let 'em do it, will you, father?"

"What's that for? I never agreed to nothing o' the sort. Did your aunt say I did? What's the meaning of it?" Dodd knew the meaning of it very well. He knew that he was not fit to have charge of the little family, but this cool settlement of the matter independent of him, as if he were a lunatic, piqued him. "Well, maybe they're right," he said to himself; "I ain't fit to take care of 'em; but it's hard on me."

"Aunt Miriam thought we couldn't get on, I guess; but you try us, father. Mary and I know how to do pretty near everything. Mother showed us how, and Mrs. Holt's promised to help us. Do try us, father; we couldn't bear to leave you."

"Fond o' your father still, are you, my dears? Maybe you'd be happier away. I'm a poor good-for-nothing now."

"Oh, no; we shouldn't, father!" said both girls together. "And you are good to us—generally. We'd a deal rather stay with you."

The fidelity of the little creatures whom Dodd knew he had neglected, and sometimes ill-treated, touched the man. He looked at them a moment with a world of love in his eyes, and then the tears came. He fell on his knees there, and the children nestled to him, and he put an arm around each. Bending his head silently, he registered a solemn vow that if God would give him strength he would prove worthy of the love thus pathetically clinging around him; and as



Dodd Registers a Solemn Vow.

the children, in spite of his evil ways, were anxious to trust him, he would not put them to shame, but for their sake would put away from him the enemy to their peace and his own.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 729.)

The Disciple.

ONLY a few short weeks before that memorable Sunday Leroy Ransom would have laughed contemptuously at any one who ventured to predict that such a cry as that of the Publican would ever come from his lips. Yet he uttered it with all sincerity, and with a passionate desire for acceptance. He had travelled by a way that he knew not, and had been brought to submission by means that he had never understood. For him, as for so many sceptics, there was no gate to the kingdom open but the one that must be entered on the knees—the gate of self-abasement and docility. It is a very strait gate for the wise and the learned, and it is still more so for those who, like Leroy, imagine that they are more learned than they really are. His learning had never been more than second-hand; he was not an original thinker, and even the knowledge he had acquired had for the greater part been unassimilated. With a quick perception, a retentive memory, and a parrot-like facility of repetition, it was natural that he should gain the respect of slower and duller minds, and come to be regarded as a brilliant and promising genius. And it was very natural that he should come to entertain the same opinion. So long as he had books to refer to, it was easy to maintain the reputation; for there are few so dull that they cannot "read-up," a subject and reproduce other men's thoughts. Not a few go through life shining in society on this borrowed capital, and are spoken of as brilliant and profound thinkers, though they have never had an original thought in their lives. Scepticism is very attractive to such men, because it causes them to be talked of and renders them objects of interest. They are consequently more tenacious of their opinions and more

difficult to convince than are men of greater mental power. When, in the exercise of His boundless mercy, God does bring such a man to a knowledge of the truth, the process is sure to begin with the destruction of his conceit. "God resisteth the proud, but He giveth grace to the humble."

Little as he recognized it then, Leroy had really taken the most hopeful step in his life, and had through the help of God won the greatest victory over himself when he abandoned his attitude of resistance and cried for mercy. His pride and conceit were gone before he could do that, and, after all, those were the real obstacles. Nothing had occurred to remove his intellectual difficulties. He simply cast them aside when they were of no further use to him. They, or some equivalent, had been necessary to him as a conceited man; but now they were necessary no longer. Having changed his moral attitude, he was ready to believe whatever God had

revealed, and to exercise faith when reason failed or protested. He now desired to be taught, not any longer to be convinced. The opponent became the disciple.

Sudden as the change was, it was not more sudden than such changes usually are. Saul, the persecutor, was not changed into Paul the Apostle by elaborate argument. The change was instantaneous, and was worked by revelation, not conviction. Something more than an intellectual conviction was needed before the man who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel could be ready to learn from Ananias; and that is the case with every man converted after attaining manhood. Objectively and subjectively it is not by might nor by power, but the Spirit of the Lord that victory is achieved.

It was by no miraculous vision that Leroy had been subdued, but it was as surely by miraculous power—the power that operates on every soul that is brought to God. It was no longer a question of moment to him whether the first chapter of Genesis was scientifically true; the more momentous question which concerned him was whether God would forgive his sin. For this boon he cried with all the force of his nature, and with the intensity with which a condemned man would plead for his life. There was no reserve, no attempt at self-justification in his prayer; nothing but confession and self-abasement. Thus he prayed for nearly an hour:

"Help me to be humble, O God; put down all my pride of intellect and aid me to submit every faculty to Thee. Open my mind to all Thy truth. If there is prejudice in my heart, give me the disposition and strength to eradicate it. O Son of God, I am willing to do anything in my power if Thou wilt vouchsafe me the truth! Here, take my unbelief—I hate it, I loathe it, I abhor it. Nothing but grief has it wrought in my life. O God, remove my doubts, for the sake of Thy crucified Son."

He remained silent awhile, in amazement at the wonderful estimations that were agitating his soul. He could not analyze his emotions. Then while he still remained in the kneeling posture, he opened his Bible, hoping it would prove a light for guidance in the darkness. He opened the book at the fifty-first psalm—that wonderful penitential cry of David's—and found

that it had been marked by some one, probably his mother. As he read through the psalm all the confessions of sin, the desires for contriteness of heart, the intense aspirations for moral renovation seemed to be the breathings of his own deepest desires.

"Oh, I see now," he cried; "I have transgressed God's laws. My unbelief has been my *sin* against Him; for it is wrong to doubt a kind, compassionate God, and thus make Him a liar. Oh, I see! I see! I need salvation from sin, as well as assurance of truth. Kind Father," he continued in prayer, "I acknowledge my unbelief as sin. I have reviled thee, I have, perhaps, led others astray by my God-defying expressions. But I will give up all my unbelief, I will abandon all my favorite sins, if Thou wilt but remove this crushing weight of guilt from my soul. God, be merciful to me, a sinner. Lord, save me or I perish."

He ceased a while and waited for an answer. He knew now that the dawn was beginning to break. A reflection came to him with sweet, radiating intensity:

"Did not *He* come into the world to save sinners, to seek the lost, to rescue the perishing? The Gospel says: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their *sins*.' Yes, yes, glorious truth!"

Oh, there was such a mellow radiance in his soul, as he made this exultant acknowledgment, and gradually the heaviness of his heart departed, and a sacred, pervasive joy took its place. He could not believe it. For a time he oscillated between doubt and belief. Could it be possible that the great revolution of life and character, which his friends had so often described, was actually taking place in *him*? It had seemed that *he* never could experience it. Yes, he could not deny that something more than a human energy had touched and quickened powers hitherto dormant within him into life. "I see! I see!" He had a spiritual perception that was new to him; and lifting his hands joyfully toward heaven, he cried:

"Thou crucified and risen Christ, I take Thee now, now as my Saviour and my Guide!"

All the burden of guilt which had crushed his being so long was gone. He knew that God had touched his soul and had put His Spirit of truth into his inmost consciousness, giving him an assurance that was clear and unmistakable. Yes, he had come at last to the foot of the cross; he had pushed his researches to that radiant centre of all history, and lo! here was the fountain of salvation and truth pouring forth its translucent stream to make glad the desert of his soul, as well as the city of God.

He rose calm and serene. There was no disordered frenzy in his experience, he knew that. No, it was not excitement; it was not mental reaction. It was solid fact. It was revelation. "I know now that there is a God," he said to himself; "for I have heard His voice in my heart. I know, too, that Christ is the Son of God, because it was through Him that God revealed Himself to me. Oh, blind, blind! that I did not see this before; that I refused so long to apply to the only One who could break the fetters of sin and unbelief. But, thank God! at last I have found *the way out*."

Then he fell down upon his knees again, and in a few fervent words he poured out his gratitude to God: "I thank Thee, dear Lord, that Thou hast borne so patiently with me during the days of my waywardness, and that now, though I deserve nothing but rejection, yet Thou hast granted me this wonderful revelation."

When he again arose nature seemed to have put on a new face. Why, he could see God in everything. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork!" he said, reverently. "David was right. And Thales was right, too, when he said: 'All things are full of God.' God transcendent and God immanent—that is the truth. It is all very plain now. When God is within we can easily see Him without."

There was a great revolution of his whole nature. And yet he felt that he needed instruction, some kindly voice to encourage, some guiding hand to point out the way still more clearly. There was a light in his soul, and he knew it was the true light, but it was still too feeble and flickering, and he feared that some temptation or doubt might extinguish it and leave him again in the blackness of darkness. As he expressed it, not being able as yet to get away from the representations of heathen mythology, he had been long enough in Lake Avernus, with its black, slimy waters and poisonous vapors, and he had a horror of returning to it.

He would go and have an interview with Mr. Philliput. No sooner had he made this resolution than, suiting the action to the thought, he was on his way to the clergyman's house, where he was received cordially.

"My dear Ransom," began the clergyman, as soon as Leroy entered the library, "you must have had good news that you look so happy."

"Good news from heaven!" replied Leroy, in a voice tremulous with joy.

The old man looked at him for a moment in undisguised wonder, not comprehending his meaning; and then, as the truth flashed upon him, he exclaimed: "Thank God! Have you found the infallible remedy for your unbelief at last? Tell me all about it!"

The colloquy that followed was one of strange, almost weird interest. When Leroy had finished the recital of his experience in the woods he humbly asked his kind counsellor to give him further instruction. Mr. Philliput was rejoiced to do so, and saying, "The Holy Ghost regenerates and sanctifies by means of the truth," he opened his Bible and proceeded to unfold the Scriptures to the anxious seeker after truth. Leroy's heart burned within as passage after passage was read and explained. Were all those mines of truth in the Bible? He had not known it. They flashed upon his mind with new radiance. They corroborated his new-found experience. Why had he never known before that there were such stirring, thrilling, startling truths in the Scriptures?

"Because," replied the preacher, "you sceptics never look for the gems; you pick and choose here and there for fragmentary facts to cavil at."

"I see, I see," assented Leroy, humbly.

Then at the preacher's suggestion they kneeled and prayed together, simple, child-like prayers of trust; and when they rose Leroy knew that there was a star in his heart.

When Leroy reached his room, his thoughts reverted to Carrie; for who does not want to tell a new-found joy to those he loves most dearly? Suddenly her words: "If ever you meet with some great happiness, let me know," were recalled to his memory. And then by the association of ideas another revelation was borne in upon his mind. The red surges rolled to his temples, and momentarily his heart almost stood still. At last he found expression for the thought that had come, though at first in an indefinite form, to him like an intuition.

"I understand now why Carrie could not consent to be my wife. It was because I was an infidel. And—she—was right. I should have made her life miserable by my jeers. Even now I could not myself endure to hear any one scoff at the pure, sacred, divine religion of Christ, and only a few days ago I was a scoffer myself."

"But why did she not tell me of the deterrent obstacle? Ah, I see, poor, ignorant, purblind creature that I have been. She feared that I would try to change my attitude toward religion by my own efforts, and for her sake instead of for truth's sake. And, of course, the change would not have been a real one. Man cannot bring about this revolution himself; God only can effect it. Ah, Carrie, Carrie, you were wiser than I!"

A new world burst upon Leroy's vision. Not only did nature whisper new secrets to him, but the Bible—the Book he had flouted as "obso-

lete," as "in its dotage"—brought him new surprises every day. It had a wonderful vitality in spite of his previous sneers. It was at the same time the most modern and most antique volume in existence. Passages that he could not understand in his unilluminated state now flashed with celestial meanings. Truly, spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

So also many of the intellectual difficulties which had previously embarrassed him were now satisfactorily settled, or he could humbly wait for more light upon them. One of his chief difficulties had been that there is so much variance among Christians as to the interpretation of the Scriptures. But this was all plain now. He saw that when God converts a man He does not flash all knowledge and all truth into his mind at once, but, giving him assurance of his personal salvation and of the essential truthfulness of Christianity, He then leaves him to develop in knowledge and grace according to the laws of spiritual growth under His guidance and help.

The great questions of the divine existence, of the immortality of the soul, of the realities of eternity, of the veracity of the Bible, of the divinity of Christ, of the true relation between faith and reason—all these were now settled as a finality for Leroy, and hence there was a brightness and solidity in his life that he had never known before. These truths afforded him a solid basis for activity.

With what animation he could now prosecute his labors in the school-room among the young. No longer handicapped by a vicious, enervating philosophy, he could plainly see the benefits of intellectual culture; how it would increase a man's power for good if consecrated to that end; how it would give him so much greater intellectual and moral surface from which to radiate ennobling influences upon the world. A man might be a small star and still be useful. But if he could become a sun, of how much more service to his fellow-men! And then when he addressed his pupils on his favorite topic, the beauties of moral and spiritual character, he often spoke with a force, a positiveness, and enthusiasm that made them listen to him with amazement; he seemed to be a transformed being. Culture did not enhance our woes, as he once declared; it increased our capacities for enjoying God and His truth.

And as to carrying out his philanthropic desires he now found it his greatest delight to help those about him in the most practical ways. He could try to lead them to the truth, to make their lives brighter, to point them forward and upward. If he could not inaugurate some world-wide plan of reformation, he could make individual lives more radiant and redolent with truth.

Not long after his conversion he was induced by Mr. Philliput and some of his co-laborers to take charge of a class of young men in the Sabbath-school; and in this way he had the most practical opportunity to mould plastic character into forms divine. Oh, what an exhilaration he felt in the work!

Yes, he could now engage in the work of reform with confidence. There was now no questioning as to the truth of his doctrines. Once he trembled to invite his fellow-men to accept his perilous beliefs, but now he could invite the whole world to take its stand on the Rock of the Ages. There was sure footing there. And was life worth living now? Yes. In view of its potency for good and of the immortal destiny to which it was the portal, how it was fraught with significance!

However, it must not be supposed that there were no trials to endure, or temptations to resist, or at times dark questionings in his soul. So long had he been in doubt that it required time to overcome the habits of his mind. And the very fact that now his conscience had been aroused to activity made him more sensitive to every sin that touched him, and in a manner he had difficulties he had never previously encountered. When God converts a man He does not

bestow perfection of character upon him at once. He lifts him to his feet and helps him to walk, but He does not carry him. There is always plenty of room left for self-development.

(To be continued.)

JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 28, Rev. 1: 4-18. Golden Text, ver. 18.

John Absorbed in God—Permitted to See Christ in the Future—The Universal Centre—Jesus as a Witness—John's Point of View—The Godward Side—The Conception of the Kingdom—Loyal Acquiescence—Interruption Preceding Revelation—Jesus Seen in the Churches—His Voice—His Portrait and Signature.

THE apostle John was a man truly swallowed up in God. While the other three evangelists commence their Gospels, one with His genealogy, one with a short summary of the circumstances of His birth and that of John the Baptist, and another with a fuller account of the same, John begins in the past eternity of God. Far back, before time began, the inspired apostle sees Him who is the First and the Last of all things to him. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1). While the writers of the epistles almost uniformly commence with their own names—"Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ," or "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ," "James, a servant of God," "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ," "Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ"—John goes back beyond himself, beyond history, beyond time, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life" (1 John 1: 1). No wonder that this apostle, although the youngest of the twelve, should have been permitted to see Jesus in the future as in the past, and have been called to bear "record of the Word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw" (Rev. 1: 2). John's was

A TRAINED EYE;

like the eye of a diver for that which other men cannot see, like the eye of a naturalist for the works of God, so was John's eye for Jesus. When Peter had seen in the sepulchre nothing of Jesus but grave clothes, John "saw and believed." When the other disciples wondered at the Stranger whom they met by the Sea of Galilee, John said, "It is the Lord." It is the one who sees and knows Jesus in the present, always with us, who can look back into the past, and see Him there, and look forward into the future and see Him there.

John begins the Book of Revelation with the name of Jesus, "the Revelation of Jesus Christ," and only later on introduces his own name, "John to the seven churches which are in Asia: Grace be unto you, and peace." But as the magnet reverts to the pole so John reverts to Jesus, and he adds, "From Him which is, and which was, and which cometh (R. V. margin); and from the seven spirits which are before His throne; and from Jesus Christ." The apostle is full of his subject. There is one "He," one "Him" who fills past, present, and future to John; he sees that "of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things" (Rom. 11: 36); "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. 1: 17). In John's conception He is

THE POINT IN WHICH ALL CONVERGES,

the universe, heaven, earth, all things are nothing but as they stand in relation to Him. "Jesus Christ, who is the Faithful Witness," God's Witness to man, and man's Witness to God that sin is put away; a Witness for His believing ones, His blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel" (Heb. 12: 24); a Witness against sinners, "I will be a swift Witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not Me, saith the Lord of

hosts" (Mal. 3: 5). As "the first begotten of the dead," the first risen one whom death could never claim again, and "Ruler of the kings of the earth" (R. V.) John sees Jesus greater than all the powers that be, perfect Master of them all, and he knew that nothing could happen without His permission. The old apostle has an overflowing heart: how can he speak of Jesus and not praise Him? He breaks out, "Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed (or washed) us from our sins by His blood, and He made us a kingdom, priests unto His God and Father; to Him the glory and the dominion forever and ever" (R. V.). The very element in which John lived was God's love to him, not his love to God. Through John's Gospel we are taught, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16); and in his first epistle, he writes, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the Propitiation for our sins . . . God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John 4: 10, 16). "Unto Him that loveth us" meant to John all that a heart could offer of praise for a forgiven past, a present hid with Christ in God, and lived in closest union with Him, a future in which every step, whether on earth or in heaven was a step of victory. John did not look where he could see the trials, persecutions, sufferings, temptations which were his daily lot at this very time while he was a prisoner in Patmos "for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." He looked to

THE GODWARD SIDE

of all this, and saw the disciples, himself included, "a kingdom of which Christ is the reigning King, and, therefore, although 'tribulation' was a present experience with him, he calls it 'the tribulation and kingdom and patience in Jesus'" (R. V.). Whatever might happen, the government was on safe shoulders, the reins were in the right hands, and instead of fretting at all the wrong and evil things which were abroad, John was in "patience." And he recognized that in every event of life he, in common with every disciple, was a priest unto God, "to offer up spiritual sacrifices" (1 Pet. 2: 5), privileged at all times to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus (Heb. 10: 19), never, on God's side, shut off from communion with Him. Thus John lived always with Jesus in sight, and no wonder he cried, "To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever." To this, His own song of praise, the apostle says, "Amen," i.e., "Verily," "Truly," as though to say with authority, "It shall be so." And then, having praised Him for the past, he speaks of Him as the coming One, "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." And once again he says "Amen." There are many who will follow John as far as the first Amen, but who are put out at the thought that Jesus may come and upset their plans and their organizations and do a work of world-wide evangelization independently of them (Rev. 14: 6, 7). There are others who see that no human power can accomplish the conversion of the world, and while they are ready to do all which God trusts to their hands, yet they cry with the apostle, "Even so, Come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. 22: 20). It is just when we are speaking of and speaking to Jesus that

HE HIMSELF TAKES THE WORD;

and this occurs just here, as though to indorse all that the apostle had said. "I am the Alpha and the Omega (the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet), the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord God, which is, and which was, and which cometh, the Almighty" (R. V. margin).

John, having thus introduced his subject, "the Revelation of Jesus Christ," relates a revelation to himself personally, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great

voice as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me." Many a time has Jesus spoken to us, but in order to hear Him it has been necessary to stop and turn round, and this we have been unwilling to do. "What! stop in this blessed work which I am doing? That cannot be the Lord's will." And yet if Philip had not stopped, the Ethiopian eunuch might never have been converted and sent as a witness to his own country. God has a right to interrupt our work; He is the rightful King of His kingdom. John continues, "Being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks (or lampstands); and in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about at the breasts with a golden girdle" (R. V.). The first thing John had to write to the churches was but

A CONFIRMATION

of the last words Jesus uttered upon earth, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20). Jesus was in the midst of the churches, equi-near, equi-distant from them all. "The seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." How many there are who see Satan among the churches, who see man, see evil, and are so taken up with the evil that they fail to see Jesus. They get under depression because they see the wrong and do not as clearly see Him who puts the wrong things right.

John saw Jesus with the head and hair of brilliant white, token of greatest purity, and "His eyes as a flame of fire." Had John thought of how he saw evil, he might well have sat down under the burden of it, but when he took in that nothing could escape those eyes of Jesus, the All-seeing One, John could be at rest. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. 4: 13). Once in sight of God's omniscience and omnipotence, and a steady, quiet confidence in Him succeeds to the agony of distress which would otherwise uselessly wear out our lives. "His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." When the furnace is tapped and the molten metal runs out, the effect is like a blaze of glory. "Thou wilt make the place of His feet glorious." Where Jesus comes light and glory come. "And His voice as the sound of many waters"—no danger of John mistaking it. To Elijah in his wilful flight, it was but a still small voice (1 Kings 19: 12), but in John's life it

DROWNED ALL OTHER VOICES.

"And He had in His right hand seven stars"—the angels, or messengers, of the seven churches, so held as to be used by Him. "And out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword"—that Word which is as a fire, a hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces (Jer. 23: 29), which "is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit;" and yet that Word says to John, "Fear not." His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength." And where is John? "At His feet as one dead," the very man who had been most familiar with Him on earth shrunk into nothingness before such glory. As Christ dawns upon us, we shrink and shrivel into nothingness. But that right hand which holds His stars is laid upon John, and the voice says, "Fear not. I am the First and the Last, and the Living One, and I became dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades." Thus, before any distinct message is given him for the churches, John shows the portrait and the signature of Jesus. The Lord teach us so to take it in and to consider it, that all our life and work may, as John's did, take their color from this revelation of Jesus.

ool Teachers, Special Rates.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Published at 63 Bible House, New York City.

This Journal contains every week a Portrait and Biography of some eminent person; a new Sermon by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, of London, and the Rev Dr. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning Sermon; also always a Prophetic Article, and a Summary of Current Events, as well as Stories, Anecdotes, etc.

Vol. IX. No. 47.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM AND MRS. NEEDHAM.

THE PERILS OF THE CHILDREN. A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE MILLENNIAL ERA. By Rev. A. C. Tris.

A Japanese Inquiry Meeting—Two Octogenarian Converts—Took Up his Bed and Walked.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Letter—Death of ex-President Arthur—The Police Scandal in Washington—An Attempt to Poison an Obnoxious Packer—Confession of a New York Alderman—Russia's Rupture with Bulgaria—A New Irish Land Bill—A Curious Will in Litigation—Suggestion of a Voting Machine—A Wealthy Bride and Bridegroom in the Poor-House, etc.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

OUR SYMPATHIZING HIGH-PRIEST. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

Gems from New Books: The Clergy in the French Revolution.

SILAS EPSTEIN'S DEATH. (With Illustration.)

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A New Serial Story. (Continued.)

WORSHIPPING GOD AND THE LAMB. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



The Rev. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM and Mrs. NEEDHAM, the Eminent Evangelists.

EVANGELIST GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

Arrival in America in 1867—His Bagster's Bible—Summoned by Mr. Moody to Chicago—Halcyon Days—Secret of his Success—Born in Ireland in 1846—Mother's Death—Business Life—Mr. Spurgeon's Advice—Evangelistic Tour in Ireland—A Startling Dream—Prayer for Clothing—His Methods—The Needham Family.

WHILE the Christian Church is rejoicing in the impetus which the great Bible and Prophetic Conference held last week in Chicago has given to the study of neglected portions of God's Word, the portrait and life of the man to whose efforts and labors much of the success of that conference is due will have an additional interest for our readers. The Christian community does not need to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Needham. Their labors have been so extensive that there are few of God's people in any of our great cities who have not at some time had the privilege of hearing them. But they have so thoroughly succeeded in keeping themselves in the background and have done their work so quietly that it is only at a time like this, when a great movement forces them into prominence, that their personality attracts general interest. Mr. Needham, in accepting the office of Hon. Secretary to the Conference, proved his capacity for arduous and unremunerative labor. He knew something of what he was undertaking. The Prophetic Conference held in New York in 1878 was first proposed by him, and though in that case his intimate friend, Major Whittle, acted as secretary, Mr. Needham was associated with him and aided him in the work. In arranging this Conference in Chicago he has thrown all his energy into the enterprise, and its issue is largely due to his untiring effort.

In the year 1867 two young evangelists in Great Britain had agreed together to visit America. These young men were George C. Needham and the late Henry Moorhouse. Mr. Needham having been detained by the sickness of a sister, who afterward accompanied him on the voyage, did not reach the States until three months later than his friend Moorhouse. He landed at Boston, and on the next day gave a brief address at the noon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Invitations to preach began immediately to pour in upon him. Mr. Spurgeon had introduced him by letter to the churches of America, hence the confidence readily bestowed on the young stranger.

Moorhouse had already reached the public ear in Chicago through D. L. Moody, then President of the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Through these young evangelists

"BIBLE READINGS,"

as they are now more popularly called, were first introduced similarly in New England and the great West. Bagster's Bibles were then comparatively unknown among the American people, but the Bagster's carried by the strange preachers, well thumbed and well marked, were regarded as a curiosity, and immediately the work of importation began. Pastors, missionaries, Sunday-school workers, and others must study a Bagster's Bible! Some, indeed, made excellent use of them, while others, not diligent in the pursuit of Bible knowledge, found the talismanic copy very ordinary after all. Rev. S. H. Pratt, of Salem, Mass., had invited Needham to his church. He, too, was struck with the marked Bible used by the evangelist, and at once ordered a copy. This was probably the first imported of that immense number which thereafter found purchasers on this side the sea. Mr. Pratt made excellent use of his book, having since then entered upon the work of evangelism, and is now well known as a faithful teacher of God's Word.

After Moorhouse left Chicago Mr. Moody urged Needham to visit him, he having previously met with him in London. These were

HALCYON DAYS;

a nucleus of whole-souled young men had already stamped the city with religious zeal. Bible study received an added impulse when

Mr. and Mrs. Needham (who had been recently married) joined that vigorous band. Moody, Whittle, Jacobs, Morton, and others, are still, thank God, with the Church on earth, and ripening for the home of heaven.

A recent critic has tersely remarked: "Mr. Needham emphasizes, elucidates, preaches the Word." The same testimony is given wherever Mr. Needham has gone, and there is no doubt that it reveals the secret of his success. God will bless His own Word. Preachers and evangelists may depend upon that. If they desire God's blessing, let them make their hearers know and understand the Bible. If their object is to be known as eloquent or gifted preachers, then they may deliver an oration with a verse of Scripture used for form's sake as a peg to hang it on. "They have their reward." It is the Word of God that is "quick and powerful" for the conversion of sinners. Mr. Needham believes this, and he has made it his rule of conduct.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

Mr. Needham was born a little over forty years ago on the shore of the Kenmare Bay, not far from the far-famed Lakes of Killarney in the South of Ireland. His parents were Irish Protestants, and he, with nine brothers and sisters, enjoyed a religious training. When George was five years old he is said to have received a decided religious impression from hearing an older sister recite a sermon which she had heard on the Second Coming of Christ. But it was not until his eighteenth year, when the great revival wave swept over Ireland that he became fully assured of salvation. The mother of the Needham family, with her ten children surrounding her bedside, passed away when George was nine years of age. The mother's dying prayer was for the spiritual welfare of her children. It has been abundantly answered.

When nineteen years old young Needham entered business in Dublin. He soon won the high regard of his employers by detecting a system of fraud which had for some time been practised against them. At the end, however, of his first year in business, against the protest of his employers, who made him flattering offers, and of some of his friends, who thought him rash, he relinquished his position and set forth as

AN EVANGELIST.

His labors in the first few years of his ministry succeeded so well in Ireland that he was invited to England, where a successful work in the vicinity of Mr. Spurgeon's birthplace threw him into contact with that great preacher. It is said that he proposed at this time to enter Mr. Spurgeon's college, then in its incipency, but that the latter, seeing the work he was doing, advised him to continue, like Saul of Tarsus, "straightway to preach Christ." In 1866, Mr. Needham, in company with Henry Grattan Guinness, made an evangelistic tour of Ireland with the most marked results. "Thousands flocked to their preaching, and strong men fell to the ground. Conversions were numerous."

When he entered upon his life-work it was with the reservation that, if not supported, he would return to his former home and aid his father, who for years had filled several public offices. George had heard nothing of the theory of living by faith, although he was practically living that life. When his first trial came through lack of funds he determined to revisit his father. That night he had a troubled sleep, and three times had

A STARTLING DREAM

that his father and himself were net-fishing, and every time they threw the net the father fell overboard and became entangled in the meshes. The morning found him feverish, dejected, and on the border of despair. He sought relief in protracted prayer and arose strengthened, when a telegram reached him. He surmised evil tidings, and, before opening it, again sought the help which cometh from God only. A strange peace came over him, and he was somewhat ready for the terrible news: "Your father was

drowned yesterday. Come home immediately." Soon after the settlement of family affairs, with the added burden of younger brothers and a delicate sister, for whom temporary arrangements had been made with relatives, the young evangelist, strong in purpose to win souls, started out on a tour of preaching throughout Ireland and England.

AN ANONYMOUS GIFT.

Observing one day the shabby condition of his clothing, he ventured to pray especially for a new suit. He had not heard of any one before doing this. In a very brief space of time he received an anonymous letter, in which he was asked to call on certain shop-keepers. On doing so he found they had been commissioned to renew his wardrobe, even to hat and boots. The great packages came to his room, when, spreading them open, he challenged the devil to look at his Father's gifts, and never again to tempt him on the score that he would either starve or go ragged if he continued evangelizing. George had many such lessons taught him by great trials and extraordinary deliverances. Herein lies the secret of his refusal to bargain for preaching or stipulate for his services, knowing that the Lord does provide.

An article from Galveston calls attention to

HIS CONSTANT AIM

of exalting the Scriptures: "He says the best commentary on the New Testament is the Old Testament, and *vice versa*; the Scriptures explain themselves. The listener is profoundly impressed with the importance of studying the Word of God, and he goes home with at least a mental resolution to be a closer Bible student. One thing is very apparent—it is that people will go to hear the Bible explained when it is well done."

Mr. and Mrs. Needham have both written largely on Bible themes. Mr. Needham has also prepared a voluminous life of Mr. Spurgeon, and a large book on "Street Arabs," besides a life of his friend, Henry Moorhouse. The evangelist has been the hardest sort of a worker all his life. He preaches nightly almost the whole year around. He gives Bible-readings nearly every afternoon, sometimes conducts a morning prayer-meeting, preaches frequently four or five times a Sunday, carries on a voluminous correspondence, and contributes to a large number of magazines and papers.

A PLAIN MAN.

Mr. Needham is an evangelist pure and simple. Though he is in constant movement from one part of the field to another, and though he has carefully kept himself free from ties which would confine his labors to any one location, he is *not a professional revivalist*. The distinction may appear trivial, but it is very important. Some idea of its character may be formed from an answer he once sent to a member of a committee in a large city, who wrote to him for suggestions about the style of advertisement which should be issued announcing his meetings. "By no means advertise me," he wrote, "as being sensational, or magnetic, or eloquent, or scholarly, or smart, or any such thing, but only as a plain man, telling a plain story, in a plain manner."

He generally avoids great denominational gatherings and popular assemblies, and refuses to deliver addresses on any subject which does not immediately relate to the Gospel of Christ. He has labored with leading evangelists both in Great Britain and the States, and has co-operated for many years with his attached brethren, Moody and Sankey.

His three younger brothers have been influenced by his example, though never urged by his appeal, to give themselves to the work of the ministry. Thomas is a well-known and highly successful evangelist, whose career for ten years previous to his conversion among the Patagonians and Uruguayans of South America is packed with startling incidents. Benjamin and William are pastors, the latter an artist of no mean merit, whose rapid crayon sketching before an audience is as remarkable as Beard's.

MRS. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

Native Town—Early Interest in Prophecy—Education—Literary Proficiency—Afternoon Services—Her Faith—Penniless in a Western City.

THIS gifted lady is a native of the town of Manchester, Mass., now popularly known as Manchester-by-the-Sea. It is one of the oldest towns of New England, having been incorporated in 1645, soon after Salem had been settled, by a party of English colonists, and until recent years, before health-seekers took possession of its hills and shores, it had continued rural and puritanic. Nevertheless, the quaint town has had a history of its own, and has been the scene more than once of great theological and ecclesiastical battles. In this orthodox town, in rigidly orthodox times, before the "new departure" had been hatched in heterodox brains, the subject of this sketch first saw the light of day. She was descended from unmixed Puritan stock.

As the child grew she became personally interested in the subject of Christ's personal return to the earth. Like many others of whom we have heard, she raised her window nightly and watched for the coming King. No doubt the power of this hope had its characteristic influence upon her young life. But what was then real to her young heart has become more intensely real to her matured judgment. As a child she loved to study her Bible amid the wild solitudes of her grandfather's estate, with its deep and shady woods, its towering hills, its sandy beach and rocky shore. She managed to elude the companionship of school-mates and hide away in some familiar nest, where alone she communed with God. Such a life very naturally took on that coloring of quiet seriousness and earnest gravity which has always been characteristic of her.

EDUCATION.

Very early in life Mrs. Needham showed great aptitude in nearly every branch of secular study. She had been for some years under the careful tuition of Master Deacon Price, now a veteran and still an officer of the Church, whose honest piety strengthened her faith, while his skilful training rapidly developed her quick intellect. The rudiments of the sciences, including mental and moral philosophy, wore no dreamy and dismal aspect to the youthful scholar. She literally revelled in such studies, but it was in the study of language that she took most delight. Both in oral address and written composition Mrs. Needham excels in a chaste and classic style. Had she applied her mental powers to literature as a profession, no doubt she would rank high among writers. But while yet a girl with stern and unflinching purpose she devoted her best powers to the pursuit of what she considers alone worthy of a life—viz., the interpretation and presentation of Bible truth.

Mrs. Needham is known to readers and Bible students on both sides of the sea as a faithful *exegete*, and more especially as a *prophetic student*. Her published expositions in the *Truth*, the *Watchword*, and other journals devoted to Bible exegesis have thrown a flood of light on many obscure passages. Her "helps for hard places" have proved helpful to many. She has also given an exposition of "Woman's Ministry," which has been reviewed by extremists and conservatives, each allowing that the Scriptures were treated honestly and reverently, bearing on this vexed question. While her writings wear the charm of simplicity and directness, they are naturally more adapted to cultured minds, yet through others her teaching reaches the multitude.

When travelling with her husband she invariably takes charge of his

AFTERNOON SERVICES

for Bible study. Usually the buildings are crowded, the ministers of every denomination being generally the best satisfied. A few months ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Needham were laboring in Virginia, a clergyman, writing in a New York religious weekly, thus referred to her

work: "We attended the meeting conducted by Mrs. Needham in the Methodist church. Every seat was full, and extra seats had to be provided for the aisles. The rather unusual spectacle of a woman speaking from the pulpit was, of course, an attraction; but we confess that we had no idea of being so much impressed with its entire propriety, if all women speakers were as forceful and eloquent as Mrs. Needham. She has undoubtedly captivated the ladies of our city, and all of her meetings have been largely attended. The quiet, modest, scholarly, scripturally instructive Bible readings she gives are well suited to destroy the dislike which many Christians have to a woman exercising such a gift."

Although this humble Christian lady has devoted much time to Bible study and public testimony, she has never been neglectful of her duties

AS WIFE AND MOTHER.

Her home and her children have received unflinching attention. Probably inferior to none in feminine ingenuity, her own ready hands have always fashioned each article of raiment. She is her own milliner, tailor, and dress-maker, and is not forgetful to do like office for others. Mrs. Needham is known by her more intimate friends as a woman of

REMARKABLE FAITH

in God. When her husband explained to her before marriage the plan of his life, never to contract a debt, and that he had gone without food in his evangelistic work rather than borrow a dollar, she heartily commended the plan and rejoiced in his purpose. When soon after he suggested a delay in their marriage owing to his lack of funds for the honeymoon trip, she quietly remarked that God was sufficient for each day, and He would make all grace abound in the exact time of need.

On one occasion, arriving

PENNILESS IN A WESTERN CITY

after the journey, she would not consent to enter a hotel till funds or friends would come to their relief. This step, she said, would involve a veritable debt to order food and shelter without present means of payment. Taking her husband's arm, they walked the street praying and expecting that somehow the Lord would provide. And He did provide, as within half an hour they were comfortably seated in the dining-room of a hotel, having been invited there by a gentleman who heard Mr. Needham preach in a distant town three months previously, and who recognized him on the street. This man had no knowledge of their circumstances; he supposed they were out for a walk, and urged them to accept of his hospitality and spend the night with him at the hotel, as he would leave the city early next day. Nor did he ever learn from their lips how he became the instrument of this wonderful answer to prayer. But, best of all, their acceptance of his proffered hospitality led to his immediate conversion. He was truly an anxious soul crying out for peace. Had they acted otherwise they would have lost the rich experience of God's care for them, and the opportunity of leading that soul to Christ.

Thus, in humble confidence in God her life has been spent in unobtrusive, quiet helpfulness, serving Him, aiding His people to know more of Him and to win souls for her Saviour. And He who won her heart in childhood, by whose grace she had been converted, and through whose strength alone she has sought to witness for Him, is the same Lord over all, and rich toward all who call upon Him. In the language of one of the beautiful hymns, of which Mrs. Needham has written very many, let each reader

"Praise Him who gives the Spring its power
To open leaf and blossom flower;
Who sends the Summer's golden days,
The Autumn's fruit and purple haze;
Who gives the Winter wrapp'd in snow
And in each season makes us know,
The blessings of that mighty hand
By which supported all things stand."

A JAPANESE INQUIRY MEETING.

A CURIOUS mode of conducting an inquiry-meeting obtains in Japan. The following is from a description of it sent by Mr. Allchin, of Osaka, to the *Missionary Herald*:

The meeting begins in the morning, lasts all day, and sometimes through part of the night. It does not follow a large meeting, as in America, nor does the missionary go among the inquirers, putting questions to them. Just the opposite is done, as in many other matters in Japan. The inquirer goes to the missionary and questions him. These questions are not always about religion, but cover a wide range of subjects in political and social science, philosophy, history, etc. And an answer must be attempted, for, if the missionary shows total ignorance on these matters, he loses some influence as an enlightened man. It requires often some tact to turn the question of the inquirer in upon himself to show him his need of a deeper knowledge. Here are some samples of questions put to Mr. Atkinson and myself on our recent tour:

Before breakfast is fairly over, a party of six or seven students come to our lodging-place and want to see the teacher. We admit them, and a few commonplace remarks pass between us; then one of them, more eager than the others to let off his gun, asks: "Ought not a person to approach the study of Christianity with doubt and suspicion?" He thinks that because there are so many false religions in the world, when a new religion is brought to them, the only sure way to get at what is likely to be true in it is to be doubtful about the whole. He also thinks that the unbeliever, by reason of his doubt, occupies a more advanced position intellectually than the believer whose mind, by reason of his faith, becomes restful and contented concerning these questions. I thought while he was speaking that this *heathen* idea is not peculiar to Japan.

Student Number 2 wants to know if the doctrine of overcoming evil with good does not lead to an absurdity. No one by this teaching, he thinks, could resist an assassin or a robber; and all good people would be killed off if they practised such a teaching. Nor could men in war act on the defensive any more than on the offensive. Of course considerable time is consumed in dealing with these inquiries, and the other students, fearing that they may have to depart without a word, put in their questions in a volley. "Is not liberty of the will an evil? Because God made man with the power to sin is not God responsible for man's sin? Why has God given a man a conscience that becomes a source of trouble to him? Was the American Revolution according to the will of God?"

The next inquirer is a young man who was baptized a year ago. He had, however, fallen deeply into sin and had thereby done a great deal of injustice to his young wife. His associations also were among drinking men. He wanted to know if there were any positive commands in the Bible against wine-drinking.

The next inquirer is an elderly Shinto priest. He was greatly interested in Mr. Atkinson's speech on the Judgment at the theatre meeting on the previous day, and had come to ask a few questions: "The soul being a pure, white substance (a ball), how can it be judged?" True enough, how can a *thing* be judged? Every Shinto shrine has a number of strips of white paper hanging before it, which represent the spirit of the god. On this white paper the soul of the departed Shintoist alights, like a bird on a twig, and so comes into contact with the spirit of the god. The soul being white and the paper white, of course the soul is invisible. So this priest reasoned.

These are but samples of questions which the missionary in Japan is required to answer on almost every tour that he makes. You can discover in them not only the low estimate which the people put upon moral purity, but also the influence of sceptical books over the minds of the student class.

THE PERILS OF THE CHILDREN.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.*

"Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life."
—GEN. 44:30.

Parents Responsible—A Shipwrecked Mother's Cry—The Parents' Anxiety—Conscious Imperfection—Unwise Discipline—Nagging Parents—Ruinous Laxity—The Morning-Glories of the Nursery—The Tempter and the Traitor—Graduated Temptations—The Fifth Avenue and the Dive—At the Drawing-Room Door—The Desolator of the Home—How to Alleviate Anxiety—Begin Early—Byron's Mother—The Power of Example—The Family Altar—Are the Children Safe?

THESE words were spoken by Judah, as descriptive of the tenderness and affection which Jacob felt toward Benjamin, the youngest son of that patriarchal family; but they are words just as appropriate to many a parent in this house—since "his life is bound up in the lad's life." I have known parents that seemed to have but little interest in their children. A father says, "My son must look out for himself. If he comes up well, all right; if he turns out badly, I cannot help it. I am not responsible for his behavior. He must take the same risk in life that I took." As well might the shepherd throw a lamb into a den of lions and then say, "Little lamb, look out for yourself!"

It is generally the case, that even the beast looks after its young. I have gone through the woods on a summer's day, and I have heard a great outcry in a bird's nest, and I have climbed up to see what was the matter. I found out that the birds were starving, and that the mother bird had gone off, not to come back again. But that is an exception. It is generally the case that the old bird will pick your eyes out rather than let you come nigh its brood. The lion will rend you in twain if you approach too nearly the whelps; the fowl in the barnyard, clumsy-footed and heavy-winged, flies fiercely at you if you come too near the little group, and God intended every father and mother to be the protection and

THE HELP OF THE CHILD.

Jesus comes into every dwelling and says to the father or mother, "You have been looking after this child's body and mind; the time has come when you ought to be looking after its immortal soul." I stand before hundreds of people with whom the question morning, noon, and night, is, "What is to become of the child? What will be its history? Will it choose paths of virtue or vice? Where will it spend eternity?"

I read of a vessel that foundered. The boats were launched; many of the passengers were struggling in the water. A mother with one hand beat the waves, and with the other hand lifted up her little child toward the life-boat, crying, "Save my child! Save my child!" The impassioned outcry of that mother is the prayer of hundreds of Christian people who sit listening this morning while I speak. I propose to show some of the causes of parental anxiety, and then how that anxiety may be alleviated.

I find the first cause of parental anxiety in the inefficiency and

IMPERFECTION OF PARENTS

themselves. We have a slight hope, all of us, that our children may escape our faults. We hide our imperfections, and think they will steer clear of them. Alas, there is a poor prospect of that! There is more probability that they will choose our vices than choose our virtues. There is something like sacredness in parental imperfections when the child looks upon them. The folly of the parents is not so repulsive when the child looks at it. He says, "Father indulges in it; mother indulges in it; it can't be so bad." Your boy, ten years of age, goes up a back street smoking his cigar—an old stump that he found in the street—and a neighbor accosts him and says, "What are you doing this for? What would your father say if he knew it?" The boy says, "Oh, father does that himself!" There

is not one of us this morning that would deliberately choose that his children should in all things follow his example, and it is the consciousness of imperfection on our part as parents, that makes us most anxious for our children.

We are also distressed on account of the

UNWISDOM OF OUR DISCIPLINE

and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character, and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work, there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says, "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion; he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster Catechism. It is religion morning, noon, and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bedroom wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside, and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is.

After a while the boy comes to that period of life when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night—ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half-past twelve, and they hear the night-key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get upstairs before he is accosted. The father says, "George, where have you been?" "Been out!" Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he is on the broad road to destruction, for this life and the life to come.

Father says, "There is no use in the Ten Commandments; the catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households an abhorrence in yours. A man in mid-life said to me, "I can't become a Christian. In my father's house I got such a prejudice against religion, I don't want any of it. My father was one of the best men that ever lived, but he had such severe notions about things, and he jammed religion down my throat, until I don't want any of it, sir." There have been some who have erred in that direction. In some families it is all

SCOLDING AND FRETFULNESS

with the child; from Monday morning to Saturday night it is that style of culture. The boy is picked at and picked at and picked at. Now you might better give one sound chastisement and have done with it, than to indulge in the perpetual scolding and fretfulness. There is more health in one good thunderstorm, than in three or four days of cold drizzle.

FATAL LAXITY.

Here is a parent who says, "I will not err on the side that parent has erred, in being too strict with his children. I will let mine do as they please. If they want to come in to prayers they can; if they want to play at cards, they can; they can do anything they please—there shall be no hindrance. Go it! Here are tickets for the opera and theatre, son. Take your friends with you. Do whatever you desire." One day a gentleman comes in from the bank to his father's office and says, "They want to see you over at the bank a minute." Father goes into the bank. The cashier says, "Is that your cheque?" Father looks at it and says, "No, I never gave that cheque; I never cross a 't' in that way; I never make the curl to a 'y' in that way. It is not my cheque; that's a forgery. Send for the police!" "Ah," says the cashier, "don't be so quick; your son did that!" The fact was that the boy had been out in dissipating circles, and ten and fifty dollars went in that direction, and he had been treated

and he had to treat others, and the boy felt he must have five hundred dollars to keep himself in that circle.

That night the father sits up for the son to come home. It is one o'clock before he comes into the hall. He comes in very much flushed, his eye glaring and his breath offensive. Father says, "My son, how can you do so? I have given you everything you wanted and everything to make you comfortable and happy, and now I find, in my old age, that you are a spendthrift, a libertine, and a drunkard." The son says, "Now, father, what's the use of your talking in that way? You told me I might have a good time and to go it. I have been acting on your suggestion, that's all."

And so one parent errs on one side, and another parent errs on the other, and how to strike

A HAPPY MEDIUM

between severity and too great leniency, and train our sons and daughters for usefulness on earth and bliss in heaven, is a question which agitates every Christian household in my congregation. Where so many good men and women have failed, it is not strange that we should sometimes doubt the propriety of our theory and the accuracy of our kind of government.

Again, parental anxiety often arises from an early exhibition of sinfulness in the child. The morning-glories bloom for a little while under the sun, and then they shut up as the heat comes on; but there are flowers along the Amazon that blaze their beauty for weeks at a time; but the short-lived morning-glory fulfils its mission as well as the Victoria Regia. There are some people who take forty, fifty, or sixty years to develop. Then there are little children who fling their beauty on the vision and vanish.

THEY ARE MORNING-GLORIES

that cannot stand the glare of the hot noon sun of trial. You have all known such little children. They were pale; they were ethereal; there was something very wonderfully deep in the eye; they had a gentle foot and soft hand, and something almost supernatural in their behavior—ready to be wafted away. You had such a one in your household. Gone now! It was too delicate a plant for this rough world. The heavenly gardener saw it and took it in. We make splendid Sunday-school books out of such children, but they almost always die. I have noticed that for the most part, the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, and quarrel with brother and sister, and prove unmistakably that they are wicked—as the Bible says, going astray from the womb, speaking lies.

Anxiety on the part of parents also arises from the consciousness that there are so many temptations thrown all around our young people. It may be almost impossible to take a castle by siege—straightforward siege—but suppose in the night there is

A TRAITOR WITHIN,

and he goes down and draws the bolt and swings open the great door, and then the castle falls immediately. That is the trouble with the hearts of the young; they have foes without and foes within. There are a great many who try to make our young people believe that it is a sign of weakness to be pure. The man will toss his head and take dramatic attitudes and tell of his own indiscretions, and ask the young man if he would not like to do the same. And they call him verdant, and they say he is green and unsophisticated, and wonder how he can bear the Puritanical strait-jacket. They tell him he ought to break from his mother's apron-strings, and they say, "I will show you all about town. Come with me. You ought to see the world. It won't hurt you. Do as you please, it will be the making of you." After a while the young man says, "I don't want to be odd, nor can I afford to sacrifice these friends, and I'll go and see for myself." From the gates of hell there goes a shout of victory. Farewell to all innocence—farewell to all early restraints favorable to that innocence which once gone, never comes back.

* Dr. Talmage did not preach last Sunday morning. He was suffering from cold and hoarseness.

How many traps there are set for our young people! That is what makes parents so anxious. Here are temptations for

EVERY FORM OF DISSIPATION

and every stage of it. The young man, when he first goes into dissipation, is very particular where he goes. It must be a fashionable hotel. He could not be tempted into these corner nuisances, with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on the sign-board. You ask the young man to go into that place and he would say: "Do you mean to insult me?" No; it must be a marble-floored bar-room. There must be no lustful pictures behind the counter; there must be no drunkard hiccupping while he takes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcement of flattering sentiment. But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place; yet he has a thirst and it must be gratified. The down-grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster cellar around a card-table, wheezing, bloated, and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drink. Shuffle away! shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt-sleeves with hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses.

It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve; it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says, "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." They look up and say, "What?" "It's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner, and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and completed his damnation in the worst grog-shop in Navy Street.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to

THE DOOR OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

There are men of leprous hearts that go into the very best classes of society. They are so fascinating—they have such a bewitching way of offering their arm. Yet the poison of asps is under the tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show really what they are. Suddenly—although you could not have expected it, they were so charming in their manner, so fascinating in their address—suddenly a cloud, blacker than was ever woven of midnight or hurricane, drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of a loss of soul.

What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair suddenly turned white; father, hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family—no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No! no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domestic bliss, elevated it high in the air until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows danced about the brim, and then dashed it down in desolation and woe, until all the harpies of darkness clapped their hands with glee, and all the voices of hell uttered a loud ha! ha! Oh, there are scores and hundreds of homes that have been blasted, and if the awful statistics could be fully set before you, your blood would freeze into a solid cake of ice at the heart. Do you wonder that fathers and mothers are anxious about their children, and that they

ask themselves the questions day and night, What is to become of them? what will be their destiny?

I shall devote the rest of my remarks to alleviation of parental anxiety. Let me say to you, as parents, that a great deal of that anxiety will be lifted if you will

BEGIN EARLY

with your children. Tom Paine said, "The first five years of my life I became an infidel." A vessel goes out to sea; it has been five days out. A storm comes on it; it springs a leak; the helm will not work; everything is out of order. What is the matter? The ship is not seaworthy, and never was. It is a poor time to find it out now. Under the fury of the storm the vessel goes down, with two hundred and fifty passengers, to a watery grave. The time to make the ship seaworthy was in the dry dock, before it started. Alas for us, if we wait until our children get out into the world before we try to bring upon them the influence of Christ's religion!

I stood in a house in one of the Long Island villages, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner, "That is a very fine tree, but what a curious crook there is in it!" "Yes," said he, "I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found that they had allowed something to stand against the tree; so it has always had that crook." And so I thought it was with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

TWO YOUNG MEN

come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in and the other retreats. Oh, you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influence; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter, he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder, saying, "Don't go in! don't go in!" Whose hand was it? A mother's hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust. A gentleman was telling me of the fact that some years ago there were two young men who stopped at the door of a well-known theatre in New York. The question was whether they should go in. That night there was to be a very immoral play enacted in that theatre. One man went in; the other stayed out. The young man who went in, went on from sin to sin, and through a crowd of iniquities, and died in the hospital, of delirium tremens. The other young man who retreated, chose Christ, went into the Gospel, and is now one of the most eminent ministers of Christ in this country. And the man who retreated gave as his reason for turning back from that theatre that night, that there was an early voice within him, saying, "Don't go in! don't go in!"

THE EXAMPLE.

But I want you to remember, oh father! oh mother! that it is what you *do* that is going to affect your children, and not what you *say*. You tell your children to become Christians while you are not, and they will not. Do you think Noah's family would have gone into the ark if he had not gone in? They would say, "No, there is something about that boat that is not right; father has not gone in." You cannot push children into the kingdom of God; you have got to pull them in. There has been many a general in a tower or castle looking at his army fighting, but that is not the kind of a man to arouse enthusiasm among his troops. It is a Garibaldi or Napoleon I. who leaps into the stirrups, and dashes into the conflict, and has his troops following him with wild huzza. So you

cannot stand off in your impenitent state, and tell your children to go ahead into the Christian life, and have them go. You must yourself dash into the Christian conflict;

YOU MUST LEAD

them and not tell them to go. Do you know that all the instruction you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? It is what you are, not so much what you teach.

HAVE A FAMILY ALTAR.

Let it be a cheerful place, the brightest room in your house. Do not wear your children's knees out with long prayers. Have the whole exercise spirited. If you have a melodeon, or an organ, or a piano, in the house, have it open. Then lead in prayers. If you cannot make a prayer of your own, take Matthew Henry's prayers or the Episcopal Prayer-book. None better than that. Kneel down with your little ones morning and night, and commend them to God. Do you think they will ever get over it? Never! After you are under the sod a good many years, there will be some powerful temptation around that son, but the memory of father and mother at morning and evening prayers will have its effect upon him; it will bring him back from the path of sin and death.

ARE YOUR CHILDREN SAFE

for heaven? You can tell better than any one else. I put to you the question, "Are your children safe for heaven?" I heard of a mother who, when the house was afire, in the excitement of the occasion, got out a great many of the valuable things—many choice articles of furniture—but did not think to ask until too late, "Is my child safe?" It was too late then. The flames had encircled all; the child was gone! Oh, my dear friend, when sea and land shall burn in the final conflagration, will your children be safe?

"BESIDE ALL WATERS."

(See Illustration on page 748.)

A CITY clerk, an active Christian worker, fell sick. His employers said it was his own fault. They declared that if he had taken rest he would have been as well as the others, but every night when he ought to have been enjoying himself he was in little rooms where there was sickness, or in mission-halls crowded with people of the lowest kind, whose fetid breath made the atmosphere poisonous. But he was a valuable clerk, trustworthy and reliable in every way. They could not afford to lose him, so they made him a present and sent him to the sea to recuperate.

After he had been there a week or two they sent one of their clerks down to see how he was getting on. The clerk went to his hotel as soon as he arrived and learned that he was out. "Goes out regularly every evening," said one of the waiters, "and does not come home till late." The clerk was surprised. "I suppose, now he is where no one knows him," he said to himself, "he has taken to going to the theatre and enjoying himself."

He sauntered off to the pier, and just as he reached its entrance he saw a crowd under a gas lamp. Going up to it to see what was the subject of interest, he recognized his fellow-clerk in the centre. A hand-bag was on the pavement before him, and out of this he was taking tracts and handing them out to the throng, talking to them all the while about Christ and His salvation. He waited until the bag was empty and the crowd dispersed, then he saluted the convalescent:

"This is a pretty way to be spending your time. The firm selected this place for you because there is not a mission hall nor a church in it. They thought you would be safe here."

"Ah!" said the clerk. "God guided them; I thought He had. It is a dark place. There was need for a Christian man here. I have been enabled to do a good work. Tell the firm I am very grateful to them. I am much better. God has filled my soul with joy, and there is no medicine like that."

TWO OCTOGENARIAN CONVERTS.

A VERY remarkable incident of mission work reported by Mr. S. W. Howland, who is laboring in Ceylon, is published in the *Missionary Herald*. In the course of a letter home he says:

"Last Sabbath I was invited to go to South Elaly and administer the communion. I had the privilege of baptizing an aged couple of about eighty years, giving them the names of Abraham and Sarah. The names they have borne up to this time were hardly adapted to be recognized in Christian baptism, as they might be translated 'Lord Rama' and 'she-devil.' Special interest was given to the occasion by the presence of five of their children and six grandchildren, all church members. When the oldest son became a Christian forty years ago, this father came and cursed him. The Christian teacher of the school then said to him: 'We shall see whether your curse or God's blessing is the stronger; you will yet be brought in yourself.' And now, after so many years, he comes into the church, almost a patriarch to the village, yet a child to his grandchildren. There was present another old man who remembers the advent of the English in Ceylon in the last century—1795. He desired to join the church, but his grandson, on whom he is dependent, opposed so strongly that he will wait."

WOMAN'S WORK IN JAPAN.

THE indirect method of reaching the people appears to hold out promise of fruit in Japan. The Rev. E. R. Woodman, in a letter to the *Spirit of Missions* complains of the small results of his own work, but reports that an opening of an encouraging character has been found by his wife. He says: "Within the last year a wonderful change has come over the women of Japan. They are now coming forward, very anxious for foreign education. All over the land girls' schools are being started. Recently a lady, the wife of an official, came to Mrs. Woodman for instruction in English. We have known the lady for years. After coming a few times she asked permission to bring others. One more has since commenced, and they say that there are more who desire to come than Mrs. Woodman will care to teach. This is encouraging, and Mrs. Woodman is only too happy to undertake such work, combining with her English instruction the teaching of plain sewing (not fancy work). There is a great call for this, as Japanese ladies are now wearing clothes of foreign fashion to such an extent that there is a dearth of tailors.

"My present plan is to thoroughly clean the school-room, and use it for the ladies who wish Mrs. Woodman to instruct them. Those who already come say that there are numbers of ladies who will gladly pay one dollar a month for the instruction. Thus I shall not draw on the mission for money."

TOOK UP HIS BED AND WALKED.

A REMARKABLE incident, so like the miracles in the Gospels as to be related, in words almost identical, is reported in *Thy Healer*. Mr. W. J. Cook, an evangelist who has been holding services among the miners in Staffordshire, England, says: One of the men had been severely hurt in a coal mine. He had been very badly wounded. Some friends said to him: "Now, Bill, if the Lord will get you into the hall, you will be healed there." "Won't they come here, and won't the Lord heal me here?" he asked. "Yes," they answered, "but you had better come to the hall, and, if you will come, we will dress you and carry you there." He agreed, and they dressed him, and then brought him on a piece of canvas, which reminded me of the one who was brought to Jesus by his friends, and was let down into the house through the roof. Well, they had to lay this man down full-length on the platform. After the meeting was over, I said to him: "I cannot do you any good, but the Lord can. Can you trust the Lord to do it now?" His answer was, "I don't know." I then submitted some passages

of Scripture, and left them to him. Soon after he believed. I then anointed him, and, praise the Lord, he got up, rolled up his canvas, and carried it home under his arm. He afterward rose in one of the meetings and testified. I may tell you also that he had been visited by an infidel doctor until then; but, after he was healed, he went to the doctor and said: "I have come to you for a certificate to go to work again, for the Lord has healed me." "What is your name?" asked the doctor. "William ——" "Oh," said the doctor, "I expected to see you dead before now." "But the Lord has healed me," he said, "and you may examine me." The doctor did so, and found that the large wound he had was not only healing, but the skin was forming over it. On Saturday the doctor had said there was no hope for him, but he was able to go to work on Wednesday.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Down in a Coal Mine.—Mr. G. Clarke Related at a recent meeting: "Down in the Northumberland and Durham coal mines, the men, when they want to know in what direction the current of air is flowing, have to lie with their faces to the earth and keep very still, scarcely daring to breathe, so slight is the current down in the earth. And if we want to hear the voice of God we must keep very still and silent, because it is a still small voice, and can only be heard by those who listen attentively for it. God has something to say to all of us, but we must get down in the dust before Him, and see or hear nothing but Jesus."

A Choice Bit of Tarred Rope.—The Rev. Mr. Simpson observed: "I went to visit one of my congregation in the North. He was but a poor fisherman; and, on entering his house, one of the first things I noticed was a small piece of tarred rope, only about three inches in length, used and dirty, and so useless looking that, had it been lying on the street, the poorest passer-by would have taken no notice of it; yet to this family it was very dear. And why was it so precious? I went to the window-sill where it lay, covered by a glass shade, and there I learned the secret. Within, on a small slip of paper were the words: 'A piece of the rope by which the father of this family and his two sons were saved from being drowned out in the bay.' Does not this beautifully illustrate what Jesus should be to every child of His own? Precious indeed is our Saviour who, by the rope of His Gospel, saves us from eternal death and gives to us everlasting life."

A Sailor's Familiarity Repulsed.—Captain Hatfield remarked: "Not long ago a sailor belonging to a ship in the port of New York went for a stroll through that city. He had not gone far when he met a young girl, whom he accosted in a most unbecoming manner. She did not look up at him angrily, but pitifully, and said: 'Do you know you will have to meet me before the throne of God, and there give an account of your words?' That was all she said, and walked on. The sailor turned right there, and went back to the ship, and going to his berth in the fore-castle, fell down on his knees and asked the Lord to pardon his sin, and he was pardoned then and there. That sailor had been brought up by God-fearing parents, but had long since forgotten all his early lessons, until suddenly brought face to face with God by the words of that young woman. Next day that sailor went to a prayer-meeting and publicly gave his testimony for Christ."

The Bad Example of Two Sisters.—Mr. Clarke said: "A great deal of blame is to be laid to the account of Christians that there are so many unconverted among us. Last night, during the address, I noticed a young man, and at the close of the meeting I asked him if he were converted. He looked me in the face, and answered: 'That is a question which I do not think I should answer; that is too delicate a subject to be lightly spoken of.' After a little talk I discovered that the reason of his silence

was this: His three sisters had all professed to be converted, but after a week or so, two of them had gone back to their old style of life—partly for Christ and partly for this world, though still nominally Christians, while the other had come out and out for Christ. Now, he knew that to be a Christian was the right thing, and if he could be a Christian like his two sisters, having peace with Christ and enjoying the world, then he would be so at once; but he felt instinctively that that was not Christianity, and unless he was prepared to give up the world and live like his one sister, then he might as well stay as he was. The bad example of these two sisters was hindering their brother's salvation."

"Safe Behind the Blood."—The Same Speaker observed: "A story is handed down to us from the time that the first-born was slain in Egypt. A little Jewish girl, the eldest of the family, was lying ill in bed, and when she heard that the blood on the door-posts would save her from death, she called her father, and said: 'Father, is the blood on the lintel and the side-posts?' 'Yes, my daughter,' replied the father, 'I commanded the servants to put it on.' 'But are you sure, father?' anxiously inquired the girl. He again assured her that it was done, for he had commanded it. But she was still dissatisfied and said: 'Father, will you carry me to the door that I may see it for myself?' The father carried the child to the door, and to his dismay found that his command had not been obeyed. Through the neglect of a careless servant the blood had not been sprinkled. By her own earnestness and her determination the girl was soon safe behind the blood."

An Aged Dying Man's Gift.—Mr. Stewart, speaking at a Christian Institute, said: "Not long ago there were given away at a church in Scotland sixty little Testaments, in the hope that the Lord would use them to bring some poor wanderers home to Himself; and that they were so used we soon had ample proof. A doctor belonging to the district, on visiting his patients, came across an old man who lay upon his bed, ill without hope of recovery. The aged invalid said to the doctor as he bent over him: 'Please put your hand into my vest pocket, and there you will find five shillings. Take it, and give it to the evangelists, that they may buy more Testaments, for it was by one of these that I was brought to Christ.' The doctor did as he was desired, and came and gave the money to us. When he was giving it, another worker who was standing by said: 'I'll give another five shillings; so we bought ten shillings' instead of five shillings' worth, and soon we had reason to believe that the Lord was blessing that old man's gift, and making it return a hundred-fold."

A True Friend in Deep Need.—Mr. C. King related: "After my conversion I worked at the docks, but had to give it up as my strength gave way. We were in great straits, but my wife held on to God with calm faith even though we had to boil our tea-leaves four times over to wash down the dry bread, which was all we had to eat. At last a day came when we had neither bread nor tea, and this at a time when I was addressing meetings of eight hundred people. My wife prayed, not for food, but that I might be sustained by the Lord. I prayed that I might get one shilling or half a crown to get bread for my wife and children. At night I went out, and when wandering about, the Rev. M. Baxter, editor of the London *Christian Herald*, approached me. He stopped and asked me the way to a certain mission hall; I knew it, and guided him and his companions to the place. On the way Mr. Baxter asked me who I was. I told him, and also informed him about the state of my home. On parting he put into my hand a gold coin. Since that time we have never wanted; God has often answered our prayers, but never in a more needy time."

Adrift on a Smack.—At a Worker's Meeting, the Rev. Mr. Calder, when speaking of our utter helplessness to save ourselves, remarked: "Not long ago a young lad was alone upon a

smack, which was anchored at some distance from the bank in the estuary of an Irish river. The lad unfastened the chain of the anchor which kept the smack in safety, and it fell to the bottom of the river, and the small vessel with its helpless inmate drifted far out toward the channel. When the boy saw his danger he became greatly alarmed. He shouted, but his voice did not reach the shore, and finally he seized an iron pot, and with a poker he beat upon it with all his strength. Soon his father, who had some time before left the smack, heard the sound, and came running, only to see his boy drifting far out into the channel. He procured a small boat, and with it he rowed to the vessel's side, and was at the helm in a few moments steering it shoreward. Now, mark how helpless the boy was; he could do nothing to guide the smack, all he could do was to shout and make a noise for help. When his father was at the helm guiding the vessel aright how safe he was, and how free from fear he felt. Such is our helpless condition; we can do nothing to save ourselves, but the moment we call to our heavenly Father He comes, and stands by the helm, saves us from death, and guides our bark aright."

THE MILLENNIAL ERA.

By Rev. A. C. Tris, of Howard, Kan.

(Continued from page 727.)

The Trees of Life—The Tabernacle With Men—The Magnificence of the City—The Precious Foundations—The Pearl of the Gates—The Size of the City.

IN the beginning of this century the question of distance was indeed a question of grave difficulty. Intercourse among nations was a matter of great concern. Now, that barrier is taken out of the way, so that nations may assemble at most any centre of the globe, and, admitting all that can be said in favor of the annihilation of time and distance, yet there are natural difficulties which belong to our corporeal organization, and which are not favorable to the advocacy of the idea that the New Jerusalem shall be a suspended city in the air during the Millennial period, and that the city—fifteen hundred miles high!—suspended above the world will be seen daily in turn by the revolution of the earth on its axis.

Suppose such a dazzling refulgence, such a panorama as never the world saw before, will appear, and the nations will see its light. The great question is, What benefit will the nations derive for it? Indeed, they cannot walk in its light, in a scriptural sense of the word. They may view its glory afar off, but it is an impossibility for their natural eyes and for their present weak bodily organization to investigate the formation of the gates, and the nature of the materials used on the foundations of a city separated thousands of miles away!

• THE TREES OF LIFE.

In Rev. 22 : 2 it is said : "That in the midst of the street (lit., broad place of it), and of the river, on this and on that side, is a tree of life producing twelve fruits, giving forth each one its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the curing of the nations" (Young's companion to the New Testament).

Dr. Adam Clarke comments on this verse : "Tree must here be an enallage of the singular for the plural, trees of life or trees which yielded fruit by which life was preserved." The account in Ezekiel is this : "And by the river upon the banks thereof, on this side and on that side shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months . . . and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine" (Ezek. 47 : 12). Bengel *in loco* observes that the Greek word translated "healing" has an *inceptive* signification (a beginning of health); so the Dutch translation, 1636, has also "curing."

We desire to direct the attention of those who advocate the idea that the New Jerusalem will

be a city suspended in the air to some facts which are very hard to explain in the verse under consideration. There it is said that a river is proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, that trees are growing, and that there is a cure for the restoration of decaying physical and spiritual strength of the Gentile nations. To spiritualize these statements is virtually to contradict Rev. 22 : 6 : "And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true," and if so, we look upon it as the antitype of the tree of life mentioned in Gen. 2 : 9, and that the second Adam will have indeed His Messianic Millennial reign on earth.

TABERNACLE WITH MEN.

We desire in this connection to direct attention to the curious and most significant words found in Rev. 21 : 3 : "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with the men, and He will dwell [tabernacle] with them." This word "tabernacle" is the same word in Greek that we find in John 1 : 14 : That Christ "tabernacled" with us, and also that the Greek preposition used in Rev. 21 : 3 is stronger in expression than that which is found in John 1 : 14 : "In the midst—among" (Liddell and Scott, Rud.). The Man of sorrow, Jesus the Christ of God, was literally "incarnate." The God-man dwelt with men. Why shall He not have the same glorious indwelling in the New Jerusalem in the Millennial age, being the Lord of glory and King of Israel upon the throne of David? We cannot find sufficient reasons for the contrary.

THE COSTLINESS OF THE CITY.

It might be said that the description of the New Jerusalem is so unique, grand, and refulgent of glory, that it reaches above our comprehension, and cannot be brought to this mundane world. We admit fully our admiration, and also our inability to give an explanation of the great panorama which is set before us, and if we did not find in the Word of God similar representations and expressions, we would proceed no further; but let us pause and contemplate the words of Isaiah : "The light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people and healeth the stroke of their wound" (Isa. 30 : 26). What a refulgence of light and glory will that be! And yet it is a sure promise made to Israel, the Jews, when restored in Canaan in the Millennial age. It may be argued that Rev. 21 : 21 speaks of "twelve gates, twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." In former articles we have already said a few words about those gates and of the materials of which the walls were built, and therefore we refer the reader to them; here we will only add a few remarks on the subject.

The observant Bible-reader can find many of the expressions about the gates and walls mentioned in Ezekiel's visions (Ezek. 48 : 31-34) and in Isa. 54 : 11, 12, and also that it is worth observation : "That the foundations were garnished [adorned] with all manner of precious stones" (Rev. 21 : 19), and not that they were built of gems. We must not overlook the fact that in 1 Kings 5 : 17 ; 7 : 9, 10 we find the same description, "costly or precious stones," used in the building of the foundation of the temple of Solomon, and also that the Hebrew word translated "costly or precious stones" is used in 1 Kings 10 : 1-10 ; 1 Chron. 20 : 2, and many other places, as *precious gems*. Josephus (Lib. 8, ch. 2) calls the color of the stones of the temple "white stones," and Rabbi Juda Leo (Lib. 1, ch. 5) says : "That the whole building of the temple consisted of pure white marble, shining as sapphires, yea, that it was like the color of the heaven." Indeed, we ask with Dr. A. Clarke, "Does not this imply that the walls were made of some beautiful yellow stones highly polished?" (Rev. 21 : 18, *in loco*); and so Grotius, Vitranga, Eichhorn, and a host of eminent scholars have such expression about this matter.

Yet the great question is about the pearls.

Every one knows that a pearl is the peculiar product of certain marine and fresh-water mollusks or shell-fish. In another article we have already called attention to the fact that pearls and precious stones were synonymous words among many of the ancients. To use the substance of pearls as building materials for twelve gates made so high and wide that in each one a messenger can be placed in attendance, and to guide the kings and the nations of the earth, who will bring their glory and honor in the New Jerusalem, is far above our comprehension, and recalls to our mind the Jewish legend taught by Rabbi Jochanan, who related to his disciples : "That he being at sea, he saw angels cutting gems and pearls for the gates of the temple of Jerusalem, each measuring thirty cubits;" but his disciples could not fathom that problem (Bava Batra, fol. 25, 77, and Sanhandrin, fol. 100, 1 p. 393).

Further, let us remark, that in regard to the street or broad place it is said that it was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. The verb "was" is not found in the original. But let us suppose that the broad place was overlaid with gold, as we read of some parts of the temple, which were overlaid with pure gold (11 Chron. 3 : 8); it could not be, very well, a street of solid gold, and then, having the tree of life, or a tree of life growing in it (Rev. 22 : 2), examining the words found in the Song of Solomon ch. 5 : 11, 14, 15), we have nearly the same expressions : "His head was 'pure gold,' fine gold; his hand-rings of gold set with beryl; his belly 'inwards' bright ivory covered with sapphires." In the vision of Nebuchadnezzar "the head was of fine gold" (Dan. 2 : 32). By the Prophet Isaiah : "Babylon is called the golden city" (Isa. 14 : 4), and in Jer. 51 : 7 : "Babylon, a golden cup in the Lord's hand."

DIMENSIONS.

The New Jerusalem "lieth foursquare," and is computed to be in height and length fifteen hundred miles, an area of nearly one quarter of the United States.* Studying the subject closely, we are told that the length is as large as the breadth—"twelve thousand furlongs." "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal" (Rev. 21 : 16); and yet in the verse following is said : "And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits," or two hundred and sixteen feet. What explanation is the right and true one? If the walls should have a thickness of two hundred and sixteen feet, the gates of pearl must have the same dimensions to have an entrance and passage through them. If it means the height of the walls, in such a case there is a conflict with the height of the city! We have another instance of the same nature recorded in Rev. 14 : 20 : "That blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs," a distance of two hundred miles.

In regard to the measurement of the New Jerusalem, *perhaps* the idea and description ought to lead us to the camp of Israel in the wilderness, which did lie four square; or *perhaps* it has reference to the cities of the priests and Levites (Num. 35 : 5) : "And ye shall measure from without the city on the east side . . . and the city shall be in the midst; this shall be to them the suburbs of the cities." We only mention those two last suggestions for our consideration. Indeed, the dimensions of the New Jerusalem shall be above all our expectation and comprehension; in truth, now we see only the western shores of this Pacific Ocean of light and joy. We earnestly long for the day when we shall see face to face and not as at present "in a riddle." To give glory to the Lamb, world without end.

* [Mr. Tris underestimates the size. If the city is to be foursquare, as we are told, and each side measures fifteen hundred miles, the area would be two million and a quarter square miles. The area of the United States is about 3,596,521 square miles. We wonder that this fact alone has not convinced Mr. Tris of the fact that it will not be on the earth. When, too, the height of the city, also fifteen hundred miles, is taken into account, the expectation that it will be suspended in the air is confirmed.—E.D.]



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready First Week of December.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Death of Ex-President Arthur, on Thursday last has called forth a general expression of sorrow. Journals of all parties speak of it with regret. He had won the respect of the public, and even his most vigorous political opponents had learned to esteem him. When he became the twenty-first President of the United States he was placed in a very delicate position at a time when men were disposed to be critical and censorious. He was reminded on all hands that every Vice-President who had been called to the Presidency had failed, and that his own relations with a section of his party were such as to insure his own failure. In the midst of discouragement he undertook the duties of the Executive with a sense of responsibility to the nation, and he never lost sight of that responsibility. His administration was characterized by magnanimity, wisdom, and patriotism, and the nation passed safely through the dangerous crisis under his leadership. He has gone to his grave followed by the respect and gratitude of the whole people. (*His portrait and a brief sketch of his life appears on page 749 of this issue.*)

A Definition of the Phrase, "Pernicious Activity," which has now become so familiar to politicians, was given by the President last week in a letter to Hon. M. E. Benton revoking his suspension from the office of District Attorney. Mr. Cleveland said: "I did not intend to condemn the making of a political speech by a Federal official to his neighbors and friends, nor at any time and place where it was merely incidental, if the speech itself was decent and fair. But I do not think that such an official can enter as a business a political campaign, and, consenting to a long list of engagements to address political meetings, widely separated and of daily recurrence, fill such engagements without neglecting his duty, if he holds an office worth having, nor without taking with him in the canvass his official power and influence. Therefore this course is condemned. The number of speeches that can be properly made cannot be specified, nor the time when, the place where, nor the circumstances in which they are proper; nor can their character be prescribed. But a correct line of conduct can be determined on without difficulty, I believe, in the light of a desire to follow the spirit of the admonition

given by divorcing the conduct of a citizen from the use of official influence in political campaigns, illustrating at all times the truth that official duty is paramount to partisan service, maintaining the dignity of office-holding, avoiding any pretence of control over the political action of others by reason of official place, and teaching the lesson to the people that public positions are not bestowed or held under a pledge of active partisan service." This explanation is doubtless intended to benefit other persons beside the one directly addressed. When new lessons are being taught it is a trying time for those who learn and those who teach.

The Police Difficulty in Washington, D. C., is discreditable from every standpoint. The story as Lieutenant Arnold tells it is that the Chief of Police wanted larger appropriations. He desired to have Congress add at least one hundred men to the force. He therefore suggested to his subordinates that disreputable resorts in the city should be watched, and if any Congressmen visited them their names should be reported to him. Information thus gained was to be used to bring pressure on the Congressmen, who might be expected to vote for the increased appropriations lest their misdeeds should be exposed. The Chief of Police denies the story, and Lieutenant Arnold has been tried for circulating it. It may be hoped there is no truth in the accusation. A chief of police who would engage in a blackmailing operation, and Congressmen who would vote public money to cover their own iniquity, form a combination of the most discreditable kind.

A Shameful Confession was Made in the Court of General Sessions of New York on Friday last. Ex-Alderman Fullgraff appeared as State's evidence in the trial of Alderman McQuade, who was charged with having received a bribe during his term of office. Fullgraff deposed that when the question of granting a franchise for a horse-car route in Broadway was under consideration in the Board of Aldermen a private meeting of thirteen members was held. At that meeting two offers were considered. One was of a bribe of \$750,000, half in cash and half in bonds, and the other of \$500,000 in cash. It was decided to accept the latter as being the safer, and a man was appointed to receive the money. The aldermen expected to get \$22,000 each, but when it became necessary to over-ride the Mayor's veto more votes were bought, which reduced the respective amounts finally received. Something of this kind was known to have taken place before Fullgraff made his confession. The astonishing feature of the affair is that, notwithstanding this fact, no more care is displayed in the selection of aldermen than before.

An Attempt to Poison the Family of Mr. P. D. Armour, the Chicago packer who was the employer most obnoxious to the men in the recent strike, was made on November 15th. A package of buckwheat marked as "a sample" was left at his house with his cook. Warning was given to Mr. Armour by a man who saw the package sent, and overheard the men who sent it say that it contained poison. He therefore had the buckwheat analyzed and learned that it was mixed with strychnine. It is believed that the plot was designed to alarm Mr. Armour rather than to do serious mischief, or the men would not have spoken of it so incautiously. It is nevertheless a matter that should not go unpunished, and the Knights of Labor ought to aid in the search for the guilty parties, who are probably enemies of their own and are trying to bring the organization into disrepute.

The Appointment of Two Ladies as Commissioners of Common Schools in New York was made last week by Mayor Grace. They were Mrs. Mary Nash Agnew, wife of Dr. Agnew, the oculist, and Miss Grace H. Dodge, daughter of William E. Dodge. Both ladies have stated that they will accept. The appointment is an innovation from which much good may be expected. The most successful teachers in the

schools are ladies, and it is certain that in passing upon the questions that will come before the commissioners the two new members of the board will be able to give wise counsel. It may be hoped that in this matter other cities will follow the example of New York.

Russia Severed Diplomatic Relations With Bulgaria last week by recalling General Kaulbars and all the Russian consuls in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. The pretext for the act was evidently sought by the Czar. It was occasioned by the arrest of an employé of the Russian Consulate for riotous behavior. The man was arrested by the order of the commandant of Philippopolis, General Mutkuroff, the leader of the patriotic party, and the prime mover in the counter revolution which brought Prince Alexander back after his deposition. The Czar ordered Kaulbars to demand the release of the prisoner and the dismissal of the commandant. It was, as the Czar knew, impossible for the Bulgarian Government to comply, as General Mutkuroff is a popular leader whose degradation would lead to a rising of the people. The demand, therefore, was merely a pretext for a rupture. The departure of the Russians will be a relief to the Bulgarian Government if it is not followed by a declaration of war. Their intrigues were a constant source of embarrassment, and their arrogance was intolerable. But war is the only logical sequence of the recall of the Russian representatives. There is, however, some hope that peace may be maintained. The decided stand taken by England, and the probability that she would be allied with Austria, Italy, and Turkey, will render an attack on Bulgaria a serious undertaking for Russia, which not even the Czar would lightly enter upon. The next step on the part of Russia is awaited with intense anxiety, and it is thought that in a few days the question of peace or war will be finally decided. It is reported that the Czar's mental condition is becoming unsound.

Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia is the Czar's candidate for the throne of Bulgaria. A rumor was in circulation last week that the European Powers had indorsed the nomination, but it was contradicted. But little is known of the man. He is about forty years of age, says a cable dispatch to the New York Herald, and is a colonel in the Russian army. The province from which his title is derived is in Russian Trans-Caucasia, and contains not more than seventy-five thousand inhabitants all told. His nomination by Russia and his dependence upon that Power may be supposed to indicate that the Czar sees in him qualities which will render him a supple tool of his own. Whether he will be acceptable to the other Powers or can be forced upon the Bulgarians does not yet appear. The Bulgarians themselves are reported to be considering the question whether, as the Powers are unable to agree on a ruler for them, it would not be possible to solve the problem by declaring Bulgaria a republic.

A Government Measure for the Relief of Irish tenants has, it is stated, been prepared. A synopsis of its provisions was cabled to the New York press on Thursday last. According to that summary it permits tenants holding less than sixty acres to purchase their holdings with Government aid. If the commission sanctions the transfer the Imperial Treasury will advance the purchase money, the commission paying four fifths to the landlord and retaining the other fifth until the tenant's annual instalments amount to one fifth of the stipulated sum. The tenant's repayments are to extend over thirty-nine years, with interest at four per cent per annum. The total necessary to be guaranteed by the Treasury is estimated at \$125,000,000. The sales under the Ashbourne act having already exhausted the Parliamentary grant of \$25,000,000, it is reported that the Government, trusting to Parliament's sanction, has ordered the Treasury to continue to make advances. If this scheme has the approval of Lord Hartington and the other Liberal seceders it will pass the House.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$12. They were from Goshen, O., \$4; Keene, N. H., \$1; Pingree Grove, Ill., \$1; Friend, Massachusetts, \$5; Howard Lake, Minn., \$1. This will enable us to restore twelve more names to the list. There are many others which we shall be glad to renew if funds are sent for the purpose. Our colored brethren may be assured that no name has been overlooked. It will give us as much pleasure to send them the journal for another year as it will give them to receive it. Let them lay their need before the Lord, who will surely answer their prayers.

A Paragraph Which a Correspondent Thinks is liable to be misunderstood appeared in our sketch of Dr. Henson's life in this journal on November 11th. He informs us that the real crisis of the First Baptist Church in Chicago occurred prior to Dr. Lorimer's settlement there. At that time there was a debt on the building of eighty thousand dollars, and the church was threatened with foreclosure. The current receipts did not cover the current expenditure, and the congregation had diminished to an alarming extent. During Dr. Lorimer's ministry four hundred and forty-eight members were received, mainly by baptisms, the debt was reduced from eighty thousand to eighteen thousand dollars, and the church was crowded. This prosperity, our friend states, has been gloriously maintained under Dr. Henson's ministry.

A Remarkable Revival is in Progress at Tuscaloosa, Ala., which has spread through all the churches. Daily services are being held, and there is a general interest manifested in all circles in the movement. At the hour appointed for the meetings business is suspended, the stores are closed, and even the doors of the saloons are shut. Two hundred conversions were reported at the close of last week. The ministers of the various denominations are all engaged in the work.

The Gift of a Quarter of a Million Dollars for the erection of a church in Philadelphia is reported by the *Press* of that city. It states that two ladies, who were lately parishioners of the Rev. Dr. J. D. Newlin, have given \$250,000 for the erection of a Protestant Episcopal Memorial church at the northwest corner of Eighteenth and Diamond streets. The lot which has been bought is 170x200 feet, and at present contains an old brick house, originally a county seat, once a police station, then a school house, and now vacant for some time, which will be torn down to make way for the erection of church, chapel, rectory, and parish buildings, which will be begun in the spring.

A Convention of Young People's Associations of all the Protestant Evangelical churches of New York will be held on December 9th, and delegates from churches without such associations are invited, with the view of extending the movement. The convention will hold its evening session in the Collegiate Reformed Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, when several pastors interested in the work have promised to deliver addresses. A working session, for delegates only, will be held at one o'clock on the same day in the Church of the Strangers, Mercer Street, near Eighth Street. This will be a business meeting, when methods of organization and labor will be discussed.

Indictments for the Murder of Mr. Haddock, the martyred Prohibitionist, were returned by the Grand Jury of Sioux City on November 18th. Ten men are indicted for conspiracy and one for murder. There is also another indictment charging each of the ten with murder. Four of them have not yet been arrested. Two of the prisoners are prepared to give evidence for the State. They will swear that they saw Arensdorf, one of the men now in prison, fire the fatal shot. An important witness has been found who will swear that, shortly before the murder he was approached by a saloon-keeper in the city, who asked him to do the killing, and offered him, if he would, undertake it, a large sum down and

to pay his expenses to California or to Europe. Evidence confirmatory of the allegation has been secured.

The Erection of Another Colossal Statue was proposed last week. On Thursday last, seventy prominent Englishmen, resident in this country, assembled in the Brunswick Hotel, New York, to consider the best way of celebrating the jubilee of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of Great Britain. One enthusiastic gentleman was in favor of a statue of some such nature as that just erected on Bedlow's Island. He felt sure that there was enough spirit and generosity among Englishmen resident here and in the old country to raise a statue fully a hundred feet higher than of Liberty Enlightening the World. Another gentleman thought Staten Island would be a good place for it; the heights of Fort Wadsworth could not be surpassed in his mind. A committee of five was appointed to consider the suggestion and to take measures to carry it out, or to decide on some other mode, equally permanent and conspicuous, of celebrating the jubilee. Whatever may be the outcome of the project, it is worthy of notice as an evidence that the projectors, though living under republican institutions, have kept their loyalty to their sovereign unimpaired, and are even contemplating spending a large sum of money to demonstrate the fact. It is much to be wished that all who call themselves Christians were as eager to prove their loyalty to their King. Many seem anxious rather to identify themselves with the world (Mark 8 : 38).

A Bride and Bridegroom Passed their Wedding night in a Connecticut poorhouse recently. The bridegroom, an industrious, frugal young man was married at Bridgeport on November 16th. After the wedding ceremony he drove out with his wife to the country town some few miles away, where he had built and furnished a pretty cottage for their future home. They arrived in the evening only to find the cottage a heap of smouldering ruins, through the carelessness of the person employed to get the place in readiness for their reception. Very much discouraged, they turned the horse's head and drove back toward Bridgeport. They travelled on through the darkness until, when about halfway to their destination, one of the wheels broke in pieces, and the newly-married pair found themselves lying in the road. It was nearly eleven o'clock then, and they made their way to the only light visible. The bridegroom told his story and asked for shelter for the night. They were hospitably received, and a bedroom placed at their disposal. In the morning they were shocked to find that they had spent the first night of their married life in the county poor house. Their chagrin, though natural, was purely sentimental. They were not really disgraced by being driven by misfortune to share with others, still more unfortunate, a refuge established for the homeless. It may be hoped that the same feeling will never deter them from entering the narrow way in which the majority of the travellers are poor (James 2 : 5).

A Voting Machine is Suggested by a Texas journal as a means of saving time and trouble. It remarks that, as a large number of voters may be relied upon to vote the straight ticket of the party to which they belong, without caring what is the character of the men whose names are upon the ticket, a machine might be used to register their votes which would save them the trouble of repeating an act which they have pledged themselves to perform at the bidding of the party conventions. A machine to vote the straight ticket for every registered unalterable partisan would thus be simply a fair economy of time. The regular counting of registered straight party votes would go on simply until the citizen signified the transfer of his vote to the other party, or took it upon himself to select and vote according to his individual discretion. The editor, of course, makes the suggestion in a sarcastic mood, but if he mixes in religious circles he must have seen the principle in operation. There are many church members who

seem to regard the church as a worshipping machine, and appear to imagine that if they pay for a seat and contribute to the church funds there is no necessity for attending regularly in person (Heb. 10 : 25).

Nine Years of Self-Inflicted Punishment terminated on November 17th in the death of an obstinate woman. In the year 1877, an inmate of the poorhouse of Pettis County, Mo., became almost crazed with anger one day over the conduct of the keeper of the poor farm. So wild was she in her rage that she was locked in her room alone, and left to meditate until the following morning. At that time the keeper of the place entered her apartment and found her in bed. She was not ill but she refused to arise. Days, weeks, and months passed, but never once did the woman leave her couch unless lifted from it. The medical fraternity visited her, and without exception pronounced her perfectly well, but, notwithstanding this fact, she remained in bed. Months grew into years without change, but last spring the woman was actually taken ill. She lingered until Wednesday of last week, when death came. She had remained in bed nine consecutive years because of a fit of anger. Doubtless in all that time she must often have felt a desire to arise and go about her work, but pride and anger and an obstinate spirit restrained her. None are so utterly enslaved as those who are ruled by their own evil passions (Job 5 : 2).

A Boy was Devoured by Wolves in Missouri last week, and it is feared that his companion shared his fate. On Monday, November 15th, two boys, aged respectively fifteen and sixteen years, residing near Dexter, Mo., left their homes to gather hickory nuts. They did not return Monday night, and on Tuesday a party was organized to search for the boys. Late at night the remains of one of them were discovered in a wild and lonely ravine. Nothing but his clothing and a few bones were found, and an investigation showed that he had been devoured by wolves. No trace of his companion could be discovered. Both Stoddard and Bollinger Counties are overrun with wolves, and it is believed that the lads were chased by a pack after dark and separated in their flight. A pack of wolves has been seen near Bloomfield, and they were very bold. Doubtless the news will cause parents in that neighborhood to take extra care that their children do not wander around after nightfall, and every child will be warned of his danger. If similar vigilance were exercised in respect to the great enemy of souls, who is more to be dreaded than a wolf, fewer children would fall victims to his wiles, and parents would not for the sake of gain expose their offspring to peril (1 Peter 5 : 8).

A Curious Will is the Subject of Litigation in the New York courts. The testator, who died thirty years ago, left fifty thousand dollars in trust, the proceeds to be applied to the support of his nephew. He directed that at the death of the nephew the principal should be given to some society, whose object was the dissemination of a knowledge of the arts and sciences and of agricultural and mechanical pursuits among the Jews of Jerusalem. If, on the death of the nephew, there should be in existence no society qualified to thus distribute the money, the will provided that the fifty thousand dollars should go to the nieces of a relative. The nephew is now dead, and the North American Relief Society for the Indigent Jews in Jerusalem, a local corporation, claims the money on the ground that it is qualified to do the work contemplated by the testator. The nieces insist that none of the corporate claimants are entitled to the money, and that it should go to themselves. It is probable that the nieces will win the suit. There is a certain pathos about the yearning the testator evidently had for the prosperity of the Jews in Jerusalem. It is a pity that a man capable of the fraternal and patriotic feeling should not have realized that it is not a knowledge of the arts and sciences that is most needed to promote their welfare, but of Jesus as their Messiah (Rom. 10 : 1).

OUR SYMPATHIZING HIGH PRIEST.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared; though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him; called of God an high priest after the order of Melchisedec."—HEBREWS 5: 7-10.

Christ's Mission—Its God-ward Aspect—Its Human Side—His Suitability for the Priestly Work—I. As a Suppliant—His Weakness—His Necessities—His Intensity—His Understanding—His Fear—His Success—II. As a Son—What it is to Obey—III. As a Saviour—Perfect and Eternal.

THE Holy Spirit in this chapter reminds us that two things were necessary in a high priest: first, he must be suitable for the men for whom he stood; and next, he must be acceptable with God. "Every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God." He must be fit from both points of view, both manward and God-ward. Our Lord Jesus Christ was ordained of God from of old, and did not of Himself assume the position of high priest. The prophets spake of Him as the Messiah of God, and Jehovah Himself declared: "Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec." When He came into the world the Holy Ghost bore witness to His being the Son of the Highest. At His baptism there came a voice from heaven saying: "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and that same voice was thrice heard declaring the same fact. The Father has given further testimony to

THE MISSION OF CHRIST,

"in that He hath raised Him from the dead," and hath caused Him to enter into the heavenly places on our behalf. Moreover, He has given Him a pledge that as Melchisedec, being both King and Priest, He shall sit at His right hand until He hath made His enemies His footstool. Our Lord Jesus has been chosen, ordained, and glorified as our "great High Priest, that has passed into the heavens." This is the groundwork of our comfort in our Lord Jesus, for we know that He is one with the Father, and that all things are done by Him as the Messenger of the covenant, the authorized Representative of Jehovah our God.

That is not the point to which I call your attention this morning; I would have you follow the text, and consider the pre-eminent suitability of our Lord Jesus to be a High Priest for us, viewed from the human side. A high priest must be one "who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity." He must be one who has learned compassion in the school of suffering, so that he can succor the afflicted.

I. First, then, that we may see the suitability of our Lord to deal with us in our cares and sorrows, we shall view Him

AS A SUPPLIANT.

The text begins with a word which reveals His weakness: "Who in the days of His flesh." Our blessed Lord was in such a condition that He pleaded out of weakness with the God who was able to save. When our Lord was compassed with the weakness of flesh He was much in prayer. It would be an interesting exercise for the younger people to note all the times in which the Lord Jesus is said to have prayed. The occasions recorded are very numerous; but these are no doubt merely a few specimens of a far greater number. This is said to have been the case "in the days of His flesh." This term is used to distinguish His life on earth from His former estate in glory. "The days of His flesh" intend this mortal life—the days of His weakness, humiliation, labor, and suffering.

Among the days of His life on earth there were some which peculiarly deserved to be called "the days of His flesh"—days in which His

feebleness pushed itself to the front. Then men saw less of His greatness as a teacher and more of His suffering as man. I should call that one of the days of His flesh when He went to Gethsemane, and "was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." He was very heavy, because the shadow of His cross fell upon Him with a denser darkness as He drew nearer to His death upon it. When the dread desertion by God which was the centre of His grief began to startle Him; when men esteemed Him "stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," then were "the days of His flesh." Prostrate under the olives, pouring out His inmost soul in plaintive entreaties, even to a bloody sweat, you see your Lord a suppliant in weakness—"in the days of His flesh."

Brethren, I beseech you to think of our Lord's pleading "in the days of His flesh" as a matter of fact. Do not dream of Him as though He were a phantom, and of His prayers as if they were part of a mere show. He was a real man, and His prayers were as real as yours can be. Believe in Jesus as man. You would be indignant at any one who would diminish the glory of His Godhead; and most justly so; but oh, do not yourself take away from Him the truth of His humanity; He was in very deed made flesh and dwelt among us. This was the case even when His apostles beheld His glory, "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!" We must get a firm grip of the true humanity, or else we lose the sacrificial death, the resurrection, and all the rest; and the brotherhood of our Lord, which is a grand source of consolation, also disappears.

In the days of His flesh our divine Lord felt

HIS NECESSITIES.

The words: "He offered up prayers and supplications," prove that He had many needs. Men do not pray and supplicate unless they have greater need than this world can satisfy. Men work for what they can get by working, and pray for that which can by no other means be obtained. The Saviour offered no petitions by way of mere form; His supplications arose out of an urgent sense of His need of heavenly aid. It is difficult to realize it, but so it is, that our divine and innocent Saviour placed Himself in such a condition for our sakes that His needs were manifold. Specially in the garden He cried again and again: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." He can have pity upon you in your loneliness, your distraction, your apparent desertion, your sinking of heart, your sorrowfulness even unto death. Look to Him, then, in your night of weeping, and be of good cheer.

Those of you who are only now beginning to pray, I would encourage you to remember Jesus as setting you the example of praying. If your prayers have but few words in them, and are mainly made up of crying and tears, yet in this they are like those of your Saviour, and so you may hope that they will be accepted. Jesus prayed under discouragements; what He did Himself He will help you to do. He knows what the agony of prayer means, and He will cast a brother's eye on you when in the bitterness of your repentance you seek the Lord. How clear it is that we have a suitable High Priest, of tender heart, and loving soul!

Further, let us see how like the Son of God was to us in

HIS INTENSITY

of prayer. When a man so courageous, so patient as Jesus, betakes Himself to cries and tears, we may be sure that the sorrow of His heart has passed all bounds. His soul within Him must have been bursting with grief. We know it was so by another sign; for the life-blood forgot to course in its usual channels, and overflowed its banks in a sweat of blood. I do not think, as some do, that it was merely a sweat such as is common to labor; but I believe it was a sweat of blood, or the expression would not have been used, "as it were great drops of blood." A sweat of blood has now and then been seen upon men in great and fatal alarm;

but the Saviour's was more wonderful than any of these cases; for so profuse was this bloody sweat, that it was, as it were, great drops of it "falling down to the ground." This was prayer indeed; supplication which exhausted His whole manhood. Body, soul, and spirit were now upon the rack of anguish, and upon the strain of agony. He pleaded with God after a more piteous, painful, terrible, and powerful sort than you and I have yet attained to. But, brethren, here is the point: if it comes to your case to be in a dark, dark hour, and to be praying with the heavens like brass above your head, and if you are obliged to cry aloud, and weep your soul away, then remember Jesus in the days of His flesh.

Still, to proceed with the text: we have seen our Lord's needs, and the intensity of His prayer; now note

HIS UNDERSTANDING

in prayer. He prayed "unto Him that was able to save Him from death." The expression is startling; the Saviour prayed to be saved. This passage may be read in two ways: it may mean that He would be saved from actually dying if it could be done consistently with the glorifying of the Father; or it may mean that He pleaded to be saved out of death, though He actually descended into it. The word may be rendered either *from* or *out of*. The Saviour viewed the great Father as able to preserve Him in death from the power of death, so that He should triumph on the cross; and also as able to bring Him up again from among the dead. He believed in the power of God to save Him from death, and even when cast down with fear He did not let go His hold on God. He pleaded just as you and I should plead, impelled by fear and encouraged by faith. Let us imitate His intensity, His intelligence, and His faith.

It will further help you if I now call your attention to

HIS FEAR.

Martyrs have died without the preceding dread which fell upon our Lord; but remember, that the help of God which sustained *them* was taken away from Jesus; and consider, also, that His death was special, and differed from that of all others of our race; for in that death there was condensed the penalty due to sin. To the righteous man death is not now a penalty, but a mode of going home; to Jesus it was in the fullest sense the penalty of death for human guilt. He saw before Him, as we do not, all the pains and torments of death; He knew what He had to bear, and foretasted in the garden the smart involved in being a surety for sinful man. His soul was "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." So when you tremble after sipping your cup of bitterness, think of Jesus trembling too. When you, in entering into the valley of death's shade, feel yourself greatly disturbed at the prospect before you, think of Jesus who was heard in His fear. Come, you, that fear, and find help in one who also feared. Borrow courage from one who out of fear prayed Himself into victory.

But then notice another thing in the text—namely,

HIS SUCCESS

in prayer, which also brings Him near to us. He was heard "in that He feared." Oh, my soul! to think that it should be said of thy Lord that He was heard, even as thou, a poor suppliant, art heard. Yet the cup did not pass from Him, neither was the bitterness thereof in the least abated. When we are compelled to bear our thorn in the flesh and receive no other answer than "My grace is sufficient for thee," let us see our fellowship with Jesus and Jesus' fellowship with us.

II. Let us now spend a few moments in beholding our Lord

AS A SON.

His prayers and pleadings were those of a son with a father: "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." The Sonship of our dear Saviour is well attested. Thrice did the voice out of the excellent glory proclaim this truth, and He was

"declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." Yes; He that cried, He that wept, He that pleaded until He came to a bloody sweat, and He from whom the cup could not pass till He had drained it to the dregs, was nevertheless the only begotten Son of God. So, my brother, when you are put to great grief do not doubt your sonship. What son is there whom the father chasteneth not? When you are in heaviness through manifold trials, do not listen to the insinuations of the enemy: "If thou be the Son of God," Yea, if you should have to ask: "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" do not doubt your sonship. You are as much a son when you walk in the dark as when you rejoice in the light of Jehovah's countenance.

Being a Son, the text goes on to tell us that He had to learn obedience. Is not that a wonderful thing? As man our Saviour had to learn. He was of a teachable spirit, and the Lord Himself instructed Him. All God's children go to school, for it is written: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." The lesson is practical—we learn to obey. Our Lord took kindly to this lesson; He did always the things which pleased the Father. This is our time of schooling and discipline, and we are learning to obey, which is the highest and best lesson of all. How near this brings our Lord to us, that He should be a Son and should have to learn! We go to school to Christ and with Christ, and so we feel His fitness to be our compassionate High Priest.

Jesus must needs learn by suffering. As swimming is only to be learned in the water, so is obedience only learned by actually doing and suffering the divine will. Obedience cannot be learned at the university, unless it be at the College of Experience. You must suffer the commandment to have its way with you, and then it will educate you. We think when we are first converted that we have learned obedience, and assuredly we have in a measure received the spirit by which we obey; but no man knows obedience till he has actually obeyed, both in an active and a passive sense. Even the Lord Jesus must come under the law, honor the law, and suffer the law, or else He cannot learn obedience. Who knows

WHAT IT IS TO OBEY

God to the full until he has had to lay aside his own will in the most tender and painful respects? To plead with God for the life of a beloved child, and yet to see that dear child die, and to kiss the rod—this is to learn obedience. To go alone and plead with God for the life of a husband or wife, and agonize with Him for the boon, and then to be compelled to weep at the new-made grave, and yet to say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—this is to learn obedience. A Son learning obedience: that is our Lord. May we not joyfully walk with Him in all the rough paths of duty? May we not safely lean on the arm of One who knows every inch of the way?

Our Lord learned by suffering mixed with prayer and supplication. His was no unsanctified sorrow, His griefs were baptized in prayer. It cost Him cries and tears to learn the lesson of His sufferings. The practical point I am trying to drive at in my poor way is this: let us trust ourselves with Him who as a Son knows the training and discipline of sons. Being yourself a son, look up and see what the elder brother endured, and know that "in that He hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." You who are afraid that you never will be the children of God, come and hear your Saviour cry as He rises from prayer: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Sons of men, whither do you wander? Why not come to Him who is made like to yourselves? If you have never trusted Him before, I think that you should begin this morning, now that you see His fellowship with

you, His sympathy with you. I do not at this time set Him forth to you in His power and glory—that I will do on another occasion; but I bring Him before you in His weakness and humiliation, hoping thereby to attract to Him the poor and needy who need such a helper.

III. Time fails me, and therefore we can do no more than spend a brief time in beholding the Lord Jesus

AS A SAVIOUR.

It is to this end that he pleaded as a Suppliant and learned obedience as a Son. As a Saviour He is perfect. Being made perfect through suffering, He is able fully to discharge His office. Nothing is wanting in the character and person of Christ in order to His being able to save to the uttermost. He is a Saviour, and a great one. You are wholly lost, but Jesus is perfectly able to save. You are sore sick, but Jesus is perfectly able to heal. You have gone, perhaps, to the extreme of sin; He has gone to the extreme of atonement. In every office essential to our salvation Jesus is perfect. Nothing is lacking in Him in any one point. However difficult your case may seem, He is equal to it. Made perfect by suffering, He is able to meet the intricacies of your trials, and to deliver you in the most complicated emergency.

Observe that it is eternal salvation: "the author of eternal salvation." Jesus does not save us to-day and leave us to perish to-morrow; He knows what is in man, and so He has prepared nothing less than eternal salvation for man. A salvation which was not eternal would turn out to be no salvation at all. Those whom Jesus saved are saved indeed. Man can be the author of temporary salvation; but only He who is "a High Priest forever" can bring in a salvation which endures forever. An eternal salvation is worth having, is it not? Jesus does not give a salvation which will let you fall from grace, and perish after all; but a salvation which will keep you to the end—though you should live to be as old as Methuselah. Salvation to eternity and through eternity is provided by Jesus.

Furthermore, inasmuch as He has learned obedience, and become a perfect High Priest, His salvation is wide in its range, for it is unto "all them that obey Him." Not to some few, not to a little select company here and there, but "unto all them that obey Him." One of his first commandments is "Repent." Will you obey Him in that, and quit your sin? Then He is the author of eternal salvation to you.

HIS GREAT COMMAND

is: "Believe and live." Will you trust Him, then? For if you do, He is the author of eternal salvation to you. He whom I have tried to describe with all my heart—this blessed sympathetic fellow-sufferer of ours—He is willing and able to save all of you who will obey Him at this moment by trusting Him.

Note, that He is all this forever, for He is "a priest forever." If you could have seen Him when He came from Gethsemane, you think you could have trusted Him. Oh, trust Him to-day, for He is "called of God to be an high priest after the order of Melchisedec," and that order of Melchisedec is an everlasting and perpetual priesthood! He is able to-day to plead for you, able to-day to put away your sins. Oh that God the Holy Spirit may lead many of you to come and obey Him at once!

A heavy atmosphere fills this Tabernacle this morning, making it difficult to speak and more difficult to hear; but yet if some sudden news came to you, as the burning of your house, or the death of a dear child, you would shake off all lethargy and wake up from all dulness and heaviness of spirit, and therefore I claim your liveliest thoughts for the solemn subject which I have introduced to you. Think much of the Son of God, the Lord of heaven and earth, who for our salvation loved and lived and served and suffered. He that made man was made man. As a suppliant, with cries and tears He pleaded with God, even He before whom the hosts of heaven bow adoringly. He has still that tender-

ness to which He was trained by His sufferings; He bids you now come to Him. Ye that love Him approach Him now, and read the love which is engraven on His heart. You who have not hitherto known Him, come boldly to Him and trust Him who has come so near to you. The Man is very near akin unto us. Behold how He loves us! He bends to us with eternal salvation in His hands. Believe in Him and live. God grant it! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE CLERGY IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

[The part taken by the clergy of France in the excesses of the French Revolution of 1789, and the readiness with which they abjured religion altogether and avowed themselves infidels, has long seemed inexplicable. The following details about them show that their previous history prepared them to fall in a time of trial.]

The clerical elections to the States General are far more interesting than those of the noblesse, for in them first appeared the signs of what has been called the insurrection of the curés. The unequal division of the wealth of the Church in France is fairly shown by the fact that out of its income of two hundred and twenty-four millions of francs (\$44,800,000), the curés received but thirty-six millions (little more than one seventh of the whole), and the dignitaries of the Church expected to have in the electoral assemblies an influence proportionate to their wealth and rank; but they were to be greatly disappointed, for, acting under the advice of the curés of Dauphiné, the inferior clergy in nearly every province utterly disregarded their spiritual chiefs. In this behavior they were encouraged by their numbers, for the règlement allowed every beneficed curé or vicaire—as long as he returned himself or could find a substitute to sing mass on Sunday, if a Sunday intervened during the course of the elections—to be present at the electoral assembly and to vote in person, while even the wealthiest monasteries and chapters might only send single representatives, and the bishops had only their own votes. Beside the insurrection of the curés against their bishops, a strong feeling of dislike toward the monks on the part of the curés is as clearly perceived in the course of the electoral period. This feeling had shown itself very early in the reign of Louis XVI., and may be attributed in part to the suppression of the Jesuits, whose place as teachers of the inferior clergy had been taken by the oratorians, who held distinctly Jansenist opinions. It was a result of their education also that the curés differed from their bishops in their leniency toward Protestantism, and even toward rationalism; for, while as recently as January, 1788, the bishops in conclave at Paris had solemnly and emphatically protested against the very moderate concessions made to the Protestants, and had always condemned Rousseau, the country curés lived on good terms with the Protestant pastors and knew by heart Rousseau's "Confessions of a Savoyard Vicar."

The character of the bishops and dignitaries of the Church, from the very mode of their appointment, could hardly be expected to be particularly moral, or their sentiments particularly liberal. They were usually younger sons of wealthy noblemen or ministers of State; for in order to maintain the family property undivided, it was the custom for only one son of a noble house to be allowed to marry, while the others either took orders or became knights of the Order of St. John of Malta. Such bishops, and so chosen, could not be expected to be in sympathy with either the curés or the people. They lived in Paris, and regarded their dignities merely as sources of income, and were incessantly mixed up in court intrigues in order to procure their translation to richer sees.

* From "A History of the French Revolution," by H. Morse Stephens, which, owing to the discovery of a large number of important documents the existence of which was unknown to previous historians, is more complete and lucid than any of the older histories, clearing up difficulties and explaining facts which have been mysteries from that time to this. In three volumes, the first of which is now issued. Pp. 533; price, \$2.50; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



At the Pier-Head. (See page 742.)



Silas Epstein's Death-bed.

The unpopularity of monks and friars with the parochial clergy is easily accounted for by the fact that in nearly every parish the greater tithes, and even the greater portion of the lesser tithes, were exacted for the benefit of some distant monastery, which did nothing for the parish, while the curé had to do all the work for a mere pittance. Most of these monasteries were extremely wealthy, and as the number of monks had steadily declined for more than twenty-five years, it followed that the abbots and priors were richer than ever before. These appointments had fallen, like the bishoprics, under the control of the court, and were generally filled by cadets of noble families on their way to a bishopric, or held by them with a bishopric. The wealth, absenteeism, and superciliousness of the abbés and priors made monks in general unpopular, yet the individual monks who formed the communities had often as much reason to complain of their superiors as the curés or the people in general.

SILAS EPSTEIN'S DEATH.

(See Illustration.)

SILAS EPSTEIN was dying. There was no doubt about it, for Dr. Homer had declared there was no hope, and Dr. Rogers, who called him in, had said that if Homer could not save him no one in the world could. Beside this, Epstein himself felt that he was dying. He knew there was no hope of living, and what was worse there was no hope of eternal life. He was going out into the dark, and did not know what awaited him beyond. Christian ministers had warned him that eternal punishment awaited him, but Epstein did not believe them.

"If God is the Being you describe Him," he said, on one occasion, to a clergyman who had been more persistent than any one else in trying to get him to give attention to the things of God, "if God is my Father, as you say, He will not keep me in suffering through all eternity. You know no more about what lies beyond this life than I do. It is all a mystery. Maybe I shall not live again at all."

This was quite a long speech for the taciturn man to make. Usually, half a dozen words, spoken in a surly voice, were enough to shake off any one who worried him about religion, but that once he did speak out and showed how empty and barren was the soil within of any plant of hope. Yet now that he was dying he felt uncomfortable. He was not so easy in the thought of dying as he expected to be. He had a consciousness that, apart from his own condition—his own interests after death—he had not done right in neglecting God, and he was sure there was a God.

Epstein's wife and his two sons were like himself, utterly careless of religion, living for the world and oblivious of God and divine things. But his little daughter Jessie, the child of his old age, now about fourteen years old, was different from the others. To Epstein's great annoyance she had been taken by some of her school-fellows to Sunday-school, and when he attempted to prevent her going her distress was so great that Epstein, who loved the child intensely, gave way, and let her continue to go. She was away on a visit just now, but he had her sent for; he felt he must see her before he died. He counted the hours until she came, and when he heard her he sent every one out of the room that he might see her alone.

"Father! Dear father!" she said, as she threw her arms around him and was clasped in his embrace.

"Jessie, my child, I am going to leave you. Poor Jessie!" he said, looking at her lovingly.

Jessie's tears came into her eyes and welled over, and the father could not keep back his own. They were silent a few moments and then the father said,

"You've been a good daughter, Jessie; you love your father dearly?"

"Very dearly, father," said Jessie.

"I wish you would pray for me, Jessie. I believe there is no one in the house beside you who knows how. I have neglected it; I think I have been wrong now."

"Oh, father, let me fetch our minister to

show you how to be saved. I am sure you can be saved if you will. Jesus will receive you."

"No, my child, I want no minister. I do not believe in these things at all, but I would like you to pray. There is no time now for anything more."

Full of sorrow, but afraid to cross him by urging him further, Jessie knelt down and prayed. She begged for her father's life, for time to be given him for repentance, for the Holy Spirit to show him the way of salvation. She held his hand in hers as she prayed, and she felt it twitch violently. She looked up, saw a spasm pass over the face of her father, and then the jaw fell. She rose and called her mother. They came to him quickly; but it was too late. Epstein was dead, and there was no hope.

THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

(See Portrait on page 749.)

THE death of ex-President Arthur has come on the nation as a surprise. When he returned to his home a few weeks ago, very hopeful reports of his condition were sent out. It was stated that he had made so much progress during his sojourn at New London that he expected to be well enough soon to resume his law business. He remained quietly at home, however, and was evidently still suffering. On Wednesday morning, November 17th, his attendant, entering his bedroom to call him, at the usual hour, found him unconscious. Medical assistance was at once summoned, and it was found that he was suffering from cerebral apoplexy. He recovered consciousness under medical treatment, but was unable to speak. He lay in that condition until five o'clock on Thursday morning, when he quietly passed away.

Chester Alan Arthur was fifty-six years of age, having been born October 5th, 1830, in Franklin County, Vt. He was the eldest son of Rev. William Arthur, a Baptist clergyman, who emigrated to this country from the County Antrim, Ireland, in his eighteenth year, and died October 27th, 1875, in Newtonville, near Albany. General Arthur was educated at Union

College, and afterward taught a country school during two years in Vermont, and then, having managed by rigid economy to save about \$500, he started for New York, and entered the law office of ex-Judge E. D. Culver as a student. After being admitted to the Bar, he formed a partnership with his intimate friend and room-mate, Henry D. Gardiner, with the intention of practising in the West, and for three months they roamed about in the Western States in search of an eligible site, but in the end returned to New York, where they hung out their joint shingle, and entered upon a successful legal career. General Arthur soon afterward married the daughter of Lieutenant Herndon, United States Navy. Mrs. Arthur died in 1880, deeply lamented by her husband and children.

General Arthur was a delegate to the Convention at Saratoga that founded the Republican Party. Previous to the outbreak of the war he was Judge Advocate of the Second Brigade of the State Militia, and Governor Edwin D. Morgan, soon after his inauguration, selected him to fill the position of Engineer-in-Chief of his staff. In 1861 he held the post of Inspector-General, and soon afterward was advanced to that of Quartermaster-General, which he held until the expiration of Morgan's term of office.

At the expiration of Governor Morgan's term, General Arthur returned to his law practice, and for a short time held the position of counsel to the Board of Tax Commissioners of New York, at \$10,000 per annum. That office he resigned when he discovered that he could hold it only on terms inconsistent with his standard of integrity. On November 20th, 1871, President Grant nominated General Arthur to the office of Collector of the Port of New York, and four years later, when his term expired, renominated him, an honor that had never been shown to any previous Collector in the history of the port. He was removed by President Hayes on July 12th, 1878, despite the fact that two special committees made searching investigation into his administration, and both reported themselves unable to find anything upon which to base a charge against him. In their pronouncements announcing the change, both President Hayes and Secretary Sherman bore official witness to the purity of his acts while in office. A petition for his retention was signed by every judge of every court in the city, by all the prominent members of the Bar, and by nearly every important merchant in the collection district, but this General Arthur suppressed.

After General Arthur's removal from the Custom House he engaged in the practice of the law, and in the direction of Republican political affairs in the State, being Chairman of the Republican State Committee. At the Chicago Convention of 1880 he was nominated to the second place on the Republican ticket, and elected. When President Garfield died on September 19th, 1881, General Arthur became his constitutional successor, and was duly sworn in as President of the United States. Many fears were entertained when he commenced his term lest his previous relations with partisan politics would render his course in the Presidential chair injurious to national interests; but his conduct throughout his term was singularly judicious, dignified, and patriotic. When he



The Late Ex-President Arthur.

left the White House he stood higher in the estimation of the people than he did when he entered it—a record almost unique in the history of the Presidents. In person he was over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, athletic, and handsome. He was a member of the Episcopal Church.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 735.)

Among Old Friends.

THE last day of school was now near at hand. No child in a boarding-school far away from a happy home, no prisoner serving a term in a penitentiary had ever looked forward to the day of release with more yearning than Leroy had anticipated this day. He could scarcely realize it when it came at last. He rose early, spent a long period in prayer, and then went out for a walk before commencing the duties of the day. He tried to shut out of his mind the thought of its significance, but it would force itself on his consciousness and caused the hours to pass in a dreamy, ecstatic manner altogether new to him. When the school was over, and the last of the children gone, he shut the doors and sat down to think it all over.

He went back in thought to the day when he first entered those doors. What was he then? A gloomy, discontented, disappointed man! First, there had been the vexatious fact that he was thrown back a whole year in his studies. True, the sacrifice had been voluntary, and there was the alleviating thought that his dear mother had been relieved by it of her embarrassment. The consciousness of having done right, of having sacrificed himself for another, and that other the one whom he loved to serve,

had soothed him; but the annoyance, the irritation produced by the fact that the sacrifice had been required had been hard to bear.

Then there had been the heart-breaking disappointment that had resulted from Carrie's rejection of him. That was the worst of all. Carrie's conduct seemed capricious to him then; it appeared as if she had been playing with his love, letting it grow and develop without uttering a word to warn him that it could never come to fruition. He remembered well how he had felt about her when he commenced the drudgery now ended. Very bitterly had he felt toward her as of one who had wronged him deeply. It had been the bitterest drop in the cup that was full of bitterness.

But, looking back to that day now in his new life, he saw that the real essence of his misery was in his attitude toward God. The troubles would have been far less heavy if he had possessed faith. They had seemed to him the product of a destiny inimical to him. His load was piled up by some malignant fate which took satanic delight in laying burdens upon him, manacled his feet, and tripping him up in his efforts to rise and distinguish himself.

The survey of the year's events, the sharp and blessed contrast between the end and the beginning of his school-work could have but one result—that of overflowing thankfulness to God for bringing him to this better time and open-

ing his blinded eyes. He rose and turned the key in the door of the school-house, and there, with the associations of his struggle, his trial, and his victory all around him, he poured out his heart in thanksgiving. Thus, the period that had commenced in darkness and discontent and fierce rebellion, ended in light and joy and thankfulness. He left the school-house for the last time, a graver, humbler man, but one far better and happier than he who entered it a few months before.

The scene in the Christian home on the first night of his return was one never to be forgotten. The joyful news that at last her prayers were answered filled the mother's heart with gladness too deep for utterance. She knew it would come, she said, but she feared she would not see it while she lived. Leroy, her own boy, the pride and joy of her life, the boy who had sacrificed himself for her, the boy for whom she had prayed without ceasing, the boy who had been lost, was found! The news was so delightful that she could say, like aged Simeon: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Clinging to Leroy's hand as, seated in the old room hallowed by many varied associations, he spoke reverently of his faith and hope and love, her eyes filled with tears, the happiest she had ever shed. And Allan, too, was made happy. He could welcome Leroy as his brother in a double sense. Brotherhood in Christ is very close and very pleasant, but never does it draw two hearts together in a sweeter, holier bond than when it unites brethren according to the flesh. Allan was no longer the teacher in divine things. As a great cathedral which has been admired by the unlearned and has been an object of awe and veneration to those who have never seen other architectural triumphs becomes far more wonderful to them when a friend who has studied deeply and has travelled far explains its beauties

* Copyright reserved by the author.

to them, and shows wherein it surpasses other edifices, so the Christian religion became to Allan under Leroy's impassioned words a greater and a grander thing than he had ever supposed it to be. To Allan and his mother that summer vacation was a time of wondrous delight.

Leroy hesitated long before deciding to return to N. S. College. He realized that a return would necessarily involve pain to him. All its scenes and associations would speak to him of Carrie, and that was still a string of his harp that gave forth a moan when it was touched. True, she would not be there. The newspaper so obligingly sent to him had said that she would be married before the coming term, but still the walks, the church, and the college buildings would remind him of her at every turn, and he felt that only in forgetfulness of her was there a prospect of peace of mind. On the other hand, did not his duty lie there? In the very place where he had been most outspoken against Christianity was it not right that he should declare how great things God had done for him? He was known there as a sceptic, as an almost avowed infidel, had been accepted by the younger students as a leader in the anti-Christian campaign. Some of them probably had been helped along the bad way and encouraged by his example. It was due to them that they should witness the change. It might be that even now when Christianity was being advocated, or when there was a debate and the claims of Christ were being pressed, some might be saying: "Ah, if Ransom were here, these Christians would be confuted." Clearly there was no place where there was so bright a prospect of his doing good as at the N. S. College, and to Leroy, now, that was a weighty consideration. Yes; he would take up the cross of the pain which the old place with its associations of his lost love must give, and would go back to declare that he had been brought into the light.

The news of his return passed quickly through the rooms as the students gathered after the vacation in little groups to talk over the holiday, the coming term, and renew old friendships. It was welcome news to many, for in spite of his conceit and his impatience, Leroy had been popular in the college. He had quite an ovation when he met them all in his favorite haunt which had been the scene of his triumphs, the Franklin Society. The old friends crowded around him as he appeared at the first assembly, shaking his hand, and joining in giving him a hearty welcome. Yet all the congratulations and the pleasure the welcome gave him could not prevent a feeling of sadness as he seemed again to see the form of Carrie appear on the stage and read her essay and retire. He tried to brush the feeling aside, and soon was engrossed in an earnest conversation with his favorite tutor, Professor Rich.

He told him about the change that had taken place in his life. As he proceeded in the narrative the smiling professor wiped his nose, then quickly elevated his handkerchief to his eyes to brush away a tear, and tried hard to be unmoved; at last he took Leroy's hand, but was too full to utter a word. However, after suppressing his emotions, he said, quoting Leroy's puerile peroration to his famous speech: "Let them fight. Let them fight it out," and he made the biggest kind of an effort to laugh.

By some means the president of the society discovered that Leroy was converted from his unbelief, and he called him to the stage to open with prayer. The house was almost as quiet as the tomb as the young sceptic's voice rose softly in the room. It was a simple, earnest prayer—an acknowledgment of past sin, a supplication for forgiveness of past doubt and irreverence, an expression of gratitude for the convincing power of the unhindered truth, and a petition for the good Father's blessing upon the college and society at the beginning of the term. His voice trembled as he thanked God that old friends had been permitted to meet in those dear halls again.

All hearts were touched and thrilled by that

simple, fervent prayer. Leroy took his seat in the audience, and the exercises began. Francis Train was there with his lively humor. He made the speech of welcome to the new students and to old students returned. It was a brilliant performance, and went even beyond the high expectations of his admirers.

During one of the performances Leroy turned and looked back over the audience; and there, with her beautiful black eyes bent full upon him, was Carrie West! What did it mean? He thought she was not coming back to college, and he did not know but that she was married by this time. How all his old love was revived again! But it would do no good, for he said: "She is engaged, she is engaged!"

The mystery of her presence perplexed him, but he would ask for no information. It was his cross, and he would bear it silently. But he must fight his battle in his own way, and he knew that in only one way could he hope for victory, and that was to shut her resolutely out of his life. Evidently something had arisen to postpone her marriage. Possibly Carrie herself with her own characteristic decision and firmness had insisted on finishing her college course before being married. It would be just like her to do that. Well, he would not interfere; he would do nothing dishonorable, and he would avoid temptation, for he well knew that if he came under the power of her fascination he might lose his self-control, and in a moment of weakness he might utter words that he ought not to speak to the affianced wife of another man. He resolved that he would never speak of her, would never meet her if he could help it, and would never trust himself to remain in her company. Yet suddenly it crossed his mind that they would necessarily be brought into close contact. When he was here before he was one term ahead of her, but now that he had lost a term she must have overtaken him, and this year they would be in the same class. Well, so it must be. It would make the struggle a little harder, that was all. He must exercise additional care, must be more upon his guard, and as the danger of seeing her more frequently had increased, he must be more than ever careful not to speak to her. He dreaded most of all things the weakness that he was conscious of which might lead him to dishonor.

During the next few days Leroy necessarily met her repeatedly, but, though her eyes were bent upon him with recognition, he only formally bowed when they met.

"I can do no more than bow to her," he said to Burt, who had also returned to college after a year's absence. "She is engaged, and I have no right to do anything to bring about an interview. I must bear it. But I love her more than ever. If I had known she would be here, I never would have come back to the N. S."

Thus several weeks passed, and every time Leroy met Carrie she seemed more beautiful, and he loved her more passionately; and yet he avoided her.

One day Professor Rich proposed a botanical excursion to the woods. It was agreed to with applause by the class, and on a bright afternoon thirty young men and women, led by Professor Rich, were making their way to the woods with tweezers, magnifying-glasses, microscopes, pressing chests, and other botanical apparatus. They were a gay crowd, and soon scores of flowers were dissected without mercy, and corolla, calyx, stamens, pistil, ovary, etc., were all subjected to close analysis, while "Professor Rich!" and "Oh, Professor!" were heard everywhere.

When the afternoon was about half passed Carrie wandered away from the crowd and sat down on the bank of a little purling brook at the edge of the woods. She seemed to be troubled. She leaned her forehead on her hand and was lost in meditation. The little brook seemed to whisper to her sad heart. Suddenly she heard some one jump from the fence on the other side of the stream at a little distance, and looking up, she saw Leroy with a bunch of

beautiful flowers in his hand. She was directly in his way.

He started when he observed her, and would have passed her at some distance with a formal bow, but she rose and spoke to him.

"Mr. Ransom, may I speak with you?"

"Certainly," he said, freezingly, as he drew near.

"Leroy, what has happened? Tell me what has happened that you—" she hesitated and looked inquiringly into his face.

"Carrie, do you wish to stir up old memories? I have already suffered enough on your account. We had better never speak," he replied, bitterly; and it seemed he would tear himself away from her, but could not.

"Leroy," she said, speaking with a distressed look on her face, while her cheeks burned, and a struggle between maidenly reserve and affection seemed to be going on within, "I do not understand you. Do you bear resentment toward me? Why is it better that we should never speak? Have our relations so utterly changed since we parted?"

"No," he said, bitterly, "there is no change in them. I am still the rejected suitor and you are still the being I love best on earth. Oh, forgive me, Carrie, for saying so. I am very weak where you are concerned. You have tried me beyond my strength. It is the only safe way that I have chosen. We must avoid each other. I cannot be in your society and refrain from uttering words that no honorable man should speak to a lady engaged to another. I will do my duty to the utmost of my power, and you must help me for the sake of old times. You can help me in that way only by avoiding me. We may be friends some day; but while the wound is still unhealed we must be as strangers."

She smothered a cry that was just rising to her lips.

"Leroy, you are talking nonsense," she said. "I am engaged to no man."

"Engaged to no man?" he cried. "Who sent me a paper from your town with that paragraph marked with blue pencil?"

She went up close to him and looked him firmly in the eyes.

"I know nothing about it, Leroy. I never knew you received such a paper. I never saw such a paper—Oh, I remember now. There was a paragraph in one of our papers which seemed to refer to me, but I never dreamed that you had seen it. Besides, it was corrected afterward."

"But my brother Allan heard that you were to be married to one of the students."

"It is a mistake. I never thought of marrying any man but—" she could not finish that sentence. His heart went right out to her.

"Carrie, give me your blessed hand once again. Dear hand and dear girl. Once you said you could not be my wife on account of a certain obstacle. I know now what it was. Is the obstacle removed?"

"It is, Leroy," she answered, softly.

"Will you be mine, Carrie, for earth and for heaven?"

"I will," she said, just a little coyly, but sweetly.

"And I love you more than ever, Carrie dear. My own lost Atlantis girl found!" And the impulsive man took her face between both his hands and kissed her brow and cheeks and lips.

Just then they heard some crackling among the underbrush at a short distance in the woods, but on looking in that direction they could see nothing. It might have been but a squirrel or pheasant.

"Leroy, do you remember that I said, 'If ever you meet with some great happiness let me know?' You met with it, did you not?"

"I did, Carrie, and I knew what you meant as soon as it came. But I could not understand it before."

"But why did you not write?"

"Because I thought you were engaged. But you're not—yes you are, to me, thank God!"

"Well, let us sit down here on the green bank

of this stream, and then tell me all about your great happiness."

And those two happy ones sat down by the singing brook, and he told her of all his woe and his great final victory, until the tears fell silently down her cheek into the stream babbling at their feet.

"And the sorrow is over now, and you and I are happy again. You have taught me that this is a glad world." And he pressed his lips upon her brow again.

"Who could have sent me that paper with the false paragraph?" Leroy said.

"I have no idea."

"It must have been a friend, or, perhaps, a foe."

"One or the other, I'm sure. But it doesn't matter now."

She said this last so sweetly that he kissed her again.

When they went back to Professor Rich he looked at them with a merry twinkie in his eye, and said, "You two seem to have found the finest botanical specimen of your lives to-day."

(To be concluded.)

WORSHIPPING GOD AND THE LAMB.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 5, Rev. 5. Golden Text, ver. 12.

What Worship is—Services Which are Not Worship—God's Sample of Worship—John Invited to Witness—The Vision of Perfect Light—Of Christ's Fourfold Character—The Unceasing Proclamation of the Living Creatures—The Sealed Book—John Weeping—Praise for Him Who Opens It—Christ Holding the Key of the Future—The Great Choir—John Prepared for the Judgments.

WE are in the habit of calling an ordinary religious service in a church or chapel "the worship of God." It ought to be so, but generally it is not so at all. A service which consists chiefly of prayer to God, hymns about our own experience or hymns of prayer, and exhortations addressed to saints or sinners, is not worship; no element of worship lies in these things. To worship God is to adore, to revere, to praise Him for what He is, as well as for what He has done for us. Our need drives us to pray, the need of others drives us to exhortation; but the greatness, the goodness, the love, the holiness of God lead us to worship Him. An unsaved soul cannot worship God, for he does not know Him, and how can he appreciate One whom he knows not? The ordinary tone of our modern hymns is not that of worship; self, in its needs, its aspirations, its devotion, figures more largely in them than does God.

Let us turn to

GOD'S SAMPLE OF WORSHIP.

A door is open in heaven, the thoughts of the Apostle John are raised above earth, and his attention is fixed on God, not in relation to himself, but on God as God, on God as He is in heaven. Thus occupied, John hears a voice saying to him: "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter." And immediately he is in the Spirit, and God dawns upon him. He sees a throne, and One fills it, One whose glory has already so shone upon him that when he saw Him, he fell at His feet as dead. He sees four and twenty crowned elders round about, not angels, but glorified men, close to the very throne of God. He sees and hears "lightnings and thunderings and voices," but he sees Him who controls them all. And he sees "seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God." And he sees also "before the throne a glassy sea like unto crystal" (R. V.). And then he sees, in the very midst of the throne, another representation of glorified man. The substance of his vision is God and glorified man—glorified man one with God, and the blessed Spirit filling the same office for John in heaven as He does for us on earth—

SHEDDING LIGHT ON GOD,

and making God manifest to us; and therefore He takes the form of seven lamps, to signify perfect light. The four living creatures represent Jesus in His fourfold character—as the lion, *i.e.*, as King; as the calf, *i.e.*, as Servant and Sacrifice; as the Man, and as the flying eagle, *i.e.*, as God, just as Christ is set forth by the Apostle Matthew as King, by Mark as Servant, by Luke as Man, and by John as God.

No single Christian reflects the whole of Christ—we are parts which make up a whole—"that which every joint supplieth," members of one body, and members one of another (Rom. 12:4-8; 1 Cor. 12). It is as we are fitted together in Christ that we reflect Him upon the world. It is these four living creatures, perfectly united and yet so different the one from the other, who are in the midst of the throne of God—not merely round about the throne as the four and twenty elders are. "And they have no rest day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God, the Almighty, which was, and which is, and which cometh" (R. V. marg.). Just as in our present state we breathe day and night, so those holy ones in heaven worship day and night, are occupied day and night with what God is. And there is no more monotony in this to them than there is in breathing to us: we breathe in and breathe out the atmosphere; these breathe in and breathe out God. This is worship. Their example provokes the elders, who fall down and worship Him that sits upon the throne. And before the throne of God they cast down their crowns—their hearts acknowledge Him as the only One who has dominion, and they say, "Worthy art Thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power; for Thou didst create all things, and because of Thy will they are, and were created." This, again, is worship.

OH, HOW MAN SEEKS GLORY!

How he likes to get credit for what he does! How he likes to hear some one remark, "What a fine voice you have!" "What intelligent children you have; how well they are managed!" "How tastefully your garden is laid out!" And children of God are often far from insensible to this kind of thing. "I do like to hear you speak in a meeting," "Your letters are such a help to me," "I always feel the presence of God when I am with you." "No one helps me as you do." These expressions are often welcome to a Christian worker. But who gets the glory? The instrument, or the hand which holds it? No one would venture to say: "Worthy am I to receive glory," and yet, in accepting from others that which attributes anything to us, we are taking to ourselves the glory of which God alone is worthy, for it is only as He uses us that we can be helpful to others at all. The glory and honor are His by right, because "the power" is His by right.

The apostle sees in the hand of Him that sat upon the throne a book, or roll, so fully written that the very cover had been used up, and yet "sealed with seven seals," so that none could read it. The question was raised in heaven, "Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof? And no one in the heaven, or on the earth, or under the earth, was able to open the book, or to look thereon." Was there, then, inability in heaven? John weeps; it is all he can do; but the inhabitants of heaven can do something more—they can look unto Jesus; and one of the elders says to John:

"WEEP NOT; BEHOLD

(Look up and see what Jesus can do), the Lion that is of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath overcome, to open the book and the seven seals thereof." The language of Jesus on earth, the authoritative "Weep not" of Him who removes the cause for weeping, is the language of heaven. John looks up, and sees, in the midst of the living creatures and the elders, a Lamb standing as though it had been slain, having seven horns (perfect power) and seven eyes (perfect knowledge), which are the seven Spirits

of God, sent forth into all the earth. John sees Him take the book, and this is the signal for one burst of praise and worship. These inhabitants of heaven have each a harp, and each a golden bowl full of the prayers of saints. The saints are upon the earth, but John sees their prayers treasured up in heaven as sweet incense. "And they sing a new song," but it is on an old theme—"Worthy art Thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with Thy blood men of every tribe and tongue and people and nation and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests; and they reign upon the earth" (R. V.).

Who can open the book of the future but He who has the key of the past? Jesus has conquered the past, has wrested the keys of death and of Hades from him who had the power of death, even the devil, and He, the Son of God, He, the Son of Man, Satan's conqueror, has

THE KEY OF THE FUTURE,

too. These heavenly worshippers all sing redemption songs: "Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with Thy blood," etc. Although the rendering of the Revised Version does not make this so clearly a song of personal redemption as does the Authorized Version, which reads: "Thou . . . hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, . . . and hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests, and we shall reign on the earth," yet there is every reason to believe that the singers are redeemed souls.

Immediately after their song of worship, John sees and hears "a voice of many angels round about the throne," in addition to that of the living creatures and elders, who cannot therefore be themselves angels, and so must be glorified men. The number of the angels was "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." They formed an almost infinite choir, and were "Saying with a great voice, Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing." It was a wondrous awakening up to worship—beginning with the living creatures which were in the midst of the throne, spreading to the four and twenty elders, and from them to the countless angels. But it does not stop there. Having filled heaven, the song comes down to earth, and vibrates throughout the universe. "Every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Praise begins in heaven; it cannot originate down here. Our praise and worship is, after all, but an echo, yet a blessed echo, of the praise of heaven created in our souls by the Holy Ghost. The apostle was about to see visions of destruction, of the powers and triumph, for the time, of the Antichrist and of Satan, and God showed him first this wondrous scene of the whole universe worshipping God, the end which should come after all the scenes of horror, when Christ comes to take "vengeance on those that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

GOD SEES THE END FROM THE BEGINNING,

and He is letting John see a little of the end of His dealings that he may not be stumbled as one after another of the seven seals is broken, and he sees the terrible judgments which are coming upon the earth. Oh, how precious it is to know that when we are worshipping our God, even in our lame, ignorant way, we are joining with those around the throne, that when in every hour of our lives we are quietly but fully attributing all the power, honor, and glory of all we do to Him whose is the power and the glory, we are really exercising for a higher service yonder, when "we shall see Him as He is," and reciprocate His thoughts, His love, as we cannot in our finite life down here. Oh, let our lives be a true worship of God and of the Lamb, who alone is worthy!

DAILY VICTORY.

I want a present, living faith,
That I may prove each day, each hour,
Amid the toils and cares of life,
My precious Saviour's love and power;
I want, amid the petty cares
That daily worry and annoy,
To live by faith so near my God
That life shall be a constant joy.

I want a firm, unwavering faith,
That bringeth good from seeming ill;
That, e'en amid affliction's blast,
Rejoices in the Father's will;
That when long-cherished hope's denied,
Still sings a "glad triumphant song,"
Knowing that He who reigns on high—
A God of love—can do no wrong.

I want a faith that falters not,
Let skies be bright or tempest beat,
That 'mid earth's joys, and cares, and griefs
Victorious sits at Jesus' feet.
Give me such faith, and then I know
When I shall pass cold Jordan's wave,
The faith that kept me day by day
Will be triumphant o'er the grave.

—Selected.

\$1,000 Reward

for your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, whatever your locality, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes awaits every worker.

Just what you want for your Sunday School class. Read marked advertisement in last week's paper. Good profit to agents.

Send for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GUTLERY by mail, post paid, at following LOW PRICES, a saving of 30 per cent.: A GOOD RAZOR, ready for use, \$1; a three-bladed shell-handled POCKET KNIFE, 75 cents; a four-bladed Pearl PEN KNIFE, \$1; ladies' two-bladed PEN KNIFE, 50 cents; an elegant CORN KNIFE, 75 cents; best made DAMASCUS STEEL CARVER and FORK, \$1.75; FAMILY SHEARS, 75 cents; LADIES' SCISSORS, 65 cents; RAZOR STROP, 75 cents; BREAD KNIFE, 65 cents; FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS, 75 cents; Curved Scissors for trimming nails. Every care has been taken to make our goods first-class, and we guarantee every article offered. Large stock always on hand. Postage stamps taken. Established 1879.

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., Practical Outlers.
173 William St., New York.

CLUB ORDERS

Teas of 30, 50, 75, 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 600, 750, 1000, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7500, 10000, 15000, 20000, 25000, 30000, 40000, 50000, 60000, 75000, 100000, 150000, 200000, 250000, 300000, 400000, 500000, 600000, 750000, 1000000, 1500000, 2000000, 2500000, 3000000, 4000000, 5000000, 6000000, 7500000, 10000000, 15000000, 20000000, 25000000, 30000000, 40000000, 50000000, 60000000, 75000000, 100000000, 150000000, 200000000, 250000000, 300000000, 400000000, 500000000, 600000000, 750000000, 1000000000, 1500000000, 2000000000, 2500000000, 3000000000, 4000000000, 5000000000, 6000000000, 7500000000, 10000000000, 15000000000, 20000000000, 25000000000, 30000000000, 40000000000, 50000000000, 60000000000, 75000000000, 100000000000, 150000000000, 200000000000, 250000000000, 300000000000, 400000000000, 500000000000, 600000000000, 750000000000, 1000000000000, 1500000000000, 2000000000000, 2500000000000, 3000000000000, 4000000000000, 5000000000000, 6000000000000, 7500000000000, 10000000000000, 15000000000000, 20000000000000, 25000000000000, 30000000000000, 40000000000000, 50000000000000, 60000000000000, 75000000000000, 100000000000000, 150000000000000, 200000000000000, 250000000000000, 300000000000000, 400000000000000, 500000000000000, 600000000000000, 750000000000000, 1000000000000000, 1500000000000000, 2000000000000000, 2500000000000000, 3000000000000000, 4000000000000000, 5000000000000000, 6000000000000000, 7500000000000000, 10000000000000000, 15000000000000000, 20000000000000000, 25000000000000000, 30000000000000000, 40000000000000000, 50000000000000000, 60000000000000000, 75000000000000000, 100000000000000000, 150000000000000000, 200000000000000000, 250000000000000000, 300000000000000000, 400000000000000000, 500000000000000000, 600000000000000000, 750000000000000000, 1000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000, 2000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000, 3000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000, 10000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000000000000000, 10000000000000000000000000000000000000, 15000000000000000000000000000000000000, 20000000000000000000000000000000000000, 25000000000000000000000000000000000000, 30000000000000000000000000000000000000, 40000000000000000000000000000000000000, 50000000000000000000000000000000000000, 60000000000000000000000000000000000000, 75000000000000000000000000000000000000, 100000000000000000000000000000000000000, 150000000000000000000000000000000000000, 200000000000000000000000000000000000000, 250000000000000000000000000000000000000, 300000000000000000000000000000000000000, 400000000000000000000000000000000000000, 500000000000000000000000000000000000000, 600000000000000000000000000000000000000, 750000000000000000000000000000000000000, 1000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 1500000000000000000000000000000000000000, 2000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 2500000000000000000000000000000000000000, 3000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 4000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 5000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 6000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 7500000000000000000000000000000000000000, 100, 15000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 200, 25000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 300, 400, 500, 600, 75000000000000000000000000000000000000000, 1000, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7500, 100, 15000, 200, 25000, 300, 400, 500, 600, 75000, 1000, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7500, 100, 15000, 200, 25000, 300, 400, 500, 600, 75000, 1000, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7500, 100, 15000, 200, 25000, 300, 400, 500, 600, 75000, 1000, 1500, 2000, 2500

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 48.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

A FAMILY PROBLEM. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

MODERN DELUSIONS. Dr. A. J. Gordon's Address at the Chicago Conference.

Medical Mission Work in India—Progress in Laos—A Novel Demand—Services in Hell's Kitchen.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Year in the Post-Office—The Record of the National Banks—The Anarchists Reprieved—More Pernicious Activity—A Government Crisis in France—The Stars and Stripes in Samoa—A Reminiscence of President Arthur, etc.

DOGS IN THE MANGER. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURE OF BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET. Gems from New Books: Superstitions in China. ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

GEORGE'S ACCIDENT. (With Illustration.)

THE WAY OUT. A Serial Story. (Concluded.)

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN. by Mrs. M. Baxter.



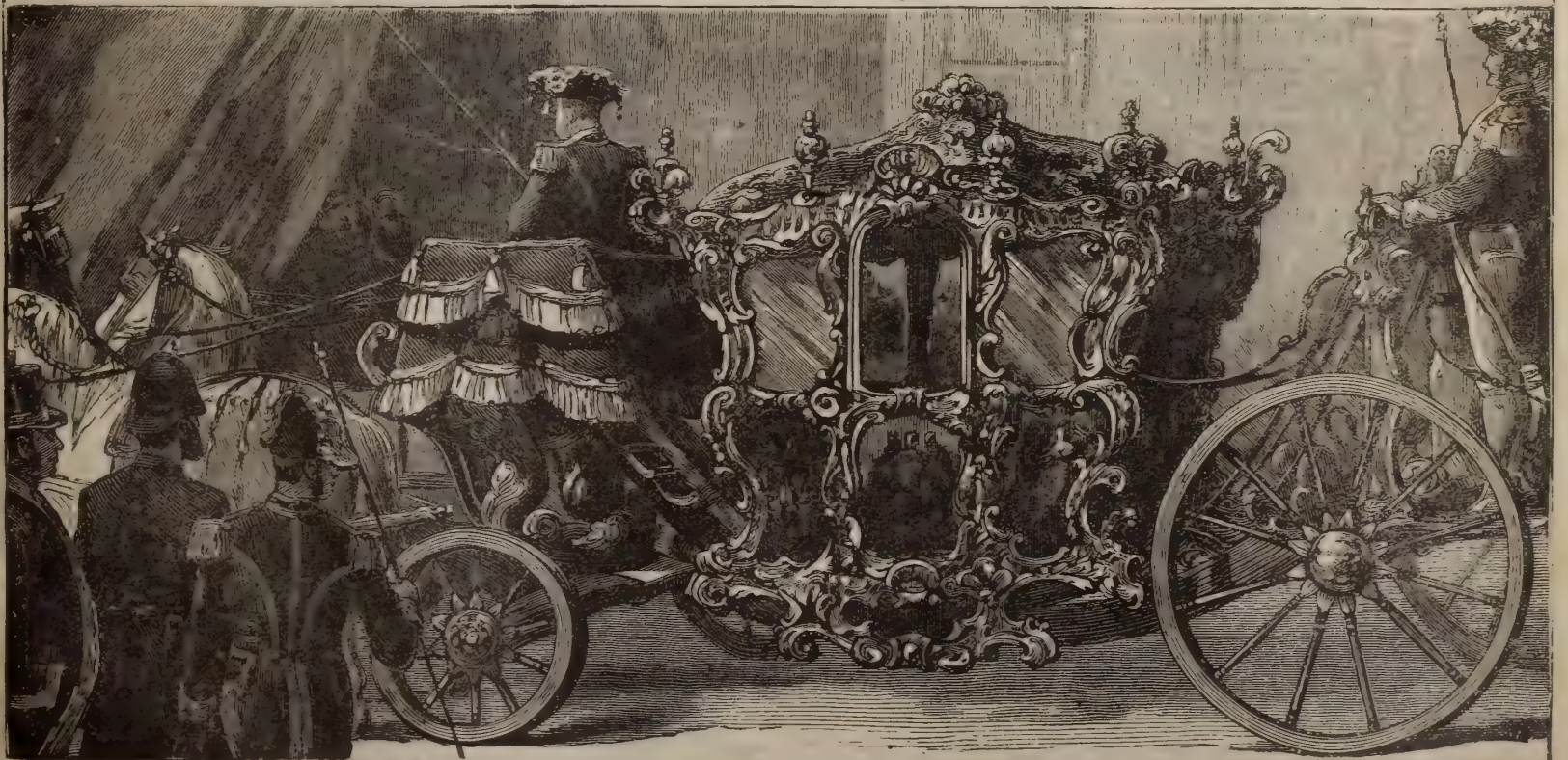
MR. HENRY A. ISAACS, Sheriff of London.



SIR REGINALD HANSON, New Lord Mayor of London.



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. KIRBY, Sheriff of London.



The New Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London—The Lord Mayor's State Coach.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

INCREASED interest attached this year to the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of London because of the social condition of the British metropolis and the threatened demonstration of the Socialists. It has been the custom for many years to make the procession, and the subsequent ceremonies, a most magnificent spectacle. Succeeding Lord Mayors have vied with their predecessors in costly display. They are usually wealthy merchants, seldom, if ever, aristocrats, and, as is common in such cases, they are apt to think that a lavish exhibition of their opulence is not vulgar, but commendable. It is gratifying to their pride to have it said by their fellow-citizens how large a sum was spent during their term of office, and how well they maintained the reputation of the Mansion House in their incumbency.

While a penurious Lord Mayor would certainly be unpopular, and would be despised even by the poor, there has grown up a strong feeling among all classes that

THE MONEY SPENT

on processions and feasts might be better employed. If the Lord Mayor desires to show how wealthy he is, and to celebrate his attainment of the highest dignity a citizen can reach by a lavish outlay, the citizens, especially those who read the New Testament, have thought that it would be better, instead of feasting aldermen, to give a good dinner to the poor and hungry, or to spend a little money in improving the wretched homes in which the London poor live. The cost of one or two feasts would do much for the permanent benefit of poor families if judiciously laid out. Five thousand dollars placed in the hands of half a dozen city missionaries for distribution or investment would be a wiser and more Christian thing for a Lord Mayor to do than to put the like amount before opulent citizens in the shape of costly viands and rare wines. But the Lord Mayors and the aldermen of London, like the civic officers of our great cities, seem to have forgotten the existence of the poor, and have flaunted their wealth in the faces of the starving with a provocation almost maddening. This year it was proposed by the Socialist clubs of London, which are doing the bad work of directing the discontented people to violent methods of equalizing social conditions, to remind the Lord Mayor of the prevailing want by sending a large deputation of starving men to take part in his procession.

THE PANIC.

A general panic spread through London when the threat was uttered, for it was not at all improbable that the excitement caused by such an exhibition of the contrast between the very rich and the very poor might lead to outrages, and a general raid on the stores and banks. Extensive preparations for quelling a riot were made by the authorities; police and soldiers were stationed at strategic points, and arrangements made to promptly check an outbreak in its first stage. The store-keepers also protected their premises by strong barricades. Whether better counsels prevailed with the Socialists or the extent of the preparations discouraged them is uncertain, but the threatened outbreak did not occur, and London breathed more easily as the day passed without trouble. Though that danger has passed, it may be hoped that the Lord Mayor, and people of his class, will not be lulled into a false security. They cannot rid themselves of responsibility. They may by the strong force of police and military at their command succeed in preserving order, but the time will come when the God of the poor will call them to account, and will require of them an answer to the question of why they disregarded His warning to men who, having this world's goods and seeing their brethren have need, shut up their bowels of compassion from them (1 John 3:17). They and the corresponding class on this side the Atlantic may be assured that the inquisition then made by the Almighty Avenger of the poor will be a searching one.

The new Lord Mayor of London, whose portrait appears on the preceding page, is

SIR REGINALD HANSON,

the head of a firm of wholesale fruit dealers doing business in Botolph Lane. His family has been connected with the same locality for one hundred and forty-four years, and he himself was born in the same house in Botolph Lane as his father and grandfather were. He was born May 31st, 1840, and is therefore now forty-six years of age. He was educated at Rugby during Dean Goulbourn's head-mastership, and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees of B.A. and M.A. The last old Rugbeian who was Lord Mayor was Sir W. Plomer, who filled the office in 1781.

After a visit to Australia he entered his father's business, and at the beginning of the volunteer movement he joined the London Rifle Brigade with twenty-five of his clerks. In this corps he remained till 1880. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Common Council, and has been Alderman since 1880; was Sheriff of London in 1881-82, and is honorary colonel of a battalion Royal Fusiliers, in which his second son is junior lieutenant, his elder being an officer in a battalion of infantry. He is a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, and Deputy Lieutenant for the city of London and the Tower Hamlets. He was knighted, with his colleague, when the Queen visited Epping Forest. He is in politics a Conservative. In 1866 he married a daughter of Mr. C. Bingley, of Stanhope Park, Middlesex, and his family consists of the two sons above mentioned, and two daughters.

ANCIENT CEREMONIES.

On the morning of October 25th, Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, attended by the Recorder of London, the sheriffs, and the other high officers of the corporation, together with Alderman Sir Robert Carden, Alderman Sir William M'Arthur, and Mr. Alderman Knill, went in state to the House of Lords to receive from the Lord Chancellor the customary expression of her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens of London in electing Sir Reginald Hanson to be the Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

The Recorder, according to ancient custom, addressing the Lord Chancellor, said he had the honor to introduce Alderman Sir R. Hanson, elected by the Livery of London, and chosen by his brethren of the Court of Aldermen to be Lord Mayor for the year ensuing.

The Lord Chancellor, in reply, said: "My Lord Mayor elect, it is no wonder, from the distinguished career both of yourself and your family in the city, that your fellow-citizens have thought it right to confer upon you the highest honor which it is in their power to bestow. I can only say that it is to me a circumstance of great satisfaction that it is from my lips that you are to learn her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens. I was myself a pupil of Dr. Goulbourn, and I recognize with satisfaction that we were fellow-pupils of that distinguished man. Of course it is impossible not to be sensible of the circumstances under which you were chosen by your fellow-citizens, who have not omitted to consider that in conferring upon you the high honor they have done they are not unmindful of the fact that your year of office will be one in which the whole nation will be gathered together in rejoicing in

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

of a reign such as has been permitted to few nations to enjoy. [This was a courtly figure of speech on the part of his lordship. A large part of 'the whole nation' are just now in no mood for rejoicing over a matter to which they are indifferent.] It is with peculiar satisfaction that I have to announce her Majesty's approval of the choice of the citizens in electing you to the high office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year."

In the pageant which took place on November 9th, the day of inauguration, special prominence was given to the industries and enterprises of the colonial and Indian deputations now in London attending the exhibition. In compli-

ment to them Sir Reginald arranged that in the procession there should be representations of the various arts, industries, and products of the Indian and colonial empire. This was a graceful tribute which he generously paid to the guests, and it was additionally welcome to the colonials inasmuch as he himself had been a guest of theirs.

As to the show itself, there is little that need be said. The set pieces representing Australia, Canada, the West Indies—which was curiously in the charge of North American Indians—South Africa, India, and the British Isles looked rather tawdry in the Scotch mist in which they were shrouded. The model steam-launch lent by the Shipwrights' Company, and having the band of the Royal Naval Hospital on board, and the Walmer lifeboat and crew, were among the chief features of the procession.

The Lord Mayor was detained for sixty minutes in the Royal Courts of Justice. The delay was due to the fact that the Lord Chief Justice saw fit to improve the occasion by warning the Lord Mayor that the corporation was doomed. The Lord Mayor heard the unpalatable remarks in silence, and then invited the Lord Chief Justice to dinner, possibly thinking as he did so, *Let us eat and drink if to-morrow we die.*

He then set out on his way through the city accompanied by his show, which reminded American spectators of a circus procession. In general the crowd remained absolutely silent as the cavalry escort and various city guilds passed. Several officials in carriages coming next were hooted. The model naval steam-launch with a crew aboard, a lifeboat and two elephants were the only parts of the procession that were cheered. Last of all came the Lord Mayor in his gilded state-coach. He passed amid storms of hisses and "Boos!" but got some cheers as he turned toward the Embankment. As the last coach turned into Northumberland Avenue a dozen red flags were instantly produced by Socialists on or near Nelson's Column and the leaders began to speak.

MR. H. A. ISAACS.

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF HENRY A. ISAACS, one of the new sheriffs, is, as his portrait on the preceding page clearly indicates, a Hebrew. He was born in the ward of Aldgate in 1830, and is now fifty-six years old. He is the son of the late Mr. Michael Isaacs, by Sarah, daughter of the late Señor de Mendoza, one of the family with which the late Lord Beaconsfield was related in the maternal line. In 1849 he was married to Eleanor, third daughter of Mr. Alexander McDonald Rowland, an officer of the British Army, who, while serving in India, on two occasions saved the life of his friend and brother officer, Sir Colin Campbell, afterward Lord Clyde. Alderman Isaacs is head of the firm of Messrs. M. Isaacs & Sons, fruit brokers, of London and Hull.

As a commercial man, Alderman Isaacs's reputation is considerable. Among other important offices, he occupies the post of Director of the General Steam Navigation Company, the London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company and Fire Insurance Association. To London citizens he is, perhaps, best known as a prominent and opulent corporator. It may be well to state that he stands high in the ranks of Freemasonry, having held the highest office in both Craft Lodges and Royal Arch Chapters. He is one of the Lieutenants of the City and a Past-Master of the Loriners' Company. It is more than twenty years since he was elected to municipal office. On the occasion of his election as sheriff his constituents presented him with the gold chain and badge of office, the latter a most beautiful example of the gold-workers' art.

LIEUT.-COLONEL KIRBY.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KIRBY, who has also been elected as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and whose portrait accompanies that of his

brother sheriff, was born in Wood Street, Cheapside, in 1841, and is now forty-five years of age. He received his education at the City of London School. He is a wealthy distiller, and is sole proprietor of the Deptford Distillery, trading as Holland & Co., and is the largest single-handed rectifier in London.

Colonel Kirby comes of military stock. His paternal and maternal grandfathers both served in the Peninsular and at Waterloo; while other members of the family fought in the Crimea, one of them being among the "six hundred" in the Balaklava charge immortalized by Tennyson. Five and twenty years ago he was attached to a cavalry regiment, and he afterward filled the post of adjutant to a yeomanry regiment for upward of seven years. He has also been lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of engineers. It is now some seventeen years ago since Colonel Kirby retired from military life and went into business. Previously to entering into the distillery he had owned a number of large hotels in Essex, Bucks, and Berks. He married in 1869, and has a family of four sons and two daughters.

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE-COACH.

(See Illustration.)

FORMERLY it was the custom of the Lord Mayor to ride on horseback in the annual procession from the city to Westminster. It appears that the last who did so was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in 1711, after which a carriage, drawn by four horses, was used. It was not for nearly half a century subsequent to the above-named date that the present lumbering state-coach appeared upon the scene. It seems to have been built in 1757, and that six gaily caparisoned horses were then, as now, used to draw it. The coach was built upon the "co-operative" principle, each of the seven aldermen who had "passed the chair," that is, served as Lord Mayor, subscribing \$300 toward its cost; and an agreement was made that each new alderman should pay the same sum on his admission for the same object, and when elected, Lord Mayor \$500 more. It is now the property of the corporation, and has been kept in such preservation as is possible by a committee of that body.

Except on the one day of the year, when it makes its appearance in the streets, amid the more or less derisive cheers of the multitude, it is kept in an unromantic place called the City Green Yard. Its weight is nearly four tons, and the six horses which draw it are each encumbered with harness and trappings weighing one hundred and six pounds. The unwieldy vehicle sways backward and forward when it appears in procession on the 9th of November. The motion, which must be a good training for its occupants for a sea-voyage, is caused by the coach being hung upon thick leather straps instead of steel springs. Who built the imposing equipage or executed the florid carvings upon it, or the elaborate paintings, cannot be said with any degree of certainty.

A Burdened Christian's Request for Prayer was read a few days ago at the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. Christian people given to the bad habit of repining may see in it a lesson of contentment and, what is still more important, an example of prayerfulness in heavy trial. The Christian lady wrote that her husband's mind has given way. She would fain see him restored in mind and led to Christ as his Saviour. To the request for prayer for him she adds this: "Pray also for my son and his wife; they are respectable and in their own eyes far better than those who profess religion; also for my daughter and her family. She once knew the Lord, but now she and her husband have turned to the world. My son, eighteen years old, has an offer of a place in a saloon. Do pray for an opening for him somewhere else to get work; it is a great temptation to him, for it is hard to get work. A neighbor of mine has three sons, all unsaved. Pray that all the above-named ones may be saved."

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Singular Beginning of Family Worship.—"I was reading the other day of a worthy but poor and ignorant couple who went to a gospel meeting, and met with Christ. They returned home rejoicing that they had found Him, and the man said to his wife, 'We were told that we must have family worship, but we cannot read, we cannot sing, and we do not know how to pray.' But they went home resolved to do what they could, and kneeling down the man raised his hat from his head, and swinging it round his head several times, he cried, 'Hurrah for Jesus!' It was all he could say, poor fellow, but it was from his heart, and that was enough."

A Soldier's Brave Confession.—The Rev. Mr. Harding said: "I remember one night in our meeting at Plymouth we asked all those who were willing to accept Jesus to say so, when a young soldier in the gallery stood up, and said before a crowded meeting: 'I will go with Jesus, sir.' Then turning to his friends who were with him, he said: 'My old companions, fare ye well; I will not go with you to hell.' He stood firm, and was kept in the hour of temptation, because his first act at conversion was to confess his Lord. A man cannot be a true soldier of the cross of the Saviour without giving up a great deal, and it was something for him to give up all his old acquaintances, but he did so, and was satisfied with Christ himself."

A Student's Recipe for the Cure of Infidelity.—Mr. Downie said: "A friend of mine was studying for the ministry, and when he had about completed his college course, he was almost an infidel. He was startled to find how near infidelity he had come, he who had once been a true believer in Christ. With a feeling of deep regret he gave up all hope of preaching the Gospel of Christ. He was restless and unhappy, and became exceedingly anxious about his soul—so anxious that he again took up his Bible, which he had cast aside as a useless thing, and carefully cut out every verse that spoke about the way of salvation, and read them continuously as one chapter. This with God's blessing had the desired effect; he was enabled to cast his unbelief aside and come out a true preacher of the Gospel. He sought salvation with his whole heart, and so he found it."

A Young Man's Story.—"I Had Been Brought up to make light of Christ, and lead a very careless, wicked life. My wickedness brought me to a sick-bed, and I thought I was going to die; but I got a little better, and the first place I went to was the Wakes, and here I got into more sin than ever. Wakes Monday was very wet, but I went again. In order to get to the Wakes ground I had to go through a narrow opening; and as I passed, two gentlemen were giving tracts, and quoting passages of Scripture. I was much struck with what I heard, and took one of the tracts, headed 'But there is a hell.' I took it home and read it hundreds of times, till at last I began to pray, and then the light came; and now I am happy to tell you I am not afraid of hell, for God for Christ's sake has forgiven me my sins. I have lent that tract to everybody I could get to read it, and I have just parted with it to another friend about ten minutes ago."

A Spirit Merchant's Diary.—Mr. Stewart Observed: "Not long ago a young man, a spirit merchant, built a large house in the country, and was retiring from business. When he first told me of his intention I was much surprised, for he was very young, and I remarked to him: 'Surely the spirit traffic is a paying business when you are able to retire so soon.' 'No,' he answered, 'it is not that; I have retired from it through fear.' And then he went on to tell me that he was a wholesale merchant, and sold to many retail dealers. He kept a diary in which he entered all the names and ages of his customers, and when and how they died; and he said: 'I watched, with deep regret, many of those who came into this business gradually slipping downward. When I called on some

before eleven o'clock in the morning they were so stupefied by drink that they were scarcely able to conduct business. One morning on looking through my diary I was struck with the number of names I had entered there as having died suddenly through the effect of strong drink. From that moment I shut the book and resolved that I would be done with this demon that was bringing so many promising young men suddenly and early to fill drunkards' graves."

Out of "the Wrong Box" at Last.—An Evangelist observed: "In a place where we had been holding a series of meetings, and which were just about over, I met a man who had attended them very regularly for some time, but without any result. I met him in the street as he was coming from his work, and said to him: 'How are you getting on now?' 'I'm just in the same box,' he answered, 'just the same as before these meetings commenced.' 'Well,' I said, 'I'll tell you what you're like, and then you'll see why you are in the same box. You are like a man who cannot swim, and who has fallen into deep water, and he is struggling and kicking but still sinking, when up comes a strong swimmer, and he cries to the drowning man: 'I am strong and able and willing to save you; but you must stop struggling and kicking. Take a long breath, put your hands straight by your sides, and trust me to save you; but if you will not, if you persist in trying to save yourself, I'll leave you and you'll sink.' That was all I said to him, and I left him, after asking him to our meeting at night, our last in that place. He came to the meeting, and as he was going out I shook his hand and said: 'I am sorry to think of your going away in this manner.' 'Ah! but I am saved,' he said. 'How did it happen?' I inquired. 'It was that simple story you told me. I saw I was the struggling man, and that my struggles were doing nothing but keeping Christ from saving me. So I resolved to stop my own efforts and trust in Him.'"

A Lady's Hand in Molten Lead.—Mr. Thompson related that "there was a great chemist who, as he stood in his laboratory one day, had on one side of him a jar containing a certain solution, and on the other a jar of molten lead. By thrusting his bare arm into the solution first, he was enabled to put his arm into the jar of lead quite unharmed. Three ladies whom he knew well came in to see him, and as he was showing them over his laboratory he stopped at those two jars, and explained the properties of their contents. After he had shown them the experiment, he said to one of the ladies: 'You believe that what I have told you and shown you is true, and that you yourself could do it with equal safety. Now, will you not do it?' The lady said: 'Oh, I know it is all right, and that I should come to no harm, but I would rather be excused!' She believed with her head, but she did not want to risk herself. But the professor said: 'You saw me do it unharmed; why, then, will you not try it also?' But while the ladies admitted the possibility and safety, they refused to attempt it themselves. But by and by one of the ladies, taking more courage, plunged her arm into the first preparation, and taking it out, put it into the lead and withdrew it unharmed. She then turned to the other two and asked them to follow her example, but they still declined. All these three ladies believed in the perfect safety of the experiment, but the one had a very different kind of belief from the other two. The one had a practical knowledge; she had risked something upon the truth of her belief; while the other two had only a theoretical knowledge; they had risked nothing, and simply accepted it as a fact, as shown by other people's experience. These are the ways people believe the Gospel—the head belief as a fact that has no personal interest to them, and the heart belief, the practical belief that has risked its all upon Christ. The Bible does not say if you believe with your head thou shalt be saved, but if you believe with your heart."

A FAMILY PROBLEM.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Nov. 28, 1886.

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" Gen. 13:8.

The Patriarchal Complication—How it was Adjusted—The Principle in the Family—A Dispute at the Breakfast Table—The Choice of a Church—Not to Rest with Husband or Wife—The Unconverted One to Decide—The First Duty—Two Startling Questions—The Tolerant to Yield—Those Born near the Line—Babies Crying for the Westminster Catechism—When Husband and Wife Should Worship Separately—How they are Brought Together—A Recipe for Ruining Children—A Hint from Astronomy—The Watchman's Cry—On the Way to a Perfect Church.

UNCLE and nephew, Abram and Lot, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle that their herdmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best pasture, or about the best water privilege, or because the cow of one got hooked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth, was

THE CAUSE OF CONTROVERSY

between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Bedouin sheik, such controversy seemed absurd. It was like two ships quarrelling for sea room in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. There was a vast reach of country, corn-fields, vineyards, harvests, and plenty of room in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by the tonic sea breeze, and with wide-reaching prospect, or there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either."

Lot, who was not as rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection, and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile, said to him: "You may have the rocks and the fine prospect; I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all its luxuriance of corn-fields, and the river to water the flocks, and the genial climate, and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled, and great-souled Abram carried out the suggestion of the text: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Well, in this, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and in this beautiful land, which was called America, after Americus Vespucius, but ought to have been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a

WEALTH OF RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGE

and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches of all styles of creeds, and of all styles of government, and all styles of worship, and all styles of architecture. What opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, and it must be that or nothing, in the opulent districts of this country there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about vestments, or between liturgical or non-liturgical adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell in the heights, where he can only get a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordan in which to immerse himself. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between thy herdmen and my herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Especially is it unfortunate when families allow angry

DISCUSSION AT THE BREAKFAST,

or dining, or tea-table, as to which is the best church or denomination, one at one end of the table saying he could never endure the rigid doctrines of Presbyterianism, one at the other end responding that she never could stand the forms of Episcopacy, and one at one side of the

table saying he did not understand how anybody could bear the noise in the Methodist Church, and another declaring all the Baptists bigots. There are hundreds of

FAMILIES HOPELESSLY SPLIT

on ecclesiasticism, and in the middle of every discussion on such subjects there is a kindling of indignation, and it needs some old father Abram to come and put his foot on the loaded fuse before the explosion takes place, and say: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake a subject never before undertaken in any pulpit, for it is an exceedingly delicate subject, and if not rightly handled might give serious offence; but I approach it without the slightest trepidation, for I am sure I have the divine direction in the matters I propose to present. It is

A TREMENDOUS QUESTION,

asked all over Christendom, often asked with tears, and sobs, and heart breaks, and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls: In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband, or the husband go with the wife?

First, remember that all the evangelical churches have enough truth in them to save the soul, and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well-selected theological library, and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as a sinner and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole Gospel. Get that into your soul and you are fitted for the here and the hereafter. The world has twenty six letters in its alphabet, and there are only two letters in

THE GOSPEL ALPHABET

—S and C; S standing for our sin, C standing for Christ, our Rescue, blessed be His glorious name forever! In any church where you can thoroughly learn these two letters, and all they stand for, you ought to be edified and happy. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations we like better than others.

But suppose three or four of us make solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business, and one goes by the New York Central Railroad, another by the Erie Railroad, another by the Pennsylvania Railroad, another by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. One goes this way because the mountains are grander; another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another that because the speed is greater; another takes the other because he has long been accustomed to that route, and all the employés are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned, it makes no difference if we only get there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practise its teaching—although some of their trains run on a broad gauge and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of the New Jerusalem.

It being evident that you will be safe in any of the evangelical denominations, I proceed to remark, first, if one of the married couple be a Christian and the other not, the one a Christian is bound to go anywhere to a church where the unconverted companion is willing to go, if he or she will go to no other. You of the connubial partnership are a Christian. You are safe for the skies. Then it is

YOUR FIRST DUTY

to secure the eternal safety of your lifetime associate. Is not the everlasting welfare of your wife impenitent, or your husband impenitent, of more importance than your church relationship? Is not the residence of your companion for the next quadrillion of years a mightier consideration to you than the gratification of your ecclesiastical taste for forty or fifty years? A man or a woman that would stop half a minute to weigh preferences as to whether he or she had better go with the unconverted companion to this or that church or denomination, has no religion at all, and never has had, and I fear

never will have. You are loaded up with what you suppose to be religion, but you are like Captain Frobisher, who brought back from his voyage of discovery a shipload of what he supposed valuable minerals, yet, instead of being silver and gold, were nothing but common stones of the field, to be hurled out finally as useless.

Mighty God! In all Thy realm is there one man or woman professing religion, yet so stolid, so unfitted, so far gone unto death that there would be any hesitancy in

SURRENDERING ALL PREFERENCES

before such an opportunity of salvation and heavenly reunion? If you, a Christian wife, are an attendant upon this Brooklyn Tabernacle, and your unconverted husband does not come here because he does not like its preacher, or its music, or its architecture, or its uncomfortable crowding, and goes not to any house of worship, but would go if you would accompany him somewhere else, change your church relations. Take your hymn-book home with you to-day. Say good-by to your friends in the neighboring pews, and go with him to any one of a hundred churches till his soul is saved and he joins you in the march to heaven. More important than that ring on the third finger of your left hand it is that your Heavenly Father command the angel of mercy concerning your husband at his conversion, as in the parable of old: "Put a ring on his hand."

No letter of more importance ever came to the great city of Corinth, situated on what was called the "Bridge of the Sea," and glistening with sculpture, and gated with a style of brass the magnificence of which the following ages have not been able successfully to imitate, and overshadowed by the Acro-Corinthus, a fortress of rock two thousand feet high—I say no letter ever came to that great city of more importance than that letter in which Paul puts the

TWO STARTLING QUESTIONS:

"What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" The dearest sacrifice on the part of the one is cheap if it rescue the other. Better go to the smallest, weakest, most insignificant church on earth, and be co-partners in eternal bliss, than pass your earthly membership in most gorgeously attractive church while your companion stays outside of evangelical privilege. Better have the drowning saved by a scow or a sloop than let him or her go down while you sail by in the gilded cabins of a Britannic or a Great Eastern.

Second remark: If both of the married couple be Christians, but one is so naturally constructed that it is impossible to enjoy the services of a particular denomination, and the other is not so sectarian or punctilious, let the one less particular go with the other who is very particular. As for myself, I feel as much at home in one denomination of evangelical Christians as another, and I think I must have been

BORN VERY NEAR THE LINE.

I like the solemn roll of the Episcopal liturgy, and I like the spontaneity of the Methodists, and I like the importance given to the ordinance of baptism by the Baptists, and I like the freedom of the Congregationalists, and I like the government and the sublime doctrine of the Presbyterians, and I like many of the others just as good as any I have mentioned, and I could happily live, and preach, and die, and be buried from any of them. But others are

BORN WITH A LIKING

so stout, and unbending, and inexorable for some denomination, that it is a positive necessity they have the advantage of that one. What they were intended to be in ecclesiasticism was written in the sides of their cradle, if the father and mother had eyes keen enough to see it. They would not stop crying until they had put in their hands as plaything a Westminster Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. The whole current of their temperament, and thought, and character runs into one sect of religionists as naturally as the James River into the Chesapeake.

peake. It would be a torture to such persons to be anything outside of that one church.

Now, let the wife or husband who is not so constructed sacrifice the milder preference for the one more inflexible and rigorous. Let the grape vine follow the rugosities and sinuosities of the oak or hickory. Abram, the richer in flocks of Christian grace, should say to Lot, who is built on a smaller scale: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?" As you can be edified and happy anywhere, go with your companion to the church to which he or she must go or be miserable.

Remark the third: If both the married couple are very strong in their sectarianisms, let them attend the different churches preferred. It is not necessary that you attend the same church. Religion is between your conscience and your God. Like Abram and Lot,

AGREE TO DIFFER.

When on Sabbath morning you come out of the door of your home together, and one goes one way and the other the other, heartily wish each other a good sermon and a time of profitable devotion, and when you meet again at the noonday repast, let it be evident, each to each, and to your children, and to the hired help, that you have both been on the Mount of Transfiguration, although you went up by different paths, and that you have both been fed by the bread of life, though kneaded by different hands in different trays, and baked in different ovens.

"BUT HOW ABOUT THE CHILDREN?"

I am often asked by hundreds of parents. Let them also make their choice. They will grow up with reverence for both the denominations represented by father and mother if you, by holy lives, commend those denominations. If the father lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of his denomination. If the mother lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of her denomination. And some day both the parents will, for at least one service, go to the same church. The neighbors will say: "I wonder what is going on to-day, for I saw our neighbor and his wife, who always go to different churches, going arm in arm to the same sanctuary." Well, I will tell you

WHAT HAS BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER, arm in arm, to the same altar. Something very important has happened. Their son is to-day uniting with the church. He is standing in the aisle, taking the vows of a Christian. He had been somewhat wayward, and gave father and mother a good deal of anxiety, but their prayers have been answered in his conversion, and as he stands in the aisle and the minister of religion says: "Do you consecrate yourself to the God who made and redeemed you, and do you promise to serve him all your days?" and with manly voice he answers, "I do," there is an April shower in the pew where father and mother sit, and a rainbow of joy which arches both their souls, that makes all differences of creed infinitesimal. And the daughter who had been very worldly, and gay, and thoughtless, puts her life on the altar of consecration, and as the sunlight of that Sabbath streams through the church window and falls upon her brow and cheek, she looks like their other daughter, whose face was luminized with the brightness of another world on the day when the Lord took her into His heavenly keeping years ago.

I should not wonder if, after all, these parents pass the evening of their life in the same church, all differences of church preference overcome by the joy of being in the house of God where their children were prepared for usefulness and heaven.

But I can give you

A RECIPE FOR RUINING YOUR CHILDREN.

Angrily contend in the household that your church is right and the church of your companion is wrong. Bring sneer and caricature to emphasize your opinions, and your children will make up their minds that religion is a

sham, and they will have none of it. In the north-east storm of domestic controversy the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley will not grow. Fight about apostolic succession, fight about election and free agency, fight about baptism, fight about the bishopric, fight about gown and surplice, and the religious prospects of your children will be left dead on the field. You will be as unfortunate as Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who in battle lost a diamond the value of a nation, for in your fight you will lose the jewel of salvation for your entire household. This is nothing against the advocacy of your own religious theories. Use all forcible argument, bring all telling illustration, array all demonstrative facts, but let there be no acerbity, no stinging retort, no mean insinuation, no superciliousness, as though all others were wrong and you infallibly right. Take

A HINT FROM ASTRONOMY.

The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the solar system, and everything was thought to turn round the earth. But the Copernican system came, and made the sun the centre around which the planets revolved. The bigot makes his little belief the centre of everything, but the large-souled Christian makes the Sun of Righteousness the centre, and all denominations, without any clashing and each at its own light and in its own sphere, revolving around it. Over the tomb of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey is the passage of Scripture: "Thy commandments are exceeding broad." Let no man crowd us on to a path like the bridge Al Sirat, which the Mohammedan thinks leads from this world over the abyss of hell into Paradise, the breadth of the bridge less than the web of a starved spider or the edge of a sword or razor, off the edges of which many fall. No; while the way is not wide enough to take with us any of our sins, it is wide enough for all Christian believers to pass without peril into everlasting safety.

But do not any of you depend upon what you call a sound creed for salvation. A man may own all the statutes of the State of New York and yet not be a lawyer, and a man may own all the best medical treatises and not be a physician, and a man may own all the best works on painting and architecture and not be either painter or architect, and a man may own all the sound creeds in the world and yet not be a Christian. Not what you have in your head and on your tongue, but in your heart and in your life, will decide everything.

In olden times in England before the modern street lamps were invented every householder was expected to have a lantern suspended in front of his house, and

THE CRY OF THE WATCHMEN

in London as they went along at eventide was: "Hang out your lights." Instead of disputing in your home about the different kinds of lantern, as a watchman on the walls of Zion I cry: "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Hang out your lights! You may have a thousand ideas about religion, and yet not the great idea of pardoning mercy. It is not the number of your ideas but the greatness of them. A mouse hath ten offspring in her nest, while the lioness hath one in her lair. All ideas about forms, and ceremonies, and church government put together are not worth the one idea of getting to heaven yourself and taking your family with you.

But do not reject Christianity, as many do, because there are so many sects. Standing in Westminster Hotel, London, I looked out of the window and saw three clocks, as near as I can remember, one on the Parliament House, another on St. Margaret's Chapel, another on Westminster Abbey, and they were all different. One said twelve o'clock at noon, another said five minutes before twelve, another said five minutes after twelve. I might as well have concluded that there is no such thing as time, because the three timepieces were different, as for you to conclude that there is no such thing as

pure Christianity because the churches differ in their statement of it.

But let us all rejoice that, although part of our family may worship on earth in one church and part in another church, or, bowed at the same altars, it must be in a compromise of preferences, we are, if redeemed, on the way to

A PERFECT CHURCH,

where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedral of eternity, with arches of amethysts, and pillars of sapphire, and floors of emerald, and windows aglow with the sunrise of Heaven! What stupendous towers, with chimes angel-hoisted and angel-rung! What myriads of worshippers, white-robed and coroneted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession"! What walls, hung with the captured shields and flags, by the church militant passed up to be church triumphant! What doxologies of all nations! Coronet to coronet, cymbal to cymbal, harp to harp, organ to organ! Pull out the tremulant stop to recall the sufferings past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold."

BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET.

(See Illustration on page 74.)

ONE of the most interesting sights of the British metropolis is the early morning delivery of fish for the Billingsgate Fish Market. The enormous consumption of fish in and around London necessitates an organized system of delivery and distribution which is perfect of its kind. The great bulk of it is brought to Billingsgate from the fishermen of the North Sea.

There are twelve fleets engaged in the work, each fleet controlled by an admiral, and each manned by about one thousand men. Each fleet has also steamers belonging to it, one of which leaves the fleet every day with the proceeds of the night's catch for Billingsgate. Every evening, unless there is a gale, the trawl is thrown out and remains overboard until the watch on deck sees at midnight the admiral's rocket. Then every man in the fleet must rouse, and lend a hand in making the haul. The fish secured, overboard goes the gear a second time, a fresh watch is set, and the drenched, half-frozen smacksmen snatch such rest and sleep as may be allowed by the capricious weather. At early dawn they must turn out again to help in making the haul.

Then all is activity and bustle, for the fish taken in both the midnight and morning hauls must be cleaned, sorted, packed, and, no matter how rough the weather, ferried to the attendant steamer for conveyance to market. It may be mid-day before this is done and the decks cleared.

There are conditions of the smacksmen's life which philanthropy cannot alter; but something has been done by Christian men to carry to them the Gospel that robs death of its terrors. The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen has now five vessels cruising in the North Sea, each fitted up with the design of promoting the spiritual, moral, and mental welfare of the men. Each of the five vessels is known—(1) As a *Church*, where Christian smacksmen may gather for worship and for the Holy Communion, and the unsaved may have the Gospel preached to them. (2) As a *Hospital*, where cases of sickness and injury (which formerly necessitated the dispatch of the patient to hospital, with the chance of death during the two days' voyage home) receive prompt and skilful treatment. (3) As a *Temperance Hall*, where a flourishing temperance work is carried on. And (4) as a *Library and Club*, where bags of books may be obtained to suspend in the cabins, and where every man in the fleet may go, with the certainty of finding a hearty welcome and a helping hand. Much good has already been done through God's blessing on these floating churches.

PROGRESS IN LAOS.

A LETTER from Rev. D. McGilvary, D.D., who is laboring in Laos, on the borders of Burmah, which is published in the *Foreign Missionary*, contains the following incidents:

Our most interesting or successful work was at Maa Kon, twelve miles south of Chiengrai. Since Nan Ta's first visit, in March, the temple had been broken up. The only two priests had left because their patrons had deserted them, and their pupils had doffed the yellow robes and returned to their families. The priests' dormitories are now used as a sala, and I saw over thirty oxen sheltered from the rain in the real temple. Noi Taliya, the former teacher of the village, is one of the best Buddhist scholars in our church, and the report of his conversion has spread far and near. It was from this village that Tow Tapasing had come one hundred miles to secure a visit from a missionary.

At the town of Chiengrai I will mention only the changed attitude of the governor, which was formerly antagonistic to all Christian influences. This time he and his only wife listened with interest, and at her request we had worship in their new house. We sang, "What is the thing of greatest price?" and Nan Ta and I each led in prayer, to which the whole family listened attentively and expressed their pleasure. Nan Ta has a brother, Saan Kat, who is an officer in the governor's household. He had his son put off the priest's robes while we were there, and return with Nan Ta to study our Scriptures, and the father and mother are only awaiting further instructions to be baptized.

IN HELL'S KITCHEN.

OLD New Yorkers do not need to be told the locality or character of Hell's Kitchen. No neighborhood in the city has found so much employment for the police and the courts, and even for the hangman. All that we read of the character of the prince of darkness indicates that in that spot he would have found himself in congenial society. On a recent evening, however, had he been there, he would have seen and heard things by no means to his taste. In a large frame building near the corner of Ninth Avenue an anniversary service was being held. It was to celebrate the opening a year ago of the Berachah Gospel Mission.

Last year Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, of the Rev. A. B. Simpson's church, acquired possession of the building and opened it for mission work. A few big boys attended the first night, and the prospect of good being done was not hopeful. But the mission was opened in faith, and the servants of God were not easily discouraged. With a few friends they went to the corner of Tenth Avenue and sang Gospel hymns, and when a crowd gathered, as it was sure to do at hearing such music in such a locality, invitations were given to the mission close at hand, and were accepted. A congregation was soon formed, a Sunday-school established, and much good has been done.

At the anniversary meeting testimonies were given of such a character as proved that, if no more had been accomplished than was there described, the labor had been well repaid and God's blessing had been freely bestowed. One fine-looking man rose when an opportunity was given for testimonies. "I came in here," said he, "last January, a poor lost drunkard and outcast. I was drunk at the time, but notwithstanding this I was asked to come up and pray. I was saved then and there, and the dear Lord has been helping me ever since." This is a fair sample. Probably a dozen other testimonies were given. Most of the men were picked up from the very gutter. Among the testimonies were those of a man, his wife, and his two children, who had all been saved there.

In a report of the work the superintendent said that during the year there had been a total attendance of 43,867. That the mission has been a blessing to the neighborhood is evident. Nor have the temporal wants of the people been overlooked. Last winter there were given away

at the mission 3315 pints of soup, 1500 pounds of bread, \$322 for rents, groceries, and meats, and 510 lodging tickets. Also a supper last Christmas to 400 poor children of the neighborhood. Beside this have been articles of clothing, and flowers for the rooms of the sick. The cost of this blessed and wonderful work has been \$3500. Some \$235 of this amount has been received from friends, many of whom were converts of the mission. The balance, amounting to over three thousand dollars, has been defrayed by Mr. and Mrs. Naylor, who established the work and are thankful that God has given it His blessing.

A NOVEL DEMAND.

IN describing the valuable work Dr. Jacob Chamberlain has been the means of doing in India in his *Medical Missionary Record*, Dr. Dowkontt mentions an incident which would surprise a tax-gatherer if it occurred here. He says that while Dr. Chamberlain was laboring in India, in 1869, two men came to him, one blind. When returning home they asked for copies of the Testament, which had been read from and explained to them in the hospital. "But you cannot read?" queried the doctor. "No," they replied, "but when a peddler comes round we'll get him to read before we buy anything, and when the tax man comes we won't pay our taxes till he reads to us." Four years after this the doctor visited a town some miles away, and found these men, who brought their whole village to him to be baptized. On asking the people if they were willing to give up their idols they said they were, and brought them all out into a wagon and offered them to the doctor, who selected some and sent one to the mission-room of his society at 34 Vesey Street, New York, where it remains.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

IN a letter from Miss Swain, M.D., published by Dr. Dowkontt in his *Medical Missionary Record*, she says, in the course of an account of her work in India: "A native gentleman called on me to know if I would visit his wife. He said she had been quite poorly for three months, that he had consulted the native physician, but, according to their customs she could not receive the medical aid she needed from him. After making some inquiries concerning her, we decided to go at once. This man speaks English well, and said to me: 'We need lady physicians in India very much, and I have often spoken of it to my friends. But we did not know where to look for them, as our women are uneducated, and could not study medicine. But it seems the people of the West have thought of us, and helped to meet our necessity by sending you.'

"After passing through the bazaar and several winding lanes, we came to his house. He showed us the way in through the dark passages, the second opening into an open court, on three sides of which were cells or stables for cows, horses, and human beings. They all seemed to be on the same level. A dozen or more women and children were peeping out at us as we passed through to the opposite side of the court, when we ascended a flight of steps, which brought us to the apartments of this gentleman. His wife was lying on a bed in the open air on the house-top, with several servants around her. Her mother sat beside her, and began at once to weep and to implore me to cure her daughter. I told her I saw no symptoms of immediate danger, that I would examine her case, and if I thought I could help her I would gladly do all in my power for her recovery. I visited her several times and she improved very much."

In another letter Miss Swain says: "We still continue to visit this family. Mrs. Thomas (the missionary's wife) has three of the women under instruction. The woman who was sick reads very nicely, and one evening she asked us to bring her a Bible in her own language. We asked her if her husband would not object. She said: 'Why should he when he reads it himself in English?'"

MODERN DELUSIONS.

By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D.

FROM HIS ADDRESS AT THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO.

The Sunlight and the Shadow—The Spiritual Shadow of the Age—The Characteristic Delusions of our Time—Satan not an Avowed Infidel—The Signs of the End—An Influx of Superstition—Its Three Forms—1. Spiritualism—2. Ritualism—3. Theosophy or Buddhism—Spiritualism Revived Sorcery—Its Insidious Progress—Ritualism's Estimable Dupes—Its Fascination—Theosophy the Latest Development—All Doctrines of Demons.

THE consideration of this subject will occupy me exclusively with a shadowy and sombre aspect of the present age. But I must avow at the outset my belief that this is by no means the only or principal aspect. It is the fault of post-millennarians that, looking for the millennium instead of looking for the coming of Christ, they magnify present successes and anticipate the speedy conversion of the whole world, when the Scriptures authorize us simply to look for the preaching of the Gospel among all nations for a witness and the gathering out of an elect people for the Lord. It is the fault of many premillennarians, on the contrary, that, looking for the coming of Antichrist instead of looking for the coming of Christ, they exaggerate the

PRESENT TRIUMPHS OF EVIL,

magnifying each shade into a shadow, and every shadow into a sign of the son of perdition, and so predict the speedy triumph of the Man of Sin. "Watchman, what of the night?" And the watchman said: "The morning cometh, and also the night." Also the night, because the morning cometh. For the sunlight always casts a shadow, and the brighter the light the deeper the shadow.

To use a household illustration, what progress has there been made in lighting our homes within a single century? From the rude tallow candle of our forefathers, through the sperm-oil wick and the rock-oil lamp and the jet of burning gas, till we have reached the electric light—so surpassingly brilliant that I cannot see it without beholding a startling emblem of "that light unto which no man can approach." But look at the shadows which this electric light throws upon the pavement at night! Was there ever such blackness of darkness—such a dire and almost tangible

CONCENTRATION OF NIGHT?

Now, I make bold to say that the Church of Jesus Christ to whom He said: "Ye are the light of the world," never since the apostolic age has shed a purer and more widely diffused light upon the world than she is doing to-day. But the shadow is correspondingly black. The ship that carries the missionary carries rum and opium, whereby so-called Christian nations are destroying a hundred souls among the heathen where the Church saves one. The printing-press which scatters the Bible is flooding the world with infidel and obscene literature, and the Prince of Darkness is on hand to caricature any miracle of mercy with some dazzling miracle of perdition.

THE CHARACTERISTIC DELUSION.

Now let us ask, What Satanic delusion especially and peculiarly characterizes the present age? My reply is not with some: Infidelity foreshadowing an approaching atheistical Antichrist. Infidelity is characteristic of our age, no doubt, but not more so than of some other ages. Indeed, if we may credit the best authorities the unbelief of the last half of the eighteenth century was far more widespread and paralyzing in Christian countries than that of the last half of the nineteenth century. The fact is, that open infidelity is not especially in Satan's line. After figuring for ages as an "angel of light," it would be an entirely new departure in his administration for him to propose for himself an open coronation as the prince of darkness. His way has ever been to dishonor Christ by a feigned allegiance and betray Him by a deceitful kiss.

Now I open the Scriptures for the

SIGNS OF THE APPROACHING END

of the age and of the coming of Christ, and what on this darker side do I find? Not atheism so much as demonism and delusion. In the first epistle to Timothy and the fourth chapter it is written: "Now the Spirit speaketh that in the latter times some shall apostatize from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," etc. Then I turn for a single glance at the Apocalypse, and the same thing confronts me there. In the sixteenth chapter, after the successive outpouring of the vials and just before the seventh there is a sudden startling note of warning: "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments." But what is the event mentioned just previously to this note of warning? It is this: "The spirits of demons working miracles which go forth into the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them to the fanes of this great day of God Almighty." Seducing spirits, doctrines of demons, Satanic miracles—these are the manifestations which Scripture predicts of the latter day, and these are the appalling characteristics of our own times.

The source from which the unclean spirits proceed are declared in the Apocalypse to be three—"out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet." I will not dogmatize concerning the system thus indicated. I will simply point out the fact that the present influx of superstition is in these three forms and from these three principal sources:

1. Spiritualism proceeding from the pit.
2. Ritualism proceeding from the papacy.
3. Theosophy proceeding from paganism.

Spiritualism without doubt is ancient sorcery, reappearing under a different name, but with totally unchanged characteristics. And when I tell you that in the city of Boston, where Cotton Mather, that eminent withstander of witchcraft, once lived and labored, there is now a magnificent temple for the worship of Spiritualism, which, being interpreted, means for the

PRACTICE OF DEMONOLOGY

and witchcraft—when I remind you that the dark system claims from ten to twenty millions of devotees, who have been disciplined within less than fifty years of its modern manifestation, and when I repeat its proud boast that it has gone forth unto the kings of the earth and has royal apostles in many of the thrones and palaces of the Old World, you will see that it is no mere insignificant superstition, utterly unworthy of notice. The theory that spiritualism is a system of sheer imposition is not the one now held by the most candid Christian investigators, nor is it the one most accordant with Scripture.

The Bible explicitly forbids intercourse with spirits of the other world, and it would not forbid what is impossible. And not only is the reality of fallen spirits distinctly taught in Scripture, but their power to produce startling miracles. In Thessalonians we are told that "the working of Satan" is "with all power and signs and lying wonders," and in the Apocalypse we have the prediction of "the spirits of

DEMONS WORKING MIRACLES."

The man who supposes that Satan would undermine the belief in the supernatural is utterly ignorant of his devices. He has a creed to inculcate and a code of infernal morality to propagate, and he would employ miracles to authenticate his doctrines. Let us remember, indeed, that in the emergency of modern spiritualism Satan actually comes on the stage as a defender of the faith. "This generation has fallen into doubt concerning the immortality of the soul," say his ministers, the mediums, or soothsayers; "and we propose to demonstrate this doctrine to you by calling up your dead and letting them speak to you." Thousands of once professing Christians who are now in the coils of this delusion were first seduced by the

plea of larger knowledge and firmer faith concerning the unseen. The ear having been thus gained for the communications of the departed, the instruction has gone on—no rude denials at first but the most soothing platitudes and the most subtle counterfeits, till little by little the whole system of evangelical fact has been supplemented by that soul-destroying creed, "the doctrine of demons." I say "of demons," for I have no question that what are supposed to be departed friends speaking from beyond the veil are in reality fallen spirits, foul, malignant, and seducing, sent to beguile me into the allegiance and worship of Satan.

RITUALISM

ought not to be mentioned in the same volume with spiritualism, considering that it is an ecclesiastical eccentricity into which men of unquestionable piety and consecration have fallen, while spiritualism is utterly godless. But at the risk of a seeming breach of Christian charity I must classify it where its origin and history place it among the strong delusions which have come in to corrupt the Church and despoil it of the simplicity that is in Christ.

Is ritualism an innocent ecclesiastical pastime, a harmless freak of

RELIGIOUS ÆSTHETICISM?

So it seems to many, even of those who have no affiliation with it. But look at it just as it is. Trace the history of the ceremonies piece by piece back to their original source, till you find that true of almost every one of them which Newman admits of a part of them, that they were "the very instruments and appendages of demon worship," and then imagine the exaltation among these demons as they see Christian priests, clothed in their paraphernalia, marching in their idolatrous processions and preaching their delusive doctrines. And how must their joy be enhanced by the anticipation of the two greater triumphs still to come in the culmination of idolatry and man-worship.

But I ask you to look not at what may be possible, but at what has actually been accomplished along the line which we are considering, and this, too, not merely in the first centuries of the papacy, but in our own day and generation. It is hardly more than fifty years since the tractarian movement began in Oxford. From among the company of its originators we may select two, Newman and Manning, as noble and sincere souls, so far as we can judge, as any age of the Church has produced. But they came under

THE FASCINATION

of ritualism; and it threw its spell little by little over their minds. Watch their course from the beginning to the present day. Observe the mental struggles, the ill-concealed reluctances, as fold after fold of mediæval delusion closes about them. Almost can we hear cries of pain here and there as the process of branding the conscience with a hot iron goes on. But at last the work is complete; they have reached old age, and with it the dotage of superstition. And where do we find them now? Prostrate on their faces before a deified man; all the ascriptions which could be claimed by a god on earth they yield without reluctance to the Pope.

Here is the goal which the advance couriers of ritualism have reached in half a century; is it unlikely that the thousands of clergymen and laymen who have within a few years entered upon the same path will fail to arrive at the same destination?

All this is hard to say, for one who prefers the charity which covers a multitude of faults to the criticism which lays them bare. And in dwelling on this subject we are not insensible to the perversions of another kind which have crept into our non-liturgical bodies. For, so far as we know, the liturgical churches have not fallen into

THE COOKING-STOVE APOSTASY

which is turning so many of our church basements into places of feasting; nor have they been ensnared with the entertainment heresy which sets up all sorts of shows and exhibitions

for amusing the unchurched masses into an interest in the Gospel. We deplore these things, and here and now lift up our warning against them as another device of the enemy for corrupting and enervating the Church of God.

THEOSOLOGY

is the latest religion of transcendentalists. In it the attenuated unbelief of our times is seeking to find relief from the ennui of denial. How to describe that which takes for itself the name of "Occultism;" how to give an idea of doctrines which claim to be hidden from all but the initiated we do not know. It is enough to say that substantially it is Buddhism seeking conquests in Christian lands; "the light of Asia," offering itself to those who have turned away from "the light of Christ." It has its circles in many of our great cities, where its occult philosophy is diligently studied; though its following is small compared with that of spiritualism, it being the religion of the literary *élite*, as the other is of the common people. If we question it in regard to its doctrines, it tells us that they are the same as those of "the sacred mysteries of antiquity." It inculcates a very attenuated philosophy of evolution; it teaches the pre-existence and the transmigration of souls, and instructs its disciples how by a rigid asceticism they may cultivate what is called

"THE INTUITIONED MEMORY"

by which they can enter into profound recollection of what they knew in far distant ages. In a couplet which it is fond of repeating it declares that

"Descending spirits have conversed with man
And told him secrets of the world unknown."

And these words give the most reasonable hint of its origin. For its creed is "the doctrines of demons from beginning to end."

Now, if we compare these three systems, counting ritualism as incipient Popery, we find them agreeing remarkably to fill the outlines of

THE PREDICTED APOSTASY.

The "forbidding to marry" realized in the celibacy of Romanism; the enforced continence of theosophy and the anti-marriage doctrine of spiritualism; the "commanding to abstain from meat" appearing in the superstitious fasts of ritualism, and the rigid abstinence from flesh enjoined on the initials of esoteric Buddhism; the doctrines of demons manifested in the magic idolatry which ritualism substitutes for the chaste and simple doctrines of ordinance of Christ, and which in many particulars hold a common ancestry with those of theosophy and spiritualism, and the fantastic miracle-working which characterize them all.

What, now, is the prophetic significance of all that we have said? Thus it seems to me that, according to the predictions of Scripture, we are witnessing

AN IRRUPTION OF EVIL SPIRITS

who are again working powerfully along their favorite lines—ritualism, superstition, and "philosophy." "And now the devil is come down with great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." He is putting forth the energy of despair. He is sending his legions to work along various lines, which all centre, visibly or invisibly, in one head. On the line of sacerdotalism he is seeking to thwart the work of the Reformation by again insinuating popish worship into its churches; on the line of superstition he is aiming to bewitch the godless and curious multitudes through the energy of unclean spirits; on the line of culture he is moving to foist upon the literary *élite* a diluted paganism as an extra fine religion. But these things cheer us rather than sadden us, for all the shadows point to the dawn. The Church's salvation means Antichrist's destruction, and the same Scripture which speaks to us so powerfully to-day in the light of passing evils: "Yet a little while and He that shall come will come and will not tarry," says also: "And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready First Week of December.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Another Definition of "Pernicious Activity" was issued by the President last week. It was called forth by an application from Mr. William A. Stone, another suspended District Attorney, who, seeing that Mr. Benton had been reinstated, put in his claim for similar treatment, alleging that his activity had been no greater than Benton's and his absence from his office much less. Mr. Cleveland declined to reinstate him, and in doing so enlarged the scope of his previous dictum on the subject. Though the word is not used, Mr. Cleveland intimates that ingratitude was the fatal fault in this latter case. He stated that Mr. Stone, being a Republican, his remaining in office under a Democratic administration "involved not only the proper performance of official duty, but a certain good faith and fidelity, which, while not exacting the least sacrifice of political principle, forbade active participation in purely partisan demonstrations of a pronounced type, undertaken for the purpose of advancing partisan interests, and conducted upon the avowed theory that the administration of the Government was not entitled to the confidence and respect of the people." This decision has alienated some of Mr. Cleveland's most strenuous supporters among the Independent Republicans. It concedes the principle against which they have been most earnestly contending. It does not cause much surprise, however, both the political parties have acted on that principle hitherto.

The Business of the Post-Office Department during the past year has been of a very gratifying character. The report of Postmaster-General Vilas, published last week, shows that the deficiency, which was expected to be over nine million dollars, was less than seven millions, and the deficiency for the current year is expected to be little over four millions. This is a remarkable showing in view of the fact that the unit of domestic letter postage was raised to one ounce, and the bulk rate on newspapers reduced to one cent. Some interesting details are furnished by Mr. Vilas in his report. Among them is the statement that the mileage of our mail transportation last year exceeded by more than 125,000,000 miles the service rendered to any other Government, and of post-offices no other nation has one third of our number. On October 1st, the total number of post-offices in the

country was 54,157, of which 51,886 were of the fourth class, and 181 were free delivery offices. The cost of transporting the mails was \$27,728,238. The mileage on railroad routes was increased 2901. During the year the department enforced the statute providing that land grant railroads should receive but eighty per cent of the compensation paid to other roads. The Postmaster-General declares that the present method of measuring the compensation to railroads for mail transportation is clumsy, unequal, and by no means fixed on a true basis, and that the subject deserves early consideration.

Many Facts of Interest in Connection with the national banking system are recorded in the report of the Hon. William L. Trenholm, Controller of the Currency, issued on Thursday last. Among others is the fact that the aggregate deposits in the banks have increased from \$522,000,000 in January, 1866, to \$1,173,000,000 in October, 1886. Three thousand five hundred and eighty national banks have organized in all since the beginning of the system in 1863, of which 2858 are now in operation; of these 174 have been organized during the past year. Only 112 national banks have failed. Of these 30 have paid their creditors in full and 20 have paid interest besides, 15 in full and 5 in part. It is understood that Mr. Trenholm makes several important suggestions for the amendment of the national bank laws, including the contingent liability of shareholders, requirements as to reserve, the limit on loans to individuals, more thorough examination of banks, and their protection against unequal State taxation.

A Hopeful Commencement of the Project to supply the United States with a navy was made last week. Of the five new vessels to be built, offers were made for the construction of four at prices within the limit fixed by Congress. One was from contractors at San Francisco, one from contractors at Baltimore, and two from Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia. The fifth may be built in the Government navy-yards, or Congress may be induced to extend the limit of cost. The stipulations as to speed and power are of a very stringent character, and are expected to secure a much higher order of vessels than those now constituting the navy. The need of this departure is proved by the announcement made last week that the Atlanta's machinery has again broken down and has not yet reached the limit of speed guaranteed by her constructor of fourteen knots.

A Reprieve of the Chicago Anarchists, Six of whom were to have been hanged on December 3d, has been issued. On November 25th Chief-Justice Scott, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, granted a writ of error, which suspends all proceedings in their case for the present. It does not reverse Judge Gary's sentence, but gives an opportunity for the court to decide whether the proceedings at the trial were regular and the judge's rulings strictly legal. The next term of the Supreme Court will be held in March, at which time both the prosecution and the defence will present their views upon the record, and upon the decision of the full court at that time will depend whether the six condemned Anarchists are to have a new trial or to be hanged, and the seventh kept in prison for fifteen years.

The Trial of the New York Alderman charged with accepting a bribe in the case of the Broadway Railroad franchise ended in a disagreement of the jury on November 24th. After being locked up thirty-nine hours, and having made no progress toward agreement, they were discharged. It appears they stood nine for acquittal and three for conviction. The reason given for their extraordinary conduct by the men who voted for acquittal was that the evidence given by the two aldermen who admitted that they had themselves been bribed had not been corroborated, and, standing alone, was unworthy of credence. The result has astonished the city, as it was evident that Fullgraff and Duffy could have no adequate motive in perjuring themselves by evidence which branded them

with shame. The Recorder's opinion may be inferred from the fact that he ordered a new trial without delay, and refused to admit McQuade to bail. He was right, too, in declaring the case one of paramount importance; an impression prevails that not only McQuade, but the administration of justice is on trial.

A New Conflict Between the Irish People and the Government was inaugurated last week. The Conservatives have been putting pressure on the landlords to induce them voluntarily to reduce rents. In some cases they have been successful, but in many others they have met with a firm refusal. The Nationalists have now proposed that the tenants should pay half a year's rent into the hands of Nationalist leaders to form a fund with which to fight the landlords. This proposal has apparently exasperated the Government, and *United Ireland*, in which the proposal was published, has received warning to moderate its tone or prepare for suppression. Mr. Dillon, also, who was one of the leaders in the new Nationalist movement, has been required to find sureties for good behavior. This sudden movement on the part of the Government has produced a panic throughout Ireland, and the wildest rumors of coming conflicts are being circulated. It was hoped that during the winter Ireland would suffer from nothing worse than distress, which private charity and American benevolence might alleviate. Now it would appear that a fierce and desperate peasantry will be confronted by a large military force, with the constant danger that some attempt to make wholesale ejections will involve bloodshed and a widespread rising.

The Proposal to Send English Mails to America in German ships is a curious one to emanate from a Conservative administration. Yet it is stated that such an arrangement is in contemplation, if not already effected. The Conservatives have hitherto favored protection in opposition to free trade, so that it is extraordinary that their accession to power has been signalized by a change which the Liberals would scarcely dare to venture upon. The apologists for the Government assert that the Cunard and White Star Steamship lines demanded a monopoly of the mail-carrying business, while offering a service of two despatches a week. This being deemed insufficient, and the companies refusing to share with their foreign competitors, the entire mail will be carried by the German steamers. A storm of protests has been evoked from all classes, not only from Conservatives, who consistently denounce the change on principle, but from Liberals, who hold the selfish principle that it is right to buy in the cheapest market. The popularity of the Government has sensibly decreased, and even the *London Times* ventures to remonstrate. It says: "The Cabinet would do well to look at the patriotic, as well as at the economic, side of the question. Its decision on the subject will have no little effect upon the popularity of the Government, especially in these times of depressed trade."

A Government Crisis has Arisen in France. The Chambers refused by a large majority to grant an appropriation required by the Finance Minister. The reproof administered in any other European legislative assembly would have involved the downfall of the Cabinet. M. de Freycinet, however, appears to understand the situation and proposes to accept the reproof in patience. The fact is, that in France, there has been a long period of agricultural and commercial depression, while the public debt and it is burden of interest is enormous. The Republicans, who for nine years have had control of the government, have shown no consideration for the tax-payers but have spent with a lavish hand. The Chambers appear to have lost patience with them and deemed the time appropriate for administering a warning.

The Rev. M. Baxter Preached on the Approaching Second Advent of Christ in the First Methodist Church, Elgin, Ill., on Sunday last. Next Sunday he expects to preach on the same subject in Milwaukee, Wis.

An Appeal to Ministers has been Issued by Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the veteran leader of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. He asks them to preach upon "the all-important subject of prayer," on the first Sunday of December, or as soon thereafter as possible. He begs the ministers at the same time to urge their people to avail themselves of the privilege of attending the down-town meetings, where united prayer is daily offered, viz., Fulton Street, John Street, Greenwich Street, Broome Street, and others. During December, the noon hour at Fulton Street is to be given to prayer for a fresh baptism from on high. By such means it is hoped to be the better prepared for the Week of Prayer now near at hand.

The Rev. W. Re Qua Writes that He is setting out for his new sphere of labor among the Indians. It appears that there is a small chapel at MacAlister, the settlement to which he is going, but there is no house to live in. Houses are very scarce there, and none can be hired at present; but a brother at the next settlement has offered him temporary accommodation until better arrangements can be made. At a farewell meeting of Re Qua's church at Aurora, Ill., a resolution was passed expressing the sorrow with which the church learned of their pastor's approaching departure, and adding: "We have learned to love him for his high Christian character, for his ardent devotion to the Master's cause, for his faithful preaching of the Word, for the example of a pure and holy life. And we believe by being among us we have as a church been greatly benefited, both spiritually and otherwise, and our ardent prayer is that God will bless and sustain him in whatever field he may be called to labor, and as it is God's will that we separate, believing He doeth all things well, we bow in submission."

The List of Sunday-School Lessons for the year 1888 has been issued by the International Lesson Committee. The first six months are given to a continuation of Matthew's gospel and the last six months to Old Testament lessons, running to the Book of Ruth inclusive. Texts for temperance and missionary lessons are suggested for the last Sunday of each quarter, in addition to the ordinary suggestion for review.

Mr. Moody's Letter to the Prophetic Conference was a characteristic epistle, expressing his sympathy with the object of the gathering. He wrote: "Dear Brethren: The pressure of work and binding engagements will prevent my attending the Conference. I feel for the purpose of the Conference the greatest sympathy. May it result in a spiritual quickening in all the churches. The Coming of the Lord is to me a most precious truth, and a constant inspiration to work. There can be no better preparation for the Lord than breaking the bread of life to the perishing multitudes. My prayer is that the Conference may result in sending every minister out to evangelistic work this winter. Evangelists cannot do one tenth of the work called for. Pastors must assist each other. May the Spirit of the Lord for service come upon each one attending the Conference."

A Party of Recruits for Bishop Taylor's Self-supporting African Mission are to sail this day (December 2d), in the Adriatic. It consists of six men, one woman, and two boys. They are sent in response to Bishop Taylor's call for helpers of special vocations. This company comprises Mr. Hicks, carpenter, wife, and two sons, Massachusetts; Ellsworth Brown, carpenter, Miamisburg, Ohio; William O. White, superintendent schools, Lacota, Mich.; Henley Wright, miner, Silver City, New Mexico; Dr. D. Reed, physician, Manson, Iowa; Daniel Williams, physician and farmer, Irondale, Ontario, Canada. At Liverpool the company will be increased by the addition of Robert Shields, storekeeper, and Thomas Adams, shoemaker, of Newry, Ireland. The party will arrive at St. Paul de Loanda about February 1st, and will report to the Rev. A. E. Whitey, superintendent of Bishop Taylor's operations in Angola. The society having received word from Bishop Tay-

lor that he imperatively needs a steamboat for operations on the tributaries of the Upper Congo, has asked estimates from three English firms, as to save expense the steamboat will have to be shipped in sections from that country.

A Curious Application by a Lunatic was made in Toronto last week. A woman about fifty years of age went into Police Headquarters and asked to be arrested and sent to England in order that she might be tried for the sins of her father. She was locked up and examined by a physician who pronounced her insane. There are many sane persons who entertain unscriptural views on the same subject, but they reverse the error of this demented woman. Instead of wishing to be punished for the sins of others, they hope that the responsibility for their own sins may rest on some one else. The Bible declaration as to individual responsibility is, however, unmistakable (II Cor. 5:10).

The Inhuman Treatment of a Drunken Man was investigated at a New York Police Court on November 7th. A terrible storm swept over the city on the previous Saturday, and while the rain was pouring down a policeman noticed one man sheltering another, who appeared to be intoxicated, under his umbrella, and gently guiding his uncertain footsteps. A few minutes later he saw the drunken man's friend return with a coat and overcoat over his arm. Suspecting that something was wrong, he went around the block, and there found the drunken man standing disconsolately in the rain in his shirt sleeves. He promptly followed the thief and arrested him, and restored the two coats to the helpless victim. The singular part of the affair was that the *drunken man proved to be a liquor-dealer*—a fact which cancelled his title to sympathy. In an extent very inconsiderable compared with what is to come, he was realizing the scriptural warning and eating of the fruit of his own doings (Prov. 1:31).

The Difference Between President Arthur and General Arthur was fully realized by the country, and appears to have been clearly seen by the statesman himself. Among the reminiscences which his death has called forth is one of a personal friend who, during his term, urged him to make a certain appointment. President Arthur declined, and then his friend reminded him that before his elevation to the Presidency he had been anxious that such an appointment should be made. The President admitted the fact, and added: "I determined when I entered this office that President Arthur should be one man and Chester A. Arthur another, and President Arthur has been obliged to do some things that C. A. Arthur didn't like, and to leave some things undone which C. A. Arthur would have been glad had he seen his way clear to do." Conscience and patriotism exercised greater power in him than personal inclination. So it is with the man who becomes the child of God. He is governed by higher motives than before and he learns to deny himself (Col. 3:1-8).

The Hoisting of the Stars and Stripes in the Samoan Islands appears to have been an effectual protection to the king. Consul Greenbaum, who arrived in San Francisco a few days ago, explained the circumstance which has caused no little sensation in European Cabinets. He said: "The cause of the trouble in Samoa was that a German man-of-war appeared in the harbor of Apia, and the admiral, instead of paying his respects to King Maliteoa, the recognized sovereign of the islands, after a few hours' stay steamed to the headquarters of the rebel chief, Temasesse, fifteen miles below Apia. The conduct of the admiral alarmed the king, and he came to me and desired to hold a consultation on the subject. I told him that if he transferred his business to the United States Government he would be protected until a settlement between the Powers could be effected. I further told him that if he would accept my proposition I would guarantee that Germany would not gobble him up. He agreed to my proposition, and I hoisted the American flag, after which the

German admiral concluded that things were becoming serious and he immediately left. Since that time there has not been any trouble in Samoa." The king showed more sense than regal persons generally possess. He was not ashamed to admit his own weakness and place himself under the protection of a Power able to defend him. If when Christians are assailed by their great enemy they could be induced similarly to transfer their business to their Almighty Protector, there would be fewer falls and backslidings than there are (I Cor. 10:13).

The Naive Answer of a Sunday-School Girl occasioned some amusement in the Baptist Convention recently held at Wilmington, N. C. A Sunday-school mass meeting was held on the Sunday afternoon of the session of the Convention, and an address was given by a gentleman whose interest in Sunday-school work is well known. In speaking of the rare beauty and value of Christianity, he used as an illustration the lustre of diamonds and reminded the children how much they were prized as ornaments, and then asked: "What do young ladies most admire?" To which question a bright little girl promptly replied, "The young gentlemen." The answer was so entirely unexpected that, notwithstanding its apparent truthfulness, there was a commotion in the house. Whether the child's observation was at fault or the young ladies whom she knew were really so animated is not stated. Perhaps her opinion was not formed on the conduct of her teachers. It would be sad if any Sunday-school child believed that the teachers had no higher object of admiration (Rom. 13:14).

An Unavailing Crime was Committed at Burlington, Vt., by a young English lady, on November 19th. She had been engaged to be married to a gentleman to whom she was deeply attached. He died a year ago and her grief was intense. She was inconsolable, spending her time in fits of weeping and lamentation. It was hoped that time would assuage the acuteness of her woe, but it seemed to increase as weeks and months passed. November 19th was the first anniversary of her lover's death, and on the morning of that day she resolved to live no longer. She bought small quantities of strychnine which she put together and took at one dose. She left a letter behind stating that her object was to join her dead lover, and begging that she might be buried by his side. Even that request was refused, as the authorities at the cemetery where the body of her lover was interred would not permit a suicide to be buried in their ground. Disappointment must come also from her hope of a reunion in the spirit. In that abode to which self-murderers are doomed, reunion, if it took place, could bring no happiness (Rev. 21:8).

A Business Man's Self-Imposed Limit of wealth is mentioned among the reminiscences of a Boston merchant, published in the *Dry Goods Chronicle*. It states that Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, early in the days of his prosperity, made a resolution that he would never possess more than fifty thousand dollars. He also resolved that his benefactions should not be postponed until he had acquired that sum, but should be distributed as his property grew. Among his papers, found after his death, was one drawn up in November, 1821, in the following words: "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars I will give one half my net profits, and if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars I will give three fourths, and the whole after my fiftieth thousand. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward and set me aside." He adhered to this resolution with the strictest fidelity. This was more remarkable than his making the resolution. It showed that grace was given him in circumstances which have often caused men to be unfaithful to their covenants (II Cor. 9:7).

DOGS IN THE MANGER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him."—GENESIS 4: 6, 7.

Men in Danger of Two Hells—Jealous of Converted People—Desiring the Privileges without the Conditions—God's Condescending Remonstrance—Persecution Unreasonable—I. Social Arrangements not Changed by Religion—Christianity not Inimical to Order—Good Christians are Good Citizens—Good in Family Relations—A Blessing to the Household—II. The Fault in the Persecutor—The Same Terms Offered Him—Acceptance Guaranteed—Sin in the Way—The Raw Material for a Devil—The Sin-Offering Accessible.

SINNERS are not all of the laughing sort; Cain's mind was angry, and his heart was heavy. The short life of the vicious is not always a merry one. See, here you have a man who is utterly without God, but he is not without sorrow. His countenance has fallen; his looks are sullen; he is a miserable man. There are many ungodly people still in the world who are not happy in the condition in which they find themselves. The present does not content them, and they have no future from which to borrow the light of hope. The service of sin is hard to them, and yet they do not quit it for the service of the Lord. They are

IN DANGER OF TWO HELLS

—one in this life and another in the world to come. They would like to have the enjoyments of religion very much, they would like to have peace of conscience, they would like to be uplifted beyond all fear of death, they would like to be as happy as Christian people are; but they do not want to pay the price—namely, obedience to God by faith in Jesus Christ. They would willingly bring an offering to God according to their own choice and taste; but they do not care to come with "the lamb" as their sacrifice; they cannot accept the atonement made by our Lord's laying down His life for us. They wish to have the reward of obedient faith while yet they have their own way. But as this cannot be, and never will be, they are full of bitter feeling. Since sin and sorrow are sure to be, sooner or later, married together, and since only by walking in the ways of God can we hope to find peace and rest, they quarrel with the divine arrangement, grow inwardly miserable, and show it by their sullen looks and growling words.

Now, I want to call attention to a very gracious fact connected with this text; and that is, that, although Cain was in such

A BAD TEMPER

that he was very wroth, and his countenance fell, yet God, the infinitely gracious One, came and spoke with him, and reasoned with him patiently. "Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." Yet this is no solitary instance of the condescension of God; it is the way of our God to expostulate with sinners, and to let them produce their strong reasons, and justify themselves if they can. It is His fashion to say: "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, O house of Israel?" for He willeth not the death of any, but that they should turn unto Him and live. He is greatly patient and waiteth to be gracious. God gives none up until they fatally resolve to give themselves up, and even then His good Spirit strives with them as long as it is possible to do so, consistently with His holiness.

Recollect that the case is that of a man who is angry, angry mainly because he cannot get the comforts of religion. He sees his brother enjoying them, and he grows wroth with him for that reason. With him, and all like him, I would reason with kind words.

I. I shall take the last sentence of the text first: "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou

shalt rule over him." In these words God argues with Cain, and answers

THE CHARGE OF FAVORITISM

which was lurking in his mind. He tells him, in effect, that no difference is made in the arrangement of social life because of the arrangements of grace. Notice that He says to him: "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him"—which I understand to mean just this: "Why are you so angry against Abel? It is true that I have accepted his offering; it is true that he is a righteous man, and you are not; but, for all that, you are his elder brother, and he looks up to you, his desire is toward you, and you shall rule over him. He has not acted otherwise than as a younger brother should act toward an elder brother, but he has admitted your seniority and priority. He has not revolted from you; you rule over him; you are his master. Why, then, are you so angry?"

Observe this, then—that if a man shall be angry with his wife because she is a Christian, we may well argue with him—Why are you thus provoked? Is she not a loving and obedient wife to you in all things, except in this matter touching her God? Is she not all the better for her religion? I have known a husband meet his wife at the Tabernacle door and call her foul names all the way home for no other reason than because she joined in the worship of God. Yet she was all the more loving, diligent, and patient because of that worship. For what cause are you thus sullen and wroth? Good sir, this is not like a reasonable man. Be persuaded to let better feelings sway you.

Now, this is an important thing to note, because first of all it takes away from governments their excuse for persecution. "In the early days of Christianity, multitudes of Christians were tormented to death because of their faith in Jesus. There was no excuse for it, for they had done no harm to the State. Christianity does not come into a nation to break up its arrangements, or to break down its fabric. All that is good in human society it preserves and establishes.

IT SNAPS NO TIES

of the family; it dislocates no bonds of the body politic. There are theories of socialism and the like which lead to anarchy and riot; but it is not so with the mild and gentle teaching of Jesus Christ, whose every word is love and patience. He says: "Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." His apostle says: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands; husbands, love your wives; children, obey your parents in all things; servants, obey in all things your masters, not with eye service as men please; masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." Such precepts as these are no injury to government. Christians will cheerfully submit to all lawful rule and righteous authority. They hate tyranny, but they love order; they protest against oppression, but they uphold law and justice. Why, then, should they be persecuted?

That being so in the broad field of national life, it is just the same if you bring it down to the little sphere of home. If religion made men false in their dealings with others, if it made the servant careless and indifferent, if it made the husband a tyrant, if it made the wife a tattler and a slattern, if it turned all relationships upside down, there would be some little reasonableness in the opposition which you offer to it. But if it does nothing of the kind, why are you wroth? and why is your countenance fallen? Why, to me it seems to be a great blessing to a man to have his friends converted—a blessing to be desired and prized. Their conversion may do you good, even if you are not converted yourself. Laban learned by experience that the Lord blessed him for Jacob's sake. Look at Joseph. The Lord was with him, and we find that wherever Joseph went others were the better, because God blessed them through

Joseph. A good man in a house is good store to the family. A converted daughter, a praying son, a holy husband, a gracious wife—why, these are the pillars, the ornaments,

THE BUTTRESSES OF THE HOUSE.

Godly people roof in the mansion with their prayers. Who can tell what blessings God gives to unconverted men because of their converted relatives? I could hope, my angry friend, that God means to give a greater blessing still to you—that He means to entice you to heaven by showing your wife the way, or He means to lead you to Christ by that dear child of yours. I have known parents brought to repentance by the deaths of daughters or of sons who have died in the faith. I hope you will not have to lose those you love that you may be brought to Jesus by their dying words. But it may be so; it may be so. Oh, that the persecuted one may live to have the great joy of going to the house of God with father, or walking with brother in the ways of godliness, or bringing the thoughtless sister to seek and find the Saviour! Why should it not be so? Let us hope for it. At any rate, I do not see any cause to be angry because grace has visited your family. If you do not mean to serve Christ, at least stand out of the road and let other people serve Him.

II. Now let us advance farther into the text. There is

NO ROOM FOR BEING ANGRY,

for though the difference lies first with the grace of God, yet it lies also with the man's own self. "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." If you are not accepted, and you are angry because you are not accepted, is there not a just cause for it? If you do not enjoy the comforts of religion, and you grow envious because you do not, you should cool your wrathfulness by considering this question: "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" That is to say, will you not be accepted on the same terms as Abel? You will be accepted in the same way as your brother, your sister, your child. How is it that the one you envy is full of peace? It is because he has come to Jesus and confessed his sin, and trusted his Redeemer. If thou doest this, shalt thou also be accepted? Has not the Lord said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out"? If you, too, come and confess your sin, and trust the Saviour, you are as certain to be accepted as your friend. Put it to the test and see. Try Him. Try Him; and if He does refuse you, let me know it; for I am telling everybody that Jesus never casts out any that come to Him, and I must not do so any more if I find out that He does reject you or any one else. Try the Lord Jesus, I do beseech you; and I know what the result will be.

Now, is it not much wiser for a man, instead of being angry with another's enjoying the comforts of religion, to seek to enjoy them himself?

God's second word with Cain was, however: "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." That is to say: "If religion does not yield thee joy as it does thy brother, what is the reason?" Surely sin stops the entrance, as

A STONE BLOCKING THE DOORWAY.

If you cannot gain an entrance to mercy, it is because sin, like a huge stone, has been rolled against it, and remains there. If the way to God and salvation is, indeed, blocked up, it is only blocked up by your own sin. The door is not locked by a divine decree, nor nailed up by any necessity of circumstances, nor barred by any peculiarity of your case. No, there is neither block, nor bar, nor lock except your sin. Your sin lies at the door, and makes you a prisoner, where else you might be free as air. I desire to press this point home upon any unconverted persons who are somewhat anxious, but yet cannot get peace. A secret something is keeping you from being accepted as Abel was accepted. I am sure it is sin in one shape or another. May I entreat you to see what that sin is!

Is it unbelief? In most cases unbelief is the

damning sin. You will not believe God's Word. You reject the testimony of God concerning His Son Jesus, and thus you put away from you eternal life. You say: "I cannot believe." But that will not do, for you know that God is true; and if God be true, how dare you say that you cannot believe Him? If, when I stated solemnly a fact, you told me: "I cannot believe you," I should understand you to mean that I am a liar. And when you say: "I cannot believe God," do you not know that the English of such an expression is this—you make God a liar by refusing to believe on His Son? This unbelief is sin enough—sin enough to destroy you forever. May God help you to roll it away, by saying: "I will believe; I must believe. God must be true; the blood of His dear Son must be able to wash away sin. I will trust in it now!"

Or, *is it pride?* Are you too big a man to become a Christian? Are you too respectable, too wealthy, too polite? Are you too deep a thinker? Do you know too much? You could not go and sit down with the humble people who, like little children, believe what God tells them. No, no; you have too much brain for that; have you? Now be honest, and own it! You read the reviews, and you like a little dash of scepticism in your literature. You could not possibly listen to Jesus when He says: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." You do not care for such old-fashioned doctrine, for you are too much of a philosopher. I would not care to lose my soul to gratify my loftiness. Would you? *One's pride may carry him far if he is a great fool*; but let him not suffer his pride to carry him into hell, for it certainly will never carry him out again.

Alas! there are some who have another sin,
A HIDDEN SIN.

I cannot mention it; it is a shame even to speak of the things which are done of them in secret. I have been frequently puzzled to know why certain persons cannot attain peace. They have seemed to be in a fair way to salvation, and yet they have never reached it; they have been one day near and the next far off. In one or two instances I have not discovered the reason why the Gospel never succeeded with them, till they were dead. When they were gone the sad truth was revealed which accounted for all their uneasiness; but I will not tell you what it was. There was a secret which, if it had been known, would have made their character abhorrent to those who in ignorance respected them.

Does any man here carry about with him a guilty secret? Does he persevere in shameful acts which he labors to conceal? How can a man hope for peace while he wars with the laws of morality? What rest can there be while solemn vows are broken, and the purest of relationships are treated with despot? Nay, while there is any uncleanness about a man, or about a woman, there cannot be peace with God; such sins must be given up, or there cannot be acceptance with the Most High. Would you for a moment insinuate that the Lord Jesus died to allow you to sin and yet escape its penalty?

We have known persons practise *dishonesty in business*, and this has shut them out from acceptance. Not that they actually pilfer, but they have ways and means of calling things by wrong names, and taking fraudulent advantage. Cheating is called "custom of trade," and so on. My brethren, to be very plain with you, an honest heart and an honest hand must be found in every man who is to be justified at the last great day. Not a few harbor *enmity* in their hearts toward their brother or neighbor. Oh, angry hearer,

GOD CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR SACRIFICE

until you are at peace with your brother! It cannot be. Go home, and forgive your fellow-servant; for if you do not so forgive your little debts, the great Lord will not forgive you all your great debt. Before you can hope to have peace with God, you must be at peace with those who have offended you. Then there are

some who *keep evil company*. They like to come to the Tabernacle, or to some other place where the Gospel is preached, and they hope that they may find Christ; but then they also like a lascivious song. They relish those silly, coarse, loathsome ditties which have a *touch of "smut"* about them. These are disgraceful things, and yet certain people roll them out as choice morsels. While that is the case, can a man hope that God will accept him? No; it is of no use pretending anything of the kind. You and your sins must part, or God and you cannot be friends.

I think this word of divine expostulation bears another meaning. "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." That is to say, not only as a stone to block your way, but

AS A LION

to pounce upon you. It is true that sin is hindering you from peace, but it is also true that a greater sin is lurking at the door ready to spring upon you. What a warning this word ought to have been to Cain! If you are doing ill and God is not accepting you, and that fact is making you angry, there is a worse sin lying like a couchant lion ready to devour you. It was so with Cain. Perhaps at that moment he had not seriously thought of killing his brother. He was angry, but he was not yet implacable and malicious. But God said: "There is a sin lying at your door that will come upon you to your destruction." May it not be the same with you, my hearer?

I am always fearful about those who are so near salvation and yet are not decided. Judas who can preach the Gospel, Judas who is an apostle, Judas who can say: "Lord, is it I?"—he is the man that at the last sells his Master; for though an apostle in appearance he was in heart a traitor, and a son of perdition. *The raw material for a devil* is an angel. The raw material for the son of perdition was an apostle; and the raw material for the most horrible of apostates is one who is almost a saint. I say no more than I mean, and than history can prove. There have usually been splendid traits of character about men who have been unfit to live. The question has been in their minds: "Which shall have the mastery?" and for a while the result has trembled in the balance; but when they have decided for evil it has been decision with a vengeance. Be thou warned, O man, to whom these words shall come, lest thy last end be worse than the first.

But there is yet another meaning which I must bring out here, and that is one which is held by many critics, though it is questioned by others. I am content to go with a considerable following, especially of the old divines, who say that the word here used may be rendered: "If thou doest ill,

A SIN-OFFERING

lieth at the door." And what a sweet meaning this gives us! God graciously declares to angry Cain: "Thou canst bring a sin-offering, as Abel has done, and all will be well. Thou canst present a bleeding sacrifice, typical of the great atonement; a sin-offering lies at the door." This should be an encouraging assurance to any one who is anxious, and at the same time greatly afraid that pardon is not possible. My dear friend, why needest thou grow despondent because another enters heaven? A sin-offering lies at thy door also. Thou canst have *thy* sin forgiven even as his has been forgiven; come and try for thyself.

I do not know that I can say any more; I wish that I could have said it better. I would speak right into your heart. May the Spirit of God so speak! Do not be angry because another is saved, but turn your anger on yourself because you have not accepted salvation. Recollect, if you do what other sinners have done—namely, simply come to Christ, you shall be accepted as they have been; and if you are not accepted, it is your sin that is preventing it. A sin-offering is waiting to take away that sin. Oh, reject not the priceless boon! Trifle not with your soul and with your Saviour! Do not incur an eter-

nity of misery! Do not lose an eternity of bliss! "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die, O house of Israel?" If I never should occupy this pulpit again, what should I wish to have preached? Nothing but the Gospel which I have now preached for so many years. I wish I had spoken better, but I do not know that I could have said more. If these kind pleadings do not touch angry hearts, neither would they be affected though martyrs rose from the dead.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS IN CHINA.*

THE doctrine of metempsychosis is the great central principle of Buddhism. Just as the cross is the emblem of Christianity, so the wheel is the symbol of Buddhism; the wheel of the law turns in this world and the wheel of transmigration in hades. In this wheel there are six ranks—insects, fish, birds, animals, poor men, and mandarins. It is not necessary to go in order through the six paths, but one may go from the highest to the lowest, and from the lowest to the highest. All sentient creatures are bound to this revolving wheel.

There is a state of action and reaction between this world and hades, a system of rewards bestowed and vengeance taken. A wicked man returns as a beast, but if the beast is killed his sins are atoned for and the account settled, and he may the next time be a man. There is a state of enmity between the two worlds. If a man goes through life and he does not kill an ant or a fly, then there is no enmity in the other world. The common saying is, "If I am a hog and you a man, and you kill me, in the next life you will be a hog and I a man, and I will kill you."

An early transmigration is thought to be desirable. From ancient times it was the practice of the poor, some years after decease, to burn the coffin and gather up the bones for want of burial space. Afterward, as the priests practised cremation, it was said, "One day quicker burned, one day sooner returned;" so the custom became general in some parts of the land, though the mandarins issue proclamations forbidding it.

Metempsychosis is the faith of every man, woman, and child in China; all believe that they individually have in a previous existence been here upon this earth. They have a proverb that "the good has the good reward, and the evil the evil reward;" but they see that many honest men are poor, and that "the wicked flourish as the green bay tree," so they seek for a theory to cover these different conditions, and find it in the formula that the happiness and misery in this life are the result of good or bad deeds in a previous existence. Preach against this as the minister may, their minds still revolve around the hub of transmigration. It is not simply inlaid in their constitutions, it is so thoroughly interwoven that it is a part of the mental structure of all Buddhists. "Cruelty, covetousness, falsehood; lust, drunkenness, and other vices will heap up a stock of demerit, producing re-birth in some wretched condition of life on earth, while the opposite virtues will insure a desirable condition." All say they know of many instances. A sheep near Soochow was once born with a man's name branded on its

* From "The Dragon, Image, and Demon; or, the Three Religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism." By Rev. Hampden C. Du Bose, fourteen years a missionary in China. It gives a lucid and exhaustive description of each system, especially of Buddhism, which is being extensively taught in the United States by the returned Theosophists, and has a large number of believers in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and other large cities, who have turned from faith and light to superstition and darkness. Pp. 468. Profusely illustrated; price, \$2. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 712 Broadway, New York.



The Early Morning Delivery at Billingsgate Fish Market. (See page 757.)

side, and did it not have the soul of that man? Some years since a man of Hangchow dreamed that outside one of the gates a cow had a calf, which was his father returning. Rising early and going to a village, he found a young calf; purchasing the cow and calf he led them home, and honored the calf as his venerated father. A few nights afterward he dreamed that it was not the soul of his father, but that of an enemy, and its retention would bring untold calamities. On the morrow the calf was killed.

The greatest hope of a woman is that at her next birth she may be a man; of a poor man that he may be born rich; of the wealthy that in their next life upon the earth they may be mandarins. This is an old doctrine of the Brahmins, which Buddha remodelled, and made it the pivot of his system, and this was the sword the Indian prophet wielded with such frightful terror. What a fearful doctrine!

SIX CONVERSIONS FROM ONE TESTAMENT.

THE *Spirit of Missions* relates an incident of thrilling interest which has occurred in Japan. It says: After some English or American ships (it is not known which) had left the bay of Yedo, a Japanese gentleman of rank and highly esteemed for his wisdom saw a small object floating on the water, and he sent an attendant to bring it. When placed in his hands, he saw it was a book he could not read. Taking it to the Dutch trader at Kanagawa, he learned that it was a New Testament in English, and held by many persons to be the Word of the only true God; and also that it had been translated into Chinese and could be procured at Shanghai. He sent to China and obtained a copy, and at the court of his prince sat down with five or six companions to study it.

There was much he could not understand, and learning that a man who could speak Dutch had come to Nagasaki to explain this book, he sent his interpreter to the missionary with questions. Explanations and exhortations were returned to him. This Bible-class in the interior of the country, taught by a missionary at Na-

gasaki, continued a year or two. Then the chief scholar came to the missionary, and sought for baptism for himself and two of his friends who were with him. Having satisfied himself that they were truly Christians, the missionary administered the rite. Within a year three others of the same company were also baptized.

LITTLE CECIE'S ACCIDENT.

(See illustration on page 765.)

ONE night after ten o'clock a boy about twelve years old, poorly clad, was hurrying through the narrowest and worst-lighted streets of the city. He peered into every dark corner and under every overhanging doorway as if in quest of something, and having satisfied himself that what he was searching for was not there, he was off again at full speed.

"What's the matter, Chris? Come in here; it's a jolly place. Father drunk again?"

"No, Joe; I don't know, and I don't care. I can't find Cecie. I've looked everywhere for her."

"Hidin', p'raps," was Joe's suggestion.

"Mebbe waitin' for you somewheres. Guess she's scared if you ain't in when the old man comes home. You ain't asked him, I guess?"

"No, I'd get it if I did. But I'll tell the Society on him to-morrow if Cecie don't show up. They did warn him once when they see him a lickin' me, and come to our place. They said they'd take us both away if he didn't behave. I wish they had. Cecie cried or else they would. She said she'd promised mother to look arter him when she was dead, and she begged so hard they gave him another show."

"Well, I'll come and help you look; you ain't agoin' to give up, I guess."

"Do, Joe; I feel mighty dull and scared."

It was better then. Christopher felt brighter already for telling his trouble. The two boys went over the ground again, searching carefully for little Cecie. She was only ten years old and little of her age, but if she had been a great deal smaller she would not have escaped the search of boys who knew every good hiding-place in the ward. But they could not find her. They stood near the City Hall when they came to the

conclusion that it was of no use looking any longer.

"You'll go home, Chris, won't you?" said Joe. "Not me," said Chris, emphatically. "Not if I know it. Father 'ud, kill me if he ain't had nuthin' to do with her g'jin'. He'd sure to ask when she went and who with, and I don't know. I oughter stayed home with her. I just ran out; she didn't want me to go, but I'd saved a nickel out o' the extra *Telegrams*, and me and some more went to Clark's to spend it. When I came back Cecie was gone."

"What made you go to Clark's? Should ha' thought you'd had enough o' them places wi' your father."

"I wish I hadn't now. I'll never go again if I can find her. She ain't got nobody but me, now mother's dead. Father ain't no good." Chris stopped a moment, and then added ruefully, "And I've got nobody but her." His boyish pride relaxed at the thought, and he had to apply his coat-cuff to his eyes.

"Here's the cop," said Joe. "Let's ask him."

"No, don't," said Chris. "He's bad, he is. He said he'd take me in last night for bein' around Clark's."

But the burly policeman did not wait to be asked. Recognizing Chris, he asked, "Here, you, boy. You looking for your sister?"

"Yes."

"Well, she was a-looking for you a spell ago. She asked me if I'd seen you. She's been run over now; I've just sent her to the hospital."

Chris was crying in earnest now, and didn't care who saw him. He ran down Chambers Street as fast as he could to the hospital and begged to see his sister. But they would not let him in. He must come to-morrow, they said. The girl was badly hurt. Chris and Joe found a corner to sleep in where they could see the hospital, and Chris looked hard at the lighted windows every time he woke and wondered which room Cecie was in. He did not wait to sell all his papers next morning, but hurried off to the hospital. He was told to come in the afternoon and then he should see his sister. He hung about the place listlessly

until two o'clock, and then ventured to apply again. This time he was admitted with a caution to be very quiet.

Chris scarcely knew Cecie when they took him to the little cot. she was so clean and bright, and the bed-clothes were so white and comfortable. Poor child! her face was almost as white. Mindful of the caution, Chris just laid his hand on the edge of the cot and looked earnestly at the little face, which brightened up at the sight of the brother she loved so well. The nurse on the other side of the cot watched the two, and her eyes dimmed in sympathy.

"She must not speak," the nurse said. "Just kiss her and come again to-morrow."

Chris bent over and kissed her, and Cecie broke a flower off the bunch of lilac that kind friends had sent with other flowers to the patients, and held it up for him. Chris took it and went away very sorrowfully. The next day he was there again. He was not likely to forget! And Cecie whispered to him that she heard the doctor say she would never get well, but begged him not to cry, for she was going to heaven where mother was. "Be a good boy, Chris, and then you'll come to us. Shall I tell mother you will?"

"Oh, yes, yes," sobbed the boy. "Indeed I will. I'll never go near Clark's, never no more. If it hadn't been for that you wouldn't a been hurt."

They were both crying now, and the nurse had to hurry the boy away.

He came back next day looking very anxious. He did not need to ask how she was. The poor little pinched face on the pillow distorted by pain told the story. Cecie smiled at him, suffering as she was, and Chris stood silently and lovingly looking down at her.

"Kiss your sister now, my boy," said the nurse, after a few minutes. "Kiss her; she is dying now."

Chris leaned over and kissed her, and as he did so he whispered, "I won't forget, Cecie." A look of intelligence came into the face of the dying child, and then a smile of love and peace, and she was gone.

"I wish I was dead, too," sobbed the boy. "It ain't no use to live now."

But Chris learned better than that. His grief was noticed, as he passed out, by a Christian man on a visit to the hospital, and he was led to tell his sad story. He was anxious to learn how to be good, and he was taken to some who were as anxious to teach him. Chris learned the way of salvation, and hopes through Christ to meet mother and sister again in the better land.

THE WAY OUT.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. Leander S. Keyser.*

(Continued from page 751.)

Good-By.

THE time passed quickly for our friends with the various duties, engagements, and pleasures of student life. Leroy, besides his regular work in college, employed himself in other labor—a labor of love to his fellow-men. He accepted a



Chris Visits Cecie in Hospital.

position as teacher in the Sabbath-school, and prepared as diligently for that as for his regular studies. On Sabbath afternoon he went to a mission school. Many were won to a better life by the power of his kind words. This engagement was one of the most convincing proofs Leroy could have given of the sincerity and thoroughness of the change he had experienced. Carrie could recognize and appreciate it better than any one else. She knew how Leroy used to enjoy the Sunday afternoons of the old time, and when she saw him going off to the mission instead of strolling into the country or coming to sit and talk with her, she blessed God that the man to whom she had given her heart felt "the love of Christ which constraineth."

The most significant change, however, was the uniform gentleness and kindness which was noticed by every one who came in contact with the young man. Formerly there had been a certain arrogance and superciliousness in his manner which had often caused pain to a fellow-student. "Ransom must be taught to speak civilly and respectfully to his equals," had been said more than once in the rooms when some one had complained of a sneer, a sarcasm, or some expression of impatient contempt that had fallen from his lips. There were none of those complaints now. There was no need to keep Ransom in his place, for he was so humble that any place contented him, and no word ever left his lips that could cause pain or humiliation to another. Indeed, he was willing to exert himself or to deny himself pleasure if he could help any one in sickness or trouble. If there had been any doubt about the genuineness of his conversion any of his acquaintances must have been convinced if they applied the test of Christ

Himself: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Thus it gradually came about that any one in college that knew of a case of sickness or of some one in need of help would let Ransom know, and some kindness would be sure to follow. Perhaps the one effort of this kind that was most difficult to the young Christian trying to live the life of his Master was that of visiting Pendleton Sanderson.

One evening, about mid-winter, Leroy heard that Sanderson was seriously ill. If it had been any one else he would have set out immediately for the sick-room. But now he hesitated. It was only for a few minutes, for he saw that this was a case in which duty was made plain by Christ's explicit command. Sanderson had the claim of an enemy on his good offices. He therefore took up his hat and went to his room.

The sick man looked up in surprise as Ransom entered. Evidently his visitor was about the last person he expected to see. But Ransom was so kind and sympathetic that the other was touched and melted. The visit was a pleasant one on both sides, and was repeated from day to day. Sanderson was glad to see him, and as he grew worse and it became necessary for some one to watch all night with him, it was Leroy that undertook the office, to the sufferer's delight.

Leroy watched beside him until he fell into a heavy slumber, and then took up a book to read. It must have been about an hour later that Sanderson woke and called him. Leroy was at his side in a moment.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I am going to ask you a favor, Ransom. You could not have granted it in the old days, but you can now, if you will. I want you to pray with me. I know you are a Christian. I have watched you closely since you came back, for I thought you were shamming for a purpose; but I soon saw you were sincere. I have been a bad fellow while believing the Bible—worse than you think, and I am afraid to die. I believe I am going to die, Ransom, and I want you to help me. Pray with me now, and another time when I am a little stronger we will talk."

Leroy kneeled, and poured out his soul in supplication for the poor sick young man. It was a solemn scene—only those two, the one pale and languid with sickness upon the bed with his poor hand over his face, and the other on his knees praying that God would give him peace and pardon.

The next night Leroy was with him again. He was worse. Leroy spoke with him and prayed with him, but it was evident that something disturbed his mind.

On the third night, as Leroy and several others stood by the bedside, the sick man said:

"Ransom, I shall soon pass over the stream. Death is very near. Send for Miss West."

She was sent for immediately, and when she stood before his bed the dying man spoke:

"Carrie, I have a secret that I must tell, a confession to make before I die. I was determined to win you for myself, Carrie, and I stooped to falsehood and trickery that I might succeed. I can-

not take my secret to the grave. Listen; it was I, Ransom, who got that paragraph inserted about Carrie's marriage. I thought it would put an end to your love for her, and to make sure of its having that effect I sent you a marked paper and persuaded a friend of mine to see your brother and confirm the news. I see now how false and base it was, and I am glad now that it failed. I do not deserve to be forgiven, but if you can forgive me I shall be grateful."

"We do, we do," they said, as the tears fell silently.

"Heaven bless you! God has forgiven me too. I feel that He has. Leroy, I thank you for your prayers. They helped me to God. I shall soon go now. Carrie, give me your hand; and now, Ransom, take my other hand in yours. With God's forgiveness and yours, I die in peace. Good-by!" he whispered.

Holding the poor man's hands, upon which their tears fell fast, they stood over his bed as he breathed more softly, more softly. The clock ticked toward the midnight hour. That and the quick breathing from the dying couch were all the sounds they heard.

"Good-by, Carrie. Good-by, Ransom!" he whispered very softly, and then at ten minutes before twelve he drew one long breath, and that was the last. The stamp of death was upon his brow, and his soul sped to the bar of God. A smile of peace was left by the death-angel on his lips.

Carrie and Leroy walked back together from the chamber of death talking tenderly of the departed. "I am glad you were able to forgive him, Leroy," Carrie said. "You could not have done it once."

"There are many things I can do now, Carrie, that I never thought I could do. None but those who have given themselves up to Christ can know what power He gives to His servants. Have you not been surprised yourself at the things you do by His strength?"

"Yes, and they seem more wonderful as we come closer to Him." Carrie pressed his arm as she spoke, and both were conscious that their love was purer and stronger for the common bond that united them with their Lord. This sense of union grew clearer to them as the weeks passed, and seemed to sanctify and intensify their mutual love. Never had either of them known such happiness as in the remaining weeks of that term. Time seemed to fly, and it was almost with amazement that they awoke to the fact that Commencement Day was so near as it was.

It was to be one of the grandest days in the history of the N. S. College. The faculty was as proud of the graduating class as were the students. It included some whose whole course had been brilliant, and from whom great things were expected. Among them besides Ransom and Carrie were Leroy's friends, Burt and Train.

At last the day has come, and a vast concourse of people have gathered in the hall to hear the graduating speeches. There was a great profusion of floral decoration. Evergreen wreaths gave a mellowing relief to the brightness. Noble pictures hung here and there upon the walls. Dr. Lester walked to and fro talking here and there. Professor Rich was upon the platform laughing. The class were all upon the stage. Music soul-stirring from lips and instruments filled the room, and all was exultation and delight.

The preliminary exercises over, the audience settled down to listen to the speeches of those who were "going out" this year. Each had special friends there rejoicing in the triumph, and each treated the occasion in characteristic style. Leroy's chum, Burt, who, mainly through his friend's efforts, had been led to renounce scepticism and accept Christianity, entitled his speech "On Dizzy Heights," dwelling on the dangers that lie in the path of those who are fascinated by speculative thought and climb to heights from which all too many with reeling brain have fallen headlong. With a delicate touch understood by the students he alluded to

the change in himself and his friend, and in tones of deep reverence gave glory to God.

Train, as was inevitable to one of his exuberant spirits and quick wit, spoke in lighter vein. His subject was "The Mediocre," and he captured the audience at the outset by apologizing for introducing a subject of so personal a character.

"No, no," was shouted from all quarters. "Don't disparage yourself, old man."

But Train went on with no notice of the compliment but a bow of exaggerated acknowledgment and a gesture of mock humility. He proceeded to claim for the mediocre man the highest distinctions, claiming that he was the most useful man on earth, and contending that he would be more missed than his more brilliant contemporaries. The speech kept the audience in a roar of laughter, and was the culminating triumph of Train's college course.

But how did Carrie succeed? Her subject was "Unwritten Poetry." "There is a prevailing sentiment," she said, "that the poet is an effeminate creature unfitted for the prose of daily life, and that he often dies because the false rhyme and metre of the world jar too harshly upon his soul. This is a false notion, and the error arises from the mistaken idea that the finer sentiments are incompatible with sturdiness of character. There is more poetry in strength than in weakness. The poet ought to be a man—a warrior, if need be. He must not be a pinner and a whimperer. He must have a brave heart and a strong right arm. The noblest poet is the manliest man, the womanliest woman. He must not be weak, effeminate, sensual. He must be true in life as well as in sentiment to the highest truths in the universe. Back of the verse which appears upon the printed page there must be the unwritten poetry of real strength and nobleness of soul.

"Lowell has caught this idea, for he says:

*'The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse;
—Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews.'*

"Then, some of our rhymesters think that poetry consists in sickly sentimentalities. Away with such imbecility! True poetry is the noblest thought expressed in the noblest words. Genuine poesy is never childish. Our own Longfellow has said of the arrow he shot and the song he breathed into the air:

*'Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.'*

"Yes, the poet's song, like the arrow, must have strength enough to pierce to the heart and yet remain unbroken.

"Some of our rhymesters whimper as if they had nothing to do but to mourn and nurse their woe, and then they want the great, sturdy, busy world to pity their petty sorrows. Let them go and do a noble deed; let them receive the smile of gratitude from those they have helped and lifted up, and soon their songs will be changed to rhapsodies of gladness. Whenever you read a poet who revels in his sorrows, who does nothing but groan, depend upon it, there is some flaw in his character. He is living a life of selfishness; he is nursing his own sorrow when he ought to be helping others. That is not the unwritten poem of a self-sacrificing life, devoted to the cause of Truth and humankind.

"When I see a man or woman living a life of devotion to the cause of Truth, sacrificing self for heaven's sake and for man's sake, I say that life is the truest of all poems. As Longfellow says in his 'Epimetheus':

*'Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
Though the fields around us wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces;
Let us turn and wander thither!'*

She showed how the humblest backwoodsman was a poet if he had fine sentiment and noble thought; if he loved nature, the beautiful, the songs of birds, the emerald of field and wood,

the rhythm of babbling brook, and if he loved the God over all. And then she exclaimed:

"Have I said 'unwritten poetry'? It is a misnomer. It is only unseen. It is written by the finger of God on every noble soul."

It was difficult to follow Carrie. The next speech had to be a great effort to sustain the interest of the audience. Dr. Lester announced: "The World's Conquerors," by Leroy T. Ransom.

He stepped forward and commenced calmly. He spoke of the great conquerors in battle, in the realms of science, intellect, morals, and religion. He said: "Alexander was not a true conqueror, because he could not control his appetites. Peter the Great was not a true victor, because, though he could govern his vast realm, he could not govern his tongue. Napoleon was not truly triumphant, because he could not subdue his inordinate ambition. Byron, Burns, Poe, were not true conquerors, because they were vanquished by their passions. The greatest conquest is the conquest of self."

But when he spoke of the Great Conqueror, he became truly sublime. Speaking of the victory on Calvary, he said:

"Ah! there was the mightiest conquest of the ages, a victory won without a blow struck or a sword unsheathed; a triumph gained by omnipotent defeat and submission. Those hands, nailed to the cross, cleft the hydra-head of sin and bore the standard that leads man to eternal victory. He is the Conqueror of sin and doubt, and He can fling them to the winds. I know it! I know it!"

"And the conquest is going on. The forests of Africa, the jungles of India, the cities of China, are shouting the battle-cry and the people are falling into the ranks. The islands of the sea are clapping their hands and shouting hosanna at the news of redemption, and soon the world will acknowledge the sovereign sway of the Victor of Calvary."

He bowed and took his seat. The stage was literally covered with flowers, which flew from every part of the audience, it being impossible for the little white-robed girls who fitted to and fro to gather them up.

Professor Rich made a short but magnificent address of farewell to the class, and as he spoke through his smiles and tears the class wept, and many in the audience could not restrain their emotions. Then Dr. Lester solemnly conferred the diplomas. Grand old man! how sad his heart was that his children were now going from their college home; and yet how glad that they were so well fitted for the battle of life!

Thus ended the college days of our friends. Good-bys were said on the morrow, and many separated never to meet again until they gathered around the throne. The hearts of the graduating class said: "Good-by, old familiar scenes; good-by, old classic halls; good-by, teachers and classmates; good-by, alma mater!"

One more scene and then we, too, who have followed our two young friends through their experience of sorrow and joy, trial and happiness, must say farewell. They are setting out on their voyage of life, and we may watch the launching of their ship and wish them a happy voyage, and then they pass out of our sight forever.

It is a wedding at the residence of the widow West. Who are there?

Well, first, there are Carrie and Leroy. There are Carrie's mother and friends, and Leroy's mother and brother Allan. There is Dr. Comstock, of the W— Theological Seminary, of whom you have heard Carrie speak. He will perform the marriage ceremony. There are also Dr. Lester and Professor Rich (smiling). There is Henry S. Burt, Leroy's old chum, the orator; and there is Francis Train, with a bright-eyed little lady as fair as a rose. Every face seemed to reflect the joy and happiness that shone from the countenances of Carrie and Leroy as they stood up to go through the simple ceremony that was to unite their lives. There was a solemn stillness while the vows were in-

terchanged, and prayers were offered for their happiness and God's blessing on their union. Then, the ceremony being concluded, there was the usual tumult of congratulation, agitated smiles, and tears, and kisses, and general excitement.

When they were seated and the rest were talking gayly, Leroy whispered: "Carrie, think of all our trouble and how it has ended."

She looked at him with happy eyes—and only that.

"Well, Leroy," said Dr. Lester, "what do you think of the story of Adam and Eve in the garden now?"

"I believe it all, and I think it is just as romantic as it is true," he answered.

"Good, good!" they all cried, and Dr. Comstock came in at the last with a "Good!" of superlative strength.

Then it was that Professor Rich laughed right out.

"What are you laughing at, professor?" they cried.

"Well, I guess I must tell a secret to this crowd, but you must never tell. But I hate to tell it—I guess I won't."

"Tell it, tell it," they cried on every side.

"Dare I tell it, Carrie—that is, Mrs. Ransom?" asked the smiling professor.

"Yes, tell it, of course," she replied.

"Well, I saw the kissing episode in the grove on that botanical excursion; but I thought, 'Let them fight. Let them fight it out.'"

THE END.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 12, Rev. 7: 9-17. Golden Text, ver. 15.

John's Citizenship—At Home in Heaven—Unmoved by the Great Convulsions—The Wonderful Prayer-Meetings—Caste Disregarded—Another Vision—The Innumerable Company—Their Ascription—The Angelic Host—The Throne Before the Throne—Slain in the Tribulation—A Mistaken View of Suffering.

THE door which John saw opened in heaven remained unclosed. The apostle had long ago learned that his citizenship was in heaven (Phil. 3: 20), and that the freedom of the heavenly city was his by right, that he had been raised up with Christ, and made "to sit with Him in the heavenly in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2: 7, R. V.); and this was more than an intellectual doctrine to the Apostle John; he entered "into that which is within the veil" (Heb. 6: 19), and was

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Six seals of the sealed book had been broken, and the hidden future of judgment unfolded before his eyes. Under the sixth seal he had seen those signs which should follow the great tribulation which our Lord foretold to His disciples (Matt. 24: 29), and which is prophesied in so many Scriptures, "the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth" (Rev. 6: 1-12. See also Isa. 13: 10, 24: 23; Ezek. 32: 7; Joel 2: 31; Acts 2: 20). He had seen the heaven (no doubt the aerial heaven) "removed as a scroll when it is rolled up; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places" (R. V.). But all these convulsions did not move John as the presence of Jesus in glory had done. God was his "Refuge and Strength," therefore did he not fear though the earth was moved, and though the mountains were carried into the heart of the seas (Ps. 46); for John had a firmer footing on heaven than on earth; his heart, his life, and his all were in Jesus, and therefore John was at home where Jesus was.

But have not we who are God's children as much right to the heavenly as John had? Is not *our* citizenship also in heaven? Then, why do things of earth move, trouble, worry, vex us? They only do so when we voluntarily dwell in them instead of dwelling in the will and purpose of God which He is working out

through them. Whether the Apostle John saw a door opened in heaven, and the glorified ones before the throne, or whether he saw the most vexatious things and persons in the Church of God on earth, John saw all in its relation to God; he dwelt in love and testified: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John 4: 16). Here he saw prayer-meetings such as no amount of advertising, invitation, or compulsion could bring together, but which God had brought about. "The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" He saw the

DISTINCTIONS OF CASTE BROKEN DOWN, he saw prayer-meetings such as were held in the streets by the dear colored people of Charleston, in America, while the houses were falling around them at the time of the earthquake; he saw them attended by the richest and proudest, by just such as in their pitiful ignorance and unbelief had smiled cynically at the men and women in Charleston who looked above the laws of nature to the Maker and Founder of them all.

All this had passed in review before the apostle, and now another vision comes before him. He no longer looks upon scenes of carnage, pestilence, earthquake, and terror; he sees "a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb." Thank God that the company is innumerable. God will save all He can consistently with His own holiness and justice. They are all "clothed with white robes;" they had "not defiled their garments," so they could walk with Christ "in white," for they were "worthy" (Rev. 3: 4, 5). They had overcome "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death" (Rev. 12: 11). They had palms in their hands, just as in the feast of tabernacles, which was the type of rest and rejoicing in the presence of God it was commanded: "And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days" (Lev. 23: 40). And they cry with a loud voice: "The salvation unto our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb" (Gr.). All these had been saved by the blood of the Lamb; they were fallen creatures,

REDEEMED BY THE SON OF GOD.

Their song awakened the song of the unfallen angels: "And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen (*i.e.*, truly, verily); the blessing, and the glory, and the wisdom, and the thanksgiving, and the honor, and the power, and the might, be unto our God forever and ever." The redeemed can say "*our* God," the unfallen angels can say "*our* God." The angels cannot sing the redemption song, but they can see these blood-bought ones as spotless as themselves, and as supremely happy. Oh, how blessed; but all this blessing emanated from *our* God! They see glory. How far they have known the sin and sorrow, the anguish and suffering of these sons of men we know not, but they do know how Jesus suffered, and how the Son of Man was glorified in dying and rising again for them; they see in the redeemed the glory of their God. How far they have been able to follow the path by which God has led each one of these His children through this earth, how far they have known what trials have been permitted, what circumstances have been used in their education, we know not; but all

they do know makes them trace the wisdom which has planned and carried out the purpose in each life back again to our God. They see "thanksgiving and honor" due to no son of Adam. Over the heads of the countless multitude, without distinguishing one from another, they raise the shout of adoration to Him who alone is worthy, and of whom it has been said (Ps. 62: 11):

"POWER BELONGETH UNTO GOD."

While the heart of the apostle must have been joining in the song, one of the elders addresses him, saying: "These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they? And I say (Gr., have said) unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (R. V.). While some are calling upon the rocks to fall on them, and the hills to cover them, others, in the time of the tribulation, shall be safe in heaven, although probably slain on earth. The question will arise in the minds of many: "Are these, then, only those who are saved during the time of the great tribulation?" It seems so. But they are only a type of other redeemed ones who are washed from their sins in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. 1: 5; 3: 5, 18; 5: 9; 19: 14).

"Therefore are they *before* the throne of God," not "in the midst of the throne," like the living creatures, not "round about the throne," like the elders, but "before the throne," in full sight of God. And they "serve Him day and night in His temple;" they have priestly work like the others; but it is not said of them that they shall "reign with" Christ. It would seem that the bride of Christ must be gathered before this time of tribulation, and that those converted subsequently will perhaps not be made just equal to the bride. We cannot make a system of things which are only partially revealed, but we must

LEARN ALL WHICH GOD DOES REVEAL TO US.

Oh, how blessed is this company! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes" (R. V.).

There are some who have the mistaken idea that those who suffer very much on earth from hunger or other privations, from sickness or from oppression, will not suffer in the next world—just as though God had such pleasure in giving us pain that, if we escaped it in this world, we should get it in the next! What a mistaken view of our loving Heavenly Father! But here we see that those who are blessed in heaven are those who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." No mention is made of their personal sufferings, but only of their personal claim in Jesus as their Saviour. His blood had ransomed them—they believed it, and so He saved them from their sins, and then, He who loves not to give hunger, but to satisfy it, not to give thirst, but to slake it, not to give sorrow, but to take it away, banishes hunger, thirst, and heat, and with His own hand of love dries away every tear. He, once the "Man of Sorrows," takes away the sorrows which He has borne, and leads His flock "to fountains of waters of life" (R. V.), "living fountains of eternal life."

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

FAITH.

BY CYRUS W. HOUGHION.

THE eye of faith, when clear and bright,
Can pierce the gloom of darkest night,
And draw from heaven a flood of light,
No false alarms,
Or suffering real, can then affright
The soul which by this inner sight,
Beholds itself encircled quite
Within the arms
Of everlasting love.
Since I have learned low faith thus saves
The truly wise,
I am content, although the waves
Of trouble rise
To mountain heights upon life's sea;
Because 'tis true
That they but serve to carry me
Still nearer to
The clear blue sky above.
Faith brings the answer to my prayers,
And gives release from anxious cares
Which vex the soul;
For He who numb'reth all my hairs,
And every sorrow kindly shares,
Hath bid me roll
My burden on the Lord.
With such a faith I feel secure
Amid earth's strife;
And resting on the promise sure,
I shall be strengthened to endure
Through all of life—
Until at last, when faith gives place
To sight, I shall behold the face
Of Him who saves me by His grace,
And gain faith's full reward.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Those desiring to obtain a selection of beautiful, elaborate cards, the best of the year, should order at once.

SPECIAL SAMPLE PACKETS.

No. 1—5 of the best designs.....25c.
No. 2—12 of the best designs.....50c.
No. 3—15 beautiful (larger) cards \$1.00
No duplicates. All new designs from the cat-
alogues of Prang, Raphael Tuck, Hildersheimer, etc.
Postage stamps for sums under \$1. No charge for
postage, and safe delivery guaranteed.

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

100 Cards for \$ 75c.	50 Cards for \$2.00
100 " " 1.50	50 " " 3.00
100 " " 2.25	50 " " 4.00
100 " " 3.00	50 " " 5.00

All with Xmas greetings, etc. Postage free.

CHRISTMAS TOKENS.

FROM MORN TILL EVE. By Cecelia Hav-
ergal. Illuminated Texts with Poem for every day
in the month. "Exquisitely beautiful." price 35c.

FINE AND CEDAR. Bible Verses for every
morning and evening of the month. Arranged by
O. E. P. S. Preface by Anna Warner. Printed in
Emblematic Colors, and tastefully bound in cloth.
Size 3x7 1/2 inches. "One of the prettiest booklets
of the year." Price, 30c.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE—An Illustrated
Text-Book of Precept and Promise. Printed in
Colors. In full gilt cloth and gold edges. Price 40c.

FLOWERS OF HOPE—A Scripture Text-
Book for every day in the year. Arranged by R.
E. M. Printed in colors by Nister. Size 4x5 1/4.
"Strikingly attractive." Price, 60c.

For Sunday-schools we will supply
any of these books, one dozen assorted,
at 20 per cent. discount. Postage free.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 & 3 Bible House, New York.

The Home Altar, by Dr. Deems. 75c.
New Tabernacle Sermons, by Dr. Talmage. \$1.00

Sam Jones' Sermons, 75c.
What Now? A book for young ladies, 50c.

Christian Thought, edited by Dr. Deems, 25c.
Natural Law in the Spiritual World, \$1.00

* Any of the above sent on receipt of price.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM,
71 Bible House, N. Y.

SCOVILL'S
SHORT
HAND,
12th Edn \$1.20

A simplified system, Brief, legible
and easily acquired without a teach-
er. Do not neglect to acquire an
art which assures a competent live-
lihood. Send for circular.
H. CAMPBELL & CO.,
140 Nassau St., New York

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

38 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

New and Cheaper Editions of Valuable Books.

1. **STEPPING HEAVENWARD.** By
Mrs. E. Prentiss. 12mo, clo. (Ly Mail,
\$1.10.) \$1.00.

80th Thousand.

2. **THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
Elizabeth Prentiss,** Author of
"Stepping Heavenward." With portrait and five full-
page illustrations. 12mo, cloth. (By mail, \$1.65.)
\$1.50.

16th Thousand.

3. **THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRIS-
TIANITY,** indicated by its Historical Ef-
fects. By Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D. Small 8vo,
674 pages. (By mail, \$2.15.) \$2.00.

4th 1 thousand.

4. **A LAMBA AND KREMLIN.** The
North and South of Europe. By Sam-
uel Irenaeus Prime, D. D. Small 8vo, with numer-
ous illustrations. \$2.00.

4th Thousand.

5. **HOME LIFE IN SONG, WITH THE
Poets of To-Day.** New, enlarged,
and illustrated edition. Contents: I. Babyhood.
II. Childhood and Youth. III. Home Life in the
Country. IV. Home Life in Town. V. Grandpa-
rents. VI. Looking Backward. Large 12mo, cloth
extra. \$1.25.

3d Thousand.

6. **EVENINGS WITH THE SACRED
Poets.** A Series of Quiet Talks about
the Singers and their Songs. By Frederick Saun-
ders. A new and enlarged edition, at a reduced
price. Large 12mo. \$1.50.

3d Thousand.

7. **ROYAL GRACE AND LOYAL
Gifts.** The Devotional Books of Frances
Ridley Havergal. In one volume, large type. New
edition, with portrait and sketch of the author.
12mo. \$1.00.

4th Thousand.

8. **THE LIFE OF ADONIRAM JUDSON.**
By his Son, Edward Judson. Large 12mo,
612 pp., with maps, cuts and 4 steel portraits.
Cloth. \$1.50.

6th Thousand.

To be had of booksellers, or sent by mail by the
publishers on receipt of price. Randolph & Co. will
send a complete catalogue on application.

38 West Twenty-Third St., New York.

Bible Dictionary.

REVISED and enlarged from our
popular edition of which over 200,000
copies have been sold. It is printed
from new type, with 360 wood-cuts
illustrating the text, 16 being elegant
full-page pictures.

It is printed in the best manner
upon a fine paper, most strongly
bound, intended for use rather than
show.

The maps are 18 in number, from
the latest authorities, mostly printed
in colors, six being double-page maps.

720 pp. Large 8 vo. Cloth, \$2

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 Nassau Street, New York; 54 Bromfield St.,
Boston; 1512 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 53
State St., Rochester; 153 Wabash Av., Chicago.

BOOKS HELPFUL

IN CHRISTIAN WORK

**CHILDREN'S MEETINGS AND
TO CONDUCT THEM,** by Lucy J. Ridd
Nelle M. Carman, with contributions of poems,
melodies and outline talks to children by nearly
forty others, including the best-known and most
successful workers among children in this country.
208 pages, fine cloth, \$1.00.

**THE PRAYER MEETING AND ITS
IMPROVEMENT,** by Rev. L. O. Thompson.
12mo, 256 pages, cloth, \$1.25.

"This is so good a book that we wish we could give
a copy to every young minister."—C. H. Spurgeon.
"A very suggestive book."—Sunday-School Times.

THUS SAITH THE LORD, by Major D.
W. Whittle. A handbook for Christian workers.
134 pages, flexible cloth, 50c.

"A manual of Scripture texts arranged to present
the leading subjects met with in dealing with en-
quirers."

SECRET POWER; or, the Secret of Success
in Christian Life and Work, by D. L. Moody. 116
pages, 12mo, cloth, 60 cts.; paper, 30 cts.

"Every page is full of stimulating thought."—Chris-
tian Commonwealth.

** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, - - - New York.

FOR CHRISTMAS TREES

—AND—

BIRTHDAY SOUVENIRS!

A Casket of Pearls. Rays of Light.

Both Edited by Miss KEARY.

Each page printed in Colors, with Text for the
Morning and Evening of Every Day in the Month.
In square 48mo, cloth gilt, 35c. French morocco,
gilt edges, 75c. each.

Heavenly Echoes. Holy Messengers.

With Texts and Hymns for each day in the month.
In small, square size, tied with a ribbon. The cov-
ers and every page beautifully illuminated in gold
and colors. Burnished gold edges. Price, 35c. each.

The Wesley Birthday Book. Selections from
the Hymns of the Wesleys, with a text of Scrip-
ture for every day in the year. 32mo, cloth gilt
edges. 50c. Limp calf, \$1.00.

Abide in Me. Text of Scripture and verses from
the sacred poets for every day in the year. With
interleaved spaces for autographs, 18mo, cloth,
gilt edges, 50c.; or, Limp calf, gilt edges, \$1.00.

The following are interleaved with ruled paper
and contain a text or selection for every day in the
year. 32mo size, cloth gilt and gilt edges, 50c.;
French morocco, 75c.; calf or morocco, \$1.00.

Shakespeare Birthday Book.—"Full of wise
saws."—Shakespeare.

Bible Gems.—A Birthday Text-Book.

Daily Bread.—A Daily Text-Book, with Scrip-
ture text and poetical selection.

A Guide, a Comforter.—A Daily Prayer for
Guidance, and Selections for Comfort, taken from
Holy Writ.

Wedding Chimes.—A Marriage Record with ap-
propriate verses and old-fashioned "Posies."

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt
of price. (Catalogues free.)

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., Pubs.,

20 Lafayette Place, New York City

A Delightful Winter Trip!

MUSIC ALL THE WAY!

SANTA CLAUS' HOME;

Or, The Christmas Excursion.

THE NEW CANTATA FOR CHRISTMAS TIME, BY

Dr. W. H. DOANE.

Full of pretty Songs, Duets and Choruses, inter-
spersed with humorous dialogues. One of the most
charming Cantatas ever written. Can be quickly
learned and cheaply gotten up. It will afford a de-
lightful entertainment.

Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

Christmas Service No. 9. PROMISED ONE.

A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture
and Song, by Rev. Robert Lowry. The Selections
are admirable, and the Songs have all been written
for the present season. 16 pp.

Price, \$4 per 100; 5c. each by mail.

Christmas Annual No. 17.—Contains beau-
tiful Carols by
favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs
for any Christmas Festival.

Price, \$3 per 100; 4c. each by mail.

A full Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN,

76 East Ninth St., New York.

CHICAGO HOUSE, 81 RANDOLPH ST.

A Remarkable Book!

MILLENNIAL DAWN,
THE PLAN OF THE AGES.

Just Published. A Book for the Times.

"It is emphatically a helping hand for Bible Students
In these latter days when Christians are so eagerly
seeking the light of God's Word, to interpret passing
events, and to forecast the dawning future so pregnant
with tremendous import to all mankind, this book
comes as a soothing, satisfying draught from the foun-
tain of all truth, knowledge and wisdom."

"Every earnest seeker after truth, every sincere stu-
dent of the Bible, will do well to secure a copy of this
remarkable book at once, and enjoy the feast of fat
things which it contains." Handsome cloth binding,
embossed, 351 pages, price \$1.00.

** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,
It makes no difference where you see them advertised,
or by whom or where they are published or sold,
send your orders to me and I will attend to them
promptly, send all books to you prepaid, and guar-
antee that they reach you safely. Postage stamps
received for fractional parts of a dollar.

J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

NEW BOOKS

Along River and Road in Fuh-Kien.

Edwin J. Dukes. Graphic sketches of travel
that strange and wonderful country whose destiny
becoming so linked in with our own. 12mo. 352 p.
With map and 20 illustrations. \$1.25.

Scenes in Southern India.

Mrs. Murray Mitchell. Notes of a tour through
region little known in America, picturing the people
and their singular life and the changes wrought
many years of missionary labor. 12mo. 372 pp. With
map and 19 illustrations. \$1.50.

Jottings from the Pacific.

W. Wyatt Gill, B. A. Views of the South
Islands, their novel scenery and products, and the
happy contrast between heathen and christian life.
12mo. 304 pp. With 15 illustrations. \$1.10.

Her Christmas and Her Easter.

A story of life in a New England seaport. Full
incident, and helpful to our young people who are
earnest. 12mo. 187 pp. 4 cuts. 90 cts.

Foxwood Boys at School.

A delightful story for boys and the friends of boys
as interesting as a novel, but true to life and whole-
some. 12mo. 267 pp. 4 cuts. \$1.

"Concerning them which are Asleep."

By the late Dr. J. O. Means, of Boston. A most
beautiful and comforting book for those who mourn.
Square 24mo. 24 pp. In envelope, 25 cts.

Passion Flowers.

Rev. C. S. Hageman, D. D. A beautiful devotion
manual, with design in colors, a text and a poetical ex-
tract on each page illustrating our Lord's atoning work.
24mo. 64 pp. Cloth gilt, 50 cts.

Voices.

Contains 64 pages (32 in colors), every alternate page
being with poetical allusion to the preceding text.
Size, 3 3/4 by 5 1/2 ins. Ribbon tied. 30 cts.

Choices.

Contains 64 pages (32 in colors), every alternate page
being with poetical allusion to the preceding text.
Size, 3 3/4 by 5 1/2 ins. Ribbon tied. 30 cts.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 Nassau St., New York; 54 Bromfield Street
Boston; 1512 Chestnut St., Philadelphia;
State St., Rochester; 153 Wabash Av., Chicago

A BEAUTIFUL HOME BOOK
In Prose and Poetry. By 400 best authors

Edited by

THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D., and others

It contains the ripest thoughts and utterances of the
minds upon the "three dearest names to mortals"
"Is valuable for its rich selections."—J. H. Vincent

Elegantly Illustrated. 454 Quarto pages. Cloth,
Gilt Edge, in a box, \$8.50. Full Morocco, in a box,
Beware of Imitations. Agents Wanted

E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 771 Broadway, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED
PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling
eternal pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full
"laughter and tears," it sells at sight to all. To it is a
Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN
BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women.
to \$200 a month made. 0% Distance no hindrance. I
give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circular
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

WHETHER YOU WANT A
PIANO OR ORGANA

It will pay you to write to the
BEETHOVEN PIANO-ORGAN CO.
Washington, Warren Co., New Jersey

N UNPARALLELED OFFER!
of Religious Monthlies
he Quiver.
tion, \$1.50. Samples on
ipt of 6c. in stamps.
e sending us \$1.50 be-
1, 1887, for one new
scription, may select
th of books from our
a, which will be sent
l to your address.

The Storehouse of Art.
Magazine of Art.
Subscription, \$3.50. Sample on
receipt of 20c. in stamps.
Anyone sending us \$3.50 be-
fore Feb. 1, 1887, for one new
yearly subscription, may select
\$2.00 worth of books from our
catalogue, which will be sent
post-paid to your address.

The Best Family Magazine.
Cassell's Family Magazine.
Subscription, \$1.50. Sample on
receipt of 6c. in stamps.
Any one sending us \$1.50 be-
fore Feb. 1, 1887, for one new
yearly subscription, may select
\$1.00 worth of books from our
catalogue, which will be sent
post-paid to your address.

FREE OF THE BEST MAGAZINES PUBLISHED. SEND FOR SAMPLES.
PROSPECTUS AND CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.
SELL & COMPANY, Limited, 739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

J. S. OGILVIE & CO.'S
TREE CALF SERIES.
sire to call your attention to the "new ideas" of binding popular books in Leatherette Tree
ding, which will require an expert to detect the difference between our edition and an edition
d cost from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per volume.
Following list is now ready, and we guarantee satisfaction in every respect. Each book is 12mo, and
about 200 pages, and is about one inch thick.

Woman's Vengeance, By Mrs. M. A. Holmes. War with Herself, By Author of "Dora Thorne." Only a Woman's Heart, By E. A. Young. Woman Against Woman, By Mrs. M. A. Holmes. Hilda's Lover, By Author of "Dora Thorne." Leon's Bargain, By Mrs. Alexander. Married in Haste, By Author of "Dora Thorne." Midnight Marriage, By Mrs. M. A. Holmes. Days with Moody, By D. L. Moody.	No. 10. The Wedding Ring, By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. No. 11. Good News, Sermons by Sam Jones. No. 12. At Bay, By Mrs. Alexander. No. 13. A Mental Struggle, By the Duchess. No. 14. Adventures of an Old Maid, By Belle C. Greene. No. 15. Lady Valworth's Diamonds, By the Duchess. No. 16. A House Party, By Ouida. No. 17. A Fallen Idol, By F. Anstey. No. 18. The Haunted Chamber, By the Duchess. No. 19. A Wife's Honor, By E. Young. No. 20. The Mohawks, By Mrs. M. E. Braddon.
---	--

tail price of each volume is only 50 cents, excepting No. 20, "The Mohawks," which contains 450
e, 75 cents.
h opportunity was ever offered before to get fine bound books at this merely nominal price.
order by numbers instead of titles of books, if more convenient.
postpaid on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address all orders to
2767.
J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

ICE BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Most Appropriate Gift Book for
IE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."
Years and Beyond;
OR
IE AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.
of Incalculable Value as well as
est to all who have passed the
Meridian of Life.
ed by Rev. S. G. LATHROP,
INTRODUCTION BY
ARTHUR EDWARDS, D.D.,
Editor N. W. Christian Advocate.
ct of this volume is to give to that great
re fast hastening toward the "great be-
e practical hints and helps as to the best
e the most of the remainder of the life
and to give comfort and help as to the life
me.
e the writings of the most eminent men,
dead. It is by no means a gloomy book,
marked as excellent on every page."
STER-OCEAN.
ctions are very precious. Springing from
ous and pure fountains, they can but
reshing and healthful draught for every
to the great beyond."—WITNESS.
ho received a copy of this book
rs and Beyond" was bought for m
y are perfectly delighted with it, say it is
is the very book I have been looking for,
y years."
and in rich cloth, 400 pages, \$1.00.
resentation Edition, gilt edges, 1.50.
il, postpaid, on receipt of price.
E. JEWETT, Publisher,
House, - - New York.

**A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY
PRESENT.**
Every Christian's Every-Day Book.
Being choice selections for daily reading for every day
in the year, from over 20 of the best Christian Authors
of all ages, on the Duties and Doctrines of Christianity
Handsome cloth, 12mo, bevel boards, 370 pages, \$1.50.
In plan and principle this work is altogether new, and
has no parallel among the existing manuals of daily de-
votional reading. The object of this book is to impress
the minds of Christians of all denominations, from day
to day, with the great doctrines and duties of Chris-
tianity, as set forth in the written Word of God.
Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher and Bookseller,
77 Bible House, New York.

**THE
SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK**
AND
Autographic Register.
Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory,
or Illustration for Every Day in the
Year. Compiled from the works of
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The
records of dates which are dear to the household, or
the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will
find here the happiest method of preservation and
reference.
This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and
Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.
Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and
Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address
J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, - - New York.

s' Useful Pastimes.
Useful Pastimes: Pleasant and profitable
for spare hours. By PROF. ROBERT GRIFFITH, A. M. This
brings chapters on the use and care of tools, and detailed
by means of which boys can make, with their own hands,
number of toys, household ornaments, scientific appliances,
pretty, amusing and necessary articles for the play-ground,
and out of doors. It is bound in
ne Cloth Binding, with 300 Illustrations,
ow to make Boats, Steam Engines, Steamers, Tob-Sleds, Ice-
doms, Aquariums, Hand Carts, Tops, Vlogs, Photograph Ca-
phons, Telegraph, Microscope, Kaleidoscope, Steam Acro-
Dog Houses, Bird Cages, Coops, Dove Cotes, Squirrel Cages,
Fences, Fountains, Furniture, Gymnasium, Stee-
runk, Nets, Wire Work, etc. Modeling, Brass Work, Picture Frames, Electric Batteries, Elec-
Electrotyping, Running Mills, Wig-Wags and many other useful articles.
ing for a book to put into the hands of your boy which will be of real and gen-
al and at the same time a source of healthful entertainment, this is the one
ld choose.
ne Cloth Binding. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00.
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFT
**Our 1887 New
STAMPING OUTFIT!**
This Outfit is the largest, best and cheapest ever offered. It con-
tains more new and original designs than any other, and it is to be ob-
tained only of us. All our patterns are thoroughly made, the outlines
are clear and distinct, and it is no trouble at all to use it.
YOU CAN SAVE MONEY
By doing your own Stamping. — By doing it for your friends.
Our New 1887 Outfit for Stamping is guaranteed to give satisfaction,
and contains all the following designs:—
1 Chicken
1 Half Hatched
1 Wild Rose, 3x3
1 Horse's Head, 4x5
1 Tinsel Design, 7 in.
1 bunch of Fuschias.
1 bunch of Strawberries
1 vine of Forget-me-nots and Daisies
1 single Daisy and Forget-me-not, 2x2 in.
1 bouquet of Daisies and Forget-me-nots, 5x6 inches
1 sprig of Bachelor's Button, 3 1/2 in. high
1 scallop with sprigs of Lily of the Valley
1 vine of Daisies and Ferns, 5 1/2 inches wide
1 growing design of Violets, for Lambrequins, etc.
1 sprig of Daisies, 4 in. high
1 sprig of Barberries, 3 in. high
1 single Rose and Bud, 2x2 in.
1 vine with scallop, 2 1/2 in. wide
1 design, Two Owls on branch
1 sprig of Golden Rod, 4 in. high
1 bunch of Roses and Buds, 3x3 in.
1 cluster of Strawberries, 2 1/2 x 3 in.
1 sprig of Forget-me-nots, 4 1/2 x 2 in.
1 Peacock Feather
1 Girl for Tidy
1 Sprig Wheat
1 large Anchor
1 small Anchor
1 bunch Violets
1 staff of Music
1 Bird, 2 1/2 inches
1 Owl on branch
1 flying Swallow
1 Little Bird
1 Sprig Pink
1 Golden Rod
1 sprig Violets
1 Flying Bird, 5 in.
8 Sprigs Forget-me-not
1 Kitten, 3 1/2 in. high
1 Full-blown Daisy
1 little Girl, 5 in. high
1 large bunch Daisies
1 Bachelor's Button
1 large bunch Pansies
1 Wild Rose and Buds
1 vine of Flowers, 8 in.
1 Bird on Branch, 4 in.
1 Half Moon with Face
1 branch of Roses, 9 in.
1 large sprig of Wheat
8 Sprigs Forget-me-not
1 Wide Braiding Pattern for Tinsel
1 large Butterfly
1 One Stem of Strawberries
1 Sprig of Leaves
1 Sprig of Daisies
1 Full-blown Rose
2 small Butterflies
1 Star and Anchor
1 Hen and Chickens
1 Sprig Jessamine
1 Sprig Buttercup
1 Hand Holding Hat
1 Pretty Girl's Face
5 Snowflake designs
1 Odd Fellow design
1 Box Black Powder, 2 Best Pads, 1 Piece Stamped Felt with Needle and Silk to work it, also
5 DIFFERENT BOOKS OF FANCY WORK, complete Guide to
Artistic Fancy Work, 500 ILLUSTRATIONS Book of Ornament Stitches,
Fancy Braid Book, Knitting and Crocheting and
Sample Book, with several hundred patterns. Teaches also HOW TO STAMP FLUSH, FELT, &c. Teaches the
Kensington, Plush Ribbon, and other stitches. Also How to Do Kensington, Lustre Painting, &c.
The patterns contained in this outfit are all useful and desirable for stamping Hatbands, Lamp and Table Mats, Tides,
Doilies, Towel Racks, Lambrequins, Splashes, &c. Plain and concise directions are given for doing Kensington
and Outline Embroidery, Artistic Needlework, Painting on Silk, Velvet and Satin, China De-
corating, Darned Lace, Knitted Lace, Crazy Patchwork, Macrame Crochet, Java Canvas
Work, Feather Work, Point Russe, Cross Stitch, Indian Work, and Turkish Drapery, &c.
Aside from the fascination of "doing Fancy Work" MONEY CAN BE MADE by selling the articles to
Fancy Goods and Dry Goods Stores, or by teaching others how to make them. Homes made beautiful at a small cost.
WITH THE OUTFIT YOU CAN LEARN THE ART OF THE KENSINGTON EMBROIDERY.
You can learn the art of Stamping, and do your own stamping. You can learn your house with hundreds of beau-
tiful articles of Kensington Embroidery. You can teach the art of Kensington Embroidery and Stamping, and
do embroidery for others. Many young ladies who begin business with our Embroidery Outfit are now doing a very
pretty and profitable business. All our orders are filled promptly, there is no delay in our establish-
ment, causing disappointment, but of many thousand Stamping Out-
fits sold this Outfit represents a value of over \$10.00. We guarantee to send EVERYTHING enumerated above, in-
cluding the FIVE BOOKS, by **ONE DOLLAR! TWO OUTFITS, \$1.75. FOUR OUTFITS, \$3.50.** Get three of your
friends to send with you and get your own OUTFIT FREE! Send Postal Note, Money Order or Registered Letter.
Send all orders to **WORLD M'F'G CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.**

**Those of our Lady readers who are interested in making Home beautiful
will find the new 1887 Outfit, advertised by the WORLD MANUFACTURING
CO., fully equal to the claims made in the above advertisement, and it is
seldom that we can recommend anything with so much confidence as we do
this. It is the largest and best Outfit we have ever seen for the money,
and gives complete satisfaction. Kindly mention our Paper when you order.**

RECENT BOOKS BY D. L. MOODY.
A New Edition in new binding of the following Popular Works of
D. L. MOODY, has just been issued:
JUST ISSUED.
PREVAILING PRAYER; WHAT HINDERS IT?
An earnest, solemn work, full of helpful hints on
the aids and hindrances to prevailing prayer.
FIFTEENTH THOUSAND (NEW).
**TO THE WORK! TO THE WORK! A Trumpet
Call.** Exhortations to Christians
This new work, by Mr. Moody, is in the line of his
most successful effort, that of stirring Christians
to active, personal, aggressive work.
SIXTIETH THOUSAND.
**SECRET: OR, the Secret of Success in
Christian Life and Work.**
"A de-... most and helpful book for the use of
Christians on the work of the Holy Spirit in the
believer, inciting to more diligent effort and to a
more perfect use of the privileges of the 'Sons of
God.'"
The above works, the combined sale of which has already reached
over Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand and are now issued in a
new dress, known as the **STANDARD EDITION.**
Bound in Rich English Cloth, beveled edges, and put up in
Neat Box, six vols. Price, per set, \$3.60.
The former bindings "The People's Edition" may also be had. Cloth, neat gold and ink dies, 60 cents
per vol. Cheap edition in paper cover, 30 cents per volume.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

FEATHERS FOR SALE.—The best Live Geese
Feathers made odorless under the highest pressure of
steam possible. Usually sold at \$1.00 per lb., to be sold
for 75 cents. Also some Spring Mattresses for sale.
HENRY PICKFORD, 11 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
CHOICE LEAFLETS, SAMPLE PACKS & nt.
post paid. One each of fifty kinds, 25c. Sample Dec.
10c. **H. H. R. ANGELL,**
354 Fourth Ave., New York.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend;
Climbing with purpose true the upward road
That brings me to the city of my God.

Sometimes the step is bright with the full sun
That shines in cloudless radiance thereon;
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

One stair is rough, with thorn-points all bestrown,
But shoes of iron tread the nettles down;
And one, so steep, my weary, crippled feet
The painful ascent scarcely can complete.

Sometimes it is a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptations make my soul afraid;
But, held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song.

Each step in the long course a history has;
I make a mark as one by one I pass;
A glad record here, a tear-spot there.
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer.

And on life's mystic ladder to the skies,
Bright angels come and go to paradise;
And work grows dearer as the end draws near,
Until I reach at last the golden stair,

And enter through the open pearly gate;
Where, with our King, souls watch for me and wait;
There, at His feet I'll cast my trophies down,
And shout the victory which His love has won.

A Great Reward

will be secured by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you, free, about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes. All ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely sure for the workers.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

CUTLERY

by mail, post paid, at following LOW PRICES, a saving of 30 per cent.: A GOOD RAZOR, ready for use, \$1; a three-bladed shell-handled POCKET KNIFE, 75 cents; a four-bladed Pearl PEN KNIFE, \$1; ladies' two-bladed PEN KNIFE, 50 cents; an elegant CORN KNIFE, 75 cents; best made DAMASCUS STEEL CARVER and FORK, \$1.75; FAMILY SHEARS, 75 cents; LADIES' SCISSORS, 65 cents; RAZOR STROP, 75 cents; BREAD KNIFE, 65 cents; FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS, 75 cents; CURVED SCISSORS for trimming nails, 65 cents. Every care has been taken to make our goods first-class, and we guarantee every article offered. Large stock always on hand. Postage stamps taken. Established 1839.

C. KLAUBERG & BROS., Practical Cutlers.
173 William St., New York.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner & Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 223, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

SHOPPING in New York without charge. (in clubs free. Mrs. F. D. Mott, Box 183, Brooklyn, N.Y.)



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



We have made a specialty since 1871 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from \$2 to \$30 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$15. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a Host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,

793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

Manhattan Life Insurance Co., NEW YORK.

The leading features of this sterling company are:

1. STRENGTH. It has the largest clear surplus over liabilities.
2. CAREFUL CONSERVATISM. Shown by thirty-five years of success.
3. LIBERALITY AND FAIR DEALING. Its policy contract is free from all objectionable restrictions. Every policy issued by this company for more than twenty years contains an incontestable clause.
4. IT IS JUST AND EQUITABLE. As demonstrated by large dividends paid to holders.

The New Endowment Plan of this company is the most attractive feature in life underwriting. It gives the best combination of advantages offered by any plan in use.

This will be fully explained if you will call or write

JAMES M. McLEAN, President.

H. Y. WEMPLE, Sec'y. J. L. HALSEY, 1st V. P.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary. H. B. STOKES, 2d V. P.

BOOKS FOR LADIES, 3 CENTS Each!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, nearly all of them handsomely illustrated, and printed from clear, readable type, on good paper: Decorative Painting, a comprehensive manual of self-instruction in this beautiful and useful art, by Lida and M. J. Clarkson, authors of "Brush Studies"; Guide to Needlework, Knitting and Crochet, containing designs and directions for all kinds of fancy needlework, artistic embroidery, lace work, knitting, tatting, crochet, and net work; Ladies' Fancy Work, a new book, containing directions for making many beautiful things for the adornment of home; Manual of Flower Arranging, containing much information as to the best methods of propagating and treating all the different plants, the cultivation and eradication of insect pests, etc.; How to Be Useful, a treatise on the teeth, hands, hair, breath, and complexion; The Common Sense Course, a thoroughly practical work—every receipt first-class; Your Own Doctor, containing simple, reliable home remedies for all common ailments; Helps for the Household, a large collection of receipts, facts, hints and suggestions. We will send you any four of the above books by mail, post paid, for \$1.00. (Four for \$1.00; the eight books for 20 cts.) Postage stamps taken. These are the cheapest books ever published, and guaranteed worth three times the money asked for them. This offer is made to introduce our popular publications. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address E. M. LUFTON, Publisher, No. 8 Park Place, New York.

\$6 Library, 50 cts, a month installments. Immense choice list to choose from. \$12, \$18, \$24, or larger Libraries at proportionate rates. Provident Book Clubs organizing everywhere. The Literary Revolution makes a big forward movement. Illustrated Catalogue, 132 pages, may be had for 4 cents, or Condensed Catalogue, and particulars, free. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 893 Pearl St., New York. Mention this paper.

BOOKS Sold at from 30 to 60 per cent discount and postage paid. Catalogue of 3,000 books and full particulars, mailed free. Address, The Literary Union, 29 Rose Street, New York.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE MAHOGANY TREE. By WM. M. THACKERAY. Superbly illustrated by the well-known artist, Frank T. Merrill. Beautifully and appropriately bound and boxed, \$6.50.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL. By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated with 24 new photo-gravures by the celebrated artists, I. M. Gauguin and T. V. Chominski. In box, \$9.00.

LONG SHORE. By MISS ELIZABETH N. LITTLE. This beautiful book consists of texts for each day of the month, beautifully illustrated with charming marine views, represented in various kinds of sea-shells, and lithographed in sea-weed colors and sea-green bronze.

HABITATIONS OF GOD AND HIS WORSHIPPERS. By MISS ELIZABETH N. LITTLE. This charming little book is in the same spirit as the Author's "LONG SHORE" and "BEACON LIGHTS." The vignettes consist of views of church steeples, etc., and the whole work is lithographed in sepia and gold.

BEACON LIGHTS FOR GOD'S MARINERS. By MISS E. N. LITTLE. This very charming and successful work cannot be excelled as a gift for the holiday season. Price, \$1.50, or in the new "Ivory" binding, \$2.00.

Send your address for illustrated catalogue. For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by the publisher, S. E. CASSINO, 137 High St., Boston, Mass.

\$59.05 worth of Books for \$24.75!

LIBRARY OF CHOICE AUTHORS. A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF 50 VOLUMES. FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Not a single Book put in to fill up. No Single Volume Admitted Except on REAL WORTH.



No other set heretofore issued can compare with this LIBRARY OF CHOICE AUTHORS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called
1st. To our galaxy of well known authors.
2d. To the size of our books (25 per cent. larger than any other set at the price).
3d. To the durability of the binding (no small matter). Every book is bound with extra head band, adding double strength.
4th. To the real worth of every book in the list. The list price of the 50 volumes (singly) is \$59.05. Our SPECIAL PRICE for the entire set of 50 vols., fully illustrated, well printed and very well bound, and put up in imitation walnut case, four rows deep, as shown in cut is

ONLY \$24.75.

THIS IS CERTAINLY A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.

SPECIAL OFFER. Any school desiring to purchase a Sunday-school Library may send for this set with the understanding that if, after examination, it is not found perfectly satisfactory in every respect, and better and cheaper than any other set of books on the market, they may be returned, and the money will be refunded and return charges paid by us without any question being asked. We are convinced we have a remarkable set of books to offer, and so bind ourselves to these conditions.

Do not fail to send for full descriptive catalogue of the set, giving titles, authors, size of each volume, etc., etc. Address,

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher and Bookseller,
77 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Rev. Dr. Talmage

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

Imperial photographs of either at 30 cents each, or both for 50 cents, free by mail.

K. GALLOWAY, 779 Broadway, New York

James McCreery &

HAVE RECEIVED THEIR THIRD
MENT OF FINE CALIFOR
BLANKETS; AND NOTWITHST
ING THE ENORMOUS ADVANCE
CONTINUE THEIR SALE AT RE
LOW PRICES, VIZ.:

10-4	11-4	12-4	13-4
\$5 00	\$6 00	\$7 50	\$8 50

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PR
AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

Broadway and Eleventh

NEW YORK.

WEBSTER Unabridged Dictionary. A Dictionary 118,000 Words, 3,000 Engravings, Gazetteer of the U.S. of 25,000 Titles, and a Biographical Dictionary of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons. All in one Book.

A CHOICE HOLIDAY G
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield

I START MY

OF SMALL MEANS in the New Year of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY" By the recent great discovery of substituting a film for wet collodion, the entire material is in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR TO Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or V no experience, to produce superior Photos; formerly required long years of difficult practice; cost \$50 cts. for one dozen large photos, that sell for is paying his wife other business in store or at home, or from house to house. The novel man with complete apparatus, appearing at the photo. anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings, secures profitable orders in none out of ten hours Steady Work and pays \$3.00 per cent. To EARNEST applicants (our copy of Process, Free. Sample Photos, 10 cents. FRANKLIN M'f'r & Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 493, 485 Ct.

Facts Stranger than Fiction

A REMARKABLE BOOK

The Wonders of Prayer

A BOOK OF WELL AUTHENTICATED AND
DERFUL ANSWERS TO PRAYER,
AS NARRATED BY

O. L. Moody, W. W. Patton,
C. H. Spurgeon, Chas. Cullis, D.
Newman Hall, D.D., S. I. Prime, D.
Bishop T. Bowman, Bishop Simpson
Chas. G. Finney, F. Krummache
George Muller, Martin Luther
Abraham Lincoln, John Knox,
And hosts of others.

New Edition. Revised by Maj. D. W.
12mo, Handsome cloth binding. Price

To a greater extent than any other book extraordinary recital of facts and interesting, it fully answers that all important "DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?" It also shows that the promises of the Bible are fully and faithfully fulfilled in the lives of those who are constantly trusting in the Lord. It is a book of great comfort and encouragement to Christians in their doubt, fear, sorrow, or trust. It shows how fully in faith, and shows how delivered others in times of distress, persecution, and deliver them also.

To those who are not Christians, it is a powerful living, moving, and convincing evidence of God, in controlling circumstances, direct wills, and all things of earth, showing His power in daily events of life, and that He is not a distant Creator, but ever near. This book should be in every Christian's library. It should be given to every child, and every one, and aims to lead all to come willing minds to learn of the Great Comforter. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT, Publisher
77 Bible House, - - New York

"Demonology or Spiritism"

Ancient and Modern. An effective sword of fire. Only unanswerable subject. - Scores saved already. Whole rescued. Every family, preacher and child needs one. 130 pp. 12mo, cloth. Price 10 cts. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 49.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

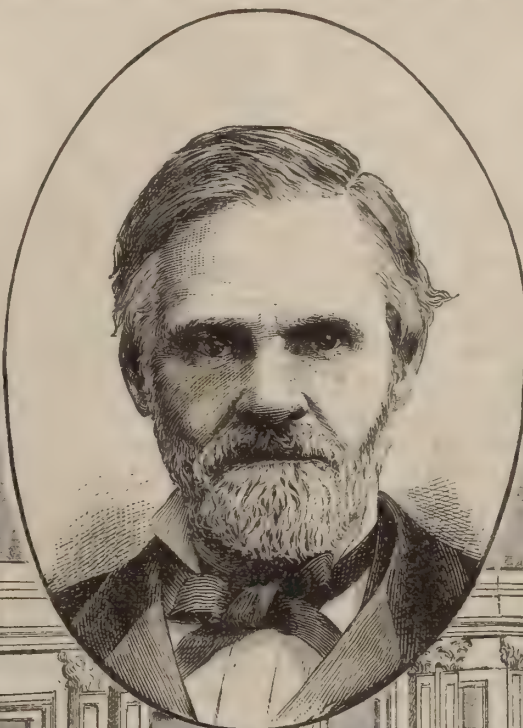
PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF SENATOR SHERMAN
AND PICTURE OF THE UNITED STATES
SENATE.

DERAILED LIVES. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last
Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGE-
LISTIC MEETINGS.

THE THREE DESTINIES. By Mr. G. H. Pember.
An Invitation from Zulul—A Scene in a Girls' Mis-
sion School at Madura—News of Dr. Summers in
Africa.

PICTURE OF THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT
NIAGARA.



IS IT TRUE? A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.
Gems from New Books: Matrimonial Manners.

THE MINER'S LOST LIMB. (With Illustration.)

CURRENT EVENTS: Mr. Whitney's Report of the
Naval Department—The Anti-Saloon Convention—
Anarchists Impenitent—Enforcing the Sunday Law
in New York—The British Mail Scandal—Von
Moltke Advising Preparation for War—Resignation
of the French Cabinet—A Crash on Shipboard—A
Custom-House Collector's Methods—A Suggestion
to a School Principal—A Bride Imprisoned, etc.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. A Serial Story
by Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

THE GREAT INVITATION. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Senator JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio—The United States Senate.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

THE assembling of Congress this week renders the presentation of the picture on the first page of this number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the most appropriate illustration it can offer to its readers. In spite of the criticism often uttered on the conduct of senators, there is no question about the dignity attaching to that office. It is an honor far exceeding that of the hereditary legislators of Europe that is conferred on the men who sit in the Senate Chamber of the United States. When we consider that each State, no matter how large its population, can be represented in that branch of the Federal Legislature by only two of its citizens, the position of those two, chosen from among its millions, is one truly honorable. In our imperfect state it is, as we know to our regret, possible that the honor may be conferred on men unworthy of it, and there are instances now, as in times past, of men securing it by strategy or skillful manipulation, who would not have gained it if the people of the State had held the power of themselves choosing the most able men for the post. So long as the Legislatures of the States elect our senators this evil will occur, but on the whole the Senate has suffered less from the system than it might have done, and is still, as it always has been, distinguished by general ability and statesmanship.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN,

President of the Senate.

His Family—Distinguished Ancestors—Death of his Father—The Dispersion of the Family—School Life—Joins the Engineers—The Political Axe—In his Brother's Law Office—Admitted to the Bar—A Successful Practice—Delegate to National Conventions—Elected to Congress—A Momentous Session—Struggle for the Speakership—His Financial Reforms—Enters the Senate—Services During the War—Chosen President Pro Tem.

WITH the picture of the Senate on the first page we give the portrait of its President, the well-known senator from Ohio. Mr. Sherman's political record is known to every citizen of the United States. It is therefore unnecessary, and in a non-partisan journal it would be improper, to criticise it. A brief narrative of its facts is all that is required to accompany the portrait in these columns.

John Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, on May 10th, 1823. He is now, therefore, in his sixty-fourth year. He is descended from a family famous in the county of Essex, England, where the name of Sherman is still numerously represented. Several members of the family came to America in the early days of the colonies and settled in New England. The first of them to attain eminence was Taylor Sherman, who was born in Connecticut. He was a man of considerable ability and sterling integrity. He studied law, gained an extensive practice, and at length secured a seat on the bench. He was the grandfather of Senator Sherman. He married Elizabeth Stoddard, a lineal descendant of Anthony Stoddard, also an Englishman, who emigrated to this country in 1639. Their son, Charles Robert, was born in Norwalk, Conn., was also a lawyer like his father, and studied in his office. He was admitted to the bar in 1810. He married and removed to Lancaster, Ohio, in the same year. Like his father, he was a hard student, and soon acquired a high position in the legal circles of his adopted State. So thoroughly did he win the confidence of his fellow-citizens, that in 1823 he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. In that position his reputation as a judge of profound learning and remarkable sagacity was well established. His written decisions are still quoted as authoritative in the courts of his State, and are held in high respect in other States.

Judge Sherman had a large family, and it seemed that the children of a father so eminent occupied an enviable position. Heavy trouble, however, fell upon the family, darkening their future prospects. Suddenly, on June 24th, 1829,

Judge Sherman fell down dead, and his widow was left to face the world with eleven children dependent upon her. Providentially the judge had made many friends, who in the day of adversity came to the widow's assistance. But it was a trying time for her and her loved ones. The friends saw no way of helping her but in adopting her children, and so the family was scattered, only the younger ones remaining under her care. John, who was the eighth child, came at last to be the eldest one at home, all his elder brothers and sisters having been placed with friends and relatives. It was a sad home as the family circle grew smaller every year, but he and the three younger ones clung all the more closely to their mother and each other.

At last John's turn came, too, and he set out, AN ORPHAN BOY,

to face the world. A cousin of his father, residing at Mount Vernon, offered him a home, and the mother gladly accepted it for him. The boy was only eight years old when he quitted his mother's roof. But he had grit, and was determined to make the best use of his advantages. His protector sent him to school, where he remained four years. He then entered an academy to prepare for college, and such progress did he make with his studies that at the age of fourteen he was ready to enter the sophomore class.

Many young men who have the privilege of entering college and all the educational advantages which our famous institutions of learning afford, spend their time in games and sports, making no use of the privileges which would be so highly prized by others to whom they are denied. It was so in John Sherman's case. Many were entering college then whose dulness, or incapacity, or idleness rendered the college course useless to them, while he who would have turned a college education to so excellent an account was unable to have it through lack of funds. A position was offered him as junior rod-man in the corps of engineers engaged on the Muskingum improvements, and instead of going to college he eagerly embraced the opportunity of

EARNING HIS LIVELIHOOD

by arduous work. The lad, however, did not give his time to repining, but turned to with a will, and soon made himself master of his duties. His skill, intelligence, and industry won for him the good opinion of the superior officers, and though only fifteen years of age, he was, after being only a few months at the work, placed in charge of the section of the improvement at Beverly. During that period he discharged with credit to himself and with the satisfaction of his superiors the entire responsibility of measuring excavations, and embankments, the levelling of a dock for a canal, and the construction of a large dam. Political influence however, operated to his prejudice, and John Sherman, being a Whig, or, rather, owing his position to Whig influence, lost his appointment. Probably in later years when wielding such influence himself the thought of that early trouble crossed his mind, and those who have groaned under dismissal at John Sherman's hands have simply suffered as he suffered in his youth. His next employment was

IN A LAW OFFICE.

At the age of seventeen he began the study of law under his brother, Charles T. Sherman, who afterward became judge of the United States District Court. There he showed the same energy that had distinguished him in the engineers, and probably stimulated by the success of his father and grandfather in the same profession, he applied himself to the study of law with assiduity. On attaining his majority, in 1844, he was ready for admission to the bar, and it was accorded him. His brother offered him a partnership, which he accepted, and at once commenced practice in Mansfield, Ohio. Then followed ten years of indefatigable labor. The young lawyer put all his energy into his profession and soon rose to a position of honor and profit in the courts. During that period he laid the foundation of his fortune, which his early

privations and hardships fitted him to appreciate.

HIS POLITICAL CAREER

may be said to have commenced in 1848, though he continued his law practice for nearly seven years afterward. But in that year he was sent as a delegate to the Whig Convention in Philadelphia, which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency. Four years later he was again a delegate to the National Convention, and took part in nominating General Scott for the same office. The prominent part which he took in both contests gave him a reputation for political ability throughout the State and familiarized him with political methods. He was known as a Conservative Whig, and was precisely the kind of man for whom the citizens of Ohio were looking in the excitement and alarm aroused by the proposal to repeal the Missouri Compromise. He was elected to the thirty-fourth Congress, and took his seat in the House on December 3d, 1855, being then thirty-two years old. His practice at the bar had made him a fluent and forcible speaker, and his familiarity with public affairs enabled him to take a prominent position

IN THE HOUSE

from the first without waiting for the usual period of initiation and training which so wearies new members. In the councils of his party and in the debates of the House he became known as a shrewd and able politician. The period was a momentous one. The questions before Congress were: The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott case, the admission of slavery into Kansas, the Fugitive Slave law, and other questions of the most weighty import. Speaker Banks appointed Mr. Sherman one of the committee to inquire into, and collect evidence about

THE BORDER TROUBLES

in Kansas, and, as may be imagined, that was one of the most difficult of his earlier public engagements. The duty brought him into prominence, owing to the fact that the chairman of the committee, Mr. Howard, of Michigan, was prostrated by sickness, and Mr. Sherman was in consequence obliged to draw up the report for the House. The report when presented was the occasion of fierce debates, and strongly developed the antagonism already existing. It was a document in which the skill of the advocate was conspicuous, for, although the facts were stated accurately and could not be controverted, they were so arranged as to present the case in the strongest light. It was the work of a partisan rather than of a judicial mind.

Mr. Sherman worked hard for the election of John C. Fremont, contending, at that time, for the limitation and curtailment of slavery, but not for its abolition. He took a prominent part in the debate in the House on the Submarine Telegraph question, and was the originator of the amendment to reduce the limit of the proposed contract from fifty to ten years. It must also be recorded to Mr. Sherman's credit that he labored unceasingly to stop the pernicious practice of making contracts in advance of appropriations, which at that time was the source of much extravagance and irregular expenditure.

In the Thirty-sixth Congress Mr. Sherman was so prominent a member that he was put forward for the Speakership, and in the protracted struggle that ensued he came within three votes of election. After eight weeks of fruitless effort Mr. Sherman retired, and Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, was elected. Mr. Sherman was made chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and there gave proof of that eminent financial skill by which his place in the history of the nation will chiefly be assured. His first step was to check the practice of combining legislation with appropriation bills, and he declared in the House that the committee would not report favorably any bill of that character. The change was badly needed at the time, and Mr. Sherman deserves credit for effecting it.

In 1860 Mr. Sherman was again elected to Congress. The memorable session opened amid

gloom and apprehension. Mr. Sherman, however, set himself to grapple with the financial problem rather than with the other ominous questions. The public indebtedness had risen from twenty millions, at which it stood at the commencement of President Buchanan's term, to nearly one hundred millions, and so tight was the stringency in the Treasury that the Government was at one time unable to pay the salaries of Congressmen and other claims. In this emergency Mr. Sherman introduced, and succeeded in getting passed, the famous bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes.

IN THE SENATE

Mr. Sherman made his first appearance in March, 1861, when he was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Senator Chase to the Secretaryship of the Treasury. He was re-elected in 1867 and in 1873. In 1877 he resigned to become Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Hayes, and when he quitted office at the close of Mr. Hayes's term he was again elected to the Senate, and has now been re-elected for a fifth term. His financial abilities have been recognized in that chamber as in the House, and he has held the chairmanship of the Committee on Finance in each Congress.

When Fort Sumter fell, Mr. Sherman offered his services in the field under President Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand men. He was attached to the staff of General Patterson as aide-de-camp without pay, and remained with the Ohio regiments until the meeting of Congress in July. After the close of the extra session he returned to Ohio, and with the approval of Governor Denison raised and equipped a brigade largely at his own cost. It comprised two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. This brigade served throughout the war, and was known as the Sherman Brigade.

AS A FINANCIER.

It was, however, by his financial skill that Mr. Sherman rendered the most signal services to the country in its supreme crisis. The raising of funds to meet the stupendous expenses of the war was a task demanding ingenuity, patience, and extraordinary skill. The great struggle came with the suspension of specie payments, when the issue of United States notes became a necessity. The question was whether they should be made a legal tender, and for this Senator Sherman and Secretary Chase contended with unyielding pertinacity, and this cardinal feature of the bill passed the Senate mainly through Mr. Sherman's efforts. The National Bank scheme was also largely due to his skilful management. He made the only speech in its favor in the Senate, and secured its passage by personal appeals to his opponents, and by his vigorous eloquence on the floor.

RESUMPTION.

Another protracted struggle came from his endeavor to fix a day for the resumption of specie payments, and in this, too, he was successful. Probably the greatest day of triumph Mr. Sherman has known, or ever will know, came, when, on the day fixed by him, it was possible for any man to present the Government paper at the Treasury and receive gold for it. He stood almost alone in his belief that it would be possible for the Government to fulfil its pledges on the day, and it must have been with feelings of supreme joy that he saw his prediction abundantly verified.

Mr. Sherman has not concealed the fact that he is an aspirant for the Presidency. In 1880 he made a formidable candidate at the National Republican Convention, and by his arrangement with Mr. Blaine rendered General Garfield's nomination possible. He was also a candidate in 1884, but ranked only fifth on the list at the first ballot, and did not increase on the later ones. His present dignified position as President of the Senate he attained on December 7th, 1885, when, owing to the death of Vice-President Hendricks, it became necessary for the Senate to choose a presiding officer from its own body.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Man Robbed of Salvation.—Mr. Patterson said at a recent meeting: "There is a man whom I know, who tells that once in a solemn meeting, three years before, salvation seemed so near and so free, that he was on the very point of accepting; but suddenly the thought of the frowns and jeers of others crossed his mind, made him hesitate, and at length tempted him to delay. Since that unhappy hour his soul has never again come within sight of Christ so near and so free. He now is hard and cold, and has no desire for salvation, though he knows full well he is a sinner exposed to divine wrath."

Not Angels Wanted, but Jesus.—"We Need to know Jesus, and we shall never get acquainted with Him until we know His heart. I knew a boy who seemed to understand Jesus well. He was ill, and one day a lady called and saw that the poor boy was dying, and she told him that very soon the angels would come and take him home to be forever with the Lord. Through all that day he was very dull and depressed, which was a great change from his usual happy state. On being asked what was the matter, he said, 'They tell me that angels are coming to take me away, and I don't know the angels, but I know Jesus, and I was expecting Him to come and take me home.'"

Stoppage of Telegraphic Communication.—"When the Great Eastern steamship was engaged in laying the telegraph cable across the Atlantic, the communication was suddenly stopped between the ship and the shore. As soon as the interruption was discovered those on board made a search for the thing that hindered it, and eventually found that it had been a small piece of wire no longer than a man's finger that had been doing the mischief, and when it was removed all went well. And, similarly, a little thing standing between us and Christ stops our communion at once, and not until it be removed can the communion with Him begin again."

A Boy's Search for Christ.—"A Little Boy was sitting in a back seat at a Gospel meeting. At the close a gentleman was passing him, when the boy touched him and said, 'Please, sir, can you tell me where to find Jesus? I am very anxious about my soul.' The gentleman shook his head and said, 'No, I don't know where you can go to seek Him.' 'I think, sir, you misunderstand me; I am most anxious to know where to find the Lord.' 'You do not need to go anywhere, my boy,' said the gentleman, placing his hand upon the lad's shoulder, 'Jesus is beside you; just take Him.' And he realized for the first time that Jesus is near to every seeking soul. 'The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth.'"

Eclipsed in Tobacco Smoke.—Mr. Burns said: "Sometimes a very small matter lying between Christ and us stops our communion with Him, no matter how little or how simple it may seem in our eyes. One night in a meeting I noticed a young man looking most unhappy. I asked him if all was well with him, and he replied that he was very unhappy because his Christian life was not what it should be. 'Ah,' I said, 'you are letting something come between you and Christ, and thus stopping the joy that you might have.' 'That is just it. It may seem simple enough, but it has stopped my communion,' said the poor fellow, with moisture in his eyes, and he drew from his pocket a pipe, a piece of tobacco, and a box of matches. 'There it is,' he said; 'that is the thing that is doing all the mischief.' Thank God, that young man was enabled to give it up, and has now got back the joy which he feared he had lost."

Grief Turned into Gladness.—Mr. Miller remarked: "Years ago I saw a young girl deeply distressed about her soul; so convicted of sin was she that she was tearing her flesh in the agony of her spirit. When asked to be calm and listen to the kind invitation of her Saviour, she exclaimed, 'He has passed; He has passed; and there is no hope for me now. He

was passing last Sunday night,' she continued, 'and, instead of accepting Him I rejected Him, and now, oh, what shall I do?' and then she burst into another paroxysm of grief. 'Listen,' I said, 'Jesus has not yet passed.' And with tear-stained face she listened as I read: 'If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him.' 'Is Jesus still waiting?' she eagerly inquired. 'Will He really come into my heart?' 'Yes,' I said, 'if you will let Him.' And she did let Him, and since then she has lived a beautiful and useful life for the Lord."

The Writing on the Window-Pane.—Captain Hatfield related: "Once when George Whitefield was preaching in London he resided with a large family who were all careless, worldly people; and although he was quite aware of the fact he could not make up his mind to speak to this family on the subject of religion, although at the same time he was leading hundreds to Christ. And the family wondered at his silence, for they fully expected that he would speak to them, and even mentioned it to him; but in the course of conversation he never once came upon the subject of personal conversion. His visit came to a close, but the night before he left he took a diamond ring, and with it wrote upon a pane of his bedroom window: 'One thing thou lackest.' The grandchild, who was first to see it, told me that these words written upon the window had such an effect upon the family that they all, without exception, immediately gave themselves to Christ."

A Ray of Light in the Darkness.—Mr. Patterson related the following incident: "An old man, over seventy years of age, told me the way he was brought to the Lord. He said that when he was a boy of thirteen his mother sent him to see an aged woman who was dying. When the boy arrived he found the poor woman in great distress. He tried to speak a few words of comfort, but she tossed wearily on her bed, and exclaimed, 'I do not know where I am going; all is dark; and I know no one over there!' Again the boy tried to speak a few words, but they gave the dying woman no relief, for she was fast slipping into the unknown without support. Again she moaned deeply in the agony of her soul. The boy lifted a Bible, and read aloud from it; and then he told her that the Lord takes care of them that trust in Him. 'A ray of hope penetrated the old woman's soul; she saw herself a lost sinner, and that Christ was her only refuge. And while she passed through the valley of the shadow of death, she was no longer afraid, for she had the Saviour to lean upon, and guide her through. But what an awful risk is a death-bed repentance! Oh, come over the threshold while you are in health and strength!'"

A Priceless Discovery at Sea.—Mr. Stewart related: "A young man in whom I was deeply interested was ordered to take a sea voyage for the benefit of his health. Though I pressed upon him the necessity of immediate decision for Christ, he refused to choose the Lord as his Saviour before sailing. His health did not improve; and when far out on the ocean the ship's doctor told him that never again would he see his mother and sister, nor the green fields of his native land, and that his feet could not tread the foreign land toward which the ship was hastening; but that in a few hours his body would be sent to its long resting-place under the deep sea. The doctor could give him no comfort, and there was only one man—the third mate—on the ship who could do so, and he was directed to attend the dying man, with the result that my friend wrote to his mother that very day: 'My dear mother: Though I never will see you and my sister again in this world, yet I am happy because I know that Jesus is with me. There is one good man on board this ship who has taught me to know and love Christ as my Saviour.' What a comfort these few words rendered to that sorrowing mother and sister. How they rejoiced and thanked God that that son and brother had found a refuge in Him."

DERAILED LIVES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached at Cleveland, Ohio, Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 5, 1886.

"When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."
—PROV. 23:35.

Men who have Left the Path of Rectitude—How to Get Back—The Obstacles to be Overcome—Moral Gravitation—Evil Habits—Liquor—Tobacco—A Ship on Fire—A Suggestive Statue in Paris—Repulsed by Society—Snubbed at Church—Gospel in a Hand-shake—Denominational Shibboleths—How to Overcome the Obstacles—Throw Yourself on God—A Wounded Soldier at Antietam—God's Sworn Promise—Quit Bad Companions—Seek Christian Advice—A Night on the Old Farm—The Prodigal Returned Too Late.

WITH an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped

ASIDE FROM THE PATH

of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better he said, "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by uneducated habit, and forced down hill by his passions he cries out, "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray,

HOW IS HE TO GET BACK?

That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any in this house, come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The Church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are

THE OBSTACLES

of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of *moral gravitation*. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad—which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah, my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation! But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force of moral gravitation.

The next thing in the way of your return is the *power of evil habit*. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn

THE BOAT UP STREAM,

is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts, and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream; but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream. Take a man given to the habit of *using tobacco*, as most of you do, and let him resolve to stop, and he finds it very difficult. Twenty-one years ago I quitted that habit, and I would as soon dare to put my right hand in the fire as once to indulge in it. Why? Because it was such a terrific struggle to get over it. Now, let a man be advised by his physician to give up the use of tobacco. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a

FRETFUL RESTLESSNESS,

and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking or chewing! After a while he says, "I am going to do as I please. The doctor doesn't understand my case. I'm going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to tobacco!

Oh, the fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that

HABIT IS A TASKMASTER;

as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion-whips and bound with ship-cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts! During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the Falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. Oh! how hard it is to arrest them. God only can arrest them.

Suppose a man after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil-doing, resolves to do right? Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine-store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on

bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death-leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life and say, "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more; I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating, and the ice was very thin, and someone warned the company back from the air-hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place. But one young man with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round more!" He swept around and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices

SOCIETY REPULSES HIM.

Desiring to reform, he says, "Now, I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church-door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look, as much as to say, "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door!" instead of saying, "Good-morning; I am glad you are here. Come; I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer-meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common-sense, says, "Glad to see you. The dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you!" The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself back on his dignity, resolved he never will enter the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street! Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip-end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to

STRIKING A MAN IN THE FACE.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much force and Gospel there is in a good, honest hand-shaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt that thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul, an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Isn't it shocking?" How these

DAINTY, FASTIDIOUS CHRISTIANS

in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye, who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any better, but because

the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership, and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask Him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. Oh, my friends! it is

A POOR TIME TO TALK

about Presbyterian catechisms, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love-feasts, and baptis-teries, to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat, "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face, and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way! Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how

THE SHACKLES MAY BE UNRIVETED,

and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly, and tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember in the war I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle, and I said to a man, "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around about him and says, "Young man,

I WILL STAND BY YOU!

The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth."

Blessed be God for such a Gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the war, a telegram came saying, "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night, be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded

soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently, and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations.

ONE UNHOLY INTIMACY

will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the Church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the fourteen hundred million of the race not one instance. Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter paper, stamp, and envelope, and then write a letter something like this:

"My old companions: I start this day for heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this, farewell."

Then sign your name, and send the letter with the first post. Give up your bad companions, or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog-shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also,

SEEK CHRISTIAN ADVICE.

Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment-seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now, and you are lost. Push on, and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to send home to their parents in the country these holidays which are coming. They go to the post-office every day or two to see whether there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear. You might send them for

A HOLIDAY PRESENT

this season, a book from one of our best publishing houses, or a complete wardrobe from the importer's palace, it would not please them half so much as the news you might send home tomorrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up from the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee-deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great back log, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall.

Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" and the mother answers, "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him, we can trust him still." Then, at eight o'clock—for they retire early in the country—they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general, "What was

THE PROUDEST MOMENT

in your life?" He thought a moment, and said, "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety!

The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer.

DEAD! DEAD!

And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! *God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart!* Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair, and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

A Valuable and Successful Work Among City Arabs has been in progress in Brooklyn, N. Y., for some time. It had its origin in disturbances of public meetings. Rough lads were in the habit of loafing into the Women's Christian Temperance Meetings with the object of annoying the ladies, and causing an uproar. The ordinary course would have been to call in the assistance of the police, but as the ladies in charge were Christians they preferred to apply Christian remedies. They organized a committee for special work among these lads, and hired a room for them. A band of young men were also enlisted for the purpose of assisting in keeping order. The room was soon crowded by the very lowest element of the Brooklyn gutters, and, to the surprise of all, the boys were persuaded by the ladies to wash themselves. Meetings were held regularly on Friday and Sunday evenings, and the audiences were clean, though ragged, and were very attentive. On other evenings of the week the room is open to the boys, and there are papers and books for those to read who can, and one of the ladies attends to read to the others and give instruction to any who will receive it. So successful has the effort been that one philanthropic gentleman, who visited the meeting, was so surprised and delighted with the work that he offered the ladies a thousand dollars as a commencement for a fund to build a hall.

A TRIPLE WEDDING IN AFRICA.

A GROTESQUE scene marking the transition period between heathenism and barbarism to Christianity and civilization is described in a letter from Rev. W. J. Underwood, a missionary in Swaziland. It shows the difficulties the natives have to encounter in giving up their old habits while surrounded by their unconverted relatives and friends. He writes:

"It has been a great festive day among our people, for we have had three weddings, which mark the progress of our work among these heathen people. All these persons had been living together previously, but having been brought to Christ, they wished for a Christian marriage, their former one having been a mere bargain. A near neighbor of mine, a Swazie heathen chief, has no less than thirty-five wives. Some things connected with these marriages highly amused me. Neither of the brides wore any shoes or stockings, and the only female wearing a hat in the chapel had donned a man's hard, white hat, and decorated it with loose ribbons. The brides wore print dresses made by our people here, and they looked quite respectable. Fully one half of the spectators, of both sexes, were nearly naked. Although there was no wedding breakfast, there was a wedding dinner, and plenty of food for all comers. One of the bridegrooms had killed 'the fatted calf' in honor of the occasion, another a sheep, another a goat. These were cooked with an immense quantity of mealies, so there was enough for all and to spare. Here again the refining influence of Christianity was very apparent. The native Christians, like decent folks, sat at tables and used plates, knives, and forks; but the heathens sat on the ground, and taking a large piece of hot boiled meat, one would have a bite, and then pass it on from one to the other; and in this way it disappeared with astonishing rapidity. After dinner the young people amused themselves by marching in procession, singing, accompanied by the incoherent strains of a time-worn concertina."

THE COBRA'S BITE.

THE American Mission Church in Bombay has sustained the loss of one of its members, who died under very melancholy circumstances in September last. The *Indian Witness* says that Mr. Ananda Balaji was employed as taxidermist in the Victoria Museum. On Wednesday, September 8th, while feeding a cobra, which he had supposed was harmless from previous extraction of the poison bag, it suddenly bit his hand. For a few minutes he was unalarmed, thinking the bite harmless, but pain and nausea soon began. Carbolic acid was applied to the bite, and as soon as possible he was carried to the Grant Road Hospital. Ligatures were bound around his arm, an incision made at the bite, and the blood in the arm entirely removed. Frequent hypodermic injections were made with ether and digitalis as stimulants, and permanganate of potash as antidote to the poison.

On arriving at the hospital he had lost the power of speech, and soon after every muscle seems to have become paralyzed, and his breathing entirely ceased. Artificial respiration was therefore resorted to, and this operation was unceasingly continued for nine hours, from seven in the evening until four o'clock in the morning. At a quarter past one a slight attempt on the patient's part to breathe was noticed, but it was not until 4 A.M. that he could breathe sufficiently to sustain life. He now apparently for the first time gained consciousness and, though with difficulty, made known his wants.

Under careful treatment he steadily improved, and on Friday astonished his friends by informing them that during the severe operation of Wednesday night he was conscious of all that was taking place, but was unable to make his feelings known, not having power over a single muscle. It would seem that the poison paralyzed the nerves of motion, but not the nerves of feeling; for he could see and hear and feel,

although the physicians, even by touching the eye-ball, could get no response either of feeling or consciousness. His partial recovery was followed by a high fever and inflammation of the lungs. On Saturday he told a friend he expected to die and made known his wishes regarding his wife and children and his property, and on Sunday afternoon he peacefully passed away. He was buried at Shewaree on the next afternoon.

DARKNESS ON A CANAL-BOAT.

A CHRISTIAN worker who has interested himself in the spiritual welfare of the men and women who spend their lives on the barges that ply on the canals of England relates an incident exhibiting ignorance of God almost incredible in a land of Bibles and churches.

He boarded a craft known as a monkey-boat, and there found a man and woman who seemed densely ignorant. For some time he could discover no way of penetrating their dulness. At length, in order to test and if possible rouse them, he put a question in this fashion:

"Can you tell me how the Lord Jesus Christ died? Did He die on His bed, or was He put to death by men?"

The man looked at his wife; the wife looked at her husband. They appeared puzzled, and remained silent.

"Did you ever hear the name of Jesus?"

"Yes, we've heard tell of the name, but we can't tell who the gentleman were."

From time to time, as Mr. Bamber met this poor fellow, he sought to put before him the facts of the Gospel, and to instruct him in the things that make for his eternal peace. Gradually the man's mind seemed to open, and at last he became anxious. On returning home, after a long conversation, the man resolved to attend a place of worship, and there he found just the word that brought him to decision. Now for some considerable period he has been openly confessing Christ, has gained a great influence over his fellow-boatmen, and is really the means of greatly helping forward the work. In such a case, and remembering what the man was, one can only exclaim, What hath God wrought?

AN AMERICAN SAVED IN PARIS.

AN incident reported in the *McAll Record*, which chronicles the progress of the evangelistic work commenced in the French capital by Rev. R. W. McAll, will interest the American friends of the work. Mr. McAll writes:

Some months ago in one of our mission-rooms in a very dark and demoralized part of Paris, our esteemed colleague remarked in the meeting a man never seen there before. He proved to be unknown to all present. His aspect was gloomy and unprepossessing; he hung down his head, and never met the speaker's glance. At the close he seemed to resent the effort of our two friends to speak a kind word to him. They felt persuaded that they should see him no more, but he returned, and became a constant attendant. His demeanor was always the same, only that on several occasions when Christ's love in dying for the chief of sinners was specially emphasized, he would for a minute raise his head and fix his eyes on the speaker. At last he consented to enter into conversation, and it became evident that a work of the Divine Spirit was commencing.

Our friends ascertained that he was a French-speaking American, a man who had been in a better position but who had given himself to a reckless career, had left his wife and home, and come to Paris a desolate outcast. After a long struggle with dark and despairing views of his past life, he sought and found divine forgiveness. Near the close of last year his wife wrote from America as follows: "My husband by his evil conduct has been separated from me, but he writes me that by your instrumentality his heart has been changed," etc.

He had to leave Paris in order to return to his home. At parting he said, "Can I take with me my New Testament (in which he followed

the Scripture reading during the meeting) and the hymn-book in remembrance of these meetings, in which I have got such a blessing?"

Here are some words translated from his own letter, written from America, which the esteemed director of the station has received: "May the divine blessing rest on you and on your family! I was plunged in the gulf, and you have extricated me. I have read over and over again the words of Jesus: 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I have come to Him. My suffering was dreadful, the burden was extreme. That suffering has passed away; that burden has ceased to exist. It is, indeed, an easy yoke. I find in it the possession of profound peace and an eternal hope in the promise of Christ."

THE THREE DESTINIES;

OR, FIRST-FRUIT, HARVEST, AND VINTAGE.
BEING AN EXPOSITION OF REV. 14.

By G. H. Pember, M.A.

[At my special request, a Secretary of the Chicago Prophetic Conference, Mr. G. H. Pember, of England, prepared the following expository paper. Mr. Pember is well known as a thoughtful and forcible writer, his books "Earth's Earliest Ages," and "The Great Prophecies," giving him foremost rank among students and expositors of Prophecy. The manuscript having been detained on its way to Chicago, it came to hand too late for use at the Conference. This detention, however, may have fallen out rather to its more extensive circulation through the courtesy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

Let me add, then, this word: The interpretation and teaching set forth in the essay are deeply moving. I have been strangely awed into profound solemnity by its graphic descriptions of coming judgments and contrasted glories. If the theory advanced be found scripturally correct it will harmonize conflicting views of the rapture and tribulation. May the Spirit of God sanctify the message to every reader.

GEO: C. NEEDHAM.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

Dec. 1, 1886.]

The Prayer of the Church—What it Implies—The Solemnity of the Time—Three Momentous Scenes—The First Great Clue to Prophetic Interpretation—The Two Divisions of Time—The Church Period—The Judgment Period—The Latter a Transitional Epoch—Its Sign the Rapture and First Resurrection—Three Classes of Men—The Symbol of the Tree.

It is a great privilege, dear American friends, to address you on this solemn occasion; to feel that the long-rolling billows of the Atlantic do not hinder obedience to the command which bids us exhort one another so much the more as we see the day approaching. In response to that command, I gladly send you these few and feeble words, written in necessary haste, and am looking forward to the fulfilment of your part in the reciprocation when I shall read the teachings and exhortations delivered at your Conference.

May the Lord grant many such interchanges between His people in our intimately connected countries, that we may be knit together in closer bonds, as becomes the "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;" and that we may be stimulated to long for the time when He shall "gather together into one the children of God that are scattered abroad," yea, and for that hour of even greater glory when it shall please God to "gather together into one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth." For the Saviour Himself bade us hasten the coming of those days of the Son of Man by frequently presenting the two petitions which He has put into our mouths:

"THY KINGDOM COME!"

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven! But the kingdom cannot come before the arrival of the King; therefore, the first petition means nothing less than, Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly! And when shall the prayer be granted? No man can tell with precision; but the King has given us many signs by which we can get an approximation to the time; and I do

not hesitate to express the conviction that all these signs, when studied in connection with prophecy already fulfilled, and compared with the characteristics of this our age, agree in warning us that He is at hand, yea, even

AT THE DOOR.

How solemn, then, are the days in which we live, and with what diligence should we search every part of God's Word for information respecting the great event with which we must shortly be confronted in order that, like the children of Issachar, we may have "understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do!" For be well assured of this, that God has revealed nothing which we do not need, and that the wilful neglect of any passage will certainly entail loss upon us in the future, though we may not yet be able to comprehend in what way.

Impelled by such thoughts, I propose to enter upon a brief investigation of the fourteenth chapter of the Apocalypse, in which

THREE SCENES

are made to pass before us, revealing, as I believe, the fate of those who shall be alive in Christendom at the close of the Church-period. What is meant by the last expression can only be stated now; but my proof of the statement is already before the public; and there are, doubtless, many also among yourselves who hold similar views.

THE FIRST GREAT CLUE

to the intricacies of prophetic interpretation is found in the ninth chapter of Daniel, where the interpreting angel divides into three portions the whole stretch of time from the edict which permitted Nehemiah to rebuild the street and wall of Jerusalem to the Second Coming of the Lord. Of these portions, the first comprises four hundred and eighty-three years, ending with the appearance of Messiah the Prince; the length of the second is not revealed; but it is a time of Jewish dispersion and Gentile election, and its close will be marked by the ratification of a covenant for seven years between the majority of the Jewish nation and the Antichrist; the third will be a short season of judgment exactly occupying the seven years of the covenant.

So much we obtain from Daniel; but when John saw the Apocalyptic visions the first of the three periods had already gone by, and the second, which is the Church-period, had commenced. Consequently his prophecy is divided, so far as time is concerned, into two portions only, and he is bidden to write "the things which are and the things which shall be after these things" (*μετὰ ταῦτα*); that is to say, the things of the Church-period and of the short season of judgment which shall follow it. And we have no difficulty in discovering the point at which he begins to treat of the latter period; for his fourth chapter commences with the words: "Come up hither, and I will show thee the things that must be after these things" (*μετὰ ταῦτα*).

Now the seven years of judgment will form

A TRANSITIONAL EPOCH

similar to that which extended from the preaching of John the Baptist to the Pentecostal descent of the Spirit. The old order will be breaking up, and the new will be in course of organization; the Church, as an institution upon earth, will be disappearing, and the Jew coming to the front. At the commencement of this period the Lord will descend from the high heavens, and His Parousia, or Presence, in the heaven of our earth will begin.

ITS SIGN,

as He tells us, is to be that those who are watching for Him will be suddenly caught up, together with the raised dead, to meet Him in the air, and so to be ever with Him; while the remaining members of the Church, who are alive at the time, must tarry still on earth for a season, that their sanctification may be perfected amid troubles and judgments. At the sound of the seventh or last trumpet they also will be caught up, together with all who have died in

Christ during the interval; and then the Church will be complete in heaven, and ready for manifestation with her Lord. Upon earth the fearful plagues of the vials will follow, after which the Lord will appear, and all the saints with Him, to deliver His earthly people, the Jews, and to smite with death every surviving soul in Christendom which still persists in rebellion.

Thus it will be seen that, apart from the children of Abraham, there will be

THREE CLASSES

of human beings in the so-called Christian parts of the world when the Lord descends into the air. In the chapter before us they are described as first-fruits, harvest, and vintage; while a few connecting sentences show, among other things, that the great persecution to be carried on by the Antichrist and the False Prophet will take place in the interval between the presentation of the first-fruits and the reaping of the harvest.

For the order of nature in the figure must be preserved in the interpretation; that is to say, the harvest must be understood to follow the offering of the first-fruits, while the vintage comes last of all.

Again, the first-fruits of the harvest are closely connected, because they are of the same kind—the only difference between them being that the one is removed from the field, which is the world, a little earlier than the other. But the case of the fruit plucked from a tree is quite distinct from that of grain; for the tree remains in its place, firmly rooted in the ground, and may produce many subsequent crops. Hence, in

SCRIPTURAL SYMBOLISM,

a tree represents Jewish or Gentile power, which belongs to earth, and remains upon it—if things take their natural course. And as instances of this we may cite the tree of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, the vine which God brought out of Egypt, the spreading vine of low stature (1), the fir-tree which is bidden to howl because the cedar has fallen (2), the fig-tree and all the trees of which our Lord speaks (3), and, finally, the vine of the earth mentioned in the chapter which we are considering (4).

But the true Church, in her earthly relations, is never represented by a tree; for she does not remain here. Her members are but strangers and sojourners in this world; the Jerusalem which is above is their metropolis; their abiding city is in heaven. Therefore, the Church is most appropriately prefigured by wheat.

Now, wheat does not root itself firmly in the earth and continue, from the same stalk, to bear fruit for years. No; it does, indeed, spring out of the ground, and for some time swells and grows by the juices which it extracts therefrom. But as it approaches perfection, the sun, shining from heaven, draws those juices out of it, and at the same time the root begins to shrink, and ceases to provide nourishment from below, so that the whole plant dries up under the celestial influence. And only when it is fully dry is it ready for the harvest. One comes with the sickle and cuts it down, then it is carried away out of the field in which it grew, and conveyed to another place where the garner has been prepared.

It is impossible to conceive a more

VIVID PICTURE

of the believer's life and destiny than this. For the Lord's elect, like all other men, are compelled, owing to their fallen nature and its necessarily attendant circumstances, to begin their existence in the flesh. But, as time rolls on, they gradually, from the moment of conversion, cease to draw their supplies from this world, and become sanctified in spirit, soul, and body by the influences which descend from on high. And when the work of God is completed in them they are not left upon earth to show the full perfection of their fruit, but are cut down by death and borne away to another sphere.

As a final illustration of the symbolism of wheat and trees, we may point to the vigorous address in which John the Baptist announces

the close of one dispensation and the beginning of another. For in it he likens the Jewish system to a tree with the axe laid at its root, while professing Christendom is regarded as the Lord's threshing floor which He will thoroughly purge.

It may, however, occur to some that the distinction is, to say the least, not always maintained. For, it may be urged, although the Church is often compared to wheat, it is also likened to a vine, which is a tree, which does take root in the ground, and does go on bearing fruit in the same place year after year. But this difficulty when examined is found to rest upon

A MISCONCEPTION;

for the Church never is actually likened to a vine. Her members are, indeed, compared to the branches of a vine, but that is quite another thing, and obliges us, if we would come to the end of the matter, to make further inquiry. For as to the branches, they may run over the wall, like the fruitful bough of Joseph, and become exposed, so that the archers may sorely trouble them and shoot at them; but if we would know of the tree we must find out the place where its stock is.

Now, the Lord says, "I am the Vine; ye are the branches." But He has ascended into the heavens, and, therefore, although the branches may appear elsewhere, it is only there that the root and stock of the vine may be found. Too often the branches hang downward; only at rare intervals can believers feel that they are sitting in the heavenly places with Christ. Nevertheless, in Him are all their springs; from Him flows the life-giving sap which enables them to bear much fruit.

It is only, then, in its earthly and present-age relations that the Church cannot be compared to a tree. God has not said that we are to be homeless wanderers forever. No; it is only here that we have no abiding city; but we are bidden to show plainly by our life and behavior that we seek one to come. And soon we shall find it, when the great prayer shall be answered: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."

But, it may be again objected, there is the mustard-tree; surely that represents the Church in its

PRESENT-AGE RELATIONS.

Yes; it represents the professing Church, but not the true body of Christ. For the key to that parable is the Lord's remark that the mustard-plant becomes "greater than all the class of pot-herbs" (*τῶν λαχάνων*)—such is the exact meaning of the Greek of Matt. 13: 32—and so grows into a tree, being not the only annual in Palestine which sometimes becomes perennial. But in so doing it breaks the great creation law of the third day, which commands that every seed should develop according to its kind. And the result of its unnatural growth into a tree is that the fowls of the air are able to lodge in its branches, which they could not have done if it had remained in its natural condition as a lowly herb.

So was it with the nominal Church. The Lord commands His little flock to dwell in humility until He comes, when they shall shine forth fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners. But the professing Church struck her roots deeply into the earth and grew mighty in worldly wealth and influence. Then she shot forth great branches of lordship over men. And so the Spirit of God departed from her, and the spiritual hosts of wickedness—such is the Lord's own interpretation of the fowls of the air which devour the world—found shelter in her and could use her for their own purposes. It was in this way that the vast professing body became unawares a church of Satan, as it quickly showed by its deeds and doctrines.

We shall now be able to comprehend the teaching of the chapter under our consideration. The wheat represents the Church; the vintage the fate of the unsaved of Christendom.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready First Week of December.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Arrangements for Celebrating the Centenary of the Constitution were made on Thursday last at a meeting held in Philadelphia. The Governors of eighteen States and Territories sent delegates to the meeting in accordance with the plan drawn up last September by the Governors of the original thirteen States, who met in Philadelphia for the purpose. The seventeenth day of September is the time fixed upon for the celebration, that being the day mentioned in the Constitution, though it was not finally ratified by the States until May 29th, 1790. On September 17th, 1787, the Convention, after four months of labor, arrived at an agreement, and the Constitution was formally adopted, and Congress notified of the fact. It is proposed to celebrate the centenary anniversary of the event by a grand military display, an oration, a poem, and the erection of some permanent memorial. A committee of thirteen was appointed to make detailed arrangements.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy, which was issued last week, is not a satisfactory document, though it gives ground for hope. The condition of the navy, in spite of the vast sums spent upon it, is lamentable. The Atlanta, one of the last new vessels constructed, seems, according to Mr. Whitney's report, to be a failure. The only way in which a vessel of its class can render efficient service is by superior speed, as its armament is not of sufficient strength to cope with ironclads. But the Atlanta does not in this quality compare favorably with vessels of the same class belonging to other powers. While the Atlanta under the best conditions could attain a speed of only fifteen knots, and that for but a short time, similar vessels in the English and Italian navies ran seventeen and eighteen knots. Besides this her machinery is continually breaking down. Mr. Whitney calls attention to a statement made by the Chief Constructor of the navy to the effect that in six years only three of the cruisers now on the list will be fit for service, and that at the expiration of that time, unless a new navy is produced, the country will be practically without a navy at all. Meanwhile, if the people want to know what has become of their money, Mr. Whitney's report will enlighten them. The department has stores and supplies on hand worth \$20,000,000. Of some articles it has more than can be used in

fifty years. Some of them, valued at \$4,000,000, have been in stock so long that they have become obsolete and useless, but they are kept in good condition, and men are paid to keep them oiled or painted as they may require, and watchmen are employed to prevent their being stolen. The department has secured the appropriation of \$17,000,000 for the current year, and Mr. Whitney asks for \$25,000,000 for next year.

The State Convention of Anti-Saloon Republicans held at Cortland, N. Y., on November 30th, indicated that the movement has not grown since the Binghamton conference in September. No prominent Republican leader of the State attended it or wrote to express sympathy with it. General Conway presided and stated that twenty thousand members had been enrolled, and that Senators Evarts and Miller approved of the movement and that Levi P. Morton, who is expected to succeed Miller, is also in its favor. The constitution adopted makes the name of the organization the New York State Temperance Republican League, and states that "the aim and purpose of this league is to secure the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; and as the most feasible and speedy means to this end to induce the Republican Party to undertake to secure this result. Until such suppression can be accomplished in the State at large we will labor for the enactment of the most effective form of local option, and, where local prohibition is impossible, the enactment and enforcement of the most stringent restrictive legislation." The Prohibitionists will doubtless be glad to have the assistance of their new allies, and will cordially wish them success. The great object both have in view is to overcome the liquor traffic. The difference between them is that the anti-saloon men think they can enlist the Republican Party in the fight, while the Prohibitionists despair of enlisting either of the great political parties.

The Chicago Anarchists have Reason to Beg that they may be saved from their friends. The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Anarchist organ, has published an editorial of a character that must arouse public feeling against them and produce an opinion that, with respect to them, mercy would be out of place. It says: "Right here it may be plainly said that we consider the bomb throwing justified. It was a necessary act. The police committed high treason in attempting to break up in violent fashion a peaceful meeting of citizens. Had not the bomb been thrown, today, in place of eight police, hundreds of useful citizens, women and children would be lying dead. What will become of the rights of the citizens of this land when the latter fall and leave them unprotected, to be tyrannized and abused by a horde of hirelings? What will become of the right of assembly, of free speech, and personal security? The bomb-thrower bears no responsibility, and far less the condemned Anarchists." The friends of the Anarchists, anxious to save them from execution, can effect that purpose only in one way, that of convincing the public that the men are sorry for the Haymarket outrage, and will behave in future.

An Attempt to Enforce the Sunday Law is being made in New York. As it requires but a very modified observance of the Lord's Day, it should not be a difficult undertaking; but all who know how extensively it is violated will realize that the police will have a busy time in enforcing it. The law forbids public amusements and sports, labor, trades, manufactures and agricultural or mechanical employments, and traffic or sales. Articles of food may be sold before ten in the morning, and tobacco, cigars, fruit, confectionery, newspapers, and drugs at any hour of the day. Labor and trade occupations are permitted when they are works of necessity or charity. What is to be considered a work of necessity or charity is a question on which courts have often differed. The Penal Code expressly provides that such works are to include "whatever is needful during the day for the good order, health, or comfort, of the com-

munity." It will be an important and valuable reform if nothing more is done than to stop the so-called "sacred concerts," which are a disgrace to the city.

The Resignation of the French Cabinet was tendered to President Grévy on Friday last. It was caused by a vote of the Legislature abolishing the office of sub-prefects. M. de Freycinet consented, when the proposal to abolish the office was made, to reduce the number as far as was compatible with the transaction of public business, but the Chamber would not accept the offer, and cut off the whole number at once. There are three hundred and sixty of them in all France, and M. de Freycinet would probably have arranged to dispense with one half. The decisive vote was passed by a majority of thirteen. Efforts are being made to induce M. de Freycinet to withdraw his resignation and form a new Cabinet.

The Action of the German Government in proposing to increase the army is regarded as ominous. It will raise the force in a time of peace to one per cent of the population. An impression prevails both in Germany and other countries that such a proposal would not have been made if the Government did not regard war as inevitable, and it is believed that it has been caused by the knowledge that France and Russia are in alliance. The geographical position of Germany between those two countries would render resistance to a combined attack a struggle for existence. The words in which the war minister introduced the measure were significant. He said: "The bill is of the most urgent character. The Reichstag must pass this measure before Christmas if the purpose of the Government is to be attained. Let any one who regards the additional burdens upon the people as unbearable acquaint himself with the state of affairs on the other side of the Vosges. The Government is in earnest. It does not ask for more than it intends to accept." These remarks were emphasized by the veteran General Von Moltke, when he rose to speak. Referring to France, he said: "So long as public opinion there clamors with unvarying and stiff-necked bitterness for the restitution of the provinces regained with so much bloodshed, so long must Germany repeat that she will shed her last drop of blood in holding and defending her conquests." The old soldier's manner implied that he thought the attempt of France to regain the provinces would not be long delayed.

The Trans-Atlantic Mail Question Continues to excite public opinion in England. Not even the announcement that sending the mail by German ships will save the public money reconciles the English people to the humiliation of employing foreign ships on public service. What makes the thing the more objectionable is that the reason the German steamship companies are able to carry the mails at a lower rate than the English companies is, that they receive a large annual subsidy from the German Government. The Chairman of the Cunard Company has publicly contradicted the statement of the Postmaster General that the English companies demanded a monopoly of the business. The London Times protests against the new arrangement on the ground that a cheaper mail service was not needed, while an improved service was. Even the London News, a Radical journal, and the organ of men accustomed to regard the saving of money as the supreme good, condemns the unpatriotic conduct of the Government. It says that the defence of the Postmaster General is entitled to little consideration; that he has taken the mails from the swiftest vessels, offering an apology for so doing which conceals material facts and shows that he is either ignorant or unable to appreciate their importance. It would appear that the Government has lost a great deal of popularity in an attempt to save a very little money. It is stated at the Post Office that though the Postmaster General is nominally the responsible person in the affair, the peculiar "reform" was initiated and executed by Mr. S. A. Blackwood, the General Secretary.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying Colored ministers with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of \$5.50. They are: From Syracuse, N. Y., \$2.50; Chambersburg, Pa., \$1; Pittsburgh, Pa., \$2. We are thankful for the smallest contributions to this fund, as every dollar not only assists some minister, but through him is a benefit to his congregation.

The Rev. George C. Needham, whose Portrait and life appeared in this journal on November 25th, is conducting a series of Evangelistic Services this week in New York. The meetings are being held in Gospel Hall, in West Thirty-fifth Street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, each evening except Saturday, commencing at eight o'clock. All who can arrange to attend these services should not miss the opportunity of hearing this eminent evangelist, and should endeavor to get their unconverted friends to go. Mr. Needham's teaching is wonderfully powerful and lucid, and even experienced Christians gain new light on the Bible from his method of comparing Scripture with Scripture. We pray that much good may result from God's blessing on these special services.

The Convention of Young People's Associations to be held this day in New York, as announced here two weeks ago, promises to be an assembly of much interest. The afternoon meeting is called for one o'clock in the Church of the Strangers, and the evening meeting at eight in the Collegiate Reformed Church on Twentyninth Street and Fifth Avenue. Among the speakers who have promised to take part in the exercises are Drs. William Ormiston, R. S. McArthur, S. H. Virgin, A. E. Kittredge, and Charles F. Deems.

At the Monthly Meeting of the Institute of Christian Philosophy held on Thursday last under the Presidency of Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., it was announced that Elliott F. Shepard, Esq., had presented two hundred dollars to the Endowment Fund of the Institute. A number of new members have been added to the roll, which is now a lengthy one. Professor George B. Stevens, of Yale College, read an able paper on "Reason as a Basis for Theistic Belief," showing that, even admitting the contention of the infidel that the existence of God cannot be proved in the strict sense of logic, the very consciousness of reason involves a presupposition of a Deity. The paper, which was deeply interesting, is to be published in the next number of *Christian Thought*.

An Interesting Gift Has Been Received by Rev. Jacob Freshman, the indefatigable missionary among the Jews of New York. A lady who has witnessed some results of his work, and takes a deep interest in God's ancient people and the efforts being made to bring them to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, has presented Mr. Freshman with a handsome diamond ring worth one hundred dollars. This is intended, as may be supposed, not for his personal decoration, but to be sold, and the proceeds devoted to the cause he has at heart. The lady was anxious that he should gain the financial aid he requires to extend the work, and not having money at her disposal, thought of her ring, which she has thus consecrated to the Lord's service.

The Detailed Report of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of New York for last year now published shows a steady increase in this valuable work. The total contributions of the two days last year amounted to \$46,085.38, which exceeds the total of the previous year by \$9542.63. Of this amount \$29,490.56 was given in the churches and \$16,594.82 by the various exchanges and trades. The largest gift was from the dry-goods trade, and amounted to \$4350. The tobacco trade contributed \$1893.68. No other trade and no secular society reached the sum of \$1000. Of religious incorporations, St. Bartholomew's Church sent in \$3193.52; St. Thomas' Church, \$2609.30; the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, \$2001.34; Grace Church, \$1474.19; St. George's, \$1321.38. No other religious body collected as much as \$1000,

the Broadway Tabernacle coming nearest to that amount in an offering of \$988.76. Of the denominations the Protestant Episcopal stands at the head, and the Presbyterian next on the list.

A Custom House Collector's Quiet Life has, it is stated, been secured by a very simple method. A New York journal which is an enthusiastic admirer of the new Collector of the Port says that Mr. Magone is not harassed by disputes as his predecessors were. He has had all the books regulating the customs service placed within his reach, and when appealed to for a decision his clear gray eyes snap as he replies: "The law says so and so about that question, does it not?" He is generally answered in the affirmative, and without more ado he dismisses his visitor, saying: "The law on the subject was made for me to follow, and follow it I shall." The principle may be commended to the notice of ministers and Christian teachers who are worried by persons anxious that religious teaching should be brought more into accord with worldly thought and practice. There can be no question as to what the law is that was made for them to follow, and the Bible is at least as unambiguous as the United States statutes (II Tim. 2:15, 23).

Needless Distress Drove a Man to Suicide in New York recently. On November 27th the employés in a hotel in this city found one of the guests hanging in his room, quite dead. As the man had been apparently cheerful, and was known to belong to a wealthy family, there was no clue to the reason of his wicked act. When, however, the papers in his room were examined, it was found that he was in pecuniary straits. There were a number of pawn tickets showing that he had pawned his watch, ring, and other valuables, and there was also a sheet of paper on which were recorded a large number of names and amounts, indicating that he had borrowed small sums of his acquaintances. The sum of \$480 had been borrowed in this way, all in small amounts. When the relatives of the suicide were notified of his death they were amazed. Neither his father nor his brothers knew that he needed money, and all said that if he had applied to them he might have had any amount. It is marvellous that, instead of applying to his father, who could and would have helped him, he should have humiliated himself by borrowing of others. We think him foolish, but many Christians are doing the same thing. Though God has promised to supply all their need, they do not apply to Him in their difficulties (Jer. 2:13).

A Crash on Shipboard Caused Six Deaths and many injuries recently. The Westernland, of the Red Star Line, which arrived at New York from Antwerp on Thursday last had a remarkable experience during the voyage. She left Antwerp on November 21st and had a fair voyage until the fifth day out, when the wind veered from the south-west to the north-west with heavy cross seas. The ship labored all night, and the next day the weather did not improve. The spray rose in such quantities that the men on deck availed themselves of any shelter they could find when not actually at work. About three in the afternoon a number of the crew and steerage passengers were under an arch near the bows called the turtle-back deck, composed of a pine flooring four inches thick, resting on quarter-inch steel plates, the whole supported by steel beams of great strength. The ship's head had plunged down a long swell when two seas struck it, one on each side, and a huge mass of water fell over on the turtle-back deck, cutting it clean in two. The water flowed aft, carrying all before it, and as it rushed off the damage done appalled every one who witnessed it. The heavy turtle-back deck was crushed flat, and under it were six men dying or dead, and about twenty with broken limbs. The injured were cared for by the ship's surgeon and a physician among the passengers, until they arrived in New York, and were taken to a hospital. The melancholy calamity suggests the thought that we cannot be too careful about the character of the refuges we seek in the storms of life. The deck which sheltered the men from the spray

seemed strong, but its very strength rendered their destruction more certain when it succumbed under the heavy sea. Satan offers many such refuges to men weary with the smaller vexations and trials of life. If they fly to drink or worldly pleasure for comfort instead of to Christ, the impregnable refuge for the troubled, their eternal ruin is swift and inevitable (Ps. 91:1-7).

An Erring Wife's Search for a Home Ended at her father's house on November 27th. Some time ago a lady residing in New Jersey with her husband and one child fell under the power of temptation and quitted her husband's house, taking her child with her. The man for whom she thus sinned, and sacrificed her honor and her home, was arrested shortly afterward on the charge of stealing money, which, in the present state of society, is stupidly regarded as a more heinous offence than stealing a man's wife. The woman consequently was without a home or means of support. Having sought these unavailingly for some time, she applied to her father. She wrote: "I know I have done wrong, and am ashamed to face the people of my former home. I hope you will not forsake me in my hour of need and turn me from you," signing herself, "Your own daughter, who is now an outcast from the world." The father promptly replied, inviting his erring daughter to his home. It was all he could do; he cannot remove the stain from her character. It is a better thing that God does for His erring children who, confessing their sin and seeking forgiveness through Christ, ask Him to receive them (Isa. 1:18,19).

A Suggestion to a School Principal was handed in by one of his pupils in Boston, Mass., recently. The Boston *Traveller* says that a few days ago the principal of a school in South Boston was reluctantly compelled, by the extreme misconduct of one of the boys, to depart from his customary habit and give him a severe flogging. The next day the boy "brought a note." The principal opened it and read, "Licking don't do this boy no good—talk to him." The grammar and caligraphy of the note suggested a doubt whether it was written, as it purported to be, by the boy's father. The principal questioned the lad, and hinted at a visit to his father to explain. Then the boy was alarmed, and admitted that he had written the note himself. It may be surmised that in his future treatment of the lad the principal will not pay much attention to the suggestion. Doubtless the lad is disappointed by the failure of his plot. To be talked to instead of being punished would be less disagreeable to him. When men argue against the doctrine of eternal punishment they feel the same way, but, as with the boy, it does not rest with them to decide the future of the incorrigible (Rev. 21:8).

A Bride was Imprisoned on Board a Steamer at Hartford, Conn., last week. The Hartford *Courant* says that after a wedding in that city the bride and bridegroom went on board a steamer on which they had secured passage to New York. They went to their state-room, and had just laid down their lighter baggage when it was discovered that something had been left behind. The bridegroom rushed out, turning the key in the lock from the outside from the force of bachelor habit, and went up town with the key in his pocket. When he got back it was to see the boat a hundred feet from the dock. The boat got some miles down the river before the imprisoned bride was able to communicate with an officer of the boat, who unlocked her door with a pass key. It may be hoped for the lady's sake that her husband will be able to overcome his bachelor habits and adapt himself to his new relation in life. There will be less need of the vigilance he was evidently accustomed to exercise now that he has a wife to care for his interests. It would be well if, when men enter into union with Christ by conversion, they also realized that there is no need of worry or apprehension, and would commit all their cares to Him (I Peter 5:7).

IS IT TRUE?

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?"—DANIEL 3:14.

Courage Required of the Christian Soldier—A Serious Question—Asked on all Hands—I. Be Ready for It—No One Lives Unnoticed—How to be Prepared—Have Sound Reasons—Act with Sincerity—A Lean-to Religion—II. How to Act if it is Not True—Do Not Make a Profession—If Made Quit it—The Dishonor of Unfaithfulness—III. How to Act if it is True—Be Bold—Reckon on Deliverance—Adam Clarke's Employer.

DEAR friends who are not yet decided, if you would become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ it will be well for you to count the cost. It was our Lord's custom to bid men consider what His service might involve. His frequent declaration was: "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." He knew and would have us know that it is no child's play to be a soldier of the cross. If we count upon ease in this warfare we shall be grievously disappointed;

WE MUST FIGHT

if we would reign. One reason of this is that the world, like Nebuchadnezzar, expects us all to follow its fashions and to obey its rules. The god of this world is the devil, and he claims implicit obedience. Sin in some form or other is the image which Satan sets up and requires us to serve. The tyranny of the world is fierce and cruel, and those who will not worship its image will find that the burning fiery furnace has not yet cooled. If you mean to be a Christian, and therefore intend to cast off the bondage of this present evil world, your resolve must be taken to bear all consequences rather than worship the idol of the hour. The world's flute, harp, sackbut, and psaltery must sound for you in vain. A nobler music must charm your ears and make you bid defiance to the world's threatenings.

Peradventure some of you may say, "We will not bow before the gods of the world, but we will worship God only: we will follow Christ and none beside." This is a brave resolve; you will never regret it if you stand to it even to the end.

We are glad to hear you speak thus; but *is it true?* "Is it true?" These words I shall take by themselves, and set them on fire. No question can be more necessary or more searching than "Is it true?" It is very well to profess, but "Is it true?" It is very fine to promise and vow, but "Is it true?" It is a bold thing to talk of defying Nebuchadnezzar and his fiery furnace, but "Is it true?" Sceptics question your declaration with a sarcastic sneer; sinners question it with an open unbelief; and saints question it with deep anxiety to have you sincere. From many sides comes the query, "*Is it true?*" It must be asked, it will be asked, it ought to be asked, and therefore I ask it, "*Is it true?*"

I. Follower of Christ,

BE READY FOR THE QUESTION,

"Is it true?" Do not reckon to live unnoticed, for a fierce light beats about every Christian. You will be sure to meet with some one or other whom you respect or fear, who will demand of you, "Is it true?" Nebuchadnezzar was a great personage to these three holy men; he was their despotic lord, their employer, their influential friend. In his hands rested their liberties and their lives. He was, moreover, their benefactor, for he had set them in high office in his empire. All hope of further promotion lay with him, and if they would prosper and rise in the world they must earn his smile. Many young Christians are tried with this temptation. Many worldly advantages may be gained by currying favor with certain ungodly men who are like little Nebuchadnezzars; and this is a great peril. They are bidden to do wrong by one who is their superior, their employer, their

patron. Now comes the test. Will they endure the trial hour? They say that they can endure it, but *is it true?* Let my hearers stand prepared for such an ordeal, for in all probability it will come. Some Nebuchadnezzar will put it to you pretty plainly: "Will you do as I wish you, or will you obey God?" At such a time I pray that you may answer in the right manner without a second thought, and so prove that your love to God is true.

Nebuchadnezzar spoke in peremptory tones, as if he could not believe that any mortal upon the earth could have the presumption to dispute his will. He cannot conceive that one employed under his patronage will

DARE TO RESIST HIS BIDDING;

he demands indignantly, "Is it true?" He will not believe it! He must have been misinformed! Can there exist a being in all his wide dominions who can have the impudence to think for himself, or the audacity to insinuate that it can be wrong to do what Nebuchadnezzar commands? He will not believe it. It is condescension on his part even to ask, "Is it true?"

Often ungodly men profess that they do not believe in the conversion of their fellow-workmen. Is it true, John, that you have become religious? A pretty fellow! Why, you used to sing a jolly song, as well as other people, and now you whine out a psalm like other canting hypocrites. Is it true? Why, you could empty a glass and follow pretty games, like the rest of us; and now you profess to be afraid of doing wrong. Is it true? Are you really such a fool? You seem almost afraid to put one foot before another for fear you should be hauled over the coals. Are you really the same fellow who could once drink and swear? "Is it true?" Beloved brethren and sisters, I want you to be ready for this assault, and ready to answer without hesitation, "It is most certainly true."

You will not be able to go through life without being discovered; a lighted candle cannot be hid. There is a feeling among some good people that it will be wise to be very reticent, and hide their light under a bushel. They intend to

LIE LOW ALL THE WAR TIME,

and come out when the palms are being distributed. They hope to travel to heaven by the back lanes, and skulk into glory in disguise. Ah, me, what a degenerate set! Rest assured, my fellow-Christians, that at some period or other, in the most quiet lives, there will come a moment for open decision. Days will come when we must speak out or prove traitors to our Lord and to His truth. *Godliness, like murder*, will out. You will not always be able to travel to heaven *incog*. In every house there comes a time when each person of the family has to take sides, and acknowledge to whom he belongs. The most timid wife, or the most unassuming child, will be compelled to say, "I also am Christ's disciple." Be ready at once to answer the question, "Is it true?"

To be fully prepared to answer the inquiry of opposers, act upon sound reasons. Be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you with meekness and fear. Be able to show why you are a believer in God, why you worship the Lord Jesus Christ, why you trust in His atoning sacrifice, and why you

MAKE HIM THE REGULATOR

of your life. Show why you cannot do what others do; why, being a child of God, your nature is changed, and you have no wish to do that which you once delighted to do in the days of your unregeneracy. I am sure that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego would never have stood out against the imperious monarch as they did, if they had not known their bearings and well understood why it was that Jehovah alone is to be worshipped as God.

Next, take care that you always proceed with deep sincerity. Superficial profession soon ends in thorough apostasy. Only heart-work will stand the fire. Never let your speech outrun your heart. Do not profess to be more than you really are. Remember, all your professions

will have to be tested, and the question will be made a burning one for you: "Is it true?" Mind that it is true, all true, thoroughly true. Put yourself through your paces, and do not believe that your religion is worth a penny unless it will bear death, judgment, and the eternal world.

This being done, accustom yourself to act with solemn determination before God on every matter which concerns morals and religion. Many very decent people are not self-contained, but are dependent upon the assistance of others. They are like the houses which our London builders run up so quickly in long rows; if they did not help to keep each other up they would all tumble down at once, for no one of them could stand alone. How much there is of joint-stock-company religion, wherein hypocrites and formalists keep each other in countenance. Where things are not quite so bad as this, yet there is too little personal establishment in the faith. So many people have

A "LEAN-TO" RELIGION.

If their minister, or some other leading person were taken away, their back wall would be gone, and they would come to the ground. In some cases the wife and mother, or the husband and father, or the friend and teacher, constitute the main support of the individual's religion; he leans upon others, and if these fail him there is an end of his hope. Friends, this sort of religion will not do. We must purpose in our own heart what we will do, and then stand to our purpose. Happy he who dares to be in the right with two or three. Happier still is he who will stand in the right, even if the choice two or three should quit it. He who can stand alone is a man indeed; every man of God should be such. Athanasius *contra mundum* is a grand figure. Against the whole world Athanasius proclaimed the godhead of Christ, and he won the day. If you will not go to the world, the world will have one day to come to you.

God make us champions of His holy cause! Heroism can only be wrought in us by the Holy Ghost. Humbly yielding your whole nature to the power of the divine Sanctifier, you will be true to your Lord even to the end. At the cross-foot, with your eyes upon those blessed wounds, and your whole soul trusting in Him that liveth and was dead, you will not be ashamed of your Lord, nor afraid of the consequences of obeying Him.

II. But now, secondly, if you cannot say that it is true, what then? If, standing before the heart-searching God at this time, you cannot say, "It is true,"

HOW SHOULD YOU ACT?

If you cannot say that you take Christ's cross, and are willing to follow Him at all hazards, then hearken to me and learn the truth. Do not make a profession at all. Do not talk about baptism or the Lord's Supper, nor of joining a church, nor of being a Christian; for if you do, you will lie against your own soul. If you have made a profession, and yet it is not true, be honest enough to quit it, for it can never be right to keep up a fraud. A false profession is a crime, and to persevere in it is a presumptuous sin. Whatever you are, or are not, do be transparent, sincere, truthful. If there be any man here who says in his heart, "No, I cannot suffer for truth's sake; I will follow Christ as far as it is good walking, and costs nothing; but I will not go through the mire for Him;" well, then, turn back at once, for you are no true pilgrim. If you are determined not to press onward even though the way should lie through the Slough of Despond, you had better make the best of your way home to the City of Destruction; for you are not a man that God has called into this kingdom. "Strange advice," say you. Yes, but prudent advice, too.

If your avowal of faith in Jesus and opposition to sin is not true you had better withdraw it and be silent; for by a groundless pretence you will dishonor the cause of God, and cause the enemy to take up a reproach against His people. If

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego had stood before Nebuchadnezzar and had made a compromise, it would have dishonored the name of the Lord. Suppose they had said, "O king, we believe in Jehovah, but we hardly know what to do in our peculiar circumstances. We desire to please thee, and we also dread the thought of the burning fiery furnace, and therefore we must yield, though it greatly grieves us." Why, they would have cast shame upon the name of Israel. It would have been idle to say that they would only do it once, that it would be only a mere form, and so on; for had they bowed the knee to the graven image, they would have set Nebuchadnezzar before Jehovah. They might have pleaded that to refuse the great king was virtually to commit suicide; but they kept from such

CROOKED REASONINGS.

They might have argued that it was wise to save their lives, because they could be so very useful to the Israelites, and to the cause of true religion. I am glad that the three holy children were not "careful to answer," or they might have fallen upon some crooked policy or lame excuse for compromise. What have we to do with consequences? It is ours to do the right, and leave results with the Lord. To do wrong cannot under any circumstances be right. Thousands of men and women are doing this continually. Shame upon them! They plead their own necessities, their large families, their position, their hopes of usefulness, and the examples of others; but none of these things can excuse cowardice toward God. If by doing a little wrong we could effect a great deal of good, we should not thereby be excused. This is a common way of drugging conscience, and I beseech you be upon your guard against it.

III. But now, thirdly, let us consider what follows

IF IT BE TRUE.

I hope that many here can lay their hands upon their hearts, and quietly say, "Yes, it is true; we are determined not to bow before sin, come what may." Well, then, if it is true, I have this much to say to you: dear brother, state this when it is demanded of you. Declare your resolve. This will strengthen it in yourself and be the means of supporting it in others. This word is meant for certain Christian people who come in and out of this house, and join with us in public worship, but have never openly avowed themselves to be disciples of the Lord Jesus. Whenever we gather to the remembrance of our dying Lord, they either take their seats among the onlookers, or else they go home.

This raises many anxious thoughts in our minds. Specially we are exercised with this question—these people have a faith which they refuse to acknowledge, will such a faith save them? Scripture evidently lays great stress upon obedience to the Lord, and taking up His cross and following Him. Will Jesus save those who will not come out and bear His reproach? He claims of all His followers that they follow Him in the daylight. It is written: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

These are not words of mine, but of the Lord Jesus Himself; take heed unto yourselves that ye do not slight them. I dare not leave out part of His Gospel command when I am preaching it. If you believe in the Lord Jesus stand forth on His side.

Is it true? Then joyfully accept the trial which comes of it. Shrink not from the flames. Settle in your minds that, by divine grace, no loss, nor cross, nor shame, nor suffering, shall make you play the coward. Say, like the holy children, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

THEY DID NOT CRINGE

before the king, and cry, "We beseech thee, do not throw us into the fiery furnace. Let us have a consultation with thee, O king, that we may arrange terms. There may be some method by which we can please thee, and yet keep our

religion." No; they said, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Dear friends, let us be ready to suffer for Christ's sake. Some will say, "Do not be imprudent." It is always prudent to do your duty. We have not enough nowadays of the virtue nicknamed imprudence. I would like to see a display of

OLD-FASHIONED IMPRUDENCE

in these cold, calculating, selfish days. Oh for the days of zeal, the days when men counted not their lives dear to them that they might win Christ! Men sit down and reckon up what it will cost them to do right, and weigh their conduct as a matter of profit and loss, and then they call such wicked calculations prudence. It is sheer selfishness. Do right, if it cost you your life. You may lose a great deal for Christ, but you will never lose anything by Christ. You may lose for time, but you will gain for eternity; the loss is transient, but the gain is everlasting.

If it be true that you are willing thus to follow Christ, reckon upon deliverance. Nebuchadnezzar may put you into the fire, but he cannot keep you there, nor can he make the fire burn you. The enemy casts you in bound, but the fire will loosen your bonds, and you will walk at liberty amid the glowing coals. You shall gain by your losses, you shall rise by your down-castings. Many prosperous men owe their present position to the fact that they were faithful when they were in humble employments. They were honest, and for the moment they displeased their employers, and in the end earned their esteem. When

ADAM CLARKE

was put out apprentice, and his master showed him how to stretch the cloth when it was a little short, Adam could not find in his heart to do it. Such a fool of a boy must be sent home to his mother; and his godly mother was glad that her boy was such a fool that he could not stoop to a dishonest trick. You know what he became. He might have missed his way in life if he had not been true to his principles in his youth. Your first loss may be a lifelong gain. Dear young fellow, you may be turned out of your situation, but the Lord will turn the curse into a blessing.

Lastly—and this is a consideration not to be forgotten—if you will stand up for Jesus, and the right and the true and the pure and the temperate and the good, not only will you be delivered, but you will do great good. This Nebuchadnezzar was a *poor piece of goods*; yet he was compelled to acknowledge the power of these three decided and holy men. They were thrown into the furnace, and

THEY CAME OUT

of it; and what said Nebuchadnezzar? Just now it was: "The image that I have set up," and now he declares that no man shall speak a word against the God of Israel on pain of being cut in pieces. There is no having influence over the great men, or the little men of this age, except by being firm in your principles, and decided in what you do. If you yield an inch you are beaten; but if you will not yield—no, not the splitting of a hair—they will respect you.

The man who can hide his principles, and conceal his beliefs, and do a little wrong, is a nobody. He is a chip in the porridge; he will flavor nothing. But he who does what he believes to be right, and cannot be driven from it—that is the man. You cannot shake the world if you let the world shake you; but when the world finds that you have grit in you, they will let you alone. Nebuchadnezzar was obliged to feel the influence of these men, and even so, the most wicked and the most proud feel the force of the true-hearted, the brave, and the good. For this let us pray God to give us new hearts

and right spirits. For this let us cling to the blessed cross of Christ, and yield ourselves up to the power of the blood and water which flowed from His wounded side. So shall our lives be powerful; if not illustrious in the eyes of men, they shall be acceptable in the eyes of God.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

MATRIMONIAL MANNERS.*

It has been remarked that there are six "ifs" by any of which a stranger may know a man and woman to be husband and wife. These rules, it is said, are infallible in just interpretation. They may be resorted to with confidence, as they are deduced from every-day experience.

1. If you see a gentleman and a lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are married.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion.

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, her head inclined the other way, and speaking to him with indifference, that is a clear sign.

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who, perhaps, is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path, there is no doubt about their relationship.

6. If you see a gentleman particularly obliging, courteous, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room except one, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold, and formal, and unreasonably cross—who that one is no one can be at a loss to discover.

If we would be happy in married life we must reverse such notes of barbarous dissonance. When an exhortation is given after the wedding ceremony, it would be well if the clergyman were sometimes to take for his text: "Be courteous" (1 Peter 3:8). If he be an observing man he will know that more coldness and estrangements, if not absolute quarrels and separations, grow out of a disregard of the common rules of courtesy in married life than from any other cause. The wife gets up and goes off to give a direction to her servants while her husband is in the middle of a sentence; if he were any other gentleman she would at least say, "Excuse me for a moment." The wife comes into the room and the husband sits still in his chair; if any other lady enters he rises and offers her one. If a guest is coming to the house the lady of the house is dressed and at the door ready to receive him; if it is only her husband she has no welcome. If a lady is at the table as a guest, the husband brings some topic of social conversation to entertain her; if his wife is the only lady, he sits silent, or may even take a letter or a newspaper out of his pocket and read it to himself.

How many divorces would be avoided if the advice of Governor Trumbull were taken, who, when a friend applied to him for advice about a divorce, asked, "How did you treat your wife when you were courting her?" "Why, I treated her as well as I could, for I loved her dearly." "Well," said the Governor, "go home and treat her as well as you did then for a year, and come and tell me the result." At the year's end it was, "My wife and I are as happy as when we were first married, and I mean to court her all the days of my life."

Men are cautioned by the Jewish Talmud to be careful how they cause women to weep, for

* From "Manners Maketh Man." By the author of "How to be Happy Though Married." Containing thirty chapters of excellent advice about good manners in the various relations of life. The author dedicates his book to his wife, "being," he says, "happy though married ten years, six months, three weeks, and four days." Pp. 285; price, \$1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 445 Broadway, New York.



The Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara, the Scene of the Recent Foolhardy Exploits.

God counts their tears. Of course women may use their tears in an improper, cowardly manner to induce men to turn aside from the path of duty; and there are those who have recourse to melting moods to gain a mastery over good-natured, weak-minded husbands. They have water-works in their heads, and can turn the tap on when they like. But we have not been referring to selfish sighs, and made-to-order woe of this kind, which need not and ought not to be regarded. If these crocodile tears are counted by God, we may be sure that they count against the woman who can so far abuse her irresistible might of weakness.

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

(See Illustration.)

FOR the first time, so far as is known, a woman safely passed the famous Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara on November 28th. She and a young man, who had previously made the passage, entered a long boat of the shape of a torpedo or cigar. The top of the strange craft was screwed on to prevent the water coming in, and then it was towed out to the rapids and let go. It was tossed about and whirled around for nearly an hour, and then passed out into calm water, where it was lassoed and drawn ashore. The girl, who is eighteen years old, was very seasick, but was otherwise unhurt. She expects to obtain an engagement to go on exhibition in a museum.

The rapids have long exercised a strange fascination over persons inclined to feats of daring. The enormous waves, beating in their fury around the rocks, appear to the ordinary observer to be inevitably destructive to any life once within their grip. Any one carried there by a catastrophe, and against their will, would excite pity as one whose death was certain, but the danger attracts some persons, who, for mere fame, or sometimes for money only, voluntarily put their lives in peril. While the bravery

which animates a man who risks his life to save others, or to avert some impending calamity, excites our admiration, the reckless daring that prompts an act of foolhardiness merits nothing but contempt. The best blessing we can wish for them—that of which they stand most in need—is that God would open their eyes to their responsibility, and to the true value of the life they so heedlessly expose to danger.

THE MINER'S LOST LIMB.

(See Illustration on page 781.)

"ANYBODY know aught of Bill Dawson?" The question was asked in a social club composed of the more jovial set of the miners in a certain coal mine. They met in a club-room adjoining a saloon to smoke, sing songs, and drink beer. It was not a full meeting. Indeed, there seldom could be all the men there at the same time, as some of them had to be on the night gang and some on the day gang, but as they changed about, all had their chance of club sociality at some time. Bill Dawson, the man whose welfare was the subject of inquiry, was one of the most popular men among them. He could always be relied upon for a roaring song, and his jokes and general high spirits made things lively. He was not present on this occasion, being in hospital, where he was carried the night before with a serious injury caused by the fall of a quantity of stones and earth. The meeting was dull in consequence, though it was likely to end more harmoniously than usual, for Bill's jokes were sometimes so pointed, after he had imbibed a few pots of beer, that some one was apt to get tired of being laughed at, lose his temper, and, perhaps, retaliate with a blow. Still, Bill was missed and his absence regretted.

"Pretty bad hurt, I presume?" said a miner. "Don't know," was the reply. "He looked it. I helped carry him up, and I never saw any-

body's face look so white. It showed under the dirt. I thought he was a dead 'un at first, till he groaned. Guess he must have fainted."

"Where was he hurt?"

"Well, he was pretty well smashed up all over, and he'll lose his leg, I guess. That must be past mending anyhow, but it's the inside damage as'll fix him, I think. The doctors can't get at them innard hurts."

"You don't think he'll get over it, then?"

"Oh, I can't tell. Bill's pretty strong, and he ain't over thirty-five. He's been a heavy drinker; that's agen him they say. But what's that; they don't know."

The evening dragged on without the customary songs, and the bar-keeper had a smaller sum in his drawer than usual. The men did not know until then how much the life and fun of the meetings had depended on Bill Dawson. One after another went home, and the room was nearly empty when another miner entered.

"Where you been? Come to see if we were ready to go? What's wrong wi' you?" were the salutations with which the new-comer was greeted.

"You're a mean lot," he said, weighting his uncomplimentary remark with a profane adjective. "There's Bill Dawson down in hospital wuth the hull lot o' you, and here you sit and drink and never give him a thought. Ain't been one o' you to ask whether he's dead or alive. I despise ye."

"You been to see?"

"Ay, and I'd ha' been ashamed to show my face on the street if I hadn't."

"How is he?"

"Go and see if yer want to know, same as I've done."

Under the influence of beer, however, the man thawed, and presently vouchsafed the information that Bill would not die, but his right leg had been amputated, and if no inflammation set in that would be all.

"And enough, too, I should say. My opinion is Bill would as lief be dead as go about with one leg."

You go and talk to him. Bill don't feel that way. He don't like losing one quarter of himself, but he's mighty anxious to save the other threequarters, and so you'd be."

"Well, I don't know. I'd hate to be a cripple, and Bill 'll feel pretty bad after being such a lively fellow. What'll he do?"

"He ain't got to that point yet. He's thinking o' nothin' else but whether he's going underground."

There was general regret throughout the pit when it was known that Bill had lost his leg, and a large number of men were of the opinion expressed at the club, that he would prefer being dead to being a cripple.

"Thank the Lord, he'll live," said "Methodist" Harry, the one pious miner in the pit. "Bill warn't fit to die." Bill had been the leader of the ridicule that had been Harry's great cross in the mine, but the good man was sincerely thankful that Bill had not been cut off in his sins.

Harry went to see Bill next day, got the minister to go and see him, too, and took as much interest in his welfare as if Bill had been a friend instead of a foe. The other men did not go after the first week, and gradually Bill's name dropped out of recollection.

After some weeks Bill was allowed to leave the hospital and hobbled on crutches to his home. It was something to be among familiar scenes again and be free to go about as he chose. He was glad of the change, and took advantage of it to limp up and down a few yards of the road that led to the mine. The men were all at work or asleep just at that hour, and the road was deserted. Presently, however, Bill heard his name called, and, turning, saw Mr. Sharpe, the superintendent.

"Out at last, Dawson?" he said. "Glad to see you. I wish they had left you whole. I am afraid they have spoiled your life for you taking off that leg."

"Oh, no, sir," said Bill, cheerily. "My life ain't spoiled. Don't you believe it. I'm a new man, sir. It's wuth the loss o' both legs to get what I've got in hospital."

"Ah! and what may that be?"

"I've got religion, sir. When I went in there I was on my road to hell. As bad a man, sir, I was, as e'er a man in the mine. What w' drinking and other things I'd a brought up in hell afore long. And now, sir," and Bill, supporting himself on his crutch, and throwing up his hand while a smile spread over his broad features, exclaimed, "thank the dear Lord, He's given me a new heart and saved me, and I'll find heaven at the end o' my course."

Bill went to the club that night and told the same story there. "His friend, "Methodist" Harry, opposed his going, fearing the power of temptation, but Bill said he must bear his testimony, and he did.

"Ye'll never sing no more for us now, Bill," said one of the old friends, ruefully.

"Not sing?" said Bill, in amazement.

"Why, I'm singing always, and I'll sing all the



The Maimed Miner's Ascription.

evening for ye, only ye'll hev' to come up ter church or somewhere away from here. Not sing? Why, just hear," and Bill sent forth such a volume of sound with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," that showed his lungs, at any rate, had not been injured.

Bill had the pleasure not only of singing for them afterward, but of getting many others to join him in the sacred harmony.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray, *

Night in Aspendale:

My story opens in "canny" Yorkshire; for in the hill country of that biggest, and as I may be forgiven for thinking, that bonniest of English shires lies the valley of Aspendale. The season is autumn and the time is evening. The red sun, after lingering awhile on the distant wold as if to fling a valediction on the vale beneath, is setting amid attendant clouds, which receive, as courtiers do, the reflected glory of their royal lord. Blushing with a proud content, they wear their purple garments and golden fringes in stately fashion, but only to doff them by and by as courtiers have to do when their liege lord withdraws his countenance and transfers his favors elsewhere.

The soft twilight broods above the quiet beauties of Aspendale. The landscape is limited but lovely, and the eye rests upon it with a "soothing sense of pleasure." It is like a vignette, which is all the more a masterpiece because the eye and the mind can take it in at one view; can print it on the memory and reproduce it at

* The portrait and life of this gifted writer appeared in this journal on April 1st. In response to requests of subscribers, some of whom know him personally, we now commence the publication of his new story, which will be continued from week to week until completed.

will; not by degrees as in a panorama, but at one bright glance; a photograph with the added charm of color.

Yonder at the head of the valley stands an ancient, castle-like mansion known through many a changeeful century as Aspen Towers. Its turrets, covered with ivy to the very top, are the most conspicuous objects in the picture, always excepting the remarkably tall and slender spire of Thorpe Aspen church, which is said to be the most perfect specimen of its kind. Aspen Chase, amid whose wealth of timber the mansion stands, is of large dimensions, and at one time could vie as a deer forest with any in the king's domains.

There is something very delightful about those ancient dwelling-places of old families. They have passed, in many cases, from sire to son through centuries, and each has taken pride in the old place and its surroundings. Occasionally one owner has been a spendthrift and burdened the estate with incumbrances, but again a more careful owner has come into possession and has retrieved the fortunes of the family. I know one instance of this. An earl of ancient name on entering upon his possession found it burdened with debt and creditors pleading and threatening and insisting on payment. To clear the family name of disgrace he

went to Germany and lived there in obscurity on peasant's fare for more than twenty years, relinquishing the pleasures and joys of aristocratic life, that he might redeem the family estate and name from the disgrace of debt. It is only recently that he has returned and is now able to boast that he owes no man anything. There was true heroism in the act, and many such acts have been done by these English aristocrats.

The village of Thorpe Aspen, snugly laid in the centre of the valley, is composed of two or three clusters of neat cottages, besprinkled here and there with farmsteads, and the roomier premises of the village carpenter, blacksmith, and general shopkeeper. Around the most of these the humbler kinds of climbing shrubs and creepers pursue their wilful way, and in such abundance that it is not easy to tell of what material the walls are built. Each cottage has its rood or two of garden ground, and each plot, thanks to the laws and usages of Aspendale, is fairly trim and tidy, some of them bright and beautiful all round the year.

Near the bottom of the valley stands a mill which can perform its grinding operations either by the power of wind or water, and its four broad sails and its big wide mill-pool give happy touches to the rural picture. The pool is fed by a brook of clear water that has its rise miles away beyond the distant woods of Aspen Chase. After flowing through the park and skirting the village, it broadens and deepens into a spacious sheet of water. Then it pours its waters across the sluice or upon Peter Prout's undershot water-wheel, and wanders away to "join the brimming river" a few miles beyond the valley, where the thriving town of Chilworth lies hidden in a valley of its own.

In order to make this brief picture of bonny Aspendale and bonnier Thorpe Aspen complete,

the reader must commission his imagination to fill in the sketch with green fields, snug farmsteads, shady paddocks, orchards, bush and coppice, clumps of beeches, small plantations of fir, and the "Chase" in the distance, whose foliage is already beginning to show those charming tints which only autumn can supply. Here and there the eye falls on a field of turnips, green and flourishing, waiting the advent of the sheep, who will have happy times there by and by. One or two late corn-fields, too, are dotted with golden stooks of barley, which are also waiting—waiting for the Widow Atheling's wagons to come and bear them away to the spacious stockyards of Aspen Garth.

I tell you that you cannot very well paint the landscape lovelier or fairer than it really is as it gleams in the soft twilight, or rather in the mild radiance of the harvest moon, which is now sailing across the heavens with patches of fleecy clouds around it—white-robed nymphs attendant on Diana, queen of night. Even while we look, however, the bright visions begin to pass, as all bright visions in this world do pass! all the more reason why we should rejoice in them while we may, and cultivate the while the inner vision of Faith and Hope which can look upon and claim still brighter things that never pass. The autumn wind blowing from the southwest is bringing up a broad bank of cloud. Like a heavy curtain it gradually drapes the sky—swallows up the lighter cloudlets and puts the moon under strong eclipse.

The darkness gathers round. The night falls upon the ivy-covered turrets of Aspen Towers. Night has fallen on creeper-covered cottage, gabled farmstead, and silent mill. A chill autumn fog comes down to make the scene more gloomy, and we who have sketched the scene are willing enough to turn away, and seek shelter and warmth beneath some hospitable roof and beside some cheerful hearth.

However pleasant it may be to "take mine ease in mine inn," it cannot be done so far as the village of Thorpe Aspen is concerned. For that kind of accommodation you must trudge up the valley to the "Royal George," or down the valley to the "Chequers." Both of them are beyond the parish bounds, for by almost common consent the Thorpe Aspeners say of the tavern that its room is better than its company. There are a few who hold a different opinion, and who grumble; but these few would have been vastly benefited, poor bibulous mortals, if the veto had been in force fifty miles around. As for "good accommodation for travellers," however, there is no lack. Almost every house in the village is an open house of call; from Sir Godwin Spofforth's castellated mansion at the upper end of the valley, to the whitewashed dwelling of Miller Prout at the lower, each is upon occasion a "Traveller's Rest."

Shall we try our fortune at Aspen Towers? Nay, alas! It is night, dark night there, too, for the sorrows and the shadows of life know no partiality. They invade the threshold of hall and hut with equally resistless power, and leave both the one and the other at an equally laggard pace. The proud baronet's son and heir, self-willed and self-deluded, is far away from home, running a wild and reckless course; sowing such seeds of sin as are sure to produce, and are already producing for him and others, a harvest of thorns. It is night, chill night at Aspen Towers. For within the luxurious chambers Death has sent his stern process-server, dire Disease, and the fair young lady Ethel, sole daughter of the great man's house and heart, lies at this moment pale and helpless beneath the reading of the writ.

Shall we cast ourselves on the hospitality of the kindly household at Aspen Garth? Nay, alas! It is night, dark night in the home of the Athelings. The husband and the father has only just been laid in his grave beneath the yew-trees of Thorpe Aspen churchyard, and there is sorrow for his loss. It is night; for by the chimney-nook whereon the faggots crackle and

sparkle all unnoted, a comely matron, with much silver in her hair and much sadness in her face, sits rocking herself in restless and silent ache of heart, the subject of a grief too deep for tears.

This widowed mother's bright and treasured boy, her youngest born, her Benjamin, "the son of her right hand," has become her Benoni, "the son of her sorrow." He is a wanderer, lost among the dark mountains; gone from home and from God; no, not from God; not from his mother's heart. These will not be left. They follow. But will their call bring the wanderer back again? Oh, dark night! dark, chill night! brooding over Towers and Garth! Oh, sorrowful widow and mother! Oh, sad father with a bitter grief at the heart and black care on the brow! Will the sun ever rise again? Will the Valley of Shadows ever greet the morn again? That is what Widow Atheling asks, as she bows her silvery hair and rocks herself in the ingle nook. That is what the haggard baronet says as he sits in the shadows of his library, oblivious to the lowering light of the lamp upon the table; lowering and lessening, like the life up-stairs, for lack of plenishment. Will the day dawn and the shadows flee away?

Near the centre of Thorpe Aspen, and at some short distance from the stately entrance to the park of Aspen Towers, stood the homestead of Simon Holmes, the village carpenter. The house itself, though low and humble in its architecture, and thatched like the rest of the cottages, was more spacious and commodious than its neighbors. Its large, diamond-paned windows were of Gothic shape, and had some small amount of ornamentation in their framework. Over its latticed porch roses and clematis and honeysuckle luxuriously intertwined. Altogether Simon's home gave evidence alike of comfort and good taste.

The house was surrounded by a large and well-kept garden, except at one point, the point of juncture between the cottage and the shop. The shop itself, in which were two long carpenters' benches, and all the necessary tools and tokens of the owner's trade, was flanked by a good-sized shed or two for the storage of dry and seasoned timber, and these again abutted on a spacious yard. In this was placed the saw-pit, and a moderate pile of timber, all of which in turn was destined to feel the tooth of the saw, and like Proteus to change its shape under the manipulation of Simon and his journeyman and apprentice, who called him "Maister," and who, together with their industrious employer, did carpenter's, wheelwright's, and general jobbing work among the farmers for many a mile around.

In the yard, too, were carts, wagons, drills, and other implements pertaining to farming operations. All these were, so to speak, in hospital, and were waiting for skilful treatment at the hands of Simon and his assistants. Taken altogether, Simon's house, garden, sheds, and yard were quite a feature in Thorpe Aspen; and so, for that matter, was Simon himself. He was "quite a character," and his name, fame, and credit stood high through all the region of Aspendale.

Picture to yourself, then, a rather tall and yet stoutish man of vigorous build, whose sixty years sat lightly on him, owing to the blended influence of a good constitution, a good character, and a well-ordered life. He is clean-shaven alike on cheek and chin, with the exception of short, half-length whiskers, almost as narrow as they are short, and whose presence has so little to do with his general appearance that you are led to wonder why they should be there at all. His small and somewhat humorous gray eyes are arched by a pair of bushy eyebrows, whose color, like his hair, is brown, with a tendency to become as gray as his eyes, and surmounted by a well-developed and intelligent-looking brow. His nose is prominent and slightly bulbous, and answers well to the twinkling eye as an evidence of a kindly and humorous disposition. There is that, however, in the shape of his mouth and the set of his chin which

indicates an ability to have and to hold an opinion of his own. His hair is worn rather longer than is usual with his kind, a fashion which is probably owing to his notable poetic faculty and turn of mind. His nether garments for week-day wear are invariably of fustian, and generally bear evidence that he united the painter's craft with that which is more legitimately his own. Supply him with a sleeved waistcoat of some dark-colored cloth, and occasionally, if the weather is cold, with a sort of half-coat, half-jacket of the same material, with a low felt hat, never forgetting the indispensable white apron, sign and token of his profession, and you have a true portrait of honest, genial, quaint, poetic Simon Holmes.

Simon and his wife Rebecca—a stirring, comely, motherly body, whose stout figure was invested in a calico gown, and whose whitening hair was smoothly imprisoned in a white muslin cap with a double frill for either cheek—had just finished their morning meal, and Simon was about to return to his duties at the bench, when Sir Godwin Spofforth rode up to the garden gate. "Hallo, there, Simon!" shouted he, and the carpenter let down his white apron, which had been folded round his waist during breakfast, and made haste to receive the baronet's commands.

"Good-mornin', Sir Godwin," said the carpenter, touching his hat, "I've hopin' Miss Spofforth is better this mornin'?"

"I would to Heaven she were, Simon," replied the baronet, and there was that in his tone which told clearly enough how deeply he felt and how much he feared.

The face of the sympathetic Simon clouded over in a moment, as he said in a lower tone, "I do hope that the young lady isn't any woss."

"I fear she is, Simon, I—greatly—fear—she is." There was a quaking in the speaker's voice and a quiver about his lips which told that his soul was being stirred to its inmost depths. "The physician from London is coming again to-day," said the baronet, "and Ethel says that she would like to see you before he arrives."

"I'll be at the Towers directly," said the carpenter, "but, excuse my freedom, Sir Godwin. You hev a big load o' your own to carry. There's scarce a soul i' Aspendale 'at wouldn't help yo' to carry it if they could. We can't, Sir Godwin, but there's One that can. I couldn't help thinkin' o' you when I was readin' this mornin's psalm, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord.' It's wonderful easy when you're used to it."

"I dare say it is, Simon, I dare say it is," said the baronet, in a tone which showed that, however easy it might become, it was to him an unfamiliar doctrine now. "Come as soon as you can," he continued, and so saying he turned his horse around and pursued his morning ride.

Simon Holmes paced the garden-path in silence, but in his heart he said, "God help her, and God help him!" Simon's aspirations of that kind generally gained a hearing, and not seldom an evident answer from Him whom the godly carpenter had long been accustomed to call "a prayer-hearin' an' a prayer-answerin' God."

"Rebecca, my lass," said Simon to his wife, "the big shadow up at the Hall is settlin' doon, ah fancy, thick an' dark. Sir Godwin, poor man, 's in a parlous state o' mind. Miss Ethel's sent for me, so I'm goin' directly."

"Aye, go your ways, Simon," replied Rebecca, feelingly. "I doot the poor gell isn't long for this world. She's ower good for it, I'm thinkin'. I do pity Sir Godwin, his 'art's fair wrapped up in her. He looks a'most as pale as a ghost."

"Hey, poor man," said the carpenter, "he's well-nigh brokken-hearted, an' the worst on't is, he hezn't a grip on Him 'at can mend it. But, 'Becca, somehow or another, I niver feel as though Miss Ethel won't pull through. Nothin's ower hard for the Lord. Mortal man soon comes to the end of his tether; but wi' Him it's different. Who knows but—"

"Hey, hey, Simon. Bless your hopeful heart! you could always pictur' things bright anuff, an' I don't say 'at it isn't best, but you kno—"

"But, but! bother the 'buts,' Becky," interposed Simon, cheerily. "I wish the wud wasn't i' the dictionary. 'Buts' 'll niuver mak' butter hoo ivver hard yo' chon'em. The promises o' God hev a way o' knockin' 'em on the head, one doon an' t'other come on."

The honest dame smiled as usual at the ready answer of her warm-hearted and sanguine spouse, and proceeded to prepare him his Sunday suit that he might be made sufficiently presentable to pass the imposing portals of Aspen Towers.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT INVITATION.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 19, Rev. 22 : 8-21. Golden Text, ver. 17.

John's Guides in the Revelation—His Mistake—Repeated in These Days—The Vision Sealed—The Unwritten Thunder Words—The Angel's Solemn Words—The Irrevocable Choice—The Active and Passive Work—The Authority Given—Those who are Without—The Universal Invitation—Bride Souls—The Warning.

THE Apostle John in his old age, when he was almost more in heaven than on earth, saw the future of the Church and of the world wonderfully mapped out before him in the visions of this Book of Revelation. Sometimes he saw and heard in silence; sometimes one of the heavenly beings whom he saw came and spoke with him. Once it was one of the four and twenty elders (chap. 7 : 13), once it was "a mighty angel" (10 : 11 : 1-10), and lastly it was one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues (17 : 21 : 9). John writes : "And I, John, am he that heard and saw these things" (R. V.). The apostle saw so much of glory about the angel that he

THE GREAT MISTAKE
of falling down to worship him. But the angel stopped him in a moment, and said, "See thou do it not; I am a fellow-servant with thee, and with thy brethren the prophets, and with them which keep the words of this book: worship God" (R. V.). There are numbers of God's children who in their hearts worship the teachers whom God uses as instruments to help them, and when they disclaim any merit and testify that God alone has done the work, these children of God say, in a tone of profound admiration, "Oh, but you are the instrument," and the Christian teacher is driven to deep humiliation before God that anything in him or in her has stayed the eye of His child one moment from Him. The work of God's witnesses is to show forth God's praises, not their own (1 Pet. 2 : 9), God's holiness, God's love, not theirs. Every thought which is concentrated on a Christian is one thought less for Jesus.

The angel had a message for the apostle : "Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book; for

THE TIME IS AT HAND

(R. V.). When Daniel saw in vision much of the same future which was revealed to John, he was commanded : "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end" (Dan. 12 : 4). John himself was commanded to "Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not" (Rev. 10 : 4). But now the time of the end, the last days, had begun. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says that the things which happened to the fathers are "written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages are come" (1 Cor. 10 : 11). Again and again this dispensation is spoken of as the last time or times (James 5 : 3; 1 Pet. 1 : 5, 20; 11 Pet. 3 : 3; 1 John 2 : 18; Jude 18). If eighteen hundred years ago these things were imminent, how much more so now when the Jewish people is so wondrously upon the move that we see these

times of the Gentiles drawing to a close (Luke 22 : 22, 24).

The angel spoke some very solemn words : "He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still; and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness still; and he that is holy, let him be made holy still" (R. V.). "Let him do," "let him be made"—solemn words, the choice between God and sin, righteousness and unrighteousness, rests with every individual man, but, having chosen the way of life, he

CANNOT MAKE HIMSELF HOLY,
the hand of a Master Workman is upon him, by Him he is made holy, transformed into the image of Christ. And just so with the man who, in spite of the loving call of God, and with his eyes open, chooses unrighteousness—it is the hand of Satan upon him which transforms him into his own dark, hideous image; the longer he lives the more filthy he becomes; he is transformed from man to devil.

ANOTHER VOICE

than that of the angel now breaks in, and One whom John had long known says, "Behold, I come quickly." It is the second time the words occur in this short chapter. First, He says, "Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the saying of the prophecy of this book." All the Bible, all God's revelation leads up to the Coming of Jesus in glory. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of it, the patriarchs, Moses, Balaam, the Psalmists and the prophets, the old types of the law and the teachings of the Gospel all point on to the time when Jesus shall come again and reign. Now, He says, "Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." The wrong things shall all be put right, justice shall prevail, and the truth conquer; He that searcheth the hearts and knoweth the thoughts of the children of men shall "give every man according as his work shall be."

To this as endorsing what He says He signs His name : "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End. Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the authority over the tree of life and may enter in by the gates into the city" (R. V., marg.). From first to last, there is neither life nor cleansing but by the blood of Jesus. But His precious atonement gives the authority over the tree of life. It is a wondrous thought that blood-washed, blood-bought sinners have authority over the well-spring of eternal life! One can hardly conceive the possibility of such a thing, and yet God cannot exaggerate. Our first parents had the privilege of eating of any of the trees in the garden of Eden; they had authority over all, the tree of life included; but sin lost them Eden, and instead of having authority over life, they came under the authority of death. But "the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." He destroyed "him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2 : 14). He "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light" (11 Tim. 1 : 10).

But while the washed enter in, the unwashed are left outside.

"WITHOUT

are the dogs, and the sorcerers, and the fornicators, and the murderers, and the idolaters, and every one that loveth and maketh (or doeth) a lie" (R. V.). A man who makes or loves a lie is ranked by the Proprietor of all things with fornicators, murderers, and adulterers. A man who eats food or wears clothing for which he is in debt is doing a lie, for that which he has not paid for does not belong to him. To put out an advertisement which misleads is to do a lie. To profess an experience which is not real is to say a lie. All these things are a lie, and those who do them are, in God's sight, as unclean as murderers and fornicators. The woman who walks about in other people's clothes (*i.e.*, unpaid clothes) is, in God's sight, on a level with the poor harlot woman. The man or woman

who attempts to push himself into society which is above him, and to pass for what he is not, is, in God's sight, one who loves and does a lie. God keep us from all which is not transparent as the light. Again, we have the signature of Jesus : "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things over the churches (R. V.). I am the Root and the Offspring of David." Root and offspring? How? Why. David sprang from Jesus, for "all things were made by Him," and yet Jesus, as Man, sprang from David. Oh, how blessed are the links of oneness between God and man! "And the bright and morning Star,"

THE HERALD OF THE DAY.

Now comes the last great universal invitation from our Saviour King. The Father has said, "Come" (Isa. 1 : 18; 55 : 1, 2); the Son has said, "Come" (Matt. 11 : 28; Luke 14 : 17), and now "the Spirit and the bride say, Come." The bride is the voice of the Spirit, the Spirit is the life of the bride, the Church. Christians whose life and words do not say, "Come to Jesus," are not filled with the Spirit; they are not bride souls. But it is not only the Church as a whole which says, "Come." "Let him that heareth"—every converted man, woman, and child—pass on the gracious invitation and say, "Come to Jesus!" If they did, would the world be in the state in which it is at this day?

But, thank God, He often deals with souls independently of the Church of Christ. "He that is athirst, let him come." "All the fitness He requireth is to know your need of Him!" "He that will, let him take the water of life freely." "He that will." Here is the main point. "The water of life," the Holy Spirit (John 7 : 39), was given when Jesus was glorified, and He waits to possess every one who will receive Him, and to fill him with Jesus. That which made a Paul, a Peter, a John, was no natural qualification, but the Holy Ghost possessing them and making them His temples, His mouth-pieces, His willing, glad, happy instruments of righteousness. He did not annihilate them, but subdued and cleansed them, conformed and united them to Jesus, and thus the very power and presence of God was with them, and

"HE THAT WILL"

may be thus filled, conformed, and blest. Jesus still speaks, and it is with a voice of warning to those who shall add to the words of the prophecy of this book. Surely, surely, those brethren and sisters who are led astray with the idea that they receive revelations from God which are over and above His Word, and who think they can be guided by Him quite independently of His Word, must come under the curse of "the plagues which are written in this book." And they who take away from the words, whether they be the Romanizing curates who try to take away the Bible from the people, or whether they be those who would cut off this and that portion and say these are not for this dispensation, God says to them that He will "take away their part from the tree of life, and out of the holy city, which are written in this book" (R. V.). Once again, the Master says, "Yea, I come quickly." John said, and I say, with all my heart, "Amen, come, Lord Jesus."

Thy Healer : God's Dealings With Soul and Body, Edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, a magazine devoted to holiness and healing, published in London on the first and fifteenth of every month. Copies are sent to subscribers in America direct from Bethshan as soon as printed. Annual subscription, including postage, seventy-five cents. Subscriptions for 1886 should be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York, by whom they will be forwarded to London.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled : "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

UNSEEN, BUT NOT UNKNOWN.

By Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

Send for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday School
Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 53 Canine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



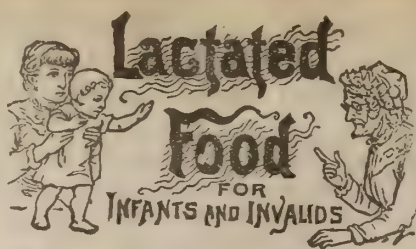
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,
strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than
the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition
with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or
phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest offer. Now your time
to get orders for our celebrated
Teas, Coffees and Baking
Powder, and secure a beautiful
Gold Band or Moss Rose China
Tea Set, Dinner S. t. Gold Band
Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or
Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 239, 81 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

AGENTS Send for E. B. TREAT'S
WOMEN'S HAND-BOOK, \$2. Just Issued.
A lady wanted in every town to introduce
it. Quick Sales. Big Pay.
Address E. B. TREAT, Pub., 771 Broadway, N. Y.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE
A new book containing plans
and specifications for 25 houses,
all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent
post-paid on receipt of 25 cents,
by **J. S. OGILVIE & CO.,**
31 Rose Street, New York.

Rev. Dr. Talmage
—AND—
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon
Imperial photographs of either at 30 cents each,
or both for 50 cents, free by mail.
R. GALLOWAY, 779 Broadway, New York
FEATHERS FOR SALE.—The best live Geese
Feathers made and sold under the highest pressure of
demand possible. Usually sold at \$1.00 per lb., to be sold
at 75 cents. Also some Spring Mattresses, a new kind.
HENRY PICKFORD, 11 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
SHOPPING in New York without charge. Circulars free
Mrs. F. D. Mott, Box 168, B'klyn, N. Y.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated
food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of
the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.
It has been the positive means of saving many
lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases
where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most
Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of
Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WILLIS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

To the Reader.

If you are on the look-out for a particularly excellent
religious book for either your own use or for a gift to a
friend, allow me to recommend this one.

AT JESUS' FEET,

A Prayer, Promise and Poem for Every Day
in the Year.

(Thoroughly Scriptural and Evangelical.) 12mo.,
372 pages, neat cloth binding, gilt top and a silk
marker. Price, by mail, \$1.25, or five copies sent pre-
paid for \$5.00.

"We believe this class of books have a blessed mis-
sion, and we think the reader will find this among the
choicest of the many that are sending streams of sun-
shine through the world."

It makes a very acceptable Christmas
Gift or New Year's Present.

NEW CHRISTMAS TOKENS.

FROM MORN TILL EVE. By Cecelia Hav-
ergal. Illuminated Texts with Poem for every day
in the month. "Exquisitely beautiful." price 35c.
Copies also in special binding, hand-painted, 75
cents.

PINE AND CEDAR. Bible Verses for every
morning and evening of the month. Arranged by
O. E. P. S. Preface by Anna Warner. Printed in
Emblematic Colors, and tastefully bound in cloth.
Size 3x4 1/2 inches. "One of the prettiest booklets
of the year." Price, 30c.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE—An Illustrated
Text-Book of Precept and Promise. Printed in
Colors. In full gilt cloth and gold edges. Price 40c.

FLOWERS OF HOPE—A Scripture Text-
Book for every day in the year. Arranged by R.
E. M. Printed in colors by Nister. Size 4x5 1/2.
"Strikingly attractive." Price, 60c.

For Sunday-schools we will supply
any of these four booklets, one dozen
assorted, at 20 per cent. discount. Post-
age free.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,

2 & 3 Bible House, New York.

LIVE COALS

A large octavo volume of 700 pages.
STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED
with 16 full page illustrations, history of the author's
life, and fine portrait.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
A copy elegantly bound in cloth will be sent, post-
paid, for \$2.00. Descriptive circulars of this and
all other books by Dr. Talmage on application.

WILBUR B. EETCHAM, Pub'r, 71 Bible House, New York.

PRICE \$193
We sell DIRECT TO FAMILIES—
(avoid Agents and Dealers whose pro-
fits and expenses double the cost on
every Piano they sell) and send this
First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM
74 Octave Rosewood Piano, War-
ranted 6 years, for \$193! We
send it—with Beautiful Cover and
Stool—for Trial in your own Home be-
fore you buy. See circulars to
Marchal & Smith, 235 East 11th St., N. Y.

CHOICE LEAFLETS—50c. per pack.
Each of fifty kinds, 25c. Sample pack, 10c. H. H.
G. Angell, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

THE KEYSTONE WASHER.
OVER 300,000 IN ACTUAL USE
And all giving perfect satisfaction.
AGENTS WANTED.
Will wash Cleaner, Easier, and with Less Injury to
Clothes than any other in the World. We challenge
any manufacturer to produce a better Washer.
Every Machine Warranted FIVE Years,
and Satisfaction Guaranteed. The only
Washer that can be clamped to any sized
tub like a Wringer. Made of malleable
iron, galvanized, and will outlast any two wooden
machines. Agents wanted. Exclusive Terri-
tory. Our agents all over the country are making
from \$75 to \$300 per month. Retail price, \$7.
Sample to agents, \$3. Also our celebrated
KEYSTONE WRINGERS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.
Circulars Free. Refer to editor of this paper. Address **F. E. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.**

DRESS PATTERNS

FOR

Holiday Gifts

JAMES M'CREERY & CO.

offer on a separate counter a great va-
riety of Dress Patterns in very desira-
ble colors and fabrics, prices from \$1.50
to \$7.50 per pattern; also a quantity
of remnants and odd lengths of Im-
ported Dress Goods at less than half
their value.

Ladies desiring Dress Patterns for
Christmas Gifts should avail them-
selves of this opportunity.

James McCreery & Co

Broadway, cor. Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.

CHOICE SACRED POETRY.

Hymns from the Land of Luther, translated
from the German by H. L. L. Small 8 vo. Cloth
boards; gilt edges. \$1.50.

Ezekiel and other Poems. By B. M. CONTENTS:
Ezekiel, Coming, The Night Service, The Man at
the Gate, The Hebrew Mother, Savonarola, The
Sea of Sorrow, A Song of the River, Not For-
saken, etc., etc. 16 mo. Cloth boards; gilt edges.
\$1.25

Elijah and Other Poems. By B. M. CONTENTS:
Elijah, After Many Days, To Jesus by Night,
Dead at the Goal, In the House of God, Francis
Ridley Havergal, At Dawn of Day, Washed
Ashore, A Prodigal Son, etc., etc. 16 mo. Cloth
boards; gilt edges. \$1.25

"Ezekiel" and "Elijah," two volumes of very
choice religious poetry expressing sentiments that will
find an echo in every heart. Will be forwarded by mail
upon receipt of above prices.

THOS. NELSON & SONS,

42 Bleeker Street, NEW YORK.

A Delightful Winter Trip!

MUSIC ALL THE WAY!

SANTA CLAUS' HOME;

Or, The Christmas Excursion.

THE NEW CANTATA FOR CHRISTMAS TIME, BY
Dr. W. H. DOANE.

Full of pretty Songs, Duets and Choruses, inter-
persed with humorous dialogues. One of the most
charming Cantatas ever written. Can be quickly
learned and cheaply gotten up. It will afford a de-
lightful entertainment.

Sent on receipt of 25 cents.

Christmas Service No. 9.—PROMISED ONE.

A superior and entirely new Service of Scripture
and Song, by Rev. Robert Lowry. The Selections
are admirable, and the Songs have all been written
for the present season. 18 pp.
Price, \$4 per 100; 5c. each by mail.

Christmas Annual No. 17.—Contains beau-
tiful Carols by
favorite authors. An abundant supply of Songs
for any Christmas Festival.
Price, \$3 per 100; 4c. each by mail.

A full Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth St., New York.
CHICAGO HOUSE, 81 RANDOLPH ST.

**WHETHER YOU WANT A
PIANO OR ORGAN**

It will pay you to write to the
BEETHOVEN PIANO-ORGAN CO.,
Washington, Warren Co., New Jersey.

India Shawls

like diamonds are a good in-
vestment when you buy them
at a fraction of the cost of
production. There is nothing
more elegant for a present to
a bride or a gift for Christ-
mas.

We have a surplus which
we are selling for the time be-
ing as follows:

\$500. Shawls for \$275.

300. " " 150.

200. " " 100.

175. " " 85.

100. " " 50.

75. " " 45.

India Decca Shawls,

\$50. Shawls for \$28.

45. " " 25.

40. " " 20.

35. " " 18.

India Chudda Shawls,

\$30. Long Shawls for \$20.

18. " " 12.

12. " " 8.

16. Square " " 12.

12. " " 8.

8. " " 5.

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway & 20th St., New York.



We have made a specialty since 1847 of giving a
Premium to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and
Coffee in large quantities. Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band
Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents
per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business,
besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS
every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5,
\$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. In-
vited Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44
pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a
list of other premiums. Send us postal and mention
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illus-
trated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,

793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges
Criticism as Adopted by the

PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,

No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EX-
PENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one
hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without
science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT
SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10
per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,

President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
PLATFORM ECHOES

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling inter-
est, humor and pathos. Bright, pure and good, full of
laughter and tears. "A light to all." To it is added
the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN AB-
BOTT, 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1.00
to \$2.00 a month made. Cf. Distance no hindrance as we
give Extra Terms and Pay Freights. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 50.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAITS AND LIVES OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER AND THE LATE SIR A. STUART.

THE PROUD INVALID. A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

THE THREE DESTINIES. A Prophetic Exposition by Mr. G. H. Pember.

CURRENT EVENTS: The President's Message—Roman Catholic Intimidation—The New French Cabinet—Lord Salisbury on Ireland—The Liberal Unionists in Convention—Red Tape in Columbia College—Mistake of an Undertaker's Assistant, etc.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. CLINTON B. FISK.

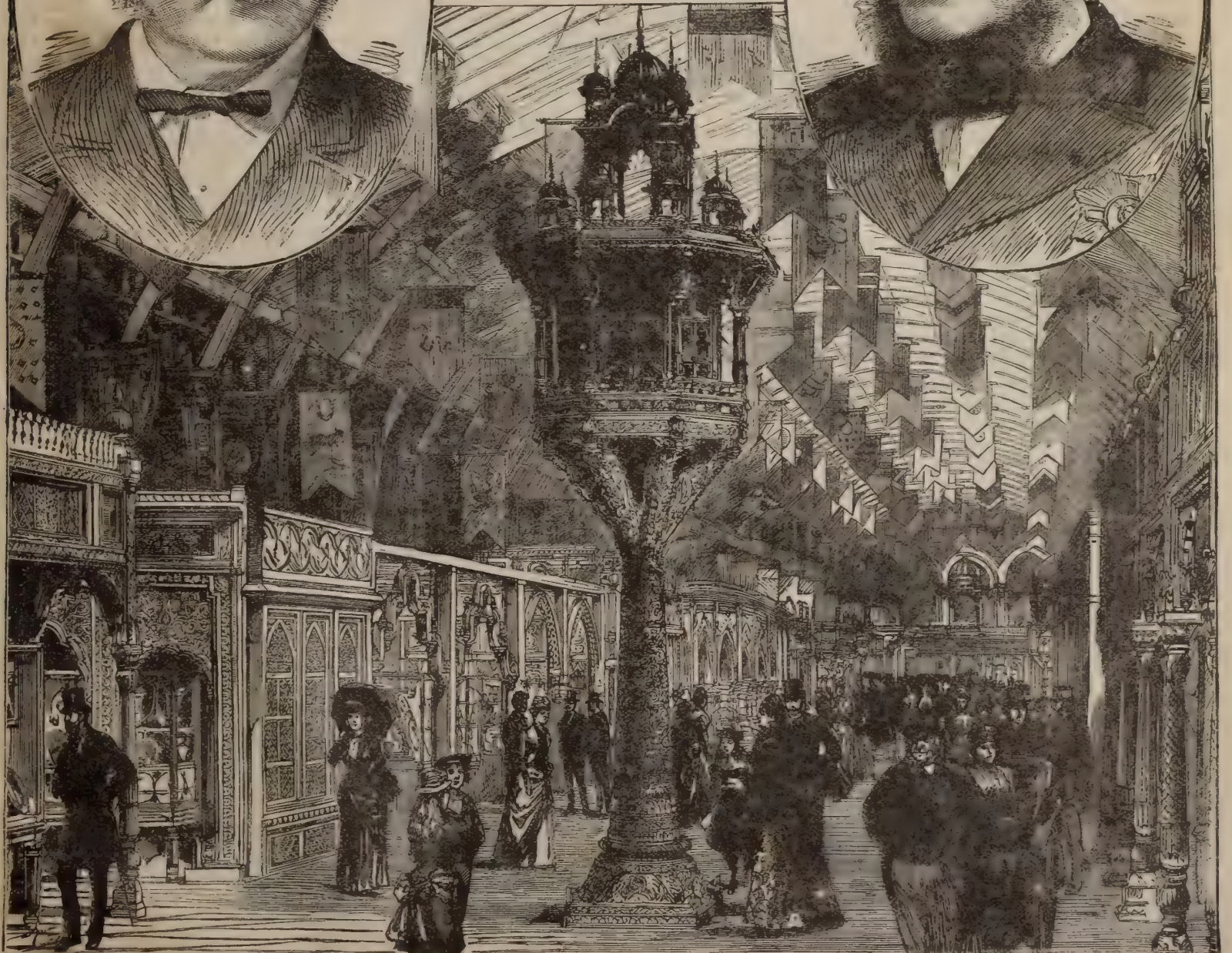
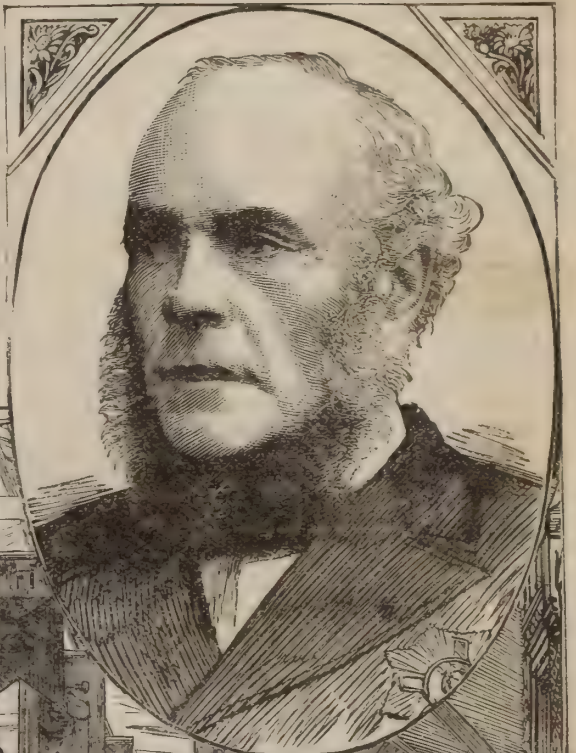
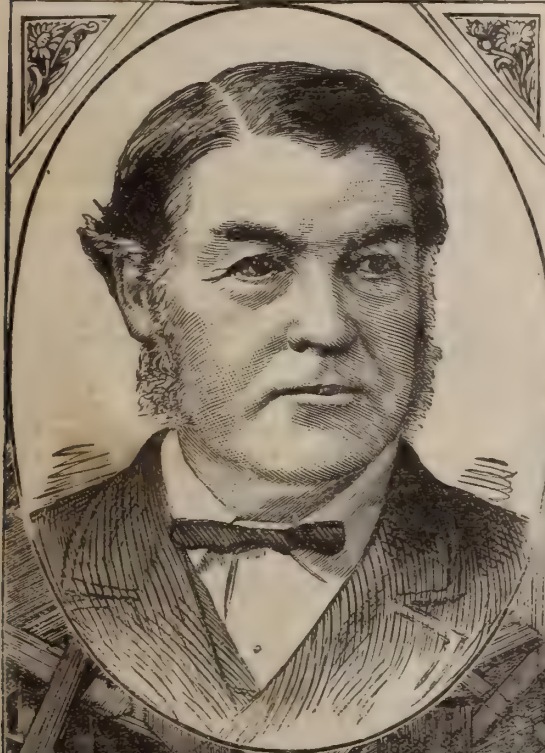
THE OFFERED DELIVERANCE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

PICTURE OF A GROUP OF NATIVES OF Uganda, Africa.

CHARLES MARKHAM'S WEDDING-TRIP.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. (Continued.)

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



Sir CHARLES TUPPER of Nova Scotia—Sir A. STUART of New South Wales—A Court in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Ex-Premier of Nova Scotia.

OUR Canadian friends have a very high esteem for the distinguished statesman whose portrait appears on the first page. He has served the Dominion faithfully and with consummate ability, and the cordial feeling existing between himself and the people is honorable to both sides. It is right that a man who gives his time and labor to the public service, instead of devoting them to the acquisition of a private fortune, should know that the people appreciate the sacrifice and are grateful for it.

Sir Charles Tupper was born at Amherst, Nova Scotia, on July 2d, 1821. He is, therefore, now in his sixty-sixth year, but he appears to have lost none of his energy and capacity for work. He decided on following the profession of medicine, and to prepare himself for that career he studied in Edinburgh University, where he became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and afterward received the diploma of M.D. Returning to Canada he soon obtained distinction by his learning and skill, and when he was only forty-six years old he was honored by being made President of the Canadian Medical Association.

Prior to that time, however, he had won
DISTINCTION IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

In 1855, at the age of thirty-four, he was elected by Cumberland, his native county, to represent it in the Nova Scotian Assembly, and was re-elected again and again until 1867, when confederation was carried out. He was then elected by the same county to the Canadian House of Commons, where he has continued to represent it. Sir Charles Tupper has not only proved his capacity as a legislator, but has shown remarkable administrative ability. In 1864 he became Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, and held the office until it was extinguished by the union in 1867. He was then made a member of the Privy Council, and was President of that body from 1870 to 1872. In the following year he took an important office in the Inland Revenue Department, and shortly afterward was made Minister of Customs. He has also held the offices of Minister of Works and Minister of Railways and Canals.

During his public career, Sir Charles Tupper has, at various times, acted in a diplomatic capacity, and the

MANY-SIDED MAN

proved that in that difficult position he possessed eminent talents. The tact and sagacity necessary for a successful diplomatic career have been conspicuous in each of his missions, and have not only won him the admiration of his fellow-citizens at home, but commanded the respect of the London statesmen with whom he was brought into negotiations. The first mission of this kind was in 1858, and in 1865 he was again sent to England in the interest of his Province. The following year, when the final arrangements for confederation were being made, Sir Charles Tupper had charge of the affairs of Nova Scotia, and took part in the Conference in London which settled the new system of Government. It might have been that in the larger Government he would have sunk into insignificance, but in Sir Charles Tupper's case that was impossible. In 1868 he was sent by the Dominion Government as a delegate to England, and in 1884 so much confidence had the Government in his ability and fidelity that the responsible office of High Commissioner for Canada in London was conferred upon him.

The many proofs Sir Charles Tupper has received of the confidence of his fellow-citizens are doubtless those which he values most highly as the distinctions of a public career, but he has not been without those

MARKS OF ROYAL FAVOR

which Europeans covet in spite of the fact that they are bestowed so often on unworthy persons. In 1867 the Queen made him "Companion of the Bath," one of the orders of knighthood which serve as a cheap means of rewarding merit

in monarchical countries. The bit of ribbon and the star, to be worn on the breast, and the addition of the letters "C.B." after the name, are a distinction which cost nothing to the Sovereign, and, so long as the recipient values them, the system of reward is mutually satisfactory. In 1879 a fresh mark of Royal favor was bestowed, and Sir Charles Tupper became "Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George," and could write after his name K.C.M.G. This year he has been promoted another step in the same order, being advanced to the "Grand Cross" class, and is now dubbed G.C.M.G., which we may hope is gratifying to him.

During this year his duties have been rendered more onerous by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, in which the Canadian Court has been very prominent, and the success of which is mainly due to his energy and indefatigable labor.

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER STUART, Ex-Premier of New South Wales.

ANOTHER distinguished statesman belonging to the British Colonies was the ex-Premier of New South Wales, whose portrait also appears on the first page. He died suddenly on June 16th last. Sir Alexander Stuart was one of the most successful merchants in the Australian colony. He was a man of remarkable business capacity, unflinching integrity, and public-spirited devotion. Where the interests of his fellow-citizens were concerned he showed himself ready to sacrifice his valuable time, lay aside his commercial pursuits, and devote himself to the public needs of the hour.

Sir Alexander Stuart first attained prominence as manager of the Bank of New South Wales at Sydney. Subsequently he quitted that office to enter the mercantile firm of R. Towns & Company, of Sydney and Melbourne. He was elected in 1874, by the constituency of East Sydney, to the Legislative Assembly, and after nine years of efficient public service in that capacity he was chosen Premier. For a short period he also held the office of Colonial Treasurer.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition was a matter of high importance to the colony. It enabled the producers and manufacturers to bring their products into public notice, and if well managed might exercise a potent influence on the future of the colony by opening up new markets and producing a demand for its goods. Sir Alexander Stuart recognized the value of the opportunity, and went to London himself to see that the interests of New South Wales were diligently cared for. He labored earnestly in the work, and happily lived to see its completion. It was in the full tide of success when he was seized with his fatal illness six months ago. He, too, like Sir Charles Tupper, enjoyed the privilege of stringing four letters after his name. The Queen was graciously pleased to reward his distinguished services by dubbing him K.C.M.G. This mark of Royal favor was conferred upon him nearly a year before he died.

THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

A PICTURE and brief description of this exhibition appeared in this journal on May 20th, soon after its opening. This week we give a picture of the Central Indian Court, in the centre of which stands the famous columbarium, or pigeon-house, one of the finest specimens of carved wood in existence. It was sent from India to the exhibition by the Gaikwar of Baroda. Many such pigeon-houses, of rougher and plainer workmanship, and less elaborate in detail, are to be seen in hundreds of towns in India, where the birds are held sacred by the people, and are fed daily by men and women who come at early morning and lay their offerings of grain before the columbarium as an act of pious devotion.

The exhibition, which closed on November

20th, has been during the fall and summer a popular resort for the London public. From May 4th, when it was opened, until its closing day, over five million persons visited it, and inspected the articles of interest it contained.

The closing of the exhibition was celebrated by

A CHARACTERISTIC DINNER,

to which a very large and distinguished circle of guests was invited. The menu, which had been specially arranged to illustrate the high-class character of the lake fish of Canada and the wines of Australia, included fish soup, white fish, masquallonge, pickerel, pike, lake trout, and herring, accompanied by the different brands of red and white wines from New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. The several varieties of fish had been supplied from the Duck Island Fisheries and had all been frozen when fresh from the water out of which they had been taken some eighteen months ago.

The varieties of fish inhabiting the vast Canadian inland fisheries comprise, in addition to nearly all the fresh-water fish of Great Britain, several species unknown in that country. Most of them are exceedingly palatable, the white fish having a particularly delicate flavor. This latter variety is also declared to possess great nutritive qualities, and as its supply is practically unlimited it is eminently adapted for English consumption.

At the conclusion of the dinner Mr. Tallerman drew attention to the steady development of the wine industry of Australia. He evidently thought it a matter for congratulation, as, indeed, it would be if the wealth of the country were the only question involved. If he and those who listened to him, however, had taken a wider and higher view they might rather have expressed regret that the Australians did not devote their attention to some product less injurious to public morals. Mr. Tallerman said that the leading planters all over Australia had obtained their vine cuttings from the best vineyards of Europe, while the suitability of the soil and climate was unquestioned. The exhibition had caused a marked improvement in the colonial wine trade, the total area under cultivation in Australia being about twenty thousand acres, while the imports into Great Britain for the last ten months amounted to one hundred and thirty-seven thousand gallons, representing a money value of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. This import came in about equal quantities from each of the three wine-producing colonies.

THE PRINCE AND THE LABORER.

As the project of the exhibition had originated with the Prince of Wales, who in the course of his Eastern travels appears to have been struck with the great work which might be done by disseminating through his mother's dominions greater information as to the unrivalled industries and the magnificent races therein contained, the close of the exhibition was properly made the occasion of the recognition of the service he had rendered to the country. A large number of workmen, representing the leading trade societies, accordingly paid him a visit at Sandringham, his country house. Among them were builders, carpenters, painters, bricklayers, iron-workers, compositors, bookbinders, shoemakers, tailors, and representatives of many other occupations. The party travelled to Sandringham by rail, and at the station it was met by a number of the carriages of the Prince of Wales and conveyed to the residence of the Prince, where the men were hospitably entertained to luncheon. After luncheon they were received in the ball-room by the Prince of Wales, and presented to the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, who were attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household.

The delegates then presented an address and resolutions, which conveyed the grateful thanks and high appreciation of the thousands of working people represented by the company, to his Royal Highness for the kind and thoughtful consideration which had induced him to pre-

the educational and entertaining influence of the exhibition within the means of the very humblest classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and further expressed the conviction that the exhibition would have beneficial results in bringing into closer union the home country and its vast and immense dependencies in all parts of the world, to the ultimate benefit of every section of the community.

The deputation were then shown over the principal rooms of the house by the Prince, and were subsequently conducted to view the gardens, farm buildings, and cottages on the estate. Tea was provided in the Sandringham Working Men's Club before the party left for Wolferton to return to London.

THE BENEFIT OF THE EXHIBITION

appears to have been mutual. Not only have colonists had an opportunity of exhibiting their products in the metropolis of the empire to the other subjects of the British Crown, but the Englishmen who stay at home have been aroused into a higher appreciation of the value of the colonies by the exhibition. England is prouder of her children than she was. This is well for England, for latterly there has been a tendency to regard them as of little value, to snub them, and to encourage, rather than repress, estrangements tending to separation from the mother country. Now that the colonies have given practical proof of what they are and can do, they may hope for more respectful and, perhaps, more affectionate treatment than heretofore from British statesmen. Probably the statesmen knew before all that the exhibition has taught, but now the British people know it, too, which is an important matter; for a statesman who snubs a colony now will realize that if the consequences of his act should prove disastrous the people will hold him to strict account.

The people have obtained through their visit to the exhibition far more accurate intelligence, in a vastly more thorough manner, about the

PRODUCE AND RESOURCES

of the remote parts of the Empire than they could procure even if they were to devote all their leisure to ransacking the British Museum, or attending every lecture at the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Colonial Institute. The vast extent and varied character of the outlying portions of the Empire have been forcibly presented by the exhibits. There were coal and iron from Canada, New South Wales, and South Africa. India and South Africa competed with Australia as gold-producing countries. There were tin and copper from Australasia and Africa; timber from Canada, Australia, and the East and West Indies; wool from Australia and New Zealand, Canada and Africa, India and the South Seas; pearls and diamonds from Ceylon, Fiji, and Cape Colony. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India exhibited their capacity to supply ample stores of every variety of grain. Meats and hides, furs and feathers, fruits and vegetables of all kinds, Canada, Australia, and the Cape offered in abundance. Tea and coffee, cocoa, sugar and spices, and other tropical and sub-tropical products were represented among the exhibits from British possessions in both the Old and the New World.

It would be well if this realization of the vast extent of the British Empire led the statesmen and people of Great Britain to reflection in the light of history. At present there are few ties holding this gigantic Empire together. Loyalty to the Crown is almost the only one left in some cases. It is easy to see how frail that tie may prove, and how quickly the process of disintegration, if once commenced, might spread. Already the fact has been recognized by the most far-seeing leaders in England, who are strenuously advocating a system of federation. But John Bull is afraid of "Americanizing" his institutions, and if his manner of dealing with the moderate demand of Ireland for self-government may be accepted as an indication, he is likely to turn a deaf ear to his wisest counsellors, who are urging him to keep his family united by a more enlightened system of fraternal relations.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Negro's Odd Opinion of Tracts.—At a recent meeting Mr. Langley remarked: "A man once got a tract given to him which was the means of bringing him to Christ, and this is what he quaintly said, 'I know now why they call these things tracts, for that one tracked me home, tracked me to my meals, tracked me to bed, and tracked me to my work next morning, never stopping tracking me till it tracked me to the Cross, and there it left me.'"

A Terrible Human Wreck.—The Same speaker observed: "There was a young merchant whom I knew in Glasgow, who got on exceedingly well in business. He was very diligent, and did great credit to his family. He married, and a number of so-called friends advised him to buy some saloons. At first he refused, knowing the great temptation to which he would be exposed; but he afterward unfortunately yielded. A few years passed, and the once sober, diligent man had become one of the most complete wrecks in the great Scotch city—a perfect slave to drink. I shall never forget his look as he said, in a sad and hopeless way, and the tears in his eyes: 'And my wife, I think she is a drunkard, too.'"

Found After Many Days.—Mr. Jack observed: "For the encouragement of open-air workers I will relate an incident which came to my knowledge this week at the death-bed of an old woman in our village. Years ago some Christian workers were proclaiming the glorious Gospel of our Lord in the open air. Quite away from the crowd which surrounded them this woman stood in the entry to the court leading to her own house, and heard all that was spoken. Very quietly she accepted the offer of salvation without speaking a word to any one, or even joining the crowd to help in singing, but simply going into her house she took Jesus with her, and began to live for Him. These Christians never heard of her conversion, but there it is—a proof that we are often blessed without knowing it ourselves."

The Devil Dethroned in a House.—The Same speaker observed: "I am told that the age of miracles is past. This statement I deny. One night a man entered a mission hall which I have in London. Previous to this night he lived for himself, and greedily indulged in the pleasures of sin. I need not enter into the details of this man's case, but I may just say he was changed by the grace of God in a moment—a new man in Christ Jesus. I went to his home with him that night, and there I found his poor wife and children in a state of wretchedness and misery, covering from the anticipated beating from a drunken husband and father. I knelt with them in prayer. They were led to Christ. Now, if you should come with me to Shepherd's Bush, in London, I could take you to a comfortable and happy home; this man and his family dwell there. Oh, what a change is in that household, for the peace of God reigns in it now!"

The Dying Thief.—"In Clerkenwell a preacher and his helpers sang the hymn: 'When the harvest is past.' At one of the windows sat a poor man in an arm-chair, looking very pale, who, before the meeting closed, sent for the preacher. 'Please, sir, sing that again to me, that part,

"When the holy have gone to the regions of peace."

That's where I want to go. Do you think that I can get there?' The preacher said he could. 'But you don't know the life I've led. You see, sir, I've been in prison thirty times, so I think I must be too bad for Christ.' So the preacher read to him the story of the crucifixion. 'That's what I want the Lord to do for me,' exclaimed the dying man, as the prayer of the dying thief was read. 'Thank you for coming out to preach and sing,' he said, as the preacher departed. 'The chaplain of the prison used to tell me of a Saviour's love, but I did not care for it then. But I want it now, for I do want to be saved.' At the next meeting the poor man

was not at the window. So the preacher went into the house, and saw that he was fast sinking. Faintly he said: 'Sir, the mist is rolling away now. I can see Jesus. Do sing it to me.' So the visitor sang, 'When the mists have rolled away.' Then the dying man said: 'I could hear you all singing so plain to-night, "Crown Him Lord of all." Will you please pray?' The preacher prayed. Then the man said: 'Please raise my head,' and with one hand under his head, and the other in his, he passed away. Two of his mates were present. One of them said: 'Guv'nor, didn't he make a fine prayer?' and both wiped the tears from their eyes. One of them said: 'Now, sir, we want to lead a new life, and be honest, if you will send us to another country to make a fresh start.' So the preacher undertook the matter, and sent them over the sea with a prayer that they might begin a new life in a new land."

Anguish Changed into Happiness.—A Devoted Christian lady remarked: "One night in a meeting when I was speaking from the verse, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you,' a woman had come in and sat listening to every word, and as I finished, I said, 'Are any of you under the shelter of the blood of Jesus to-night, or are you outside in the cold among the tempest-tossed souls?' And there came a cry of anguish from the depths of this woman's heart, 'O Lord, I am not under the shelter of the blood. Thou canst not see the blood on me.' Some one spoke to her, and told her that Christ would sprinkle His blood on her, even now, if she were willing. She was willing, and cried, 'O Lord, do not leave me till Thou hast beheld the blood on me.' Her prayer was answered; and before she left the meeting she realized that Jesus had sprinkled His shed blood upon her guilty soul, and she entered into peace."

A Japanese Atheist Accepts Christ.—A worker speaking at an evangelistic meeting observed: "A young Japanese gentleman, a descendant of one of those who had been converted from idolatry to Roman Catholicism by the Jesuits, but whose forefathers had relapsed for these two or three generations into their former state of heathenism, was sent to Europe to be educated. There he went from the one extreme to the other, from a believer in many gods to a believer in no God; he became an atheist. Soon he returned to Japan, and had not been long there, when he was obliged to set out for America. The ship, in which he was, touched at a port in China, and while there was visited by a missionary, who gave the young gentleman a tract. As the voyage was long, and there was not much to amuse one, he read the tract, and from reading he went to thinking, and before he arrived in America he had given up all his former atheistical opinions and resolved to come out for Christ."

The Irishwoman and her Sticks.—A Friend remarked: "There was an old Irishwoman going along a country road carrying a heavy load of sticks. She was overtaken by a jaunting car on which were three young men, one of whom cried, 'Hello! mother, you have a heavy load there; get up on the car and we'll give you a lift.' The old woman thankfully got on the car, but still continued to hold the load on her back. One of the young men asked her why she still carried the load on her back when she could put it down on the car. 'Oh, no,' said she, 'it's good of you, real good of you to help me along the road, but I'm not going to let you carry my burden too.' Poor woman, she did not see that the car carried both her and her load, whether it was on her back or not. Some Christians are just the same as that woman; after having put themselves and all their troubles and cares on the Lord they insist on carrying them themselves; or if they put their big troubles on the Lord still they keep the little cares on their own shoulders, carrying the small end of the load themselves. Is not the Lord Omnipotent able and willing to bear all our burdens?"

THE PROUD INVALID.

A Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

"He was a leper."—II KINGS 5: 1.

The Illustrious General—His Crushing Affliction—The Universal Cross—A Discipline—Naaman's Wife—Her Little Comforter—Magnanimous Counsel—A Girl Astronomer at Nantucket—The Invalid on his Journey—Why Doctors Make Blunders—Naaman's Second Disease—Pride Requiring Treatment—Elisha's Remedy—Unquestioning Obedience Demanded—Why People Reject Religion—The Pleading Retinue—The Complete Cure—Grateful to the Prophet—Humiliation Essential—Washing Necessary—The Wondrous Change.

HERE we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisy, or rheumatism, or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together; a red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander-in-chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his entire person.

THE LEPROSY!

Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander-in-chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible that our great hero who overthrew Ahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?"

Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you, and you, something which you never bargained for, and would like to get rid of.

THE REASON

of this is, that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay, and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore He sends aches, and annoyances, and sorrows, and bereavements of all sorts to push us on, and push us up toward riper fruits, and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. *God is only whipping us ahead.*

The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If He sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you as He did upon General Naaman, something you do not want.

Seated in his Syrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once; music, and mirth, and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling—Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years. But oh, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly from the hall, and how the music drops dead from the

string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium: "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person.

NAAMAN'S WIFE

walks the floor, wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads as much as to say, "No cure; no cure." I think that the office-seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employés of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant-girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne with the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose, or Dinah, or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

WHAT A SCENE IT WAS!

One of the grandest women in all Syria in cabinet council with a waiting-maid over the declining health of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost everything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant-girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. Forgetting her own personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and recommends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that

THE FINGER OF CHILDHOOD

has pointed grown persons in the right direction. Oh, Christian soul, how long is it since that you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." "Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician?" "Oh," you say, "it was my little Annie, or Fred, or Charley, that clambered up on my knees and looked in my face, and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and all the time stroking my cheek so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers."

There are grandparents here who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are many Christian mothers here who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger pointed that way! Oh, I shall never forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night! It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath-school this afternoon and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope and, looking through it, discovered that star, and won the prize and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often

the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds

THE STAR OF PARDON,

the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are." Oh, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and heaven! You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction! Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children!

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement.

GOOD-BY, NAAMAN!

With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence, and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows, and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him—an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman!

Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day, a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world-renowned invalid. Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again alive!" Oh, it was

A SOLEMN MOMENT,

I tell you, when the invalid had departed, and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine phials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room! Good-by, Naaman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured and who is so glad she helped him.

As the chariot winds out and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battle-fields where Naaman, in the days of his health, used to rally his troops for fearful onset; and then the procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of olives and oleander, and General Naaman so sick—so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aghast at the clank of his war-equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say, "Poor man, he will never get home alive! Poor man!" General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach this prophet Elisha's?" The charioteer says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles." Then they whip up the lathered and fagged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers

shout, "Whoa!" to the horses, and the tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth.

COME OUT, ELISHA, come out, you have company; the grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, He always tells the doctor how to treat you; and *the reason we have so many bungling doctors* is because they depend upon their own strength and instruction and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was,

NAAMAN HAD TWO DISEASES—pride and leprosy; the one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After a while, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the River Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well."

The message comes out. "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan. I wouldn't be seen by any one

WASHING IN SUCH A RIVER as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here. The beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharpar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliated bank and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much as we would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut or the Hudson just as good?" Or, as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or St. Lawrence. He would cry out, "Are not the Thames and the Mersey just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing, you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not.

TAKE THE PRESCRIPTION, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain: Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you, you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. *Obey and live—disobey and die.* Thrilling, over-arching, under-girding, stupendous alternative!

Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whirl of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has He been doing? Only trying to cure their death-

dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and

THEY GO AWAY IN A RAGE.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor sick, dying Naaman! are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say, "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day, anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just

TRY THIS JORDANIC BATH."

"Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of the chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river, and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood, and comes up and shakes the water out of his nostrils and eyes; and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, general, how much better you look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time in the flood and comes up, and the shrivelled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make

A COMPLETE CURE,"

and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester, or scale, or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say, "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants a wild "Huzza! huzza!"

Of course, they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the Gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics, or terrorists, or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man—I speak a literal fact—who said that he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christian, and I shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the Gospel and "went away in a rage."

Now, my hearers, you notice that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well,

The first was—he got out of his chariot. He might have stayed there with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to get down out of

THE CHARIOT OF YOUR PRIDE

if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cross with a coach-and-four, and be *saved among all the spangles*. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming. Oh, no; you poor, miserable, scaly, leprous sinner, get down out of that! We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never until we get down on our knees will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, uncharioted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self-righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have got to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our uncleanness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at Thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing supplicants!

"For sinners, Lord, Thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
Oh, magnify that grace in me."

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot.

HE HAD TO WASH.

"Oh," you say, "I am very careful of my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than any other. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane, and rolled on, accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not to-day feel like wading into it? Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, and be clean!

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so

WONDERFULLY CHANGED

she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands, and shouting, "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news, "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!"

But a gladder tune than that it would be in all this place or wherever this sermon shall be read, if the soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horse hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the Eternal City. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive would notice the change in your look, and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck and say, "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

AN INVITATION FROM ZULUS.

THE Zulus of Southern Africa have not been well disposed toward the white missionaries since the unpleasantness with England. A letter from Mr. Wilder, of Umtwalumi, published in the *Missionary Herald*, shows, however, that God is moving them to seek the light. He writes:

"A new and urgent call for help has come from the Polela district of Natal. The mission formerly had a station within this district, Indunduma, a place some seventy miles north-west of Umtwalumi. The best chief in that region, Sakayedwa, has sent, both last year and this, an urgent request to his American friends to come up and reside with his tribe." Mr. Wilder gives the following history of the case:

"Our mission was the first, and for years the only, mission in all that district, covering a region thirty by fifty miles. For twelve years the Gospel has been preached to this tribe of Sakayedwa's, first by brother Pinkerton and since then by the native evangelist Kandakulu. My father, while exploring this district, contracted a disease which forced him to leave the mission work, and ultimately closed his life. Ira Nem-bula, after laboring in the district ten years, died last April.

"The chief, Sakayedwa, went from the Umtwalumi district twenty-five years ago. As a boy he was present at a service held at his father's kraal, conducted by the Rev. S. B. Stone and by my father. The meeting was called to pray for rain. The chief had paid two rain-doctors six head of cattle to bring rain, but no rain came. Before the missionaries reached home from their meeting they were caught in a rain-storm. The chief demanded the cattle to be returned, and since then those doctors have never attempted to make it rain.

"Last March this chief wrote me: 'Let the children come and rain in light on my dark eyes that I may see where my father did not see.' In my interview with him in May he said: 'Dumisa, my father, led me astray by giving me many wives; I do not wish my son to be looked upon by the white people as a fool, as they look upon me. I wish him to take but one wife. A long time have I been looking for the American missionaries.'"

A SCENE IN A GIRLS' MISSION SCHOOL.

IN the island of Madura, in the Indian Archipelago, is a boarding-school for girls. Miss Swift, who has it in charge, sends to the *Missionary Herald* a description of a remarkable scene she witnessed recently. She states that when she had been there a few months and had spent much time in prayer for each of the girls, she one day asked in the school how many were Christians; and requested all who were to rise. To her surprise every one, large and small, responded. Further questions elicited the fact that the girls claimed to be Christians on the ground that their parents professed the Christian faith. No special meetings were held, but Miss Swift labored earnestly with prayer to enlighten them and to convince them of the necessity of a change of heart. The result may be given in her own words. She writes:

"I was in my room on Monday evening at the hour when the school-girls have their evening prayers, when I heard an unmistakable sound of weeping. I went over and found nearly half the girls who were present upon their knees and so oblivious of everything that they did not know when I entered the room. Some of them were completely prostrate, and all were crying out that God would forgive their sins. I called Mr. Jones, who came, and with some difficulty quieted them enough to pray with them. I led away the more excited of them to a quiet place where I could talk to them one by one and learn what the source of their sorrow was. They all had but one reply to make, 'I am such a great sinner! How can I meet God?'"

"After talking with these girls until they were quieted, I went back and told them about the Word of God, which was the only foundation

for our feet. I had them repeat a number of the promises for forgiveness, if we confess our sins, and the assurance of acceptance if we believe, and then asked who among them were ready to give now their hearts to the Lord, and to accept now the Saviour who was waiting to receive them. Nearly thirty girls rose to their feet. I knelt with them to offer their hearts and lives to God, and my prayer was followed by short prayers from nearly all present, expressing their penitence and their faith. That night there was much prayer and thanksgiving offered up by the whole mission."

Since that evening, now some ten weeks ago, over thirty girls have given evidence of a change of heart, and the good work is still going on. Its effects are seen by all. Miss Swift says that "the matron comes every little while to talk over the great change, and to say the peace and the order in the school make everything so much easier; that where it was difficult to rouse the girls at five o'clock they now wish to rise half an hour earlier, in order to have more time to sing and pray. The nature of their feelings is being tested in all these quiet, practical ways, and they are bearing the test well."

NEWS OF DR. SUMMERS.

MANY readers of this journal are acquainted with Dr. Summers, and many more have heard of him. They will be pleased to learn that Dr. Dowkontt, whose first student he was, has received tidings of him, which he publishes in his *Medical Missionary Record*. Dr. Summers wrote from Cetallo, in Central Africa, just as he was setting out to meet Bishop Taylor, with whom he is serving. He says:

"I can't tell you a tithe of the wonderful things God has been doing for me. I have now thirty-six carriers, goods, riding bull, and two sheep to bring to Lubuco, where I hope to arrive in three months, and perhaps meet the bishop there, whither he is journeying from another direction.

"I expect to settle in Cashilange for two or three years to study the language. I shall not be any burden to the mission, as I expect to earn my living, as I have done ever since I came to Loanda, eighteen months since (except thirty-eight cents). I have purchased my own outfit by what I have earned, and have nothing belonging to the mission but a shot-gun. The price of food at Melange is as follows: Rice, one cent a pound; oranges, twenty for three cents; bananas, ten to twenty for one cent; beef, three to five cents a pound; fowls, six to twelve cents each. A man can live here for fifty cents a week.

"A word for negro integrity. I paid all my carriers in advance some three months ahead. They went to their homes and I had some doubts about their 'turning up,' but with only two exceptions the thirty-six came.

"A curious combination was recently met with in my experience. A poor Portuguese died of fever. I had been called to attend him, and made a journey of three hours to do so, but on arriving there found he was dead. He was a Roman Catholic, but I took the funeral services. I was dressed in top boots, flannel shirt, large leather girdle with immense buckle, etc. I had as my assistant a well-known Jewish trader. "Had no books, but said as much of the burial service as I could remember, and then preached Christ as the resurrection and life. Every one seemed much interested. It was all new to them, for it was the first funeral service they had seen.

"During this year, in addition to other labors, I have treated two thousand cases, mostly, of course, negroes. And such patients! Women and men from the far interior.

"We had an epidemic of cholera, which disease killed many hundreds. It showed all the symptoms of cholera except extreme exhaustion. I appealed to the Government to erect a temporary hospital, but they did not do so. I then put up a tent some distance from my residence and cleared out all the cases from the

native senzalas. The disease, however, went on spreading until I had to treat four hundred and fifty cases, but by God's blessing *did not lose one*, while the poor carriers between here and Dondo died by hundreds. I supplied the traders with medicine to treat cases on the road, as I could not certainly be everywhere. The native carriers, bringing rubber and wax, were completely decimated.

"I have myself had since my arrival here in February, 1885, about a dozen attacks of fever, one remittent, also pleurisy and heat-stroke, but am at present well."

THE THREE DESTINIES;

OR, FIRSTFRUITS, HARVEST AND VINTAGE.
BEING AN EXPOSITION OF REV. 14.

By G. H. Pember, M.A.

(Continued from page 775.)

The Two Divisions of the Wheat—Firstfruits and Harvest—The Levitical Law as to Firstfruits—Conversion Does Not Secure the Position—Watching and Prayer Required—Their Disappearance—Only a Handful—Their Occupation—Their Characteristics—An Interval Before the Harvest.

AS I have already shown, the vintage in this chapter represents the unsaved of Christendom. The Church is represented by the wheat, and this is divided into two portions: the Firstfruits and the Harvest. Let us consider first

THE FIRST-FRUITS.

Now, the idea of the division is, of course, taken from Old Testament times, in which the offering of first-fruits, of whatever kind, was to an Israelite one of the most solemn of duties. Indeed, he was not permitted to partake of anything until he had offered its firstfruits to God. "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits" * was one of the earliest commandments. And among the few emphatic laws which God repeated when He consented to renew the covenant forfeited by the idolatry of the calf we read: "The first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the House of the Lord thy God." †

But the special reference in our passage is to the ceremony connected with the sheaf of firstfruits, of which we read in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus (vs. 10-14). As we might infer from the fourteenth verse, Josephus tells us that, until the ceremony had been performed, no man might dare to lift up the sickle in his field, nor could any harvest-work be commenced. ‡

Thus the offering of the sheaf of firstfruits was the presentation to God of a few ears of corn, full and ripe, before the harvest was reaped. Now the Lord Jesus, in His parable of the Wheat and Tares, gives us to understand that the wheat-harvest symbolizes the gathering in of His people to Himself. Therefore, the first-fruits must stand for the assembly before Him of a comparatively small number, elected out of the Church previous to the ascent of the whole body, which is afterward typified by the Harvest. And, as we shall presently see, this passage, like many others, shows that the persons who are thus favored will be safe in the presence of the Lord before the outbreak of the last persecutions and the terrible woes of the end. Therefore

WE CAN IDENTIFY THEM

with those who will be found obeying the command to watch and pray that they may be accounted worthy to escape the things that are coming to pass, and to stand before the Son of man. When John sees them they have obeyed to the end, and have received their reward; they appear lifted far above the earth before the hour of world-wide temptation has arrived, and standing with the Lamb—the best MSS. give the article—upon the heavenly Mount Zion.

Now, putting together the passages from which we have just been quoting, let us carefully observe that we cannot attain to the position of the First-fruits unless we get beyond simple faith

* Ex. 22: 29. † Ex. 34: 26. ‡ Joseph. Antiq. ii. 10, 5.

in the Lord's atonement. That does, indeed—Praises to our God—bring salvation and eternal life; but here is something more. You must believe in Christ as the only propitiation for your sins if you would be gathered even with the Harvest; but to be numbered among the First-fruits, there is need also of watching and prayer that you may be accounted worthy. In other words, the latter privilege is one of the rewards of service-after-conversion.

This point is very beautifully brought out in the Old Testament. If you turn to the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus you will find descriptions of the Feasts of First-fruits and of Pentecost, which correspond to the First-fruits and Harvest of the chapter before us. In each of these Feasts there was one of those peculiar offerings—the sheaf in the one, and the two leavened loaves in the other—which could not be burned upon the altar, but were only waved before it, and then accepted for the sake of a sacrifice which was at the same time ascending in smoke toward heaven. And you will have little difficulty in recognizing such offerings as a type of the acceptance of the Lord's people for the sake of the great Sacrifice which has been once offered for sin.

Observe, then, the difference between the

TYPICAL SACRIFICES

on these two occasions; for it is of momentous importance. In the eighteenth and nineteenth verses you will see that at the Harvest Festival of Pentecost sacrifices were offered which typified the whole round of Christ's work for us, from atonement to perfect sanctification and reconciliation. On the other hand, as you will find from the twelfth verse, only a single sacrifice was commanded at the offering of the sheaf of first-fruits, and that was a he-lamb, without blemish and of the first year, for a Burnt Offering, together with its proper meat and drink offerings.

Now, the Burnt Sacrifice, at least from the time of Moses, was a sweet savor offering; and its prominent idea is the whole-hearted devotion of the Lord Jesus, even unto death, presented to His Father on our behalf. In the case, then, of the First-fruits, there is no question of atonement, but only of service. This, however, is not because those who will make up their number will not require the propitiation of the ever-blessed Saviour. Oh, no! it is because you cannot so much as enter the lists for that prize until it has been certainly settled that He loves you, and has loosed you from your sins by His blood. Those who obtain it will be suddenly and without notice translated from earth to heaven, even as Enoch was. And

THEIR DISAPPEARANCE

will be a sign that the third period of Daniel, the time which John describes as "hereafter," or "after these things," has commenced.

As we before remarked, the Mount Zion upon which these 144,000 stand is in heaven, and not upon earth. For they are said to have been redeemed from the earth, and, therefore, cannot be still upon it; the sound of their harps comes from heaven, and they sing their song "before the Throne, and before the Four Living Creatures and the Elders."

They are 144,000 in number, but are in no wise to be identified with that other and Israelitish band which John describes in the seventh chapter as being sealed upon earth in order that they may be uninjured by the impending judgments of God. The latter are the earthly people who, after the destruction of the antitype of Nebuchadnezzar's visionary image, shall take the place of "the Kings of the Earth upon the earth" (Isa. 24:21); the former are the heavenly saints who, under Christ, their King, shall reign as "the High Ones that are on high," after the expulsion of Satan and his angels from the Heavenly Places.

Does their number seem small? Well, the first-fruits from which the figure is taken were

BUT A HANDFUL,

whereas many wagons, pressed down with sheaves, would be required for the bringing in

of the harvest. And if we look around us, how many Christians do we see who are wholly surrendered to the service and good pleasure of their Lord? Are we so ourselves? Alas for the multitudes who, although they have praise of men, and are, perhaps, satisfied with themselves, would, if they were not spiritually deaf, be continually hearing those awful words: "I have not found thy works perfect *before God!*"

Those who stand with the Lamb are said to have His name and that of His Father—such is the best reading—written upon their foreheads. It is very important to notice this point in the description; for by it we may identify the First-fruits with the overcomers of the Philadelphia Church, as you will see if you turn to the third chapter of this Book and its twelfth verse; and what we know of the First-fruits will enable us to understand the promise given to the Philadelphians: "Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon *all* the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." From the

OCCUPATION OF THE FIRST-FRUIT

we perceive that they are no longer in captivity, but have taken down their harps from the willows. Glorious sounds are heard from heaven; they come from those who have known what it is to be well-nigh broken-hearted with trouble, ay, and broken-hearted with sin, too; but that is all past now. They have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and the joyful time to inherit all things is present at last. They stand before the Throne; but they have no fear as Isaiah had; they do not cry, "Woe is me! for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips." No; they are conscious that they are clean every whit, within and without; they have more than imputed righteousness now. Christ has transformed them; they have become intrinsically holy; there is not a motion of sin within them, nor ever will be again; their very bodies are changed into the likeness of His body of glory. All this He has accomplished "according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." No wonder that they sing a new song—who could sing any of the old ones in such new and glorious circumstances? But its theme must be largely made up of redemption; for we are immediately afterward told that they had been bought, or purchased, out of the earth.

And now four of

THEIR CHARACTERISTICS

are mentioned, of which, however, time will permit only a brief notice.

In the first place, they were not defiled with women; that is, perhaps, with Jezebel and her daughters. They had nothing to do with the idolatries and harlotries of the Woman who sits upon the Beast, with the false Church of sensual emotions and worldliness. They are "virgins"—a description which reminds us of Paul's desire to present the Corinthians as a chaste virgin to Christ, and, possibly, enables us to identify the First-fruits with the wise virgins of our Lord's parable.

Secondly, they "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." On earth they followed in the steps of His humiliation; they abode with Him in His temptations; they obeyed His commandments, thereby showing their love for Him. Now they reap what they have sown, and follow Him in glory forever.

Thirdly, they were "redeemed from among men, as a Firstfruits unto God and to the Lamb." God's plan for the redemption of mankind and the world seems to be working out its accomplishment in a series of elections. The whole Church is but a Firstfruits of creation; here we have a Firstfruits of only a small part of the Church, since the Harvest undoubtedly represents only those members of the Church who will be alive in the last days.

Finally, "in their mouth was found no lie; they are without blemish." In their case, then, the Lord has already fulfilled His Word, and has presented them unto Himself a glorious com-

pany, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy, and without blemish.

The Firstfruits having been thus safely conveyed to their Lord, there occurs

AN INTERVAL

—probably of some six or seven years—before the reaping of the Harvest. The marvellous events with which it will be filled are, I believe, described in order in chaps. 6-11, while some details are added in chaps. 12, 13, and 17. During its lapse the rest of the Church, those who were not found watching, will have to remain upon earth and pass through bitter trial; then their time of deliverance will come, at the sound of the seventh and last trumpet.

Here, however, we are told no more of what will take place during the interval than we can gather from the proclamations of the three angels. Nevertheless, by comparing these utterances with other portions of the Apocalypse, we shall find that they contain allusions to the events which will most nearly concern such of the members of the Church as will be upon earth at the time.

But before we inquire what these events are, let me entreat you to dismiss every thought of that method of exposition which would resolve all the Apocalyptic visions into figures capable of a variety of explanations, according to the mind and taste of each interpreter. Except where manifest figures are set before us, these stupendous predictions, if we may learn from the experience of the first advent, are to be taken literally; they are the "things that must shortly come to pass."

Nearly the whole of the period of judgment, with which the greater part of the Apocalypse is concerned, will be characterized by supernatural interferences. The arm of God will be revealed, and His judgments will be manifestly abroad in the earth. Those Positivists, Evolutionists, and other infidel Scientists, who affirm that they are rejecting revelation at the bidding of truth, will have their theories torn to shreds before their eyes. Thus an opportunity of repentance will be afforded to them if they are really deluded; otherwise, before they are cast into the Abyss it will be made sufficiently clear that they propagated their corrupting doctrines, not through any love for truth, but because, to the bottom of their hearts, they were rebels against the supreme and absolute sovereignty of the God Who made them.

The fulfilment, then, of the Apocalypse will be supernatural; and if you still doubt this, glance for a moment at, perhaps, the earliest indication of

THE COMING TIME OF TERRORS.

You will find it in the tenth verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus. The children of Israel had, in their own strength, promised to keep the Law, and had then immediately broken their promise by the idolatry of the calf. God's anger was kindled, and, for a while, despite the entreaties of Moses, their life was hanging in doubt before them. But at length the Lord showed Himself gracious, and found a way by which He would in His own time completely reinstate them. "Behold," He said, "I make a covenant: before all thy people I will do marvels, such as have not been done in all the earth: and all the people among which thou art shall see the work of the Lord; for it is a terrible thing which I will do with thee."

Thus the great and final restoration of Israel cannot be accomplished until this verse has found its fulfilment. Now observe, that in declaring that He would yet do wonders such as had never been done in all the earth, nor in any nation, God was speaking just after He had made Himself glorious by the marvels of Egypt, by the dividing of the Red Sea, by the provision of food and water for His people in the desert, and, above all, by the appalling manifestation on Mount Sinai. Never since that time has He repeated such a group of wonders, much less surpassed it. His word is, therefore, still awaiting fulfilment.

(To be concluded.)



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morning.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready Now.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An Important Decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered last week settles a question which has long been a source of international dispute. The question was whether a person whose surrender by a foreign government under extradition proceedings is granted on one charge can be tried on a different charge after he has been brought within the jurisdiction of the United States. *The court decides that he cannot* until a reasonable time and opportunity have been given for his return to the country from whose asylum he has been taken. This decision is in accordance with the doctrine insisted upon by Great Britain and denied by our Government. The court was not unanimous, but its decision may be taken as final.

The President's Message Presents a Picture of national prosperity which is in startling contrast with the condition of almost every other nation on earth, and which ought to produce in every patriotic mind profound thankfulness to the Giver of all good things. In discharging his constitutional duty of imparting to Congress "information concerning the state of the Union," the President follows the usual custom of dealing first with the *foreign relations* of the Government. These are wholly peaceful. *China* is prepared, the President states, to meet us half way in arranging for a readjustment of the immigration question. The Chinese Government to impose restrictions on immigration, while we give guarantees for the safety of Chinese citizens who are here or may come. Of the embarrassing *fishery disputes* with Canada the President speaks hopefully. Although no settlement has yet been made, negotiations are still pending which may reach an "acceptable conclusion" before the close of the session. The Cutting episode, and the need of legislation to carry into effect the reciprocity treaty with *Mexico*, occupy a prominent place in the message. The President expresses the hope that the Mexican statute, under which Cutting was arrested, will be so modified, as to prevent any recurrence of the difficulty, and shows why it will be impossible to recognize the extraordinary claim put forward by Mexico of the right to deal with offences committed outside its borders. A proposal to present *Liberia* with a ship to enable the Government of that land to protect its coastwise revenue is suggested by the President, who,

while distinctly admitting that a formal protectorate would be contrary to our traditional policy, reminds Congress that Liberia is an offshoot of our own system, and as such has claims on our assistance. These matters, with congratulation on the satisfactory termination of the difficulty with *Spain* over the tonnage duties, exhaust the subject of foreign complications. The fact is significant, and the peoples of Europe groaning under the burdens entailed by the constant danger of war may well envy the nation whose international disputes are so few and so trivial that an army of twenty-six thousand men and a navy of three iron ships suffice for the protection of its sixty million people.

The Reduction of the Financial Burdens of the people is the topic which will be of the greatest interest to the public in the message. On this subject the President's opinions cannot be mistaken. He tells Congress that "when more of the people's substance is exacted through the form of taxation than is necessary to meet the just obligations of the Government, and the expense of its economical administration, such exaction becomes ruthless extortion, and a violation of the fundamental principles of a free government." There are several ways in which relief may be given, and the selection rests with Congress; but Mr. Cleveland commends especially to its attention one class of the people having claims of much weight, *The farmers*, he believes, are entitled to the first attention in this matter. He says: "None labor harder or more continuously than they. No enactments limit their hours of toil, and no interposition of the Government enhances to any great extent the value of their products. And yet, for many of the necessities and comforts of life which the most scrupulous economy enables them to bring into their homes, and for their implements of husbandry, they are obliged to pay a price largely increased by an unnatural profit, which, by the action of the Government, is given to the more favored manufacturer." The farmers will doubtless make a note of this recognition of their claims, and if their representatives in Congress fail to adopt the President's suggestion they will know with whom the responsibility rests.

The Extension of the Free Delivery System mentioned in these columns some weeks ago as an event to be expected promises to be realized. On Thursday last the House passed a bill to extend the free delivery of all mails to every town having a population of ten thousand, or paying a gross revenue to the Post-Office Department of at least ten thousand dollars a year. It is believed that the bill will pass the Senate without difficulty. The measure, if enacted, will apply to one hundred and seventy-nine towns, and will cost the department four hundred and eleven thousand dollars a year.

A Remarkable Exhibition of Intolerance, or petty spite, as it would be called, if it occurred in private relations, came to light in New York last week. The funeral services of ex-Judge Alker, of the City Court, were advertised to take place in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, but when his friends went there to take part in them they were informed that the services would not be held there, but in a small church at some distance. Some curiosity was excited by the change of arrangements, and it has been discovered that the archbishop ordered it on account of Judge Alker's opposition to the iniquitous Freedom of Worship Bill. That bill was an attempt on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood to gain control of the religious teaching in a public institution. It failed, and Judge Alker, though a Roman Catholic, contributed to its failure and continued his connection with the institution afterward. In consequence the archbishop closed the cathedral against his remains. Those persons who think that religious questions should not enter into politics will do well to note this fact. It was a punishment administered by a Roman Catholic prelate for a political offence. If a Roman Catholic's official action is to be controlled by the priests

it is time that the people were made aware of the fact.

The Difficult Task of Forming a New Cabinet in France has been intrusted to M. Goblet, who is understood to be an ally of M. Clémenceau, the noted Radical leader. He was originally a protégé of Gambetta but afterward opposed him on important questions. He is fifty-eight years old, and has sat in the Chamber of Deputies since 1876. He was also a member of the National Convention of 1871. As neither the Radicals nor the Monarchists support him it is predicted that his lease of power will be short. A significant feature of the new Cabinet is the retention of General Boulanger in office as Minister of War. He is really the most prominent and capable man of the Cabinet, and his influence will probably be paramount. That fact is not encouraging to people who are hoping for peace, for General Boulanger's policy is decidedly warlike. He made it a condition of his entering the Cabinet that his colleagues would support his demand for a grant equivalent to sixty million dollars to be spent in arming the troops with the new repeating rifles. Another ominous circumstance is that President Grévy invited M. Floquet to accept the Premiership, but when it was found that the Czar of Russia did not approve of him, M. Floquet's acceptance became impossible. That indicates that the friendship of Russia is regarded in France as a vital matter. Germany will not be slow to note the fact and draw inferences.

The Curious Alliance Between a Section of the English Liberals and the Conservatives was cemented last week by a species of Convention. The Marquis of Hartington, supported by Lord Derby and other members of the aristocracy, convened a meeting of those members of Parliament who call themselves "Liberal Unionists," and their friends. Lord Hartington presided, and explained the object of the meeting, which was to organize the party. He thought the time too early to lay down a line of policy for the party in Parliament, but intimated in general terms that the duty of his followers would be to support the Conservative administration. This policy is rather a novel one for a Liberal leader to recommend, but Lord Hartington justified it on the ground that if the Conservatives were overthrown they would be replaced by Mr. Gladstone and his friends. He expressed the hope that the Conservatives would be willing to pay for liberal support by adopting some reforms. He said siege would be laid to the Gladstone position, which had not been taken by storm, and the Liberal Unionists would have to work until either they were defeated or they obtained a more decisive victory. Mr. John Bright did not attend, but sent a letter "deploring and condemning" Mr. Gladstone's policy.

The Rumor that Ireland Might Obtain some concessions from the Conservative Government is discredited by the speech Lord Salisbury made at a meeting on December 8th. He characterized the Home Rule project as "a cunning manipulation of municipal institutions," from which Ireland could get no relief. He diagnosed the malady of Ireland as "organized embezzlement," and said that the Irish were endeavoring "to keep other people's money in their own pockets." Lord Salisbury regretted their adopting this course, because they were destroying the confidence of man in man, which was the root and hope of prosperity of a nation, and the evil effect of which destruction generations could not remove. As to the remedy, the noble lord thought that it was to be found in "the strong arm of the law persistently applied." The Premier clearly lacks originality in his system of treatment. It is precisely because the strong arm of the law has been tried and has failed, that the Irish malady has become acute. The statesman who will have the glory of solving the Irish problem will be the man who devises a scheme that will, on the one hand give Irishmen the right to manage their own affairs, and on the other hand secure to England permanence of union.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$28. They were as follows: From Seward, Me., \$9; Denbigh, Ont., \$4; Berthoud, Col., \$1; Rock City, Ill., \$1; Omaha, Neb., \$1; E. Cleveland, O., \$2; Indiana, Pa., \$10. The friends who have thus liberally responded to the appeal on behalf of the colored pastors may be assured that their money will do much good in aiding men who are working for Christ under many disadvantages.

The Revival at Tuscaloosa, Ala., Continues, and is spreading to neighboring cities. At Livingston special services are being held by Pastor Riley and the Rev. B. H. Crumpton, with many tokens of God's blessing. At Georgiana and Brewton a similar movement is reported under the preaching of the Rev. T. F. Thomasson. In our previous notice of this movement it was mentioned that the places of business in Tuscaloosa were closed daily at the time of holding the services, and that even the saloons were shut. It is now reported that one of the saloon-keepers has seen the evil of his business and expressed his willingness to quit it. The Prohibitionists promptly bought his stock of liquors and emptied them into the Warrior River. The university students have been active workers in the meetings.

The Evangelistic Services held by Mr. Charles Herald, at Pittston, Pa., have been much blessed. The *Evening Gazette* of that city says that never has such an awakening been known in that locality before. Mr. Herald has now gone on to Pleasant Valley, but the ministers at Pittston are continuing the meetings with the most encouraging results. The revival commenced with a visit from Mr. Moody on November 11th. He was followed by Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan, who closed on November 29th, and were succeeded by Mr. Herald.

The McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York, where the late Jerry McAuley commenced his labors, has been holding its fourteenth anniversary. Many old friends of the mission, including Mr. J. F. Shorey, its ex-superintendent, attended to take part in the celebration. Between the addresses songs were sung and several converts gave their testimonies of changed lives through the blessing of God on the services at the mission. The current expenses of the mission have been \$3,392.54. It has received in gifts \$1522, in collections \$393.67, and by the legacy from the Morgan estate \$5000. The record of work done shows that the usefulness of the mission continues and increases.

The Effect of Prohibition in Atlanta, Ga., is described by the mayor of that city as beneficial in every way. Since it was adopted, he says, the city "has peaceful streets and happy homes, with sober husbands, sons, and brothers, with plenty to eat and to wear, where before there were broken hearts, fear of domestic outrage, and sometimes actual want." He adds the cheering announcement, "The bar-room nuisance has gone out from Atlanta forever, and we would like the world to know it. Our people are practically united in the belief that the bar-room will never come back."

A Valuable and Much-Needed Work has been undertaken by the New York Bible and Fruit Mission. It is endeavoring to extend Christian aid and sympathy to friendless women and unprotected young girls, and has established a new department of protective work. Women desiring such aid, or wishing for cheap and respectable lodgings, are invited to make themselves known to Miss Etta I. Clark, the Protective Missionary of the New York Bible and Fruit Mission, 416 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York.

A Strange Scene at a Prize Fight in California is described in a press telegram from San Francisco. It states that at the "set to" between the American champion, John L. Sullivan, and "Steve" Taylor, at Los Angeles, on November 27th, Ben Hogan, the converted pugilist, presented himself among the fraternity

of which he was once an honored member. He did not propose to take part in the exercises of the evening, but asked permission to pray and deliver an address. Sullivan good-humoredly gave his consent, and Hogan preached a short but earnest sermon, using the patois of the ring, with which he is familiar, and affectionately warning his hearers of the consequences of their ways, and bearing testimony for Christ. The crowd listened in respectful silence, and cheered him at the close, evidently realizing that the courage he had displayed was higher than that which had formerly characterized him in the ring.

An Amusing Illustration of the Absurdity of red tape management was furnished recently in Columbia College. A connecting door between recitation rooms in Hamilton Hall formerly used by the students has been closed. On November 23d, during the rain-storm, the classes protested against being forced to go out in the rain and called for the janitor to unlock the door. He pleaded that he had no power to do so, and advised that the president of the college be consulted. The president was obliged to confess that he was unable to order the door opened, but referred the students to the Chairman of the Trustees' Committee on Buildings. The juniors waited while a delegation went down to see the chairman. But he was also unable to assume the dread responsibility of the order, and he recommended that a formal petition be presented to the Faculty. After waiting while these applications were made the students submitted, and went out through the rain, but they afterward held a mass meeting and prepared their formal petition as suggested by the chairman. The students would not have made so many unavailing applications had they known who it was that had power to have the door opened. They would have gone right to that person. Christians in their difficulties are less sensible. *They do know* who has power to deliver them, but they often waste their time like the students in vain appeals elsewhere (Ps. 108: 12, 13).

An Offer to Purchase Social Recognition was made in a daily journal in New York recently. An advertisement appeared stating that "a gentleman of wealth and respectability would pay well for the introduction of himself and family into the higher circles of fashionable society." The advertisement was shown to a member of those circles, and he was asked whether such offers were common, and whether it was possible to secure introduction in that way. His reply was significant. He said that men become suddenly rich often tried to buy their way into society, and generally found some one ready for a consideration to act as sponsor for them; but the result was uniformly a failure. They found the coveted prize dust and ashes in their mouth, an intolerable burden, and society, after trying them for a time, rejected them, finding them unfit for it, and incapable of sharing its pleasures or appreciating its privileges. Though money might secure an entrance, something more than money was required to maintain a position in the highest society, and a poor man if well bred would succeed where a vulgar millionaire would fail. It would, therefore, appear that the advertiser is likely to waste his money through not understanding the essentials of social life. The same mistake is sometimes made as to the church: large gifts may secure recognition, but it is of no benefit to the unsanctified, and of the eternal privileges promised to the church, money cannot secure one (Acts 8: 20, 21).

The Mistake of an Undertaker's Assistant had a startling effect in a house of mourning recently. A dispatch to the New York *Sun* states that an undertaker was summoned at midnight to a house in which a lady had just died. He went immediately, taking with him a female assistant. On arriving at the house the undertaker sent the assistant to an upper chamber to prepare the corpse. Taking her box of bandages, sponges, etc., the assistant went, as she thought, to the room indicated, but instead she entered the room of a young lady, a member of

the bereaved family, who had fallen sound asleep from exhaustion caused by her constant attention at the sick bed. The attendant had an old-fashioned tallow dip, which she set on the stand, and, depositing her box on the bed by the side of the sleeping lady, she began operations. Taking a soft sponge, she carefully washed the face, observing, what was not unusual, that the flesh was still warm. The young lady slept on, but when a fine-toothed comb was drawn through some tangled crimps of her hair she awoke with a suddenness that upset both the attendant and the box of implements. Both ladies gave a shriek, and the one seemed as much alarmed as the other. The noise brought the undertaker and the family to the room, and explanations were made. The lady's sleep must have been unusually deathlike or the undertaker's assistant could not have made the mistake. It is so when Satan's wiles cast the soul into slumber. Ministers and Christian workers often find the soul as unresponsive to their appeals as if it were dead (1 Cor. 11: 30).

Greased Air as an Illuminator is Recommended by a writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. He states that a machine has been perfected in that city for manufacturing gas absolutely without cost. The principle of the machine is a system of siphons, and air is forced alternately through water and through oil, resulting in gas. The tests made on the machine first finished resulted in getting 450,000 cubic feet of gas from a barrel of oil. As an illuminant it is said to be far superior to the gas manufactured under the ordinary process, and as a fuel it is vastly better than natural gas. Its heat is intense. A bar of lead was thrust into the blaze and immediately fell apart. From a pipe which is placed in the inventor's laboratory issues a blaze eight feet long that makes an intensely brilliant light. The most remarkable feature of the invention is that after so much gas has been obtained from the oil, the oil itself is worth as much as it was before. It does not deteriorate as coal does in the process of making ordinary gas, leaving nothing but coke as a residue. If this claim is established it will be from an economic standpoint, one of the most remarkable inventions of the day. To use a material without diminishing or depreciating it is a triumph of inventive genius. The principle, though hitherto unknown in mundane affairs, is familiar in spiritual things. The Christian knows that the grace by which his spiritual life is sustained increases as his demands upon it increase, and is inexhaustible (Eph. 4: 7, 13).

The Shock a Patient Received in a Physician's office recently is vividly described in a Boston journal. A judge was in the waiting-room of a great physician with other patients waiting his turn, when one of them, a stout, genial, middle-aged man, began talking to him. "It is ridiculous, my coming here," he said; "it is a mere trifle that will wear off by itself. But my wife would have me come—you know what women are. It is nothing but a peculiar feeling at the tip of my tongue—a kind of numbness." At that moment he was summoned to the physician's office. The conference was a long one. At last the door opened. The man came out. He was pale. His large face was covered with drops of sweat, as if he had received a mortal blow. He stopped and turned to the physician, saying, hoarsely, "Doctor, you're sure? There is nothing to be done—no operation—no—" "I know of nothing," said the physician gently. "No cure has as yet been discovered for your disease." "And—how long?" There was a moment's silence. "Not more than two months. Sit down. Let me bring you some water." "No, no." He hurried, staggering, to the door, muttering, "I have not time. I have so much to do. Only two months!" He died within the two months, but in the interval he worked incessantly to get his affairs in order. The time was so short, yet even that was a longer notice than many men receive. The fact is well known, but few use the time they have for the most important concerns (II Cor. 6: 2).

THE OFFERED DELIVERANCE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."—JOEL 2: 32.

The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment—An Impulse to Christian Earnestness—I. A Glorious Proclamation—Deliverance Offered—A Diamond of many Facets—The Offer Still Open to All—No Toll-Bars on the Road to Heaven—The Plain Man's Pathway—What Calling Means—Prayer and Confession—A Personal Message—A Word to a Careless Fellow—II. An Instructive Declaration—Only a Remnant Saved.

I THOUGHT within myself, "What shall be the topic for the last sermon before I depart to my quiet resting-place?" Peradventure my sermons for the last day of this long stretch of work may be my last altogether, for life is very frail. When I hear of first one and then another in strong health being suddenly taken away, I am made to know the uncertainty of life in my own case. So I said within myself, "Shall I feed the flock of God in the rich pastures of choice promise?" Truly it would have been well to have done so; but then I bethought me of

THE STRAY SHEEP;

must I not go after *them*? The ninety and nine are not in the wilderness, and, therefore I shall not be leaving them in any danger. But as for the wandering ones, can I leave them among the wilds and wolves? I have tried to bring them to the great Bishop and Shepherd of souls, but they have not yet returned; how can I forget them? How can I endure to think of their being lost forever?

So I thought *I would go out once more after the lost ones* hoping that the Lord would help me to find them, even now, and bring them to Himself! I earnestly ask your prayers that a very simple Gospel address may be blessed of God to the immediate conversion of those among us who have long halted, and are hesitating even unto this day. I could not have chosen for such a purpose a more suitable text; it is one of the broadest declarations of Gospel doctrine that could be found in Holy Scripture.

I shall handle it in the plainest manner. In a book of practical surgery you do not look for figures of speech; all is plain as a pike-staff; such will my sermon be. I hand out the bread of heaven, and *you do not expect poetry from a bake-house*.

Look at the connection of our text in Joel, and you will find that it is preceded by terrible warnings; the diamond is placed in a black setting, and its brilliance is thereby enhanced. As a lamp is all the more valued when the night is dark, so is the Gospel all the more precious when men see their misery without it. To remove from men's minds the salutary fear of punishment for sin is to draw up the flood-gates of iniquity. He who does this is

A TRAITOR TO SOCIETY.

If men are not warned of the anger of God against iniquity, they will take license to riot in evil.

Certain modern teachers pretend that they are so delicate that, if they believed in the scriptural doctrine of eternal punishment, they could never smile again. Poor sufferers! One is therefore led to suppose that they are persons of superior piety, who are so deeply in love with the souls of men that they weep over them day and night, and labor to bring them to repentance. We should expect to see in them a perpetual agony for the good of their fellows, since they judge themselves to be so qualified to instruct others in the art of compassion. But, my brethren we have not been able to discover in these sensitive persons any very hallowed sympathy with the ungodly; nay, we have heard of their having communion with the worldly in their sports rather than in their sorrow for sin. On the other hand, the seraphic evangelists who have journeyed around the earth to preach the Gospel,

and have worn themselves down with evangelical earnestness, are, in all cases, men who feel the pressure of the wrath to come. These, though sneered at by the superfine delicates, have shown a tender love to which their judges are strangers.

My brethren, the love of Jesus did not prevent His warning men of future woe. He cried aloud, amid a flood of tears, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together!" and He did not withhold the dreadful fact—"Your house is left unto you desolate." The knowledge of the coming destruction of the city aroused His sympathy; and He showed His pity, not by concealing the dreadful future, but by

WARNING MEN

of it. Preachers gradually get farther and farther from the Gospel, and its atoning sacrifice, in proportion as they delude themselves with the idea that, after all, sin is a small matter, and its punishment a questionable severity. Those also who look for a future opportunity for the impenitent may well consider it to be of small consequence whether men now believe in Jesus, or remain in unbelief. Such a taking of things easy cannot suggest itself to me, for I believe in everlasting punishment.

With that preface I come to the handling of my text, moved by a burning desire that God may bless it. First notice that it contains a *glorious proclamation*—"It shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." But this is accompanied with an *instructive declaration*, to which we shall give a measure of attention as time permits—"In Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

I. Listen, first, to

THE GLORIOUS PROCLAMATION.

As we have no time to spare, we will proceed at once to our theme. The blessing proclaimed in our text is precious—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered," or "shall be saved." Salvation is a diamond with many facets. You who dread the eternal consequences of iniquity will be glad to learn that there is salvation from the punishment of sin—complete and eternal salvation. This is no small matter to a soul crushed beneath a consciousness of guilt, and the certainty that the necessary consequences of sin must be overwhelming. Whatever may be the gloom of that bottomless abyss, into which the guilty shall sink forever, we are enabled to proclaim complete deliverance from that endless fall—salvation for every soul that believeth in Jesus Christ the Lord.

We also preach salvation from the power of sin. Sin finds a nest in the carnal nature, but it hides there as a thief; it shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law, but under grace. Oh, slaves, whose fetters clank in your ears, at this moment you may be free! Whether the bonds be those of drunkenness, or licentiousness, or worldliness, or despair,

THE LORD LOOSETH

the prisoners. Jesus has come to break the manacles from your wrists, the fetters from your feet. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." Happy herald who has such a proclamation to make! The boon is incalculably precious.

Further, notice, in the next place, that the time of this proclamation is present; for Peter tells us that the time spoken of by the prophet Joel began at Pentecost. When the rushing, mighty wind was heard, and the flaming tongues sat upon the disciples' heads, then was the Gospel dispensation opened in all its freeness. The Holy Ghost, who then came down to earth, has never returned; He is still in the midst of the Church, not working physical wonders, but performing moral and spiritual miracles in our midst, even to this day. To-day, through His power, full remission is preached to every repenting sinner; to-day is complete salvation promised to every one that believeth in Jesus. This day the promise stands true; "Whosoever

shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

I put aside as altogether unscriptural the notion that the day of grace is past for any man who will call upon the name of the Lord. If you will call, you shall be heard, be the day what it may; yea, though it wane to the eleventh hour. The day of grace is never past to any soul that lives, as long as it is willing to believe in Jesus. I am not told to go and say there is grace for men up to a certain point, and beyond that point there is none. I have my Master's order to preach the Gospel to every creature.

Next, notice that, as the boon is precious, and the time is present, so the range of this proclamation is promising. "*Whosoever*." There is in this word no fence, or ditch, or boundary line. You are out upon the open mountains of grace. In riding through Switzerland you will find gates put up here and there along the road, for no reason that I could see but to tax and worry travellers; many of the limits which are set to the Gospel proclamation answer no other purpose. Down with these

TOLL-BARS ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN!

We cannot and dare not discourage any man from calling on the name of the Lord. "Whosoever" includes the slum people, even the poorest of the poor; but it does not exclude the carriage people, not even the richest of the rich. "Whosoever" beckons to the educated, and looks favorably upon the cultured and the refined; but none the less does it invite the illiterate, to whom all learning is an unattainable mystery.

Young men and maidens, *whosoever* offers its embrace to you! Good and bad, honorable or disreputable, this "*whosoever*" speaks to you all with equal truth! Kings and queens may find room in it; and so may thieves and beggars. Peers and paupers sit on one seat in this word. "Whosoever" has a special voice *for you*, my hearer! Do you answer, "But I am an oddity"? "Whosoever" *includes all the oddities*. I always have a warm side toward odd, eccentric, out-of-the-way people, because I am one myself, at least so I am often said to be. I am deeply thankful for this blessed text; for if I am a lot unmentioned in any other catalogue, I know that this includes me; I am beyond all question under the shade of "*whosoever*." No end of odd people come to the Tabernacle, or read my sermons; but they are all within the range of "*whosoever*."

"Alas!" cries one, "I am dreadfully desponding, I am too low-spirited to be intended by the promise of grace!" Are you? I do not believe it. "Whosoever" goes to the very depths of despair, and up to the heights of glory. "Alas!" murmurs another, "I am not sad enough on account of my sin. I am of too frivolous a nature!" Very likely, but "*whosoever*" includes *you*; if you call on the Lord, *you* shall be saved. I hope I have not diminished the range of the text; certainly I have not intended to do so.

Furthermore, the requirement is very plain. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord." You do not need a library to explain to you how you can be saved. Here it is: "Call on the name of the Lord." This is

"THE PLAIN MAN'S PATHWAY

to heaven." You will not need to go to the Sorbonne at Paris, nor to the University of Oxford, to be tutored in the art of finding salvation. Believe and live. Is not that plain enough? "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." What does calling upon the name of the Lord mean? To call on the name of the Lord means, first, to believe in God as He reveals Himself in Scripture. His revelation of Himself is His "name." The pity of it is that the most of people in these days worship a god of their own invention. They do not make an image of clay, or of gold, but they construct a deity in their minds according to their own thoughts. They proudly judge as to what God ought to be, and they will not receive

God as He really is. What is this but a god-making as gross as that which is performed by the heathen? What can be more wicked than to attempt to imagine a better god than the one true and living God? As the deity of your fancy has no existence, I would not recommend you to trust in him. There is one living and true God, and that living God has revealed Himself in the two Books of the Old and New Testament. In these He is more clearly seen than in His works of creation or of providence. In this God you must trust; and if you trust Him, He will not deceive you.

To call on the name of the Lord also means to pray. That is the idea which naturally arises to the mind at the first sound of the word. You are lost in a wood. What are you to do? You are to

CALL FOR HELP.

"O God, hear my cry! Deliver me, for my trust is in Thee!" If I compare you to a wandering sheep, what can you do? You cannot find your way back to the fold; the brambles hold you fast, and tear your flesh. Well, you can *bleat*, and thus call for the Shepherd. Prayer, real, sincere, believing prayer will never fail. The Lord has said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

And when you have done this, then remember that to call upon the name of the Lord means also to confess that name. We read in the Old Testament: "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Not that they then first prayed, but they then began to meet together avowedly to worship Jehovah. They came out from among men, and named the sacred name as that of their God and Lord; declaring that, whatever others did, they would serve Him. The Lord requires all saved ones to do this.

I will spend a minute or two in reminding you that, as the requirement is plain, so the assurance of blessing is positive. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord *shall* be delivered," or "saved." In this there are no provisos and peradventures. The text is not a bare hope, but a solemn assertion. If thou believest, poor soul, though thou art altogether a mass of sin, thou shalt be saved! Do you not see how sure it is? God, who cannot lie, pledges His word to you; risk your soul on it. Indeed, there is no risk. If you trust in the Lord God Almighty, He will save you as surely as He is God.

And now, to wind up as to the proclamation; remember that, although it is so far-reaching as to embrace a wide world of believers, yet it is

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

to you at this hour. "Whosoever" includes *yourself*; and if you see it from the right angle, it peculiarly looks at *you*. *You*, calling upon God, shall be saved; *you*, even *you*! Friend, I do not know your name, nor do I need to know it; but I mean this word for *you*. *You* shall be saved if *you* call upon the name of the Lord. Despair itself can scarcely evade the comfort of this blessed text.

But perhaps you have not called upon the name of the Lord. Then begin at once. Cry, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and cry after that sort immediately. If you have never prayed, pray now. May God the Holy Spirit lead you to call upon the name of the Lord at this exact moment, without waiting to go home, or to get into another room! Though you have never believed in the Lord Jesus before, believe in Him now. If this be the first breath of faith that you have ever breathed, the promise is as sure to you as it is to those of us who have known the Lord these forty years. "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," is a word to a *careless fellow* who has never prayed in his life.

Oh, my hearer, the text speaks to you. How I wish I could get at you, and take you by the hand, and hold you till I had made you think! I remember when Mr. Richard Weaver preached at Park Street chapel, in his younger days, he came down from the pulpit, and ran over the pews to get at the people, that he might speak to them individually, and say, "you," and

"you," and "you." I am not nimble enough on my legs to do *that*, and I do not think I should try it if I were younger; but I wish I could, somehow or other, come to each one of you, and press home these glad tidings of great joy. *You*, my dear old friend, it means *you*! *You*, young woman, over there to the right, it means *you*! *You*, dear child, sitting with your grandmother, it means *you*! "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." O Lord, bless this word to every unconverted person to whom it comes!

II. I could almost wish to close with this soft music, but I dare not maim a text. I will deal with the second part of it with exceeding brevity, but I dare not silence it altogether. The second portion of the text contains

AN INSTRUCTIVE DECLARATION.

"It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." That was abundantly fulfilled at Pentecost, for on that day a great multitude believed, and were baptized, and were saved; thus, those who called on the name of the Lord were delivered.

Notice that the prophet says, "In Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said." He promised deliverance, and He sent it according to His Word; if *they* would not have it, He sent it as He said, and their blood was on their own heads when they refused it. The Lord went to the full length of His mercy in sending salvation to those leaders of iniquity, who with wicked hands had crucified their own Messiah.

As a result of the Lord's goodness, a remnant was saved. Notice it, "and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call." A remnant did call upon the Lord and live. Those eleven that stood up at Pentecost, and bore witness to the resurrection, were all Jews; and those who met in the upper room, when the Holy Ghost came down, were Jews; this was the remnant. But the solemn thought is that it was only a remnant of God's favored people. Centuries of visitations, prophets, miracles; yet only a remnant saved! Poor Israel, poor Israel! Most favored for many an age, and yet

ONLY A REMNANT

brought to call upon the saving Lord! Many come from distant lands, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God; but the children of the kingdom are cast out into outer darkness—all but a mere remnant.

To my mind it is most instructive to notice that even that remnant never called upon the name of the Lord until the Lord called upon them—"The remnant whom the Lord shall call." We all of us need a miracle of grace to make us perform the simple act of calling upon God. This was manifestly true in the case of Israel, for as a nation it rejected Jesus of Nazareth, and only a few were converted by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Oh you that are children of godly parents, you that habitually attend places of worship, you who sit in this house of prayer year after year—you are much in the same position as Israel of old! Yours are the outward privileges, will you reject the hopes which they set before you? My fear is lest you should get so accustomed to hearing the Gospel that you should think that mere hearing is enough. I tremble lest you should grow so habituated to the externals of religion that you should be dead to all the internal parts of it, and only a remnant of you should be saved. Oh, come, and receive the gift of free grace! Alas! I see men sunk in the darkness of unbelief, and only a remnant rising to the light of faith! Altogether, in this London, out of four or five millions, we have not half a million at worship at any one time! Out of that half million, how many do you think are real Christians? Truly, it is a remnant still. Oh, that you and I may be of that remnant!

Let us further pray the Lord to gather in the multitude, and so to accomplish speedily the number of His elect. Go forth, ye messengers of Christ, into all the world! Rise up, my

brothers and sisters, from this service, and go forth, every one of you, to call in as many as you find; yea, to compel them to come in! May the Lord cause that in London, and in Britain, there may be deliverance; yea, may His salvation be made known unto the ends of the earth! Amen.

A LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

To the Host of Friends who Read the Sermons.—My larger congregation consists of multitudes whom I have never seen. But I know full many of you from your kind letters of thanks, and from the large amount of help toward the Lord's work which you have sent me. Doubtless thousands of you are not even known to me in either of these ways, and yet you remember me in prayer when the Lord blesses the sermons to you. Accept my Christian love at this time, and permit me to ask a double interest in your prayers just now, when I am trying to take in fresh supplies for another year. The weekly sermons are continued, whether I am at home or not, for I have prepared several of my evening discourses for publication. I should be glad if you could use some little effort to increase the circulation of the weekly sermons. It is wonderful that they should have been issued regularly for thirty-two years; for sermons are not according to the literary taste of the many. The largeness of their acceptance leads me to hope that others might profit by them, if they were introduced to their notice. Those who cannot preach the Gospel themselves may yet do substantial service by placing in the hands of others a sermon which the Lord has already used for good. Please do me this kindness.

In any case, let us unite in earnest prayer for the spread of true religion in every place, and the overthrow of error in every form.

Your loving servant, for Christ's sake,
C. H. SPURGEON.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

BETTY'S FUNNY DREAM.*

BETTY visited her father one day at his office, and on the way home he had to stop at the court-room. He took Betty with him, and there she saw a court for the first time.

That night she was cruel to her kitten, and her mother reproved her, and she went to bed very sorry that she had been bad and very sorry that she had caused her kitten pain.

During the night Betty dreamed that while she was playing with her doll and wooden horse a great gray cat came and told her she must go to court and be tried for hurting her kitten. She thought she went to court, and instead of men, the judge and jury and lawyers were all cats.

The judge, who was a great white cat with spectacles, took up his pen and said to the big gray cat, "Now, what have you got to say about this little girl?"

"She beat her kitten with a stick," said the gray cat.

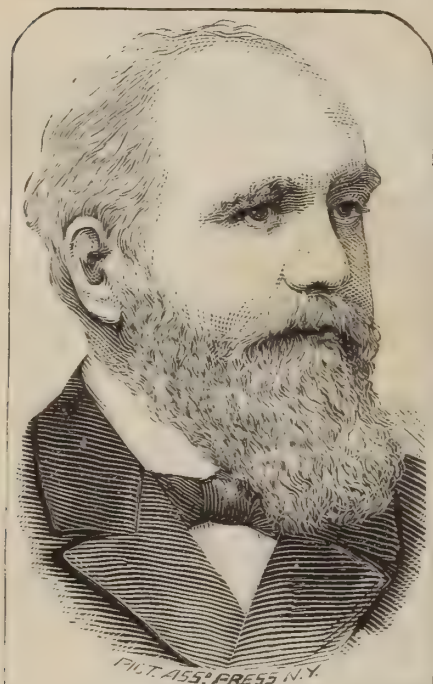
"Did she have any cause?" asked the judge.

"Not the least," said the gray cat. "Her kitten is as good as any of our kittens, and will do only what is right if she has the patience to teach it."

"This is a very bad case," said the judge to the jury, "and we may have to send this girl to our prison. However, I will leave it for you to say what her punishment shall be."

Then all the cats who were acting as the jury began to mew at each other, and all the cats

* From Worthington's Annual, a superbly illustrated book for children. It contains 216 pages with upward of three hundred engravings and colored pictures, with interesting stories, papers on natural history, biographical anecdotes, etc. Price, \$1.50. Published by Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York. The same well-known firm also publish for the use of parents and friends desiring to send presents to the nurseries: "Under Blue Skies," a quarto volume of pictures and verses by Mrs. S. J. Brigham, containing 23 full-page beautifully colored pictures. Price, \$2; and "Genevra," a Christmas story with illustrations by General Lew Wallace. Price, \$1.25. Also "From Meadow Sweet to Mistletoe," a volume of verses and pictures by Mary A. Lathbury, with 21 full-page pictures. Price, \$2.50.



Gen. Clinton B. Fisk.



A Group of Natives of Uganda in Equatorial Africa.

with pens began to write very fast, and the gray cat sat and watched Betty to see that she did not run away.

Then all became quiet, and an old cat in the centre of the room stood up and said, "What say you, gentlemen of the jury, shall we scratch her eyes out or send her to prison?"

But before they answered Betty woke up and found it was all a horrid dream.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

(See Portrait.)

PROMINENT among the workers in the cause of temperance, and the evangelization of the masses, is the genial, popular gentleman whose portrait appears on this page. With a perseverance on which discouragements seem to have no power, and a courage undaunted by difficulties, he has labored in the front ranks of those who, in New York and the adjacent States have consecrated time and work to the effort to deliver the slaves of vice from their thralldom. He has not only worked himself, but has stood gallantly by the side of Jerry McAuley and other evangelists, encouraging them by cheering words and unostentatiously helping them when substantial aid was needed for their work.

General Fisk is fifty-eight years of age, having been born at York, N. Y., in the year 1828. In his boyhood the family removed to Michigan, and in that State General Fisk spent his youth and early manhood. He was successively merchant, miller, and banker there before removing to St. Louis, Mo., in 1859. At the outbreak of the war he entered the Union Army, and before the end of 1862 rose to the rank of brigadier-general. Since the war he has engaged in various railroad and insurance enterprises in New York State, and popular report has it that he has amassed a considerable fortune. In the political campaign of this fall he accepted the Prohibition nomination for the Governorship of New Jersey. He was unsuccessful, as was to be expected, but it was not an ignominious defeat. He polled 19,810 votes—a remarkable total in comparison with the 191 votes polled by Neal Dow in 1880 and the 6153 cast for St. John in 1884.

THE NATIVES OF UGANDA.

(See Illustration.)

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the sketch on this page of the group of African natives. The persons depicted are subjects of the King of Uganda, the savage king by whose orders Bishop Hannington was put to death. A glance at the bloated forms, and coarse, repulsive features,

gives sad confirmation of the distressing details recorded by the martyred bishop in his diary. The heartless mockeries and the pitiless cruelty to which the good Christian missionary was subjected are just what such men and women might be expected to inflict on a helpless victim. The record of the last days of the bishop's life, which has so strangely found its way to his home on the first anniversary of his death, needs only this picture of the people to enable us to form a conception of that sad scene in the hut where the bishop lay sick, while around him stood his captors, taunting him before they led him out to execution.

Evidently his treatment by the King was extremely treacherous. The king invited him to remain as his guest for a few days, and the bishop complied. While taking a walk the bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants, but became weak and faint, and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted they stripped and robbed him, and imprisoned him in a noisome hut full of vermin and decaying bananas. He remained in bed during the following days, parties of the chief's wives, out of idle curiosity, coming daily to see him. On the seventh day he writes that the fever continued, that at night the place swarmed with vermin, that the guards were drunk and noisy, and that he was unable to sleep. At last he became delirious. On the eighth day, October 29th, he was conscious. His entries on this day are brief. "No news. A hyena howled all night, smelling a sick man. Hope he will not have me yet." This is the final entry. It is believed that shortly after writing this he was taken out and put to death. Throughout the week there are frequent entries referring to the comfort he derived from reading the Psalms.

CHARLES MARKHAM'S WEDDING-TRIP.

(See Illustration on page 797.)

A WRITER, whose works are to be found in every home in America, ventures the opinion in one of his smaller volumes that it would be a good thing for many couples on their way to be married, if they could be stopped in time and brought back separately. There were many persons in Jacksonville who thought it would have been a good thing for Charles Markham and Mary Edson if that could have been done for them, but no one ventured to do it, because no one who thought so had the right to do it. Mary's father had a large family and a very small income, so that when the young bookbinder pro-

posed for Mary, the father consented to their marriage.

It was not so good a match as Mr. Edson would have liked Mary to make, but Charles was a steady fellow, kind, and affectionate, and, on the whole, it might have been worse, so, while he was not jubilant about it, he was cordially acquiescent. There were persons who blamed him, and said that two children like those ought not to marry; but, as Charles was twenty-one and Mary was twenty-four, they could not be considered children in years. What the neighbors meant was that, in mental equipment and moral character they were children, and so they were. Careless, improvident, thoughtless, and self-indulgent, they were not fit for the responsibility of the marriage state. Charles fished nothing better than to get a day off from his work and go fishing, while Mary depended on her mother even for the mending of her stockings.

But they were in a hurry to get married, and so, as Charles had not the money to furnish a home, and was never likely to have by his own earning, it was settled that the young couple should live with Mary's parents. Mary's mother arranged and planned how the whole thing was to be done, but there was one detail that the young folks did fix for themselves and held to, in spite of opposition. They were determined to spend their honeymoon in New York. Neither Charles nor Mary had ever seen the big city, and the idea of spending a week there seemed to them both the most delightful prospect imaginable. It would cost a great deal of money, which they could ill afford to lose, but that consideration was little likely to weigh with two persons so unaccustomed to self-denial as they. Accordingly, immediately after the wedding, they set out for the Empire City to enjoy themselves.

It is not difficult for any visitor to New York no matter what his idea of enjoyment is, to find provision made for it. Unhappily, however, strangers are liable to be deceived as to the character of places of amusement. Plate-glass windows, expensive fittings, and a superabundance of brilliant lights are not pledges that the places so adorned are not the scene of deeds of darkness. The newly-married couple were just of the character most likely to be victimized, and on the first night of their visit they were about to enter one of the worst of those traps for the unwary. As they stood under the glare of the electric light, a clergyman saw them, and understood the situation at a glance. The country garb, the affectionate simplicity of the two, marked them out as victims, and the clergyman, in true Christian kindness, accosted them.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think you are strangers here and may not know the character of this place. It is a dangerous place for innocent persons. Many have been ruined there for time and eternity."

"Thank you, dominie, for your good intentions," said Charles, lightly, but not without instinctive respect for the clergyman's calling, "but I guess we are able to take care of ourselves."

"You may be, but if you go in there you would need better protection than your own. I should have better hope of your safety if I heard that your confidence was in God and not in yourselves; but in that case you would not go in at all. Come with me and I will show you a place where you will not be dull, and where you may get good, too."

"We can go to prayer-meetings at home," Mary put in. "We want something more lively just now. Don't worry, we shall be all right."

"Yes, I'll take care of her, dominie," Charles added, "and myself, too. We only want to see a little life. It's very dull down where we live."

"You will see no life there, my dear fellow; it is death of the soul that you will see, and very often death of the body is seen there, too. Let me beg of you, as one who would be your friend, not to go in." The clergyman laid his hand tenderly on the young man's shoulder as he spoke, and added, "You know the wise man's advice, 'Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.'"

Charles hesitated, but Mary had no fear. "Let's go and see what it is like," she said. "It's only for once, and we may never have the chance again. We can come out if it is so very bad."

The clergyman saw it was no use to plead against her, and sighing heavily he turned away in despair. "Here is my card," he said, "if you need a friend do not hesitate to call upon me. I shall be glad to serve you."

Charles took the card, and thanked him, but he disregarded the advice, and went in with his young wife. There was nothing so very dreadful to be seen. In fact the sight was one that by its magnificence delighted the country couple, unaccustomed as they were to such dazzling splendor. It was quiet, too. Few people were there, and an efficient band discoursed sweet and seductive music. The two seated themselves at a little table and a waiter presented them with the wine-list. It was a novel sensation, and Charles, having consulted his wife, ordered champagne, as being a drink of which both had heard much but had never tasted.

Before the bottle was exhausted the character of the scene had changed. Groups of hilarious men and gaudily-dressed women came in, and found unexpected pleasure in guying the country couple. Charles felt his head a little unsteady, but at the same time was conscious of stimulated courage, and an indisposition to submit patiently to ridicule. The wine, the music, and the glitter bewildered him, and Mary, too, was excited, and, as he saw, was wounded by the coarse jests levelled at her.

What actually occurred he did not know then and could not remember afterward. A confused recollection came to him the next morning of a scuffle, a desperate struggle, and a fall. The next morning when he recovered consciousness he was in a cell, the door of which was opened only to allow of his being conducted into court, to answer a charge of being "drunk and disorderly." He had nothing to say in defence,



Charles and Mary Markham are Warned by the Clergyman.

and he was fined ten dollars. It was then that he discovered the full extent of his calamity. His pockets were empty, and the pocket-book that contained the money to defray the expenses of the week's pleasure was gone. Ten days in prison seemed inevitable when the thought of the kind clergyman crossed his mind.

This was no time for false pride, and Charles was only too eager to have a friend. He sent for him, and the clergyman was quick to respond. It was not difficult to secure a remission of the fine on the clergyman's intercession, and with that and the loan of a sufficient sum to pay his passage home Charles quitted the court, glad to find his wife and start promptly on the journey. It was a humiliating end of the wedding-trip, but as things might have been so much worse the crestfallen couple were not sure whether congratulation would not be more appropriate than sympathy.

"I wish we had taken the dominie's advice, Mary," Charles said, as they travelled homeward.

It was a wish many a man has uttered in various circumstances. Happy they who do not have to utter it amid sighs and groans on a death-bed, when remorse is all that is possible, and repentance is beyond attainment.

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 783.)

The Atheling Family.

WHILE Simon was pursuing a process of ablution before going to visit the sick lady, the door opened and admitted the rotund miller, Peter Prout, whitened even to the hair and eyebrows with the powdery tokens of his calling. "Mornin', Mrs. Holmes," said he, in a shrill and squeaking voice not at all in proportion to his size. "Is t' maister in?"

"Yes, he's in," said Rebecca, "but he's just gettin' tied up a bit. He hez to go up to the Hall."

"You don't say seca! What, then, is t' young lady woss? Ah's sorry to hear it. But there, rich fooaks ha' te feel t' rub o' t' grun'-stun as weel as poor fooaks. There's mair then them i' Thorpe Aspen 'at's gettin' t' han'le tonn'd pratty fast just noo. Ha' yo' heeard t' news?"

"No, what is it?" said Rebecca, who could not be expected to be without the attribute which is supposed to belong specially, though by no means peculiarly, to her sex.

"Why, they say," said the miller, "that young Alfred Atheling's run off wi' a big round bag o' guineas belangin' to 'is maister, an' 'at 'im an' young Spofforth's gone abroad to spend it."

"They say," said Simon Holmes, who had now come down-stairs and was putting on his boots as he sat on one of the lower steps—"They say 'is one o' the biggest liars i' all the country side, an' them that quotes him ower often gets tarred wi' the same brush."

"Lawk a massy, Simon! Ah didn't knoa 'at you were there," said the miller, taken aback by the warmth of the carpenter's remark. "Ah's nobbut tellin' yo' what ah've heeard."

"Oh, dear, poor Mrs. Atheling!" said tender-hearted Rebecca. "However will she bear it?"

"Why, badly aneeaf, you may be sure, poor creatur," said the miller, who looked rather pleased than otherwise. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Holmes, it's my opinion 'at

a yard or two o' Tyburn hemp weel twisted wad be about the best thing for 'im; an' accordin' te my opinion, he's likely te get it."

"I knoa o' something a't would suit him a good deal better," said Simon, rising to his feet and confronting the loose-tongued man of meal, "a good deal better, an' some other folks an' all."

"Why, what's that, Simon?" said the miller, in the tone of one who is deprecating a too-strong rejoinder.

"Why, the grace of God in the heart, Miller," said the carpenter. "Plenty o' that would keep him out o' mischief, an' put a bridle on talkative tongues 'at sadly want some reinin' up."

"Oh, dear me!" said Peter Prout, pulling out his big silver watch from his fob, "ah didn't knoa ah'd been here se lang. Ah mun be off noo."

The fact is that the watch had been brought out in readiness to cover his retreat, for the miller had expected a rebuke, for downright Simon was very awkward handling. Still he managed to give a kind of Parthian shot as he prudently retreated: "I say, Simon, you weean't forget them floorin' boards. Ah'll try to keep me-sen frey a broken neck while yo' cum back fre' 'The 'All.' Just tickle 'is memory up a bit, missis. Ah's frightened 'at 'The 'All' 'll be gettin' 'im altogether."

Hereupon the miller betook him to his cart, which had all the while been standing at the gate, and in which he now departed to make his daily round; to deliver sundry sacks of flour, "sharps," and barley meal, and to gather grain to feed his mill-stones and his pouch. It is much to be feared that Dobbin received more than her usual share of whip, having in that respect to stand proxy for Simon Holmes, the carpenter.

Before we follow Simon Holmes on his errand to Aspen Towers, we must turn aside a while and look in upon the shadowed household of Aspen Garth, upon the widow with the silver hair who sits in the "night," rocking herself in

sad silence by the old-fashioned ingle-nook. Widow Atheling's weeds of widowhood have only been very lately donned, and the sorrow of that great loss still sat heavy on her soul. What manner of man her husband was will be discovered by the necessary mention of a solemn and important incident that occurred as he lay upon his death-bed.

"My poor lad! My poor wandering lad! Robert, my son, promise me that you will never give up all hope of him, never give up joining with your mother in prayer for him, never grow tired of seeking him, never rest content until Alfred, your brother Alfred, comes home again to Thorpe Aspen, and to his father's God and Saviour."

These words, earnest words, were spoken by Farmer Atheling, as he lay back upon the pillow from which his good gray head will never more be lifted, except for his removal to his final resting-place beneath the spreading yew-trees in Thorpe Aspen churchyard, the sacred spot in which many generations of Athelings were laid asleep. By the bedside of the dying man was seated his eldest son, a fine-featured, stalwart young yeoman, of some six or seven and twenty years of age, whose fingers were held lovingly in the hand of his beloved and dying parent. The young man's grief at his impending loss was not to be measured by words; and as he sat watching and listening in that solemn midnight hour, his strong frame trembled, and his heart beat strong and quickly with suppressed emotion. Robert Atheling's love and devotion to both his parents amounted to a pious passion, and it may well be said that both they and he were worthy of the strong, absorbing love that bound their hearts in one. Through all the parish of Thorpe Aspen, through all Aspendale, and even in regions beyond, Robert's tender attention, his assiduous care, his loyal service and self-sacrifice on their behalf were known and honored.

It may well be understood, therefore, that the young man's heart was sore, and that his very soul was sad and sorrowful as he sat by this death-bed, and watched his honored father slowly gliding out of life before his eyes. Every line in that noble face, every gray hair above those pale brows was dear to him; so he sat, making strong effort to swallow down the choking in his throat, and for a few moments he made his father no reply. The old man pressed his hand more firmly, fixed his dimming eyes upon him more eagerly, and with all the energy of his failing powers, said, "Robert, my son! My dear, good, faithful son! Will you promise?"

Recalled to a full conviction of all that his father's words implied, for latterly Alfred had dropped entirely out of sight and hearing of home and friends, Robert placed his other hand on that of his aged sire, and said earnestly and solemnly, "Yes, dear father, I promise. I will never give up uniting my prayers with my mother's on his behalf; I will never give up hoping for him; I will never grow tired of seeking him; I will never rest contented until Alfred comes home again to Thorpe Aspen, and to his father's God."

"God bless thee, my son!" said the old man, with a smile on his face and a light in his eyes which more than half repaid the young man for his solemn vow, "the God of thy fathers bless thee! Now, Robert, I can die content. We shall meet again, an unbroken family in heaven. As for thee, my son, thine shall be the best of blessings from the hand of God: 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!' And, Robert, my son, *He will!*"

The young man felt that then and there a benediction had fallen on him; that then and there his father's words had received the sanction of his God. This interview had been held in private at his father's own request. The rest of the family were now admitted, the weeping mother, soon to be a widow, two sorrowing

daughters, and a younger son, worthy scions of a noble stock—the whole family, except, alas! that young, misguided brother whose sad lapse from the path of virtue was the only thorn in his father's pillow as he was lying there upon the bed of death.

Each of them in turn received a loving word, a farewell kiss, a final benediction, and then after a little while came the end. It was a peaceful end; the death of the righteous always is; it is the fitting finish of a godly life. It was a calm sunset, and the western sky was bright with the golden light of a "sure and certain hope;" and then, on this side, night; on the other, morning!

"After the middle watches,
As they softly near him trod,
His soul from its prison fetters,
Was loosed by the hand of God.

"One moment his pale lips trembled
With the triumph he might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal
On the spirit's vision fell.

"Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some ancient picture
On the face of a dying saint.

"And they felt, in the lonesome midnight,
As they sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the pathway of others
The feet of the righteous shed.

"And they thought how with faith unshrinking
He came to the Jordan's tide,
And taking the hand of the Saviour
Went up on the heavenly side."

As soon as opportunity served him Robert Atheling went into his chamber, not to weep there, like Joseph of old, but again to register the serious promise he had made to his dying father, and on his knees to seek for strength and guidance for the fulfilment of that fraternal mission to which he had just set solemn seal. In due time the tombstone beneath the yew-trees covered another tenant, and on it was inscribed, together with a truthful record of his virtues, another name, the name of Edward Atheling, whose memory is held in special honor in Thorpe Aspen to this day. Standing by that grave, Robert Atheling shed many a tributary tear. Then he turned away to pursue his double mission in life—to sustain and comfort his widowed mother, and to win back the wandering prodigal to his mother's home, and to both his mother's and his father's God.

During those first thick-shadowed days that followed after the funeral of Farmer Atheling, the old carpenter, Simon Holmes, was often at Aspen Garth, where his visits were warmly welcomed and much esteemed. He was a genuine "son of consolation," Simon was, for he was learned in the higher lore, the knowledge and wisdom which comes by a devout study of the Book and by inner revelations from Him that wrote it, the knowledge and wisdom that grows and ripens in them who by experience can testify concerning the deep things of God.

Thorpe Aspen was not highly favored in the matter of true Christian teaching. The vicar of the parish was one of that ineffective and formal class, now fast dying out before the dawn of a better and brighter day, who fancied that their duties were rounded by the set performance of all the appointed ecclesiastical formalities in the church and out of it, and that a page or two from the Prayer-book was sufficient to satisfy all their parishioners' spiritual needs. Besides this, the good man was aged and infirm, so that even his superficial notions of the duties of his sacred office were almost as rarely put into practice by him as they were sought for by his parishioners.

The family at Aspen Garth, and that of Simon Holmes and one or two others, were in the habit of attending church on the morning of the Sabbath day, mainly from custom and from some respect to the vicar and Sir Godwin, for there was no great antipathy at Thorpe Aspen to the Church as an institution. In the afternoon,

however, they generally repaired to the neighboring town of Chilworth, which was within easy distance, and where there was an evangelic minister who did provide for his hearers "the true bread that feeds the soul." Both at Aspen Garth and at Simon Holmes's humbler dwelling there was what Paul says of Philemon's—"The church that is in thine house," and thus the flames of true Christian light and life were kept burning, even in Thorpe Aspen's indifferent and apathetic air.

And so it came to pass that the godly carpenter was looked up to by many, and, sooth to say, was scoffed at by a few, as the spiritual adviser of the villagers, an unsought, though by no means irksome or unwelcome, vocation, for which Simon's high character, unassuming piety, and strong intelligence peculiarly fitted him. Even those who saw fit to sneer at him, to make a mock at his religion and to call him "praying Simon," or "*Simon the psalmist*," in allusion to his poetic proclivities, during their days of health and prosperity, were glad enough in the hour of sickness, death, or adversity to solicit the old carpenter's counsel and prayers, and got besides his kindly sympathy and ever-helpful hand.

"Good-evening, Simon," said Mrs. Atheling, as he crossed the threshold a day or two after they had committed Farmer Atheling to his last resting-place. "I'm glad to see you; glad always, kind neighbor, but most glad when, as now, my hearth is shadowed, and my heart is sad! Draw your chair to the fire; or stay, take the ingle-nook and my goodman's chair. He honored you while he lived, and he would be the first to say that you will honor it, now he's gone." The last words provoked, and not unnaturally, both a sigh and a tear.

"Thank yo'," said Simon, accepting the invitation. "There's something sad i' one's fost look at a vacant chair, an' one thinks 'at them 'at's gone 'il nivver sit there no more. But, I say, Mrs. Atheling, I think that isn't the thawt 'at comes either to you or me about *him*. Where is he sittin' noo? They don't mak' sitch seats doon here; no, indeed, nut for king's palaces."

A faint smile like a sunbeam flitted across the widow's face, flitted back again and sat there, as she replied, "You are right, Simon. It doesn't seem right, does it, to mourn that one who was so ripe for heaven has gone there, or that while he is praising God for taking him there, we should be complaining because he has not been left here? Oh, dear!" she continued with a sigh, "what a strange mixture life is!"

"Yes, that's true anuff. There's no denyin' it. But there's a vast difference i' life accordin' as it's mixed *by* us or *for* us. If we undertak' to mak' it up for ourselves, there's no wonder 'at it gets bad to tak', an' hez some awkward effects when it is ta'en. If it's mixed for us ivery day by the Good Physician, things is put into it in a right proportion, an' even when it's nut pleasant it's medicinal, an' the result is perfect health. That's just hoo it is wi' your husband, Mrs. Atheling. Doon here we're often squeamish an' sickly both i' body an' mind; an' at the best oor souls hev ague fits o' fear an' doot. Noo, Farmer Atheling is i' *perfect health*. He let the good Lord mix the cup of his life for him all the tahme, an' so to-day he stands up before his God as ruddy as David, as strong as Samson, as beautiful as Jesus, an' as his Saviour looks on him, He says, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole!' An' that's hoo you'll see him, Mrs. Atheling, when you see him again."

The widow had already conjured up in her mind, under Simon's stirring words, the picture of her departed treasure as he looked on the happy day of their espousals, and the smile brightened on her face still more as she thought of the coming hour when she should look on that dear face again. "Thank you, Simon," said she. "You've done my heart good. He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him."

"Nowt so sure, Mrs. Atheling. Nowt so

sure, only let Him mix your cup. Don't try either to mak' or to meddle, or to question about the prescription or the like o' that. 'My Father's cup, shall I not drink it?' You know who said that; an' He's bound to work the same merracle of healin' upo' you; an' by the grace of God, I'll be there to give yo' both a warm hand-grip in the Land of Health!"

(To be continued.)

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 26, Phil. 4: 4-7.

The Lord's Nearness a Fact—Often Unrealized—Christians Perplexed about Sanctification—Near at the Time of Surrender—What He Does—What Giving Implies—Christians Anxious about Unserved Loved Ones—About Business—Jesus not Beyond Call—Parental Anxieties—The Heart-Maker the Heart Educator—Anxieties about Christian Work—About Healing—The Unchangeable Jesus.

THE Lord is close by, "at hand," within touch; don't be anxious—"in nothing be anxious." How can we be anxious within sight of Jesus? "He careth for you," therefore cast all your care upon Him (1 Peter 5: 7). Yes; but where is He? How can I get at Him? "The Lord is at hand," close by. Not only at hand as to His second coming, but at hand to deliver, at hand to undertake, at hand to conquer, at hand to comfort. Therefore, "rejoice in the Lord always," in a near, present Jesus, "and again I say, Rejoice."

"Rejoice?" says a poor perplexed child of God, who has heard much of

SANCTIFICATION.

and has sounded again and again the depths of his own heart to see if he can recognize it there. "Rejoice? when I cannot even be quite sure that I have rightly surrendered myself to God? Rejoice? why, my burden seems to be always on the increase. Again and again I have given myself over to God, and thought I was in earnest, and yet I have found no difference in myself, and at last I have given it up." Dear brother or sister, where was Jesus all the time? When you surrendered yourself to Him, what did He do? Were you so taken up with the giving up of yourself that you never gave Him credit for taking the gift you gave? In the giving of a gift there must be two parties concerned—the one who gives and the one who receives. If you did present your body a living sacrifice, if you did recognize that you were not your own, but bought with a price,

WHAT DID JESUS DO?

His own testimony of Himself is: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6: 37). Did He break His word to you? Or was it that you were too busy with yourself to notice Him? He was at hand, close by, but unnoticed by you. Therefore, now, while you read this page, turn quickly to Him who is close by, tell Him you take Him at His word, you believe He receives the offering, and then the anxiety about your state will pass away out of your hands into His. He takes the care, the responsibility, the keeping of all which we drop into His hands. "But," you ask, "how do I know that I have rightly given myself over to Him?" Just as you know that you have given away any other gift—by the fact that the thing given has changed hands. If our precious Lord means what He says (and He surely does), then you have changed hands—have gone out of your own into His. He is close by; rejoice in Him that He has accepted you. How do you know that you have entered a railway carriage? From the fact that instead of hastening toward it, you are there, and are being borne along by a power not your own, and you can rest and cease from your own works.

"But," says another, "I must be anxious about the conversion of my unsaved relatives; how can I help being anxious?" Where is Jesus? Close by, or afar off? Has your anxiety brought one of those relatives to Christ yet? Has it not, rather, made them avoid you, and

have not your constant appeals seemed only to harden them?

WHERE IS JESUS?

Is it of no importance to Him whether they are lost or saved? "Oh," you say, "I pray continually, by day and by night, for them, but I see little or no change." Where is Jesus? He calls you to cast *all* your care upon Him, even the care about the conversion of your friends; for *in this*, as in all else, "He careth for you." And you have been walking in the vain shadow of your own energy and anxiety, and disquieting yourself in vain (Ps. 39: 6). He who gave His very life-blood for those relatives is not gone away out of call; He is close by, waiting for you to trust them over to Him, and to cease from your anxiety. His Word is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house" (Acts 16: 31); and to believe is to enter into rest about them, because Jesus, when trusted with them, makes their conversion His business.

"But what if they resist, what if they will not come?" Is it not that very consideration which has kept you so long wrestling in prayer, with your eye upon them all the time, and is it not that which is making you anxious now? But God says: "In *nothing* be anxious (therefore, in *this* be not anxious); but in everything by prayer, and supplication *with thanksgiving* (thanksgiving that there and then the Lord *does* take the matter in hand) let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." Your hearts and your thoughts are not guarded in Christ Jesus while you are occupied about the resistance manifested by your dear ones. You are in heart making something impossible to God, and you are taking upon you that part of the transaction which can only be regulated between them and God. Does God want them saved? Is Jesus at hand to undertake it? Do you, when you pray, believe that you do receive their salvation, because God has promised it, and that without doubting in your heart? If so, you cannot longer have a shadow of anxiety about the matter, because it has passed into the hands of the living God, and Jesus is close by to hear you whisper again and again that you know it is safe with Him.

"But how can I help being

ANXIOUS ABOUT BUSINESS?

Why, things are as wrong as they can be. My partner has the chief power; I see unrighteous dealing and transactions which seem to me like gambling, but I have no more power than a common clerk, and I am bound by an obligation of honor to stay in the business." Some such cases are always turning up. But where is Jesus? Is He gone out of call? "The Lord is at hand (close by). In nothing be anxious." "But my conscience is involved." Yes; thank God it is so when there is unrighteousness going on; but your conscience cannot alter matters, but God can. Now, can you trust Jesus with business matters? Can you believe that He understands all the intricacies of business life, and that He can unravel the tangle which threatens to bind your very soul? Will you trust it over to Him, leaving Him to tell you whether to go out of the business, and face ruin, leaving also your reputation to Him, or whether to stand still where you are, and see the salvation of God in His complete subversion of all the business habits of your partner? Thank God, "He careth for you" just in this very trial; but while you are bearing the burden of it, though He stands close by, He is unable to help you.

"Not anxious!" says some father or mother. "Why, there is everything in my

FAMILY

to cause anxiety. My children are impatient of control, and I see them escaping from my influence one after another. I see them sowing seed which cannot fail to produce a harvest of sorrow and suffering." Yes; but where is Jesus? Is He not at hand, still close by? Is He indifferent to the welfare of your children? Is He not

equal to the care of them? Has He ceased to be "the God of all the families of the earth"? He undertook the education of Peter, James, John, Paul, and turned them out good and consistent Christians. Suppose you believe that in this also His command applies: "In nothing be anxious." Suppose you hand over this anxiety into His able hands, and let the heart-maker be the heart-educator? "But if they go on just the same?" Well, suppose He sees there is no other way of teaching them some lessons which they must learn;

IS THIS UNWISE

of Him who sees the end from the beginning? Did He make a mistake when He let Peter go the length of denying Him with oaths and curses that he might learn his own depravity and nothingness? Did He make a mistake when He let Job go on condemning God and asserting his own righteousness, so that he might learn the lesson which nothing had yet taught him, that he was vile, and that he might come to abhor himself and repent in dust and ashes? If you can trust God out of your sight, and farther than you can understand His dealings, you will commit that family of yours to Him, and, instead of being racked with anxiety all the time, every manifestation on their part which used to try you will bring forth a joyous song of praise that the Lord is faithful and that He will prevail. And "God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." It is wonderful how God educates our children when we trust them to Him, while He at the same time is educating us in the school of faith.

"But then, there's my

CHRISTIAN WORK;

how can I help being anxious when I see so much inconsistency among workers?" Well, has your anxiety ever made an inconsistent worker consistent? No. But God, when He is trusted, can do this work, and He is waiting now to do it. "But then, I must be anxious as to results. How can I help being troubled if I do not see souls converted?" Where, again I ask, is Jesus? Is He close by? Has He any care about the salvation of souls? Does He care for them as much as you do? If so, then go a step backward, just behind Jesus, and instead of being anxious, rejoice in the Lord that He loves them to the death. Trust Him to work for their salvation by His blessed Spirit in their hearts.

"But I have claimed Him as my Healer, and I am

NOT HEALED;

what can the matter be? I fear something is wrong with my faith, or He has something to teach me, or it is not His will to heal." Where, again, is Jesus? Is He close by? Does not He who took away sickness from all who came to Him when He was upon earth care whether you are healed? Cast *all* the care of your body upon Him, "He careth for you," "the Lord (is) for the body" (1 Cor. 6: 13). If faith is lacking, cast on Him the care of your faith; you cannot create it, trust Him to give it you. If He has something to teach you, trust Him to teach it you, you cannot find it out; only the Holy Ghost can show it you. If you doubt about His will, ask the Holy Spirit to reveal His will, that you may see it in His Word. He is at hand, close by, to show it you; therefore, for the body, as for the soul, be careful for nothing; His care suffices.

Volume VIII. of the Christian Herald, containing the Numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price \$3, including postage. A few volumes of 1883 and 1884 are also for sale. We have none prior to 1883.

An Illustrated Work on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of the Bible, by the Rev. M. Baxter, entitled: "Forty Coming Wonders," may be had from the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York, by remitting one dollar. It is a book of 528 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and contains fifty full-page pictures and diagrams representing the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. It also contains a résumé of the opinions of other expositors, and extracts carefully collated from the works of all the most eminent writers on prophecy from the earliest ages of the Christian era down to those of recent date. It thus forms the most useful and complete guide the student can have on entering the study of that portion of the Word of God. The book may also be obtained for one dollar from any bookseller, who can procure it from the American News Company.

THE CHRISTIAN FERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 51.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1886.

Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF YAROO M. NEESAN, THE MISSIONARY STUDENT FROM PERSIA.

ON TRIAL. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

CURRENT EVENTS: The Vote on the Tariff—Reform in the Indian System—A New York Alderman Convicted—The Arrest of Irish Nationalists—European War Rumors—An Erring Woman Rescued by her Brother—A Disagreeable Alternative for Tramps—An Artificial Earthquake, etc.

LOVE'S LAW AND LIFE. A New Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.

THE THREE DESTINIES. A Prophetic Exposition by G. H. Pember.

Among the Zenanas in India—Ruskin's Bible—Only One Leaf in the Desert—A Good Man's Nephew.

PICTURE OF AN INCIDENT OF IRISH TERRORISM.

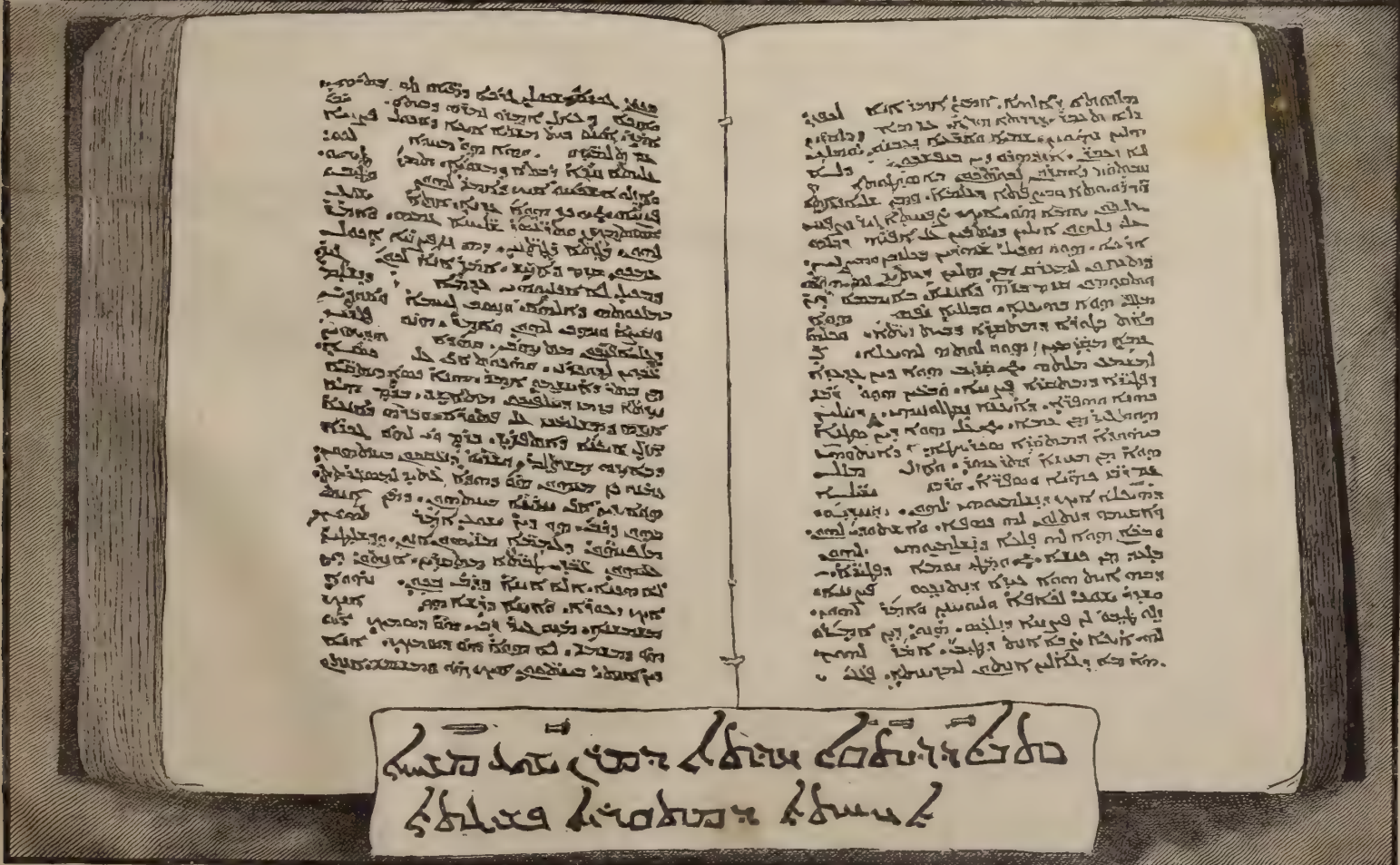
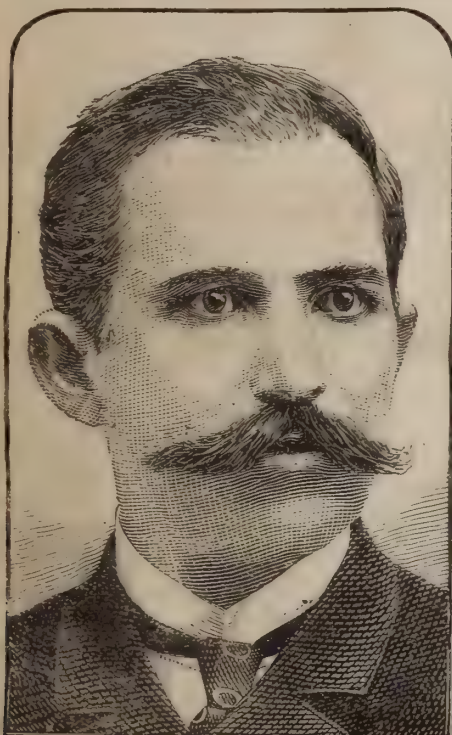
Gems from New Books: An Alpine Tragedy.

EFFIE'S PICTURE. (With Illustration.)

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. A Serial Story.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. (Continued.)

CREATION AND REST. By Mrs. M. Baxter.



YAROO M. NEESAN, the Missionary Student from Persia—The Walls of Teheran—An Ancient MS. Syriac New Testament.

YAROO M. NEESAN,
The Missionary Student from Persia.

The Home and Family in Persia—The Plundered Christian Home—Three Days in a Cave—Fight with Brigands—Flight to Oroomiah—Working for an Education—Mission and Colportage Work—A Journey with Lady Missionaries—A Midnight Attack—A Three Hours' Fight with Koordish Brigands—Another Journey—On the Battle-Field—A Night Watch—College Life—Master of Twenty Languages—Marriage—In a Besieged City—His Wife Hidden in the Mountains—Arrival in America.

In a former issue of this journal was a notice of the arrival of a young student from Persia, who had come to America to prepare himself for more effective missionary service in his native land. We are now enabled to publish his portrait and a brief sketch of his eventful life, with a picture of the walls and city of Teheran in Persia.

Yaroo M. Neesan was born on a farm situated among the mountains of Koordistan between Persia and Asiatic Turkey. He is now thirty-three years of age, having been born in the year 1853. His parents were Syrians, or, as they are called, Nestorian Christians, who were at one time thought to be part of the lost ten tribes of Israel. The Neesan family possessed considerable property, the bulk of which was in sheep and cattle. It was a precarious life that they passed on that mountain farm. Gangs of Koords infested the neighborhood, who lived by plunder, and no plunder was so welcome as that snatched from the Christians. Mr. Neesan's parents were known to be Christians, and were therefore frequent objects of attack by the Koordish Mohammedan desperadoes. One of the young man's earliest recollections is of spending

THREE DAYS IN A CAVE,

to which he and the women and children of the village were hurriedly carried when the news was brought that the Koords were coming. In that cave they lay concealed, suffering agonies of suspense, while the men of the village quitted their agricultural pursuits to fight for their hearths and homes. Through three days and nights the battle raged, but on the third night the Koordish robbers were driven off, and the women and children were conducted back to their homes. That happened in 1861, when Mr. Neesan was only eight years old.

It was, unhappily, no uncommon experience. Time after time the Koords descended, and when they took the village by surprise the farmers lost cattle and crops, and thought themselves happy if their houses were not burned, and their lives and the lives of their families were spared. In 1864 Mr. Neesan's parents relinquished this painful effort to exist on their farm. The attacks of the Koordish brigands became more frequent and more formidable, and after seven more raids, in which they lost a large portion of their property, they packed up the little that remained to them and set out on their long and weary journey to Oroomiah in Persia.

The family settled in Oroomiah County, not far from the city of Oroomiah, the father, uncle and elder brothers working on a farm, no longer able to be their own masters. At a later date they succeeded in arranging with a landowner a species of lease of his farm. The terms were that the produce of the farm should be divided into two equal portions, of which the owner took one as rent and the Neesan family the other. There was no mission school near the farm so the boy was sent to the next village for his education. There

A MISSION SCHOOL

had been established by the American Board, which has now, and for the fifteen years last past, passed under the control of the Presbyterian Missionary Board.

The boy remained in that school two years, and during that time his fine natural abilities, his aptitude for study, and his unwearying industry attracted notice. His progress encouraged his father to send him to the Missionary

college. This institution was under Presbyterian control and is still flourishing. It has been recently removed to a spot about one mile and a half from the city of Oroomiah, but at that time it was six miles away. He entered college in the year 1870, when he was seventeen years of age, and during his college course he was initiated into the hardships and trials of missionary life. Between the terms he taught in the mission schools, or accompanied the missionaries on colportage and preaching tours in the surrounding country.

During one of these tours Mr. Neesan had a narrow escape from death in

A CONFLICT WITH BRIGANDS.

He was invited to accompany a party of ladies into the Koordish Mountains, where they were going with money, clothing, and books to relieve the prevailing distress among the Koords, consequent upon the famine, and to preach the Gospel and distribute Christian books. Among the ladies were the wife and daughter of Dr. Cochran, the eminent medical missionary in Persia. The assistance of Mr. Neesan was especially valuable to them on account of his familiarity with the language of the Koords.

One night while the party was encamped in two tents on the outskirts of a village, a deacon of the mission church came out to them and spent the evening. As darkness fell, the alarm, sadly familiar to Mr. Neesan's ears in his boyhood, was given, "The Koords are coming." Instantly he was upon his feet preparing to protect his charge. He had two old-fashioned pistols and an axe, and with these he advanced upon the brigands. The deacon and the cook came to his assistance and the Koords received a warm reception. The deacon soon fell, shot in the back, and the cook was wounded in the head, but the young student continued to fight against the robbers. The sound of the shooting was heard in the village and a number of the villagers came to the scene of the struggle. Not knowing in the darkness how many brigands might be engaged, they deemed it the wisest course to remove the ladies and the wounded deacon to the village for safety. They were accordingly hurried away. They could not find Mr. Neesan and

FEARED HE MUST BE KILLED.

Returning upward of an hour afterward they were rejoiced to find him in the tent. He was a pitiable sight. For three hours he had maintained the fight in the dark and was badly bruised and wounded. One wound in the jaw was bleeding profusely, and his hands and face and clothing were covered with blood.

In their alarm they begged him to return with them to the village, but, having succeeded in beating off the robbers, he was disinclined to leave the mission property as a prey, in the event of their return. He therefore packed up the most valuable part and sent it on to the village by the men, and bade them return as quickly as possible for another load which he would have ready for them when they came back. On their return they found the Koords again advancing on the tents, and they proposed to lie still until the brigands came close, when they might kill them. Mr. Neesan, however, interfered. That was not the missionary method, he said. The ladies wanted no one to be killed. The party, therefore, fired their guns in the air, and the robbers, realizing that their intended victims had been reinforced, were scared away. The work of transporting the contents of the tent was then continued, and Mr. Neesan remained until the last bundle had been packed and was safely on the way to the village. Then he followed and his wounds were dressed. As may be imagined he received, on arriving at the village, a warm welcome from the ladies, whose lives and property he had so valiantly defended. The ladies and Mr. Neesan completed their journey under the protection of a guard of Persian soldiers whom the Shah had sent to put down the brigands.

ANOTHER JOURNEY

taken the following year was not less perilous.

Mr. W. L. Whipple proposed making an evangelistic tour, and Mr. Neesan consented to go with him. As they were leaving Oroomiah Mr. Whipple changed his plans. Mr. Stocking was setting out for Europe and Mr. Whipple decided to accompany him a part of the way. He therefore told Mr. Neesan to proceed with the baggage and the Bibles three days' journey and wait for him in Garwar, which he would reach by another road from the point where he would leave Mr. Stocking. On arriving at Garwar Mr. Neesan received a letter from Mr. Whipple changing the meeting-place to Amadia, and requesting Mr. Neesan to proceed thither without delay. Hiring a mule for the baggage Mr. Neesan, with one companion, set out across the mountains for Amadia. After proceeding some distance they met several groups of wounded men. Inquiring what trouble was on foot they learned that two tribes were at war, and that a battle was then raging which had already lasted three days. Committing himself to the Lord's keeping Mr. Neesan decided to go on. Several times he was molested on the way, but his declaration that he was going to the camp sufficed to secure his safety.

On his arrival at the camp the mule was taken from him, and, with the baggage was taken into the keeping of the army, while Mr. Neesan was

CARRIED BEFORE THE CHIEF.

The chief inquired his business, and where he was going, and received truthful answers with a request for an escort. The chief took time to consider, and meanwhile the young Christian and his companion sat under a tree and watched the strange scene. At supper-time they were invited to partake at the chief's table and were courteously treated. After supper there was dancing, wrestling, and drilling, from which scene Mr. Neesan found opportunity to slip away in quiet that he might pray. As the lights went out he threw himself down under the tree again and fell asleep as peacefully as if in bed in college, though he was surrounded by reckless, desperate men who were accustomed to deeds of robbery and bloodshed. Once or twice during the night he awoke and saw figures of men near him, but, having confided his life to God's keeping he was at rest and went to sleep again.

When morning dawned he had another interview with the chief who agreed to let him have an armed escort to Amadia. Then for the first time he learned that the figures he had seen near him in the night were the chief's two sons, who, fearing that the soldiers might rob, and, perhaps, murder him as he slept, had watched beside him all night. In answer to his prayer protection had been granted him, and if God had not sent His angels to give it, He had sent human protectors. Mr. Neesan was taken in charge by the armed escort that day and safely conducted to Amadia, where Mr. Whipple joined him and commenced the Gospel tour.

In 1876 Mr. Neesan took a third journey, this time having Mr. Stocking for a companion. This journey was like its predecessors, characterized by hair-breadth escapes and perils of many kinds, notably from the old enemies, the Koords. Lack of space forbids a description of them. As in the former journeys Mr. Neesan was wonderfully delivered and succeeded in doing a good work through the country. In his annual report Mr. Stocking said that never before in the history of the mission had so many Bibles been sold on a single journey.

Mr. Neesan graduated at the close of the college course with much credit. He was a hard student, laboring assiduously to fit himself thoroughly for the work to which he had consecrated his life. How laboriously he must have toiled may be inferred from the fact that he can read the Bible in

TWENTY LANGUAGES,

most of which he can speak with some fluency, and he is able to go through the whole of Asia, with the exception of China, and preach to every people in their own language. After his graduation he was employed as teacher in the high schools, first at Tabriz, and afterward at Maragah

ON TRIAL.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 19, 1886.

"We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 JOHN 2 : 1.

A Momentous Case—The Indictment—Breaking the Commandments—Breaking a Solemn Contract—Inflicting Injury on Religion—The Witnesses—The World—Conscience—An Angel—The Holy Spirit—No Defence—The Advocates—Famous Pleaders—Justice—A Volunteer Counsel—The Best Advocate—The Judge—Will You be Ready?

STANDING in a court-room you say to yourself, "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness-stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered, at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any in Oyer and Terminer, or Circuit, or Supreme Court, or Chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal. The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on, the first thing is to have

THE INDICTMENT

read. Stand up then, oh Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul! It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked, and the smoke ascended as from a smouldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of

A SOLEMN CONTRACT.

Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said, "O Lord, I am Thine, now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head, and the hands, and the side, and the feet, there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember me!" You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and, as in a sea-shell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion, and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Saviour's agony; and you came forth from that communion-service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

HAVE YOU KEPT THE BARGAIN, oh Christian man? Have you not sometime faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you, and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further, this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Chris-

tian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we by our INCONSISTENCY

say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is, that people can see faults in others while they cannot see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling all the years of her life, about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst! Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world; but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been cast nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted "Hosanna to the Son of David."

Now you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on.

THE WITNESSES

will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial."

The first witness that I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution, is *the World*—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas, for the mistake! When they get amid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their soul to perdition. Oh World, of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify

IN BEHALF OF THE PROSECUTION

against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself, I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, oh World, with the greedy eye and the hard heart, I fear you are

TOO MUCH INTERESTED

in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the World on the witness-stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with some allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. Oh World, of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do. You may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is

CONSCIENCE.

Who art thou, oh Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven! I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness; and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand

to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case, is

AN ANGEL

of God. Bright and Shining One, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him! I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes when he knew it not I led him into the green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalices. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him I fought them back with infinite fierceness; and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again among the sinless ones before the great white throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august,

THE OMNIPOTENT SPIRIT

of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest Thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved Me, although the Bible warned him saying, 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven Me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity he has trampled on My mission, and the blood of the Atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man, and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

NO DEFENCE.

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defence bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, oh Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel, and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes, unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in,

THE ADVOCATES SPEAK.

The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race, and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield and Marshall and Story and Kent and Southard and William Wirt. The court-room has sometimes been the scene of very marvellous and thrilling things.

Some of you remember the famous Girard Will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt. Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster Hall, of Warren Hastings, the de-

spoller of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster Hall was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any courtroom, Edmund Burke delivered a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings writhe and shrink: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on, and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of those memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian for the life of his soul, the advocates are mightier, wiser, and more eloquent. The evidence all being in,

JUSTICE

rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible; and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says, "O Thou, Judge and Lawgiver, this is Thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agrees in stating that this man has sinned against all these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die."

Oh Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends, and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say, "Is there any one

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER

to take this man's case, and defend him?" and some young man rises up and says, "I will be his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see One rising. He is a young man, only thirty-three years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God! "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all you may not have to die.

THE BEST ADVOCATE

in all the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend a man as this Advocate is qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise Him, and He will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasures to His feet. Besides that He has undertaken the care of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and He has never lost a case. Courage, oh Christian soul! I think that after all there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He says, "I admit all that has been proved against My client. I admit all these sins, ay, more; but look at that wounded hand of Mine, and look at that other wounded hand, and at My right foot and at My left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of My tears. Count all the drops of My blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the

sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in My tears he hath washed; on My righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free."

I AM THE RANSOM.

Let him escape the lash, I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him, I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against My cross of shame, set his throne of triumph."

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court-room you know the silence and the solemnity, when the verdict is about to be rendered, or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial, shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath: All the universe cries, "Hear! Hear!"

THE JUDGE

rises and gives His decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not, desert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint, but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plough, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be standing at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

LO! THE SUN HIDES.

Night comes down at mid-noon. A wave of darkness rolls over the earth. The stars appear at noon-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow, and moan, and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on His throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trumpet repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying, "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day,

WILL YOU BE READY?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or will He plead against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

AN ORDEAL OF CONVERTS.

In describing in the *Foreign Missionary* a missionary excursion to new ground in Mexico, the Rev. Isaac Boyce says: It took two days' hard riding to reach Concepcion, and five hours more to cross the mountains to Mazapil. We reached the place late on Saturday evening, and received a warm welcome from our people, and were near getting a still warmer reception from the Catholics. The first move made on their part was to throw us into prison, and they only just failed of accomplishing this end. We were the first Protestant preachers who had ever entered the place, and they wanted to make an ex-

ample of us. Failing, however, in this attempt, they demonstrated their good-will in the matter by stoning the house of one of our members where we were stopping.

We remained in Mazapil from Saturday evening to Wednesday morning. We held services every night. Some of our inquirers manifested more firmness than I would have expected. Their employers told them that either they must keep away from the Protestants altogether or lose their work. In every instance they said, "Let the work go, then." Two were thus thrown out of work, and only the fact that our members are the best of their profession—bakers—saved them from the same fate. I have never seen such fanaticism as in this place; but, for all that, we scattered some two hundred tracts and three Bibles in the place.

TERRORISM IN IRELAND.

(See Illustration on page 812.)

The picture on page 812 is not a fancy sketch. It is the reproduction of a photograph recently taken in the West of Ireland. The photographer actually saw the two ladies walking out to make calls attended by two military policemen, and thinking the spectacle, as Carlyle would have said, significant of much, asked permission to make a picture of them.

The elder of the two ladies, it appears, is "Lady of the Manor," and has been boycotted. "She owns," says an English journal, "a small town, all the tradespeople of which, including the butcher and baker, are her tenants, but they refuse to sell her anything. In consequence she is obliged to get her meat, bread, etc., from a town twenty miles away, and also has to send her horses there to be shod, as, by order of the League, the village blacksmith dares not work for her. Nevertheless, in spite of all the persecution she has endured, she has persistently refused to bow to the will of the League, and has recently opened a store from which other boycotted persons may purchase supplies." It would appear, too, that the lady is not only boycotted, but is in danger of personal violence, or she would not need a guard to protect her as she walks over her own property.

That any lady should live such a life is deplorable. Embarrassed in her domestic arrangements and in danger of assassination, her position is indeed pitiable, and there are many landowners in Ireland just now in the same condition. To such a pass have things come in Ireland, and they are growing worse.

The wise king tells us (Prov. 26 : 2) that "the curse causeless shall not come," and in this case the assurance holds good. The landowners of Ireland, as a class, have for generations back been heartless and cruel, doing as they would with their own and forgetting or ignoring the duties of property. They cared nothing for the misery of their tenants, but were eager only for the rents, which they spent in luxury in London. The peasantry grew up uneducated, half starved, and ill clad. They lost the higher instincts of men, and became little better than beasts. Now, when they have learned the power that comes by combination, they use it as ignorant, desperate men always use it, and it is idle for the landowners to expect intelligence, discrimination, or magnanimity from them. This generation of landowners is reaping the harvest of suffering that their fathers sowed in injustice and oppression. It is not improbable that this very lady, who owns "a whole town," might learn, if she inquired how the whole town came to be in the possession of her family, why God permits her to suffer.

When this fact that wrong sooner or later entails suffering, though it may not be until the third or fourth generation, comes to be recognized, as it is taught in the Bible and in the history of every land, then we may hope to see recognition, too, of the duty of atonement. It will be a happy day for England, as well as Ireland, when that atonement is made, and the generation that makes it will deserve honor among men and will have the blessing of God.

A GOOD MAN'S NEPHEW.

A CHRISTIAN worker in Manchester, England, has been visiting the boats plying on the canals of that city, with the object of reading the Bible and talking to the men. One day he found to his astonishment that one of the men with whom he had long been laboring was nearly related to an illustrious man. He says:

Calling one day at a long boat, I read a portion of the fifth chapter of Romans, when the captain said to me:

"You have read that to us before."

"I dare say," said I; "what do you think about it?"

"I will tell you what it has done for me. It has made me shed many a tear in this boat, and on the towing-path, too, on account of my sins. I was religiously trained by a good mother, but as I grew up I became very wicked, owing, in a great measure, to bad company. I became so bad in my conduct that no one would employ me. At last I took to boating. In this job I have done for years just as I liked. From your first coming among us your very presence has been a reproof to me. You have often brought to my mind the man I am named after, Roger Miller, who was my mother's brother."

"What, Roger Miller, the missionary, who went out with Mr. Williams to the South Seas?"

"He was my uncle, sir. I remember him well, and how he used to put his hand on my head, when I was a very little boy, and tell me about Jesus Christ, and told me to be a good boy, and love the Saviour who died for my sins. I have my uncle's name, and now, thank God, I believe I have my uncle's Saviour. I have often wept, and wept much, as I have looked back at my misspent life, especially since you read that passage to us before: 'God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Instead of killing us right out, He loves us, sinners as we are. His love has broken my heart to pieces."

"I hope, then," I said, "you will live for God, Roger."

"Yes, to the best of my power, I will live to Him every day."

AMONG THE ZENANAS IN INDIA.

IN a letter from Miss Ward, who is laboring as a missionary in Cawnpore, India, to the *Missionary Link*, she says:

Our work in Cawnpore is enough to keep both heart and hands full. Yesterday I went to a place three miles from Cawnpore, where we have had work a long time. As I was passing down the narrow lane I saw a fat Babu sitting in front of a fine house, and I stopped to ask him if any of the ladies there read? "No, they did not," he answered. "Do they wish to?" I continued. "No." Then I asked if I might go in and visit them, to which he assented.

I found his wife sick, and I may be able to help her a little. His little girl of six years came to me and I taught her some of the letters of the alphabet, and then proposed that the mother should buy a book for the child, which she did. In the mean time some other women from neighboring houses gathered in and I talked to them all of Jesus and sang a hymn. To my surprise one of the women asked if I could sing a certain hymn, of which she gave me some of the lines. When I asked her where she had learned it, she said a lady visited a friend of hers and then she had heard about Jesus. This showed me how the Gospel was permeating in silent ways through these homes of India, and I felt the time spent in this house had not been in vain. Especially did I appreciate it when the child followed me out, and her father seemed pleased and promised to teach her. Although he had said "no" at first, he now seemed willing we should continue our visits and give instruction there.

Another bit of comfort that came to me I pass on to you. In one house where I taught a woman of the highest caste, two little girls came from outside and seemed interested while I spoke of heaven and the way there. At this

time there is a great deal of sickness and death in the city, and in talking of this to my pupils, it brings up the subject of preparation for our important last change. Before I left this house I sung a hymn which clearly brings forth the idea of Christ as the Saviour of sinners. The last verse is a little prayer, asking Christ to take care of us. As I left the house and was passing down the lane, I heard one of these children singing in a clear voice over and over again: "Come, take care of me," and I could but think: "All the fitness He requireth is to feel your need of Him," and that the prayers and praises of infants were dear to Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

RUSKIN'S BIBLE.

IN a recently published compilation of anecdotes illustrative of Scripture texts, published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, is the following scrap of autobiography written by John Ruskin, the greatest art critic and one of the most eminent authors of the day:

I have just opened my oldest Bible, yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean with much use, except that the lowest corners of the pages at 1 Kings 8 and Deuteronomy 32 are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent. It comprises, in Exodus, chapters 15 and 20; 11 Samuel 1: 17-27; 1 Kings 8; Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, and 139; Proverbs 2, 3, 8, and 12; Isa. 58; Matthew 5, 6, and 7; Acts 26; 1 Corinthians 13 and 15; James 4; Revelation 5 and 6.

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like—in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, *the one essential part of all my education.*

ONLY ONE LEAF IN THE DESERT.

A REMARKABLE incident is related by Dr. Pentecost in his *Words and Weapons*. He says: Some Hindoos were on a journey in India. The road was rough and long, and the sun burned hotly in the skies. Slowly they passed on the way, and as one day after another came to an end, many of the party grew faint and weary. There was one poor man who seemed a stranger to the rest; he was old and feeble and ready to sink from the heat and labor of the way. At last he fell and could not rise again. The Hindoos looked upon him, and finding that he was likely to die, they left him to perish without pity or help, for these heathen are unkind to the sick and dying.

But there was among those travellers a missionary, on his way to a distant place to preach the Gospel; he saw the old man fall, and ran to aid him, while the rest passed along. Yet all his help could not now save his life. He knelt by the poor man's side and softly said in his ear: "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying traveller raised himself to reply, and with a great effort said: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and then laid down his head again and died.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and, from the calm and thoughtful manner in which the words were spoken, he could not but feel that the man had died safely in Christ. "How or where," thought he, "could this Hindoo have got his hope?" And, as he looked at the dead body, he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in one of the hands. He carefully took it out, and what was his surprise and delight when he saw it was a single leaf of the Bible, on which was the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, where these words are found. On that page a heathen man had met with the Gospel.

THE THREE DESTINIES;

OR, FIRST-FRUITS, HARVEST AND VINTAGE.
BEING AN EXPOSITION OF REV. 14.

By G. H. Pember, M.A.

(Continued from page 791.)

**The Trumpet-Woes—Multitudes Awakened—
Outbreak of Persecution—Celestial Messengers
—The False Church Destroyed by the Ten Kings
—Beginning of Antichrist's Reign—His Fatal
Mark—The End of Christian Work—The
Victor Waiting to Reap—The Second Rapture
—The Vintage.**

Now, a great part of the Apocalypse—or, I should say, the greater part—is simply an expansion of Exodus 34:10. Soon, as we may read in the description of

THE TRUMPET-WOES

and the Vials of Wrath, not one country, but many will be writhing beneath strokes similar to those by which Egypt was destroyed. The tongue-sea of Egypt will be dried up that the Jews may pass through it on their way to Palestine; and the great river Euphrates will be smitten in its seven streams, in order that the Israelites, coming as "Kings from the East," may go over it dry-shod. And even the terrors of Sinai will seem insignificant when, amid the convulsions of nature, the lightning flash shall sweep round the globe, and the Lord Jesus be revealed in flaming fire.

There ought, therefore, to be no question in regard to the supernatural character of the Apocalyptic prediction; nor is there any reason why we should not understand our present passage in its obvious and literal sense, that three of God's angels will fly in succession through mid-heaven uttering their awful proclamations. Indeed, the very circumstances seem to demand that they should.

All the ways of God are devised in love; and, doubtless, the unexpected rapture of the First-fruits will bring about the mightiest shower of blessing that has ever fallen from heaven. For on that night, in which so many families and companions will be separated, and the one taken while the other is left, the spell of worldliness will be broken in the case of thousands. Multitudes who have hitherto been sleeping in security will be rudely awakened from their careless dreams, and become conscious that they are standing face to face with

TERRIBLE REALITIES.

How great a procession of prodigals will begin to return as soon as the solemn news is made known! How many godless children, whose parents found in them cause for naught save sorrow, and whose hearts seemed to be hardened beyond remedy, will, at this first interference of the Almighty, be melted to terror and penitence, ay, and presently also to the deepest love, when they discover that, although they have lost much and must now suffer much, yet the gates of salvation are still open before them!

Then will many a prayer for unsaved relations and friends be answered, many a broken-hearted supplication for those dearer than life be graciously remembered. Within twenty-four hours there will probably be a conversion of sinners on so great a scale that the work of Pentecost will seem small in comparison to it. And again, how stirring will be the effect upon real but slothful and worldly believers! What poignant grief will fill their hearts! How will they writhe with the stings of remorse that they should have suffered their Lord to find them sleeping! And what

A SIMULTANEOUS UPRISING

there will be to earnest effort, to zealous preaching of the Master's name, to urgent proclamation of His speedy appearing!

The results will be so great that they are represented in the seventh chapter of the Apocalypse as a multitude which no man can number, all the individuals of which are said to have come out of the Great Tribulation, or, as the Greek has it, with an emphatic repetition of the article, "out of the Tribulation the great one."

But this grand mission will not last long. The world will dislike it ;

A FRIGHTFUL PERSECUTION

will put an end to it, and that persecution will probably be carried on by the false Church which is already making such giant strides toward power in Europe, and, as we are told, also in America. From the seventeenth chapter of the Apocalypse it appears that the Ten Kings will ultimately destroy her, in order that they may give her power to the infidel Antichrist. Now, the latter begins to reign in the middle of the period of judgment ; for he must continue in power forty and two months, or three years and a half, and be destroyed by the Lord Himself at His coming. Hence the Harlot Church will be upon her throne during the greater part of the first half of the seven years. And since John, when he is called to see her judgment, beholds her, *at the time*, "drunken with the blood of the saints," it is probable that she will spend her last days in persecuting the people of God ; while the violence with which the Ten Kings destroy her may, perhaps, point to considerable vigor and powers of resistance on her part even to the last.

Owing, then, to the virulence of persecution, it will be no longer possible for *men* to deliver the messages of God ; therefore He will have recourse to the angel-ministry of which we so often read in the Old Testament. Again the words spoken by angels shall be steadfast.

In the sixth verse we have an account of the first of these

CELESTIAL MESSENGERS,

who proclaim a new Gospel concerned with everlasting issues ; but it is the Gospel of the Days of Vengeance, not that of the grace of Christ. The world has stopped the mouths of those who were preaching the glad tidings of salvation through the Lord Jesus, and in anger God withdraws the loving offer, and substitutes a command that all men shall do homage to their Creator.

Fear God, the angelic preacher cries, and give glory to Him, not to yourselves as you have so long been doing. Bow the knee to the great Creator, or it will be too late ; for His hand is uplifted to strike. Worship Him That made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. You have refused to acknowledge Christ as your Redeemer ; at least fall before Him Whose eternal power and Godhead you can discern in the things around you. Yield to the testimony of nature, if you will not to that of revelation ; otherwise it shall quickly be said of you, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish !" For the glory of the Lord is about to be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This message is plainly indicative of the state of society at the time. The evolutionary philosophy will have done its work, and the world will be filled with fools who have said in their heart, "There is no God."

Then follows the second angel with his proclamation—"Fallen, fallen is Babylon the Great"—the word "city" which appears in the English Authorized Version is a mere gloss, and should be omitted. At this point, then, the Harlot, or False Church, is destroyed by the Ten Kings, and the

ANTICHRIST BEGINS HIS REIGN.

Accordingly, the third angel follows with a warning that should make both the ears of him that hears it tingle. The hour of temptation is at hand. The image of the Antichrist is about to be set up for worship, and the command to go forth that every man must be branded with the fatal mark on pain of becoming an outcast from society, forbidden to buy or to sell, and carrying about with him the sentence of death. Therefore, before the impious proclamation is issued, the Lord Almighty sends His messenger to declare what will be the result of obeying it. The instant any man does so his death-warrant will be signed ; the Spirit of God will cease to strive with him, and all offers of grace be withdrawn.

But the pressure applied to force men upon

their knees before the great Abomination, and to compel them to receive

THE INFERNAL BRAND

upon their person, will be terrible. Hence the allusion to it is followed by the remark that it will be the test of the patience and obedience of the saints. And we may notice that the saints are said to be "they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus"—a twofold description, of which we have other examples, and which is, I believe, intended to include pious Jews, who are cleaving to the Old Testament, as well as believers in the Lord Jesus.

The thirteenth verse, the utterance of the voice from heaven, has received strange treatment. It has been usual to ignore the very words—"from henceforth"—which give it point, and to read it at funeral services and place it upon tombstones, as though it were a general truth. But this is by no means the case. Just as some among the Corinthians slept because God was angry with them, so, without doubt, in every age Christians have been and are cut off before their time on account of slothfulness, frowardness, or some culpable want of spiritual perception. Such persons cannot be regarded as blessed in their death ; for it comes upon them as a punishment. It deprives them of the great privilege of living and working for Christ ; and although they cannot be lost, because they have accepted Him, and the gifts and callings of God are without repentance, yet they can suffer loss, and will certainly forfeit their crown.

It is only, then, at the particular crisis dating from the setting up of Antichrist as God that the saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," will be absolutely true ; and such is of course the significance of the words "from henceforth." For the intense severity of the persecution, together with the fact that all who worship the Beast, or receive his mark, will be irrecoverably hardened, will put

AN END TO CHRISTIAN WORK

and influence. There will be little to do for the Master, and His disciples will be ceaselessly harassed by terrors, pains, and threatenings of death. Blessed, therefore, will be their departure from the world whether by martyrdom or in any other way : for they will then rest from their labors during the short time which must elapse before the voice of the Lord is again heard summoning both living and dead into His presence.

I must now be brief in regard to the details of the last scenes in this wonderful chapter.

Miserable as is the plight of God's people under the oppression of Antichrist, it is not hopeless ; for John beholds the Deliverer seated on a white cloud, the Lord of the Harvest ready to gather in His own. But He appears as the Son of man, and is therefore waiting until He receives commandment to reap from His Father. There is a golden crown upon His head—not, however, a royal diadem, but only a στέφανος, or victor's crown, which is within our reach.

It is, perhaps, one of the most significant facts in the Apocalypse, that, until we come to the nineteenth chapter, the diadem is found only upon the heads of the Dragon and the Beast. For, subject to certain limitations, Satan is *in a very real sense* the Prince of this World, and that truth is the solution of all difficulties connected with the present condition of its inhabitants. The Lord will not wear the diadem until the time has arrived for Him to exercise its prerogatives. And so it is only when, followed by the armies of heaven, He comes forth to reign that we see His head at last crowned with many diadems. Consequently, there is at that time an instant change in His dealings with men : the season of forbearance is over, and all persistent rebels must now be destroyed. The evil that is among men will be suddenly checked : the tide of human misery will no longer flow, and the nations will realize the glad anticipations of David, when, being made to see the glorious form of the Lord rising above the confusions of this world, he exclaimed in ecstasy—

"A Ruler over men, just !

A Ruler in the fear of God !

And He is as the light of the morning when the sun riseth,

As a morning without clouds !

From the sunshine after rain verdure springeth out of the earth !"

But when John sees Him upon the white cloud, He has not appeared as the Sovereign of the World, but has come to gather in His own as soon as the angel-messenger shall announce :

"THE HARVEST

of the earth is dried" (ἐξηράνθη). O how much sorrow and anguish has been required for the process of drying that grain ! But it is done at last, and, at the welcome summons, many a weary and terror-scared face will instantaneously change into glory as all the believers, who are still alive, leave the scene of their sufferings, and ascend in joyous throngs to the presence of their Lord. And so the Mystery of God will be finished.

And yet there are awful things still to follow upon earth. Like the big heavy drops which precede the storm, the last plagues of the vials are poured out upon the unrepentant world, and then the clusters of the vine of the earth are ripe ; and the vintage must be gathered, and the wine-press trodden. Of

THE VINTAGE

time will permit me to say but little. It is that great gathering of all nations against Jerusalem of which Zechariah and Joel tell us many particulars. The wine-press is Palestine, into which the Antichrist will lead all his forces, in order to exterminate the earthly people of God ; so that the stretching out of his wings will fill the breadth of Immanuel's land. This gathering, though supposed to be caused solely by the will of Antichrist, will be really brought about by the action of the angel with the sharp sickle ; and as the terrible batteries, horsemen, and battalions, pass into the fatal circle, they will have little suspicion that they are being led to their doom, even as those eighteen were gathered together for death beneath the shadow of the Tower of Siloam. They will cover the land of Canaan with their splendid array, fair as the untouched grapes in the press. Then the angel with the sharp sickle will have done his work, and will step aside for Him Who is to tread the wine-press Alone. Heaven will open, and the Lord will appear as He is described in the nineteenth chapter. There is, then, to be

A VINTAGE OF WRATH

at Christ's second advent, and many that offend and do iniquity will have to be gathered out of His Kingdom. Moreover, as we learn from the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, when the Lord comes with fire, and with His chariots like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke with flames of fire, He will find nations which have not heard His fame nor seen His glory. How, then, do these facts accord with the fancy that the world must be converted before He can return to it ?

O dear friends, let us put aside all such vain ideas, and fix our minds on the one hope which the New Testament sets before us, on the return of our Saviour and Lord, which may take place at any moment. Let us obey

HIS COMMAND

and watch and pray always that we may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man ; that on the night in which He will, as it were, pass His hand over the field of Christendom, and gently pluck the fully ripe ears to present them as Firstfruits to His Father, we also may be found acceptable to Him.

And do we feel that we care not to preach His word, if there is a limit set to the success of our efforts ? Then, in spite of our apparent devotion, we have been weighed in the balances, and are found wanting ; there is in us a motive more stimulating than the desire to obey our Saviour.

The Lord grant that it may not be so with any of us ; but that we may lay aside whatever is pleasing to ourselves, if we but do His will.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morn-
ing.

An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and
Temperance Movements, etc.

A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance
sheets sent by special arrangement.

Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.

An instalment of a Serial Story.

An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by
Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Remittances by mail should be by bank cheques,
Post-office orders, or Express money-orders when-
ever possible. If currency is sent it should be in
a registered letter. Cheques and money-orders should
be made payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Making
them payable to individuals often causes delay.

Renewals.—To prevent the possibility of mistake it
is best to cut the address label from the paper, and
attach it to the letter containing the renewal. If
there is a change of address always state past, as well
as present, address.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready Now.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Suggestion in Respect to the tariff has had no influence on the House. By a vote of 149 to 154 the House last week refused to accede to Mr. Morrison's proposal to consider revenue bills. The vote is significant. It may have indicated simply indisposition to enter upon the subject at the time, but that is not the view of it that the country takes. That it is a vote against a reduction of the tariff of any kind may be inferred from the rejoicing of protectionist journals, both Republican and Democratic; from the character of Mr. Morrison, who would not have introduced the motion with any other object than furthering a reduction, and from the fact that Mr. Randall and his Democratic friends were found united with the Republicans in the division. It is evident that, whether a reduction in the tariff would be a good or a bad thing for the country, it will not be effected by either party as a whole. There are sufficient Democrats of protectionist principles to give the Republicans the majority on that question. It is, however, a pity that, reduction being impossible, there cannot be a revision of it. Our system comprises anomalies which embarrass business and are more vexatious than profitable to the Treasury and the people. It would be better for all parties that these were removed.

The Question of Open Executive Sessions in the Senate was disposed of on December 15th by a vote of 33 to 21. Mr. Platt was the advocate of open sessions, and Mr. Morrill suggested that while the consideration of nominations should be in secret, "reciprocity treaties, so called," might be discussed openly. Finally Senator Hoar moved to lay the resolution on the table, and his motion was passed. It is a significant fact that only six Democrats voted with the minority, in spite of the vigorous advocacy of open sessions in Democratic journals. There has rarely been a time when it has been

so difficult to learn from party journals what are the principles and policy of either of the political parties. Measures which the journals denounce are supported by men whose election the same journals advocated.

The Reform in the Treatment of the Indians, which has so long been advocated, appears to be on the way to realization. The House on Thursday passed the bill allotting to the Indians their lands in severalty, and it only remains for a committee of conference to arrange the minor difficulties with the Senate before it goes to the President for his signature. The bill provides that any reservation now occupied by Indians may, if advantageous for agricultural or grazing purposes, be divided up into sections in proportion to the number of families upon it, and a quarter section be given to the head of a family and an eighth section to young men or orphans. The lands so allotted are inalienable for twenty-five years, and the owner receives with them the rights and privileges of citizenship. The object of the bill is to obliterate tribal relations, and it has been approved by the most prominent and sincere friends the Indians have.

The Second Trial of McQuade, the New York alderman charged with receiving a bribe in the matter of the franchise for the Broadway surface railroad, ended on December 15th in a verdict of "Guilty." The trial occupied nineteen days, twelve of which were taken up in securing a jury. The ridiculous law of New York, which requires the jury to be composed of men who do not read the newspapers, causes a similar waste of time in all great trials, and does not tend to promote the interests of justice. The case for the prosecution of the alderman was strengthened at this trial by evidence corroborating that of the aldermen who had turned State's evidence. There was, therefore, no excuse at this trial for disagreement on the ground taken by the former jury. The verdict was unanimous on the first ballot, and therefore the probability of the alderman going to prison for a lengthy term is encouraging. It may be hoped that the good work will go on, and the men who paid the bribes will also receive the district attorney's attention.

The Charleston Relief Fund Amounted to \$815,000. On December 14th the Executive Committee presented the completed report of its operations. The report gives the names of the cities, towns, and counties contributing to the relief fund, and shows what disposition has been made of the money. Of the total above mentioned, New York City contributed \$152,673 and the rest of New York State about \$30,000. Boston's contributions amounted to \$76,900; Baltimore sent \$37,966; New Orleans, \$7753, and San Francisco, \$16,070. Nearly every State and Territory in the United States sent something to swell the fund, while from many countries of the Old World the charity came pouring in. Besides the amount sent to the Relief Committee, large contributions have been sent to private persons and for rebuilding the shattered churches. The committee have a balance of \$186,000 in hand, of which amount they have appropriated \$86,000 to complete the repairs to houses and the remainder to build a city hospital in place of the one destroyed by the earthquake. The total loss sustained by the earthquake was five million dollars.

The Need of Efficient Charitable Work was demonstrated in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. The death of a widow's child from starvation was reported to the coroner, who when he went to the house found the widow in the only bed in the place, unable to move, and with only her six-year-old daughter to wait upon her. There was no food of any description in the house. All that the mother and her children have had to eat for weeks has been supplied by charitable neighbors, none of whom have much more than they can use. The dead child, in Coroner Menninger's opinion, would have lived if it had had sufficient and nourishing food. The coroner went about trying to interest some charitable organizations in the case, but met with little

success. The daughter had not sufficient clothing to go out into the streets and beg. There may be circumstances yet to be published in explanation of this apparently culpable neglect, but it ought not to have happened in a wealthy Christian city.

The British Government Arrested Four prominent Irish Nationalists last week on the charge of "conspiracy to defraud." They were Dillon, O'Brien, Harris, and Sheehy, all members of Parliament. Their offence consists in receiving the rents of tenants under the new scheme for the anti-rent campaign. The plan was that in all cases in which a landowner declined to make the reduction in rents recommended by the Government, his tenants should offer him a certain sum proportioned to the total market value of the produce of their holdings. If he declined to accept that sum in full discharge of rent, the tenant should deposit it in the hands of trustees and notify the landlord of the names and addresses of the trustees, who were authorized to pay it over to him on his application. If the owner proceeded to evict the tenant the trustees were to turn the money into a general fund established to defend tenants in the law courts, and keep them from want. The four men now arrested have acted as trustees in such cases, and it is for doing so that they are being prosecuted. When the arrests were made, the police seized the money and books in the possession of the prisoners. The place of the deposit is in future to be kept secret, and it is believed that the money thus collected, and the funds of the League, will be sent to France for safe keeping. A circular to tenants has been issued by the Government warning them that the scheme is illegal, but in spite of that the majority of the tenants are paying the reduced rents to trustees. Michael Davitt, who is now in America, declares that this prosecution is the beginning of the fiercest and final struggle between the Irish people and the Government.

The Ominous Spectacle of European Governments pushing forward their military preparations, purchasing large quantities of the newest and most destructive arms, and raising their regiments to a war footing continues. Reports from the chief capitals of Europe represent diplomats as proving that a better feeling exists, but an uneasy sensation prevails that a gigantic struggle is imminent. Bismarck has obtained from the Reichstag only a part of the military increase that he demanded, and rumors are current that unless the Reichstag yields it will be dissolved. Bismarck is said to be determined to accept nothing less than his first demand. Even that would be little enough to defend the country against a combined attack of France and Russia, which appears to be the contingency dreaded. The period of suspense cannot be long protracted, as neither Germany, France, Russia, nor Italy can long bear the enormous expense of supporting their vast armaments.

The Transportation of British Mails to America still occupies the attention of the English public. The postmaster-general has advertised for contracts from March 1st, 1887, for a year, but shows at present no disposition to resume the old arrangements with the Cunard and White Star Companies. The British service is now in the same confused condition that the American service to England is in. It frequently happens that no direct mail to England leaves New York between Saturday and the following Thursday, while before the recent changes a mail on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday was despatched with regularity. Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, the General Secretary of the English Post Office, published on December 15th a labored defence of the Government's action, in which he contended that it was not unpatriotic because the German steamers now carrying British mails were built in England. The Government expect to save ten thousand dollars a year by the change. They sent the mails on December 11th by the Wyoming, which is due here this day, while the Aurania, which left on the same day, arrived here on Monday last.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$22.50. They were: from Marlborough, N. J., \$1.50; Albany, N. Y., \$5; Leeds, Me., \$1; Sulphur Springs, O., \$1; Mercer, Pa., \$1; Franklin Park, N. J., \$2.50; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$4; E. Raymond, Me., \$1; Medford, Minn., \$3.50; Omaha, Neb., \$2. On behalf of the beneficiaries of the fund we tender our friends sincere thanks for their gifts, which are also very encouraging to ourselves.

A Weekly Prayer-Meeting in the Hebrew Christian Church has been commenced. The Rev. Jacob Freshman, who is laboring earnestly for the conversion of the Jews of New York, and whose work has been much blessed, is anxious to obtain the encouragement and help that united prayer will give. He invites "all lovers of Israel," who heed the injunction, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem" (Ps. 122: 6), to meet in the Hebrew-Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, every Thursday at three o'clock. The prayer-meeting will be for one hour only.

Successful Evangelistic Services have been conducted by Major Hilton at Greenville, Pa., under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The churches of all denominations have united in supporting the meetings, and a genuine old-fashioned revival has taken place. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* says that so general is the interest aroused that the merchants contemplate closing their places of business and attending the meetings *en masse*. The night meetings have an attendance of nearly two thousand each evening. Amid tears and sobs of repentance, crowds flock to the mercys-seat and yield themselves to the Master. All the churches have thrown aside petty differences, and are working heroically in the harvest of souls. It was first designed to continue the meetings but a week, but the great success has warranted indefinite protraction, and they are now in their third week with no abatement of interest.

A Protest against the Style of Ladies' Dresses now worn in the upper circles of society was uttered by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., in the course of his sermon, on December 13th, on behalf of a home for the reception of fallen women. He also vigorously denounced the sins of fashionable society. The *New York Sun* thus summarizes his remarks: "The evidences of corruption he found in the increasing disposition to make light of sexual sins, the willingness of women 'to expose their bodies at the command of fashion,' and the taste for works of art which are 'monstrosities of nudity.' Referring evidently to the many indications we are now getting of social degradation among the English aristocracy, he declared that we need not go abroad to find examples of such moral decline in a society which arrogates to itself the highest refinement. Therefore he appealed to the women of that society to frown down all toleration of vice, and to defy the laws of fashion which require of them immodest apparel."

A Medical Missionary Conference was Held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association last week. Mr. Kotaro M. Shimo Mura, professor-elect in the Missionary College at Tokio and now of the Worcester Technical Institute, delivered an address showing the progress of medical missions in his native land. Addresses were also given by Mr. F. K. Saunders, recently instructor in Jaffna's College, Ceylon, who told of Dr. Chester's good work at Madura, India, in the hospital and in the medical training of young men, and the Rev. A. P. Hopper, D.D., M.D., Vice-President of the Medical Missionary Society at Canton, China, who has spent forty years in missionary labors in the Celestial Empire, and purposes soon to establish a Christian college there. Dr. George D. Dowkontt, of the New York Medical Mission Society, recited briefly the work of that organization since its establishment in 1881. The society now has four dispensaries in this city, and in the past five

years has given treatment either at home or in dispensaries to fifty thousand poor people. Missions were as badly needed in some parts of this city, the doctor said, as they are in heathen lands.

An Artificial Earthquake Caused a Panic in Shenandoah, Pa., on Friday morning. Coal Street in that city lies directly over the Kohinoor Colliery, and the excavations underneath have left a mere crust resting on pillars of coal. These pillars have been robbed rather extensively of late, and about three o'clock on Friday morning there was an alarming subsidence of an area on which sixty families lay sleeping. The first shock separated one house from the house adjoining, carrying away a gable from the latter. The cracking of timbers and the fall of plaster aroused the family, and they gave the alarm. The wildest excitement prevailed. The earth did not fall in, but the sinking has done heavy damage, estimated at over two hundred thousand dollars. The catastrophe was clearly due to the weakening of the pillars underneath, and those who did it deserve punishment. There are men engaged in a similar occupation in the Church. The faith of many is being insidiously undermined, and that, too, by men whose business it is to strengthen it (II Peter 2: 1-3).

The Alternative of Working or Drowning is to be offered to tramps caught henceforward in Westchester County, New York. On Thursday last a member of the Board of Supervisors moved a resolution providing for the erection of a new building on the county farm for the reception of tramps, who have recently become very numerous and impudent in that locality. The novel feature of the building is "the tramp pit," which, according to the plans submitted, consists of a number of water-tight compartments that can be flooded with water to the height of six feet. When a tramp is caught the justice or magistrate is required to sentence him to this "tramp pit." He is to be placed in one of these compartments and the water is to be turned on. To save his life he must bail the water out as fast as it comes in or, in the language of the resolution, "be submerged thereby." The Board, it must be supposed, does not intend to drown the men, but merely to compel them to work, believing that even a tramp will work when he realizes that nothing else will save his life. They are probably right; men generally dread death so much that they will do anything rather than die. It is extraordinary that the second death does not appall them still more. It is infinitely more dreadful, yet they neglect the only way of escape (Rev. 21: 8).

A Wedding was Stopped by the Bridegroom at Danbury, Conn., recently. A despatch to the *New York Sun* from that city, dated December 17th, states that a wedding party there had just separated under embarrassing circumstances. The bridegroom was a young hatter residing in a town at some distance, who, having saved up a small sum of money to furnish a home, looked around for a wife. He was introduced at a dancing party to the Danbury young lady, and was attracted by her. He afterward met her at other parties, and after her return to her home corresponded with her. Finally an engagement was made and the wedding day fixed. The young hatter did not arrive until the morning of the day fixed for the ceremony. When he called upon his bride he acted like a man bereft of his senses. He had seen her only in the evening at parties, and when he saw her by daylight he scarcely knew her. Her complexion and general appearance not only amazed, but disgusted him. Declaring that he had been deceived, he rushed into the hall, snatched his hat, and quitted the house. There was no wedding, and the Fairfield County Court will have to try a breach of promise case shortly. The affair must have caused the bride much chagrin, especially if she was not conscious of her imperfections, and was therefore unprepared for her suitor's disappointment. If she had been, she must have dreaded that first meeting by daylight. Such dread need never disturb the Church, the

bride of Christ. She knows that she is unworthy of Him, but on the day of the nuptials she will be without blemish (Eph. 5: 27).

A Life was Sacrificed for an Ox in the Wreck of the White on the Mississippi River on December 13th. The cargo of the steamer caught fire while on its way to New Orleans, and as it was laden with cotton and oil, it burned with great rapidity. The fire was discovered by the engineer, who shouted to alarm the watchman. The watchman rang a great bell, and the captain sent men through the ship to arouse the passengers. All sprang out of their beds and rushed on deck. Some jumped overboard and clung to the cotton bales which were thrown out until rescued by boats. Twenty-five lives were lost, however. Some of those who jumped overboard were drowned, owing to the eddies of the river, but some were burned to death. Among the latter was a Nebraska farmer, who had a valuable ox in charge. He was seen by the men in the boats trying to push his ox overboard. They called to him to leave the ox and jump for his life, and they would save him; but he refused. He continued his exertions to save the ox until the flames surrounded him and escape was impossible. The scene typifies the condition of the world. The general alarm has been sent out, messengers repeat it everywhere, a personal appeal is made and safety promised, yet men are concerned with their possessions rather than with their salvation, and die unsaved (Luke 14: 16-18).

A Remarkable Railroad Fatality is Recorded by the *Springfield Republican*. It states that at a dangerous crossing of the railroad station in that city a man has been employed to keep people from being run over. One day last week he was himself run over and killed. How it happened no one knows, but he was found near the track in a dying condition and unable to speak, at the time of the usual making up of one of the trains. It is not an unusual thing for an employé of the railroad to be injured or killed there—in fact, as they are less careful than the public in crossing the tracks, they are the most frequent sufferers. It is, however, most remarkable that the very man whose business it was to watch for danger to others should himself have fallen a victim to the danger. Probably he, like the other employés, became heedless, and suffered in consequence. To this danger other watchmen beside those employed on railroads are liable. Numerous scandals which have recently brought a reproach on the Church of Christ show that those who are set to watch for souls may themselves fall into grievous sin through neglecting to follow the apostolic example (I Cor. 9: 27).

A Brave Boy Rescued his Sister from a Life of shame last week in Cleveland, O. The police of that city received a visit on December 13th from a boy, who begged their aid under sad circumstances. He had come from Pittsburg, Pa., to seek for his sister, who had been enticed from home by a dissolute man and who, as he learned, was in Cleveland. His mother was a poor widow, and without means to institute a search for her daughter, so the brave lad set out in quest of her. He had travelled on freight trains part of the way, and had walked a considerable distance. After three days of hunting among disreputable resorts, he had found his sister in one of them. He had not been able to get her out of the place, so he sought the aid of the police, to whom he told his story with deep emotion. An officer went with him to the house, and through threats of arrest prevailed upon the keeper to produce the erring girl, who went home with her brother. She would have been an ingrate had she refused to do so after his long travel and toilsome exertions. He had not considered whether she was worthy of them, but she was his sister, and he wanted to save her. When the Gospel is proclaimed to erring men and they hear what our Elder Brother endured to save them, it is marvellous that any reject the salvation He purchased with His blood (Phil. 2: 6-8).

LOVE'S LAW AND LIFE.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—JOHN 14: 15.

The Seven *If's*—Involving Vital Issues—I. A Very Serious *If*—A Physician's Dread—Love Precedes Obedience—The Mother of It—The Best Reason for It—The Need of the Question—Should be Answered Personally—Is Answerable—II. A Judicious Test—Not Lawless Liberty—Not a Fanatical Challenge—Why it is Given—A Proof of Loyal Reverence—Indicates Faith in a Living Presence—A Wife's Portrait in a Watch-case—III. The Test Endured—The Commandment Most Imperative?

THIS is a chapter singularly full of certainties, and remarkably studded with *if's*. Concerning most of the great things in it there never can be an "if;" and yet "if" comes up, I think, no less than seven times in the chapter; and "if," too, not about trifles, but about the most solemn subjects. It is, perhaps, worthy of mention that with each of these "if's" there is something connected, as following out of it, or appearing to be involved in it, or connected with it.

THE SEVEN "IFS."

Look at the second verse. "In My Father's house are many mansions: *if* it were not so, I would have told you." If there had been no place for us in the glory land Jesus would have told us. If there were anything yet to be revealed which would render your hope a delusion at the end, you should have been made acquainted with it; Jesus Himself would break the sad news to you; He would not leave you to be horrified by finding it out for yourselves; He kindly declares, "I would have told you."

Notice the third verse. Again we meet with "if," and its consequence. "*If* I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." If the Lord Jesus should go away (and this is a supposition no longer, for He has gone), then He would return again in due time. Since He has gone, He will come again; for He has made the one to depend on the other. His homegoing pledges Him to come, and compels us to look for Him.

The next "if" comes at the beginning of the seventh verse: "*If* ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also." If we really do know the Lord Christ, we know God. In fact, there is no knowing God aright except through His Son Jesus. It is evidently true that men do not long hold to theism pure and simple. If our scientific men get away from the Christ, the incarnate God, before long

THEY DRIFT AWAY

from God altogether. They begin to slide down the mountain when they quit the incarnate Deity, and there is no more foothold to stay them. No man comes to the Father but by the Son, and no man long keeps to the Father who does not keep to his faith in the Son.

The next variety of "if" you will find a little farther down in the chapter, namely, in the fourteenth verse: "*If* ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it." The "if" in this case involves an uncertainty about our prayers, if an uncertainty at all. Taking it for granted that we ask mercies in the name of Jesus, a glorious certainty is linked thereto. Jesus saith, "I will do it." Oh that we might put the first "if" out of court by continually petitioning the Lord, and signing our petitions with the name of Jesus! May we be importunate only in prayers to which we are warranted to set that august name; and then boldly using His name and authority, we need be under no apprehension of failure.

Now comes the "if" of our text, of which I will say nothing for the moment. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Something, you see, is to come out of this "if" as out of all the others. *If* something, *then* something—"If ye love Me," then carry it out to the legitimate result: "keep My commandments."

You have the next "if" in verse twenty-three: "Jesus answered and said unto him, *If* a man love Me, he will keep My words." Respect to

his wisdom, and obedience to his authority, will grow out of love. "The love of Christ constraineth us." We hear that passage often quoted, "The love of Christ ought to constrain us;" but that is a corruption of the text; the apostle tells us that it does constrain us; and if it really enters the heart, it will do so. It is an active, moving power influencing the inner life, and then the external conduct. "If a man love Me, he will keep My words."

The chapter almost closes at the twenty-eighth verse by saying, "If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto My Father; for My Father is greater than I." Where there is an intelligent love to Christ we rejoice in His gains even though we ourselves appear to be losers thereby. The corporeal absence of our Lord from our midst might seem to be a great loss to us; but we rejoice in it because it is for His own greater glory.

So you see the chapter, if you read it, though enriched with heavenly certainties, is yet besprinkled with "if's." Like little pools of sparkling water among the ever abiding rocks, these "if's" gleam in the light of heaven, and refresh us even to look upon them. Let us now think of our own text, and may the Holy Spirit lead us into the secret chambers of it! "*If* ye love Me, keep My commandments."

I. To begin, then, the if in our text is—

A VERY SERIOUS IF.

It goes to the very root of the matter. Love belongs to the heart; and every surgeon will tell you that a disease of the heart may not be trifled with. A clever doctor said to me, "I feel at my ease with any matter if it does not touch the head or the heart." Solomon bids us keep the heart with all diligence, "for out of it are the issues of life." If the mainspring fails, all the works of a watch refuse to act. We cannot, therefore, think little of a question which concerns our love, for it deals with a vital part. Oh friends, I hope there is no question about our love to Jesus.

Observe how our Saviour puts this *if* concerning love, in such a way as to teach us that love must be prior to obedience. The text is not, "Keep My commandments, and then love Me." No, we do not expect pure streams till the fountain is cleansed. Nor does He say, "Keep My commandments, and love Me at the same time," as two separate things, although that might in a measure correspond with truth. But love is put first, because it is first in importance and first in experience. "If ye love Me"—we must begin with love; then "keep My commandments." Obedience must have love for its mother, nurse, and food. The essence of obedience lies in the hearty love which prompts the deed rather than in the deed itself. I can conceive it possible that a man might, in his outward life, keep Christ's commandments, and yet might never keep them at all so as to be accepted before God. If he became obedient by compulsion, but would have disobeyed if he dared, then his heart was not right before God, and his actions were of little worth. The commandments are to be kept out of love to Him who gave them.

This matter of love to Jesus is put prior to every other because it is

THE BEST REASON FOR OBEDIENCE

to Him. Notice: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Personal affection will produce personal obedience. Do you not see the drift of the words? The blessed Jesus says, "If you love Me, keep My commandments;" because, truly, operative love is mainly love to a person, and love to our Lord's person begets obedience to His precepts. There are some men for whom you would do anything: you will to yield to their will. If such a person were to say to you, "Do this," you would do it without question. Perhaps he stands to you in the relation of master, and you are his willing servant. Perhaps he is a venerated friend, and because you esteem and love him, *his word is law* to you. The Saviour may much more safely than any other be installed in such a position. From

the throne of your affections He says, "If ye love Me"—if really your hearts go out to Me—then let My word be a commandment; let My commandment be kept in your memory, and then further kept by being observed in your life.

It was greatly needful for our Lord thus to address His disciples. Yes,

IT WAS NECESSARY

to speak thus even to the apostles. He says to the chosen twelve, "If ye love Me." We should never have doubted one of them. We now know by the result that one of them was a traitor to his Lord, and sold Him for pieces of silver; but no one suspected him, for he seemed as loyal as any one of them. Ah! if that question, "If ye love Me," needed to be raised in the sacred college of the twelve, much more must it be allowed to sift our churches, and to test ourselves. Perhaps you have almost taken it for granted that you love Jesus; but it must not be taken for granted. Some of you have been born in a religious atmosphere, you have lived in the midst of godly people, and you have never been out into the wicked world to be tempted by its follies; therefore you come to an immediate conclusion that you must assuredly love the Lord. This is unwise and perilous. I would have you fully assured of your love to Jesus, but I would not have you deceived by a belief that you love Him if you do not. Lord, search us and try us!

While considering the text, let each one view himself apart. What have you to do in this matter with keeping the vineyards of others? See to your own hearts. The preacher needs to be thus questioned; he gets into the habit of reading his Bible for other people. The Sunday-school teacher needs this inquiry; he, also, is apt to study the Scriptures rather for his class than for himself. We all need the truth to come home to us with personal and forcible application, for we are always inclined to shift unpleasant inquiries upon others. Let the text sound into your individual ear and heart: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

THE QUESTION IS ANSWERABLE,

however. It was put to the apostles, and they could answer it. Peter spoke as all the eleven would have done when he said, "Thou knowest that I love Thee." It is not a question concerning mysteries out of range and beyond judgment; it deals with a plain matter of fact. A man may know whether he loves the Lord or not, and he ought to know. He who is jealous of himself, and is, therefore, half afraid to speak positively, may all the more truly be a lover of the Lord. Not to know whether you love the Lord Jesus is a state of mind so dangerous that I exhort you never to go to sleep till you have escaped from it. It ought to be decided. It can be decided. It can be decided at once.

II. In the second place, let me observe that

THE TEST

which is proposed in the text is a very judicious one. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." This is the best proof of love. The test does not suggest a lawless liberty. It is true we are not under the law, but under grace; but yet we are under law to Christ, and if we love Him we are to keep His commandments. Let us never enter into the counsel of those who do not believe that there are any commandments for believers to keep. Those who do away with duty do away with sin, and consequently with the Saviour. He that is not under the law as a power for condemnation, yet can say that with his heart he delights in the law of God; he longs after perfect holiness, and in his soul yields hearty homage to the precepts of the Lord Jesus. Love is law; the law of love is the strongest of all laws. Christ has become our Master and King, and His commandments are not grievous.

The text also contains no fanatical challenge. Hermits, nuns, and all other religious mad-caps find no example or precept here. Every now and then we find members of our churches who must needs leave their trades and their callings

to show their love for Jesus ; children may starve and wives may pine, but their

MAD WHIMSIES

must be carried out for love of Jesus. Under this influence they rush into all sorts of foolery, and soon ruin their characters because they will not take the advice of sobriety, and cannot be satisfied with the grand test of love which our Lord Himself herein lays down. The text does not condemn these light-headed projects in detail, but it does so in the gross by proposing a far more reasonable test—"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."

Do not spin theories in your excited brains, and vow that you will do this desperate thing and the other. The probability is that you are not seeking the glory of the Lord, but you are wanting notoriety for yourself. You are aiming at supreme devotion that you may become a distinguished person, and that people may talk about your superior saintship. You may even go so far as to court persecution from selfish motives. The Saviour, who was wise and knew what was in men, and knew also what would be the surest test of true love to himself, says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." This is a much more difficult thing than to follow out the dictates of a crazy brain.

Why does the Saviour give us this as a test? I think that one reason is, because it is one which tests whether you are loving Christ in His true position, or whether your love is to a Christ of your own making, and your own placing. I am afraid that a great many people know a Christ who is meek and lowly, their servant and Saviour ; but they

DO NOT KNOW THE LORD

Jesus Christ. Alas, my friends, such people set up a false Christ ! We do not love Jesus at all if He is not our Lord and God. If you love Jesus aright, you view His every precept as a divine commandment. You love the true Christ if you love a commanding Christ as well as a saving Christ, and look to Him for the guidance of your life as well as for the pardon of your sin.

This test, again, is very judicious, because it proves the living presence of the object of your love. Love always desires to have its object near, and it has a faculty of bringing its object near. If you love anybody, that person may be far away, and yet to your thoughts he is close at hand. Love brings the beloved one so near that the thought of him acts upon its life. A gentleman has faithful servants ; he goes away, and leaves his house in their charge ; he has gone abroad, and yet he is at home to his servants, for every day their work is done as if he were there to see.

HE IS COMING

home soon ; they hardly know when, but they keep all things in readiness for his return, let it happen when it may. They are not eye-servants, and so they work none the less because he is absent. If he does not see *them*, yet the eyes of their love always see *him*, and therefore they work as if he were at home. Their affection keeps him ever near. Jesus seems to say, "If you love Me, now that I am gone you will do as you would have done if I were still with you, and looking at you. You will continue to keep My commandments, as in My presence."

It is a most judicious test, again, because, by keeping our Lord's commandments, we are doing that which is most pleasing to Him, and will most glorify Him. Some enthusiastic Methodist cries—

"Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise?"

Hearken, my brother : if you love your Saviour, keep His commandments. This is all you have to do, and a great all, too. Among the rest, you may come and be baptized, while you are thus earnest to praise your Lord. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." There is the answer to every rapturous inquiry. You cannot do your Lord so great a favor, or, in the long run, bring to Him so real an honor, as by a complete, continual, hearty obedience to every one of His commandments.

But, indeed, I need not stand here and argue. When a friend is dying, and he asks you to prove your love by such and such a deed, he may ask what he wills ; you

GIVE HIM CARTE BLANCHE.

It may be the simplest thing or the hardest thing ; but if he will prescribe it as a test of love, you will not say him nay. If your wife should say to you, "You are going to journey far from me, and I shall not see you again for many days ; I beg you therefore to carry my portrait within your watch-case," you would not fail to do so. It would be a simple thing, but it would be sacred to you. Baptism and the Lord's Supper will never be slighted by those whose hearts are fully possessed with love to Jesus. They may seem trifles, but if the Lord Jesus commands them they cannot be neglected. To leave off your wedding-ring might be no great crime ; and yet no loving wife would do it ; even so, none who regard outward ordinances as love-tokens will think of neglecting them. Ours not to ask for reasons, ours not to dispute about whether the deed is essential or non-essential ; ours to obey right lovingly.

III. Time has well-nigh gone, or we would dwell upon the third head, which we must now leave, only praying God to prove the truth of it. The third head was this : true love will

ENDURE THIS TEST.

"If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments." This is the Revised Version, and I hope it will be written out in capitals upon our revised lives ! We will obey, we must obey, since we love Him by whom the command is given.

Come, then, brothers and sisters, as the time has gone, let me say this much to you. If you love Christ, set to work to find out what His commandments are. Study the Scriptures upon every point upon which you have the slightest question. This sacred oracle must guide you. Next, be always true to your convictions about what Christ's commandments are. Carry them out at all hazards, and carry them out at once.

Take note of every commandment as it concerns you. Let me mention one or two, and beg you to obey them as you hear them. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Is not this a call to you, my brother, to be a missionary?

DO YOU HEAR IT?

Will you not say, "Here am I ; send me?" Another person has come into this house to-night full of enmity ; somebody has treated him very badly, and he cannot forget it ; I pray him to hear the Lord's command : "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee ; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way ; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." And, again : "Little children, love one another." If any of you are in debt, obey this commandment : "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." If you neglect the poor, and live in a niggardly way, hear this commandment : "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." At the back of all comes this, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." I might stop here all night, and mention, one after another, the commandments which would be specially applicable to each one of my hearers ; but I pray the Holy Ghost to bring all things to your remembrance.

If there be a commandment which you do not relish, it ought to be a warning to you that there is something wrong in your heart that needs setting right. If ever you quarrel with one of Christ's commands, end that quarrel by specially attending to it beyond every other. The point is to throw your whole soul into that very duty wherein you are most tempted to be slack. Jesus does not say, if ye love Me, keep this commandment or that, but out of love obey every command.

Many of you do not love my Lord Jesus Christ. I have not preached to you, but that very fact should make you thoughtful. Go home and

consider that the preacher said nothing to you because you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore cannot keep His commandments. Oh, may God the Holy Ghost lead you to repent of not loving Jesus, who is the altogether lovely One, and the great lover of men's souls ! Oh that you may begin to love Him at once ! Amen and Amen.

[The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it ; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage and Mr. Spurgeon especially request prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of their labors.]

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN ALPINE TRAGEDY.*

THE great Pasterzen Glacier rises in Western Austria and flows into Carinthia, and is fourteen or seventeen miles long as you measure it from its birth in the snow-field or from where it begins to move from the higher snows, and its active course is marked from the first wrinkle. It flows in a steady sweep, a grand avenue guarded by giant mountains, steep and wide, a prototype, huge and undesigned, of the Giant's Stairway in the Venice Palace. No known force can block its path ; it would need a cataclysm to reverse its progress. What falls upon it moves with it, what lies beneath it moves with it ; no meteor of the air is so irresistible. Men have learned to congregate on its shores and admire. Scientists stick staves into the ground and appraise the majesty of its motion ; at supper they tell stories of their prowess, pay money to the guides who have protected them, and fall asleep from weariness.

Mrs. Knollys was a young English bride, sunny-haired, hopeful-eyed, who had come to Switzerland with her beloved husband, Charles Knollys, on their wedding-tour. She was eighteen and he twenty-one. Charles was a short foot taller than his wife, with much the same hair and eyes, thick, flossy whiskers, broad shoulders, and a bass voice. This was five and forty years ago. When Mrs. Knollys went to Switzerland last summer she was three and sixty. They first saw the great mountains from the summit of the Schafberg. This is a little height, three-cornered, between three lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Knollys were seated on a couch of Alpine roses behind a rhododendron bush watching the sunset. A modern lady would have been talking of the scenery, giving word-color pictures of the view ; but Mrs. Knollys had been looking at her husband, and talking with him of the cottage they had bought in a Surrey village, and thinking how the little carvings and embroideries would look there which they had bought abroad ; and, indeed, Mrs. Charles secretly thought Box Hill an eminence far preferable to the Venediger, and Charles's face an infinitely more interesting sight than any lake, however expressive. Three days later Charles Knollys, crossing with her the lower portion of the Pasterzen Glacier, slipped into a crevasse and vanished utterly from view.

The young girl, bride and widow at eighteen, sought to throw herself into the clear, blue gulf ; she refused to leave Heiligenblut ; she would sit tearless by the edge of the crevasse day by day and gaze into its profundity. A guide or man was always with her at these times, for it was still feared that she would follow her young husband to the depths of that still sea. Her aunt went over from England to her ; the summer waxed, autumn storms set in, but no power could win her from the place whence Charles had gone.

If there was a time worse for her than that first moment, it was when they told her that his body never could be found. They did not dare to tell her this for many days, but busied them-

* From "The Sentimental Calendar," by J. S. of Dale. Containing twelve bright stories, one for each month of the year. Pp. 280. Price, 2s. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.



An Irish Landowner and her Daughter under Protection from Assassins. (See page 805.)

selves with idle cranes and ladders, and made futile pretences with ropes. Some of the big, simple-hearted guides even descended into the chasm, absenting themselves for an hour or so, to give an idea that something was being done.

Mrs. Knollys went back to the little cottage in Surrey and lived there. She rarely went out. There was no place where she could go to think of him. If he had only been buried in some quiet English churchyard, she thought, they would then be separated for her short life alone. Now it seemed to her that they were far apart forever.

But late the next summer she had a letter from the place. It was from Dr. Zimmermann. It told her that he had given a year's study to the place; with all his instruments of measurement he had tested the movement of the glacier, and believed that her husband's body might yet be found, though not for many years. This letter made Mrs. Knollys better; it made her willing to live; it made her almost long to live until old age, that her Charles' body might be given back. After the professor's letter she never quite seemed to realize that her husband was dead. Was he not coming back to her? I think she grew to imagine his presence. Charles still lived to her as her young love had fancied he would be. She would fancy his doing this or that with her; how he would joy in this good fortune or share her sorrows, which were few, mercifully. At sixty she thought of him as an old person, too, sitting by their fireside, late in life, mature, deep-souled, wise with the wisdom of years, going back with her fondly to recall the old happiness of their bridal journey, when they set off for their happy honeymoon abroad, and life stretched brightly before them both.

In the summer of 1882 Mrs. Knollys went back to Carinthia. If the calculations of the professor were correct, this would be the time when the depths into which Charles slipped would be uncovered by the movement of the glacier.

The sun had not yet risen one morning when she came, and she sat a long time in the cavern listening to the murmur of the river flowing under the glacier at her feet. Slowly the dawn began, and she seemed to see the shimmer of a face—such a face as one sees in the coals of a dying fire. Then the full sun came over the eastern mountain, and the guide heard a woman's cry. There before her was Charles Knollys! Safe in the clear ice, still, un mutilated, there lay—not her Charles; not the Charles of her own thought, who had lived through life with her and shared her sixty years; not the old man she had borne thither in her mind, but a boy—a boy of one and twenty lying asleep.

There he was in his quaint coat, of the fashion of half a century before; his blue eyes open; his young, clear brow; and she, his bride, stood there to welcome him with her wrinkles, her bent form and thin white hairs. She was living, he was dead, and she was two and forty years older than he. Then at last the long-pent-up tears came to her, and she bent her white head in the snow. The old man came up with his pick silently and began working in the ice. The woman lay weeping, and the boy lay motionless under the clear ice veil.

In the little Surrey churchyard there are now two graves and a single stone to Charles Knollys and Mary his wife; and the boy of twenty-one sleeps there with his bride of sixty-three.

EFFIE'S PICTURE.

(See Illustration on page 813.)

No one could have been kinder to a little girl than Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher were to little Effie, but Effie was not happy. A day or two with grandpa and grandma had always been a great treat, and papa and mamma used to say that the old folks spoiled her, which Effie did not believe; but when it came to spending a year with them, Effie did not enjoy it at all. Effie

was cheerful when she bade mamma good-by on board the steamer, and was not depressed by the knowledge that mamma and papa would not return from Europe for a year, but she was crying bitterly to go home before the first week was gone.

Neither of the old people saw the tears; only little Scipio, Effie's black kitten, witnessed them; but they saw the little swollen face and heavy eyes, and were not slow to infer what had gone before. They were much concerned about it, for Effie was their only grandchild and very dear to them.

"I'll take her for a drive to-morrow," said Mr. Fletcher, "and see if that will cheer her."

But to-morrow was wet and cold, and when Mr. Fletcher looked out of the window before he dressed and saw the character of the day, he said no more about taking Effie. His remarks, however, had more effect on his wife than she chose to let him see, and Effie, instead of being taught to read or sew, was taken up-stairs to help grandma look over her stores of relics—an occupation in which every child takes delight. Grandma had saved everything she had ever possessed that did not wear out. The queerest ear-rings, brooches, buckles, bracelets, and even the quaint dresses that grandma wore when she was a girl, were all carefully treasured up and protected from the ravages of moths. Effie forgot all about home and the trouble of yesterday in her exploration. Her delight knew no bounds when she was shown a dress that grandma wore when she was quite a grown up young lady to go to a Christmas party.

"But it was too short, grandma," said Effie. "It is only just big enough for me."

"Oh, no, child, it is much too large for you; but we used to wear them quite short then."

"Do let me put it on, grandma, it is so funny."

So Effie put it on, and wonderfully pretty the plump, infantile form looked in the quaint finery of sixty years ago—just like one of Lel's

beauties who had stepped from the canvas and become endowed with life. Effie found the dress too long, of course. Her tiny feet just showed beneath it, and the sleeves had to be pushed up to leave her hands free; but she looked in it, as Mrs. Fletcher said, "as pretty as a picture." She capered about, turning this way and that to try the effect, and insisted on grandpa showing her how to make the stately, old-fashioned courtesy that was expected of young ladies in her young days. Then Effie begged to keep the dress on until grandpa came home, to see what he would say.

Effie was not disappointed in thinking that grandpa would be interested. His astonishment and amusement were inexpressible. He would not suffer the dress to be taken off, but kept Effie in sight all the evening, looking at her admiringly.

"Takes me back to the old times," he said. "Why, mother, I remember seeing you in a dress just like that almost the first time I saw you at all. Dear, dear, I was a boy then, but it seems like yesterday. Very much like you she looks, too. How you have changed since then!"

"So have you," said the old lady, sharply. "If you'd looked then as you do now, do you think I should have married you? You've got no cause to grumble."

"No, no, I don't complain; we've grown old together. I'm as proud of you now as I was then. I hope Effie will turn out as good as you have." And actually the old man crossed the room and gave his wife a kiss.

"I wish her father could see her like that," said the old lady, mollified by her husband's affection.

"Well, he shall see the next best thing to it," said Mr. Fletcher. "We'll have her picture taken and send it to him. He'll like that better than any of the old masters he thinks so much about, I'll be bound."

The old man kept his word. Effie had the old dress on the next day, and was carried off to the photographer's, where, seated in an old-fashioned chair to correspond with the dress, and with a pair of eye-glasses in her hand, she was photographed with Scipio by her side. She knew who the picture was for, and the thought of mamma and papa so far away would keep coming into her mind and effaced the bright, roguish look from her eyes that grandpa thought so charming. But it was a pretty picture, and Mr. Fletcher was quite right in predicting that no Old Master's production could compete with it in the eyes of those for whom it was taken.

A large copy specially prepared and elegantly framed soon made its appearance in grandpa's own room, where he would sit and look at it, his thoughts busy with scenes long past.

"Wonder how we'll look in heaven, mother?" he said one day, after meditating in silence for some time. "Do you think we'll grow young again up there? That's just your face as you used to be."

"I guess we'll know each other, however we



Effie's Picture.

look," said the old lady. "When we see the Lord as He is we'll be changed, but the Lord will know every one, and if we are in any doubt we can ask Him."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 799.)

A Mysterious Sufferer.

THROUGH the crisp and bracing air strode Simon Holmes, summoned, as we have seen, to the darkened chamber in which lay the sorely-stricken daughter of the lord of Aspen Towers. The sun, even on that late autumn morning, had come forth from his chamber rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and was now pouring his beams upon the landscape with unstinted grace and with almost a summertime of power.

The foliage of the grand old trees in Aspen Chase was brightly burnished by his radiance, and their robes, lately green with summer glory, were now, like the cohorts of Assyria, "gleaming in purple and gold." The morning mist lay on the carpet of greensward in veils of sheeny silver, except in the more open glades where it rose in filmy diaphanous folds, slowly evaporating beneath the ardent glances of the sun. Here and there the musical matins of the blackbird and the mellow notes of other woodland warblers were heard as if each one "with sweet

delight would greet the morn."

Arrived at the Hall, Simon was admitted with a hearty welcome by a comely, modest-looking maid who had Miss Ethel under her care. "Good-morning, father," said Nancy Holmes, kissing the old man with much affection. "I am so glad you've come, Miss Ethel does want to see you."

"Good-mornin', Nance, an' God bless yo', dear lassie. It's that 'at can mak' all mornin' 's good, an' evenin' 's too, hooiver dark the neet draws roond. What about your young mistress? Is she any better, think yo'?"

Nancy shook her head, and with a grave look on her face, and unbidden tears in her eyes, replied, "Worse, father, I think, though she says she's better. I'll go and tell her you are come."

Simon sat in the house-keeper's parlor waiting for Nancy's return; waiting, too, on God the while for Miss Ethel's sake. On the table lay a New Testament. He turned the pages over, thinking of the young girl who lay overhead on the uttermost borderland between life and death. His eyes caught sight of the words, "Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise."

"And why not?" said Simon, aloud. His religion was as downright as his character. He really had what many only profess to have—faith in Christ, the Wonder-worker. He could not doubt that He was as near and as ready to stretch forth the hand of power as He was in the days of His flesh if He was not hindered now as then, "because of unbelief." With Simon, to think was to act, and at once the cry escaped his

lips, "Say it, Lord! say it! 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?'" Simon had risen to his feet as if to get a firmer hold on Him with whom Jacob wrestled until break of day. He found Sir Godwin standing before him with a wondering look upon his haggard face.

"Say what, Simon Holmes?" said the baronet. "The death sentence hath been said. All other words come too late. My darling's dying, and I am left without a hope—without a hope!" Then the strong man bowed himself; proud as he was the tears fell, and rich as he was he felt himself poor even to beggary in spite of all his wealth. There he stood, the very image of despair.

Honest Simon's sympathies were kindled to a white heat. He looked longingly at the baronet, as though he would fain impart something that was a power in himself. He pointed with trembling finger to the sacred page of the inspired Book, and read the narrative of the raising of Jairus's daughter from the fifth chapter of Mark's Gospel.

Sir Godwin Spofforth, Baronet, had no word in reply. He could only stand awe-struck and silent in the presence of the old carpenter's sublime simplicity of faith, and mourn, as he did just then, most truly, that there was no such link between himself and the All-controlling power. He felt strangely constrained to cry, "Lord, help my unbelief!"

Meanwhile Nancy had come to summon her father to the chamber wherein the sick maiden lay. Simon ascended the wide staircase with the step of a conscious conqueror. He entered the room in which for long and weary months there had been a hand-to-hand struggle between life and death across the fluttering heart of the fair young girl not yet out of her teens, who, lying there with that dark shadow on her, had sought and found the higher life that can never, never die. He entered the chamber, assured that he should find the Good Physician by her bed, and half-expecting to hear the omnipotent TALITHA CUMI then and there!

In a large and richly-furnished chamber, surrounded by all the tokens of luxury and wealth, Ethel Spofforth, the fair daughter of a noble house, lay pale and all but helpless in the grip of what the great physician from London himself had acknowledged to be a mysterious disease. For twelve long and weary months the amiable girl had lain upon her bed, held fast in almost every limb by a pitiable paralysis of nerve and muscle, which reduced her to almost infantile dependence upon others. Her mind, ever clear and bright, was, strange to say, still clear and bright, and that even to an unusual degree.

This singular affliction appeared to date from the time when Ethel's mother, a wise and gentle woman, to whom the girl was attached by a love of extraordinary strength, was suddenly snatched out of life by the relentless hand that lays its grasp on all in turn, whether they dwell in castle or in cot. When Lady Spofforth was being laid in the family vault beneath the chancel floor of the ivy-covered church of Thorpe Aspen, amid all due pomp and pageantry of woe, the loving and gentle Ethel was wrestling with a spasm of grief that locked up or dried the fount of tears. Then it was that this dread affliction seized her; and it had held her in its deadly clasp all the time, up to that bright autumnal morning when Simon, in response to Ethel's special call, was standing by her bed.

The baronet, shaken to the very centre of his being by this double visitation, had exhausted all the resources of medical skill in his efforts to rescue his darling from the power of the grave. Of her it might be truly said, as of an earlier sufferer, that "she had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." Nurse after nurse, too, had been tried and found wanting, either in tact, or strength, or sympathy, or patience, or fidelity, until, in order to fill a positive gap in the succession, the strong, sensible, sympathetic daughter of the village carpenter had volunteered her services, and proved herself, as Ethel declared, to be worth her "weight in gold."

Certain it is that in one respect Nancy Holmes had brought her beloved young mistress a good which no gold could buy. The Gospel grace which endows with superior wealth both rich and poor had been the strength of Lady Spofforth's life, and had brought her peace and triumph in the hour of death. This fact rendered Nancy Holmes's self-imposed task all the easier, for when that simple village maiden sought to lead her helpless charge to cast herself upon the tender love and pity of her Saviour, she found the young girl's mind and heart prepared by her sainted mother's teaching. And so it came to pass that on her sick-bed the fair Ethel was led by Nancy to open her young heart for the incoming and indwelling of the tender and compassionate Friend Divine.

So the light came to Ethel Spofforth. The sacred torch glowing on the hearth of the village carpenter, borne in the hands of a simple serving-maid, kindled the holy flame in the home of rank and wealth. The heiress and her humble servitor were co-heiresses by a genealogy of which no Heralds' College knows the secret; joint owners of a funded property free from all the fluctuations of the market; a fair estate unknown to the geographer, unmapped by any survey under the sun; a genealogy which linked them to the Divine; an estate which could

never pass from their possession; a fortune which would take a whole eternity to spend.

One great grief, however, still oppressed the suffering girl, a grief so keen, so deep, that her pillow was often wet with tears. Her brother Harold, spurning all paternal counsel, defying all effort at control, had bidden, as it seemed, farewell to all the paths of rectitude and reason; and had embarked on a career so reckless as to threaten himself with near and utter ruin, and his name and family with enduring shame. During his long residence at Oxford he had fallen into evil hands; had now himself become a tempter and misleader of others. His latest success in this sad devilry, had to do with Alfred Atheling, the son of the widow, and the brother of Ethel's friend, Clara Atheling, who, next to Simon was of all outsiders most welcome by her bed. Ethel's mind was full of her erring brother now as Simon entered her chamber.

"Good-mornin', Miss Ethel," said the old carpenter, softly but cheerily, as he took his place beside her bed. He had often been summoned of late to speak words of counsel, and good cheer, to the maiden who was supposed even then to be gliding into the valley of the shadow of death, and to pray with her as one whose name was Israel, having "power like a prince to prevail." "I can see, even in this shadow, that you are better. Oh, Miss Ethel! God often mak's us to see i' the shadow better than we can see i' the shine. Am I right?"

"You are right in both ways, Simon," said the invalid, quietly and with a smile. "I am better, though I can see that those about me are not of the same opinion; and I have seen, and do see, in my shadowed life, bright visions and rich gleams, such as I never saw in the sunshine, and such as I cannot describe."

"I know," said Simon, as though he and she were living much on the same plane. "Un-speakable things which it isn't lawful for man to utter, eh? That's hoo Paul felt when he was cowl't up into the third heaven. Do you know, I think some tahmes 'at he wasn't really cowl't up at all, but that i' some of his 'perils' an' 'watchin's' an' sitch like, when his troubles was ten times woss than common, his gracious Lord just gav' him a rush o' compensation an' joy, so that whether he was i' the body or oot of it, he couldn't tell. I've felt a good deal like it myself some tahmes. A tremendous big wave comes like a green monster, all froonin' wi' foam, but it only lifts the ship up, up, up, an' the crew get a better sight o' the blue owerhead, an' o' the haven where they would be."

"Well, Simon, I don't feel as though I have many 'perils' and troubles of my own. At least I can say, 'His grace is sufficient for me.' But oh, Simon, my poor, poor brother Harold! It seems as though I can do nothing but pray for him, all the day and all the wakeful night. I was doing that when you came in."

"Was yo' noo?" said Simon, lapsing into broad vernacular, as he always did when he was greatly stirred. "But, I say, Miss Ethel, there's them 'at says it's all a pack o' nonsense; an' when we come to look at it, by t' leet o' reason, they maun be right."

"Whatever do you mean, Simon?" said Ethel, opening her eyes in wonder.

"Why, all this prayin' for fooaks an' things. It's all a fancy an' a delusion I hear. That poor fayther, the ruler o' the synagogue, he didn't get much, did he, when he prayed so hard an' wi' so many tears for his little dower? That poor woman up Sidonway, that prayed for a few crumbs from under the table, funnd her poor sick lassie as bad as iver when she got home again, didn't she? an' when a poor sister like Mary went weepin' to Jesus aboot her brother, it wasn't a bit o' use, was it? Noo, why is it, think yo', 'at you an' me can't just be content to believe 'at this world an' all that's in it is just under a hap-hazard, happy-go-lucky, an' sadly-go-unlucky gover'ment o' chance?"

"Because we know better, Simon," said the patient and peaceful sufferer, her face irradiated with a smile not born of earth.

"Hey, dear soul, that's just where it is. We knoa. Them 'at talks i' that way may raise doots an' questions, an' stummle at this, an' boggle at that, an' give t' other the go-by; but it's because they don't knoa. The secret o' the Lord is wi' them that fear Him, an' them 'at hezn't it's o' no more use in a witness-box on that subject then a blind man on a question o' color, or a deaf man in a dispute aboot t' comparative sweetness of a fiddle an' a bugle-horn. We knoa, as you say, an' you an' me 'll just go on trustin' an' prayin' an' waitin' on Him at says, 'Call on Me in the day of trouble, an' I will deliver thee.' He either means it or He doesn't. If He doesn't, why, there's nowt for it but just to shut up t' Bible an' drift doon i' the dark. But if He does, then He means it oot an' 'oot, an' t' biggest faith 'll fetch the biggest blessing from the throne of God. Oh, Miss Ethel! Neither your prayers nor mine can stop midway on the rooad te heaven. They're winged wi' faith that's stronger than an eagle's wing, an' accordin' to oor faith it shall be done. Mr. Harold's within the reach of his sister's God, an' it's my belief that his sister will live to fetch him home."

A faint blush of excitement overspread Ethel's pale cheeks as she listened to the old carpenter's hopeful words. With the simplicity and calm of a trusting child she clasped her thin white hands, raised her large blue eyes, that had a holy light in them, to heaven, and softly prayed "Father in heaven! Grant it in Thy mercy, for my Saviour's sake!"

"Amen!" said Simon. "Amen, Lord, so be it!" And it seemed to both that the sanction of the King was set like a seal to their united prayer.

Even while Simon spoke, the baronet's carriage, which had been to Chilworth Station to fetch the great physician, drew up at the door of Aspen Towers. Kneeling by the bedside, Simon Holmes besought a blessing on the doctor's visit, and retired with the words upon his lips that he had read to Sir Godwin from the Divine Book, "Lord, come and lay Thy hands upon her, that she may be healed, and she shall live."

Simon Holmes made haste homeward through the park. The sun was high in the heavens, its rays were gilding brightly the many-colored foliage of oak and beech and birch and sycamore, investing them with a more excellent glory in their season of decay than ever they had worn in the quickening spring-time, or the strong summer-tide of life. Just so, thought Simon, hath the Sun of Righteousness made the weak and helpless maiden "most beautiful, most fair," when most near the winter-time of death. Then he thought of the man of skill, standing, it might be, even then by the sick girl's bed, and there and then he stood and bared his head, and linking himself by faith to the throne of Him that kindles and sustains the sun's great heart of fire, he prayed aloud: "Shine down, O Sun! Shine into that darkened chamber! O Sun of Righteousness, arise with healing in Thy wings!"

Then pursuing his way, he found himself unconsciously repeating the words he had read to the silent and wondering Sir Godwin: "And He took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, *Talitha cumi*, which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment." "Yes," said the old carpenter, as he involuntarily quickened his steps in answer to the growing lightness of his heart, a beaming smile resting on his face the while, "Yes, He hesn't given up astonishin' fooaks yet. The Lord nivver put that glorious little story i' the Book to mock poor weepin' parents with a sheer impossibility; or to mak' 'em wonder why He doesn't do sitch things noo; or to mak' 'em wish 'at they'd lived i' them times instead of these. It's there with a purpose. If oor faith hez no mair strength in it than a strand of untwisted tow, we limit Him an' hamper Him, an' rob oor selves o' mony an'

mony a famous blessin'; but if we wad let Him spin us a seven-twined rope o' faith, an' then pull with a will an' a niver-leave-off-till-we-get-it, He would astonish us, He *would* astonish us with a great astonishment. Nowt so sure!"

"Well, Simon," said Rebecca, as she greeted him at the door. "What do yo' think o' the poor gell? Hez the great doctor come?"

"Yes, 'Becca, the Greatest of All doctors is there; an' it's my belief," said Simon, with an emphasis on every word, "that He hez said, or will say, 'Talitha cumi.'"

"Oh, Simon! That *will* be astonishin'," said Rebecca, with eyes glistening with tears, for she, at any rate, had faith in Simon's word.

"Just what I've been sayin'," said he, "that's the Wonder-worker's way."

(To be continued.)

CREATION AND REST.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 2, Gen. 1: 26-31; 2: 1-3. Golden Text, 1: 31.

Four Important Words—Creation Culminating in Man—The Life-giving Spirit—The Three-fold Operation—Light, Division, Life—Reproduction but Not Evolution—The Climax of the New Creation—The Authority Given to Man—Extended in the New Creation—The God-appointed Ordinance—The Absence of Poisonous and Remedial Plants—The Institution of the Sabbath—Learning to Rest.

"In the beginning God." These are the first four words of God's revelation to man. He looks back and can say, "Before I, before my fellow-creatures, before the worlds, before the ages existed, there was God." "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending," says He who "was in the beginning with God" (John 1: 2). "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things" (Rom. 11: 36). There is no going back farther than God; there is no going forward into the future without meeting God there. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." In a published volume entitled "Leaves from Genesis,"* we have formerly traced the analogy between the creation of the world and the new creation of man in Christ Jesus. But in tracing the broad lines of truth running through this chapter, we cannot but see how all creation culminates in man, just as man culminates in God. All created things were to serve the purpose of man, and man was to serve the purpose of God. Matter which God had previously created lay "waste and void" (R. V.) until the Spirit and the Word acted upon it. And just so it is with human reason and human energy—both are waste and void, as regards anything spiritual, until the Spirit of God moves upon the being and quickens the Word into a living voice in the soul. Apart from God, the thoughts of man are "vanity" (Ps. 94: 11) "waste and void." Apart from God, the energy of man is "as of one that beateth the air" (1 Cor. 9: 26). The Spirit of God, in unison with the Word, brings about

LIGHT, DIVISION, LIFE.

The "waste and void," the "darkness upon the face of the deep" yield to the incoming light, and day and night begin to succeed each other. Then the creative power of the Word brings about division, and by that power there comes order out of former confusion—the sky, the earth, the sea become defined and clear, and forms of life succeed one another, from the simple blade of grass to the highest forms of animal life. "The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens. By His knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew" (Prov. 3: 19, 20). Everything is in its own order; everything has reproductive power, yet no one form of life grows into a higher form of life; only the Spirit and the Word can produce each form. And so it is in the spiritual world, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are

foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2: 14). The touch of God alone gives light, the touch of God alone brings order, the breath of God alone gives life; so the Spirit and the Word of God alone can produce in our souls fresh light or life. We may see something of God in a fellow Christian, and disquiet our souls in vain to produce it in ourselves, but only the Word of God quickened by His Spirit can speak it into being in our experience. But this He is waiting to do, if we will trust Him.

The climax of God's creation is man; the climax of His new creation is that mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints; to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is

CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY.

God had looked out upon His fair creation; there was no flaw there; no hand but that of God had touched it, "and God saw that it was good." Sin, sorrow, death, decay were unknown in it; no breath of evil had passed over it. But the earth, although perfect and lovely was still empty; it lacked a master. And God, the Elohim, the Triune God, said, "Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." God had made "the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind," but man was not to be made after *his* kind, but after God's kind, "in Our image, after Our likeness."

MAN WAS CREATED TO PORTRAY GOD, to be a habitation of God, to breathe in and breathe out God. And so man has no independent existence even "in his kind." If he is not God's kind he will not be his own kind, but the devil's kind. His place is the place of dominion, the upper place on earth; he is to be above all that earth can be, or that earth can do—"I have overcome the world" (John 16: 33). "Be not overcome of evil" (Rom. 12: 21). "Sin shall not have dominion over you" (Rom. 6: 14). "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne" (Rev. 3: 21). "He that overcometh shall inherit all things" (Rev. 21: 7). By creation, man had dominion over the serpent; by redemption Christ gave him "power (authority) . . . over all the power of the enemy" (Luke 10: 19). While man is thirsting for dominion over his fellow-man, and fretting impatiently against the authority of God over him, there is a sphere in which God confers dominion upon him—

A DOMINION WHICH IS INFINITELY MORE WORTH than that which he seeks for himself. A child frets impatiently against the control of parents and teachers; God gives him in Jesus, if he will take it, dominion over the very enemy who tempts him to this impatience. So "God created man in His image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."

"And God blessed them," as He had blessed the fowls and fishes, saying, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," but He also added, "and subdue it; and have dominion." It is God's will for man and woman that they should marry, and that children should be born to them. There are some young people who always laugh when marriage is spoken of; some speak of it as a joke, and some as though it were impure. But it is the declared will of God; and it is a solemn and a blessed thing to be united in the Lord, and to bring up children for God. It may be the vocation of some to serve the Lord as single people, but the general rule of God is, "It is not good that the man should be alone."

Our loving God, in His fatherly kindness, provided food for His children. Surely, before the fall of man, poisonous plants, such as are now used for medicine, did not grow. "God said,

Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." What then about belladonna, hemlock, aconite, and other strong poisons? surely they could not have been in existence then! In these days of the creation, sickness is never mentioned, never provided for. He who created food and gave His blessing to it spoke nothing of remedies, for sickness was not a part of His creation. And for the beast, as well as for man, the vegetable kingdom was given. And God looked out upon His fair creation, and it was faultless, spotless—God "hath made every thing beautiful in his time" (Eccl. 3: 11)—"it was very good."

Six days were passed—days of creation; we are not told whether these days were of the same length as our present days, or whether, like the "day of salvation," and "the day of the Lord," they were extended periods; it matters not. "The heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made, and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." When He had made man, He rested, for man was God's masterpiece. When He has found Christ in us, and so conformed us to His image, He can rest in us, for

CHRIST IN US IS GOD'S MASTERPIECE;

His ideal in its fulness and consummation. "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it," *i.e.*, set it apart from other days to Himself. Long before the law was given, and the command to keep the seventh day holy laid upon the children of Israel, God had given the Sabbath to the world. His thought concerning it was no special revelation to Israel. Every man has a birthright in the Sabbath day, and every beast which God has created has a right to the rest of the seventh day. There are on earth two classes of people—those who do not know how to work and those who do not know how to rest. To some, work of any kind is such a delight, the nervous energy they possess so drives them to it, that their difficulty is to keep Sabbath to rest as God would have them to do. There are others who are naturally listless, idle, without character, and to them the difficulty is to work; they would rather do nothing. This supineness is not rest, it is indifference. In face of the mighty needs of perishing souls, this listlessness is heartless. But when we learn to see God at work, and to know that only the works which are wrought in God can be of any avail,

THEN WE LEARN TO REST,

not in indifference, but in the consciousness that the work is being done by God. This is not the spirit of the sluggard, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep" (Prov. 24: 33), but that standing still to see the salvation of God, which finds one equipped and ready for action at the first word from the Master. Unless we work in the spirit of rest, knowing that the weight of responsibility rests on God, our work will wear us out. Unless we rest in the spirit of willingness for service whenever the Master shall call us, we shall rust out. God is at work now upon a new creation in Christ Jesus. We can only see the disorder of the workshop, confusion in the Church and in the world, many chips thrown away which, in our eyes, would be valuable, much retained which we should not value, in the way of men, time, money. When the Lord returns the work shall be made manifest, it shall be found to be "very good," and then the Lord will keep eternal Sabbath with His people.

Thy Healer and Faith Witness, a Monthly Magazine, edited by Mrs. M. Baxter, contains original articles on Holiness and Healing, Authentic Testimonies of Divine Healing, and Items of Intelligence from Heathen Lands where Missionaries are laboring in faith, soliciting no help from man but relying solely on God for support. With the first number of 1887, *Thy Healer* will be enlarged from sixteen to thirty-two pages, and it will be issued only on the first of each month. Annual Subscription, 75 cents, may be sent to Mrs. M. Baxter, 10 Drayton Park, Highbury, London, England, or to the manager of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 63 Bible House, New York. The copies will be mailed each month direct from Bethshan, London, to American subscribers.

* [On sale at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 25 cents, paper covers; 35 cents, cloth.]

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS to you!

For the Light of Life is born,
And His coming is the sunshine
Of the dark and wintry morn.
The grandest orient glow must pale,
The lowliest western gleam must fail;
But His great light,
So full, so bright,
Arise for thy heart to-day:
His shadow-conquering beams shall never pass away.

A happy Christmas to you!

For the Prince of Peace is come,
And his reign is full of blessings,
Their very crown and sum.
No earthly calm can ever last,
'Tis but the lull before the blast;
But his great Peace
Shall still increase
In mighty, all-rejoicing sway;
His kingdom in thy heart can never pass away.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

SEND for Illustrated Hand-Book of Sunday School Banners to J. & R. Lamb, 59 Carmine St., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

AGENTS Send for E. B. TREAT'S
of new books, including
Mother, Home and
Heaven. 400 best au-
thors. Prose and Po-
etry. Edited by Theo.
L. Cuyler, D.D. \$2.75
by mail. 180,000 sold.
(10,000) pertaining to
persons, places and
things, with Key. Also Bible Studies, Prayer topics, &c.
Introduction by J. H. Vincent, D.D. 606 pages—\$2.
WOMEN'S HAND-BOOK, \$2. Just Issued.
A lady wanted in every town to introduce it. Quick Sales. Big Pay.
Address E. B. TREAT, Pub., 771 Broadway, N. Y.



HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE

A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

Renewable Term Insurance Challenges Criticism as Adopted by the PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City.

The SAFEST, most EQUITABLE and LEAST EXPENSIVE system ever devised.

AVOIDS the high cost of level premiums on the one hand and of Assessment Insurance, which is without science or security, on the other.

ACTUAL cost of Insurance in THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS during the calendar year 1884, less than \$10 per thousand.

SHEPPARD HOMANS,
President and Actuary.

Send for prospectus or call in person.



WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES—(avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the cost on every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$108! We send it with Beautiful Cover and Stool—for Trial in your own home before you buy. Send for circulars to

Marchant & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.



The Physician's Favorite!

A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Calendars for 1887

As the number of, each is necessarily limited, early orders are requested.

THE SCRIPTURE CALENDAR: Block Style, with verse of Scripture in bold type for each day, mounted on a beautiful card board, printed in gold and colors. Single copies 35 cents, by mail; six copies for \$1.50.

THE PROVERBIAL CALENDAR: Block Style, with a popular proverb in bold type for each day, mounted on a beautiful card board, printed in gold and colors. Single copies 35 cents, by mail; six copies for \$1.50.

Postage stamps receivable for sums under \$1.00.

THOMAS WHITTAKER,
2 & 3 BIBLE HOUSE, New York.

LIVE COALS

By T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

A large octavo volume of 700 pages.

STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED with 16 full page illustrations, and author's life.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

A copy elegantly bound in cloth will be sent, post-paid, for \$2.00, to any address.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, Pub'r, 71 Bible House, New York.

SONGS FOR WINTER!

THE LOW PRICE OF THE

New Music Edition

GOSPEL * HYMNS CONSOLIDATED

Has greatly increased the demand for this unequalled collection for Devotional Meetings. 426 Hymns firmly bound in Boards.

\$45 per 100 Copies; 50 cts. each, by mail.

Former editions Published at old prices.

The Gospel Choir.

Used in all of Mr. Moody's meetings as a companion book to GOSPEL HYMNS. A collection of new GOSPEL SONGS of great power and usefulness. Extra large type, \$10 per 100 Copies. 46 cents each, by mail. Words Only, \$10 per 100.

SELECT SONGS.

Compiled by F. N. PELTONBET, D. D.

344 Hymns and Tunes, admirably chosen for use where only one book is desired for the Devotional Meetings and the Sunday School.

All who have used SELECT SONGS speak of it in the highest terms.

Firmly bound in Cloth, \$40 per hundred Copies.

An edition of Words Only, \$10 per hundred Copies.

A complete Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York,
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

For Sunday School Lessons for next two years get

ABBOTT on "MATTHEW."

Illustrated Commentary for Christian Workers. 8vo, cloth. Price, postpaid, \$1.75.

"It will rank among the best commentaries of the day."—Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D. (Cong.) "For quick reference on a minister's table, for help at family study, for aid in the Sunday-school lesson, I should commend this as the best book I know."—Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D. (Pres.) "Convenient in form. Compact, clear, and interesting in comment."—Bishop Paddock (Epis.) "Students will be wise to possess themselves of this help."—Bishop Foster (Meth.)

History of the Ancient Hebrews, ILLUSTRATED. By ABRAHAM MILLIS. 12 mo, cloth, \$1.25.

Bible Lands Illustrated. By H. C. FISH, D. D. 8vo, cloth, gilt edge, \$3.

History of the English Bible. By Rev. BLACKFORD CONNITT. 12mo, cloth, \$2. An account of all the translations and translators.

Suitable for Holiday Gifts.

For sale by Booksellers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

111 and 113 William Street, New York.



Corticelli Silk Purse.

This cut is reduced in size nearly one-half from the original, which is one of many new engravings which illustrate the 1886 edition of "HOW TO USE

Florence Knitting Silk"

96 Pages. Just Published.

Special prominence given to CROCHETED SILK BEAD WORK, introducing a Rare and Choice Alphabet engraved for this work. The Book mailed to any address for Six Cents.

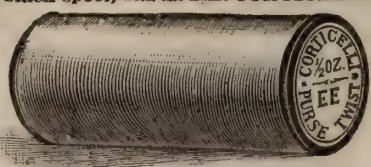
NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.

Caution.—Purchasers should notice carefully the black spool, with the name CORTICELLI

PURSE TWIST on one end.

The GENUINE is put up ONLY in this way.

by enterpris- dealers.



WALKER - - THE BEST WASHER



Warranted 5 years, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The Best, most Efficient, and Durable Washer in the world. Has no rival, the only machine that will wash perfectly clean without rubbing. Can be used in any sized tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. So simple and easy to operate the most delicate lady or child can do the work. Made of Galvanized Iron, and the only Washer in the world that has the Rubber Bands on the Rollers, which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes. Exclusive territory. Retail price, \$8.00. Agents' sample, \$3.50. Also the celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at Manufacturers' lowest price.

Circulars free. We refer to editor of this paper. Address

ERIE WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

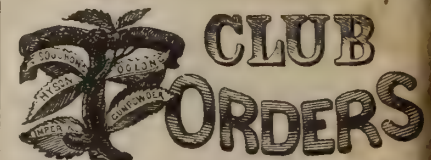
James M'Creery & Co

offer this week 2,500 DRESS PATTERNS for HOLIDAY PRESENTS at remarkably low prices.

A special counter has been assigned where will be found rare bargains in Wool materials, and in remnants of our Fall Goods, marked much below cost.

Another Special feature of this Department will be 6,500 yards of "Durham Serge" in two grades of twill, entirely new shades, at 60 cents per yard, double width, well worth \$1.

Broadway & Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving at Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$4, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,

793 Washington St., Boston Mass.



FOR GAS. BAILEY'S COMPOUND Light-Spreading Silver-Plated CORRUGATED GLASS REFLECTORS! A wonderful invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Manhattan Life Insurance Co. NEW YORK.

The leading features of this sterling company are:

1. STRENGTH. It has the largest clear surplus over liabilities.
2. CAREFUL CONSERVATISM. Shown by thirty-five years of success.
3. LIBERALITY AND FAIR DEALING. Its policy contract is free from all objectionable restrictions. Every policy issued by this company for more than twenty years contains an incontestable clause.
4. IT IS JUST AND EQUITABLE. As demonstrated by large dividends paid to holders.

The New Endowment Plan of this company is the most attractive feature in life underwriting. It gives the best combination of advantages offered by any plan in use.

This will be fully explained if you will call or write.

JAMES M. McLEAN, President.

H. Y. WEMPLE, Sec'y. J. L. HALSEY, 1st V. P.

S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary. H. B. STOKES, 2d V. P.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR PLATFORM ECHOES

or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART

By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling incidents, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good. Full of laughter and tears. It sells as fast as salt. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN A. BOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. \$1 to \$200 a month made. No Distance No Hindrance. Give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now a your to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner S. L. Gold Band or Moss Rose Lamp, Castles Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

SUBSCRIBE NOW for 1887.

NOTES FOR BIBLE STUDY

Only 36 cents per year including Bible Students' Almanac 1887. S. R. BRIGGS, Toronto, Canada

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1886, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. IX. No. 52.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1886.

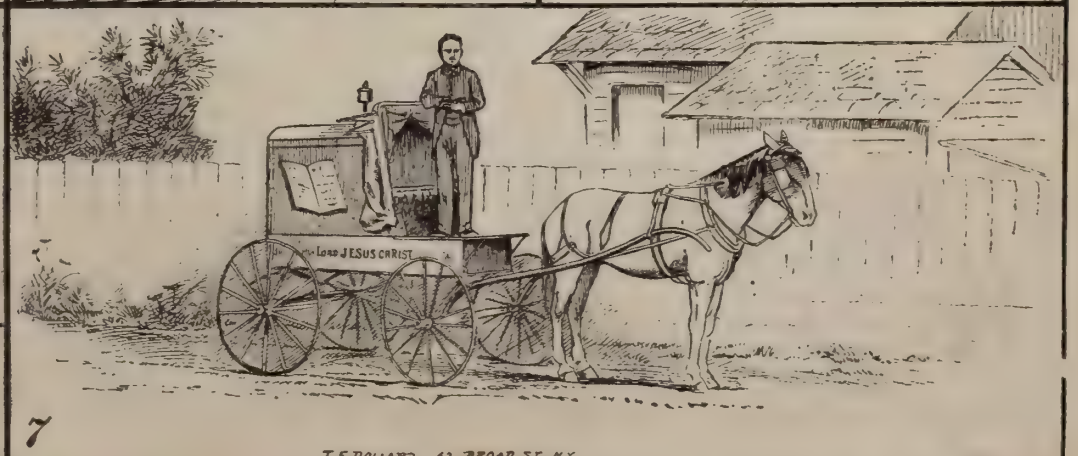
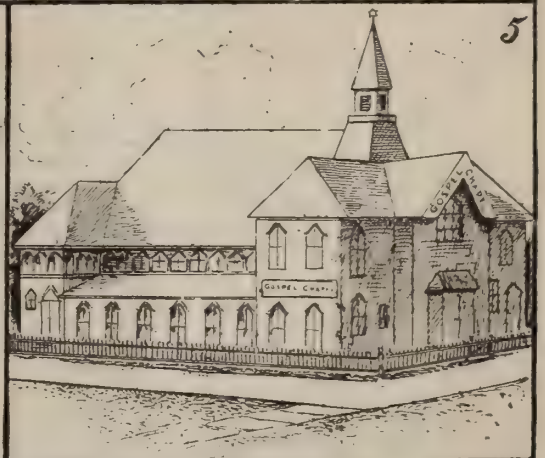
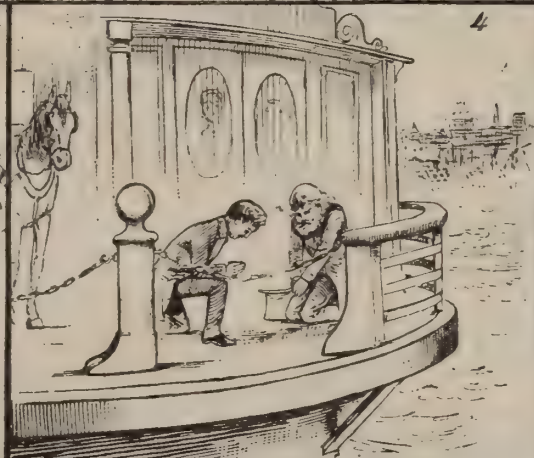
Price, Three Cents.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

PORTRAIT AND LIFE OF FERDINAND SCHIVEREA, THE WELL-KNOWN EVANGELIST.
CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. Dr. Talmage's Sermon Last Sunday Morning.
CURRENT EVENTS: Early Work of the Session—The Consolidation of the Customs Districts—A Renewed Nomination—The Sentence on Alderman McQuade—Lord Randolph Churchill's Resignation—Overtures from Mr. Chamberlain—Peril of a Friend of General Gordon in Africa—A Shrewd Legal Device—Mrs. Cleveland's Bust in Bank Notes—A Remarkable Surgical Operation, etc.
PICTURES OF THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.



AMONG THE BREAKERS. A New Sermon by O. H. Spurgeon.
ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.
WORKING AND WAITING. By G. H. Pember, M.A.
 The Work of the Opium Fiend—A Novel Temperance Society—Mr. H. M. Stanley on Liquor in Africa.
GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS: The Ladies of Siam.
RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1886.
THE CARPENTER'S DILEMMA. (Illustrated.)
THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE. A Serial Story. By Rev. J. Jackson Wray. (Continued.)
SIN AND DEATH. By Mrs. M. Baxter.
INDEX OF THE NINTH VOLUME.



T. E. DOLLARD 62 BROAD ST. N.Y.

FERDINAND SCHIVEREA, the well-known Evangelist—Scenes in his Life and Work.

FERDINAND SCHIVEREA, The Open-Air Preacher.

God's Choice of Instruments—Schiverea's Birth and Early Life—A Negro Minstrel—Conversion under Mr. Moody—Employment in a Furniture Store—Studies in a Coal Cellar—Commences Open-Air Work—Threatened with a Revolver—Employed by Dr. Pentecost—Collecting a Congregation for a Church—Personal Work on the Streets and Ferries—The Bible Carriage.

THERE is no mistake more common among the churches than the mistake of supposing that profound learning and oratorical gifts are indispensable to usefulness in the Christian ministry. Of their value there can be no question, and Paul explicitly and earnestly urges Timothy to study and to seek earnestly the best gifts; but God can use the weakest and most ignorant instruments, and sometimes He uses them with more effect than those whom men consider better qualified for the service. He "has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;" "and the weak things to confound the things which are mighty." An instance in point is the man whose portrait appears this week on our first page.

Ferdinand Schiverea was born in New York in 1852. He is therefore now thirty-four years of age. His father was a Spanish Roman Catholic and his mother a Protestant. Ferdinand, though christened by Archbishop Hughes, was sent to a Protestant Sunday-school until he was about nine years old; and at that age he was taken from the public school and obliged to work on account of his father falling into drinking habits and reducing the family to poverty. Withdrawn from the religious influences which might have been brought to bear upon him by his mother, he grew up reckless and with little desire for spiritual things. Taking a liking for the stage, he made up his mind to prepare for it. Naturally gifted as a dancer and mimic, he bade fair to attain popularity as a performer. He obtained several engagements as

A NEGRO MINSTREL

(see illustration on first page, No. 1), and embraced every opportunity for better preparation. Spiritually he was in dense darkness, and at the time of his conversion, when twenty-four years of age, he had no hope in God and no care for salvation. Only a short time before his conversion he filled an engagement in a variety show with some ability and with every evidence of coming success.

One evening in the year 1876 he, with others, received a ticket to Mr. Moody's meetings, then being held in the Brooklyn Rink. Out of curiosity he entered the Rink, and it was then and there that God met him and led him to see that He had something better in store for him than the career of a buffoon. He attended the meetings a few nights, and after a great struggle he was converted. From the very moment of his conversion he commenced to tell others what God had done for him. His brother George was converted about the same time. The two engaged a small house and fitted it up for prayer-meetings, and they would stand at the alley entrance, hailing all persons who passed by, and inviting them to the meetings in the upper room in the rear.

Abandoning the stage after his conversion, he succeeded in obtaining employment as packer in a furniture store, and spent his time hard at work

IN THE BASEMENT

of the building. The work was laborious, but Schiverea kept to it with a will, and without any regret for the days of comparative leisure he enjoyed while aspiring to the stage. Adjoining the basement was a coal cellar, and in the intervals of his work and during his dinner hour he would slip in there and study his Bible by the light that came down from the hole in the pavement above, through which the coals were delivered. (See illustration, No. 2.) For about three years he was thus employed, and during that time the coal cellar was the scene of earnest wrestling with God for light and strength to serve Him.

The result of his meditation and prayer was the conviction that God had called him to the work of evangelization. He promptly resolved to give up secular employment and devote himself exclusively to the work of telling the people who did not go to church the good things that God had done for him. He would become

A STREET PREACHER.

He left his occupation in the middle of the winter, with no money in store, without a dollar promised, trusting that God would feed and clothe him while he worked in His service. There was no need to inquire where non-churchgoers were to be found. Schiverea had belonged to that class himself, and knew where to find them. Day by day he took his way into the lowest quarters of Brooklyn, and on a street corner or in any place where there was a probability of people gathering he would stand and preach. Rough treatment, of course, Schiverea expected, and it was not an infrequent experience.

One day he had taken his stand outside a disreputable saloon which was being extensively patronized by men and boys, and began an earnest exhortation. A crowd soon collected—not to listen, but to jeer and ridicule. The young preacher was not to be silenced so, and the crowd from merriment passed to anger. Schiverea was mobbed and pelted, and at last one man, bolder and more reckless than the rest, drew his pistol, and holding it to Schiverea's head, warned him to desist if he did not wish to be shot. The excitement increased, and Dr. George F. Pentecost, who was passing, crossed to see what it was. The preacher's intrepidity excited his admiration, and he at once took the young man by the hand. That was the help Schiverea was needing, and it came just at the moment he needed it most. To the friendship and aid Dr. Pentecost gave him then, Schiverea is indebted for many of the opportunities he has since enjoyed of preaching the Gospel to large masses of people.

AN EVANGELIST

who had no objection to work in the slums, who could talk to the lowest class in their own slang, and who had no fear of mobs was precisely the man Dr. Pentecost had been seeking. One district of Brooklyn was notorious for its irreligion, and it had been sorely neglected. A work had been commenced there, a small Sunday-school established, and religious services occasionally held. This nucleus Dr. Pentecost was anxious should be extended, and a church built. Schiverea might perhaps aid in this enterprise, and Dr. Pentecost employed him. He worked the district thoroughly and with such success that Dr. Pentecost felt satisfied that as soon as a church was built there would be no doubt about its being filled. A commodious and substantial building (see illustration, No. 5) was built in Marcy Avenue near Ellery Street, and a pastor engaged. Mr. Schiverea preached in the street and invited his hearers to the church, frequently delivering an address or taking an entire service himself. The work grew and is still flourishing.

OPEN-AIR WORK,

however, was really Mr. Schiverea's vocation, and in that he could hope for success which might not attend a regular ministry. He is distinctively a pioneer adapted for the work of breaking up new ground on which other men can labor. It was a congenial occupation, and Mr. Schiverea was always happily busy about his Master's business. It mattered not where or when an opportunity came, he was ready to embrace it. On one occasion he entered into conversation with an aged man on a ferry-boat, and so earnestly did he plead and so effectively did God bless his appeal, that there and then the aged sinner was brought to his knees, and Schiverea knelt with him and prayed for his salvation. (See illustration, No. 4.)

On another occasion, being appealed to in the street for charity by a man evidently destitute and hungry, Schiverea turned into a bakery and bought the man several loaves. While the poor fellow satisfied his craving Schiverea talked

to him of the Bread of Life, and eventually induced the man to put down the loaves and kneel down on the street and beg for mercy on his soul. (See illustration, No. 6.)

THE BIBLE CARRIAGE

(see illustration, No. 7) is one of his latest methods of reaching the people. The municipal authorities in our cities, while permitting gatherings in the streets for a variety of purposes, have an antipathy to preaching, and the street preacher has learned to dread the sight of a policeman almost as much as does a pick-pocket. Mr. Schiverea was so often "moved on" and interfered with in his work that he looked around for a method of evangelizing less liable to municipal molestation. Having heard of the success of Bible carriages in Europe, he decided upon that mode of work, and friends came to his aid in the purchase. A light wagon covered with Scripture texts, with a convenient standing place for a preaching platform, was secured and well stocked with Bibles. This Mr. Schiverea proposes to use in evangelistic work, going in it from place to place, preaching and disposing of his Bibles, and inviting his hearers to his Gospel services.

Mr. Schiverea has labored with success in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other large cities in the United States and Canada. He is now in Toronto, where, for several weeks, his meetings have been crowded and much good has been done. One of his most enthusiastic admirers writes us that Mr. Schiverea "is fast coming to the front as one of those who God is especially using," but we may hope that Mr. Schiverea has no intention of coming to the front, but is desirous that his Lord and Master shall occupy that place.

ANECDOTES RELATED AT RECENT EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

A Cruel Piece of Deception.—Mr. Paterson said at a recent meeting: "Two men worked side by side in the same establishment; one of them was a decided Christian, and he felt it his duty to speak to his companion, whom he had reason to believe was not a Christian, about the concerns of his soul, and when he did speak he was surprised to hear his friend exclaim: 'Why, did you not know I was a Christian?' 'No, I was not aware of it,' rejoined the other. 'Yes,' he continued, 'I have been a Christian for four years.' He actually thought, or rather fancied he believed in Jesus, and still he was living in sin."

A Twenty-five Years' Search Ended.—Mr. Watson observed: "I lately heard of two women who were very anxious to find the Saviour. When Mr. Moody last visited Scotland, one night, after he had been very busy all day, he had gone right off to his room, and late that night these two women came seeking for him at his hotel. A gentleman who had been helping Mr. Moody told them that they could not see him that night. They pleaded, saying they had walked many miles on purpose to see him. And then they told the gentleman that they had been seeking salvation for twenty-five years and had not got it. 'But,' said he, 'Mr. Moody cannot give it; it is the Lord alone that can give you salvation.' 'But we have sought it on bended knee for many years and have not obtained it.' 'Yes,' said the gentleman, 'you have been giving the Lord your heart, but always taking it from Him again. What you have to do is to spread out your sins and your heart before Him, and leave them with Him. Will you do so now?' The three knelt in prayer, and those two women gave themselves right over to the Lord, and went home happy, because they simply trusted in Him."

His First Visit to a Church.—A Gentleman said: "One piercing cold night in winter, a young lad was seen making his way through the snow that whirled furiously about. The boy looked cold and desolate enough, and many a pitying glance he got from the passers-by. He passed a church, from which he heard the sound

of singing; he stopped and listened, and then, entering the porch, he heard the words they sang—"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me." Just at that moment he noticed a man standing in the doorway, and stepping up to him he said, "Please, sir, is this heaven?" The door-keeper looked down at the little shivering form, and said, "No, my boy, it is a company of people gathered together to praise the Lord, and you may go inside if you wish;" and he opened the door of the church and admitted the boy, who crept quietly into the nearest seat. At the close of the service some one spoke to him and told him of the Saviour, of whom he had never heard before. He went home very happy, repeating the words all the way, "I do believe, I will believe." As he entered his home he was greeted with a severe rebuke from his father, and the only reply he gave was, "I do believe, I will believe." And his mother, when she went into his room that night, heard him murmur in his sleep, "I do believe, I will believe." That boy grew up to be a great power for good in that godless home. This joy of his was as new and strange as if a second sun had appeared in the sky."

SIN AND DEATH.

By Mrs. M. Baxter.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 9, Gen. 3: 1-19. Golden Text, Rom. 5: 12.

The Divine Marriage Law—The Enemy of the Race—His Incarnation—The Talking Serpent—The Insidious Suggestion—Eve's Fatal Error—Answering Himself—Christ's Example—The Sure Way of Escape for the Tempted—The Only Way to be Like God—The Triumph of Sophistry—Death to Divine Relations—Their Eyes Opened—Hiding from God—The Defaced Image.

"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. 5: 12). This is the awful fact; let us now look into the history. God had created woman, because, as He Himself declared, "It is not good that the man should be alone." The woman was to be man's complement; she was, equally with man, formed in the image of God (Gen. 1: 27). And God's marriage law went forth, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." And in this God-made union there was no mystery in God's order, no shame. His law of marriage and of generation was as holy as all His works. It was

THE DISORDER OF SIN, NOT THE ORDER OF GOD, which brought in shame, confusion, and uncleanness, as well as sickness and death. God made the life-long union of man and wife to be a precious foreshadowing of the union of Christ and His Church (Eph. 5: 23-33).

It was no wonder that Satan, in his diabolical malice and enmity against the new created lords of the creation, should sow his

SEEDS OF DISCORD

just where God had brought about the beauty of unity. "The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord had made;" therefore the great adversary, the devil, chose this reptile as his incarnation for the purpose of tempting man. He is designated "That old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan" (Rev. 12: 9). The word "Devil" means "false accuser;" the word "Satan" means "adversary." Just as in God is all that is pure and noble, so in the devil is all that is mean and cowardly. He said to the woman, attacking the Maker of the united pair, "Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of all the trees of the garden?" (R. V., margin.)

Satan would not come to the man and his wife together; he knew that unity is strength, and his manner of attack was not an open, frank condemnation of God, but just that of the modern Jesuits—a sinister, underhand suggestion which would leave an uncomfortable sense of insecurity behind. "Hath God said?" "Could God, He in whom you so trust, have been so

unreasonable? How could He be called good if He were so tyrannical as to place within the reach of man the tempting fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and yet withhold it from him?" Such was the import of his question. It was a critical moment; the plot was deeply laid. Eve, if she entered on the subject, must be worsted, for she had no knowledge of evil with which to judge the suggestions of the evil one. There was but

ONE WAY OUT OF THE SNARE,

and Eve failed to take it. Had she instantly referred the matter to God, instead of attempting to answer the enemy, she would not have fallen. Had she consulted Adam, it is more than probable that the two would have gone to God. God has given to us a sure way of escape in every hour of temptation. It is to refer the temptation to God as soon as it presents itself. If we entertain it for a moment, we fall under its power. God had given man dominion over all creation. In listening to the serpent, who suggested a doubt of God, and answering him instead of letting God answer him, Eve was stepping out of her position as the creature, and becoming a party to the

SIN OF JUDGING GOD,

and, at the same time, she was allowing the serpent to step out of his position, and to instruct her whom God had placed over him. When our beloved Lord was tempted, even He did not attempt to answer the enemy; He brought in a higher authority than even His own, and spoke His Father's words in answer (Matt. 4: 1-10). Thus was He "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

The answer of the woman was a practical admission that she did not condemn, and therefore that she indorsed the imputation of the wicked one. Oh, it is so true that the very answering of a temptation, even though it be only in thought, is a giving of room to Satan! Well may we pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil" (R. V.). Eve's answer was the simple truth, probably exaggerated, added to, but her sad mistake was in answering at all. She "said unto the serpent, Of the fruit of the trees of the garden we may eat: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die" (ch. 2: 16, 17). The enemy had now introduced

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

Eve had already fallen, and so he waxed bolder, and took upon himself to contradict God—"Ye shall not surely die," he said, "for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil" (R. V.).

A quick way, an easy way to be like God—this is the snare of the devil. The Roman Catholic and the Ritualist offer the way of frequent communion, confession to the priest, and unreasoning obedience to the Church, with allowance of just as much of the world as is desired. Some will make hyper-Calvinism, some will make an experience of sanctification which they imagine makes them absolutely sinless, the short way to be like God. There is but one true way, and it is no way of schemes and plans;

IT IS A LIVING WAY—IT IS JESUS HIMSELF, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life" (John 14: 6). It is only as Jesus Himself takes possession of us—that we are day by day conformed to the image of God's Son, that we, "beholding as in a glass (His own Word) the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit" (II Cor. 3: 18, R. V.).

Eve fell into the snare; the specious sophistry of the tempter was too much for her. Alas! she had not brought God into the matter at all; the whole thing was settled between her and Satan, as though she held no relation at all to Him who made her. She "saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise," and in independence of God, and in direct disobedience to His command, "she took of the fruit thereof,

and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat."

AND THEY DIED

to their former relation to God; they died to their old innocence and purity; the seeds of death came to be in all their being; the knowledge of evil tainted all; peace and satisfaction with God and with each other was gone; that which God had created "very good," they now saw as evil. First, "the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked," and there arose within them an instinct that they had something to hide. Their first resource was fig-leaf coverings; their next, to hide away "from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden." It is a guilty conscience which makes a man have something to hide. "Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness" (I Thess. 5: 5). "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we (God and we) have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Till now the voice of God had been life to them. His voice had brought all creation into being, TILL NOW THEY COULD HAVE REJOICED IN IT as David did (Ps. 29: 3-5, 7-9). But now that they had the coveted knowledge of evil, all was evil to them; God Himself was dreaded, and their best good was shunned. "Where art thou?" was the fatherly call of God. Where was Adam? Hiding away from God, away from life, and joy, and glory! His answer betrayed him—"I heard Thy sound (margin of verse 8) in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself" (R. V.). Fallen Adam! Oh, how fallen! He gives as the reason of his hiding away that he was as God had created him—naked—although at that very moment he had both covered and hidden himself. Just so is it with man to this day. One man says in his heart, "If God had not made me poor I should have had a better chance to serve Him; but He cannot expect it of me when I have my living to get;" thus he casts the blame on God.

"Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" And Adam makes another attempt to cast the blame elsewhere—"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And God turned to the woman, and said, "What is this that thou hast done?" The woman takes the same line as her husband; she says, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Neither came forward with an honest confession of sin; with the knowledge of evil had come duplicity and crookedness.

DEATH WAS AT WORK;

purity, honesty, love, joy, peace, had died out of our first parents' hearts and lives, and corruption had begun its work upon their souls, and would soon find its way into their bodies also. The curse of God was first of all pronounced upon the serpent, but in the midst of it was the promise of a Saviour, the seed of the woman, who should bruise the head of the serpent; God was in wrath remembering mercy. Not till then did He declare the woman's portion of the curse—sorrow in bringing forth children; and His judgment upon Adam, whom He held to be the more responsible of the two. Because Adam had hearkened to his wife instead of first referring the matter to God, had disobeyed His command, God said, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread, until thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Thus did sin bring forth death, and the image of God in man become defaced. There was no longer any hope in man, but the promised Seed of the woman was yet to come.

RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR.

THE close of another year finds our beloved country at peace with the world, blessed with continued and increasing prosperity, and untroubled by the crucial problems of national existence which are agitating European nations. The patriotic Christian citizen cannot but see in the condition of public affairs, and in the strength and security of the Government, abundant reason for thankfulness to the God of nations for His loving care and guidance from the beginning of our national existence down to the present time.

In surveying the history of the year, now near its close, one social event must not be overlooked. For the first time in our history the President of the United States was married in the White House. The interesting event for the time disarmed political enmity, and all parties united in wishing the President and his young bride much happiness.

THE POLITICAL RECORD

of the year is comparatively barren. The question of the President's removals and appointments occupied the Senate during the earlier part of the session, and much time and labor was spent in a fruitless endeavor to compel Mr. Cleveland to disclose his reasons in each case. Eventually the Senate confirmed all but one in a hundred of his nominations. Another waste of time was caused by passing special pension bills, nearly all of which the President vetoed. Beside the questions of pensions and appointments, Congress attempted to deal with several urgent matters, with, however, but little success. Mr. Morrison proposed to revise and reduce the tariff, but, though the Democrats had a majority in the House there were sufficient Protectionists among them to give the Republicans a majority on that question, and the tariff remained unaltered. As there was a large surplus, which by this time has grown to about \$125,000,000, the opportunity to pass a liberal River and Harbor bill was, of course, not to be neglected. After some haggling over details, and a strenuous, but only partially successful, effort on the part of the friends of economy to reduce the gross amount, Congress appropriated for the purpose \$14,473,900. This was the chief achievement of the session.

THREE INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS

gave occupation to the Department of State during the year. One of them arose from the seizure by Mexico of Mr. Cutting, an American editor, who was charged with having published a libel on a Mexican citizen. Mexico might have dealt with him as she chose had not the offence been committed in the United States, a fact which revived the old dispute with Mexico over the claim *she* makes and *we* dispute, of her right to try cases in which her citizens claim to have been injured, though the crime charged may have been done outside her borders. After long negotiation and some threats of violence from Texas, Mexico yielded the point, and Cutting was released.

A second trouble was the product of the termination of the *fishery treaty with Canada*. The Canadian authorities, acting under the previous treaty of 1818 seized several American ships which were only released on payment of fines. The State Department is now claiming damages from the British Government on that account. The third difficulty was with Spain. Under a treaty negotiated during President Arthur's administration certain reciprocal privileges were conceded in the trade with Cuba. But the Cuban authorities desired to limit the privileges to American merchandise, while the treaty guaranteed the privileges to all goods carried in American ships though the cargoes might be of foreign products. As protests were of no avail, the President issued a proclamation withdrawing the privileges conceded on our side to Spanish ships, they being contingent on reciprocal advantages. Thereupon Spain conceded the demands of the Washington Government as to complete immunity of American ships, and the treaty was renewed.

LABOR TROUBLES

have unhappily been a prominent characteristic of the year. In March there was a gigantic strike on the Gould system of railroads in the Southwest. For a long time traffic was blocked, and, before the strike ended, there were several armed conflicts between the militia and the strikers. In New York and in Chicago there were local troubles of a similar character. The former chiefly with the employes of the surface car companies, and the latter in the pork and beef packing establishments.

Anarchy reared its head to the horror of the whole community in connection with the Chicago conflict. On May 4th the police, in breaking up a meeting of anarchists were met by fierce resistance, and a dynamite bomb, similar to that which destroyed the life of the late Emperor of Russia, was thrown among them. It exploded, killing six policemen and wounding sixty others. For this crime eight men were arrested, and of these, seven were condemned to death and one to imprisonment for life. Efforts are now being made to obtain some mitigation of their sentence.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE

was made the occasion of another villainous crime. The Rev. George C. Haddock, a clergyman of Sioux City, Ia., was barbarously murdered on August 3d by the agents of the saloon-keepers to whom he had made himself obnoxious by persistent efforts to stop the traffic in intoxicating liquors. There is good reason to hope that the criminals will not escape punishment for this outrage.

It is gratifying to notice a marked advance in the progress of the temperance movement during the year. The election returns of last November show an extraordinary increase in the Prohibition vote throughout the country. A substantial victory was that in Rhode Island, where a Prohibition amendment to the Constitution was carried by an overwhelming majority.

THE DISASTERS OF THE YEAR

are, however, the feature of its history which will identify it in the recollection of the community. *The great earthquake* of August 31st can never be forgotten. The whole region east of the Mississippi suffered by it, and at Charleston, S. C., the effects were appalling. Wrecked houses, churches, and public buildings bore witness to its power, and the dead and injured people, with the homeless and destitute, were evidences of the widespread devastation which, in a moment, may be wrought by these convulsions. The only alleviating feature of the calamity was the sympathy it evoked throughout the country. From the North and West gifts poured in to the suffering South with a liberality and promptitude which must have convinced the afflicted people of the brotherhood of their old enemies. The catastrophe followed closely on a like upheaval in Greece on August 28th, in which six hundred persons perished, while two months before, in New Zealand, a convulsion of the earth, accompanied by volcanic eruptions, worked appalling havoc. These phenomena are generally recognized by students of prophecy as signs confirming their belief that the close of this dispensation is near at hand.

Many other fatal disasters have given the year a mournful association. On April 14th occurred the tornado at St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, Minn., in which seventy persons were killed. On May 6th, Kansas City, Mo., was visited by a tornado and rain storm, with a record of twenty deaths, and only six days later twenty other persons were killed by a similar visitation at Xenia, O., and in various parts of Indiana. A little later was the hurricane on the Texas coast, with a ghastly record of thirty-eight deaths. Similarly destructive storms visited parts of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin on September 16th, and on October 12th came the distressing news that a storm at Sabine Pass, Texas, had caused the loss of over a hundred lives, and at Johnson's Bayou, La., one hundred and forty-five lives had been sacrificed by the violence of the elements.

Nor were these all the memorable fatal calami-

ties of the year. The travelling public, as usual, suffered from the disasters now apparently inseparable from rapid locomotion. The accident at Greenfield, Mass., on April 7th, when an express train was derailed, and went over a precipice, causing the death of twelve persons, was the first of these. Later came the collision near Buffalo, N. Y., on the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, in which twenty-three persons were killed, and the accident on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line in which the horror of fire was added to the shock, and thirteen passengers were held by the wrecked cars and burned to death. A still more startling, though providentially not fatal, disaster was the *sinking of the steamship Oregon*, of the Cunard Line, on March 14th, in which the passengers, though long in imminent peril, all escaped safe to land.

Turning to the

RELIGIOUS

aspect of the year we rejoice to notice the increased attention that is manifestly being paid to the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible. One by one, the more thoughtful and studious preachers are ceasing to proclaim the approaching conversion of the world, and are joining the ranks of those who look to the Second Advent of Christ as the sure and only ground of hope for the triumph of Christianity. The gathering of clergymen at the Bible and Prophetic Conference at Chicago in November, when compared with the little company that assembled at the former Conference in New York eight years ago, showed how extensive is the advance that has been made in the interval. The ministers have studied, and have realized how untenable is the commonly accepted theory of a gradually improving world, developing into Millennial peace and holiness before Christ comes, and how diametrically opposed the theory is to the doctrines taught by Christ and His apostles. They have perceived the truth and have begun to preach, as Peter and Paul did, the duty of watchfulness and separation *because* the Coming of Christ is at hand. The fact is full of encouragement, and cannot but lead, under God's blessing, to beneficent results in the lives of those who hear them. We may also hope that God will bless to a still wider awakening of Christian ministers and people on this subject the tour the Rev. M. Baxter is now making across the continent. If those who listen to his warnings are led by them to follow the "noble" example of the Bereans and "search the Scriptures daily whether these things are so" (Acts 17:11), the company of those who are looking for the Coming of the Lord and are living not unto themselves will grow and increase.

IN ENGLAND

the year has been one of political agitation, distress, and heartburning. Mr. Gladstone, the beloved and admired leader of the Liberal Party, adopted a course which rent the party in twain, and led John Bright, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, in Parliament, and Mr. Spurgeon and other prominent men out of Parliament, to sever their relations with him. Believing that the peace and security and future prosperity of the British Empire would be promoted by conceding to Ireland the demands she presented for a separate Legislature, and believing, too, that by granting them, England would do an act of justice, and would also regain the alienated affection and loyalty of Ireland, Mr. Gladstone proposed to re-establish an Irish Parliament in Dublin to legislate for Ireland. The result is fresh in the minds of all our readers. Deserted by the followers of a lifetime, Mr. Gladstone was hurled from power, and his place filled by the Marquis of Salisbury.

Meanwhile the social condition of the English nation appears to be steadily drifting toward the breakers. In startling and dangerous contrast with lives of luxury and vice are the homes of the poor, where the presence of want has increased. Socialism has found ready listeners to its sophistries in starving workmen willing and able to work but unable to obtain employ-

ment. The riots in London on February 8th, when stores were wrecked and property destroyed, were a sign of the dangerous elements working beneath the decorous outer crust of social life, and warnings to the classes who are living in careless ease and self-indulgence that a day of reckoning may be at hand. A similar outbreak was expected on November 9th, but the formidable preparations made to crush it if it appeared, averted it for the time.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

have not been wanting in the general state of European unrest. As usual, the centre of disturbance is in that southeastern corner of Europe in which every European nation seems to have an interest. The sudden extension of the borders of Bulgaria last year awakened jealousies that were not easily allayed, but Greece, Servia, and even Turkey eventually accepted the situation philosophically. Russia, however, sent emissaries into Bulgaria to plot against Prince Alexander. They stirred up a revolution, and on August 21st the Prince was seized at midnight by a gang of conspirators and abducted. He was hurried out of the country before his subjects knew of the plot. Then there was a counter-revolution and he was brought back again with acclamation. It was then no longer possible for Russia to conceal her perfidious scheme. She could not represent the expulsion of the Prince as the work of the people, and when Alexander returned, she interposed her veto on his remaining. Aware that it would be impossible to rule in defiance of Russia, Prince Alexander abdicated, hoping that by sacrificing himself he might save Bulgaria from molestation. The settlement of Bulgarian affairs has set Europe by the ears. Russia finds herself opposed by England, Austria, and Italy. France, foreseeing the advantage of having an ally on the other side of Germany, has allied herself to Russia, hoping that the time may come when she as one millstone and Russia as another may, between them, grind her enemy to pieces. The problem in Bulgaria remains unsettled as the year closes, and the most sagacious statesmen in Europe are unable to foresee whether the coming year will or will not witness the most gigantic struggle of the century.

DEATH

has been busy on both sides of the Atlantic during the year, and many names once prominent in the world's affairs pass henceforth into silence, if not into forgetfulness. Among our own losses in the world of politics and statesmanship are ex-President Arthur, General Hancock, the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, Horatio Seymour, David Davis, ex-Minister Welch, Senators Miller and Logan, ex-Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky, Charles Francis Adams, John Kelly, and Erastus Brooks. The Temperance world has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of John B. Gough. Scientists mourn the departure of John P. Philbrick, LL.D., Dr. Austin Flint, Dr. Isaac Lea, Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, and Marshal P. Wilder. The Church has now vacant places which the Lord will fill in His own good time, where once stood Bishop Robertson, of Missouri, Dr. John W. Nevin, Professor A. A. Hodge, Rev. Elias Magoon, Dr. Robert Nelson, the veteran missionary in China, Professor Calvin E. Stowe, and John Dougall, the Christian journalist of New York. Beside these the obituary list contains the names of Edwin P. Whipple, Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet, Dio Lewis, John Esten Cooke, and many other famous names.

Abroad, Royalty furnishes one name to the list in Ludwig, the crazy King of Bavaria, who committed suicide on June 13th. Among deceased statesmen were Baron von Beust, Paul Bert, William E. Forster, and the Earl of Redesdale. Literature has lost the veteran historian Von Ranke, Sir Henry Taylor, and Archbishop Trench. The Church and philanthropists alike mourn the death of Samuel Morley, while the venerable Principal Tulloch, Rev. W. E. Boardman, and Hugh Stowell Brown must now be counted among the eminent preachers of the

past. In addition to these are the celebrated names of Hobart Pasha, Captain Bedford Pim, Abbe Liszt, Erskine May, and General Macpherson.

THE CHRISTMAS JUBILEE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning, Dec. 26, 1886.

"When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."—MATT. 2:9.

The Infantile Guest—A Monarch Born in a Stable—The Sidereal Escort—The Import of the Star—Meteoric Appearances—The Obedience of the Star—The Homage of the Sages—The Brainiest Men of the Day—The Manger Attracts Wise Men—The Sages of the West—A Blessing for Animals—Sympathy with the Tortured Brutes—The Three Presents—Gold for Christ—The Myrrh of Sorrow—The Frankincense of Worship—The Two Censers of our Day.

At this season all Christendom celebrates the birth of Christ. Step down out of your comfortable surroundings into the chill December night of Bethlehem. Two plain people are hotelled in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state awaiting in antechamber, as when other kings are born. No messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city. No medical skill in attendance. No satin-lined cradle to receive

THE INFANTILE GUEST.

But a monarch born in the hostelry called the house of Chimham, the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place, the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light, dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the minstrels discoursing of glory and good-will.

Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star; the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repeated? Oh, yes! Now, in the first place, it was

A SIDEREAL APPEARANCE

that led the way. "Lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them." Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or a finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted no more destruction.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defence, for did not the stars fight in their course against Sisera, and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning

STAR OF THE REDEEMER.

The unusual appearance that night may have been a strange conjunction of worlds. As the transit of Venus was foretold many years ago by astronomers, and astronomers can tell what will be the conjunction of worlds a thousand years from now, so they can calculate backward, and even infidel astronomers have been compelled to testify that about the year one there was a very unusual appearance in the heavens. The Chinese record, of course entirely independent

of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year one there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens. But it

MAY HAVE BEEN A METEOR

such as you and I have seen flash in the horizon. Only a few years ago I saw in the western sky a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The University of Iowa and the British Museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung off from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky; so that it is not to me at all improbable, the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak. I only care to know that it was bright, that it was silvery, that it flashed, and swayed, and swung, and halted with joy celestial, as though Christ, in haste to save our world, had rushed down without His coronet, and the angels of God had hurled it after Him!

Not a black cloud of threat, but a bright star of hope is our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and the dying college student until the words flashed from his pale fingers, and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote these immortal words:

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

'Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind
That tossed my foundering barque;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Deathstruck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Notice, also, in this scene, that other worlds seemed to honor our Lord and Master. Bright star of the night, wheel on in thine orbit! "No," said the star, "I must come nearer, and I must tend, and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus." Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made

A BOW OF OBEISANCE.

I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and the quadrillions of worlds are inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make, and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion.

I think all worlds were loyal but this. The great organ of the universe, its pedals and its pipes and its keys, are all one great harmony save one injured pedal, save one broken stop—the vox humana of the human race, the disloyal world. Now you know that, however grand the instrument may be, if there be one key out of order, it spoils the harmony. And Christ must mend this key. He must restore

THIS BROKEN STOP.

You know with what bleeding hand, and with what pierced side, and with what crushed foot, He did the work. But the world shall be attuned, and all worlds will be yet accordant. Isle of Wight, larger in comparison with the British Empire than our island of a world as compared with Christ's vast domain. If not, why that celestial escort? If not, why that sentinel with blazing badge above the caravan-sary? If not, why that midnight watchman in the balcony of heaven? Astronomy surrendered that night to Christ. This planet for Christ. The solar system for Christ.

Intensest microscope cannot see the one side of that domain. Farthest reaching telescope cannot find the other side of that domain. But

I will tell you how the universe is bounded. It is bounded on the north and south and east and west by God, and that God is Christ, and that Christ is God, and that God is ours. Oh, does it not enlarge our ideas of a Saviour's dominion when I tell you that all the worlds are only sparks struck from His anvil, that all the worlds are only fleecy flocks following the one Shepherd, that all the islands of light in immensity are one great archipelago belonging to our King?

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were

THE MAGI,

or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists, and we say it with depreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the procession of the equinoxes, and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they knew the distance of the earth from the sun. We find in the Book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat, as some have said, but that he knew, and the men of his time knew, the world was globular. The Pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study.

Then, the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals, and gases, and liquids, and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came to the East. They understood embalment as our most scientific men cannot understand it. After the world has gone on studying hundreds of years, it may come up to the point where the ancients began to forget. I believe the lost arts are as mighty as the living arts.

They were wise men that came from the East, and tradition says the three wisest came—Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man in mid-life; and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger. So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ.

THE BRAINIEST MEN

come to the manger. Who was the greatest metaphysician this country has ever produced? Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest writer on law? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship.

Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter. In post-mortem examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightiest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. There it is, the brain weighing sixty-three ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now, let me find what that brain thought of Christ. In the dying moment, that man said: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to Thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in life, and joy, and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for His Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms. Had it been in the month of

June—that is the month of roses. Had it been in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had it been in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had it been in the month of October—that is the season of upholstered forests. But He was born in the month of December, when there are no flowers blooming out of doors, and when all the harvests that have not been gathered up have perished, and when there are no fruits ripening on the hill, and when the leaves are drifted over the bare earth. It was in closing December that He was born, to show this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed under.

A DECEMBER CHRIST!

That is the reason He is so often found among the destitute. You can find Him on any night coming off the moors. You can see Him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see Him putting His hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge, when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the Mayflower wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by the graves dug were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you, we want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide-open graves! Not a springtime Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumn Christ, but a winter Christ!

Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed and soothed and rocked and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence! No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and He rocks it into placidity and quietness as He says: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Oh, you broken-hearted, oh, you persecuted and tried souls, oh, you burden bearers, this day I declare unto you a December Christ!

Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was

BORN AMONG THE SHEEP

and the cattle and the horses and the camels, in order that He might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for over-driven, under-fed, poorly-sheltered, galled and maltreated animal creation.

Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a dove no care for the cruelties of the pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared Himself to a lamb no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart; or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with His own hand the nerves of the dog and the cat, no indignation for the horrors of vivisection? Hath the Christ who said, "Go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfixed insects? Hath the Christ who said, "Behold the fowls of the air," Himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation, that cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its trouble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation.

In the glorious millennial time the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle

pen. The first bleat of the Lamb of God was heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse of eternal victory stabled in a barn.

But notice also in this account

THE THREE PRESENTS

that are brought to the manger—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold to Christ. That means all the affluence of the world surrendered to Him. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders, and governed by Christian directors, and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabody and Abbott Lawrence and James Lenox no rarity. Bank of England, Bourse of France, United States Treasury, all the moneyed institutions of the world, for Christ. *The gold for Christ.*

Gold not merely paid the way for Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paid all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ.

But I notice that these wise men also shook out from their sacks

THE MYRRH.

The cattle came and they snuffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into His cup when He was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under His head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewed His path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum at Joseph's country seat. Myrrh. Yea, says the Psalmist, "all Thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of a Saviour's sorrow! Myrrh. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

But I notice, also, from another sack they shake out

THE FRANKINCENSE.

Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with the perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the farther part of the building inhale it, and it floats out in the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster.

Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient Temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes, and all the churches, and all the capitals, and all the nations, from cellar of stalactite cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts to-day, so that the nostrils of Christ, once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song, and sermon, and handshaking, and decoration. Praise Him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies, and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign, morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset!

Do you know how they used to hold

THE CENSER

in the olden time? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this pan were put living coals. On the top of them, a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the Temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for

worship, then the cover was lifted from this censer and from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the folds and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the Temple, rising clear upward to the throne of God. So we have

TWO CENSERS TO-DAY

of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them breathe all these pillars, and hover amid all these arches, and then soar to the throne.

But here is the other censer, of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs and the seraphim theirs, and the one hundred and forty-and-four thousand theirs, and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clash them together in one great Alleluia unto Him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh, and the frankincense, when “the star which they saw in the East went before them.”

WORKING AND WAITING.

By G. H. Pember, M.A.

To the Christian, looking for the coming of the Lord, the waiting attitude of expectancy does not imply indolence. While we watch, we labor. We do not look for the conversion of the world as the result of our efforts, but the knowledge that He is near at hand incites us to shake off idleness and self-indulgence, and to obey His injunction to preach the Gospel to every creature. Not our own will—but His will be done. Not what we like, or choose, or think best, but His commands be the rule of our lives.

It is recorded that on one occasion His disciples did this with an ever-memorable result. He had just been feeding the five thousand who had followed Him, and their enthusiasm was running high. Who can be the Messiah but this man, they said, who, like Moses, is able to feed us in the wilderness? And so they proposed to take Him away with them to Jerusalem, and hail Him as King. The disciples were excited: that was what they also desired, and doubtless they encouraged the multitude, and felt that erelong they should themselves be great ones in Israel. But the Master, heedless for the moment of the people, came to the Twelve, and constrained them to embark in their ship, and go over to the other side far from the scene of excitement. It was a hard trial; but they obeyed, though, probably, as they pulled from the shore and the cheers of the people waxed fainter and fainter in the distance, they often desired to return. Soon they had something else to occupy their mind; for, by reason of a strong wind that blew, the sea arose, and they could make little way against it. Yet

THEY STRUGGLED TO OBEY

His command, and pass to the other shore. Night came on and midnight, and found them still tossed by the adverse sea; the fourth watch was drawing to its close and the day breaking, and yet, with all their wearying efforts, they were barely half across. Lo, an unearthly form walking upon the heaving waves. They shriek for fear, but from it comes a voice which they know full well. They rejoice to receive their Lord on board, and the instant He sets foot upon their ship, she has traversed the remainder of her course, and is at the shore. Their toil is ended.

Let us, dear brothers and sisters in Christ, imitate these disciples, and leave all that we

love, or think good, when He commands us. Let us firmly and persistently struggle toward the shore to which He directs us. Does the wind arise? It is a trial of faith for our sanctification. Are we tossed by the waves? We must expect the opposition of men and demons. Let us only continue in obedience; and presently, when we may, perhaps, be well-nigh exhausted with the rowing, and seem to be making little or no way, we shall be suddenly confronted with a light far surpassing the sun, which would scare us out of our lives, did we not at the same moment feel that immortality had taken the place of blood in our veins, and did we not hear a sweet voice from the glory, saying;—It is I. Be not afraid.

THE OPIUM FIEND.

In a recently published work on China, Rev. B. C. Hervey, a missionary, thus speaks of the prevailing vice of China:

“To the Chinese opium-smoking presents peculiar temptations; their shop life is uniformly dull; they have no resources; no means of recreation; their homes offer no attractions in the way of comfort or society; and this insidious demon approaches them as they are suffering the horrors of incurable *ennui*, and easily draws them into its net.

“At calls for business or pleasure, it becomes the habit to offer and take a whiff at the opium-pipe, and at the closing of a feast or a night's debauch the dreamy demon comes as the soothing charmer that coils his folds about them. To the poor man, after his hard day's work in the cold, damp field, it comes to relieve his aching limbs and drive away rheumatics; the student finds it a delightful specific for an aching brain, and an easy transition from the musty, worm-eaten volumes of the dreamy past to the luxurious sensations of a dreamy present.

“Its victims, however, are not all willing slaves; they chafe and struggle, but in vain. I have seen hundreds come to the hospital to be cured; but even with this resolution strong in their hearts, they would secrete opium about their persons or bribe the gate-keeper to procure them supplies, so that it was necessary to keep them under the closest surveillance while undergoing the fifteen days' treatment necessary to a cure. I once had a boat-crew of opium smokers imposed upon me contrary to stipulation, and as the fumes were annoying and the habit interfered with their work, I hid their lamp, and forbade them to smoke; but they came crawling on the floor to me, knocking their heads on the boards, and pleaded so piteously to have it returned, saying they should die without it, that I was forced to give it back. I have had chair-coolies stop, contrary to express orders, in the midst of a journey, put me down in a crowded fair, and sneak off to an opium-den. I have seen men placed on their good behavior in hopes of gaining some permanent employment upon which their daily food depended, utterly unable to resist the craving. The Chinese were unfortunately at a low point in moral stamina when opium was first brought to them, and so fell an easy prey.”

A NOVEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THE best form of boycotting yet reported exists in India. The *Indian Witness* publishes an account of it. It states that the inhabitants of Khergaum and adjacent villages have profited by the example set them by the inhabitants of Ireland, and adopted a system of boycotting worthy of the inventors of that ingenious form of intimidation. The object of the boycotters' wrath, singular to relate, is the Abkari Department. Actuated by a stern sense of duty the inhabitants of the villages in question are said to have entered into a solemn compact not to swell the coffers of this iniquitous department by drinking spirituous liquors. A class of people called *Dhedias* have appointed a *Patel*, whose sole business it is to watch for sly toppers who break the compact, and report them to the *Punchayet* who have assumed the right of inflicting fines

upon backsliders. In the event of the *Patel* failing to report cases of this kind he is liable to a fine of Rs. 25 (\$12.50). Further, a reward of five rupees is promised to the man who may catch a *Dhedia* red-handed, or, perhaps, it would be more appropriate to say wet-lipped, in the act of drinking intoxicants.

THE FATAL LIQUOR IN AFRICA.

IN the course of an address in New York, on December 6th, reported in the *Independent*, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, explained the cause of the large mortality attending his expedition, about which so much has been said by the secular press. He attributed much of it to the use of intoxicating liquor. He said:

Lieutenant Grant is a splendid, stalwart-looking man from Luxembourg. He has an ambition to distinguish himself. He does not like the post assigned him; so I give him other work and fifty men to continue the road from Mananga to Stanley Pool. He has with him one bottle of Burgundy. He will keep that for a gala day—the birthday of the King. He means to drink that to a larger number of days to His Majesty. Some five miles on the road he meets a friend coming from Stanley Pool, and “How do you do; I am delighted to see you.” The friend has just one bottle of brandy. They club together, and they bring out—one his bottle of Burgundy and the other the brandy. Next morning the work must go on, of course. The trader bids him “Good-by,” and the officer must muster his working parties and proceed. But the effect of that night's dissipation is pretty soon seen. At nine o'clock the sun comes out strong. Before six o'clock that afternoon he is in his grave.

A man has been with me on the Upper Congo two years and nine months. He has distinguished himself. I can recommend him to anybody for industry, fidelity, and attention to his duties. I wish to preserve him. He has slight dysenteric symptoms. I say to him: “If I thought I could keep you from wine and liquor, I would send you to the coast, and send you home with good care; and if I had authority to bind you under an oath so that you could not touch a glass of liquor, I should be quite sure that you would arrive at home, and after a residence there of from three to six months you would be prepared to return.” He said, “But I promise you that I will not touch a drop of liquor.” “I do not want to exercise any restraint over you, but my firm conviction is that, if you do touch it, you will never reach home. Good-by. Boys, carry him.”

I gave him a dozen hammock-bearers. He reaches the coast. The doctors attend him. He recovers from the slight dysenteric malady. They say now he is in a fit condition to go home. That evening he swaps his coat to a native for a bottle of gin, and by midnight he is dead.

Therefore, when you ask about the climate and the healthfulness of the river valleys, people who are suffering from the depressing influences of such instances of fatality will naturally say, with great force: “Such and such a man died, and such and such a man, and so on, and look at that cemetery at Banana Point! Go there and you will see headstones marked: ‘Here lie the mortal remains of So-and-So, belonging to Stanley's expedition.’”

But they will not tell you the cause; and is it right that I should follow the dead to their graves and say that such and such a man died from such and such a cause?

There was a Scotch engineer who came out recommended by the British East India Company. He was a genius. He knew the tricks of making the rudest structure comfortable and home-like. He takes charge of the steamer, *Belgic* to go down to the mouth of the Congo. Three days afterward I ask the captain where his engineer is. He is dead. He was found sitting on a chair with a bottle of brandy in his hand—dead.



OFFICE, 63 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS:

The Portrait and Biography of some eminent person.
The Sermon Dr. Talmage preached the previous Sunday morn-
ing.
An Exposition of Unfulfilled Prophecy.
A Summary of the Events of the Week, Notes of Religious and
Temperance Movements, etc.
A Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, from advance
sheets sent by special arrangement.
Pictures of Missionary Life, etc., and Descriptive Articles.
An instalment of a Serial Story.
An Exposition of the International Sunday-School Lesson, by
Mrs. M. Baxter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

Report of the Addresses

AT THE

PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

AT CHICAGO,

WITH PORTRAITS

of Some of the Speakers.

About 250 pages. Fifty cents in paper covers.
Seventy-five cents cloth. Postage paid.

Ready Now.

Send orders to CHRISTIAN HERALD Office,
63 Bible House, New York.

All orders for copies of the Report bound in
cloth we expect to fill this week. The binders
are pushing the work forward with all speed,
but the unexpectedly large demand has exceeded
their power of production. Hence the delay of
which our subscribers have just reason to com-
plain.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AN unprecedented number of new subscrip-
tions and renewals are coming to the office of
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD just now. Each of
these is promptly entered to the credit of the
person by whom it is sent, and the paper will be
duly mailed; but it is impossible to keep pace
in correcting the list with the rate at which the
amounts come in. It happens, therefore, that
in a few cases the date on the wrapper is not
changed immediately, and even a postal card
notifying a subscriber that his subscription has
expired may be received by him after he has
sent his renewal. He will please understand
that this is an inadvertence occasioned by the
unusual pressure of business and accept an
apology in advance.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Both Houses of Congress Adjourned on De-
cember 22d until January 4th. During the short
time they have been in session more progress
has been made than usual. This is probably
due to the fact that the legislators do not forget
that this is the short session, and industry is in-
dispensable if anything further is to be accom-
plished by this Congress. Several important
measures have been advanced a stage nearer to
enactment. These include the Electoral Count
bill, the Interstate Commerce bill, and the bill
for lands in severalty to Indians, which are all
now in conference between the two Houses; two
appropriation bills have passed the House, and
three more are ready and reported. The Senate
has passed bills to repeal the Tenure of Office
act and to receive the trade dollars. The Houses
thus show that, while they despair of entering
successfully on the consideration of extensive
questions such as the tariff, they are anxious to
complete the unfinished business before this
Congress gives place to its successor.

A Struggle in Congress is Expected Over the
proposal to consolidate customs districts, intro-
duced by Mr. Breckinridge. The idea of dimin-
ishing expenditure, especially when it also
diminishes patronage, is, apart from the merits

of this particular proposal, sure to arouse oppo-
sition. There may be cases in which Mr.
Breckinridge's scheme will operate to the preju-
dice of commercial interests, and it will be
therefore necessary to scrutinize it carefully
before adopting it. On the face of it the prin-
ciple of the scheme seems worthy of support.
Reform is necessary when there is useless ex-
penditure, as there appears to be in many cases.
In the list of custom-houses which cost more
than they collect is one at which the salaries of
the two officers amount to \$1829, and their aver-
age collections are \$11. At another it costs \$257
to collect \$70. At another \$3180 is paid out and
\$99 collected. In thirty-four cases the expendi-
tures are more than double the receipts. The
consolidation proposed will affect more than
twenty States. Among them is New York,
where the reduction is from thirteen districts to
nine; those in Maine are reduced from fourteen
to five; those in Massachusetts from eleven to
four. In these and other cases the scheme can-
not but be unpopular, but the tax-payer will
need to be shown strong and valid reasons be-
fore concluding that some such measure is not
needed.

The President Has Ventured to Re-nomi-
nate James C. Matthews for the office of Recorder
of Deeds for the District of Columbia. The act
is unusual, the Senate having rejected the nomi-
nation once, and it is not approved by either of
the political parties. The nominee is a colored
lawyer, and that fact also appears to have op-
erated to his prejudice. The President, however,
presented strong reasons for renewing the nomi-
nation, and was especially careful to guard
against the suspicion of being disrespectful to
the Senate. His message stated that a large
number of persons in the district had conceived
a prejudice against Matthews, which fact doubt-
less influenced the action of the Senate; that
Matthews had been in office several months,
and had proved his capacity by rescuing the
records of the office from loss and illegibility,
and that his management of the office had had
the effect of removing much of the opposition
which formerly existed. For these reasons, and
professing an earnest desire to co-operate in
securing for colored men a just recognition, the
President had decided, in the utmost good
faith, to send in the nomination again. If Mr.
Matthews is really competent, as the President
believes, race prejudice ought not to be allowed
to prevent his confirmation.

Alderman McQuade, of New York, whose
conviction on the charge of receiving a bribe of
\$20,000 for his vote on granting the franchise of
the Broadway Car Route, was mentioned in
these columns last week, was sentenced on De-
cember 20th. The Recorder in passing sentence
took into consideration the fact that the prisoner
had not gone on the stand as Jaehne did, and
denied his guilt on oath, thus adding perjury
to the original offence. He therefore received
a lighter sentence than Jaehne, who was sent to
the Penitentiary for nine years and ten months.
McQuade's sentence was seven years with hard
labor, and to pay a fine of \$5000. His lawyer found
a Brooklyn judge willing to grant a stay of pro-
ceedings which has yet to be argued. Jacob
Sharp, the man charged with paying the bribe,
has applied for a change of venue on the ground
that he thinks there is a prejudice against him
in the city. There is no doubt of that fact, and
it is creditable to the city.

The Death of General John A. Logan, United
States Senator from Illinois, comes upon the
nation as a surprise. Reports that he was
suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism
were published last week, but they were not of
a character to prepare the public for the an-
nouncement of his death. It appears, however,
that his physicians regarded the attack as seri-
ous when it first appeared two weeks ago. His
general health was bad at the time, and the
swelling of the right hand and arm, which was
the first symptom, was slow in yielding to
treatment. It was renewed by a slight cold and
extended to his other arm and lower limbs. The

senator suffered excruciating pain from that
time until a few hours before his death. On
Saturday last he was suffering from congestion
of the brain, and sank into an almost uncon-
scious condition, in which about three o'clock
on Sunday afternoon he peacefully breathed his
last. General Logan was in his sixty-first year.

The Resignation of Lord Randolph Church-
ill, the British Secretary of the Treasury and
leader of the House of Commons, was announced
last week. It at once became the chief topic of
interest in European affairs. Lord Randolph
was the most conspicuous member of the Con-
servative Cabinet, and his brilliant dash and im-
pulsive disposition invested his personality with
general interest. Speculation as to the rea-
sons for his resignation is of a varied character.
Lord Randolph's own version of it is that he
disapproved of the appropriations to be de-
manded for the army and navy at the next ses-
sion of Parliament. As it would be his duty to
provide the money to meet these increased ex-
penses his reasons are plausible, but scarcely
any one believes that they are the true reasons.
It is alleged with greater probability that his ob-
jections to the appropriations were based on the
fact that there is no security for their being
honestly spent. Lord Beresford has proved that
much of the money annually voted for the army
and navy is stolen by men in favor at court, and
it is thought that he may have convinced Lord
Randolph. Another possible explanation is that
the secretary saw that his colleagues were mak-
ing a mistake in applying coercion to Ireland,
and has separated from them to save his own
reputation from the discredit which they are
bringing on the administration. The resigna-
tion is regarded on all hands as a serious blow
to the Cabinet which will impair its efficiency.

Overtures for Reconciliation were Made by
Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Gladstone last week.
The news of the split in the Tory Cabinet arrived
just as Mr. Chamberlain was about to make a
speech to his constituents. As he is not defi-
cient in cunning, he was quick to perceive that
the defection from the Government would ren-
der Mr. Gladstone's return to office possible, if
not probable, in the near future. He therefore
framed his speech with the object of showing
that he was separated from the great statesman
by a difference so slight that it might be easily
bridged over. "If," he said, "we do not agree on
every point, at least we can agree to carry these
important reforms, on which there is no differ-
ence of opinion between us, and leave it to time
and a frank discussion of the subject to say
whether, when we have accomplished these re-
forms, we may not go a step further in the di-
rection of the views of those who are now, un-
fortunately, our opponents."

A Brave Man in Peril in Africa from an At-
tack similar to that under which General Gor-
don succumbed is the subject of an earnest ap-
peal from Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer of
Africa. A telegram dated December 20th was
sent from Zanzibar by Dr. Junker to the office
of the New York Herald. In it he described
the urgent need for an expedition for the relief
of Emin Pasha, a German physician, whom
General Gordon placed in command of the
Egyptian equatorial provinces in 1878. He
kept his provinces loyal during the struggle in
the Soudan with the Mahdi, and even after Gen-
eral Gordon fell he appears to have maintained
order. His last letters were dated March, 1883,
and since that time no news of him has been re-
ceived until Dr. Junker's dispatch last week.
This communication implies that Emin will be
able to hold out for some time longer, but also
that no time should be lost in sending a relief
expedition. The fatal result of delay in Gor-
don's case will probably expedite the efforts for
Emin's rescue.

The Rev. M. Baxter has been Lecturing on
the Second Advent of Christ and the Coming Great
Prophetic Events, during the past month, in Milwau-
kee, Wis., St. Paul, and Minneapolis, Minn., Council
Bluffs, Ia., and Omaha, Neb. Next Sunday he ex-
pects to speak in Kansas City, Mo.

Contributions to the Fund for Supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal were received last week to the amount of \$17.50. They were: From Farmersville, Tex., \$8; Jamestown, Mo., \$2; Centreville, Beverly, Mass., \$2; Camden, N. J., \$1.50; Wyoming, Pa., \$2; Hillsdale, N. Y., 50 cents; Gambier, O., \$1.50. These contributions will be a source of gladness in homes where there was some anxiety about the continuance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for another year.

The Topics Suggested by the Evangelical Alliance for the Week of Prayer are as follows: Sunday, January 2d, sermons from Psalm 65:2; Monday, "Praise;" Tuesday, "Humiliation;" Wednesday, "Prayer for the Church;" Thursday, "Prayer for Families and Schools;" Friday, "Prayer for Missions;" Saturday, "Prayer for Nations;" Sunday, sermons on text from Matt. 6:10, "Thy Kingdom Come."

Inquiries about Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England, have reached us lately in considerable numbers from persons who heard the report of his death. The report was not true. After leaving Australia he went to China and spent two weeks in Shanghai, where he preached nearly every day and twice on Sundays. He then left to visit the river ports, after which he proposed to spend a short time in Japan.

The American Sunday-School Union Reports enlarged work and genuine success the past year. Many hundreds of souls have given evidence of conversion; 1618 new Sunday-schools have been planted where but few religious privileges of any kind had before existed; over 60,000 scholars were gathered into these schools during the year, and nearly 150,000 in other Sunday-schools were aided.

Daily Afternoon Prayer Has Been Commenced in the chantry of Grace Church, New York. The rector, Dr. W. R. Huntington, hopes to continue it throughout next year. It will commence each day at half-past four o'clock. Dr. Huntington's object is best stated in his own words. He says, "What I hope for is that certain weary people passing up Broadway on their way home from the day's work, and especially those who have no opportunity of family prayer at home, may find it refreshing now and then to seek communion with Him who is alike the Author of peace and the Giver of rest."

The Religious Life in Yale College has been stimulated by the opening of the new "Dwight Hall." "Open day and evening," says the *Congregationalist*, "and furnished with a well-stocked library and reading-room, it makes an attractive resort for the students of the different departments, and its home-like aspect draws many there, especially on Sunday. A course of eight lectures is to be given this winter by eminent preachers, on the Evidences of Christianity and Current Religious Topics. The list of lecturers includes Dr. William M. Taylor, Dr. Parkhurst, Rev. Drs. Josiah Strong, A. F. Schaffner, and others." Systematic Bible study is carried on by one hundred and thirty of the academic students, who meet for an hour every Sunday afternoon, in groups of six or eight, for that purpose. The college Y. M. C. A. employs a general secretary, who devotes all his time to the religious interests of the students.

The Efforts of the White Cross Army for the moral elevation of young men have opened up new avenues which must be utilized to insure success to its main line of operations. An indication of these extensions of its work is given in a new circular just issued by the Central Committee. After reciting the object of the society and the methods adopted in the past to carry out that object, the circular states that the society will encourage the proposition to enact a national marriage law, and will work for the promotion of legislation particularly designated to protect the virtue of women, and seek so to guard them in their industrial pursuits that penury may not become a temptation to sin. The society's efforts in this direction will receive the hearty approval of every thoughtful Christian citizen, who cannot live in any of our

great cities without realizing the danger which menaces the virtue of girls who have to earn their own livelihood.

An Impossible Attitude Toward the Cause of Christ was recently claimed by a young man in response to a question touching his personal salvation. "Are you on the Lord's side?" an earnest Christian asked him. "No," he said, "I am neutral." There are many people who imagine they can be neutral in this matter, but a time will come when they will see that their neutrality was actual hostility to Christ. A man on a burning ship refusing to enter the life-boat might call his inaction neutrality, and remain to be burned. He would be quite as consistent as those who, being unsaved, are offered pardon and eternal life, but neglect the offer on the plea that they are *neutral* (Matt. 12:30).

A Formidable Piscatorial Monster is Described by a New Hampshire journal. It is like a long black cord, apparently without any head. It is often mistaken for a piece of trailing seaweed when it comes to the surface, but on being placed in an aquarium it shows signs of life. A fish touching it is seized by a bell-shaped sucker the creature puts forth, and then twining itself serpent-fashion around its victim, the fish is brought near one of the ends of the innocent-looking black cord, a mouth opens, and the fish is swallowed. How like this is to the experience of Satan's victims! The tempter's appearance is generally innocent if not attractive. It is only when the prey is secure that the frightful power and cruelty of the captor are discovered (II Cor. 2:11).

A Shrewd Legal Trick Has Been Practised by a Chicago lawyer. A case was placed in his hands a few weeks ago which he had reason to believe would be lost if it were tried before the judge before whom it would come in the ordinary course. That was Judge Kistler, and he did not want to try the case before Justice Kistler. Should he ask for a change of venue it would bring the case before Justice Arnd, the next nearest justice, but the lawyer did not want Arnd. The next nearest was Justice Hawkinson, nor did the lawyer want him. How to secure a hearing and not have the matter come up before any of these justices was a problem. The lawyer solved it, however, in a highly original way. He took a change of venue from Justice Kistler, and then swore out subpoenas for the other two justices, Arnd and Hawkinson, as witnesses in the case. They knew absolutely nothing about the facts at issue, but that made no difference. As witnesses in the case they could not preside as magistrate, and by means of this trick the case was taken out of their jurisdiction. So it is in earthly courts, but in this they contrast with the last great day of judgment, when justice will be swiftly and surely done. Then legal tricks will not avail, witnesses will not be needed, and the judge will know all the facts of the case (II Cor. 5:10).

The Removal of a Part of the Spine of a patient was a rare and dangerous operation performed a few days ago in the Cincinnati Hospital. The patient suffered from spinal disease, and his lower limbs were completely paralyzed. He was unable to stand, sit, or lie on his side or back. The only position in which he could bear the torture in his back was that of lying on his face, and even so the pain was extreme. It was decided that his only chance of life lay in an operation for the removal of a part of the backbone, so as to stop the process of decay. The surgeon made an incision down the spine. In this region, where one slip of the knife or one false move would have been fatal to the patient, the surgeon with a chisel and hammer went down on the bone until he cut out all that which was in any way affected, never touching the spinal cord. All causes of suppuration and paralysis were removed, and the patient, having regained consciousness from the ether, was able to move his feet for the first time in a year. Sensation returned to his limbs, and his complete recovery is expected. If the expectation is realized he will owe his life to the skill and

sure hand of the surgeon. There are cases of spiritual malady in which only severe treatment is efficacious. The fact is sometimes forgotten when we wonder why good men are severely tried in person or in circumstances. The Good Physician knows what is necessary for their spiritual well-being (John 15:2).

A Bride's Request to a Justice of the Peace at Deadwood, Dak. Terr., recently, could not be granted. The justice had been called upon to marry a young couple, and did so. Hardly an hour had elapsed before a female friend of the new-made bride came and explained that the latter had been married to spite a lover with whom she had quarrelled and had since made up the tiff, and therefore desired to be divorced. The squire was sorry he had to refuse the request. The impulsive lady seems to have had rather vague notions of the sanctity of the marriage institution. One of the greatest discouragements that are encountered by Christian workers among the fallen arises from this cause. When evil days come, and poverty and disease render the votaries of vice disgusted with the devil's service, they listen to the voice that directs them to Christ, but if they are not truly converted they are apt to return when their misery is relieved. The peril of such backsliders is appalling (II Peter 2:20-22).

A Maine Physician's Dog has Set an Example that may be commended to the members of our churches. The doctor's dog, an intelligent pointer, while following his master's carriage through the streets of Bath, Me., had the toe of his forefoot caught in a wheel. When he returned home the doctor saw Flash limping, and examined the foot. He thought it would be necessary to amputate the claw, but left it for a day or two to see if it would heal. But the dog evidently suffered great pain, so the doctor performed the operation, much to Flash's relief. Not long afterward the physician was surprised to see Flash come into his office one day, with a small black cur following him. Flash rushed up to the doctor, and back to the cur, and kept up this movement for some time. At last the doctor examined the strange dog, and found that he was suffering from a hurt very similar to that of Flash. He performed another operation, and the dog went away. In some way, which human beings would find it hard to understand, Flash had induced the wounded dog to come to the doctor's office and have his hurt attended to. If every man whom the Great Physician has saved and blessed would bring a fellow-sufferer to Him, how many might be delivered from perdition and won for Christ (John 1:41)!

Busts of Mrs. Cleveland, Made of Bank-Notes, are being sold in Washington, D. C. When mutilated currency finds its way back to the United States Treasury it is chopped up and made into a pulp which is moulded into various shapes and forms. The Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore American* states that the favorite model just now is that of a miniature bust of "the first lady of the land," and that he has seen several of them which have been sold at the Treasury for a nominal sum. Each figure was labelled: "Made from mutilated United States bank-notes worth ten thousand dollars." There is no mistake about the inscription, as every one understands its meaning. Neither the pulp nor the notes themselves were intrinsically worth anything approaching that amount, but before their return to the Treasury the holder who had faith in the solvency and honor of the Government counted them worth the money because they were promises to pay on presentation, which the Government would fulfil. The busts, therefore, are trophies of the Government's honor and honesty, and there is a gracefulness and significance in moulding them into the form of the wife of the head of the Government. The true Christian is in himself a living trophy of the same kind. Saved and kept from falling, he is a visible proof that God fulfils His promise to all who come to Him through Christ (Jude 24).

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters."
—EZEKIEL 27 : 26.

A Ruinous Policy—People who Get into Great Waters—I. Sinners Tasting the Fruit of their Sins—In their Bodies—In their Circumstances—In their Conscience—Get Rid of the Rowers—II. The Self-Righteous in Distress—His Hopeless Task—III. The Errorist in Difficulties—Rowed by his Judgment—Stages on the Road of Unbelief—Agnostic in Latin—IV. The Backslider—Welcomed on Return.

THIS was spoken by the prophet concerning Tyre, that great mercantile city where all the commerce of the East found its outlet toward the West. The merchant princes of Tyre had so managed the affairs of the State that they brought the Tyrians into desperate straits. They had incited them to stand out against the great king; and they discovered in due time that they were striving against a power too strong for them. Their policy had been a mistake. Comparing Tyre to one of its own galleys propelled with oars, the prophet declares, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters."

All the glories and the woes of Tyre are over now. "What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea?" That page of history has long ago been turned over to give place to the rise and fall of other cities and empires; but the prophetic expression is still full of power. To many persons in our own day we may well cry with Ezekiel, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters."

I. First and foremost, this is truly

APPLICABLE TO SINNERS

who are beginning to taste of the result of their sins—ungodly persons, who have chosen their own ways and followed their own devices, and now at last are finding that the way of transgressors is hard. Sinners may go unpunished for many a bright hour of the morning of life; but as the day grows older, the shadows fall, and their way is clouded over. I meet with many who may be well assured that God will ultimately punish sin, because the first flakes of the endless fire-shower have begun to fall upon them, and they cannot escape. They are beginning now to reap the first ripe ears of that awful harvest whose sheaves of woe shall fill their bosoms, world without end.

In those who sin with the flesh the result of their vices is seen and felt to a horrible degree

IN THEIR OWN BODIES.

Many a man bears in his bones the sins of his youth. Around us are many who already wish that they had never been born, because of the condition into which their wantonness has brought them. The sin which at the first seemed a dainty luxury, sweet to their palate, has now developed into a corrosive poison in their bowels, eating their flesh as with fire, and burning up their spirits. Lust was their pilot; the siren of pleasure lured them on, and now they are wrecks, breaking to pieces on the rocks. Despondent, ashamed, haunted with nameless terrors, afraid to hope, they dare neither live nor die. They are overcome with alarm, as they look forward; for if it be darkness behind, and night around, tenfold blackness lies before them by reason of their transgression and their sins. O sinner spent with sin, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters."

Certain transgressors are beginning to feel the result of wrong-doing

IN THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

They have brought themselves from wealth to poverty by drunkenness, dishonesty, or vice. The owner of a fair estate is compelled to herd with the lowest of the low in a filthy lodging. He who was educated for a profession, and is skilled in learned languages, employs his superior knowledge to beg and cheat, and even then remains in loathsome rags. Not even in this world does sin pay its servants good wages. Drunkenness and idleness clothe a man with rags; these are the livery of sin. "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." Thou wouldst

not take Christ to be thy pilot in thy youth; thou wert too proud to accept thy father's God, thy mother's Saviour; thou must needs have thine own way, and follow thine own devices; and now the desperate tuggings of thy passions have brought thee into deep waters indeed. Thou saidst in thy pride, "I will not be tied to my mother's apron-strings;" but thou art now a captive, fastened with bonds of steel to one who will be no mother to thee, but a destroyer. Others who have not yet been afflicted by any outward providence are beginning to feel the sting of sin

UPON THEIR CONSCIENCE.

This will, I trust, be used for their good. I trust the Lord hath a kind intent toward them, and is condemning them in the inward court of conscience, that they may not be judged and condemned with the godless world at the last great day. The Lord's eye perceives many that once were at ease in their iniquities who now are sore troubled by their own reflections. Like the troubled sea, they cannot rest; their memories are constantly casting up the mire and dirt of their former transgressions. There is no peace for them day or night. As a man pursued by wolves in the steppes of Russia seeks to escape from the hungry pack which hurry on so swiftly, so art thou trying to escape from thy sins; but all in vain. Thy sins are upon thee, even now they overtake thee; and what wilt thou do? O gallant barque, of the silken sail, and the painted hull, where art thou now? "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters."

Learn, I pray thee, this piece of timely wisdom. Thy rowers have brought thee into no quiet waters; they have found thee no harbors of delight; shall they any longer be thy rowers? Do this one thing to thine own soul if thou hast any sense left, or any pity on thyself; cry out against those who are ruining thee. Now say, "I will go no further with these rowers. God helping me, the helm shall be reversed." If such be thy resolve, and

THE GREAT PILOT

shall come to thy help, thou wilt never drink again of the accursed cup, and thou wilt shun the company which has lured thee to thy present wretchedness. Oh, that the Spirit of the Lord may help thee to break the oars and cast the rowers into the sea!

Remember, also, that they have rowed thee into the stormy waters, but they cannot row thee out of them. Thou canst find no rest by continuing in sin, neither canst thou save thyself from thy present forlorn condition. O man, cry mightily unto God. He will hear thee. He has revealed a way of deliverance for thee in the person of His dear Son, and all thy hope lies there. Hast thou not heard of Jesus, who can stay the wind, and bring thy vessel into an instant calm? While there is life in thee there is hope in Christ for thee. Despair not. There is a Saviour, and a great one, and He has come hither to seek and to save that which was lost.

II. And now, secondly, I think that I see another ship. It is not black with the grime of the world; it resembles the gilded barge of a mighty prince; but still, for all that, its rowers have brought it into great waters. This represents

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS

brought into distress. Many men are fondly persuaded that either they need no saving or that they can save themselves. Either in whole or in part, their natural goodness, or their benevolent actions, or their careful attention to external religion, will secure their safety. They suppose that by going to hear the Gospel, by participating in sacraments, by contributing toward church work, and the like, they will find themselves borne securely toward the desired haven. Yet to this glorious ship a trying voyage is appointed. Alas! my friend, thy rowers have brought thee into great waters. I would like you to think of the difficult journey which lies before you.

The proposal is that you shall row yourself by your good works across yon sea of sin to the

port of glory. Before you enter upon a matter it is well to count the cost. Do you not know that, if you are to be saved by obedience to the law of God, your obedience must be absolutely perfect? Great waters, dear friend—waters too great for your frail vessel. Look, sirs, you who have been resting in your own righteousness: have you never sinned? Take even to-day to pieces; has no evil thought, or wrong desire, or wanton imagination, defiled its hours? Have you never spoken a sinful, unkind, untruthful, or proud word? Do you claim to have been absolutely perfect before your Maker from your childhood? Surely, you must have a brow of brass to make such a boast. If thou art to be saved by thy works,

SEE WHERE THOU ART!

Any day thou mayest slip and stumble, and then what becomes of all thy past life? for, "When the righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, all his righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath transgressed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die." If this be thy style of standing before God, it is a poor standing indeed.

I remember when I reached those same terrible seas. I used, as a youth, sometimes to think that I was as good as other lads, and perhaps I was, for I had not fallen into the grosser vices. I fancied that if anybody was saved by a moral life, I might be. But oh, when God lifted the veil of my nature, and I saw what my heart really was, I sang to another tune. I had been down into the cellar of my heart a great many times in the dark, and it seemed pretty fair; but when the Holy Spirit opened the shutters, and let in the light, what loathsome abominations I saw there! My life, too, no longer appeared to be the goodly thing I had imagined it. Ah! no, my comeliness was turned into corruption. Let but a man get the light of God streaming into his soul, convincing him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come, and all reliance upon self, in any form, will seem to him to be the most hateful of crimes. Place your trust where God has placed His love, namely, in the Lord Jesus. Then shall you have good works indeed, but they shall be the cargo which you carry, not the ship which carries you. They shall then be grounded upon the motive of gratitude, and not of selfishness; and then shall real virtue be possible to you—virtue based on love to God. Thus have we seen two gallant ships in grievous straits, and we have hearkened to counsels by which we may avoid their dangers. May God bless my simple word!

III. But now, very briefly, there is a third case,

THE ERRORIST

in his difficulties. This is a very common sight in these wayward times. I might say to many a man who has ventured out to sea under the strong impulse of curiosity, trusting to his own proud intellect, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." The only safe course for a thoughtful man is to trust in God, and to accept the Scriptures as infallible truth. There is our anchorage. Every mind needs a fixed point; we must have infallibility somewhere; my infallible guide is Holy Scripture. I know of no other anchorage.

But there are men who cannot abide this; and, first of all, I think that they begin to get into great waters when they resolve to be guided by their own judgment and their own intellect, without submitting to the teachings of Christ. It is proud and dangerous work to set up to be your own guide. Oh, my wise and thoughtful friend, do you know what will soon happen to you? You will probably fall under the domination of another's intellect; you will become the shadow of some greater man. The man who will be guided by nobody is usually guided by some one more foolish or more knavish than himself. I have seen both cases. I have seen a man of superior abilities crouching at the feet of a semi-idiot, who seemed to the other to be a profound mystic; and I have also seen the deep,

designing man of brazen impudence towering above an abler man, and cowering him into submission. He swore that he would be independent, and to be so he cast off all old beliefs, and fettered himself to foolish falsehood. He would not stay at home with his father to partake of the joyous heritage, for he longed for freedom. Alas! before long a master sent him into his fields to feed swine.

"Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies!
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusion, strong as hell, shall bind him fast."

The man has given up the old doctrine because it was difficult, and has accepted new doctrine which is ten times more difficult. He would not be credulous, and now he is a hundred times more so. Creation staggered him, and he tries to believe in evolution. Faith in Jesus seemed hard, but he must now accept Agnosticism.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF UNBELIEF

are ten times greater than the difficulties of faith. Unbelief calls you to go from improbability to impossibility; from extravagance to romance; from romance to raving. I appeal to candid persons who have ventured from the moorings of faith to sport upon the waves of modern speculation, whether they are not conscious of a great loss. When faith evaporates there is a speedy departure of spiritual power. The new notions intoxicate, but they do not sustain. I have heard it remarked that the modern apostles, when they preach, often discourse very prettily—for they are clever men; but all sense of enjoyment of what they preach is wanting. They are not themselves feeding upon what they hand out. In the dogmas of modern thought there is not enough mental meat to bait a mouse-trap; as to food for a soul, there is none of it; an ant would starve on such small grain. No atonement, no regeneration, no eternal love, no covenant; what is there worth thinking upon? "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

I have seen men give up first of all the communion of saints; then all belief in the Word of God. After that they have gone into the common pleasures of worldlings, and so they have drifted and drifted till at length

THE SEAT OF THE SCORNER,

the song of the drunkard, or the stews of the wretched have afforded them carrion suited to their taste. How many who only meant to go a little from the old ways of truth have gone too far aside even for themselves! Truly, my speculative friend, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." I am not intending to follow you. You are so wise that I am satisfied to be a fool, because I would wish to be the reverse of what you are.

Why, to me it seems very great waters to be brought into to be forced to say that I know nothing. One walking with me observed, with some emphasis, "I do not believe as you do. I am an Agnostic." "Oh," I said to him, "that is a Greek word, is it not? The Latin word, I think, is *ignoramus*." He did not like it at all. Yet I only translated his language from Greek to Latin. These are queer waters to get into, when all your philosophy brings you is the confession that you know nothing, and the stolidity which enables you to glory in your ignorance. As for those of us who rest in Jesus, we know and have believed something; for we have been taught eternal verities by Him who cannot lie.

IV. Now I pass on to dwell for a moment upon another sight, which is as sad as any of the others; perhaps more sad. Behold

THE BACKSLIDER

filled with his own ways. O wanderer from the Lord thy God, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." I have seen and talked with some to whom this text has become an awful truth. There are some here to-night who, if I brought them upon this platform, and they had the courage to speak, could unfold a tale of measureless misery which they have brought upon themselves by departing from the Lord.

Look at yonder woman. She once rejoiced in the Gospel as one that findeth great spoil. It is thirty years ago; but at that time she knew the truth, and loved it. She was the joy of the pastor who brought her to Christ, for she was earnest, intense, devoted. There were years of gracious walking, and then there came a temptation. She grew cold in heart, she was poor, she was infatuated, she turned aside, she was wretched, she found comfort in the glass.

DROP THE VEIL.

It is many years ago since that fall, and she plunged on in suffering, misery, and sin, such as I will not attempt to describe. She became a mere wreck; death stared her in the face. She returned to us, and said, "Let me be taken into the church before I die; for I have never lost, after all, the life of God in my soul; but, oh, I stepped aside, and from that day sorrow has pursued me. Restore me to the church, for I am by grace restored to God." As you looked at her, you said, "Poor weather-beaten barque! it was an ill day for thee when thy rowers brought thee into these great waters."

You know how it begins: first of all, that holy, joyful walk with God is lost. You used to sing from morning to night for joy of heart, for, like Enoch, you walked with God. Alas! that music came to a close. It did not seem much—merely to lose rapturous enjoyment; but it was much in itself, and it meant more. Then there came a loss of relish for the means of grace. The services were long, and the ministry grew dull; the prayer-meeting was not worth attending, and week-night services were too much of a good thing. Secret prayer was neglected, and the Bible was unread. The forms of religion were kept up longer than the enjoyment of it; but there was no life, no power in them. The soul was drifting, and it fancied that the church and the world were

NO LONGER WHAT THEY WERE,

just as men in a boat fancy that the shore is moving. Then there came a distaste for Christian company; godly people were too commonplace and prosaic. The love of something "brighter" called them away from solid conversation. Occasionally they were found in places doubtfully virtuous and unquestionably irreligious. Songs other than those of Zion began to be relished, and teachings not of the Bible were listened to. At last it went further: it came to actual and open sin, and ruin followed.

O brothers and sisters, when you begin to get a little away from Christ you do not know how far you may yet go, nor how soon you may commit the grossest crimes. There may be some here to-night who once were preachers of the Gospel, or earnest Sunday-school teachers, or Christian women devoted to the cause of God; and now, alas! they are separated from the fellowship of the church, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, outcasts from the communion of saints!

O friend, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." Oh, that He would come

WHO OWNS THY BARQUE,

who shed His blood for thee! Oh, that He would step into thy vessel, and take the helm and turn thee round to-night by a great stroke of His almighty grace, and turn thy head to the port of peace! Do you ask, "Will He receive me again?" Listen to His voice; He saith to thee, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." Take with you words, and come to Him at once, for He is ready to receive you. Do not linger. But oh, backslider in heart, ere yet thou art filled with thine own ways, come home, come home and save. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." Remember that if you are a child of God you will never be happy in sin. You are spoiled for the world, the flesh, and the devil. In the day when you were regenerated there was put into you a vital principle, which can never die nor be content to dwell in the dead world. You will have to come back, if indeed you belong to the family; prodigal as you are, you are still a child. Though you return with every bone broken,

you will have to return. "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters." Oh, for a steersman to guide thee into port! Return, return. I leave my text and those to whom it applies with the God of all grace. May He bless you all, for Christ's sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE LADIES OF THE COURT OF SIAM.*

THERE are no Zenanas, strictly speaking, in Siam, and even the ladies of the royal harem are often allowed to go outside the walls and witness State ceremonies. Of course they occupy retired positions—often behind curtains or screens—and are not allowed to mingle with other spectators. But they are there, and with ears and eyes take in a great deal to carry back to their quiet, monotonous life in the palace, and to think and chat about till the next *fête* day. They have very little to occupy their time—no sewing to do, no studying of fashion plates, or deciding which love of a bonnet to buy. The Siamese costume has been essentially the same for centuries in palace and in hut, with only a difference in the number of cloths possessed and the cost and texture of the material; and one garment often suffices for the royal ladies of the harem, even as it did for the revellers in France in the olden time.

In such undress assemblies, with sometimes the slight addition of a silken scarf, do the ladies of the royal harem often meet. But of late years changes are busy even there, and I have heard whispers of foreign costumes which the ladies have tried on again and again to the infinite amusement of all beholders. The day is coming when they will not only order them from England and France, but wear them afterward, and even learn to appear in public—that is, outside the walls of their own private palaces, dressed in modern garments.

Hindoo and other peddlers often find admittance, and tempt the ladies to do a great deal of shopping in their own apartments. Some learn to embroider and do fancy work. They make wax and paper flowers for crematories and temple decorations, and lambrequins, table-covers, and even curtains of lace work of natural flowers, threaded and netted in beautiful patterns. Some, indeed, are not above preparing fancy confections and sending their slaves out to sell them. Others read novels, poetry, and plays, and spend countless hours in gambling. Sometimes there is a flirtation with a prince or noble outside; but if discovered the penalties are very severe. I have heard of both parties being put to death. The latest instance of flirting resulted in the disgrace of both: the flogging of the young nobleman and his banishment from the capital, while the lady was condemned to wear chains and cut grass for the royal elephants all the rest of her life.

After the King's visit to Petchaburee in 1876, we were on the mountain one evening and were admitted to the empty palace. We were interested in seeing the little pens set apart for the King's wives. They were side by side, and made of teak boards. They were no larger than the state-room of a steamer, and had but one little door, and this opened into the large room in which they were set, like so many little boxes on the floor; for the board walls of these stalls did not reach half way to the ceiling. Is it not dreadful to think of women, our sisters, being thus crowded together like stalled cattle?

A dear little pupil in one of our schools was telling me of her older sister, who was presented to the King when she was fourteen, and has been in the palace ever since. She has an annual gift from the royal treasury of some sixty dollars, and a slight monthly allowance besides. Her father sends her rice, and she has some of her other food from the royal kitchen. It is not true

* From "Siam; or, the Heart of Farther India." By Mary Lovina Cort, a resident of Siam. A graphic description of the country, people, manners, customs, and religion of this strange nation by one who was evidently a careful and close observer. Pp. 399. Price, \$1.75. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.



Preliminaries of the Welsh Eisteddfod.



The Arch Druid Proclaiming the Eisteddfod.

that these women each have separate palaces. They huddle together sometimes five or six in one house, with their relatives and servants. Those of higher rank may live more retired, and they also receive more from the royal treasury. But many of them are rich in their own right, and do not depend on the King for support; and indeed they are not responsible for their presence in the King's household, having had nothing to do with it except perhaps to consent, with a child's foolish heart, to the flatteries and representations of their designing relatives, who, in Siam as in some other lands, are always anxious to get their daughters married off, not particularly caring what they get them married into. So we must pity more than we blame these poor, blind, helpless women for living as we find them. Saddest of all, they know nothing, these poor palace women, of their Redeemer, the holy One of Israel, whose kindnesses are everlasting, and whose love and mercy are unbounded.

THE JUBILEE EISTEDDFOD.

(See Illustrations on this page.)

THE Welsh people do not intend to be behind in evincing their loyalty to their Queen, and as they are aware that their English and Scottish fellow-subjects are preparing to celebrate with enthusiasm the completion next year of the fiftieth year of her reign, they are making arrangements to join in the jubilation in their own way. The Welsh societies held a meeting in London recently to settle the details of the celebration, and it is from scenes in that meeting, characteristically quaint, that our illustrations are taken.

The Welshmen propose to hold an Eisteddfod in London as their mode of displaying their joy and loyalty. An Eisteddfod is a competition of Welsh bards and minstrels. The Welsh people are exceedingly proud of their language and literature, and declare that the former is musical and harmonious; but the opinion is generally confined to Welshmen, foreigners who hear it without understanding it being of opinion that, however expressive it may be, its claim to euphony cannot be established. It is the Cymric

branch of the Celtic language, which now shows more vitality than the Gaelic branch. Numerous societies have been established during the past century to perpetuate the language, and to stimulate the pride of the rising generation in it. These societies have striven to reproduce the ancient ceremonies of the bards and Druids, and a prominent feature of their performances has been the cultivation of the poetic recitations and songs with the harp accompaniment, which in ancient times, as practised by the bards, formed the recognized channel of historical tradition.

At the recent meeting, called in Welsh parlance a "Gorsedd," of the "Bards of the Isle of Britain" proclamation was made of the proposed "Eisteddfod," "in the chief city of King Lud." The prescribed rites of Bardic or Druidic tradition were duly observed; twelve unhewn stones were arranged to form a sacred circle; in the centre was a large stone, the "Maen Log," upon which the Arch Druid, a venerable gentleman eighty-six years old, Mr. David Griffiths, or "Clwydfardd," stood bareheaded in the cold rain. Beside him was the Welsh harper, Telynor Cymru, Mr. John Roberts, attired in a green cloak with red girdle, and a blue cap and scarf. Around were many bards of local and provincial repute, gentlemen who have studied Welsh history and literature, and composed pieces in Welsh. They wore different badges—green, blue, white, or red—to denote their official rank in the academic hierarchy.

Thus this quarter of her majesty's dominions will furnish its quota to the jubilation, and the other nationalities will doubtless contribute theirs. To the people of the United States who think four years long enough for the chief executive to hold office, who concede a second term only in exceptional circumstances, and who to the most distinguished and capable ruler have never granted a third term, it seems inexplicable that a nation should rejoice over a term of power being protracted to fifty years. However, the British people consider it a good thing, and are not only satisfied with it, but are jubilant over it. The thing is amusing to us, but it must be very gratifying to the Queen, who must surely

be thankful that her lot has been cast in England instead of in the United States, where, if it were possible for the Executive to continue in power for half a century, it would not be the people who would do the rejoicing.

THE CARPENTER'S DILEMMA.

(See Illustration on page 829.)

THE problem of "how to be happy though married" has been a perplexing one in all lands and in all ages. Many of Solomon's proverbs are couched in words so true to the life, and show so close an acquaintance with the peculiarities of the feminine temper, that many a hen-pecked husband has expressed his firm belief that—in the slang expression of the day—the king had "been there himself." Who that had not himself listened to the unreasoning and unreasonable complaints of a discontented wife would have thought of writing that "a continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike" (Prov. 27: 15)? There is a suggestion of utter weariness in the words that must have been born of experience. So, too, the warning which he feels it necessary to record twice (Prov. 21: 9 and 25: 24), as if he foresaw that it would be disregarded, shows how sorely even a king may be pressed at times. One can almost hear the sigh with which he writes: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house." Like many other wise men, King Solomon, as we know from the history, seemed to take leave of his wisdom when he arranged his matrimonial affairs.

It is not to be wondered at that a poor carpenter not exceptionally endowed with wisdom should have blundered in the management of a business in which the wise king was at fault. The carpenter did blunder, but he showed wisdom in trying to make the best of a bad business. His wife was not invariably in a bad temper. Possibly she may have thought that uniformity might produce indifference, and so the acute suffering entailed by outbreaks would be dulled. As a school-boy who is sure that he is going to receive punishment sometimes interposes an additional temporary lining to his coat,

so the man who is sure of a scolding or a "nagging" might prepare himself for it. That would spoil her enjoyment, which was enhanced by the idea that the husband might be coming home expecting a smile and a kiss.

The carpenter, however, meditating on the changeable matrimonial weather, perceived that the storm generally occurred after his wife had been worried by a day of domestic harass. A criticism of the cooking or a reminiscence of his mother's excellences as a manager would "draw lightning" on these occasions, while at another time they might be uttered with comparative safety. He came to the conclusion that if a storm signal could be exhibited on his entering the house on his return from work it would tend to peace, because he would then look carefully to the paths of his feet, or, what was still more important, to the words of his tongue, and avoid offering inadvertent provocation. It was a good idea, and showed that the carpenter was a philosopher in his way—able to trace the effect to its cause.

He talked it over with his wife one day when she was in one of her sunny moods, and he learned something that was a surprise to him. His wife informed him that some of the "rows" of which he complained were due to his own bad temper. The carpenter thought not; it was always the wife's fault. But the wife was sure, and she had chapter and verse—otherwise dates. At such and such a time he had come home "like a bear with a sore head." Nothing pleased him; he complained without reason, and everything was wrong. It had been a good thing, Mary thought, that she herself was in a good temper that night or there would have been a serious quarrel.

Yes, the carpenter remembered that day. He had been put out at his work; the foreman had blamed him without cause, and he had been hustled about a good deal. But that seldom happened; he generally came home feeling good. Not so often as he supposed, Mary thought. So there was a mutual discovery. The two were making progress. Both were to blame; in both cases previous worry led to explosions at home, and bad temper was a common enemy.

How to get the better of the enemy? that was the next question. The carpenter recurred to his idea of a storm signal. If, when Mary was fractious, and unable to bear a new vexation, she would tuck up the corner of her apron, then the carpenter would be warned, and "drive gently over the stones." And if the carpenter came home at any time feeling awry, and with less patience than usual, he was to wear his cap pushed to the side of his head instead of on the top, and Mary would be forbearing. Thus the storm signals were arranged to mutual satisfaction.

The dilemma came one night when the carpenter, after a day of worry, feeling cross and out of tune, shifted his cap to one side before he opened the door. Now, let Mary show whether their agreement was valid. He entered and went to lay aside his tools. Mary gave a quick glance at him, and saw the cap in the stormy quarter. The carpenter looked slyly at his wife to see how she was taking it, and saw that Mary had the corner of her apron tucked up! Here was a contingency not provided for! Who was to bear and forbear now? The carpenter turned aside for a moment resolved to pocket his temper for this time. When he came



The Carpenter's Dilemma.

back his cap was in its normal position. But the strangest thing was that when he glanced at his wife he saw that Mary had pulled the tuck out of her apron.

Both joined in a hearty laugh. No claim on the other's patience was to be made by either party. The evening which each expected to be a time of tension passed pleasantly, and each had a better opinion of the other than ever before. The carpenter's opinion of matrimonial trouble is that, "if a man don't like fire and he finds one burning in his house, he is very stupid if he brings wood to keep it burning."

THE FRIENDS AT ASPENDALE.

A SERIAL STORY.

By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

(Continued from page 815.)

The Prodigals.

LET us see what the two young men were doing of whom one was the subject of his godly sister's prayers, and the other was his widowed mother's burden and his brother's charge. Where have we to go to find them? In one of the fast quarters of London, the modern Babylon. Harold Spofforth and Alfred Atheling are there considering the question of occupation for the evening.

"Now, Alf, my boy, what 'gay and festive scene' are we to make more gay and festive by our presence and patronage to-night? Neither you nor I can stand this dreary den with only our two sweet selves to provide the entertainment."

"The fact is indisputable, Hal; the question, thine own superior wit shall answer."

"Then I vote for the Haymarket first; and then an adjournment to Evans's for supper. First the light fantastic, then the feast of cutlets and the flowing bowl. Then home in the small hours of the morning. Does the programme please your own particular palate?"

"Perfectly, my alliterative comrade; it promises positive pleasure. 'Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,' can scarcely float on fairer

seas, or into a more congenial harbor; and so—

'Weel may the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my Harold's in.'"

The room in which the two young men were seated, though somewhat dingy and in ill repair, was large and commodious. Its elaborate cornices and finely carved mantelpiece gave evidence of the wealth and position of its occupants in those earlier times, when that was quite an aristocratic region, and when the silver Thames that flowed close by was really deserving of the name.

Harold Spofforth was the only son of Sir Godwin Spofforth, and the heir of Aspen Towers. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, though he might well have passed for thirty, for those sure and rapid defacers, immorality and excess, had already begun to fix their ominous imprint on his face. His hair, of an almost raven black, shaded a brow that indicated considerable intellectual ability; but the dark moustache upon his lip could not hide the lines about the mouth which told of dominant passions and strong self-will; and the rich brown eyes were lighted with very questionable fires. He was attired in ultra-fashionable garb, and was not by any means improved in his personal appearance by those marked peculiarities of the tailor's art.

His companion, somewhat younger than he, bore all the tokens of his Saxon origin. The Athelings of Aspen Garth were able to boast that through a long line of Saxon yeomen they were descended from that unfortunate prince, Edward Atheling, who was jostled out of all chance of succession to the English throne by William the Norman and the swarm of bold, imperious barons that followed in his train. An open, winsome, and even handsome face was that of Alfred Atheling, a face upon which you scarce could look without feeling something of love and liking for its owner.

His light complexion, pale enough as he sits there with his fair blue eyes fixed upon his comrade, would have been ruddy if he had had the wit to be content with a home on bonny Aspendale. Those eyes indicated real amiability of disposition, and there was that in them and also in the arched eyebrows, the broad forehead, the slightly "tip-tilted" nose and smiling mouth, which denoted ready humor and quick perception. But there was evident also a certain pliability and indecision that would surely lead to grave results, if he came under the influence of a subtler spirit and a stronger will. He wore a profusion of light and curly auburn hair; and his was, taken altogether, one of those physiognomies which warrant its possessor to be "good company," a capital comrade; an acquisition in social circles where listeners are many and good talkers few.

The conversation of which I have just given a specimen continued for awhile in the same strain. The actors and actresses of the day were criticised and jested on; their own later escapades were reverted to and laughed at; certain impending races were discussed, and certain projects entertained which promised them a new sensation. Then the misguided pair, merrily sallied out into the dimly-lighted streets and from thence into the brightness and glitter of the theatre, at which operatic burlesque was much in vogue just then. Then followed an adjournment to the supper-table and the billiard-room; and from thence, long after the midnight

hour had struck, back to the side street off the Strand with flushed cheeks and staggering gait, with lightened purses and confused wits, to seek their pillows and reproduce the misspent hours in troubled and excited dreams.

In the morning they rose with aching heads, listless limbs, with deep dark rings around their dull eyes, the victims of lassitude and nausea begotten of the "pleasure" of the previous night. Harold Spofforth, spoiled child of fortune, had neither need nor duty before him to rouse him to exertion. He toiled not, neither did he spin—which was all the worse for him. Surely there is not a more miserable being than a young man of fortune who has nothing to do but to find some new way of doing nothing; and to what dangers is not such an idler exposed! The bird that sits is easily shot; the flier escapes the fowler. "Idleness," says quaint old Quarles, "is the Dead Sea that swallows all the virtues, and is the self-made sepulchre of the living man."

In the case of Alfred Atheling, matters were somewhat different. He had both need and duty to stir him into action; but alas! in this case, the sitting bird acted only too successfully as a lure. In order to understand this young man's present position, we must retrace our steps a little. He and Harold Spofforth had not only known each other from childhood, but they had studied together at the same Oxford College. The Athelings farmed their own freehold, and as that was somewhat extensive, a college education for Alfred, who had a strong objection and distaste to a farmer's life, was well within the compass of their means.

Through Harold's influence he had obtained the position of a tutor to the only son of a man of wealth. The pupil died, and the father, won by Alfred's charm of manner, his unquestionable accomplishments, and especially by the way in which he had won the sympathy and esteem of his boy, made him his private secretary. Hudson Harvey, Esq., was not only a popular Member of Parliament, but a fairly successful author, and was also one of the principals of a large banking firm of great repute. Alfred's duties at certain seasons of the year were onerous enough but not irksome, and on occasions he had a good deal of that very valuable, but dangerous commodity, spare time on his hands.

Harold Spofforth's loose tendencies had been strongly developed while at Oxford. More than once, or twice or thrice, he had been in peril of expulsion; when he subsequently came up to London, these had full swing. He soon found his college chum, who welcomed his presence in the great city as giving promise of pleasant companionship, and the welcome was all the heartier by reason of the gratitude which the young man honestly felt for the good service he had rendered him. Being flush of money, genial of manner, subtle of speech, and strong of will, Harry Spofforth had no great difficulty in leading the young man along those pleasant and flower-bordered slopes which grow steeper as men go, and which lead direct to ruin, whatever of mirth and music may enliven and charm the way.

And so it came to pass that in course of time Mr. Hudson Harvey had to complain of Alfred's irregularity, of his treacherous memory, of his untimely absences, and even of discrepancies and deficiencies in his accounts. At last, with all his patience and good-will to the young man, he told him that he would no longer endure it, and warned him that he would have to vacate his post. When Alfred told his friend Harold of his impending dismissal that dangerous companion was flushed with wine, had been planning an excursion to Paris, and, moreover, had in his pocket a parental cheque for a considerable sum of money.

"Never mind old Harvey, Alf. I know he was fond enough of sowing his wild oats when he was a young fellow," he said. "You let the old curmudgeon go. It's no gold mine that you are losing after all. Come and lodge with me awhile. We'll have a holiday, and make a trip

across the briny. Something better than scribbling at his table will turn up, by and by. I can keep the ball rolling. Let us make hay while the sun shines, and enjoy life while we are young."

Such was the state of Alfred Atheling's fortunes on the night that I have referred to. The results of the debauch of the previous evening had altogether unfitted him for his duties; a splitting headache and an unusual dizziness made it almost impossible for him to sit upright. He felt that he could not go to business, and so he wrote a hasty note to his employer, and despatched it by a special messenger, excusing his non-appearance by not untruthfully pleading "severe indisposition."

The young men were seated at a midday lunch; Alfred had somewhat recovered, thanks, as he said, to "a hair of the dog that bit him," which in this case was a synonym for a glass or two of champagne, when the serving-maid entered the room, instantly after she had given a warning tap, and said, with a flurried look and in an excited tone,

"There's a policeman a-talkin' to missis, an' I heard him asking for a Mr. Alfred Atheling, as he was a-wantin' of."

"A policeman," said Alfred, turning red and then white again. "None of your jokes, Harriet."

"No, sir. It's no joke," said the prompt official, who had entered unperceived. "I am sorry to give you any trouble, sir, or to spoil your dinner, but you must come with me."

The policeman spoke quietly and respectfully enough, but the words fell on the ear of Alfred Atheling like the knell of doom. He lifted his dazed eyes to the policeman's face, but for the life of him he could not get his tongue to shape the question, "What for?" Not that the young fellow was in anywise a coward, except in the sense that Shakespeare uses the words, when he says that "conscience makes cowards of us all." He knew that he had done wrong; that he had done many wrongs, but he was not conscious that he had done anything which would bring him under the strong grip of the law. He could not be very sure, however, even about that, for latterly he had so often given way to the temptations of the wine-cup, that that insidious enemy, which dethrones the reason and "steals men's brains," had again and again despoiled him of the power of self-government. That, however, which now arrested him in a far more peremptory fashion than the respectful policeman had done, that which laid its iron grip on his heart and conscience just then, was the thought of his mother and of the blameless name of Atheling, hitherto nobly worn and honorably borne by a stout-hearted, high-spirited, clean-handed Saxon race.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Harold Spofforth, sternly and haughtily, as he turned to the invader of their privacy. "What right have you to enter into my private apartments after this fashion?"

But it is of very little use "riding the high horse" in a tilting-match against the authority of the law. The policeman was put upon his mettle, and all the answer he got from the man in blue was that he meant "just what he said." At last Alfred managed to falter out, "Upon what charge?"

"For himbezzlement from your employer, 'Udson 'Arvey, Esq., Hem Pee," said the policeman, who with regard to the use of the aspirate was evidently a "law unto himself." "If I were you," he continued, "I wouldn't say hanything about it, for whatever you do say will be produced as hevidence."

Alfred saw the wisdom of this advice, and was silent. He was a good deal fluttered too, and had good reason for being so. He knew that, more than once or twice, his master had discovered and forgiven series discrepancies in money matters. In no case had he intended any wrong; but he very reasonably imagined that his employer had discovered some still more serious flaw, and he was proportionately troubled

as to what might be the result. He felt that there was nothing for it but to do the policeman's bidding, and so he set about making ready for his compulsory departure, feeling just about as miserable as a man could be.

But though Alfred Atheling saw no course open except to go with the policeman who had come on so unpleasant an errand, Harold, for several reasons, was indisposed to permit matters to come to such an issue. He very bluntly and very foolishly made offer of a golden bribe, which the policeman even more bluntly refused.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he; "Jim Tugwell isn't made of that sort o' stuff. And let me tell you that you are doing your friend no good by making such a hoffer. It'll 'ave to come out in hevidence, and it's just the sort o' thing to knock a extra nail in his coffin; leastwise," he continued, seeing Alfred's pitiable look, and thinking that the metaphor was needlessly strong, "leastwise, it's likely to 'ammer another rivet in his chain. I've got to do my duty, and I call upon you to 'elp me in the name of the law. I've got a search warrant, too. I 'ope you won't make hany difficulties. Whatever facilities you give will tell in the prisoner's favor."

"Oh, certainly," said Harold, with a smile, his mood suddenly changing. He was conscious that he had made a great mistake in offering money, but was by no means disposed to give up the game. The fact is that he had serious doubts about Alfred's innocence; such is the natural effect of comradeship in wrong-doing; and somewhat selfishly thought of its probable effect on his liberty of action. "Oh, certainly," said he; "there's the bedroom; make yourself at home."

As the constable turned himself to enter into Alfred's bedroom, Harold managed to slip a bank-note into Alfred's hand, and accompanied the action by a hasty glance at the door. Alfred understood its meaning, and without waiting to ask himself as to the prudence of the step, resolved, if possible, to make his escape.

"I suppose we may go with you, policeman," said he, calmly, though his nerves were at their full tension.

"Say *must*, if *you* please," said Tugwell. "I sha'n't lose sight of you." Then with a self-satisfied smile as of one who thoroughly understands his business and is not to be caught napping, he proceeded to the bedroom, his prisoner behind him, and Harold bringing up the rear.

"My boxes are in that dressing-room," said Alfred, handing some keys to his captor, with a submissive air, as who should say, "I see resistance is of no use."

The policeman passed into the room, followed by Harold, who had changed places with his friend. No sooner were the two well within the smaller room than Alfred pulled the door to, turned the double lock, put the key in his pocket, and with the angry shout of the policeman in his ear, sprang on to the landing, and, overturning the listening Harriet, rushed downstairs. His hat and coat were hung handily in the hall, and in a few moments he was walking with well-assumed quiet of deportment among the crowds that trod the thronged pavement of the noisy Strand!

An omnibus happened to be drawn up to the pavement with ready-opened door, through which a passenger had just alighted. Alfred jumped in and rode some distance before it occurred to him to think as to what part of the metropolis it was going. When he saw on it the name of the Victoria Park, he was well content to go thither, as he felt that he could not do better than to get away from the West End with what speed he could, and that the East End promised him safer shelter until such times as he could decide what it was best to do. When the omnibus arrived at the corner of the Park, he got out and set himself to look for some quiet and not much frequented coffee-house where he might sit awhile, with a cup of coffee as a reason, and try to collect his scattered wits.

(To be continued.)

Incidents of Foreign Mission Work, 3, 19, 22,
39, 60, 67, 76, 118, 137, 166, 188, 197, 199, 227, 230,
246, 263, 278, 295, 310, 326, 342, 358, 374, 390, 406,
411, 421, 438, 453, 460, 470, 476, 486, 501, 502, 534,
540, 549, 582, 588, 598, 599, 614, 630, 631, 646, 662,
678, 694, 726, 739, 742, 758, 759, 764, 774, 790, 805,
823

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Oh such may it be!
Joyously, surely, and fully for thee!
Fear not and faint not, but be of good cheer,
And trustfully enter thy happy new year!

Happy, so happy! Thy Father shall guide,
Protect thee, preserve thee, and always provide!
Onward and upward along the right way
Lovingly leading thee day by day.

Happy, so happy! Thy Saviour shall be
Ever more precious and present with thee!
Happy, so happy! His spirit thy Guest,
Filling with glory the place of His rest.

Happy, so happy! Though shadows around
May gather and darken, they flee at the sound
Of the glorious Voice that saith, "Be of good cheer!"
Then joyously enter thy happy New Year!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

"THE KINGDOM,"
for 1887.

Articles by Dr. Cullis, Geo. D. Watson, David B. Updegraff, Dr. Dougan Clark, Capt. R. Kelso Carter and others. Holiness, Healing, The Second Coming, &c. Send for a specimen.
THE KINGDOM PUB. CO., Chester, Pa.

Y. M. C. A.

A sample copy of THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WATCHMAN sent free to any address. The only paper devoted exclusively to christian work among young men. A sermon by D. L. Moody, Bible Readings, Sunday School Lessons by W. B. Jacobs. All about work for and by young men.
W. W. Vanarsdale, Publisher,
Y. M. C. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

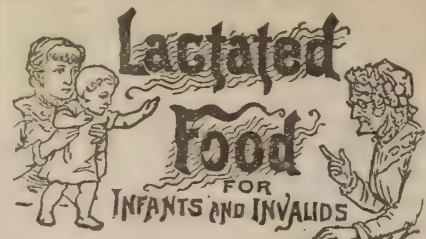
AGENTS WANTED TO SELL
SAM JONES'S
SERMONS

With a history of His Life, and Sermons by SAM SMALL, his co-laborer. Most remarkable and interestingly illustrated. ONLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION and ONLY AUTHENTIC EDITION from the original and reports approved by Mr. Jones. Attractively arranged. Popular low prices.
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, PUBLISHER 77 BIBLE HOUSE, N.Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for
PLATFORM ECHOES
or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART,
By John B. Gough.

His latest crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears," it sells at sight. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted. Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. C. J. instance no. Advance no. give Extra Terms, and Free Freight. Write for circulars to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS.
They are the best. \$25 to \$500.
Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen.
Send for 50 Cents Double-Double Compens.
Guaranteed for Six Years and sent.
S. S. Stoddard and Book, for trial in your
OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. ESTABLISHED
1859.
MARSHALL & SMITH,
285 East 21st Street, New York.



The Physician's Favorite!
A predigested, non-irritating, easily assimilated food indicated in all weak and inflamed conditions of the digestive organs, either in infants or adults.
It has been the positive means of saving many lives, having been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.
The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.
150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.
EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 25c., 50c., \$1.00.
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

**Manhattan Life Insurance Co.,
NEW YORK.**

The leading features of this sterling company are:
1. **STRENGTH.** It has the largest clear surplus over liabilities.
2. **CAREFUL CONSERVATISM.** Shown by thirty-five years of success.
3. **LIBERALITY AND FAIR DEALING.** Its policy contract is free from all objectionable restrictions. Every policy issued by this company for more than twenty years contains an incontestable clause.
4. **IT IS JUST AND EQUITABLE.** As demonstrated by large dividends paid to holders.
The New Endowment Plan of this company is the most attractive feature in life underwriting. It gives the best combination of advantages offered by any plan in use.
This will be fully explained if you will call or write
JAMES M. McLEAN, President.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Sec'y. J. L. HALSEY, 1st V. P.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary. H. B. STOKES, 2d V. P.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 50 to 30 CLUB ORDERS every day. Silver-Plated Cutlery as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. White Tea Sets with \$10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with \$13. Gold-Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we will send you Illustrated Price and Premium List.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
793 Washington St., Boston Mass.

**BOOKS HELFUL
IN CHRISTIAN WORK.**

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS AND HOW TO CONDUCT THEM, by Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman, with contributions of plans, methods and outline talks to children by nearly forty others, including the best-known and most successful workers among children in this country. 208 pages, fine cloth, \$1.00.
THE PRAYER MEETING AND ITS IMPROVEMENT, by Rev. L. O. Thompson. 12mo. 238 pages, cloth, \$1.25.
"This is so good a book that we wish we could give a copy to every young minister."—C. H. Spurgeon.
"A very suggestive book."—Sunday-School Times.
THUS SAITH THE LORD, by Major D. W. Whittle. A handbook for Christian workers. 131 pages, flexible cloth, 50 cts.
"A manual of Scripture texts arranged to present the leading subjects met with in dealing with enquirers.
SECRET POWER; or, the Secret of Success in Christian Life and Work; by D. L. Moody. 116 pages, 12mo, cloth, 60 cts.; paper, 30 cts.
"Every page is full of stimulating thought."—Christian Commonwealth.
** Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner S. T. Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

SONGS FOR WINTER!
THE LOW PRICE OF THE
New Music Edition
GOSPEL * HYMNS
CONSOLIDATED

Has greatly increased the demand for this unequalled collection for Devotional Meetings. 426 Hymns firmly bound in Boards.
\$45 per 100 Copies; 50 cts. each, by mail.
Former editions Published at old prices.

The Gospel Choir.
Used in all of Mr. Moody's meetings as a companion book to GOSPEL HYMNS. A collection of new GOSPEL SONGS of great power and usefulness. Extra large type, \$40 per 100 Copies. 46 cents each, by mail. Words Only, \$10 per 100.
SELECT SONGS. Compiled by F. N. PELOUBET, D. D.
344 Hymns and Tunes, admirably chosen for use where only one book is desired for the Devotional Meetings and the Sunday School.
All who have used SELECT SONGS speak of it in the highest terms.
Firmly bound in Cloth, \$40 per hundred Copies.
An edition of Words Only, \$10 per hundred Copies.
A complete Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York,
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

SUBSCRIBE NOW for 1887.
NOTES FOR BIBLE STUDY Only 36 cents per year, including Bible Students' Almanac 1887.
S. R. BRIGGS,
Toronto, Canada.

CHOICE BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

A Most Appropriate Gift Book for
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."
Fifty Years and Beyond;
OR
OLD AGE AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.
A Book of Incalculable Value as well as Interest to all who have passed the Meridian of Life.

Compiled by Rev. S. G. LATHROP,
INTRODUCTION BY
Rev. ARTHUR EDWARDS, D.D.,
Editor N. W. Christian Advocate.
The object of this volume is to give to that great army who are fast hastening toward the "great beyond" some practical hints and helps as to the best way to make the most of the remainder of the life that now is, and to give comfort and help as to the life that is to come.
"They are the writings of the most eminent men, living and dead. It is by no means a gloomy book, and can be marked as excellent on every page."—CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN.
"It is a tribute to the Christianity that honors the gray head and refuses to consider the oldish man a burden or an obstacle. The book will aid and comfort every reader."—NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.
"The selections are very precious. Springing from such numerous and pure fountains, they can but afford a refreshing and healthful draught for every aged traveller to the great beyond."—WITNESS.
A lady who received a copy of this book writes: "Fifty years and Beyond" was bought for my aged parents, they are perfectly delighted with it, say "it is a gem." It is the very book I have been looking for, many, many years."
Price, Bound in rich cloth, 400 pages, \$1.00.
Presentation Edition, gilt edges, 1.50.
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher,
77 Bible House, New York.

Boys' Useful Pastimes.

Boys' Useful Pastimes: Pleasant and profitable amusement for spare hours. By PROF. ROBERT GRIFFITH, A. M. This volume comprises chapters on the use and care of tools, and detailed instruction by means of which boys can make, with their own hands, a large number of toys, household ornaments, scientific appliances, and many pretty, amusing and necessary articles for the playground, the home and out of doors. It is bound in
Handsome Cloth Binding, with 300 Illustrations, showing how to make Boats, Steam Engines, Steamers, Tob-Sleds, Ice-Boats, Windmills, Aquariums, Hand Carts, Tops, Flags, Photograph Camera, Telephone, Telegraph, Microscope, Kale-Jlescope, Steam Acrobats, Traps, Dog Houses, Bird Cages, Coops, Dove Cotes, Squirrel Cages, Summer Houses, Fences, Fountains, Furniture, Gymnasium, Step Ladders, Trunks, Nets, Wire Work, Clay Modeling, Brass Work, Picture Frames, Electric Batteries, Electroplating, Electrotyping, Running Mills, Wig-Wags and many other useful articles.
In looking for a book to put into the hands of your boy which will be of real and genuine use, and at the same time a source of healthful entertainment, this is the one you should choose.
Handsome Cloth Binding. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00.
Address
J. E. JEWETT, 77 Bible House, New York.

DRESS GOODS

James M'Creery & Co

Offer the remainder of their stock of Holiday Dress Patterns at reduced prices for the days preceding Jan. 1, 1887; also mixed and striped Cheviots, all wool, double width, at 50 cents per yard; well worth \$1.
Paris Robes in boxes at very moderate prices.
Mail orders promptly filled.

**Broadway & Eleventh St.,
NEW YORK.**

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE
A new book containing plans and specifications for 25 houses, all sizes, from 2 rooms up. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose Street, New York.

WHETHER YOU WANT A PIANO OR ORGAN
It will pay you to write to the
BEETHOVEN PIANO-ORGAN CO.
Washington, Warren Co., New Jersey.

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Every Christian's Every-Day Book.

Being choice selections for daily reading for every day in the year, from over 230 of the best Christian Authors of all ages, on the Duties and Doctrines of Christianity. Handsome cloth, 12mo, bevel boards, 370 pages, \$1.50. In plan and principle this work is altogether new, and has no parallel among the existing manuals of daily devotional reading. The object of this book is to impress the minds of Christians of all denominations, from day to day, with the great doctrines and duties of Christianity, as set forth in the written Word of God.
Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
J. E. JEWETT, Publisher and Bookseller,
77 Bible House, New York.

THE SPURGEON BIRTHDAY BOOK
AND
Autographic Register.
Containing a Metaphor, Simile, Allegory, or Illustration for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the works of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A most attractive book for a Holiday present. The records of dates which are dear to the household, or the signatures of beloved friends and visitors will find here the happiest method of preservation and reference.
This book contains facsimile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon opposite their respective birthdays.
Bound in Rich English Cloth; Full Gilt Back and Side with Gilt Edges. Price, \$1.00.
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address
J. E. JEWETT,
77 Bible House, New York.









